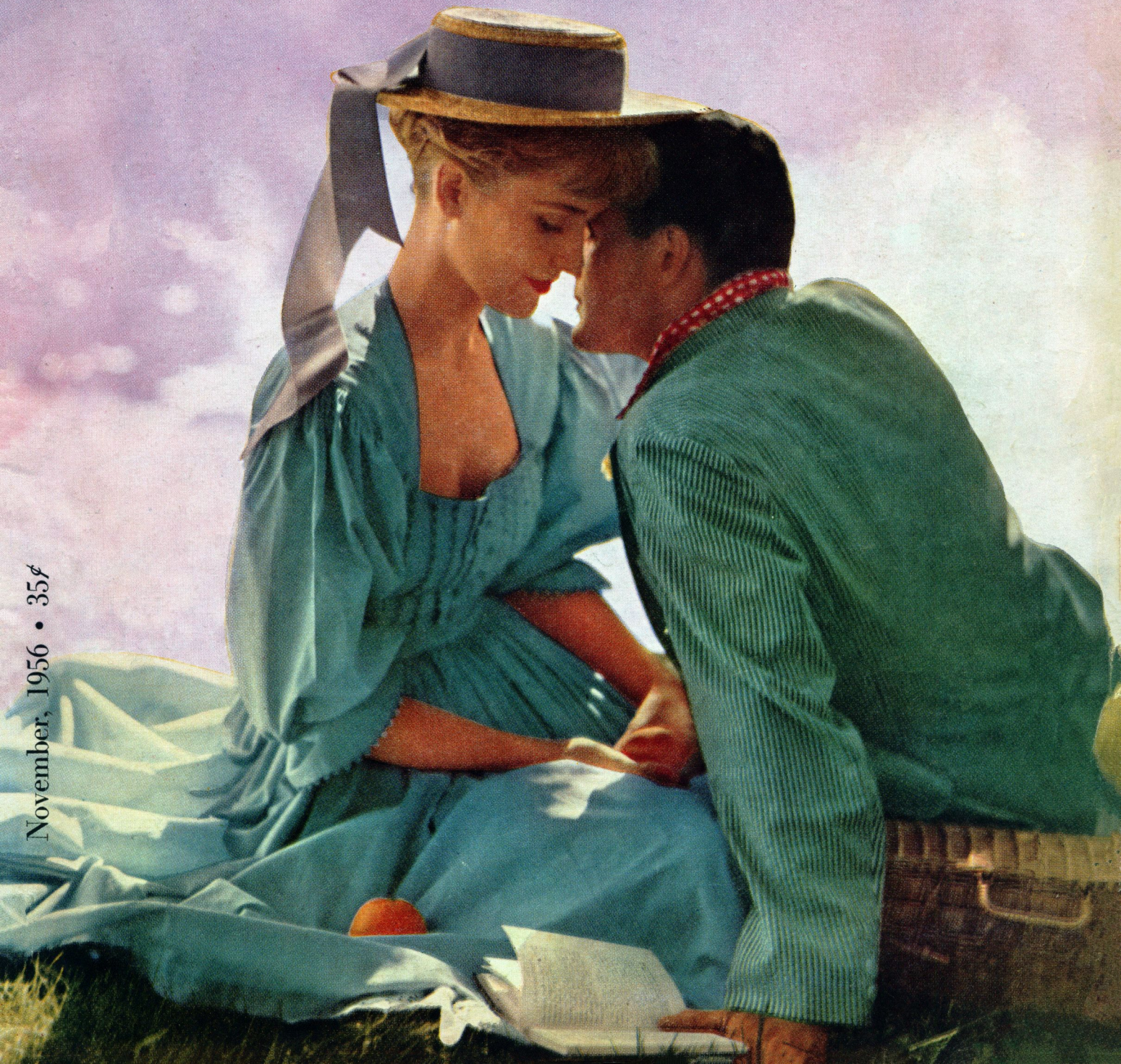
COSMOPOLITAN

Love and Marriage Issue

Plus Five Short Stories and a Complete Mystery Novel



November, 1956 • 35¢

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PICTURE of the Month

Opposites attract, but *no* opposites attract like the attractive men and women of M-G-M's hilarious composite of laughter and music, "The Opposite Sex"!

Here's an eye-opening look inside the glamorous boudoirs of a silk and satin jungle prowled by cuddling, clawing sophisticats whose law is the survival of the tightest-fitted. The native habitat of these minxes-in-sables runs from Park Avenue to Reno and back, and they stop at nothing in between.

Sound rough? It is! But it's all also very revealing. Especially when June Allyson, perfect wife, learns from all her best friends, and a passing manicurist, just

who's been keeping imperfect husband Leslie Nielsen so late "at the office." June's a radiant breath of fresh air in this habitat of high fashion and not-so-high fidelity. Before she decides to fight mire with mire, we meet a round dozen of especially adroit glamor-gal characterizations.

Characterizations? *Annihilations!* The Siren (Joan Collins) is a sexposé all by herself. The Gossip (Dolores Gray) will do anything, or do *in* anybody. The Smart Career Woman (Ann Sheridan) slanders her own sex. The Chorus Girl (Ann Miller) is a-whirl with rhythm. And Jeff Richards, as a dude ranch romeo consoling disenchanted juliets, enhances the romances hilariously.

Racily told in CinemaScope and the new Metrocolor, this big, talent-rich picture appropriately co-stars Agnes Moorehead, Charlotte Greenwood, Joan Blondell and Sam Levene, and guest-stars Harry James and his Band, Dick Shawn, Art Mooney and Jim Backus with Bill Goodwin.

Seven eye-filling song-and-dance interludes to tunes by Academy Award team Sammy Cahn and Nicholas Brodszky underscore the Fay and Michael Kanin's screenplay distilled from Clare Boothe's famous original. Famed producer Joe Pasternak and Director David Miller have most elegantly caught Cafe Society with its elegance down and its war-paint on.

All's fair in love and war — and in "The Opposite Sex", a riotous battle of the sexes you'll enjoy to the last hair-pull!

COSMOPOLITAN

NOVEMBER, 1956 Vol. 141, No. 5

SPECIAL LOVE AND MARRIAGE SECTION

PICTURE ESSAYS

FEATURES

FICTION

COMPLETE MYSTERY NOVEL

COVER—*A book of verse, a man and girl, and—as the girl sees it—the right dress, provide the romantic setting that makes love-and-marriage a sure thing. All the props were obtainable for our cover photograph except for the dress, so J. Frederick Smith, the photographer, got his designer wife, Sheilah Beckett, to create this frock which Sheilah describes as "the breath of romance." One look at the dropped shoulders, tiny waist and the man's infatuated expression shows that Mrs. Smith captured the mood just right.*

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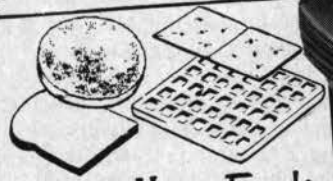

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What Goes On at Cosmopolitan

An American perfumer noses out French competition with new bottled magic

Test-tube wizardry brings broad smiles as Richard and Willard Crull, Craig Benson, F. E. Pearsall, and Genevieve Connell, all of Anjou, whiff latest fragrant concoction.

One controversy we never expected to get into was whether American perfumes had it all over French perfumes. So far as we knew, the French had it all sewed up. But that was before, in the Conrad Hilton Hotel in Chicago, we encountered a "nose"—a man who makes a three-car income by critically sniffing perfumes and then turning thumbs up or thumbs down. The "nose" tipped us off that just a few miles out of the city was a man who was bottling up the most powerful perfume-jinnis a glass vial can hold.

Atomizer Power

We found our man, Mr. Willard Crull, of Anjou, in his office in a gray-green rectangle that looked like a cut-down version of the United Nations Secretariat, set like a handsome jewel in the countryside. Mr. Crull turned out to be a lean, tennis-playing type who had grown up scarcely fifty miles from Newport's social life, graduated from Brown, and traveled leisurely abroad. Intrigued by the idea of creating an American perfume that could equal or surpass French perfumes, Mr. Crull began to explore the aesthetic and romantic attributes of perfume. We asked him how he had accomplished his wizardry with—so far—three perfumes. Mr. Crull smiled and lit a cigarette. "I'll tell you this much—French perfumers and American perfumers have available to them the same ingredients. I developed my blends by working with very gifted—and sometimes exasperatingly temperamental—creative perfumers from everywhere. That means New York, Switzerland, Paris—and I even found a German refugee couple in Chicago. We guard the secret of our perfumes as though it were a top military weapon, and in a sense it is. I can, however, tell you that Anjou's 'Devastating,' which is our first perfume, only twelve years old, has forty-five ingredients. Our 'Apropos' perfume has fifty-seven ingredients and is a woody-mossy-leafy type. I guess you could describe it as 'persuasive.' Come along."

Obediently we came along, and found ourselves dipping into immaculate laboratories where crystal crucibles bubbled, and into vast rooms where we were dwarfed by huge 250-gallon tanks for blending, for aging, and for refrigerating the perfumes.

"Vetivert from Haiti, bergamot from Italy, civet from Abyssinia, frankincense and myrrh . . ." said Mr. Crull lyrically, and less lyrically: "You know what makes perfume stay with you longer? Essential oils. We use a greater percentage of essential oils, and that's one of our secrets. Our colognes have such high perfume oil content that they're really a lighter version of our perfume. So, instead of 'cologne,' we call them 'Eau de parfum.' Come along."

Live with It Awhile

We came right along, skirting tables where women were giving the last critical touch to flacons of Anjou's spicy floral scent, "Devastating," polishing away any chance fingerprint that might dim the flacon's sparkle.

Enroute to lunch we were joined by Mr. Craig Benson, one of Anjou's young executives. Over chicken and wild rice served on the balcony of a comfortable but somehow sophisticated old mill, we watched ducks drift by on the lake, but couldn't resist trying to pry a few last morsels about women from Mr. Crull.

"A woman must live with a fragrance for a while, to discover whether it's for her," we learned. Crull, it turned out, is lucky enough to have, besides his own staff of testers, *Blue Book* and *Who's Who* society women friends and their career daughters, plus a segment of European socialites, all of whom have been willing to "live with" and muse over the three Anjou perfumes. One of Crull's ideas, when he started dabbling with perfumes a scant two years ago, was that women were about ready to get off the bandwagon—they were going to start announcing their individuality by discovering a fragrance, each for herself. "They're doing it, too," Crull said. "My guess is that women who use, say, 'Side Glance' have simply discovered it on their own."

The Price of Magnetism

At that point we murmured something about all really fine perfumes being too expensive. Mr. Crull gave us a worldly, tolerant smile, "We could have asked $50 an ounce for Anjou perfumes if we had felt like it. We could have asked *anything*. Who can pin down the value of mood and magnetism? In fact, so many women still blindly follow the words 'imported' or 'France' that we could even have sent our perfumes to France to be packaged—there are all kinds of tricks and ruses like that—and then jacked up the price. But why foster the old-fashioned fallacy that an imported name perfume is better? Instead, we chose what looked to us a fair price. Anjou perfumes cost less than the high-priced perfumes, but they are more expensive than the low-priced perfumes. Come along."

A half hour later, wrapped in the fragrance of an as-yet-unnamed perfume that undoubtedly will be Mr. Crull's fourth bit of wizardry in the perfume field, we drove back toward Chicago. Along the road we kept an eye out for suspicious-looking characters who might have shady designs on Crull's perfume formulas, but all we spotted was a canary-colored jaguar with its hood up and a tweedy gentleman standing beside it, staring disconsolately at the motor.

—H. LaB.

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Broadway Originals

BY PAUL AFFELDER

Show biz bonanzas. Ever since Decca issued its original-cast album of "Oklahoma!" recorded mementos of Broadway musicals have been heading the best-seller lists. Up to now, these disks have consisted only of highlights of the shows. Frank Loesser's "The Most Happy Fella," however, has so many numbers in it that an album of highlights couldn't do it justice. So Columbia has recorded the entire work. It has one important distinction for a Broadway show: every singer is tops. If you still prefer just highlights, there are enough to fill a single record, which includes such "musts" as "Standing on the Corner." (*The Most Happy Fella*. Complete production: Columbia Set 03L-240. 3-12". $14.98. Highlights: Columbia OL 5118. $4.98)

Two musical revues made their appearance at the end of last season. The better of the two was Leonard Sillman's "New Faces of 1956." If it didn't turn up an Eartha Kitt like its predecessor, at least it gave us a hilarious female impersonator in T. C. Jones, whose imitations of Tallulah Bankhead are bright spots on the recorded excerpts from the show. It also brought out Jane Connell, a fine singing comedienne, who shivers through "April in Fairbanks," and Ann Henry, who makes like Kitt in "And He Flipped." (*New Faces of 1956*, RCA Victor LOC 1025. $4.98)

"The Littlest Revue" introduced eight more "new faces," the brightest being that of Charlotte Rae, who sings "The Shape of Things," and "Summer Is A-Comin' In." The showdisk also includes an Ogden Nash-Vernon Duke ballad, "Madly in Love." (*The Littlest Revue* Epic LN 3275. $3.98)

The big switch. Until recently the name of pianist Friedrich Gulda has been associated exclusively with the concert hall and recordings of serious music, mostly Beethoven. For some years, however, the young Viennese-born musician has been interested in jazz, and not long ago he made the unprecedented switch from Beethoven to Birdland and the Newport Jazz Festival, where he created quite a stir. RCA Victor has put the Birdland debut onto a disk, which reveals Gulda, in the role of composer-performer, as a fresh—if not too startlingly original—new sound in the jazz world. Unfortunately, he works with a fine sextet of sidemen, sparked by Phil Woods on alto sax and Seldon Powell on tenor, with the result that his pianistic efforts are too often concealed. He does shine through in "A Night in Tunisia," while his creative talents are revealed in the moody "Dark Glow." (*Friedrich Gulda at Birdland*. RCA Victor LPM 1355. $3.98)

Wedding serenade. When the daughter of Sigmund Haffner, former burgomaster of Salzburg, was married on July 22, 1776, neither Wagner nor Mendelssohn had been born and there was no "Oh Promise Me." So twenty-year-old Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart was commissioned to write a special serenade for the occasion. This so-called "Haffner" Serenade, in a newly authenticated edition, has been given a polished and sensitive performance by the Danish classical expert, ***Mogens Woldike***, and the Vienna State Opera Orchestra. After listening to its introductory march—for the entry of the musicians, not the bride—and the succeeding eight movements, one wonders why this sprightly, captivating wedding music isn't used for more nuptials. (Mozart: *Serenade in D Major (KV. 350) ("Haffner")*. Vanguard VRS 483. $4.98)

Opera without singers. During the nineteenth century, instrumental potpourris from operas were quite the thing on concert programs. Their vogue died out seventy-five years ago, but in the 1930s Leopold Stokowski began playing "symphonic syntheses" of a few German and Russian operas with considerable success. Now within the past year, ***Andre Kostelanetz*** has been doing something along the same lines with some of the more popular works, like "Aida," "Carmen" and "La Bohème." In a way, each is a musical synopsis of the opera, presenting the principal arias, duets, choruses and instrumental interludes, all in terms of the orchestra and in the order in which they appear in the opera. To one pair of ears, the most successful of these is the latest, a smoothly knit traversal of Puccini's "Madame Butterfly," in which all the character, beauty and poignance of the score are retained. If you like opera but dislike singing, try this one. (Puccini: *Madame Butterfly*, Opera-for-Orchestra. Columbia CL 869. $3.98) THE END

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I don't mean to brag — but it's true! Let me tell you about it . . .

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Even the friendly, hospitable neighbors who made us so welcome didn't entirely dispel our uneasiness at first. Maybe we *did* have a nice house of our own, with a yard for the children, but ... maybe recreation facilities *were* much better and John could fish, hunt and play golf all year 'round and practically in our backyard, but . . . and the climate *was* grand, but . . . and the schools and churches *were* nicer . and commuting *was* a thing of the past . . . and a dollar *did* go further, but . . . there was always that "but!"

Then John started coming home every evening singing and whistling. And those tired frowns changed to smiles.

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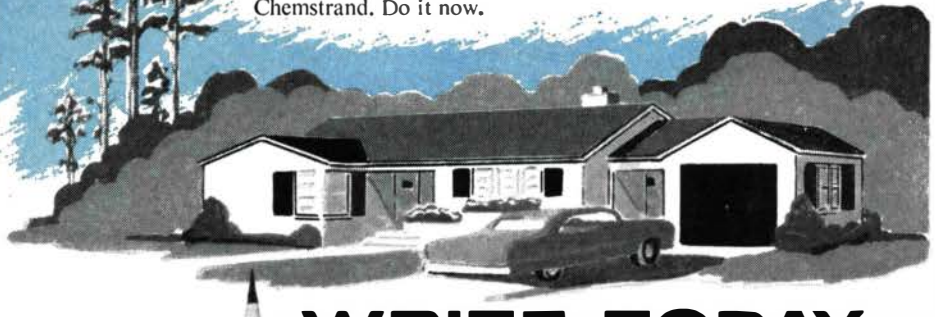

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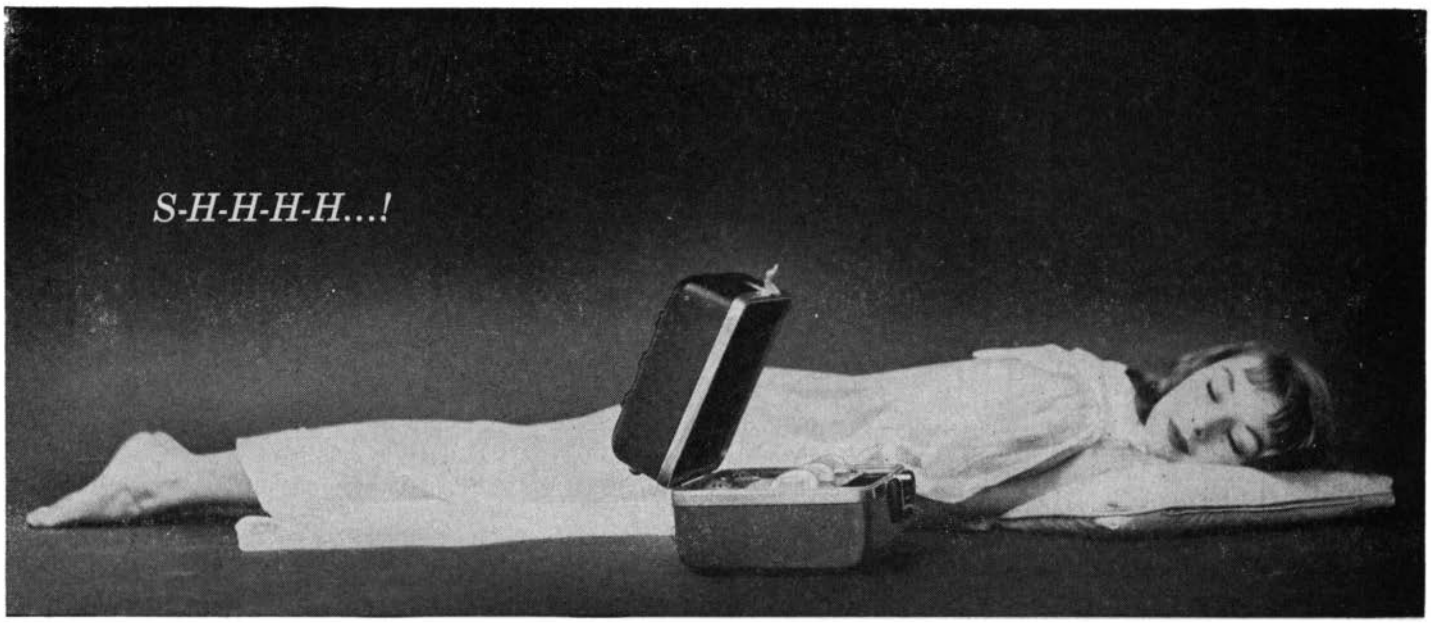
A SONG WRITER TAKES THE STAND

(With apologies to Frank Sullivan)

Q. You are a songwriter?
A. ***Either that or a tunesmith.***
Q. Try to make your answers direct. Do you write words or music?
A. ***Lyrics.***
Q. What do you write most of your songs about?
A. ***Love.***
Q. Where do you get your inspiration?
A. ***From a voice.***
Q. What kind of a voice?
A. ***A voice within me.***
Q. Does this voice tell you such things as when you will meet your love?
A. ***Yes.***
Q. And when *will* you?
A. ***On a night in June.***
Q. Where?
A. ***Under the moon.***
Q. Will you recognize your love immediately?
A. ***Right from the start.***
Q. What will you notice first about your love? Will you—like other men—look first at her ankles or her trim waist?
A. ***No, I will notice her eyes.***
Q. What color will her eyes be?
A. ***Blue.***
Q. Why?
A. ***Rhymes with "you" and "true."***
Q. How will you address your love?
A. ***I'll call her "baby."***
Q. Why?
A. ***Rhymes with "maybe."***
Q. What kind of a girl will you consider her?
A. ***The only girl.***
Q. For whom?
A. ***For me.***
Q. Do you consider that this relationship will be one of many?
A. ***No, sir.***
Q. Then how long will it last?
A. ***Always.***
Q. What if the girl is interested in another man?
A. ***You mean . . . someone else?***
Q. Precisely. How will you feel?
A. ***Blue.***
Q. In that case will your subjective emotional state relate itself to any objective climatic conditions?
A. ***Yes, indeed. Take the skies, for example . . .***
Q. What will the skies be?
A. ***They will be cloudy and gray.***
Q. What will you do with yourself if the skies become cloudy and gray?
A. ***I will sit in my room.***
Q. What kind of a room is it?
A. ***A lonely room.***
Q. Don't you song writers ever live in apartments or houses?
A. ***No, sir. Only rooms.***
Q. Well, then, where will you make your residence after you marry?
A. ***We'll build.***
Q. What will you build?
A. ***A little nest.***
Q. How large a nest?
A. ***A little nest just meant for two.***
Q. In the event you do get married, who will perform the ceremony?
A. ***Parson Brown.***
Q. But if you were Jewish or Catholic . . .
A. ***It makes no difference. All wedding services are performed by Parson Brown.***
Q. But we're putting the cart before the horse. To get back to your love . . .
A. ***My true love.***
Q. Limit your replies to direct answers, please. How can you be so sure you'll find such a woman?
A. ***I just know that I'll find her.***
Q. When?
A. ***Someday. Maybe Tuesday will be my good-news day.***
Q. *How* do you know?
A. ***Somehow. I feel it.***
Q. Where?
A. ***Way down deep inside.***
Q. All right. Now suppose you offer this imaginary woman your love. How will you go about it?
A. ***I will take her into my arms.***
Q. You will take her *what* into your arms?
A. ***I will take all her charms into my arms.***
Q. And how will she respond?
A. ***She will respond with her lips divine.***
Q. What will she do with them?
A. ***She will press them close to mine.***
Q. What will be the initial result of this happy circumstance?
A. ***Gray skies will turn to blue.***
Q. And what will you be?
A. ***Happy again.***

Next witness.

she's resting, relaxing... **REDUCING!**



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Fertility and Sterility

To millions of childless couples scientists extend new hope after successful experiments with hormones, x-ray, and surgery

BY LAWRENCE GALTON

A Pittsburgh couple had their first child recently—after twelve years of barren marriage. In all the years of consulting doctors, including specialists in the problems of infertility and sterility, no specific cause could ever be found in either husband or wife and no specific treatment could be tried.

The child's birth followed an experiment in which one hundred couples participated, all with the same problem—infertility without apparent cause. In each case, the wife was placed on a course of the hormone cortisone.

Hormone Helps One in Four

After one month, seven became pregnant; after another month, seven more. Five more conceived after three months, another two after four months; and two became pregnant two months after the drug treatment had been stopped.

How and why does cortisone work? Possibly by its ability to create a sense of well-being. There is no clear answer.

When the second World Congress on Fertility and Sterility was held in Naples, Italy, a few months ago, the 1,800 medical scientists from sixty-three nations (among them the Soviet Union) called the meeting "the most exciting of its kind in medical history."

Here are highlights from reports given there and from others made since:

★ Closed Fallopian tubes often block pregnancy. Now they can be opened by hormone treatment, without need for surgery, in as many as 28 per cent of women.

★ When closed ducts in a man are the problem, an ingenious new surgical technique circumvents it by forming an artificial external sac that makes sperm immediately available.

★ For men with very low sperm counts, estrogen treatment may be a solution now. As long as the female hormone is taken, it lowers sperm levels still further, but after treatment stops, a "rebound" phenomenon occurs. Thus far, one of every three sterile men treated has been able to father children.

★ In some women, childless for as long as six years, pregnancies have occurred soon after removal of a small piece of the uterine lining for diagnostic purposes (endometrial biopsy). Reason: unknown. Theory: the dilatation of the cervix necessary for the test may trigger a chain reaction that brings on ovulation.

★ To stimulate ovulation, x-ray treatment has been used—with the radiation directed to the ovaries and the pituitary, or master, gland at the base of the brain. Success rate: 35 per cent, according to latest report. Follow-up studies, extending now in some cases to the third generation, show no harmful mutations.

★ A new vaginal tampon of foam rubber encased in polyethylene has been developed to retain live sperm in the vagina, allowing more opportunity for conception to occur. A number of pregnancies have followed use of the device.

Reported at the World Congress, too, were many highly technical developments aimed at better understanding of the processes of conception and at better diagnosis of the factors of infertility.

A Psychological Remedy

But one of the most interesting developments—not at all technical—was reported by German and French physicians. Employed with many couples who showed no organic causes for infertility, the simple prescription—take vacations away from each other—proved effective. Apparently it often led to renewed sexual interest which increased the chances of conception.

Menopausal symptoms have been controlled effectively—and without unpleasant side effects—by a new synthetic estrogen hormone, Vallestril. The disadvantages of many available hormone preparations have included some cases of nausea, water-logging, or bleeding when the treatment is stopped. Tested in one hundred patients with severe flushing and other change-of-life symptoms, the new compound relieved ninety-one, produced feelings of well-being, and led to no untoward effects.

Swelling of the leg with fluid because of poor blood circulation sometimes persists indefinitely after thrombophlebitis, a vein inflammation. The inflammation,

which may follow pregnancy, an operation. an accident or perhaps even an emotional upset, blocks a vein. Now, injections of hyaluronidase, a natural body enzyme sometimes called the "spreading agent." have been successful in reducing the swelling.

In recurring ulcers, the real trouble, it now appears, is often in the pancreas. An Ohio State University medical team studied forty-one patients with ulcers which rapidly reappeared after surgery, and found in each case an islet cell tumor of the pancreas. Removal of the tumor, combined with the usual ulcer surgery, resulted in disappearance of the ulcers. A fairly representative patient, although quite young, was an eighteen-year-old girl who underwent five operations for peptic ulcer removal. At the fifth operation, the pancreatic tumor was discovered. a part of the pancreas was removed. and the patient recovered and has been free of trouble since.

For myasthenia gravis, Mestinon, according to the latest report, is an advance in treatment. Given to 165 patients for periods of from three to seventeen months, the drug helped overcome such symptoms as easy fatigue, and weakness of leg and other muscles. It provided smoother, more prolonged relief than other previously available medications. There were no toxic effects and few distressing side-reactions.

Keep-sober drug: In combating alcoholism, a new drug, Temposil, promises to be more helpful than the disulfiram (Antabuse) frequently employed to keep backsliders from drinking. As long as Temposil is used, any alcohol taken will bring flushing, rapid pulse, panting and pounding of the heart. Sometimes, too, nausea and vomiting follow. The drug-induced reaction to alcohol can be terrifying but the patient is usually none the worse after twenty-four hours. As a deterrent. the new drug seems as effective as a disulfiram, without its disadvantages. In many cases, the older drug produces such unpleasant side effects as drowsiness, weakness, bad taste and breath, body odor and impotence—whether or not alcohol is taken. With the new one, as long as the patient abstains, he experiences relatively mild side effects or none at all. Among sixty-four patients in one study who took Temposil for four months, none experienced any unpleasant side reactions although twenty-four had suffered side discomforts from disulfiram. Similar good results were experienced by patients in another study. Because of this, the hope is that more people will continue using the new drug for the time needed to launch a rehabilitation program.

THE END

For more information about these items, consult your physician.

The Way You Look at Me, Jealousy-crazed Mates, and Unexpected Marriages

BY AMRAM SCHEINFELD

"The way you look at me—." Each type of "gaze" may have an individual meaning, according to Psychiatrist Morris D. Riemer (New York). Excessive blinking (twenty to one hundred blinks per minute) may indicate a desire to close one's eyes to reality and to ward off feared blows of fate. The fixed, depressed gaze portrays an unending wish for consolation, and an attitude of despair. The dramatic gaze—a put-on expression covering up real feelings—indicates a sense of inferiority and inner conflicts. The guarded gaze shows watchfulness because of uncertainty about others and their feelings toward oneself. The absent gaze, a most common one, is an attempt to cut off and defend oneself from other people. (If a totally blank look is persistent, it may be a symptom of schizophrenia.) The averted gaze reveals a desire to turn away from feelings, duties and responsibilities. Dr. Riemer traces many characteristic gazes to early years, when children learn to counteract the threatening, accusing or watchful gazes of parents by developing gazes of their own.

Fire-setters and sex. Both psychologists and fire department officials have long known that pyromaniacs—persons who set fires for no rational motives—are apt to be sexually abnormal. Dr. Stanley J. Geller (Beverly Hills, California) now reports that the sexual abnormality is evident even in pre-adolescent boys who set fires. Examining seventy-five of such boys, he found that most were rejected youngsters with cold and indifferent mothers and hostile, abusive fathers, who had instilled in them a dread of sex and other fears. The urge to set fires was therefore considered to represent in these boys a mischanneled desire to assert manhood.

Virginal wives. Fifty women who were still virginal from two months to ten years after their marriage were studied by Dr. Hilda C. Abraham, a British psychiatrist. In cases in which physical factors had prevented consummation, treatment by gynecologists prepared the women for satisfactory sexual relationships with their husbands, and often for subsequent childbearing. In other cases there were psychological blocks, the hardest to treat being those tied up with attachments of the women to their mothers, and unconscious hatreds or fears of their fathers and of other men. The husbands who had permitted many months, or even years, to pass without objecting or urging their virginal wives to seek treatment were usually found to have homosexual desires.

Traveling to work. In most American cities it costs almost twice as much to go to work by auto as it does to go by bus or subway, Dr. Leo G. Reeder (University of Minnesota) estimates. In Spokane—typical of cities with 100,000 to 500,000 people—about three-fourths of the working population travel to work in autos, at an average cost of twenty-six cents per person, one way. The rest average fourteen cents one way, per person.

Jealousy-crazed mates. A dangerous form of husband-wife jealousy has been traced by Dr. John Todd and Dr. Kenneth Dewhurst (England) to sexual difficulties in marriage. Called the "Othello syndrome" (after Shakespeare's character) because it is more frequent and

more serious in husbands, it centers on the delusion that the spouse has been unfaithful, and it may lead to violent acts.

Very often the maddened husband is an elderly man married to a young wife. Or he may be a promiscuous husband who, because of his own guilty desires and acts, concludes that his wife is cheating, too. Impotence in a man may also fan jealousy of his wife to morbid extremes. Cause of the wife's jealousy may be that she has become unattractive, or sexually cold and indifferent. She deludes herself into believing that her husband is carrying on with other women. The English doctors found, however, that if a woman's jealousy delusions arise during pregnancy or the menopause, they are the least serious and most likely to be cleared up or to pass away by themselves.

Unexpected marriages. Sometimes a son's choice of a wife, or a daughter's of a husband, stuns a family because "he (she) is so different from us." At the University of Hawaii sociologist Linton Freeman (Northwestern University) studied marriages and romances involving student couples of different races or ethnic stocks. Information gathered about these mixed pairs showed that persons who intermarry do so because (1) They don't feel themselves fully in harmony with their own group and are hostile to it and its traditions; and (2) they find a new and alien group more

attractive, idealize its way of life, and become drawn to its members. The greater the person's hostility toward his own people, Dr. Freeman concludes, the greater will be the difference between his family and his chosen mate's.

Cheese squeezers. We always thought cheese testers did their judging by sniffing. *Mais non!* They work by gently pressing the thumb into the uncut loaf of cheese to assess its body, firmness and texture, which enables them to sense, in some mysterious way, the cheese's flavor and keeping quality. ("Pierre! Just *feel* this exciting Camembert!") Dr. D. Sheppard, British dairy expert, found that only "sissy" cheese testers have to cut into a cheese or taste it to make decisions. THE END

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The Cosmopolitan

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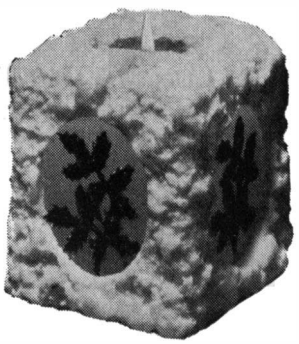
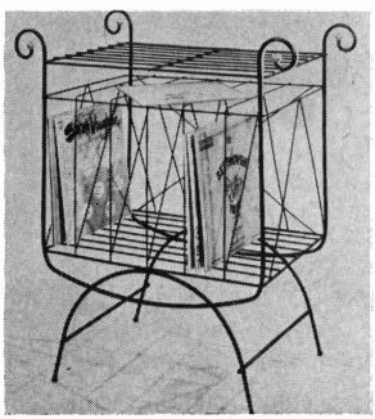
PICTURE this glowing wax candle near the holiday wassail bowl. A cheerful "snow covered" cube from Ireland, has holly-decked translucent windows, burns 50 hours. $2.95; 2 for $5.50 ppd. Breck's, 801 Breck Bldg., Boston 10.





HI-FI LIFE in the grand manner! The elegant Empress is a true music center. Top holds phonograph or TV, 6 lower sections for 125 record albums, shelf for covers, program guides. 33" high, wrought iron. $24.95 exp. chgs. coll. Leslie, Dept. CS, Lafayette Hill, Pa.

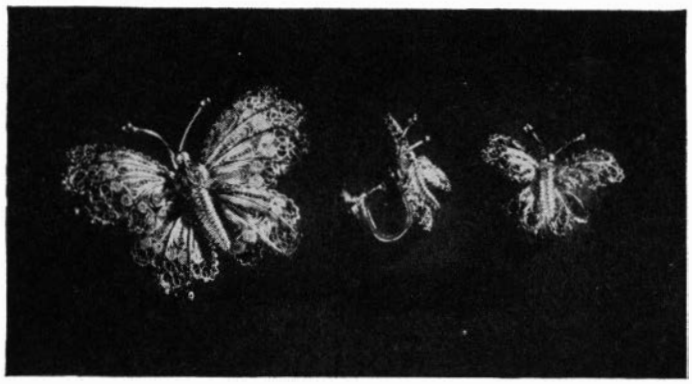
LITTLE PRIMA DONNAS will cherish a white satin ballet leotard with tiers of fluffy net, sprinkled with sparkles, silver sequined straps. Sizes 4 to 10 years. $5.95 ppd. Lowy's, 260-CS 116th St., Rockaway Pk., N.Y.

Shopper

make friendships stronger ★ **BY CAROL CARR**

★ ★

OFF FOR A SPIN or a country hike? Slip into this corduroy sports car "rally" jacket with jaunty plaid-lined hood, drawstring waist. Matching high-rise cord jeans in flannel grey, red, or sapphire blue. Sizes 10-16. Order separately at $6.95 each. Add 25¢ post. Tog Shop, Dept. CS, Americus, Ga.



WINGED DELICACY from the hands of skilled Venetian craftsmen. Fashioned of sterling and gently touched with palest blue and gold, the butterfly pin, nearly 2" across, is $5.50. Matching earrings, $3.85. The set, velvet-boxed, $9.00 ppd. Alpine Imports, 505-CS Fifth Avenue, NYC 17.

The Cosmopolitan Shopper

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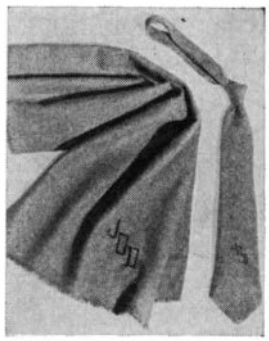
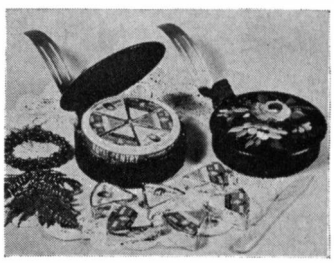


LET a dapper Beau Brummell step out in a thoroughbred cashmere (100%) monogrammed muffler or tie. Silk-lined tie in navy with grey letters, brown with ivory, silver grey with black, $6.95. Muffler to match, $9.95, Downs, CS, Evanston, Ill.



SAY CHE-E-SE, and your gourmet friends will come a-running. Wedges of fine imported cheese served in tasteful silent butler. This, in black metal, has rose design. Dig right in, too, as serving knife is included. $3.95 ppd. Gourmet Guild, Box CS, Little River (Miami), Florida.

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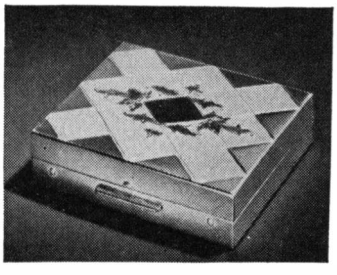

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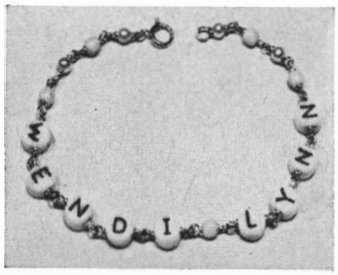

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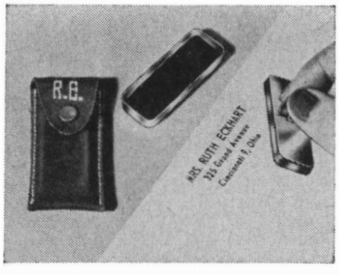

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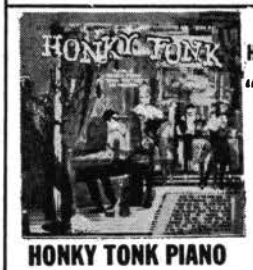
What a surprise for the children at Christmas! Nursery rhymes, cowboy hits, railroad songs, folk songs, story songs. A complete collection on 3 break resistant 78 or 45 rpm records or one 12" 33-1/3 rpm record.

Cinderella • Alice in Wonderland • The Story of Peter Pan • Crooked Man • The Little Child Pinocchio • Hansel and Gretel • Davy Crockett • The Mama Doll Song • Take Me Back to Toyland • Goldi-Locks and the 3 Bears • Sing a Song of Sixpence Little Jack Horner • A Tisket a Tasket • Humpty Dumpty • Jack Spratt • Jack and Jill • Ding Dong Bell • 10 Little Indians • And others.



AMERICA'S No. 1 Honky Tonk Piano Man!

"Knuckles" O'TOOLE PLAYS 26 HONKY TONK PIANO HITS Only 12¢ Each

HONKY TONK PIANO

Most Exciting Honky Tonk Piano Records Ever Made. Here is the new music craze that is sweeping the country; Authentic Honky Tonk Piano played by America's No. 1 Honky Tonk Piano man, "Knuckles" O'Toole. Hear "Knuckles" at his open front piano and with his orchestra bring to life the gay, spirited hits of the Gay Nineties . . . 26 hit tunes in all including Crazy Otto Rag, If You Knew Susie, Peg O' My Heart. Guaranteed to "make" any party. Complete on three 78 or 45 rpm records or one 33-1/3 rpm record. A true record collector's gem. Only $2.98 complete.

Crazy Otto Rag • Take Me Out to the Ball Game • In the Good Old Summertime • If You Knew Susie Paper Doll • Ta-Ra-Ra-Boom-De-Ay • Hot Time in the Old Town • Peg O' My Heart • Shine on Harvest Moon • Yes, We Have No Bananas • I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now • I Love You Truly • The Band Played On • Sorrento • Santa Lucia • O Sole Mio Bicycle Built for Two • The Bowery • Sidewalks of New York • Strolling Thru the Park One Day • Wait 'Til the Sun Shines, Nellie • My Pony Boy • In My Merry Oldsmobile • Harrigan • It's a Grand Old Flag Yankee Doodle Boy.

21 ROCK N' ROLL HITS only 17¢ ea.

If you dig the Rock N' Roll beat, this is the set for you. 21 of the great hit tunes like Heartbreak Hotel that have swept to the top of the hit tune surveys.

Hound Dog • Heartbreak Hotel • I Want You, I Need You, I Love You • Fever • Rip It Up • Ready Teddy • Don't Be Cruel • Stranded In the Jungle Blue Suede Shoes • I'm In Love Again • My Baby Left Me • Love, Love, Love • My Blue Heaven • Roll Over Beethoven • Long Tall Sally • Rock Around the Clock • Corina, Corina • Hallelujah, I Love Her So Shake, Rattle and Roll • I Want You to Be My Baby See You Later, Alligator.

18 HITS FROM MY FAIR LADY, THE KING AND I, OKLAHOMA AND SOUTH PACIFIC

Full Orchestras • Great Vocalists

- **From My Fair Lady — On the Street Where You Live, I Could Have Danced All Night, I've Grown Accustomed to Her Face, Wouldn't It Be Loverly, plus others.**
- **From Oklahoma — The Surrey with the Fringe on Top, People Will Say We're in Love, Oklahoma, Oh What a Beautiful Morning.**
- **From South Pacific — Some Enchanted Evening, Younger than Springtime, A Wonderful Guy, plus others, From The King and I — Getting to Know You, Hello, Young Lovers.**

KNUCKLES O'TOOLE Goes South of the Border

Imagine! Honky Tonk piano with a Mexican beat. Knuckles O'Toole plays Cha Cha, Mambo, and all the favorite South of the Border Hits on his Honky Tonk piano with orchestra. Yours FREE: Instructions on how to dance the Cha Cha, Mambo and Merengue —new craze in dancing!

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Including FREE Polka Dance Instructions

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18 of their Geatest Hit Tunes!

- **Bob Eberly Sings — Amapola, Green Eyes, Tangerine, I Understand, Marla Elena, The Breeze and I, Yours, Brazil, I Hear A Rhapsody, Moonglow, September Song, I've Grown Accustomed to Her Face.**
- **Dean Martin Sings — Walking My Baby Back Home, Hold Me, Oh Marie.**
- **Gordon MacRae Sings — Old Devil Moon, Heartaches, I Want to Be Loved.**

THE GAY NINETIES

Authentic Four Part Harmony

Bridey O'Toole and her Gay Ninetles Boys sing never to be forgotten barber shop harmonies.

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Now is the time for you to place that Christmas order. Don't miss out on late delivery or out of stock. We guarantee that you'll be thrilled with every package you order. Guarantee that every gift will give you or your loved ones many, many hours of pleasure. These records are guaranteed to please or money back any time, even after Christmas. It's easy to order. Just fill out the coupon, be sure to indicate whether you wish the 78 rpm, 45 rpm, or 33-1/3 rpm speed. We'll rush your records to you by return mail. Rush your order today . . . you'll be thrilled that you did.

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F. ☐	18 POLKA HITS	P. ☐	18 CHRISTMAS CHIMES
BF. ☐	GAY NINETIES	S. ☐	26 HONKY TONK HITS
D. ☐	20 POPS FOR KIDS	BE. ☐	SOUTH OF THE BORDER
W. ☐	INK SPOTS HITS	H. ☐	18 ALL TIME CHRISTMAS
K. ☐	26 KIDDIE HITS	BH. ☐	MY FAIR LADY, ETC.
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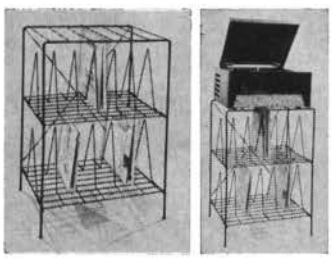
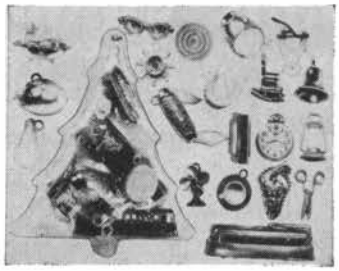
EACH SET $2.98 **3 SETS $8.50**



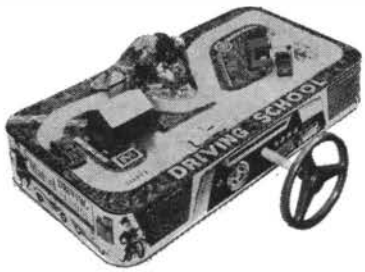
SET A RECORD player atop this wrought iron cabinet and you're all set! 12 compartments hold 250 albums. Top accommodates largest player. 30" h. x 22" x 17". Remit $14.95; exp. coll. Leslie Creations, Dept. 211J, Lafayette Hill, Pa.

The Cosmopolitan Shopper

(continued)

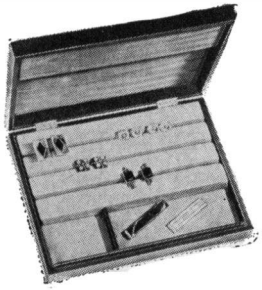


A TOY TREE—next best thing to Santa's pack itself. Clear "tree" filled with 20 toys to tickle boys or girls. See a fan that turns, little doll, movable trolley. Hang several on *your* tree for young guests. $1.00, 6 for $5.00 ppd. Carol Beatty, 7410-CS Santa Monica, Los Angeles 46, Calif.

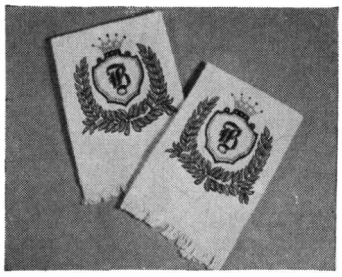


DRIVING SCHOOL DAYS are fun. With colorful metal toy, children "drive" their autos around town equipped with gas station, tunnel, garage. Three magnetized cars controlled by actual steering wheel. No horns provided! 19" long, $4.95. Rajah, Box 261-CS, Englewood, N. J.

OPENING NIGHT? Let Santa in his red felt suit dress up holiday "bottled" gifts. Slips over standard fifth, or similar sized container. Also makes a clever children's hand puppet. Red and white bottle cover, $1.25 ppd. Walter Drake, C21 Drake Bldg., Colorado Springs, Colorado.

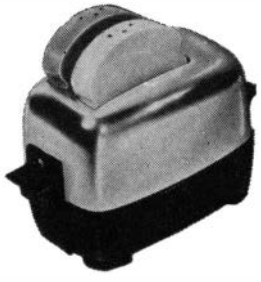


JEWELRY VALET for our discriminating man. This gold-tooled case is custom made in leather. Holds 24 pairs of cuff links, plus studs, rings, watches. Suede-lined, 9½" wide, in tan, black, maroon, green. $15.00 ppd. Here's How, 27-CS E. 22nd St., New York City 10.



SOME GUEST WORK! Pink or white Cannon terry cloth towels will please any visitor. With single initial in silver and black. Any letter including W, except U to Z, I or Q. Fringed and measure 11" x 18". Set of 2, $1.00 ppd. U.S. Curtain, Box 237-C So. Station, Yonkers, N.Y.

PRECIOUS MEDAL—a special token of affection, and what better memento for birthday or anniversary giving. Engraved with name and years in sterling or gold filled: ¾" dia. $4, 1" $5, 1¼" $6, 1½" $7. In 14K gold: $15, $20, $35, $45 ppd. Wayne Silversmiths, 546-Z S. B'way, Yonkers, N.Y.



WE PROPOSE this toaster to lucky collectors. Miniature (3") of famous breakfast stalwart actually "pops-up" a salt and pepper shaker! Chrome finish metal, plastic base, shakers removable for filling. $1.25 ppd. House of Alan Charles, CP, Cobbs Creek Pk., Box 5550, Phila., Pa.

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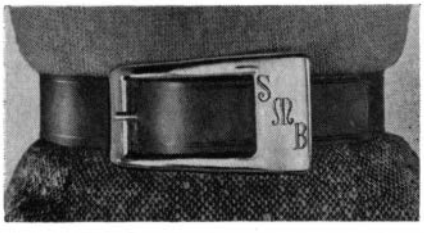

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You'll treasure our versatile polished GENUINE LEATHER belt. Order the belt complete with your choice of Silver or Golden Brass Buckle smartly engraved with your own monogram. Comfortable 1½" width. Fall Colours: JET BLACK, GARNET, NAVY BLUE, TAWNY TAN, HOT ORANGE, GOLDEN BEIGE. Sizes 22 to 32.

Buy extra belt straps to match your every fashion mood at $1.00 each. Buckle is switched in seconds. *Send cash, check or M.O. Please add 20¢ postage.*

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Take this beautiful sterling silver chain—add a sterling dangle disc that records the name and date of each beloved grandchild—for a bracelet you know she'll wear! Silver disc is engraved, in script, with first name, month, day and year of birth of each grandchild, son or daughter. Any number of discs may be added for each new arrival. Print name and dates when ordering. Satisfaction guaranteed. No C.O.D.'s please.

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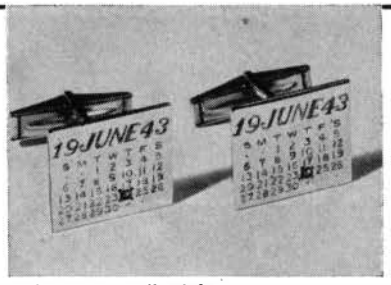

Anniversary Cuff Links are clever reminders of your wedding date. Handsomely engraved with the exact month and year, with the wedding day marked with a precious birthstone. These lovely ¾" cuff links in gold-filled or sterling silver. State the full date.

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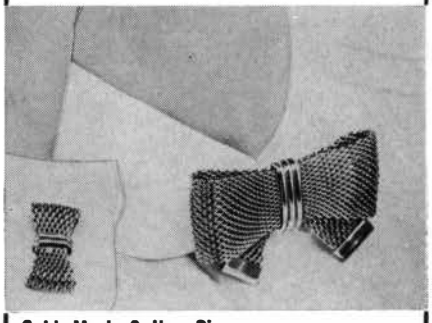

Gold Mesh Collar Pin is perfect for a tailored blouse, suit or dress. This lover's knot pin will become your favorite jewelry for all occasions. Smaller version in handsome cuff links make a neat treat for man-tailored sleeves. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money refunded.

Collar Pin **$1.98** Cuff Links **$1.50**

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Dental Sentinel protects your child's teeth! Major comes with child's nylon toothbrush in his hat as a plume. Makes toothcare child's play. Child's name on Drum-Drinking Cup. Very colorful.

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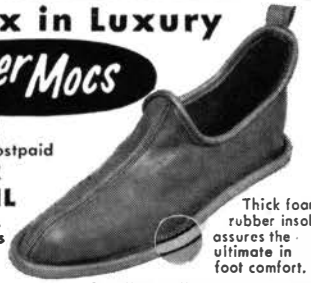

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The Cosmopolitan Shopper

(continued)

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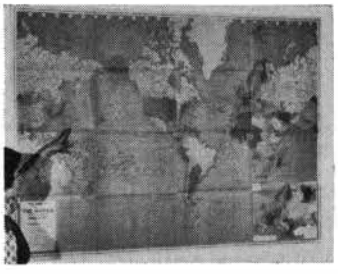

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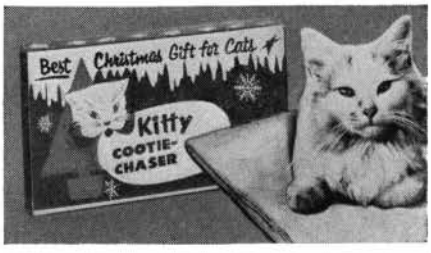

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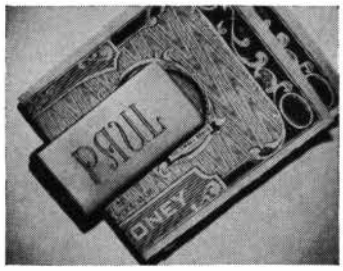

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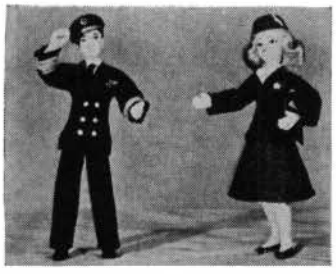

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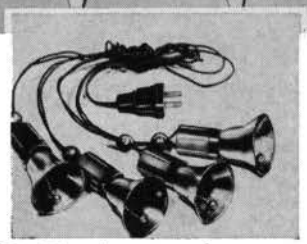

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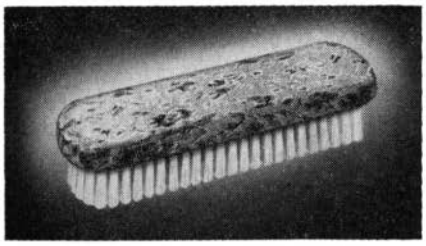
AMAZING GEM DISCOVERY!

IT'S MORE BRILLIANT THAN A DIAMOND! And looks exactly like a fine diamond! Your friends will think you are wearing the most glorious diamond they have ever seen. Dazzling 1-carat ladies' rings only $54. Also superb men's and ladies' rings in larger carat sizes. Easy payments. Write today for FREE illustrated booklet. Write to Kenya Gem Corporation, Department 419, Philadelphia 44, Pa.



IMPORTED BROCADE BRUSH

Who'd ever think such a beautiful gift could be as inexpensive as this remarkable value! A dainty 6" clothes brush for a dainty lady . . . its top resplendent with Orient-inspired floral brocade to delight her fancy! It's all aglitter with metallic golden threads and rich pastels, interwoven on a silvery-white background! Seven rows of plastic bristles whisk milady's costume bandbox-neat! Order by mail. Just $1.25, ppd. Two for $2. Satisfaction guaranteed. **$1.25** Ppd.

BRECK'S OF BOSTON **FREE! BIG CATALOG** of Exciting New Gifts!

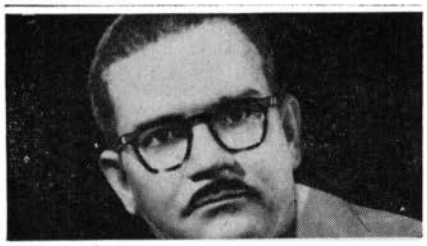
750 Breck Bldg., Boston 10, Mass.

PHOTO CHRISTMAS CARDS 20 for only $1.00 INCLUDING ENVELOPES plus 10c shipping

ONLY 5c EACH for your own PERSONAL Christmas Cards with envelopes. Send negative of yourself, your home, or your children. Negative returned unharmed. (If needed, we will make negative for 50c) ORDER AS MANY UNITS of 20 as you wish for your entire list. Satisfaction guaranteed.

SURPRISE BONUS FOR ORDERING EARLY!

LARGA-PIC BOX Z-33 BROOKLINE 46, MASS.



MAKE MONEY WRITING

. . . short paragraphs!

You don't have to be a trained author to make money writing. Hundreds now making money every day on short paragraphs. I tell you what to write, where and how to sell, and supply big list of editors who buy from beginners. Lots of small checks in a hurry bring cash that adds up quickly. No tedious study. Write to sell, right away. Send for free facts. **BENSON BARRETT, Dept. 76-Y, 7464 N. Clark St., Chicago 26, Ill.**

YES, 100 TOY SOLDIERS FOR $1

To introduce our line of molded plastic toys, we'll ship you 100 Toy Soldiers for only $1. This big colorful assortment includes 4 Riflemen, 8 Machinegunners, 8 Sharpshooters, 4 Infantrymen, 8 Officers, 8 Cannon, 4 Bazookamen, 4 Marksmen, 4 Tanks, 4 Trucks, 4 Jeeps, 4 Battleships, 4 Cruisers, 4 Sailors, 8 WAVEs, 8 WACs, 4 Bombers and 8 Jet Planes. Each toy is completely assembled, designed to scale, and measure up to 4½". Order several sets NOW; your kiddies will love them. Send $1.00 plus 25¢ for postage and handling for each set of 100 toys to:

SUNSET HOUSE

611 Sunset Building Hollywood 46, California

PERSONALIZED FREE!

NEW!

KIDDIE KANTEEN

DELIGHT THAT 'LIL BUCKAROO!

Loads of fun for cowboys and girls, cubs and brownies. Unbreakable plastic canteen in Western Buckskin leather case with Rawhide shoulder straps, and belt loop for wear with gun and holster set. Any name branded on FREE! Send check or M.O. Satisfaction Guaranteed. ONLY $2.00 postpaid

TOY POST, Dept. C, 825 Main, Cincinnati, Ohio

A new safety feature "reflects" in the dark when in the vision of headlights. Perfect safeguard for bikes, tricycles, wagons and autos, too. For children or grown-ups, the name or nickname embossed in reflectorized white on ebony steel, size 8" x 3". Only 7 spaces permitted (no numerals or abbreviation marks). $1.00 postpaid, add 10c for 1st class mail. Cantor Enterprises, Dept. CO-11, 1831 Chestnut St., Phila. 3, Pa. ORDER CHRISTMAS GIFTS NOW!

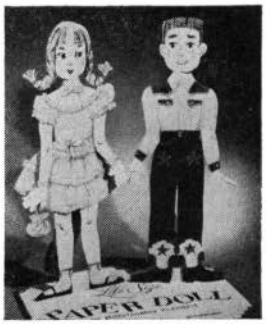
Ugly Blackheads—Out in Seconds

Keep your complexion free of blackheads — look attractive instantly. Scientifically designed vacuum pump gently "lifts" out ugly blackheads safely, without pinching or squeezing. Try VACUTEX 10 days—if not delighted return for $1. refund.

BALLCO PRODUCTS CO., Dept. 40
1011 Kane Concourse, Surfside 41, Florida
☐ **Enclosed find $1.00. Send postpaid.**

The Cosmopolitan Shopper

(continued)



TO CUT a figure in the playroom, give a life-sized paper doll! Actually 38" tall, in full color, ready to wear her 4 "cut-up" outfits. Corrugated paper board, wired to stand alone. $3.25 each; any 2 for $5.95. Added Touch, Dept. C, Wynnewood, Pa.

A BUNNY HUG for the giver of this little girls dress-up muff. The white fur, capped with doll head, is complete with zippered pocket, red bow, silk cord. Dolly's face is washable, her Saran hair can be coiffed. Of real bunny, 8½" x 9". $2.95 ppd. Hobi, Dept. CS3, Flushing 52, N.Y.

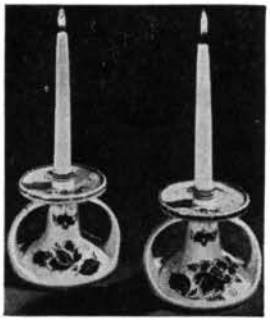
Santa's Best Gift for Dogs

Give your dog luxurious comfort, relief from scratching, restful sleep in its soothing cedar aroma. Kills fleas, doggy "B.O." So enticing he'll forsake chairs, sofa. Long-lasting. **Flea-Scat-Pad,** 15x28 in. **$3.49;** Super size, 28x36 in. **$4.98.**

Kitty Cootie-Chaser the pad for Cats—hear pussy purr in luxury and revel in its aroma. Kills fleas and lice. 14x18 in. **$2.49.**

Money-Back Guarantee—save postage by sending check or M.O. Sudbury Laboratory, Box 21E, Sudbury, Mass.

IMAGERY in ivory are exquisite hand-carved statuettes from Hong Kong. On black bases, the prizes above, sized 2¾" to 3½", are $3.25 each, $12.50 set. Chinese traditional "Long Life," "Laughing Buddha," "Court Lady," "Fisherman." Ziff, Box 3072-CS Mdse. Mart, Chicago 54.



GO DUTCH! Handsome hand-painted Delftware candlesticks in the traditional blue and white pattern—a favorite since the 1600's. Picture these on your table or sideboard. The pair, 5½" high, $12.95 ppd. Prince, 103-CS Park Ave., NYC 17.

IS THE GAME UP when the gang assembles? Make yours a gala party with Monte Carlo games. Casino set has Wheel of Fortune (7" tall), Roulette, Bird Cage, non-coin slot machine, instructions, layouts. All features of full-sized games, $5.98 ppd. Homakers, Dept. C, Farmingdale. N.Y.

130 COLOR TV TOYS $1.00

LARGE SIZE IN FULL COLOR Newest toy sensation. Realistic actors, actresses, acrobats, animals, dancers, clowns, cowboys, singers, props, over 130 performers, TV cameras, etc. Of rigid bookstock . . . ready to cut out and stand up. Average 5" tall. Fun for ages 2-14. Children set up scenes and put on TV shows: westerns, circuses, variety shows, plays, etc. Gayly colored characters make delightful toys for toddlers, too. Educational "Director's Kit" explains authentic TV equipment and how to stage shows. FREE—2 funny TV puppets, arms-legs move. Send $1 plus 25¢ for postage and handling (total $1.25) for each set or 4 sets for $4 to **Meyer Company** Dept. B, 810 East 15 Street, Fremont, Nebraska.

WALL CALENDAR LINEN TOWEL
Now Only $1

A "kitchen tapestry" of imported linen 16" x 29." Calendar and scene in beautiful, fast colors. Wooden staff hemmed in top for hanging. This lovely pure linen calendar gift for '57 becomes a novel and practical tea towel for '58. $1 each; personalized $1.50 each, $17 doz. ppd.

Christmas Mail Basket

Red lacquered, gaily hand-decorated with sequined Christmas tree and snowman. Real festive addition to your door, hall, or table. Place for your holiday mail. P.S. Fruits or gifts packed in Mail Basket will win 1st prize under any tree. $1.95 ppd.

your name add 50c

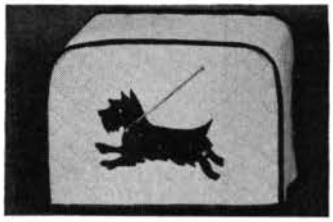
Free! Write for BIG NEW GIFT catalog.
201 Beatty Building
HOLLYWOOD 46, CALIFORNIA

Carol Beatty

8 BUTTERFLY CLIPS

Delightfully smart idea—colorful clips as delicately exquisite and colorful as real butterflies. Wear them in your hair for glamorous evenings—add a decorative note to hats, dresses, sweaters, scarves, etc. The shimmering pastel wings are highlighted with sparkling contrasting sequins. Perfect for decorating special gift packages. Eight ¾" x 1¼" Butterfly Clips in lovely satin lined, acetate gift box.

RAJAH ENTERPRISES **$1.00 ppd.**
Dept. C, Box 261, Englewood, New Jersey



"Scotty" Toaster Cover—$1

SMART, frisky touch *for your kitchen*, or as an inexpensive gift. Putting on the 'dog' gives a new dimension to this *quilted plastic toaster cover*. Wipes clean with a damp cloth. Lively Scotty is *appliqued* in *texture* simulating nubby dog coat. Gold-tone metal leash is added as a *charming touch*. Fits standard toasters. Available in *yellow, white, pink, turquoise* (with black Scotty and trim); or *green, red, grey, blue* (with white Scotty and trim). Toaster cover, $1.00 postpaid. Matching *mixer* cover, $1.50 ppd; *broiler* cover, $2.50 ppd. Satisfaction *guaranteed*. Order by mail from **U. S. Curtain Corp., Box 237, South Station, Yonkers, New York. (Dept. C-11)**

Start a cherished tradition

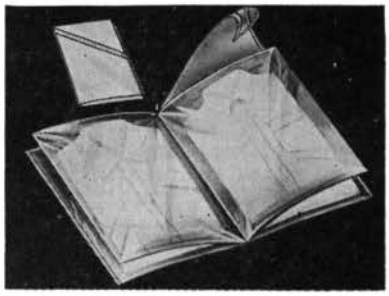
BABY'S OWN BIRTHDAY CANDLE

Lighting baby's personalized birthday candle every year—for 21 years—becomes the highlight of each birthday celebration. Exquisitely decorated in full color, it burns for hours every year to the next marking. This fine custom-made 1 lb. candle is 17" high, 1½" diameter, with markings for 21 birthdays. *Permanently personalized with baby's full name, birthdate and weight.* A memorable and perfect gift—everyone enjoys seeing the candle "grow down" as the birthday child "grows up."
With wrought iron holder $3.45 prepaid
With cadmium plated (silver color) holder
$3.95 prepaid
Please print clearly

Send for Free Color Photo and Folder
A charming gift for a young couple: Personalized Wedding Anniversary Candle with markings and correct symbols for 60 years. $3.95

LION'S NOVELTIES, INC.
Dept. 82, 139 Payson Avenue New York 34, N.Y.

SHIRT AND BLOUSE BOOKLET



Will hold 4 Blouses, Sweaters, etc, in heavy, clear 18" x 12" plastic booklet with full zipper for clean, air-tight storage. A Real Value with money back guarantee. Order by No. G 260
$1.00 postpaid 3 for $2.85
Send for Free New Catalog of Unusual Items
Downs & Co., Dept. 5981A, Evanston, Ill.

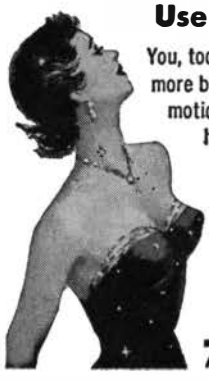
Don't be flat chested!

Use Figure Normalators

You, too, can have a curvaceous bustline. No more bony chests, necks, arms! Do as many motion picture stars do . . . work wonders holding these gaily ribboned weights in your hands while doing five easy exercises flat on your back. 10 minutes a day . . . exciting results in five weeks

Developed by Shirley of Hollywood, nationally known figure consultant.

7.00 set ppd. with complete instructions



DON'T HAVE BIG HIPS, THIGHS!

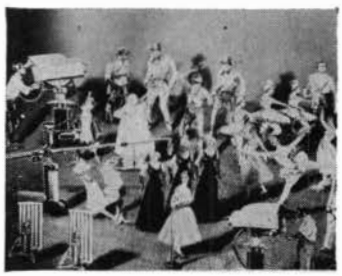
Tie the ribbons of these amazing little weights around your feet. Do 5 easy exercises on your back. **Just 10 minutes a day . . . results in just 4 weeks.**

SHIRLEY OF HOLLYWOOD
4659 Mary Ellen Avenue, Sherman Oaks, Calif.
Bust Set $7.00 Hip Set $7.00
Special Combination: Both Sets $13.00 C-2
Name_____
Address_____ State_____
City_____
Check_____ Money Order_____

The Cosmopolitan Shopper

(continued)

IF YOU'VE looked for a way to save steps when entertaining, try a portable home "bar" to hold party supplies. Sturdy wood grain finished fiberboard, inside shelf, gold top. 38" high. Sets up quickly. for cook-outs, teen parties. $5.61 ppd. Wegman, Dept. CS, Lynbrook, New York.

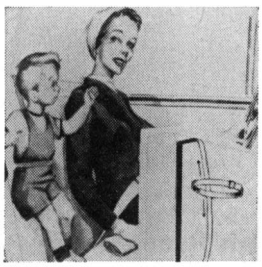


SCISSORS AND PASTE applied by junior TV producers make a cast of 130 paper characters come to life. Figures include cameras, props. All of stand-up quality, 5" tall. Staging directions provided. $1.25 ppd. 4 kits for $4.00. Meyer Co., 810-CS E. 15th St., Fremont, Nebraska.

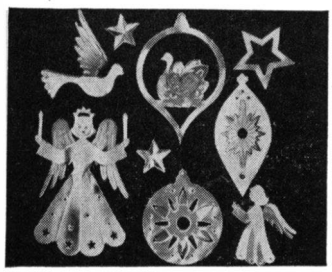
For Your Cat-Owning Friends

The perfect gift is CATS MAGAZINE . . . Each month it's filled with news, helpful articles on care and feeding, poems, pictures . . . all about all kinds of cats. It will delight every cat lover twelve times in the year. Send only $3.50 for the first subscription, only $2.50 for each additional one. Gift card and December issue will be sent to arrive just before Christmas. Cats, 191 House Bldg., Pittsburgh 22, Pa.

"TOBACCO is a dirty weed: I like it" begins the clever verse on this antiqued pine cigarette dispenser. Holds a carton of regular or king-sized cigarettes. Remove pack at a time. $1.50 ppd. Johnny Appleseed's, Dept. CS, North Beverly, Mass.



RELAX AT THE WHEEL knowing the toddler beside you is protected from traffic mishaps by a safety belt. When attached, sliding buckle lets child sit or stand without being flung into dashboard. This ounce of precaution, $2.98. Best Values, 318-CS Market St., Newark, N.J.



DECK THE BOUGHS with light, shimmering gold and silver foil figures, inspired by an old Danish custom. Press them into dimensional shapes, and presto a bundle of ornaments 1½" to 5" tall. Kris Kringle sheets, $1.75 ppd. Helen Gallagher, 413-CS Fulton St., Peoria, Illinois.

SMOKERS "Baskettes"

Two Handy Ash Trays

Colorful ceramic "baskettes" designed to protect rugs and furniture. Convenient, light and allows hand to hold glass. Each 3½" long and 2¾" high, packaged two to box. Paired pink with blue or green with yellow.

Only $1.95 pair ppd.
Set of 6 (3 boxes) special at $4.95 ppd.
Send check or money order (no C.O.D.'s)

D. & E. STUDIOS
3518 Ellsworth St., Los Angeles 26, Calif.

"JET" ROCKET SPACE SHIP

only $4.98

INSTRUMENT PANEL INCLUDES
- Retractable Nose Cannon
- Altimeter
- Jet Steering Levers
- Radar Screen
- Bomb Sight
- Disintegrator Gun Sight
- Oxygen Control
- Atomic Fuel Gauges
- Air Speed Indicator

Big Enough For 2 Kids Over 6 ft. Long

Control Levers that Work

Imagine a streamlined Space Ship big enough to hold 2 children. How thrilled he'll be as he checks his antenna screen, consults his star map of space and Blasts Off! How important he'll look as he works his disintegrator gun and bomb bay doors, going forward and backward, banking left and right to return victorious from his conquest of space. Stimulates scientific interest. Sturdily constructed of aluminum laminated fibreboard, it's a cinch to assemble. Don't delay! Order now on 10 DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER. If not 100% delighted, return for refund. Only $4.98 (because of its enormous size we are forced to ask for 63¢ shipping charges. C.O.D. orders shipped $4.98 plus postage. Send to

HONOR HOUSE PRODUCTS CORP.
Dept. SP-4 Lynbrook, N. Y.

FEATURES
- Real Space Ship Design
- Large Size—Over 6 Ft. Long Seats 2 Kids Inside
- Complete Instrument Panel
- Working Control Levers
- Full Visibility Hinged Control Cockpit
- Astro Star Map
- Jet Exhaust Tube
- Retractable Nose Cannon
- It's Aluminum Laminated
- No peddler

Musical Ballerina Bracelet

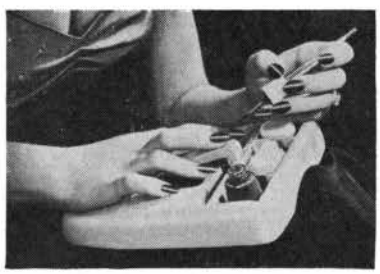
Its tiny, imported music box tinkles a gay melody anywhere you go! Graceful ballerina perches atop big, golden-hued metal charm dangling from double-link metal bracelet. Jeweler's-bronze finish resists tarnish. Winding key and start-stop button on back. Sweet for a lady of any age—and so low-priced! Only $4.95 Ppd. tax incl. Order by mail.

BRECK'S OF BOSTON **FREE! BIG CATALOG** of Exciting New Gifts!
749 Breck Bldg., Boston 10, Mass.

WORDS MEAN PRIZES!

Cosmopolitan Shopper's CHRISTMAS CONTEST

See page 29



Home Manicuring Made Easy

MANICUR-ETTE

The professional-type tray holds your hand and manicuring accessories in the most convenient position. Break-resistant Ivory color, molded to rest on your knee, hug the arm of a chair, or rest on any flat surface. Three deep wells hold polish, remover, and cotton, (not included). Your hand rest on base with finger held in groove for smudge-free polishing. $1 ppd. No C.O.D.'s please.

CAL-DEL CO., P.O. Box 8688
Crenshaw Sta. Los Angeles 8, Calif.

GIVE THE GIFT OF LANGUAGE

IT'S FUN TO LEARN

SPANISH • FRENCH • ITALIAN
GERMAN • RUSSIAN • JAPANESE

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A Linguaphone Recorded Language Set is a lasting gift for young and mature—an invaluable asset in business, travel, school, armed services and social life. With LINGUAPHONE'S *life-like recordings*, you LEARN another language the same *easy*, natural way you learned your own—AT HOME you *hear 8 to 12 of the world's best native language teachers*, both men and women, speak. You listen—You *Understand*—YOU SPEAK! It's like living in a foreign land. Used internationally by schools, colleges, and business firms. More than a million home-study students. *WRITE TODAY for FREE book* on "The Gift of Language."

Send today for free booklet that describes the conversational method; also details on how you may obtain a COMPLETE Course-unit in the language you choose on FREE TRIAL.

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The World's Standard Conversational Method for Over Half a Century.

'KEY-MATIC' AUTOMATIC KEY CASE

ONLY $1 PPD.

The RIGHT KEY—*INSTANTLY!*

TESTED IN THE DARK thousands of times, amazing 'KEY-MATIC' gives you *the right key, instantly!* Works like magic every time. Ends key fumbling forever. *No more load of loose keys.* Uses 'Braille' raised dots for immediate identification. Sturdy, *automatic key case* weighs less than one ounce . . . lasts virtually a lifetime. Works *by 'touch'* alone, with *one hand.* Holds four keys. Easy to use. Most practical key case ever made. Ideal also as *smart, inexpensive gift.* Select color from: green or rose quartz, marble, silver, copper, pearl, opalescent. Satisfaction guaranteed. Only $1.00 postpaid. (No CODs, please.)

Maynard's P.O. Box 1222 (Dept. C-1) Spokane 10, Washington

STOP FAT LEGS FAST

"SHOO" DOES IT!

Remarkable device, once the secret of Hollywood stars, now takes inches off your ankles, calves, thighs, knees, hips ...while you rest! only $2.98

PAT. PEND.

Make your legs lovely ... fast! "SHOO" embraces your toes and ankles, "shoos" fat off your legs while you relax. Invented by Franziska of Hollywood, figure consultant to movie studios, for starlets to use at home while they study their parts, read, or watch TV. Actually fun to use! Slip "SHOO" over your feet, wiggle your toes . . . and heavy calves, flabby thighs, unattractive knees, thick ankles are firmed and slenderized. This is an amazing scientific method, *fully guaranteed to work.*

Leg Beauty Course and Measurement Chart Included

The pleasant way you use "SHOO" for fast slimming is pictured and described in Franziska of Hollywood's famous Leg Beauty Course. Record measurements on the chart . . . and see results within 10 days or YOUR MONEY BACK.

Hobi

DEPT. C-116, FLUSHING 52, N.Y.

Enclosed is $2.98 (check or m.o.). Please rush me "SHOO" and Franziska of Hollywood's Leg Beauty Course (in plain wrapper.) If not pleased, I will return the item within 10 days for full refund.

FREE 10-day TRIAL

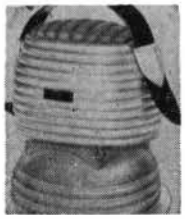
Miss
Mrs._____
Street_____
City_____ State_____ Shoe size_____

REDUCE

KEEP SLIM AT HOME WITH RELAXING SOOTHING MASSAGE USE

SPOT REDUCER

with or without electricity. Also used as an aid in the relief of pains for which massage is indicated. Restores elasticity to sagging skin!



With the SPOT REDUCER you can now enjoy the benefits of RELAXING, SOOTHING massage in the privacy of your own home! Simple to use—just plug in, grasp handle and apply over most any part of the body—stomach, hips, chest, neck, thighs, arms, etc. The relaxing, soothing massage breaks down FATTY TISSUES, tones the muscles and flesh, and the increased awakened blood circulation helps carry away waste fat—helps you regain and keep a firmer and more graceful figure. Firms sagging skin.

TRY THE SPOT REDUCER 10 DAYS *FREE* IN YOUR OWN HOME

Mail this coupon with only $1.00 for your SPOT REDUCER on approval. Pay postman $8.95 plus delivery—or send $9.95 (full price) and we ship postage prepaid. Use it for ten days in your own home. Then if not delighted return SPOT REDUCER for full purchase price refund.

BODY MASSAGER CO., Dept. B-455
318 Market St., Newark, New Jersey

Please send me the Spot Reducer for 10 days trial period. I enclose $1. upon arrival I will pay postman only $8.95 plus postage and handling. If not delighted I may return SPOT REDUCER within 10 days for prompt refund of full purchase price.

☐ **I enclose $12.98. Send Amazing Deluxe Model.**

Name.....
Address.....
City.....State.....

☐ SAVE POSTAGE—check here if you enclose $9.95 with coupon. We pay all postage and handling charges. Same money back guarantee applies.
☐ I enclose $12.98. Send DeLuxe Model.

Useful Idea for a Tidy Bathroom

BATHROOM CADDY

Beside providing an ash tray and a holder for toilet tissue, **Bathroom Caddy** has plenty of space in the rack for newspapers, magazines, comic books! Why not make yourself really comfortable? Chrome-plated steel, 7¾" x 12½". No nails or screws, no holes to drill; easy to install with adhesive included. **Deluxe Caddy is $2.98. Without tissue holder—$2.79.** Sorry, no C. O. D.'s. Prompt postpaid delivery. Ask for free Gift 'n' Gadget catalog, too!

MEREDITH'S, Evanston 38, Illinois

FREE

Giant New 1957 **PROFIT-PACKED CATALOG** *—Illustrated in Color*

Big Name Merchandise At Our Hush-Hush Prices puts you on the road to

BIG, STEADY EARNINGS, At Home

As additional earnings, or even full time, this big beautiful line of the most famous electrical appliances, aluminum ware, housewares, watches, clocks, rings, costume jewelry, sporting goods, dry goods, clothing, dishes, toys, gifts, etc., etc. are necessary and appealing to hundreds of thousands of people. Cash in on part of this vast demand. Build a steady, repeat business. Write today:

MERIT Home Products Co., Inc.

Dept. CP-11, 107 Manhattan Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

DEVELOP your CHESTLINE

measurements without changing your contour. WHY BE self conscious about your small, undersized, unattractive, undeveloped chestline? Now at last you can have a larger chestline. Let the Beauty DEVELOPER flatter where it matters and give you a well developed larger chestline! Be more attractive, youthful—enjoy the new attention that accompanies a larger chestline. You will never know how attractive you can be until you have tried the Model Beauty DEVELOPER to increase your chestline measurements! This new model beauty developer if used as directed must do everything we promise or you get your money back. The model beauty developer is used in the privacy of your own home . . . It is sent to you in plain wrapper with full instructions. Don't delay! Act-Today! For De Luxe Model Beauty Developer in Plain wrapper send $3.98 cash, check or money order to:

BEAUTYAIDS COMPANY Dept. 182
318 Market Street, Newark, New Jersey

Add that **PROFESSIONAL TOUCH** *to your make-up*

NEW HOLLYWOOD **'SHAPETTES'**

Lip and Eyebrow Outlines

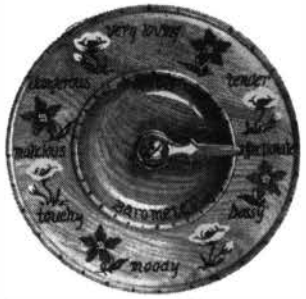
only **59¢** complete set

Created by Hollywood's Leading Make-up Men to give you a distinctive, more flattering MAKE-UP RESULT. This amazing Beauty Aid contains 10 of the most alluring Lip and Eyebrow Shapes ever designed . . . 5 lip and 5 brow outlines . . . One for Each Shape Face. Try them all to discover which is the most becoming for you; assure yourself of a PERFECT MAKE-UP JOB EVERY TIME. "SHAPETTES", plastic guides create a fascinating new look for you. Only 59¢ or $1.00 for 2 sets PP. In handy packet. Take the guess-work out of make-up!

BEAUTY HOUSE, Dept. C, 550-5th Ave., N. Y. 36, N. Y.

The Cosmopolitan Shopper

(continued)



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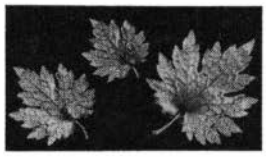

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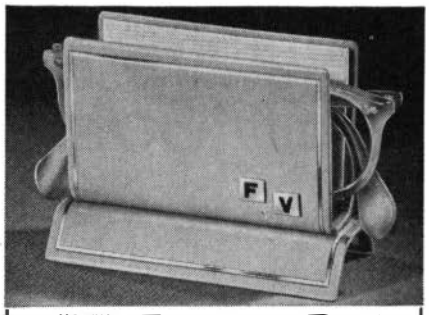

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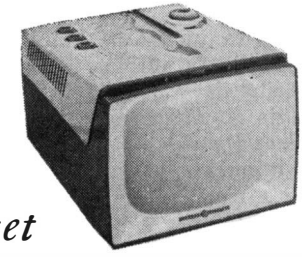

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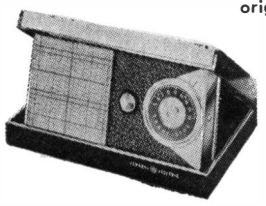
. . . a pocket-size G. E. transistor radio

. . . an original Cosmopolitan cartoon

COSMOPOLITAN's CHRISTMAS CONTEST

One of these wonderful prizes may be yours . . . by reading Cosmopolitan's treasure-packed Christmas Shopper and participating in our contest.

First prize is a nine-inch portable General Electric television set. Next two prizes are General Electric pocket-size transistor radios. Seven runners-up each will receive an original Cosmopolitan cartoon. Here's how you can play and win . . .



New G.E. All-Transistor Pocket Radio. Carrying case has built-in recharging unit, eliminating battery replacement. Recharger plugs into any AC outlet, increases battery life to 10,000 playing hours. Two-tone finish.

FIRST—Find the poem* in Cosmopolitan's Christmas Shopper.

You'll recognize these treasured lines from Clement Clarke Moore's "A Visit From St. Nicholas."

***"A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack."**

All the words in the Treasure Poem will be found scattered through the ads and Carol Carr's shopping suggestions, on pages 14 through 29. For each word you find, give us the name of the product and the company's name and address. Don't bother with repeated words, "a," "he," "his," in the two lines; just find them the first time.

Example: "Toys" from the ad on (product), John Doe Company, Harrisburg, Pa.
"His" from the ad on (product), Mary Doe Company, Washington, D.C.

THEN—Finish this sentence in 25 words or less:

"The first item from the Cosmopolitan Shopper I am going to buy is (name product) because . . . . ."

All entries will be judged on originality, neatness, legibility and aptness. In all cases, the decision of the judges will be final. Only one prize will be awarded to any one contestant. All entries will become the property of Cosmopolitan Magazine. The contest is open to everyone except employees of Cosmopolitan and members of their families. All entries must be postmarked no later than midnight, December 1, 1956, closing date of the contest.

Address entries to:

Cosmopolitan's Christmas Contest
The Cosmopolitan Shopper—Room 403
57th Street and Eighth Avenue, New York 19

Your Cosmopolitan Movie Guide

BY MARSHALL SCOTT

Outstanding Picture to Come

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS—No moviemaker in the history of Hollywood has been so persistently drawn to the spectacular, the stupendous and the supersized as Cecil Blount DeMille, the seventy-five-year-old apostle of the epic and founder of the movie capital. DeMille set up Hollywood's first movie studio in an old barn he rented for twenty-five dollars a month in 1913. There he produced and directed "The Squaw Man," the first feature-length film to come out of the California town. Through the years since then, the name DeMille has become the synonym for the outsized in moviemaking. Now, for his seventieth feature film, he has out-DeMilled himself. Ten years in the planning, about three in the actual filming, "The Ten Commandments" is undoubtedly the most expensive motion picture ever made. The total tab is expected to be somewhere in the costly neighborhood of $13,500,000.

The film, which follows Moses from his beginnings as an infant discovered in the bulrushes by Bithiah, the Pharaoh's daughter, to the sublime moment on Mount Sinai when he receives the holy tablets from God, is a vivid, colorful spectacle. No one surpasses DeMille in his ability to handle hordes of extras—some 7,000 impersonated the children of Israel in their exodus through the Red Sea—nor in his passion for accurate recreation of ancient splendor. Filmed partly on location and partly in Hollywood, the picture uses real pyramids, gigantic sets built in the heart of the desert, and a Red Sea whose waters part on a Hollywood lot.

There was no stinting in the casting, either: as Moses, there is Charlton Heston, who, in full beard and flowing robes, is the very picture of an Old Testament prophet; the tyrannical Pharaoh Rameses II is played by rock-visaged Yul Brynner. Other star names in the cast are: Sir Cedric Hardwicke as a kindly predecessor of Rameses II, Nina Foch as his daughter who finds the infant Moses, Edward G. Robinson as the villain who betrays Moses, John Carradine, Debra Paget, Vincent Price and, literally, a host of others, including camels imported from Australia.

If a pun may be pardoned, this picture is C.B.'s DeMillenium. *(Paramount)*

The Best in Your Neighborhood

AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS—David Niven as a gentleman racing around the world in eighty days to win a bet runs into all sorts of interesting people, including Marlene Dietrich as a Barbary Coast saloon singer, Frank Sinatra as the same joint's piano player, Charles Boyer, Fernandel, Buster Keaton, and a covey of others. Trailing him around is the superb Mexican comedian, Cantinflas. *(United Artists)*

ATTACK!—A smashing melodrama of World War II, this Robert Aldrich production may have been a bit too realistic and cynical to satisfy the Army but makes a rousing action-filled picture. Jack Palance makes a rugged infantry lieutenant, Eddie Albert a sniveling, politically appointed captain. A superior effort. *(United Artists)*

AWAY ALL BOATS—World War II again, but this time on an attack transport in the Pacific. Jeff Chandler, George Nader, Lex Barker are among the heroes who sweat out the kamikazes, shelling, and boredom. *(Universal-International)*

THE BAD SEED—Using most of the cast of the Broadway play from which this film was derived. Mervyn LeRoy has made an absorbing drama out of this study of an inherently evil little monster of a child to whom murder is mother's milk. You may debate the story's thesis that such traits are inherited, but you will, in all probability, be held by the picture's expert unfolding. It is excellently acted by Patty McCormack as the little horror, Nancy Kelly as her apalled mother, Henry Jones, Eileen Heckart and the rest. *(Warner Bros.)*

THE BEST THINGS IN LIFE ARE FREE—The high-hearted Twenties and the rather lower-keyed early Thirties are the background for this song-filled saga of the great tunesmith team of DeSylva, Brown, and Henderson. Sheree North is a delightful doll of a chorine and Gordon MacRae, Ernest Borgnine, and Dan Dailey believable as the lads. The tunes are great. *(Twentieth Century-Fox)*

BHOWANI JUNCTION—The fantastic ferment that was India ten years ago, as the British *raj* prepared to withdraw in favor of the native government, provides the explosive scenes. The film churns with action—murder, riots, train wrecks, mob violence—when it isn't dallying with the involved emotional problems of half-caste Ava Gardner and British soldier Stewart Granger. *(M-G-M)*

BUS STOP—The new and improved Marilyn Monroe is as curvily luscious as ever and proves a sprightly comedienne in this cozy little comedy about a draggled honky-tonk singer and the young cowhand (excellently played by newcomer Don Murray) who wants to lasso her into marriage. *(Twentieth Century-Fox)*

FRIENDLY PERSUASION—Anthony Perkins, regarded by many as Hollywood's "hottest" new star, makes his debut as Gary Cooper's son in this story of a Quaker family whose quietude is disturbed by war and trotting horses, among other things. *(Allied Artists)*

HIGH SOCIETY—Bing Crosby, Frank Sinatra, Her Serene Highness Princess Grace (Kelly), Louis Armstrong, and Celeste Holm are among those cavorting to Cole Porter tunes in this romp around social Newport during Jazz Festival time. *(M-G-M)*

JOHNNY CONCHO—Frank Sinatra may strike you as a most unlikely cowboy, but the old swoon-inducer does a good, workmanlike job as a Western heel living on his brother's reputation as a gun fighter. *(United Artists)*

THE KILLING—An off-beat, highly suspenseful melodrama about the robbery of a race track's loot—by gunmen instead of horseplayers. Excellently acted by Elisha Cook, Coleen Gray, and Sterling Hayden. *(United Artists)*

THE KING AND I—One of the most sumptuous musicals ever to come out of Hollywood, this Rodgers and Hammerstein masterwork about an English schoolteacher at the semibarbaric court of the King of Siam is a visual and aural delight. Yul Brynner is outstanding as the King, Deborah Kerr right in character as the lady. *(Twentieth Century-Fox)*

LA STRADA—A touching story of a simple-minded waif and the carnival strongman who holds her in thrall, this belongs in the fine neo-realistic tradition of Rossellini and DeSica. Anthony Quinn, Richard Basehart, Giulietta Masina and a company of talented Italians play it to the hilt. (In Italian; English subtitles) *(Trans-Lux)*

LUST FOR LIFE—Kirk Douglas is the very picture of the tormented Dutch artist, Vincent van Gogh, whose tragic biography this is. Anthony Quinn turns in his usual expert job as Gauguin. *(M-G-M)*

MOBY DICK—John Huston has made a striking film of Herman Melville's great novel of the white whale and the monomaniacal Captain Ahab. Gregory Peck may not be the ideal Ahab, but the film is, with some minor flaws, a superb piece of work. *(Warner Bros.)*

THE MOUNTAIN—Emotions are as high-pitched and as dangerous as the snow-covered Alps which form the backdrop for this melodrama of greed, fear, and brother-love, with Spencer Tracy brave as all get-out as the retired king of the mountain climbers, Robert Wagner venal and weak as his kid brother, and towering Mont Blanc as the force that tests their souls. *(Paramount)*

THE OPPOSITE SEX—A modernized version of "The Women," Clare Boothe Luce's biting, caustic comedy about some biting, caustic females. June Allyson is, natch, the wife; Joan Collins plays the Siren, Ann Sheridan the Career Girl, Dolores Gray the Gossip. *(M-G-M)*

THE SOLID GOLD CADILLAC—Judy Holliday is a thoroughgoing delight as the one-share stockholder who all but disrupts the smooth functioning of big business in this film version of the long-running Broadway comedy. *(Columbia)*

TEA AND SYMPATHY—A sensitive, poignant picture about a lad whose life is made miserable because his schoolmates consider him a sissy. John Kerr is exceptionally good as the boy, Deborah Kerr equally ept as the schoolmaster's wife who helps him find himself as a man. *(M-G-M)*

THE VAGABOND KING—The great, schmaltzy Rudolph Friml score, resonantly sung by a new (to American audiences) tenor named Oreste and Kathryn Grayson is the chief virtue of this romantic and, let's face it, rather dated musical about François Villon and his friends and enemies. *(Paramount)*

WAR AND PEACE—A sweeping epic treatment of Tolstoy's sweeping epic of a novel, this three-and-a-half hour long film presents some of the most expertly staged war scenes ever filmed, and in Audrey Hepburn it has a heroine of the highest order. Henry Fonda, Mel Ferrer, Barry Jones, Anita Ekberg are among the other Russians who stand or sway before the march of Napoleon's invading army. *(Paramount)*

THE END

On Top of the World

Facts Picked Up Around the World **BY DAVID E. GREEN**

Photos By Monkmeyer

Eskimos have a share-the-wife plan.

ARCTIC CIRCLE . . . Eskimos think nothing of exchanging wives. At festivals it is one of their principal diversions. Among good friends, trading a wife for a week or two every few months is par for the icy course.

SOUTH PACIFIC . . . at weddings among the Negretto tribe the bride and groom appear before one of the chiefs who declares them husband and wife by knocking their heads together.

INDIA . . . The Brahmans of southern India have a custom that a younger brother must not marry before an older one. When it looks as if the senior brother can't find a satisfactory bride, he is married to a TREE, leaving the younger one free to get married.

NEAR EAST . . . Before an Armenian bride goes to the church to be married she puts money in her shoes and stockings which are torn off her feet on her return to the house by the children of the family, out to get the loot.

TIBET . . . Weddings here are really different, as there may be two or more men marrying the bride while other husbands who are already married to her participate in the ceremonies. This is one of the most prominent lands in the world where polyandry, marriage of a woman to two or more men, is permitted.

FINLAND . . . The bride cries constantly during the wedding ceremonies to show her grief at leaving her parents and her youth, which makes the function as dismal as a funeral.

STOPHORST . . . In this easternmost section of Holland on the Zuider Zee, the local custom calls for the mother to return to her housework immediately after childbirth while the father takes to bed for a few days receiving friends and relatives, their congratulations and presents. (The mother appears when dear dad screams for service.)

KOREA . . . The custom still prevails of parents making all wedding arrangements. The night before the ceremony the girl's eyelids are sealed shut, and only after the marriage are they unsealed, when she sees her man for the first time.

CEYLON . . . The arrangements for the marriage are made by the best friend of the groom. On the day of the wedding he appears at the bride's home early and sees that all arrangements have been carried out as planned.

Custom, however, demands that immediately before the arrival of the groom, the "best man" have his hands bound behind his back and tied to a post so he can't give any "stop the ceremony" information to the husband-to-be.

The sugar coating binds together.

ENGLAND . . . It was customary at English weddings to serve spiced buns piled high over which the newly married kissed for good luck. Attending such a wedding, a French chef noticed the buns falling on the floor as the couple tried to kiss and thus conceived icing the cakes into one solid mass, giving birth to our highly decorated wedding cakes.

EUROPE . . . In Norway and Holland, there are very religious groups that have the shocking custom of requiring a girl to wait until she is pregnant before she may marry.

Another custom of small groups in various countries: the bride repairs alone to her parents after the wedding night and rests. For one week she stays away from her husband resting and repairing, then joins him permanently.

Wifehood is a station in life.

JAPAN . . . One of the last things a bride does before leaving her parents' home is to watch them burn her toys. This symbolizes the ashes of her childhood and marks the end of play, the beginning of life's work.

PERUGIA . . . On February 25th in the Church of San Costanzo, the local patron of lovers, girls come and pray for a husband. Kneeling before his statue the girl watches the eyes of the saint, and if she sees him wink she will be married within the year.

KISSVILLE . . . In many parts of Asia, Africa and the Orient they kiss by pressing cheek against cheek while taking a deep breath through the nose. Where we passionately say "kiss me," they say "smell me." In French Indochina mothers frighten their children by threatening to give them a white man's kiss.

COLONIAL NEW ENGLAND . . . If a man succeeded in getting a girl's glove he could claim a kiss as a forfeit. This was almost the reverse of an old English custom that if a man was caught sleeping and kissed by a woman, he owed her a pair of gloves.

BELGIAN CONGO . . . Missionaries and explorers often confuse the primitive mind when they impose our standards of modesty and proper clothing. Wishing to obey Dr. Livingston's admonition a native appeared at a wedding in the presence of white ladies clothed in a high silk hat and a pair of slippers only.

THE ORIENT . . . A girl may be born a widow, or a boy a widower, as their parents might have married them before birth. If both are of the same gender, all arrangements are off.

CYPRUS . . . Herodotus tells of a custom called "hetaerism" that demanded every native woman, once in her lifetime, to sit in the temple and not return home until she had made love with a complete stranger. This was designed to bring foreign blood into the native strain.

SPAIN . . . On the island of Ibiza, south of Majorca, when a girl is ready for marriage her parents announce a day she will inspect her suitors. They come and wait as if in a dentist's office while she talks, inspects and often pets with them individually in a room alone. When she announces her choice, the losers often feel so hurt they beat up the winner.

WEST AFRICA . . . Brides are won with payments of livestock to her father, by cash or installment payments. During an argument or brawl it isn't unusual for one man to scream at another that he still owes for his grandmother.

ITALY . . . The chastity belt was introduced to the West from the East in Venice. Commenting on the new contraption, Pope Pius II said, "Jealous Italians do ill to lock up their wives; for women are of such a disposition they will most covet that which is denied most, and offend least when they have free liberty to trespass."

CHINA . . . The bride always wears red. The wedding day is never chosen by the wedded but by an astrologer who consults the stars and names the day and hour. There are seven reasons why a husband can sue his wife for divorce—one is overtalkativeness.

HOLLAND . . . You can still find old houses with openings under the windows, relics of the practice of bundling. Through these openings the courting lover could enter his love's chamber, spend the night, and leave without disturbing the family. An old Scottish custom permitted all-night visiting by serious-minded boys who had to work during the day. In the words of a thoughtful Scot parent—"Daughters must have husbands and there is no other way or time for courting."

THE END

To Love and Be Loved

Here's what poets, philosophers and lovers say about it

Love is swift, sincere, pious, pleasant, gentle,
strong, patient, faithful, prudent, long-suffering,
manly and never seeking her own; for
wheresoever a man seeketh his own, there
he falleth from love. **Thomas à Kempis**

"When a man is in love with one woman in a family, it is astonishing how fond he becomes of every person connected with it. He ingratiates himself with the maids; he is bland with the butler; he interests himself about the footman; he runs on errands for the daughters; he gives advice and lends money to the young son at college; he pats little dogs which he would kick otherwise; he smiles at old stories which would make him break out in yawns, were they uttered by any one but papa." **Thackeray**

Time
is
Too slow for those who wait,
Too swift for those who fear,
Too long for those who grieve,
Too short for those who rejoice,
But for those who love, time is
Eternity.
Hours fly,
Flowers die,
New days,
New ways,
Pass by.
Love stays.
Inscription on a Sundial

Good shepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to love.
It is to be all made of sighs and tears . . .
It is to be all made of faith and service . . .
It is to be all made of fantasy . . . **Shakespeare**

Lovers are fools, but nature makes them so. **Elbert Hubbard**

The one charm of marriage is that it makes a life
of deception absolutely necessary for both parties. **Oscar Wilde**

Marriage must be a relation either of sympathy or of conquest. **George Eliot**

Ask not of me what is love?
Ask what is good of God above—
Ask of the great sun what is light—
Ask what is darkness of the night—
Ask of sin what may be forgiven—
Ask what is happiness of Heaven—
Ask what is folly of the crowd—
Ask what is fashion of the shroud—
Ask what is sweetness of thy kiss—
Ask of thyself what beauty is. **P. J. Bailey**

Unless you can think, when the song is done,
No other is soft in the rhythm;
Unless you can feel, when left by One,
That all men else go with him;
Unless you can know, when unpraised by his breath,
That your beauty itself wants proving;
Unless you can swear "For life, for death"—
Oh, fear to call it loving! **E. B. Browning**

Photograph by J. Frederick Smith

The Biology of Love

Tragically, few married couples are aware of the importance of sexual maturity. Here, from a noted psychiatrist, is a new attitude toward the physical side of love. It could make the difference between success and failure in your marriage

BY FRANK S. CAPRIO, M.D.

Despite dozens of books explaining sexual techniques in marriage and a vigorous educational campaign in our schools and on our lecture platforms, Americans remain a sexually immature people. As a practicing psychiatrist, I see irrefutable evidence of this fact in my office every day. And appalling statistics bear out my individual experience. Seven million American women admit they find sex unsatisfactory or even physically distasteful. Dr. O. Spurgeon English, the noted psychiatrist, says, "Less conservative estimates indicate that not one marriage in ten has a satisfactory sexual relationship." Beneath our annual harvest of 400,000 divorces, experts agree, almost always lie tragic failures in sexual love.

Grappling with the complications of modern life, we sometimes forget the enormously important role sex plays in our personality. Sex does not exist in an isolated compartment. Its effect, for good or evil, permeates our entire lives. An ability to enjoy mature sexual love is, in fact, absolutely essential to maturity; it deepens our capacity for every form of love and affection, and this in turn leads to better relationships with family, friends and business associates. It lends an inner poise that is communicated to everyone we meet.

Two Enemies of Sexual Maturity

The warped and bitter effects of a maladjusted sex life are also communicated. A had sex life means bad love, or no love, and where there is no love, the personality withers and sours. It hardly needs saying that a withered, sour personality guarantees an unhappy marriage as well as failure in other areas.

The two great enemies of sexual maturity in marriage are ignorance and wrong attitudes. They are easy to define, but difficult to defeat, because they are so often inextricably entangled. Anyone, for instance, can learn from a marriage manual the basic physiological information he needs to make love to his wife, but to really satisfy her, to make her feel truly loved, he may have to change his entire attitude toward sex and women in general. The same is even more true for women, who, more often than men, are convinced that to enjoy sexual love is degrading, even sinful.

Wisdom, Love, and Planning

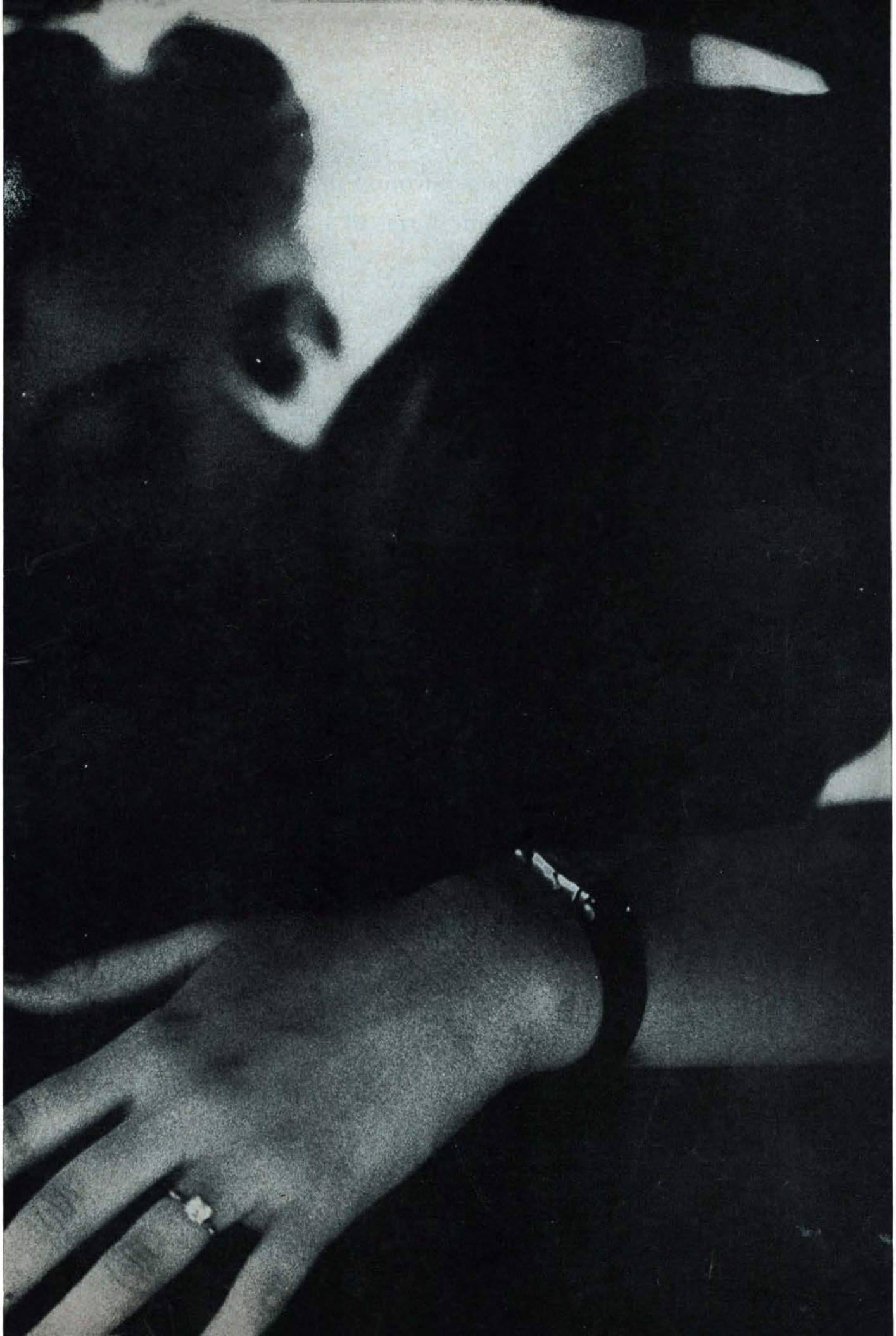
Yet we can and must learn about sex, and we can change our attitudes. I have seen couples. sometimes with the help of skilled counseling, and sometimes on their own, guided by sound reading and a determination to make their marriage succeed, transform a warped and crippled love life into glowing happiness.

The ideal sexual relationship does not just happen. It is the product of intelligence, careful planning, and above all, love on the part of both husband and wife. An appalling number of men do not realize that sexual love is not a purely physical problem. They fail to understand that with most women, spiritual and emotional love are as important as their physical expression, and these forms of love are intimately linked to a woman's sexual responses. Thus the husband who is rude, irritable and thoughtless with his wife during the day is only making it doubly difficult for her to respond to his caresses in the evening.

On the other hand, today's husband expects his wife to be a companion, one

(continued)

Photos by Magnum



Every couple should remember harmony is a process of slow growth. It rarely happens in one burst of honeymoon ecstasy

who shares his interests. He wants her to grow with him, to show some appreciation for his efforts on the job, to rejoice in his successes and to console him in his failures. Again and again, husbands have complained to me that their wives are unable to participate in an intelligent conversation, and make no attempt to keep up with them intellectually and even socially. What does this have to do with sex? I have found that these are the same wives who are usually "too tired" to enjoy normal sex relations. Their failure to respond soon destroys the husband's sense of fulfillment. When this happens, the marriage is not far from collapse.

After the First Year

Yet, while it is certainly true that sexual love involves more than the physical, constant failure on the physical level can corrupt and destroy the spiritual and emotional levels of love and ruin a marriage with equal swiftness.

Too many married couples begin to take sex for granted after the first year or so of married life. They become slipshod and perfunctory about it and fail to see it (and experience it) as something pleasurable and inspiring. They treat lovemaking as a matter of habit, of biological necessity, not realizing that it can renew and refresh their marriage.

Another misconception many young married people have is that the best sex is spontaneous. Couples who believe this theory yield to the impulse on the spur of the moment, whenever they happen to be in the house. The act is consummated with brutal abruptness. There is no lead-up, no diminuendo afterward, no pleasant glow of anticipation, nor gratitude for the other's consideration.

Actually, the most rewarding and consistent sexual happiness is planned. A couple should agree in advance on their times together, as they would plan for a party, so there will be no misunderstandings and no resentment. For example, if a husband works until midnight over some office papers at home, his wife will more than likely retire earlier. If he has said nothing to her, but wakes her abruptly and wants to make love, she will almost certainly be resentful, and neither will be very happy. If he had let her know in advance, as he should have, she would have been prepared and receptive.

Many wives have been brought up in the old-fashioned tradition that a husband's marital rights should never be questioned. They feel it is their duty to submit at all times to their husband's desire. In fact, this is a neurotic martyrdom and will kill the wife's response in the long run. Giving in to a husband at all times is not being the ideal wife. If a woman is tired or feels ill, she should explain to her husband in a nice way that she cannot give him a good response unless she is ready for him.

SEXUAL MATURITY *helps a couple welcome children and raise them with the warmth and security they need to become happy adults themselves.*

Too many people carry over an adolescent shyness into marriage, and are ashamed to express their feelings of desire. The result is often confusion and a succession of disappointments. One husband told me: "I never know when my wife wants me. Sometimes she will be affectionate when we have gone to bed, but if I try to make love to her, she will get angry and push me away. Other times she accepts me." This kind of behavior reduces the marital relationship to a guessing game. A couple should be candid about their desires, and welcome them with frank happiness. Here, as in other areas, a wrong emotional attitude can severely damage physical harmony.

There is another large group among married people who sacrifice their sex life to ailments. We all encounter illnesses, but few necessarily exclude sexual love; when they do, a doctor can give clear and specific advice on the matter. Too many couples who are not particularly robust or hardy abandon sex activity on the slightest pretext as "too tiring," instead of maintaining a good relationship that would tone up their physical and mental health.

One husband told me that he had had no relations with his wife in over a year, because she suffered from a weak back after the birth of a child. At the end of a year's time, the wife not only still had her weak back, but she was also hypertense and irritable.

Another facet of married love to which little thought is given, and which couples frequently neglect, is grooming. Both husband and wife should prepare themselves for love so that a maximum appeal is made to the senses of sight, touch and smell. There are few investments that pay more dividends in marriage than attractive nightgowns and good perfume. When a wife's appearance is unappealing, a husband may be discouraged to the point of impotence.

The Importance of Appearance

It is equally important for a man to be well groomed. A shower, a shave and a pleasant lotion enable a wife to respond with warmth and enthusiasm. Men are particularly liable to be at fault here because they like to cite the old saw, "If she really loves me, she'll love me as is." This type of male should think one step further—she will love him much more if he makes himself more appealing.

All these considerations in a good sex relationship—grooming, planning, steady maintenance of sexual activity—are rules that apply universally. When it comes to the actual physical technique of intercourse, each case is different. There is no blueprint for a sex technique that will satisfy everyone, because no two people ever react exactly alike sexually.

The common denominator of good physical relations is candor between husband and wife. In order for each to learn the other's preferences, he must be honest with the other. There is an element of

adaptation in the sex relationship. In sexual love, there should be frank requests for what is desired for maximum response. It might be more time, a different position. Too many married people are shy about telling their preferences, and go on for years sighing inwardly over failure to respond to their partner's love-making.

Mutual Adaptation Takes Time

One thing every married couple should remember is that sexual harmony does not happen in one burst of honeymoon ecstasy, as romantic novelists would have us believe. Success comes slowly, in the course of years, as couples learn what caresses achieve the richest response, and how to time these responses so they achieve orgasm together—a necessity for maximum fulfillment. One expert has declared it takes five years for a couple to achieve good sexual harmony. I am more inclined to emphasize that the first year of marriage should be one of mutual adaptation.

To go on to five, six and ten years of physical disharmony can be fatally destructive to a marriage. A year of failure almost always means a couple needs outside help from a psychiatrist or qualified marriage counsellor.

For a husband, the cardinal principles in the mechanics of sexual relations are tenderness and unselfishness. Preliminary love play should be gracefully and artfully performed. It is particularly important to convey the impression that it is not being done in accordance with a manual of instruction, but that it represents a gesture for the wife as a person.

The wise wife, on the other hand, will be tactful in what she says about her husband's love-making. If she makes mean or sarcastic remarks, he may even become too upset to function. I have spent as much as six months persuading a neurotically sensitive husband to return to his wife after she made an insulting remark about his technique.

Thedangerofsuch a remark has not been sufficiently emphasized to American couples. Weare justly proud of our competitive culture, but it has taken an unfortunate toll on some, by no means all, of our men. They feel they have done all that is required of them when they work hard and bring home a good pay check. At home they are far more inclined to receive love than to give it. Fundamentally this type of man does not want a woman to love and protect, he wants a woman who will give him love; he operates his marriage on a bargain basis: so much for so much. Again and again I have heard male patients suffering from impotence blame it on their wives. They tell me, "I don't get enough love from my wife." Such a man needs psychiatric help. To want from a woman in adult life the kind of coddling he received from his mother indicates a maladjustment.

The normal man should be prepared for occasional setbacks such as an interruption or an irritable remark from his wife. He should not let such things alarm or discourage him. I always warn men before they marry to be prepared for an occasional tactless remark and not to allow it to have a castrating effect.

This sort of unhappy event can occur during the honeymoon, when a couple's insecurity about their sexual roles is particularly acute. Most experienced psychiatrists regard honeymoons with a somewhat jaundiced eye. Few are the couples who are able to make romantic idyls out of their ten days or two weeks alone together, while doctor's notebooks are crowded with case histories of honeymoon fiascos. Sometimes a husband's anxiety causes him to be inadequate, and instead of the first night of bliss our novelists had led her to expect, the poor wife receives several hours of apologetic explanations. Other men, anxious to prove their virility, turn the first night into an assault, which leaves the wife terrified and bewildered. Balzac compared this sort of male to an orangutan with a violin. The violin can hardly be blamed for failing to respond. The wife, on the other hand, may be frightened by fear of pain, or experience an immature frigidity because her adolescent education in sex was faulty or nonexistent.

Many young people ask if virginity is a barrier to marital happiness. Is it better, in other words, for bride or groom or both to have had premarital sex experience? Only the girl who is neurotically attached to her virginity has an unhealthy attitude toward sex. The young woman who has read enough to have gained a good sex education, and has a good attitude toward sex relations can have a very normal and satisfactory honeymoon. And this is equally true when both the bride and the groom are virgins. In fact, learning the art of love together can substantially enrich their marriage.

The First Trip Together

To guarantee a happy honeymoon, every couple should do two things:

1. Well before the marriage day, prepare themselves mentally and physically for the honeymoon. Good sex instruction and a physical checkup are more important than champagne and confetti.

2. Use common sense in what to talk about, once the honeymoon begins. Decide in advance that there will be no painful conversation about the past and no sarcasm or hostility about the present.

Long after the honeymoon is over, many husbands and wives come to a psychiatrist to find out if this or that sexual activity is "normal." Often a husband or a wife may desire a certam kind of love play, but he does not discuss it, because he is afraid his partner will consider it abnormal. Instead he tries to repress the desire and the marital relation becomes unsatisfying.

There is no hard and fast line, no absolute norm, in sex activity. What is normal for one couple may be shocking to another. If a husband and a wife are happily married, whatever they do to express physical love is normal. Deviations are abnormal and neurotic only when they are practiced to the exclusion of normal consummation. It is the purpose that determines the allowability in sex play. If variation banishes monotony, and rekindles a couple's warmth and enthusiasm, it is to be thoroughly recommended for them. Most intelligent people vary their love-making enough to keep it out of the humdrum, but few go in for extreme experiments in sex, any more than most people do in food.

There are, of course, practices which are not normal. The husband who inflicts pain or violence, or insists that his wife dress bizarrely, or does so himself before he can achieve a relationship is suffering from neurotic compulsions, and needs psychiatric help. Neither partner should crudely inflict a variation on the other, when it is obviously offensive. A gradual approach, tenderness and consideration are especially important here.

Cynicism Erodes Love

It is difficult for a man and woman to preserve their will to love in the modern world. We live in a skeptical age, and suffer from an often crippling inability to believe in the goodness of God, ourselves, or other people. This kind of thinking blinds us to the goodness and beauty of sexual love in marriage, and to much else in life that is noble and fine. The best antidote to it I have found in my experience is the words of the great American minister, Dr. Peter Marshall: "Next to hunger, the most powerful of human instincts is that of sex. You cannot escape from it, for you are made that way. It pulses in your blood, sings in your throat, and shines in your eyes. Sex will be either the nicest thing in your life—or it will be the nastiest—depending on whether you use it or abuse it."

To these memorable thoughts I would like to add the words of the great psychologist, Havelock Ellis: "Lovers in their play, when they have been liberated from the traditions which bound them to the trivial or the gross conception of play in love—are thus moving among the highest human activities alike of the body and of the soul. They are passing to each other the sacramental chalice of that wine which imparts the deepest joy that men and women can know." THE END

Children and Awareness

Telling too much can be as dangerous as telling too little. Here is a step-by-step program to help you give your child the right amount of information at the right time in his development

BY T. F. JAMES

More and more psychiatrists are beginning to think there is not one, but two tests for sexual maturity. One is a couple's ability to achieve fulfillment in sexual love. The other is not so readily recognizable by the average person, but it is equally important: the ability to communicate this sexual maturity to the children.

It is extremely important that a child learn about sex from its parents, rather than from companions in the neighborhood. The child left to shift for himself inevitably picks up an obscene vocabulary and a conviction that everything connected with sex is secretive and "dirty."

Even among the well educated and intelligent, there is often a baffling reluctance to face the problem of children's sex education. Because mothers don't know how or when to start, they often make the mistake of putting it off indefinitely. The wall of silence which grows up between parent and child makes it harder to discuss problems that will come up when the child is older.

Attitude of the Parents

The first step in the sex education of the child is taken by the parents before the child is born. If a mother and father set an example of kindness and mutual respect for each other, the child gradually absorbs this attitude. Sex education coming from such parents will always be associated with something fine.

The other basic principle in sex education was elaborated by the great German psychiatrist, Wilhelm Stekel: "In the presence of children, act as you would before adults." If all parents would observe this rule, they would automatically eliminate such causes of childhood sex shocks as carelessness about privacy on the part of parents during intercourse, carelessness about nudity before children, and obscene language.

In regard to nudity, Stekel's rule need not be applied in an extreme degree when the children are very young. It would be foolish for a parent to be nervous or tense in the presence of a toddler who happens to see him in the nude. But tactless displays of parents' nudity before adolescents can drive a boy or girl into sexual fantasies which may affect his entire life.

In addition to these principles, there are practical procedures which every parent should follow. Before school age, the child will come to the parent with the age-old question, "Where do babies come from?" The parent should answer, "The baby comes from the mother." He can sidestep any further questions. A child should be taught only what he can absorb for his age. He should never be told fantasies about the stork or the rose bush.

The second phase of the child's education should come when he is between seven and nine years old. Then the child should receive his first talk.

Mothers should give sex education to the daughters; fathers should educate the sons. Intimate talks on sex between mother and son, or father and daughter, is definitely inadvisable. They may lead to the development of homosexual patterns in the children.

The mother's second talk with her school-age daughter can describe in more detail the origin of life. This talk will generally arise quite naturally out of the daughter's growing curiosity. The mother herself can best judge when her daughter is ready for the information.

In this talk, the mother tells her daughter that the child comes from a seed in the mother.

This, too, is a rather elementary talk, and too much information should not be volunteered. Use the same common sense in giving your child sex information that you did in feeding it. The infant cannot be given meat and potatoes. He must first be given milk, gradually be introduced to soft food, and finally be served adult fare.

The third talk between mother and daughter should take place around the age of puberty, usually between ten and fourteen. To prevent panic a girl should be told about menstruation before she experiences it. Many girls who have not been told what to expect run from school frightened at what has happened.

No Derogatory Connotations

The mother should tell her daughter that menstruation is different from the kind of bleeding that comes when she cuts herself, that it is natural and healthy. She can also tell her daughter why she will menstruate and that this is nature's way of preparing her to have a baby. She can explain that when a baby is coming, menstruation stops.

Never refer to menstruation as "the curse." A derogatory connotation may carry over into the young girl's sex life. Never use the word "sickness" or imply that there is anything unclean about menstruation. If and when the first menstrual cramps come, tell the daughter at the time that they are natural, and will go away.

The More Complete Truth

At this time, the mother can refer to sex relations in a more advanced way: the man plants the sperm that develops into a baby. Again, it is the truth, but not too detailed.

The fourth and last talk should be during the daughter's high school years —from fifteen to eighteen, depending on the extent of her maturity for her age. In this talk, the mother should complete the daughter's education in the things she will need to know. This talk should include facts about pregnancy, venereal diseases, sex relations, and homosexuality.

She should avoid anything that might inspire fear and emphasize the fact that sex can be the finest element in her life. The mother should emphasize the beauty of marriage as a way of life blessed by God, and convince her daughter that chastity is infinitely superior to experimentation as a preparation for wedded life. Here are suggestions to the mother on how to handle the topics her daughter will need to know about.

Pregnancy. Don't make the mistake of teaching your daughter to suspect the whole opposite sex. Give her the facts about the unscrupulous few, and tell her, "Use good judgment about the fellows you go out with."

Venereal Disease. There are as many misconceptions about venereal diseases as there are about pregnancy among teenagers. Look up accurate information on these before explaining them to your daughter. Give her the technical names, gonorrhea and syphilis, and give her adequate knowledge of their contraction and cure. Tell the daughter that these diseases usually occur in people who are ignorant of and abuse sex.

Sex Relations. Explain to your daughter the advantages of the finer sex relations. Tell her that promiscuity is abuse of sex and that it robs people of the good

sex can bring to their lives when it is part of love and marriage. Explain to her that sex is neither a frightening mystery nor a toy to be experimented with for thrills. It is a deep and natural instinct in all of us and needs to be treated sanely if we are to achieve physical and mental health.

Explaining Sexual Aberrations

Homosexuality. Thousands of teen-age tragedies could have been averted if parents had explained sexual aberration to their children. Explain "homosexual crushes" to your child. Don't paint the picture in terrifying colors, but point out the plain facts: that attachment between members of the same sex represent a phase of adolescent development, that we eventually grow out of such relationships.

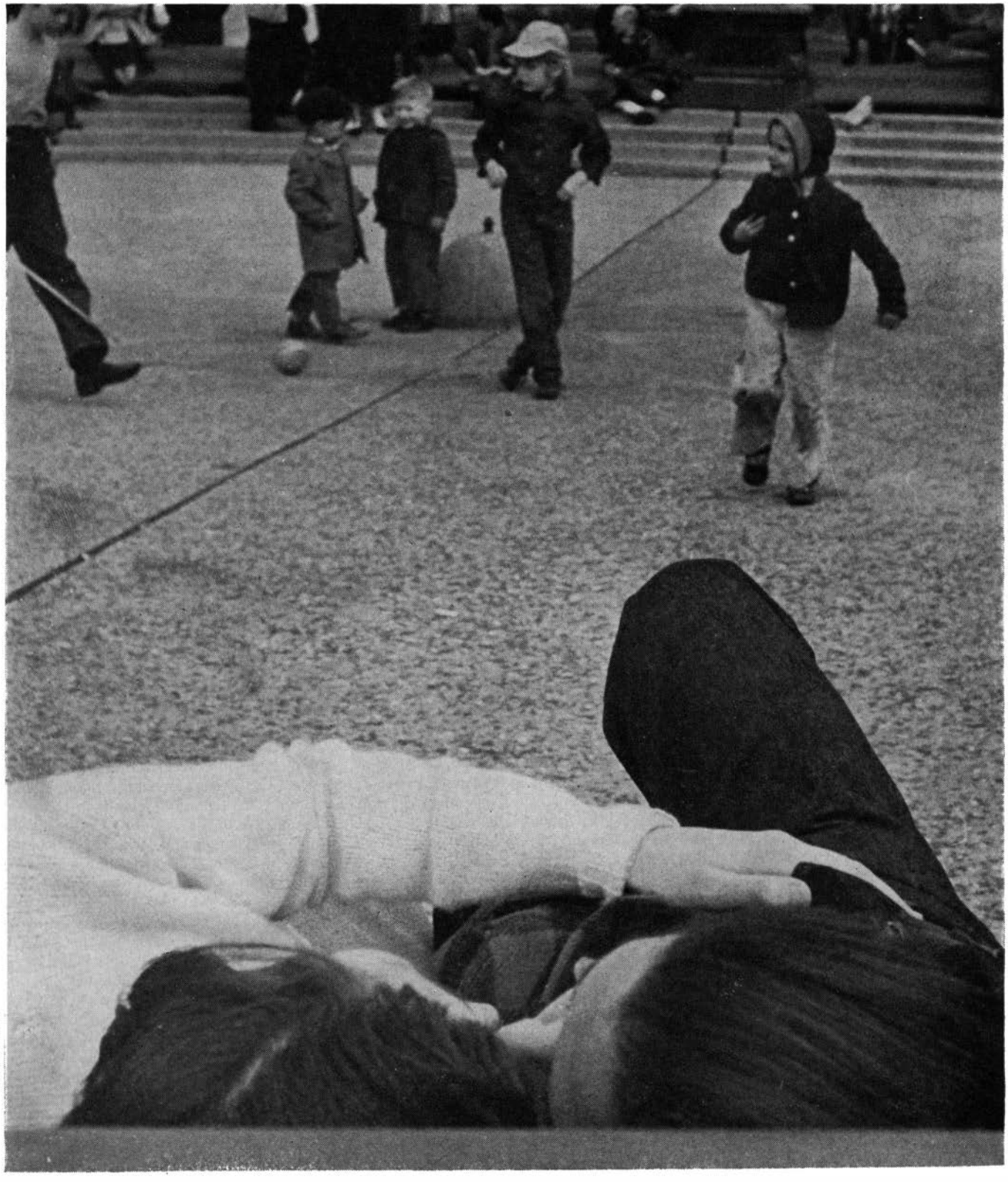
Fathers should give boys the same graduated education, at the same ages, as mothers give girls. They should talk straightforwardly, being neither flippant nor flowery. Along with information and explanation about male physiology, which they can obtain from any good book on sex and marriage, they should be careful to include a concept of love.

Love, the Most Important Word

By explaining sex as love's deepest expression, and by giving him an understanding of love's power you are laying the foundation of sexual maturity. But the best way to do this is by achieving sexual maturity in your own life.

THE END

UNWISE DISPLAYS of sex can permanently affect a child's personality. Rule: Act as you would before adults.



Stock-Magnum

The Cost of Marriage

Should you buy or rent a house? Get a toaster, TV set or car on the installment plan? Is money worth saving? Knowing the economic facts can make the difference between whether you will wind up in the financial soup or be ahead of the game

BY MARTIN SCOTT

Marriages are made in heaven—every young couple in love knows that. But few young couples seem willing to face a grim contemporary corollary: more and more marriages are breaking up in the loan company offices. Many young people today leave the church running. They dash into a house they can't afford, frantically buy furnishings they don't need with money they don't have, scamper from one bank to pay interest at another, and spend much of their lives skittering along the crumbling brink of bankruptcy. Much of this eccentric behavior could be avoided, experts say, simply by taking a long, hard look at the cost of marriage.

When grandfather was courting, he first went to the father of his true love and, to the accompaniment of knocking knees, asked for her hand. The father invariably peered over his spectacles and quizzed the swain on his financial status. Usually the young man knew what he had and what he could expect to have.

Old-time Suitor Had Assets

To the sorrow of the marriage counselors, this custom is now as archaic as the crank-up telephone. "I don't know how to handle money," said a young man interviewed for the purposes of this article. "Finances mix me up. Each week I put all the money and all the bills in a bureau drawer—and take out what my wife and I need to get along." This young man is likely to become a statistic in a divorce table. "Disagreement over money," marriage authorities agree, "is high up on the list of causes of divorce." Some psychologists say that financial arguments are merely symptomatic of deeper emotional unrest, but the fact remains that the complex problem of wedlock can be greatly benefited by the old-fashioned application of arithmetic.

This does not mean that a young couple contemplating marriage should hesitate to take the step unless they are financially secure—or know that they will be in the foreseeable future.

"Young people in love *should* marry," says John Keats, author of a forthcoming book, *The Crack in the Picture Window*. "They should marry providing they're emotionally mature, providing they have a realistic idea of the husband's earning potential, providing they can distinguish between their desires and their needs, and providing they're willing to discipline themselves to a budget absolutely bound to the weekly income."

"I wouldn't want a son of mine to get married without at least a small financial reserve," says an executive in New York's First National City Bank. "It's just good sense to keep a little aside. But I can't honestly say that I would *insist* that he have money in the bank."

Another banker points out that the country is, after all, in a period of boom. The fact that money is scarce for corporations does not especially affect the individual; he can always borrow a reasonable amount to tide him over a difficult period, as long as he and his wife are employed, or own furniture or other possessions that may be put up as collateral. "No," says an insurance broker, "lack of cash reserve should not be a deterrent to marriage."

The prospective married couple should first of all set down a list of things they'll need: a house, furniture, appliances, clothing. Then they should make a list of services they will use: heat, light, transportation, etc. Finally, they should attempt to compute the cost of things they will enjoy: movies, TV, athletics, hobbies. What they decide to pay for all these things will be up to them. But they ought to remember that the total should not be beyond the husband's salary, or the combined salaries of husband and wife, and that the total should include a weekly or monthly stipend placed in savings.

They also ought to remember to look ahead. Only in rare cases will the job the young man is holding at the time of marriage be the same one he will be holding in ten years. Young men, according to one employment counselor, usually change jobs three times before they are thirty. Insurance company statisticians say that a man hits the peak of his earning power in his forties. Therefore, earning-expectancy ought to be taken into consideration when a budget is being figured—a factor that can allow a couple to take a calculated risk. "Since it is normal to assume that you will be earning more in ten years," says a savings and loan company official, "it therefore is not at all necessary to save large sums in the beginning. I've actually known young couples who were savings-poor, or insurance-poor. I wouldn't advise putting more than 3 per cent of the total income into money for the future—but I would advise all married couples to increase the percentage as their earnings go up."

Renting or Buying the Roof

The first concern of every young couple is getting a roof over their heads. Usually, it would seem that buying a house is cheaper in the long run than paying rent—a house, after all, is an investment for the future, and mortgage payments on a suburban house seem far cheaper than rentals for an apartment in town. "We'll buy today for practically nothing down—and when we want to move," the young couple says, "we'll simply sell and get our money back." But it is not that easy.

"I lived eight years in a $10,500 house, bought on the G.I. loan plan," a young veteran says. "At the end of that time, I had something like a $7,500 debt still due. I'd paid practically nothing but interest for the whole eight years. When I went to sell, I had to pay the agent a 5 per cent commission, and I had to repaint it and make some improvements. Then there were taxes I'd paid, and special assessments, and depreciation, repairs, and trash collections. By the time I was finished, the $3,000 I thought I'd saved in eight years by buying, rather than renting, had shrunk almost to the vanishing point."

Other young homeowners have been more fortunate. In Levittown, Long Island, one of the first of the post-war low-cost housing projects, a house that sold for $8,000 ten years ago now sells

(continued)

LEVITTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA. Under the Veterans Administration, over five million houses have been sold. But unless a couple plans to live in a house from five to ten years, they are better off renting their home.

The Cost of Marriage (continued)

for $11,000. A down payment is required now where none was asked in the beginning. A family that bought such a house ten years ago would have half the mortgage paid off by now. If they wished to sell it, they could make a profit unless they had let the house run down or had made improvements at tremendous cost and those improvements did not appeal to prospective buyers.

"Since the end of World War II," says a spokesman for Levittown, "over five million houses have been sold under Veterans Administration. If things weren't working out, one would expect to see some defaults—but defaults have been well under 1 per cent.

"A house with sound construction in a good community," the spokesman adds, "is never worth less than its original value."

The rule is this: if a couple plans to stay in a house between five and ten years, they probably should buy. If not, they should content themselves with a rented place—thereby avoiding the costs of taxes, repairs, improvements, etc. Meanwhile, they can be putting money aside toward the purchase of a house.

Seventh Heaven Walk-up

Next comes the problem of furnishing the dwelling. "Most young couples," says John Keats, "used to start out by moving into small quarters with a second-hand studio couch for a bed, a porcelain-topped kitchen table that doubled for dining, and a couple of straight-backed wooden chairs. But they were so wrapped up in each other for the first couple of years they were completely oblivious of their surroundings. Their attention was directed inward, where the family's attention belongs. The homely truth is, people who have each other don't need *things*.

"Nowadays, a young couple is apt to want everything, all at once, right away," the pessimistic Keats continues. "Therefore, they regard the husband's pay check as a pie to be cut up several ways to several different finance companies each week." According to Keats' research, the average American family with an income of $10,000 a year or less spends one-twelfth of its total income on interest charged by banks or finance companies.

That is neither as bad nor as depressing as it may sound. Installment buying, as a New York banker has said, is the handmaiden of the economy. "Money makes business, business makes money, and so on," he says. During the past twenty-eight years, he adds, the word "repossessment" has become almost meaningless; the bank's losses have been one-fourth of 1 per cent. "We are optimistic about our borrowers' chances of repaying debts," he goes on to say. "Borrowers are cautious and prudent—they do not borrow for foolish items. A good example is the response to the advertisements urging people to buy color TV. Most sensible people feel they can get along without it; they are waiting for the companies to bring the cost down within their price-range."

Three Types of Borrowers

In a poll conducted on borrowing, the University of Michigan learned that one-third of all borrowers have more than enough assets to cover their debts, one-third have enough to cover it, and one-third cannot cover it but have jobs that are good enough and substantial enough so that they can cover it eventually.

Thus, even if the young couple decide that they want good furniture and appliances, plus some luxuries, the chances are very good that they can get them through installment buying. The only thing they must decide is whether or not they can afford what they want; and that decision is usually made for them by the bank or finance company's investigation into their financial situation.

"I'll go into hock, so to speak, for my dwelling and its furnishings," the prospective groom may say at this point, "but suppose I get sick? Worse yet, suppose it lasts for a long period of time?"

Most big corporations and small businesses now offer employees and executives a health insurance plan which not only will pay hospital and medical costs, partially, but will also guarantee a minimum income during periods of sickness. Also, banks and loan companies will refinance loans in time of severe need. The General Motors Acceptance Corporation's coupon book issued to installment-plan automobile buyers is accompanied by a booklet explaining that should the buyer find himself in trouble, the company will lend him funds up to the amount of his payments, and subsequently rearrange the payments on his original loan. Interest on all loans is governed by federal regulations and, as an added advantage to the borrower, interest is deductible from income tax.

Jacob A. Rubin of New York City, a certified public accountant, has worked out a typical budget for the couple who have between one and three children, indicating that the various amounts may fluctuate considerably:

Rent or mortgage payments	$1,500	
Medical attention & health insurance	1,000	
Insurance	400	
Food	2,860 or	3,060
Clothing	1,200	
Gas & light	180	
Entertainment	380 or	580
Sanitation (Garbage disposal, household help)	180	
Carfare	400	
Total:	8,100 or	8,500
Plus Minimum Federal Income Tax	500	
	8,600 or	9,000

According to these figures, the couple earning $10,000 yearly will have $1,400 or $1,000 to save or invest. But Rubin hastens to point out that his figures do not include payments on an automobile or even on home appliances, and that only the surplus can take care of the unexpected expenses or emergencies which may arise during the year. Nor do they take into consideration gifts, bonuses, or additional wages or salaries that either the husband or wife may receive or earn.

"If a young couple came to me and asked what they ought to do before getting married," Rubin says, "on the basis of my figures, I would tell them to go buy the ring, preferably a cheap one, then cross their fingers and face the future. On paper, there is no point in a couple's facing today's rising costs—they're going to wind up in the red."

But then he points out realistically that nearly every married couple spends the first ten years of marriage partly in the red—and, sometimes, the first fifteen. "Why should a couple expect to work it any other way?" he asks, with a kind of pessimistic optimism.

Right here it would be reasonable to expect any prospective couple to fling down the magazine and scurry as far as possible from any thought of marriage. Yet there are avenues open to most couples that make marriage not only economically feasible, but profitable in the long run. When Redmond O'Hanlon, the New York policeman and Shakespeare expert, won $16,000 on "The $64,000 Question," he received a number of offers to teach in colleges at salaries higher than his policeman's pay. He turned them all down.

"In seven or eight years," O'Hanlon said, "I will have put in my twenty years as a policeman and will be eligible for a pension. Then I will be forty-two or forty-three years old, still in the prime of life, and that will be the time when I'll think about another job."

Careers with Pensions

Officer O'Hanlon's method of building his financial future was sound. He deliberately chose a twenty-year career that would guarantee him a pension. Most institutions of public service—the armed forces, the civil service, municipal government and its various divisions—offer such career opportunities. And, increasingly, so do many privately owned corporations. It is a rare company that does not offer a retirement plan, coupled with the federal Social Security program, as inducement for service.

The keynote to O'Hanlon's program is

foresight. And the importance of looking into the future may be gauged by the plight of a young publishing company executive who currently is earning around $12,500 per year. He has a wife and three children, a mortgaged house, an automobile and some appliances that will become his when he finishes paying for them. As he now calculates it, ten years from now he will be earning about twice his current salary—but he will be no better off, for by that time the children will be ready for college. He has a small reserve, or contingency fund, in the form of health and accident insurance; but he knows it might not be enough to get him through a real crisis.

"When I got out of the Navy," he says, "I had about $5,000 that I'd saved during the service and beforehand. Estelle and I were anxious to get married. Using the G.I. loan, I took $2,000 and made a down payment on a house. The other $3,000 I used in various ways, but mostly as down payments for the car, furniture, etc.

"What I should have done was think about ten years ahead. I should have followed the advice of financial experts and invested, say, $1,000 of that $5,000 in a savings bank, $2,000 in government bonds, and the rest in blue-chip stocks paying 5 per cent. Then I should have borrowed another $5,000 to buy the house, the car, the things we needed. Over these past ten years I could have been paying off that loan—meanwhile, my original $5,000 would have been working for me and today I would be in beautiful shape."

Plan and Take a Chance

Actually, this young man's plight is not as severe as it might be. The point is that planning, plus a willingness to take the long chance, could have kept him from winding up in anything resembling a plight. This is a fact that he now grasps clearly, one which conceivably could save many young marriages that seem headed for financial disaster.

One conclusion stands out: marriage costs money. There is no getting away from it, and there are few ways in which costs may be avoided or cut. Every marriage ought to begin with the husband and wife sitting down with pencil and paper and actually calculating what they will need, and joining together in a resolve to stick to expenses predicated on those needs. "Today's danger," says one marriage counselor with an economic turn of mind, "is that we tend to lose our sense of proportion amid the spectacle of plenty, and that we tend to reach up for things without first looking to see whether we're standing on a tipping ladder. Therefore, young couples should look well. And the places to look are ahead and within themselves. THE END.

How Much Time Should You Devote to Your Family?

A little independence for every member of the family group is vital to make children responsible adults—and to save harried parents from becoming strangers to each other

BY SUMNER ARLBUM

Photo by Guy Gillette—Lensgroup

It's twilight at the all-electric split-level ranch house. Framed in the picture window, Mom and Dad and Junior and Sis are grouped around a card table, happily playing a game of Scrabble.

This is the 1956 version of a cotter's Saturday night—an idealistic picture of the current American fetish of family life: *everybody does everything together.*

Anything wrong with that picture? Not outwardly, perhaps. Certainly it has been painted over and over again so many times in the last few years that anyone not fitting into that scene is apt to feel twinges of guilt. But under the fixed expressions of enjoyment in this family portrait almost certainly lie some disturbing individual thoughts. Mom and Dad are probably wishing they could sneak off to a movie by themselves. Junior may be wondering what would happen if he turned on the TV set to watch a Western. And Sis is itching to call the girl next door so they can moon over some new records. No one is as happy as he looks.

Why? Because we have been cajoled into believing that the synonym for "family" is "oneness," and we have forgotten that a family is made up of individuals of different ages and of diverse interests. But more and more experts in the art of living are urging us to go back to the succinct Bureau of Census definition of family: "A group of two or more persons related by blood, marriage or adoption, and residing together."

A psychiatrist told of a man and wife who sought his help in solving a serious problem in the sexual side of their marriage. Neither husband nor wife was achieving satisfaction; yet it was not a case of sexual ignorance, or incompatibility. They had loved each other deeply in the early years of their marriage. "The plain truth was," the psychiatrist told me, "they spent so much time working and planning for their two daughters that they had no time left for themselves."

The psychiatrist's prescription was a one month holiday for the couple—alone. But on the day of departure they were overcome by guilt and took the girls.

A month later the man went back to the psychiatrist. "I was a fool not to take your advice," he said. "We wasted thirty days and a lot of money on a wretched time. The girls fought with each other and my wife and I got into quarrels. We couldn't agree on anything."

Another psychiatrist, Dr. Milton M. Berger, had just come back from a vacation planned around his own two children, aged two and four. "I think," he said with candor, "that we've all had enough of the inseparable family group for a while."

Put Away Childish Things

Dr. Dorothy Koehring, professor at Iowa State Teachers College, who has worked almost continuously with parents and young children for three decades, is one expert who is anxious to call a halt to excessive parental exertion. "Playing together is not the most important ingredient in the child-parent relationship," she says. "The parent is primarily an adult. The child is entirely a child, and playing with children his own age will give him what he needs most from his play."

Television has been another surprisingly powerful factor in keeping the family together overmuch. A survey in New Brunswick, New Jersey, revealed the average person spent 15.5 hours a week watching television. Formerly, these hours would have been spent in individual activities. Now, instead of going out and playing football, Junior stays home with Dad and watches it on TV.

Authority Before Partnership

Advertising, the fashion industry, even the funny papers play a part in the compulsion toward "familyness." Mrs. Muriel Lawrence, columnist on family relationships, says: "Trying to erase the distinction between parents and children is dangerous business. Yet in America we suffer from a sentimental passion to do just that. Today it's the father who wears the shorts, and Sonny, the man's trousers."

While father may suffer an occasional bruise from the problem under discussion, poor old Mom is the chief victim.

"I find myself running a combination clubhouse, psychiatric clinic and taxi service," one mother told me. "Girl Scouts, Boy Scouts, Little League, I don't know where to holler Stop."

It should be easy enough to shout Stop. Instead of feeling she has to be the lavish hostess when the kids come, she could let them do some of the fixing themselves. They might even enjoy it. As for taxiing, father can do some of it, other parents can do more, and there are buses still running, in most towns. She might be surprised to find her husband staying home more if she stopped knocking herself out for her children. She can suggest a summer camp for them, too.

It is high time that mothers realized spending too much time with their children can do harm. Overprotection can leave a child eternally tied to his parents. And later in life, when Mom and Dad

IDEAL FAMILY PICTURE? More and more experts feel Americans imitate a false image of the old-fashioned country family who did everything together and forget how much room our grandfathers gave to individualism.

are gone for good, the child may be unable to cope with life.

Since Mom is the one who totes the lion's share of this burden simply because she is home all day, the apron strings can be the biggest handicap.

"Unlike other loves, motherly love begins with oneness and leads to separateness," says psychoanalyst Erich Fromm. "It must help the child to grow away from her. To love the child and at the same time to *want* to let it go—is the task in which most mothers fail."

The Army discovered that in World War II millions of our young men were still mama's boys under their chronological adulthood. But it was nothing new. For how many years have mothers wept at their son's first haircut, his first day at school, his first football bruises, his first crush on a girl, or poured forth the great Niagara at his wedding?

Will Junior Ever Grow Up?

Unchecked, the cataract drowns the man-to-be. Sis can wind up a perennial girl, too, the nice lady down the street who never married because she was too busy taking care of Mother or Dad.

The experts keep preaching to us that if we expect a child to develop into a healthy adult, we must treat him, even as a child, with respect for his wishes, rights and individuality. That documents a parent's rights, too.

One father told us, "I may sound like an old fogy, but recently I got to thinking about that poetic philosophy called 'The Children's Hour.' So we tried it out in our house, and agreed to have a grownup's hour, too. It's wonderful. My wife and I feel like a couple again."

Instead of the worried query, Are we spending enough time with our family? the pertinent question for parents in 1956 really is this:

Are we spending enough time with ourselves? THE END

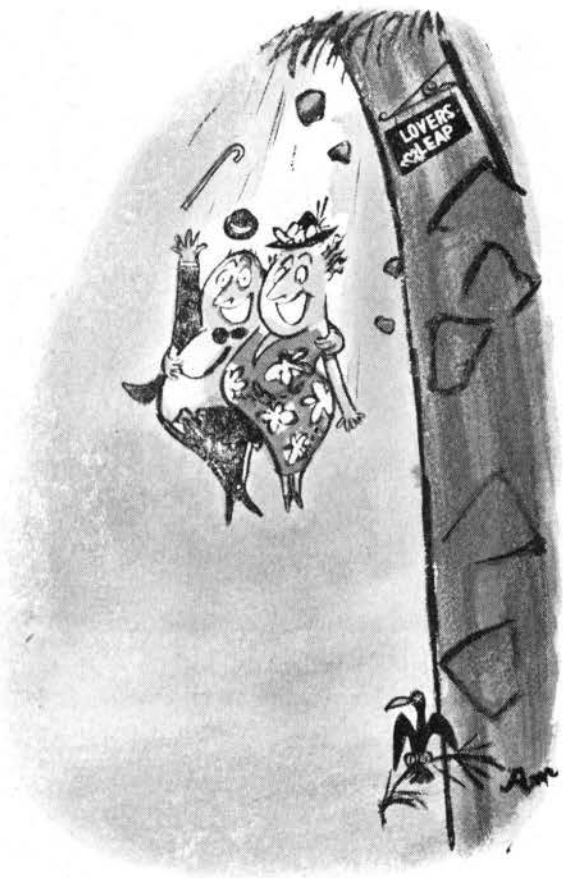
"...I do?"

"While you're flying around having a good time, what is there for me to do?"

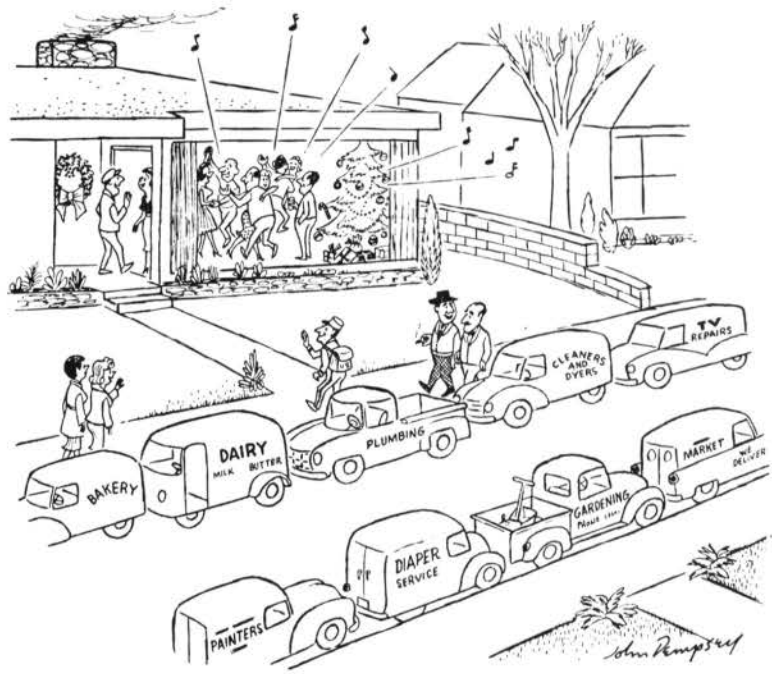
Cosmopolitan Cartoonists Take a Look at Love

"Mother says men are terrible roommates."

"Why is it that when he does something wrong he's my husband?"



"It's wonderful—but we should have done it forty years ago!"



"I guess they figure that if their husbands can have their office parties..."

"Every night when I go home I fall in love with my little wife all over again."

CLARE AND BETTY KING are expecting their first child in a few months. It is a joyful time, this period of anticipation, but it is also a time of anxiety and questions. To learn some of the answers, the Kings are attending an Expectant Parent Class in their home town, Asheville, North Carolina.

Education for Motherhood

Husbands and wives can now learn what to expect during expectancy—and after

PHOTOS BY DON HUNTER, WORDS BY RICHARD GEHMAN

Back in 1952, Mrs. J. S. Boyce, of Asheville, North Carolina, a registered nurse and mother of four, was struck by what ultimately turned out to be a brilliant idea.

Mrs. Boyce had noticed that many expectant mothers were as innocent of the problems of motherhood as the babes they were expecting. She remembered that she, too, despite her training, had faced her first arrival with trepidation.

Briefly, Mrs. Boyce decided to do something to help mothers get through the anxious, bewildering period of pregnancy and to face motherhood with faith, hope and—above all—knowledge. She and some neighbors, working with the local and state medical societies, organized a class for expectant parents.

Strangely enough, in the beginning

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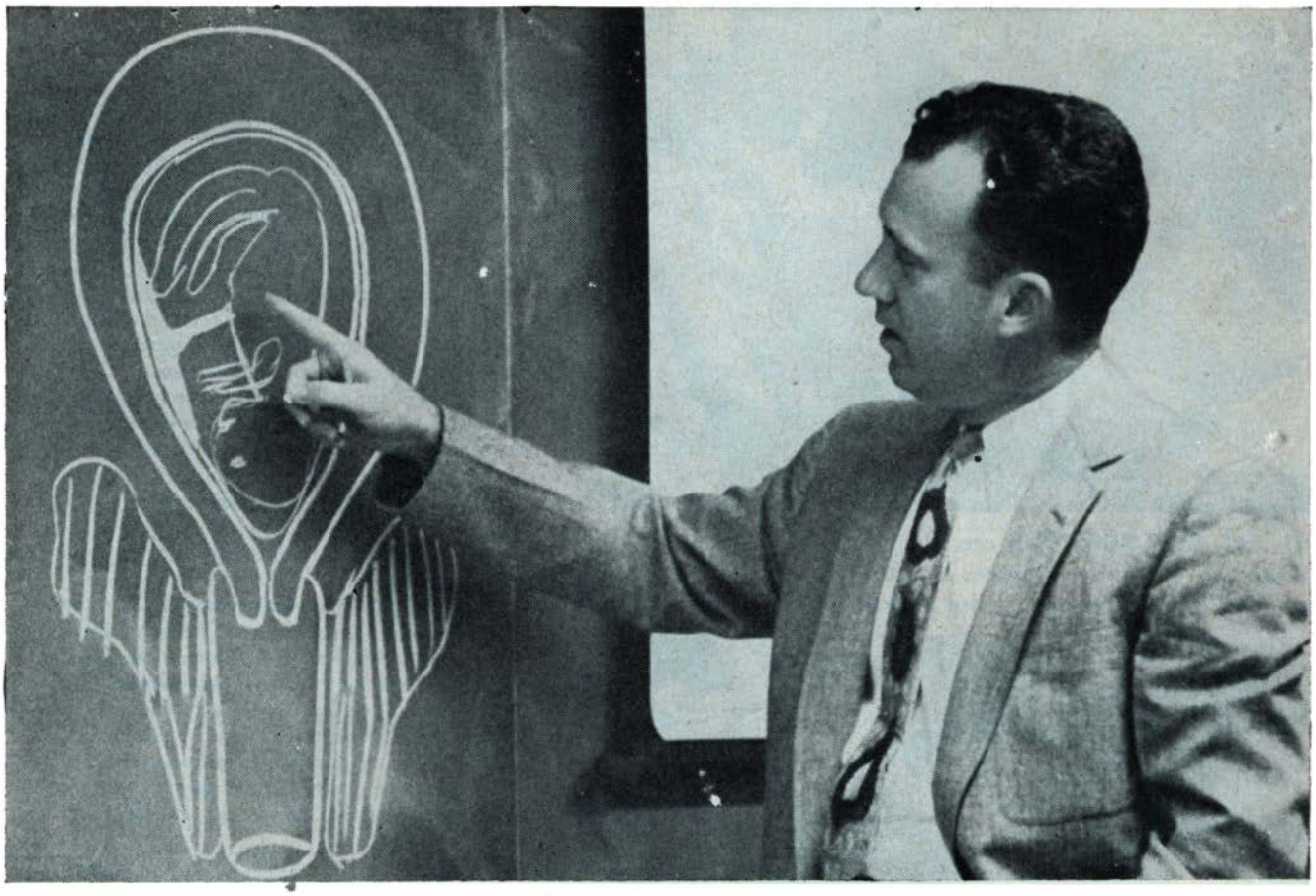
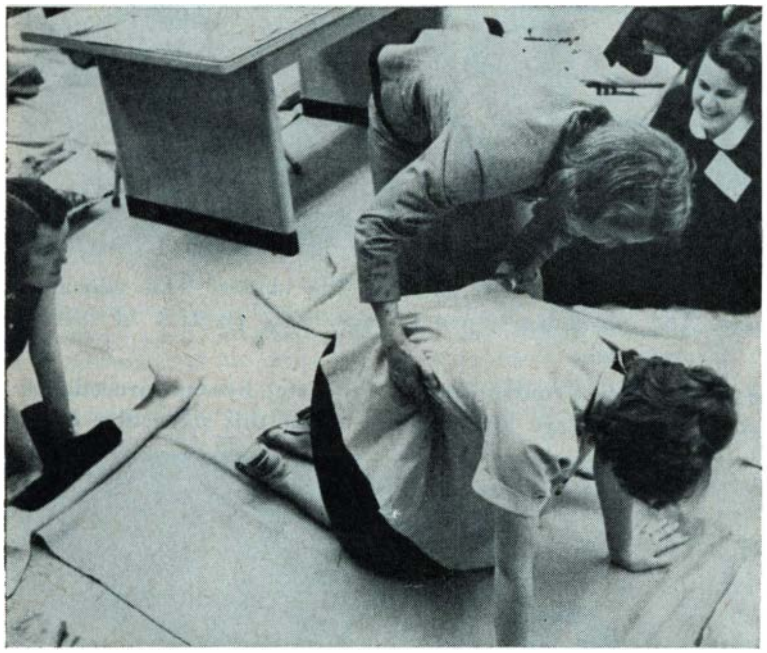
MRS. J. S. BOYCE, one of the class's founders, uses a doll to demonstrate how to bathe a baby.



PHYSICIANS, NURSES volunteer their services and enthusiastically endorse the classes. "An educated mother is a courageous mother," one doctor says. The physician above is explaining position of foetus.

ON A FIELD TRIP to the delivery room, the class hears a nurse describe the step-by-step procedures. Mothers listen closely and ask questions—but some fathers have been known to cut this particular class.

NOT ALL THE SESSIONS are sedentary, as the one above is. Below, two students volunteer as subjects so that the nurse may show others how to exercise muscles in back and abdomen.



COMPLETE RELAXATION, the pupils are told, is essential to easy labor. Above, the entire class takes to the floor to practice the positions which are most restful in repose during pregnancy.

Motherhood (continued)

the organizers ran into some opposition from doctors and hospital authorities. Doctors were afraid that a little knowledge might prove dangerous, that mothers would switch from one physician to another, or become confused about the technical aspects of childbirth.

No such thing occurred. Today doctors and nurses in Asheville's two hospitals which cooperate in the program, are unanimous in their enthusiasm.

So are the fathers. From the beginning, husbands were invited, and although some stout males have quailed at the lectures in the delivery room, they have always appeared as interested as their wives. Some men who miss classes because of night work later go back to make up.

The classes are all-embracing. In the beginning, parents hear a lecture covering the entire field of human reproduction. Next they learn of the physical and emotional changes that take place in the mother during pregnancy. A psychiatrist joins the obstetrician for this session, and a separate class instructs fathers in what mental quirks they may expect from their wives.

Other sessions take up rest, exercise, nutrition, labor, childbirth, and proper care of the baby. There is also one session called "Development of the New Family." Expectant mothers and fathers visit the hospital and see exactly what will occur from the moment the mother-to-be enters. The men are even given a peek into the pacing room.

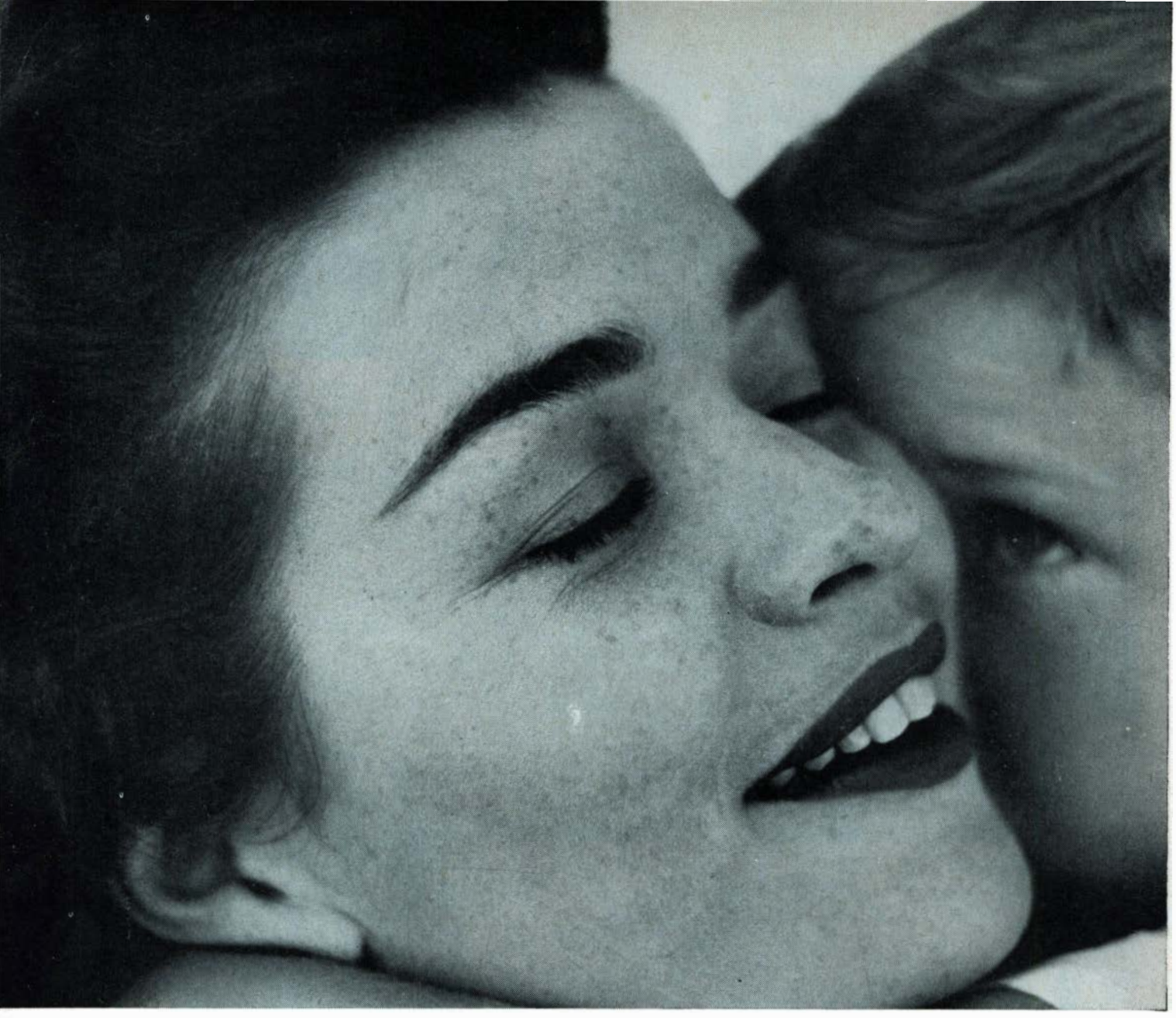
The classes have proved so popular that there is always a waiting list to enroll. Also, other localities are taking up the idea. That in itself is proof of success, the instructors say—but, more important, they feel that they have been effective because time and again mothers have reported that the classes did away with most of their fears. "We *know* this plan is working," one doctor says. "We've never lost a father yet." THE END

PATIENTS HELP CHOOSE anesthesia they wish. Here, nurse shows the way to administer an anesthetic.

ALL EXPECTANT PARENTS like this session best. Here they get a first-hand look at the reasons for the class.

A "GRADUATE" now, and confident through knowledge, Betty King faces labor fearlessly.

IT'S A BOY! Clare and Betty King proudly admire the healthy, strong-lunged new arrival, Clare King II.



GIVING HER SON TIMMY *plenty of affection without making him a spoiled mama's darling is one of Charlotte's problems.*

Divorcee's Plight

Trying to cope with the handicaps of being father and mother to her six-year-old son, divorcee Charlotte Walker, thirty, eats lunch on the run, stretches her salary to cover baseballs and bicycles, tries hard to give Timmy attention and in addition have some of the carefree pleasures of a single girl

PHOTO ESSAY BY CARROLL SEGHERS II

Husky-voiced Charlotte Walker of Miami winces every time she hears the cliché "gay divorcee." Her life was a lot gayer, says Charlotte, in 1948 when she was married to Murk Walker, a professional water skier, and toured the country with him. But when Charlotte became pregnant in 1949, she began to think more of a home, furniture, security. Of her marriage she says, "We just weren't temperamentally suited to each other," and in 1951 Charlotte, at twenty-five, became a divorcee.

As mother-father to son Timmy, now six years old, Charlotte must juggle her time among her problems: holding down a job as a legal secretary, creating a happy home atmosphere, maintaining an active social life. "Not many men are willing to marry a girl and help her raise someone else's child," she recognizes, but even so she feels guilty if her dates are not always good husband prospects.

Meanwhile Charlotte struggles with her problems, but not completely alone. To make ends meet, she shares an $85-a-month apartment with another divorcee, Helen Allison, who has a son, Ricky, also six. The girls' day starts at 7 A.M. when they dress the boys and get them off on the eight o'clock nursery school bus. They get home at 5:30 P.M.—just as the youngsters return from school. After dinner, dishes, and the boys' baths, there's time for ironing, setting hair, doing nails. Charlotte dates at least once a week, sometimes also has Saturday or Sunday beach dates on which she takes Timmy. She is worried by Timmy's jealous competition for her affections, but hopes that his mingling with other children at nursery school will gradually make him more independent of her. Timmy's contact with his father consists of a regular visit from Murk, who sometimes takes him on a boat ride or gives him a crisp dollar bill. But Murk and Charlotte entertain no thought of reconciliation.

Alone, or with the right man if he turns up, Charlotte hopes someday to have for Timmy a better place to live; for herself she yearns for the time to learn golf and take piano lessons. But right now Charlotte lives in that floating state between marriage and singleness, hourly facing complications and problems that would tax the most versatile of women.

(continued)

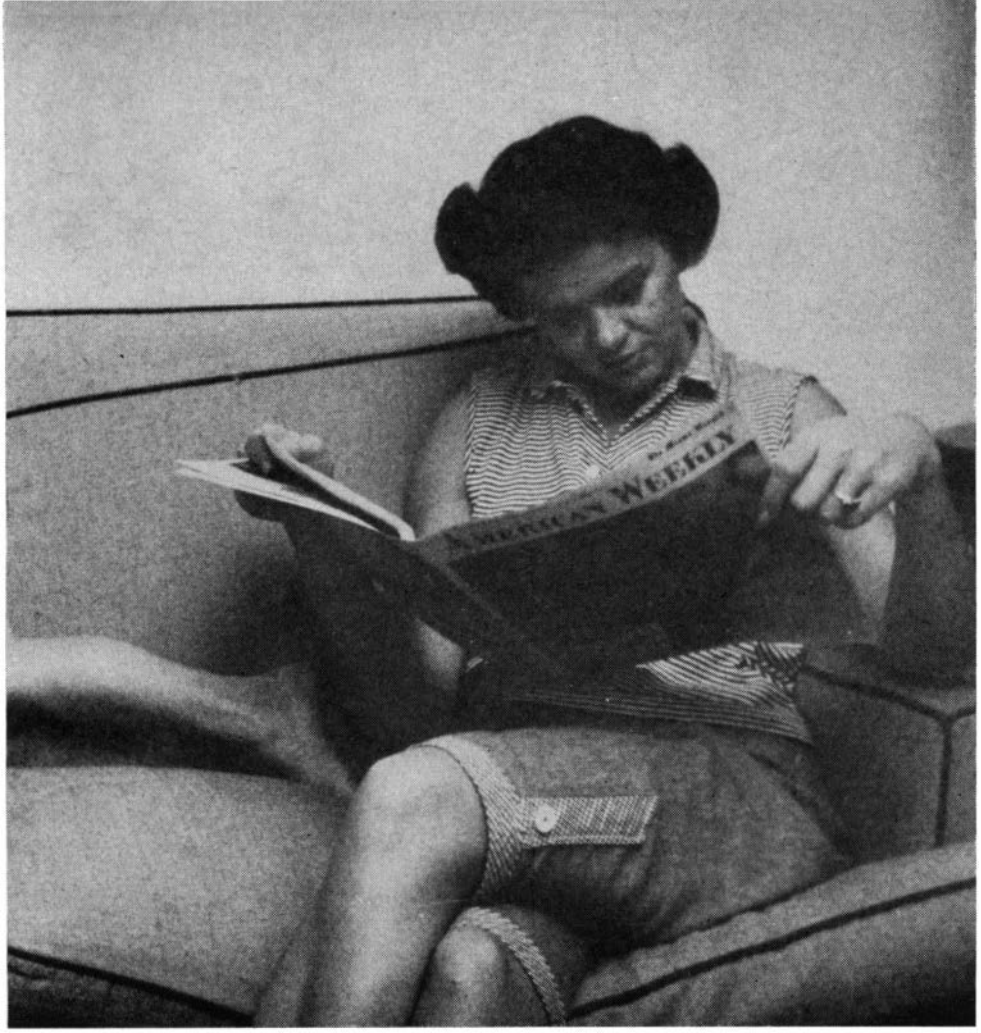
COCKTAILS *for Charlotte are far between since she meets few unattached men. She does manage somehow to squeeze a few date clothes out of her $10-a-month clothing allowance.*

SHARING A BEDROOM *with Timmy leaves little space for feminine frills. Fixing her hair for a date, Charlotte finds herself surrounded by her youngster's kite and his football gear.*

SATURDAY MORNING *for Charlotte means an extra cup of coffee, then cleaning the house, washing her car, buying groceries, and taking Timmy to the corner barbershop for a haircut.*

DURING MURK'S REGULAR VISIT *Charlotte reads. Timmy rough-houses with his father. Roommate Helen's*

"THE HARDEST PART *of bringing Tim up by myself," says Charlotte. "is getting tough." She worries constantly about being lax in disciplining him. Above. Timmy gets spanking, reprimand. and suspended allowance for breaking neighbor's window. Later—in remorse—he volunteered to pay for the window himself with money from his piggy bank.*



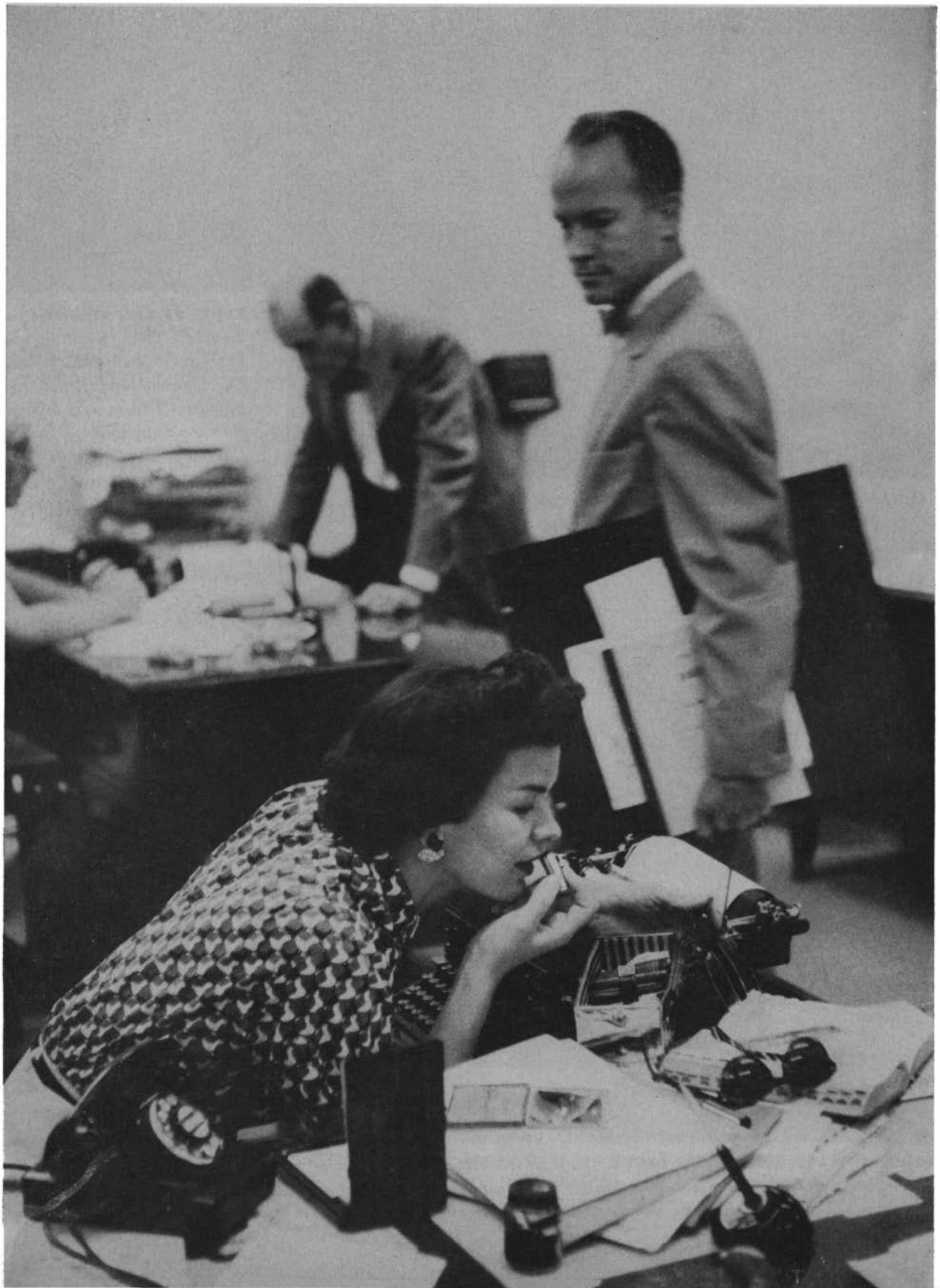
son Ricky (left) has never seen his own father, constantly tries to get affection from Murk.

FIVE YEARS BEFORE *the divorce: their wedding day, February, 1948. Murk sends Charlotte money for their son's support. "Tim now is our only common denominator," explains Charlotte. Wanting to be "sure" the next time she marries, she's turned down several proposals.*

ARMED WITH SHOPPING LISTS, *the Walker-Allison household tries to spend less Saturday shopping time than the week before, hoping to have the afternoon for the beach. Each month $100 goes for groceries and $4 for vitamins. On Sundays Charlotte and Helen take the boys to church together, then separate to visit friends, relatives.*

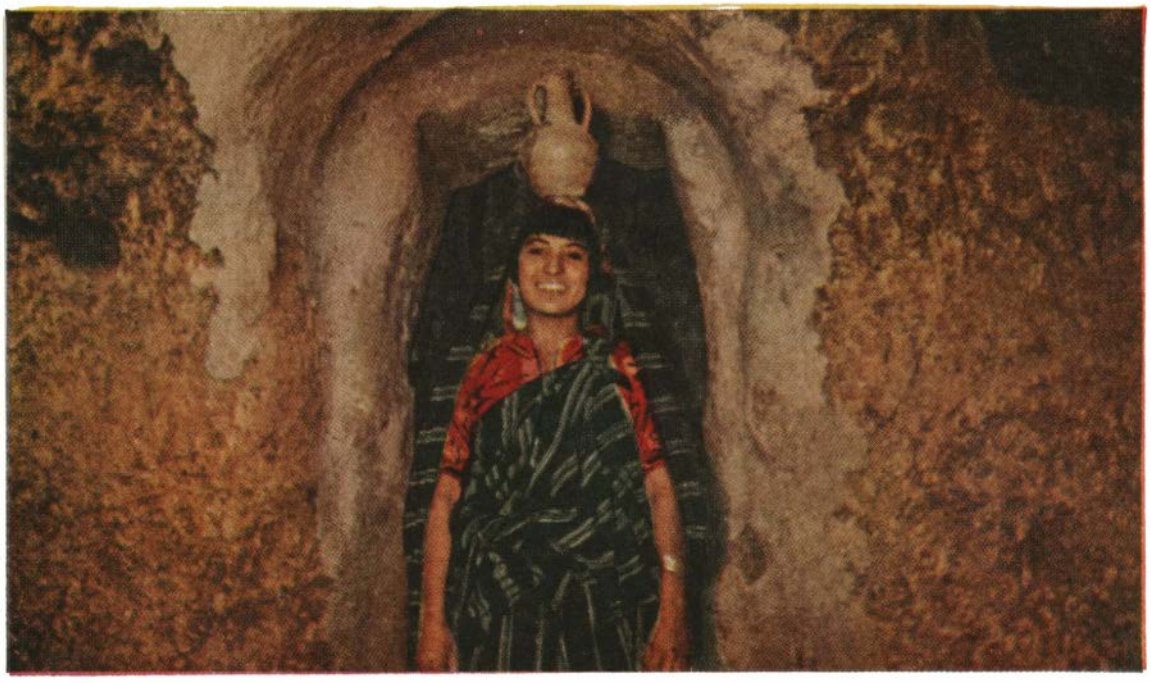
Divorcee's Plight (continued)

AT HER DESK *in law office that specializes in negligence cases, Charlotte has just eaten a sandwich brought from home, and prepares to spend the rest of her lunch-hour shopping. "It's the only time I have to shop—Saturdays are much too important in our lives to waste on buying clothes." Charlotte enjoys her job and the people with whom she works but admits that the pressure of preparing pleadings for trial is sometimes a strain. Most of the young lawyers in Charlotte's office are married but some of them occasionally introduce her to their unattached friends.*



WITH HAIR IN PIN-CURLS, *and in the middle of weekly wash, Charlotte forces herself to have patience in a "father's job," that of replacing a screw in the pedal of Timmy's bike while her son holds the guard chain.*

HAPPILY, *mother and son blow out candles on Charlotte's birthday cake, left on doorstep by Murk. But alone with her thoughts, Charlotte feels the weight of responsibility for Timmy and their home.* THE END.



ON THE WAY TO FETCH WATER, Fatima pauses before the entrance to her five-room oasis home. At eighteen she is the mother of two children, can expect to have eight or nine, and will be grateful if four of them reach maturity. Poor sanitation and medical ignorance make for a high infant mortality rate. The nearest doctor is in Tripoli, which is fifty-five camelback miles away.

Moslem Wife

Married at fourteen, Fatima Suei's status is lowly and her life hard by Western standards. But in the evening hours she is queen of her happy desert household

BY EDITH R. SHEPHERD

KHALIFA SUEI, Fatima's husband, is an expert horseman and a crack shot but an indifferent farmer. By law a man can have four wives, but his finances may limit him to one.

Fatima Suei is the first wife of Khalifa Suei. Her home is an oasis on the Great Sahara Desert. This is the land of Allah, where women are bought and sold, and a wife is of less importance than a sweet water spring.

The Westerner's attitude toward love, romance and the pursuit of a maiden is beyond the comprehension of a Moslem. To him a wife is little more than a chattel, somewhat in the category of a superior household appliance. This causes Fatima no concern at all. She, too, appreciates the importance of a flowing spring, and she is content to be the handiest gadget in the household. Nor is Fatima plagued with many of the domestic and social problems that send her Western sisters to the psychiatrist's couch. She and the men of her family live by the Koran, which teaches that all things, good and bad, are the will of Allah. So Fatima. too, bows to the supreme will of the All-Wise. Therefore it is His responsibility to see that the bread bakes brown and crisp, that many children fulfill her marriage, and that the cool desert spring which blesses their oasis home continues to flow.

It was the will of Allah that Fatima should become Khalifa Suei's wife. Although they lived in the same village, the most Khalifa had seen of her was a glimpse of a voluminous *barracan* and one eye. In choosing her he was reaching into a grab bag, not knowing whether he would pull out a gold coin or a tin whistle. Khalifa knew this and accepted it. The women of his household assured him Fatima was beautiful. She was fourteen years old and skilled in the duties of a good wife. Her dowry consisted of many pounds of silver and gold ornaments, most of them handed down through generations of women in her family.

A Peek from Behind the Veil

Fatima had the advantage of having seen Khalifa many times. Being a woman, she could not take part in the wedding and other festivals following Ramadan. But tucked away on a balcony, peeking over her veil, she had watched the young men dancing, and had her preference. Khalifa was tall and handsome. But most

important, he held title to ten *hectares* of land. Part of this was near a valuable oasis spring.

It was Khalifa's father who conducted the elaborate ceremony of bargaining for the bride. On his first visit to Fatima's father, the two sires drank ceremonial tea and discussed the Koran. The haggling and the tea and the talk are traditionally only a link in a long chain of events leading up to a wedding. So, immersed in the fascinating subject of the Prophet, the two old men completely ignored the business at hand. But Fatima, named for the daughter of the Prophet Mohammed, knew that eventually a price would be settled upon.

Market Value of a Wife

At one time the cost of her hand would have been reckoned in cows and camels, but the modern father demands at least a portion in cash. The price of a wife depends partly on the supply of young women, partly on the demand for them, partly on the youth and beauty of the girl and partly on the desirability of the man. Fatima was young and beautiful, but at that time there was an over-supply of allegedly young and beautiful maidens in the tribe. And had Khalifa been older and less desirable, the price would have been considerably more. Nor would there have been enough riches in the world for an infidel to purchase the daughter of a Moslem.

On the fourth visit, the men settled on a price and preparations for the wedding began.

The wedding festivities continued through an entire week. On the first day relatives and friends loaded Fatima on a camel and delivered her to the Suei household. There she was bathed with water, a rare and pleasant ritual, her body anointed with fragrant oils and her hands and feet dyed with henna. Her dowry, an accumulation of hardware weighing some fifty pounds, was hung around her neck, arms and legs. Her dress was of heavy brocade, and over the dress and the jewelry was draped a flowing *barracan*. Thus bedecked, she was placed on a cushion in the women's quarters and completely forgotten—the wedding celebration was a field day for men only. While the women cooked the food and waited on them, the men danced, raced their camels and horses, feasted and shot off their guns and their mouths. After three days the religious ceremony was performed and the wedding consummated. Four days later the male wedding guests quit showing off and went home, taking their women with them.

Fatima is Khalifa's only wife. Under Moslem law he is permitted four, but wives cost considerably more than camels, so few men can afford more than one. Fatima's dowry, along with the household goods, will always be hers. In the event of a divorce, she will get the gold and silver trinkets.

At eighteen, Fatima is the mother of two sons. When they are older they will attend the Moslem school, where they will repeat passages from the Koran, committing them to memory. Their teacher will probably be a Sudanese, a descendant of slaves brought to Libya from Central Africa. Khalifa will pay the teacher a fee of ten cents a week for each of his male children.

No Education for Fatima

Fatima has never attended school, and she can neither read nor write. Westerners have said the backwardness of the country is partially due to the seclusion of the women. There are a few schools for girls in the cities, but barriers of tradition make it almost impossible for a woman to gain an education.

Kus Kus on Special Days

Fatima's housekeeping problems are few. She lives in a white-washed hut with five small rooms and a series of palm frond lean-tos. In one she keeps her chickens and the cow, in another, grain. She grinds corn into a coarse meal in a stone mill, turning two stones one upon the other. The meal is cooked into a stiff porridge over a small dung or charcoal fire. The porridge is heaped into a large bowl and covered with olive oil. All the family eat with the fingers from the bowl, always using the right hand. There may be a vegetable from the garden. Dessert consists of a handful of dates or sweetmeats. This is the daily menu for the noon and evening meal. Meat is a rare luxury reserved for important occasions. When the camel grows too old to lift the load, the ewe passes lamb-bearing age, and the hen ceases to lay eggs, they will supply the family with meat. Guests are served the inevitable tea with sugar, with almonds or peanuts added for flavor. Traditionally, three rounds of tea are served, the first strong and astringent, the second sweet, and the third sweet and mild. It is poured from pot to pot to form a head of foam, the nuts are added, and it is served. About a fourth of Fatima's meager food budget is spent on tea and sugar—which cost about the same as they do here in the United States. How many gallons of tea are consumed depends on the condition of the family purse. With tea a guest may be served palm juice, dates, camel cheese, yogurt or fruit. A popular North African dish is *kus kus*. Very rich Arabs are said to eat this dish every day, but Fatima prepares

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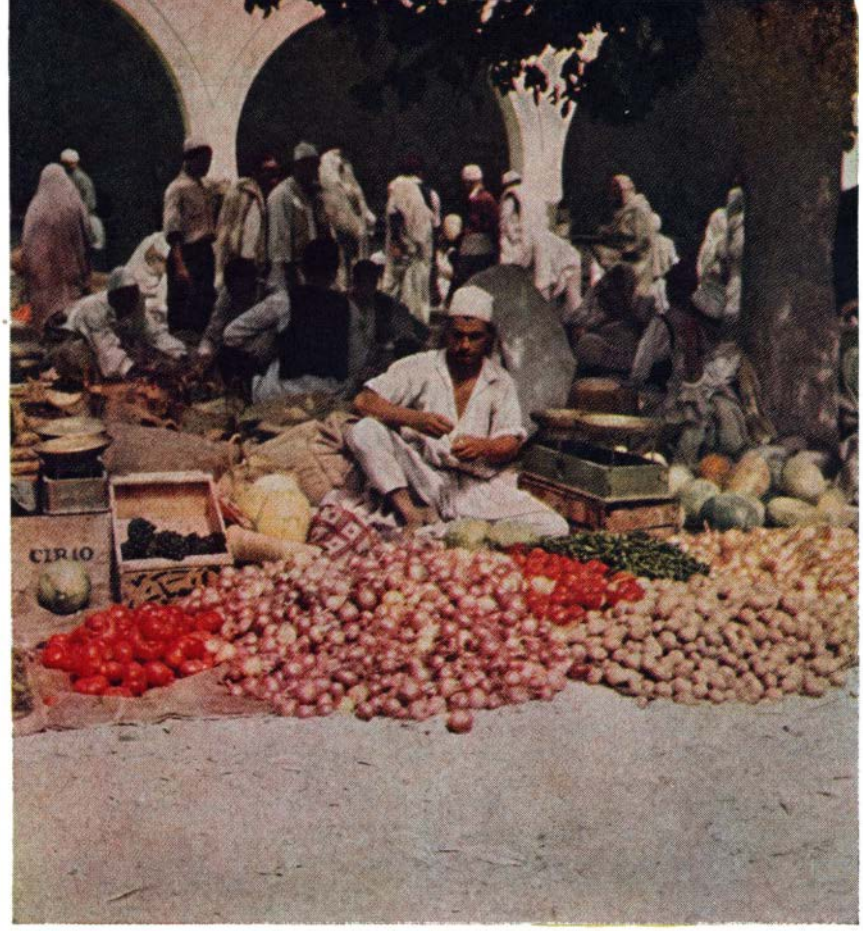
GOATSKIN TENT is Fatima's home three months of each year, when Khalifa travels with tribe to pastures fifty miles to the south. He also takes advantage of winter rains to farm seventeen acres here. The Sueis own a camel, two cows, eighteen goats and twenty-five sheep, which makes them a comfortably well-off, middle class family.



AT THE OASIS MARKET PLACE people may buy fruit, chickens, eggs, vegetables, wool, goatskins, occasional gold and silver heirlooms, cloth and cheap perfume. Since Fatima's family is self-sustaining, she needs to make very few purchases. Whenever she comes here, she must veil herself.

GRINDING CORN for porridge, Fatima employs a technique which goes as far back as Biblical times. Her cooking implements consist of a bowl, a teapot, and a used gasoline container to boil water. Meat is a rare luxury.

Moslem Wife (continued)

it only when meat is available. In the preparation of *kus kus*, pellets of cereal meal are cooked over steam. Chicken, mutton or camel meat is stewed with tomato sauce, olive oil and chili peppers. The sauce is poured over the pellets and eggs, squash, and boiled potatoes are added. The meat garnishes the top. *Kus kus* is served boiling, and with pepper and other spices, it leaves the Western palate permanently seared.

Wanderers in the Summer

Khalifa's twenty-five acres are not all in the oasis. Seventeen acres are near tribal pastures in valleys fifty miles to the south. When the grass begins to grow after the winter rains, Fatima and her family become nomads. They pack the goat hair tent, cooking utensils and sleeping mats on the camel, and drive their sheep, goats and cow into the desert. In narrow valleys and *wadis* (ravines), Khalifa does the planting. Until his sons are old enough to be shepherds, he will run his animals with other herds. Fatima takes care of household tasks. She builds a fire from camel dung and makes tea. She rakes away the ashes of the fire and makes a hole in the hot sand. Paste of meal, water, and salt is poured into the hole and covered with sand. At nightfall a solid loaf of bread is ready.

Fatima's worries are few, but they are vital and always present. The infant mortality rate is high, largely because of the practice of weaning babies directly from the breast to a diet of partly cooked porridge. Even in the hottest months, when the baby is being breast fed Fatima believes it should have no water to drink. This may lead to the acute dehydration from which many babies die.

Food is another source of concern. Khalifa is an indifferent farmer, leaning a bit too heavily on the will of Allah. Helpful foreigners gave him spray for his fruit trees, but to Khalifa their chemicals seemed intended to interfere with the will of Allah. The palm, orange, mulberry and apricot trees are infested with the Mediterranean fruit fly and the fruit is stunted. The highest temperature on earth, 136.4°F in the shade, was recorded in 1922 near Fatima's oasis home. In the spring and fall, there are locusts. Worst of all is the dreaded *ghibli*, blasts of hot sand and torrid air which strip the foliage from the trees, kill the pasture grass and dehydrate the human body.

The plague of Fatima's domestic life is the family camel. This noisome beast is an evil-minded devil. He spits, blows his nose in your face, and bites. Given half a chance he will trap you against the wall and stomp on your feet. He stinks, he's host to millions of fleas and his stomach rumbles and roars. He usually wears a muzzle, but is possessed of

such cunning that there is scarcely an adult Arab who doesn't bear the scars of an unguarded moment around a camel.

On the desert, Khalifa's life depends on his camel. At planting time he is hitched to the plow and shuffles up and down the fields, pulling the wooden plow. He can carry a load two times his own weight; no straw will ever break his back. He can subsist on cactus or wood shavings. To Khalifa he is as versatile and almost as important as Fatima. But because of his vile disposition he can't be trusted for a moment. Since he, too, lives in one of the rooms of the house, Fatima must always be watchful for herself and her children. When Khalifa and the camel are alone on the desert, she trusts in Allah that the two will return safely.

The sun and wind seam Fatima's face. She matured early and will age quickly, but she doesn't worry about the physical ravages of time. If her husband can afford another wife or two, she will be relieved of many household duties. She will have companionship during the long hours he and his friends spend over tea discussing the Koran. Being the first wife, she will continue to share his bedroom and his confidences, manage the household, and exercise authority over the children.

Khalifa is not a rich man, so only a minute portion of the money goes to Fatima. She may sell a hen or a few eggs in the market place. She spends her pennies on cloth, a bottle of scent, or perhaps a piece of bric-a-brac that strikes her fancy. She weaves the *barracans* for the family, gathers wood and dung for the fire, and tends the vegetable garden and her chickens. Her duties are unchanging and within her capabilities. Since it is a man's world she leaves problems of life to her husband, who in turn passes them on to Allah.

The Bed and the Throne

By Western standards the Sueis are poor; hunger and sudden death on the desert are never far away. Yet they find time to laugh and sing. Life there, as anywhere, has its rewards and problems. As in America, Peru and China, the farmer grumbles about the weather, and the housewife scolds her unruly child. As bedtime comes, the prattle of the children ceases, the candle is snuffed, and Fatima talks quietly to Khalifa. On the sleeping mat in the peaceful hours of the evening she is queen of the household.

Traditionally, North African women have few rights. But the laws of men are only as strong as the men who make them. Fatima, like her ancient neighbor, Delilah, is aware that many of the decisions Khalifa attributes to himself and Allah are the fruits of her feminine wiles. How far her power progresses depends on her wisdom and ambition. Apparently even Mohammed, the great, wise Prophet, underestimated the power of a woman. THE END

I.N.P.

JUDGE BURKE and couple discuss marital differences in his chambers at Los Angeles Conciliation Court. Once they sign reconciliation contract, he has the authority—which he has exercised—to jail either for violations of it.

The Marital Contract

A "magic" agreement worked out by a divorce-hating California judge has reunited hundreds of quarreling couples headed for divorce. Cosmopolitan is pleased to publish this condensed version and, married or unmarried, you should read it

BY JAMES PHELAN

Everyone deplores divorce, but out in Los Angeles a thoughtful, soft-spoken judge has done something about it. Armed with a thirty-six-page document called a reconciliation contract and a remarkable understanding of human nature, Judge Louis H. Burke has staged a one-man revolution against the trend toward more and easier divorces.

In two years, Judge Burke reconciled 837 of the 2,000 divorce-bound couples who appeared before his court. His remarkable record is unmatched by any other United States court and has attracted international attention.

He is besieged by requests from the forty-eight states and many foreign countries for copies of his "magic" reconciliation contract. In one recent week, he received requests from Spain, Singapore, the Philippines, Ireland ("Our constitution doesn't recognize divorce, but we still have our problems"), from a Canadian priest ("Ours is a mining town where men are drinking heavily and women dressing lightly, and our orphanage is taxed to capacity"), from South America, and from American colleges, domestic relations courts, welfare agencies, bar associations and individuals.

"There is nothing magic about the contract," says Judge Burke. "It is mainly just old-fashioned common sense."

Judge Burke is a former divorce-court judge who has a deep-seated dislike of divorce. A devout Catholic and the happily married father of five children, he served eighteen months in domestic relations court and was dismayed at the parade of human unhappiness that passed through his courtroom.

"What impressed me was that for many of them, divorce was no solution," he says. "It was the result of their problems, and not a cure for them. The court

could give them a divorce, but each would take his problems along with him, often into another unsuccessful marriage.

"There were other things at stake besides the failure of a marriage. Statistics show that seven of every ten juvenile delinquents come from broken homes."

Judge Burke became convinced that the very mechanics of divorce push a lot of marriages over the cliff when the couples don't really want to break up.

"A husband and wife quarrel—and who doesn't at some time or other?" he says. "The quarrel grows more bitter. Finally one says, only half in earnest, 'Well, if you want to call it quits . . .' They go in anger to separate lawyers. The lawyers' duty is to accomplish legally what they are hired to do. They reduce the husband's or wife's complaints to cold legalese. These papers are served on the other partner, and the marriage gets another long push toward the cliff.

"Legal language is harsh," Judge Burke says. "A sarcastic remark becomes 'grievous mental harm,' and a slap becomes 'cruel physical injury.' Or the wife's lawyer may ask her how much her husband earns and then request 90 per cent of it, in the hope of settling for 30 per cent. The husband gets this hostile document and if they've had money trouble in the past, he tells himself, 'I always knew she was only interested in my pay check.' In-laws intervene and take sides. By the time the couple get into court, a misunderstanding has become a major war and there is no way to retreat.

"I became convinced that what divorce courts needed was a bridge, a way back for people who want to get back together and don't know how."

When an opening occurred in Conciliation Court, Judge Burke asked to fill it. The Court is staffed by three experienced marriage counselors and a judge, who help any couple who have a lingering hope that their marriage can be renovated.

Judge Burke found that Conciliation Court was a rather rickety bridge. He soon spotted a major flaw in its structure.

"Over and over again," he says, "we'd get a couple to talk out their differences and agree on a solution. But by the time they got home, they'd be arguing about what it was they had agreed on."

Judge Burke turned this problem over in his mind—and came up with an astonishingly successful solution.

When a husband and wife settle their differences, put the agreement in writing.

"It's amazing the psychological effect this has," he says. "People give more thought to their obligations when they are spelled out in an actual contract. They are not so likely to make a loose promise that they don't intend to keep."

At first he laboriously wrote out a special agreement for each couple. Then he realized that the same problems kept cropping up and hit on the idea of a basic contract that could be adapted to each case. Following is COSMOPOLITAN's condensed version of Judge Burke's basic reconciliation contract.

Reconciliation Agreement

The aid of the court having been requested to effect a reconciliation or an amicable settlement of the controversy existing between husband and wife, and a court conference having been held thereon in which it was indicated that certain conduct is deemed necessary to preserve the marriage or to implement the reconciliation, the parties hereby agree, each with the other and with the court, as follows:

Marital Counseling

The ability of a husband and wife to meet each other's basic needs as human beings is important to a successful marriage. When these needs are not being met, some of the results are unhappiness, resentment, frustration and arguments.

When sick, most people go to a doctor for help. When a marriage is sick we should go to a professionally trained person for help. There are many excellent professional counselors who specialize in helping people with marriage problems. Usually these agencies charge a fee, but the amount is scaled down to the person's ability to pay. Information given to a counselor is held in the strictest confidence.

Many people believe that only they can really understand and do something about their marital problems. This is not true. One has but to ask himself, "If I can solve my own problems, why haven't I done so?" To admit that there is a problem and ask for help with it is a sign of strength, not weakness.

The relationship between counselor and client is a voluntary one which is started by the client and can be ended at any time. The time and money spent for counseling may be considered a worth-while investment in the future.

Forgetting the Past

We agree that the most important job ahead of us is the carrying out of our responsibility to raise our children in a proper home. We realize, however, that this cannot be done if we do not bury the past. We agree that we will not accuse, blame or nag each other about things which have happened in the past. Each of us agrees to start afresh and to do his very best to carry out the promises he makes in this agreement.

We realize that love deepens because it has survived a crisis in which it might have perished. Having survived such a crisis our marriage is stronger than before.

Normal Married Life

Many people lament the fact that they do not have a "normal" married life. In determining the cause for this unhappy state, a person should first ask himself, "What do I put into the marriage? Does the word *love*, as I live it, require sacrifice on my part?" If it does not, then it generally means that such a person gets little out of the marriage, because that's exactly what he puts into it. Marriage, to be a success, is a school for sacrifice.

When people say they are falling out of love they usually mean out of romantic or passionate love. In the first stage of love, the joys, the journeys, the pleasures, the presents, the holidays were necessary. Now, it is the illnesses, the obstacles, the sorrows and the sacrifices which sustain and strengthen love.

The French philosopher Jean Guitton states, "The loftiest act of love is not in receiving, but in giving. Here lies the difference between love and passion. It is the essence of love to be reciprocal."

Each party should make a deliberate effort to become interested in the work, hobbies and activities which the other enjoys. This requires giving and taking on the part of each. Married people should spend at least one-half of their leisure time together, but still allow each other some freedom.

Successful marriages are those in which husband and wife plan, work, play, laugh, suffer, sacrifice and pray together.

Responsibility

Sometimes men forfeit the right of having their loved ones depend upon them by active brutality or passive weakness, and, in either event, women refuse to accept a dependent role. In either case women are robbed of their full dignity.

It will always be true in marriage that the greatest giving will be required on the part of the wife. Through pregnancy and child-raising she loses the independence which the man continues to retain. A woman who is reluctant to face the loss of such independence does not trust the man to be loving, confident and considerate, particularly at the times when she must, of necessity, depend solely upon him. A good woman is happy to go through a great amount of sacrifice as long as his step is firm, his love tender and his faith in her and himself strong.

The husband agrees to do everything in his power to be worthy of his wife's confidence in him. The wife agrees to respect her husband and to encourage him in his efforts.

In maintaining a home there must be a division of responsibility. Generally speaking, the care of the inside of the home, the preparation of meals, the care of the physical needs of the children and the family clothing are the responsibility, mainly, of the wife. The financial support of the family and care of the outside of the home are the responsibility,

(continued)

mainly, of the husband. The supervision of the children is the joint responsibility of the parents in which each must support the other.

When the wife works on the outside, the husband must share to a larger extent the work in the home.

When the main responsibility is something that belongs to one partner, the other agrees not to interfere with it or to belittle that one's efforts but, on the contrary, lend his help to the other in any reasonable way.

Earnings

We recognize that it is the husband's legal and moral obligation to support his family. It is therefore agreed that the husband's pay check shall be used for groceries, heat, light and other current expenses.

The wife's pay check shall be used for special capital investments, such as furniture, down payment on a home or other items that are not normal monthly expenses. Therefore, if and when the wife stops her office or factory job to remain home and rear a family, there will be no dislocation of the weekly budget.

.....agrees to terminate her employment on or before ..... and to devote her efforts and energies to the maintenance of the home for the family.

The parties agree to deposit all earnings in a joint bank account and to pay as many of their household and other expenses by check as possible.

The parties recognize that under the law, irrespective of who earns the money, such earnings are community property and belong to the husband and wife jointly. It is agreed that the parties will retain pay check stubs or other evidence of earnings given to them by their employers, and the parties agree to preserve and exhibit to each other all stubs representing any earnings.

Household Expenses

Parties agree that ..... shall be the treasurer of the family partnership and that all pay checks shall be properly endorsed promptly upon receipt and delivered to said party. Said party shall apply the funds from such checks in payment of regular monthly bills and installment payments when due and shall provide the food, clothing, and other necessities for the family. Any remaining balance shall be applied by said party only as agreed upon by husband and wife. Said party, as the family treasurer, shall maintain an accurate account of all receipts and payments in a permanent notebook which shall be available for inspection by the other party and by the court upon demand.

Parties further agree that there is to be deducted from each ..... check the sum of $..... as "pocket money" for the husband and $..... as "pin money" for the wife. Out of these sums the parties are to bear their own expenses for certain enumerated items as well as for the general purpose implied by the terms "pocket money" and "pin money."

Within ten days from date, the parties agree to work out a family budget together which will set forth in detail the amount of money that is needed weekly to meet the various monthly payments and to pay the necessary bills of the family as they become due.

When the parties have agreed on the budget, they agree to label an envelope for each main budget item such as: "RENT $....., FOOD $.....", etc. Upon cashing the weekly pay check, the family treasurer will place in each of the envelopes the amount of money to be deposited in it under the budget. In this manner, when a bill comes due, the money with which to pay it will be in the envelope.

Under no circumstances shall the money placed in any envelope be used for any other purpose than that noted on the outside of the envelope. Should any changes become necessary, they will be made only after the parties have agreed upon such changes in writing.

Charge accounts may be opened only by the written consent of both parties, and in such written consent the parties agree that they will enumerate the types of items of expense which may be charged against any such account.

Intercourse

Moderation and consideration should be observed in sexual relations. The amount of sexual activity that constitutes moderation differs with persons, just as the amount of food they require differs. To show selfishness in sexual matters brings on the offender the punishment of forfeiting respect and love. Love and consideration for the other partner will operate to find the right balance.

The parties agree that ..... a ..... on an average, under normal conditions, should not be considered excessive. They agree that it should not be necessary for one to urge or insist that the other shall indulge in an act of sexual intercourse, because the other does not have the right to refuse, except for serious reasons. They further agree that it would be quite selfish and unjust for one to manufacture excuses or put difficulties in the way of granting the other's request. Mere inconvenience or disinclination are not sufficient reasons for refusing. The attitude of continual unwillingness or of reluctant and uncooperative acquiescence is a common cause of marital unhappiness. On the contrary, to anticipate the other's wishes—thus sparing the other having to request—is proof of a love that is thoughtful, as well as genuine.

By reason of the present physical condition of the other party, ... agrees to refrain from demanding that such party engage in sexual intercourse for ..... days from this date, or until the other party is physically able to engage in such intercourse. During such period the parties agree to sleep in separate beds.

.....agrees to occupy the ..... room of the domicile as a bedroom and to refrain from any physical contact whatever with the other party.

Lovemaking

Lovemaking as a prelude to intercourse takes into account the difference in the nature of love in man and woman. In man, the physical side is aroused by the slightest stimulation and he quickly reaches the climax of physical satisfaction. In woman, it is the emotional and mental side that is most in evidence; for her, love is meaningless unless it is manifested in a profusion of loving attentions. Consequently, her passion is slow to make its appearance, nor will it become aroused except after an abundance of appropriate lovemaking. Physical union for her is out of the question until her desire is sufficiently aroused and her glandular processes have prepared her body for such union. Unless she has been properly prepared for it, the few minutes of union will not be sufficient to bring her to the necessary climax and consequent release of nerve tension.

If a husband and wife have quarreled, the husband will often demand sexual intercourse as a part of making-up. This ignores the importance of a woman's mental attitude. It takes time for the wife to forget and forgive and to get herself mentally in hand so that she feels kindly and lovingly disposed toward her husband. Intercourse, until this mental attitude has been adjusted, is repulsive to her.

The wife agrees to respond to the husband's efforts in lovemaking and to avoid acting like a patient undergoing a physical examination. The husband must learn to relax and to take his time. He should not be absorbed in himself, but rather in seeing to it that his wife is responding. His ultimate pleasure should be the realization that his wife also has complete satisfaction.

In the event that any phase of intercourse is a cause of pain or discomfiture to either one, the parties agree to jointly discuss the matter with a competent

physician rather than to allow such a condition to continue until it becomes a real threat to the success of the marriage.

Personal Appearance

During the years when persons are courting one another, each is very careful about his own personal appearance. However, as time goes on, husband and wife tend to assume that the love of one for the other is permanent. As a result, quite often one or the other allows his personal appearance to take a secondary place to the other responsibilities of married life.

Such things as uncleanliness, overweight, vulgarity, or carelessness in dress can become so offensive as to lead to the breakup of the home.

The parties recognize the fact that the passing years carry with them a definite toll, and that some things result over which the parties have no control—such as baldness, wrinkles, denture difficulties, arthritis, etc.—and that it would be sinful for one to blame the other for such failings. However, this does not apply to many conditions which are the result of carelessness.

Privacy

We agree to respect each other's right to enjoy privacy in such matters as personal mail. The return of either partner from an outing or visit should never be made the signal for a suspicious quizzing bee. Each of us will do the other the honor of reposing implicit trust in him, and will so behave as to deserve that loyal trust by never doing anything to violate it. We will also learn to give each other the freedom to be alone on occasion.

Mutual Friends

When a man marries he must cease to be one of "the boys." His interests and responsibilities are no longer the same as theirs. Likewise, the married woman soon finds that she lives in her own world, one different from that of her single friends.

Early in their marriage the young couple should seek new friends among happily married people of their own age and circumstances. Unhappy persons, particularly divorced people or those who are in the throes of domestic strife of their own, are usually poor companions for a married couple. Misery loves company. And there is no limit to what some persons will do to justify their own failures.

Association by high-minded and essentially good people with persons of intemperate habits, of doubtful morals, or of vulgar or obscene speech can lead, little by little, to the dulling of fine sensibilities and to serious trouble.

We agree to strengthen our marriage through the cultivation of mutual friends, making new ones if necessary, among happily married couples with responsibilities and problems akin to our own.

Children

Children bring life to a marriage. With children a house becomes a home: the married couple becomes a family. Each parent takes on new dignity and responsibility. However, the coming of children must not be permitted to disturb the warm relationship between husband and wife. One must not neglect the other.

In a child, God entrusts to parents a new life, a body and soul. They become God's agents in the upbringing of the child. It is estimated that 80 per cent of what a child is, or turns out to be, is attributable directly to those to whom his upbringing is entrusted.

We realize that a child is the fulfillment of the love of his parents and that just as his conception required their joint act so will each step in his training and development require the love, attention and self-sacrifice of each parent. We agree that neither can do the job alone.

We agree that if a child is to attain full stature physically, mentally and spiritually, he will need the love and active interest of each parent; a home, however humble, where harmony prevails; the good example and leadership of his parents in his moral and spiritual development; the assurance that he and every other child in the home are treated fairly and impartially and that no one is loved more than any other.

We agree that each child's training must be planned with his particular needs and abilities in mind.

We agree that:

1. We will think and speak of the child as "our" child, never as "my" child or "your" child.

2. We will maintain a united front on matters of policy and discipline. We won't interfere with one another in the administering of discipline. We will settle any differences of opinion out of the presence of the child.

3. We will try to reduce the number of commands or orders which we issue to our child. A flood of orders turns to "nagging" and becomes meaningless. Orders should be based on reason and most children will profit by a simple statement of the reason. Modest praise for obedience usually helps.

4. We will try to get the child's full attention before giving an order. His mind may be miles away. We will strive to give orders calmly, in a tone which indicates we expect them to be carried out. For example, an advance warning given ahead of a "go to bed" order allows a child a few minutes, vital to him, to wind up his game or whatever he is doing.

5. We will never administer physical punishment while in anger.

6. We will always administer punishment in privacy; we will not humiliate a child in front of others.

7. We will try to answer our child's questions and encourage him to grow up with a wholesome respect for himself, his body, and for others.

8. We will teach him the proper care of his own property and respect for the property of others.

9. We will develop his sense of responsibility by assigning him responsibilities suitable to his age and development.

10. We will help him develop sound judgment in the choice of companions. We won't do all the judging for him or impose our own prejudices on him. We realize that some day he will have to rely on his own judgment; ours won't be available.

11. We will not quarrel in the presence of the child.

12. We will not speak ill of one another in his presence; if we do so inadvertently, we will explain later that we didn't mean it.

13. We promise not to unload on him the worries and troubles of adults. He will be a child only once.

We will strive to remember that the best discipline is the disapproval of a loved and loving parent. We know that obedience through fear is short-lived because the child will outgrow the fear, and long before that he will have lost respect. We acknowledge that obedience through love endures and that, just as love between husband and wife must be reciprocal to be effective, so the love of parent and child must be reciprocal must be earned by both.

Stepchildren

At the time we were married, one of us had incurred, in a former marriage, responsibilities as a parent. We realize that the full cooperation of both parties is required lest the existence of a stepchild in the home be a contributing factor to the breakup of the home. We agree to comply with the following set of rules in our relationship with the stepchild or stepchildren.

1. Great care must be exercised

(continued)

by both parties not to say anything had against the absent parent in the presence of the child. In order for a child to be happy it should be brought up with the firm belief that its absent parent deeply loves the child and that such parent is a fine person. This should be done even though there are circumstances which may be known to the child which may make it difficult for the child to believe such things. A stepparent should never attempt to substitute himself or herself for the absent natural parent of a child. Nor should his or her spouse (the natural parent) attempt to "force" the child to accept a stepparent in the place of the other natural parent.

2. Relationship of stepparent and child must be based upon mutual respect, and it is the responsibility of the natural parent to insist that the child respect the stepparent.

3. A stepchild must obey both the stepparent and the natural parent. However, the stepparent should attempt to exercise control over the child through orders to be given by the natural parent, as much as possible. To accomplish this, the stepparent should make his or her wishes known to the natural parent when the child is not present. It is the natural parent's responsibility to see to it that the stepparent's orders to the child are enforced. Any differences of opinion about such matters should be discussed and settled when the child is not present.

4. Parents should never quarrel in the presence of the child.

5. The love of a stepchild can never be forced. The child must be permitted to do most of the leading. The stepparent must indicate interest in the child, patience, warmth, but never make an outward display of affection when there is any indication whatever of resistance on the part of the child.

6. If the bond between the child and the absent parent is normal, then the stepparent and natural parent must exercise caution in their open displays of affection toward one another in the presence of the child, at least until the child gives evidence of having "accepted" the stepparent. Otherwise there may be some deep-seated resentment on the part of the child.

7. The right of privacy under certain circumstances is a privilege which each of the members of a family is entitled to enjoy. In a stepparent family the right of privacy must be respected to an even greater degree because the free and easy relationship of parent and child cannot be thrust upon a stepchild in a matter of weeks or even months. The stepparent must be exceedingly careful not to intrude upon the privacy of a stepchild, particularly when such child has reached the age of adolescence.

8. Natural children and stepchildren must be treated with absolute equality. Impartiality must be the rule and it must be made clear by each parent to each child.

Drinking

Alcoholism is now regarded by competent medical authorities as a disease. The old idea that the alcoholic was just a weak-willed or bad person has been displaced by the realization that such a person is sick. Alcoholism ranks third as a killer disease.

Alcoholics Anonymous is a fellowship of men and women who share their experience, strength and hope with each other that they may solve their common problem and help others to recover from alcoholism.

The only requirement for membership is an honest desire to stop drinking. AA has no dues or fees. It is not allied with any sect, denomination, political organization or institution. The primary purpose of its members is to stay sober.

.....agrees not to partake of any alcoholic beverages of any description in any cocktail bar, beer parlor or similar establishment, and further agrees not to enter or remain in any such establishment.

.....agrees not to partake of any alcoholic beverages except .....and only in the family domicile, or on social occasions when spouse is present.

.....agrees not to partake of any alcoholic beverages of any kind.

.....agrees to inquire into the organization Alcoholics Anonymous by going in person to an office of Alcoholics Anonymous or by telephoning.

Religion

We have indicated that fundamentally we are both religious people, and we acknowledge that religion is a very important factor in the preservation of a home. We agree to attend the services of our church regularly.

Love and Affection

Each of us agrees to exert every effort to treat the other with consideration at all times.

Consideration

.....admits that in the past he has treated spouse like a child and has "punished" such spouse in various ways. He agrees to treat such spouse hereafter as a "better half," and not as a child.

.....admits he has been inconsiderate of spouse and has completely disregarded the desires and needs of such spouse. ..... agrees to be more understanding and considerate of the spouse.

Tolerance of Friends and Relatives

.....admits having been very intolerant of spouse's relatives and friends. Therefore, ... agrees to accept such persons into the family home in a gracious manner, to carry on a natural and normal conversation with them, and to treat them with courtesy.

Serious In-law Trouble

.....agrees that visits with the following named in-laws, ..., shall be accomplished in places other than the family home, in order to avoid further trouble, and that such in-laws will not be invited into or permitted to remain in the family home.

Third Persons in the Home

Generally speaking, the home of the modern family is not designed for the constant presence of an outsider or third person. The lengthy intrusion of such a person into the home life of a family cannot occur without real danger. Such presence has a direct bearing upon the relationship of husband and wife. Detrimental comparisons are likely to be made and "taking sides" becomes inevitable. It is also true that the more inoffensive and "innocent" the third person, the more dangerous is the possibility of attachments being formed which may result in jealousy and misunderstanding.

To avoid endangering our home we agree to permit no unnecessary and continuous intrusions of third persons in our home.

Flirtations

.....agrees not to visit, consort with, contact or correspond with .....

Late Hours

.....agrees not to maintain late and unusual hours or to stay away from home without advising

spouse of the necessity therefor in advance and of the place where he may be reached in emergency.

Gambling

.....agrees to refrain from gambling or from attending places where gambling is being conducted and particularly from such places as .....

Social Activities

.....agrees to take out .....for dinner, entertainment, for a drive or outing, or for other social activities within the financial means of the family at least .....

Recognition of Accomplishments

Human beings are often in need of encouragement and recognition for their efforts, work and accomplishments.

.....agrees to give spouse such credit and encouragement; and, in return, spouse agrees to accept suggestions without taking exception to them.

Fighting

Neither party shall ever strike, slap, molest, harass, or threaten the other in any manner. When one is obviously angry, or out of sorts, it is agreed that the other shall refrain from any action which may aggravate such condition.

Both parties agree that they will not speak in a loud or boisterous manner, or swear, or call the other foul names, or use profane language in the presence of children, or say anything derogatory of the members of the other's family.

..... admits using sarcastic, cutting and belittling remarks to spouse and agrees to make every effort to avoid doing so in the future.

Each party agrees not to give the other the "silent treatment" by refusing to engage in normal conversation with the other for extended periods of time.

The parties agree that they will not harbor grudges, but on the contrary will air their grievances to each other before retiring for the night and make every effort to settle their differences by peaceful means.

A bad temper is a handicap. The person having it merits the assistance of his loved ones in coping with it.

The main responsibility for the control of a bad temper lies with the person himself. But others can give great assistance by avoiding things which aggravate such persons and by withdrawing from any scenes or arguments when it is apparent that such person has lost, or is about to lose, his temper.

The parties to this agreement agree to cooperate fully to help bring this problem under control.

Nagging

Nagging is a tremendous contributor to marital discord and unhappiness.

The mere fact that fault-finding may be done for some justifiable reason does not excuse it. A nagging wife or husband is most difficult to live with. As a rule, nagging accomplishes nothing constructive; if anything, it merely gives the person being nagged an excuse for a negative attitude.

.....admits having "nagged" spouse and agrees to make every effort to avoid doing so in the future. In return, spouse agrees to listen to suggestions and to discuss matters calmly, thereby doing away with any excuse for nagging.

Mealtimes

Mealtimes should be times of peace. They should never be times for fault-finding or the occasions for unloading upon one another the unhappy events of the day. Bickering should not be permitted at meals.

Some people with a background of religious training have found that the pausing of the family at the start of each meal for the invoking of God's blessing serves as a great deterrent to discord at mealtimes and as a reminder that with God's blessing each meal can be a time of peace and contentment.

Sometimes one of the parties requires a brief pause to relax before commencement of the evening meal. In such instances the children should be fed and the mealtime for the husband and wife deferred until both are ready, in order that the mealtime may be a time of leisure and contentment for both.

End of the Day

Married people should acquire the habit of ending each day by calling a definite halt to the day's problems. That halt might be when they close the door of their room at night. From then until sleep overtakes them, they should gladly give to each other the comfort, encouragement, and loving solace they need, so they can both face cheerfully the tasks and troubles of the morrow. Mutual interest, support and love are as necessary for happiness as food and drink.

Such love, between husband and wife, is so strong a force for developing all that is good in human nature that wise couples will not suffer their mutual attachment to become casual and commonplace under the spell of monotony, or to languish with neglect, or to degenerate into mere selfish passion; for they will realize that in this life they possess nature's most valued treasure—the loyal love of a human heart.

We promise that we will do our utmost to give each other the daily measure of interest, support and love required for a happy marriage and for a happy home for our children.

Family Prayer

We both believe that the saying "The family that prays together stays together" has real merit and that the daily recitation of a family prayer would aid us in keeping uppermost in our minds our responsibilities to God, to our children and to each other.

Partnership Agreement

Habits formed over a long period of time are not easily altered, and living up to some of the provisions in this agreement may require considerable effort.

Business partnership agreements between individuals have provided the means whereby people of very different temperaments, experience, and abilities have joined hands to accomplish a common objective. When difficulties arise between such partners they resort to the partnership agreement for the solution of those difficulties. If the problem is one which is new and has not been provided for in the agreement, and if they are unable to settle it between themselves, then the matter is referred to a third party or to the court to settle the dispute.

If the parties to this agreement will consider it in the nature of a partnership agreement between them and resort to it for the settlement of such disputes as may arise, it is believed that it will aid them in preserving their marriage and in enabling them to discharge the obligations which they assumed through the entering into of the marriage contract.

It is hereby agreed that the provisions of this agreement may be incorporated by the court in a court order. In making this agreement we and each of us hereby acknowledge that should either of us willfully fail to comply with any such court order, we shall be subject to being brought into court on a proceeding to show cause why we should not be found in contempt of court. We further understand that in the event that we are found to be in contempt of court we shall be subject to fine or imprisonment, or both, as provided by law.

We hereby agree that this agreement and any order of the court made pursuant hereto shall remain in effect until further order of the court.

Dated: _____, 195____.

_____
Petitioner

_____
Respondent

THE END

Brides Are Big Business

That honeymoon will cost you $76 more than you expect, the groom will spend $97.57 on the wedding ring, the bride will buy 2.1 girdles. Here, down to the champagne is what Big Business knows about who pays for what when a girl marries

BY JON WHITCOMB

If all the brides in this country were thrown into a bag and shaken up, their vital statistics might unscramble like this: The typical U. S. bride spends $125 for her wedding dress and another $243.29 for her trousseau. She gets married most often in a church, and usually in the month of June, with August and September as runners-up. Her fiancé pays $398.79 for her engagement ring, and probably selects it by himself, although almost as many prospective grooms consult the girl. The wedding ring costs $97.57, and more than 66 per cent of the couples pick *that* out together. The wedding, to which 203 guests are invited, takes place in the afternoon. A reception is held afterward at a club for 191 well-wishers. The bride's father catches a $575.85 check for both events. Twice as many brides are toasted in champagne, punch, and cocktails than in nonalcoholic beverages. The drinks cost her father $114.58. The average bride has 3.6 bridesmaids, whose dresses cost $32.46 apiece. She spends $31.83 on gifts for the girls, and probably gives them jewelry. The typical groom buys cufflinks for the ushers. Many grooms (67.6 per cent) buy presents for their brides, but only 59.2 per cent of the brides reciprocate. Most frequently the groom receives luggage, for which the bride has spent $59.67.

Because brides are Big Business, surveys are constantly being made by stores, magazines, and advertisers, to find out where all this money is being spent. The research digs down deep, even below the bride's lingerie. For instance, 73.9 per cent of the girls bought 2.1 girdles, at $12.29 per girdle. Nighties were required by 76.2 per cent, each of whom bought 3.6 and spent $29.71 for them. The surveys cover panties, brassières, hosiery, and shoes, and by the time they've finished with the trousseau figures they can plunge right into housekeeping costs, with exact estimates for toasters, silver, and kitchen utensils. Only 3.5 per cent of our brides fail to go on a honeymoon, which generally lasts 12.4 days and utilizes an automobile. New York is the most popular honeymoon state, with Florida and California next in line. Likeliest foreign destinations: Canada, Bermuda, and the Caribbean, in that order. Wherever they go, the honeymooners expect to get by for $285. They wind up spending $361.

Somewhat bewildered by this collection of cold statistics, I turned with some relief to the photo album of a recent real-life bride, Jane Tompkins, whose wedding snapshots were enlivened by a jolly tableau showing Jane posing in her billowing satin skirt, with several female relatives in eclipse adjusting her petticoats.

Beneath the Cold Statistics

The Tompkins wedding took place in Chicago, where Jane's family lives, and united Jane Funkhouser, who graduated from the University of Illinois School of Journalism in 1953, with John Tompkins, who left the University of Michigan with a couple of degrees in 1950. He is a reporter for the *Wall Street Journal*, and Jane is decorating editor for the magazine *Guide for the Bride*. The ceremony took place in a church, and that is the only vital statistic in which this bride and the surveys agree. To begin with, Jane's wedding dress cost more than the average bride's. Her mother flew to New York to help her shop for it. At a Fifth Avenue department store Jane chose the first dress she tried on. Mrs. Funkhouser says of Jane's quick decision, "That's the sign of a happy bride." Jane is 5'9½" tall, with a 25-inch waist, and no alterations were necessary. Everybody was pleased, because alterations can run as high as $40 or $50. From then on, mother and daughter shared the shopping, Jane in New York and Mrs. Funkhouser in Chicago. Between them they spent $330 for her trousseau.

As for the hat and veil, Jane's father went along on that expedition. Jane says, "My father was horrified to find that a little cap and a piece of fluff were going to cost him $50!" Meanwhile, invitations for three hundred were being engraved, florists were being consulted, and the church date, a caterer, an organist, a soloist, and a candid photographer were being lined up. Bermuda was picked for the honeymoon, and John Tompkins booked hotel space and plane reservations. In the month before the wedding, Jane found a three-room apartment in Greenwich Village, and she and John spent their evenings replastering walls and putting up wallpaper, shelves, and pegboard. "We are both gluttons for do-it-yourself," she says. "We both had unfurnished apartments before, so we pooled our furniture and managed to fit it into the new place. My parents bought us a bed for a wedding present (an expense we weren't able to meet ourselves) and we bought two antiques—a washstand and a roll-top desk to complete the job. I made all the curtains and John did all the carpentry. We feel very proud of the place now."

Father Pays to Give Away

The bride got home to Chicago five days before the wedding. When John arrived, Jane helped him buy presents for the ushers and best man at Marshall Field's. Mrs. Funkhouser had a tea that afternoon for thirty of her friends, to introduce John's mother and to show off the wedding presents. One of the bridesmaids gave a shower for Jane, at which she repaired a number of rusty high-school friendships. The rehearsal dinner on the following evening brought together out-of-town relatives and the bridal party.

Jane's wedding day was a busy one for everybody in the house but the bride and her father. "It was the first time in my recollection that he ever let me sleep past 9 A.M.," she says. "He's the crack-of-dawn type. But there were so many women running around the house and overflowing on the lawn—I guess he didn't want to add me to the confusion. Having nothing to do, I settled down to read *Bonjour Tristesse*. My father was keeping track of the bills: for example, the photographer was going to cost $130, the florist $105.54, the wedding cake $40, and the reception $200. By the time John and I boarded the plane for Bermuda, Father was out $818.74."

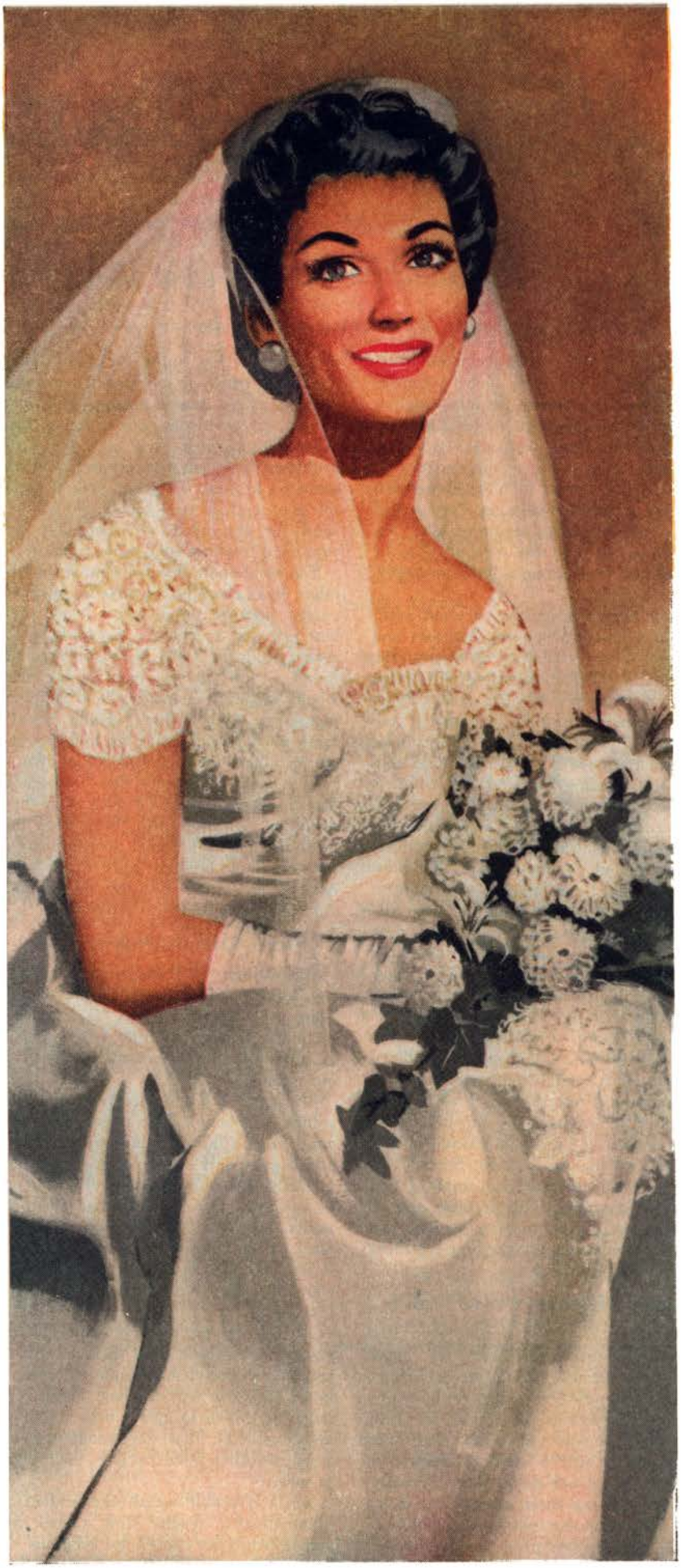
No Recession in Sight

At six o'clock, Jane had no appetite and sat by to watch the others demolish a buffet supper. At 6:45 P.M. Jane and her mother went to the church to dress. During the veil arranging, candid pictures were taken by the photographer and by Jane's father and her brother. The florist showed Jane how to hold her flowers. She recalls, "Mother brought me a glass of water and a nerve pill. At the top of the aisle my train caught on something, and I was stuck until the minister's wife untangled me. I was leaning on Father's arm and he said something very touching. He hoped John and I would be as happy as he and Mother have been for thirty years. I caught sight of John miles away at the altar. He smiled at me, and if I had any doubts about getting married, they vanished right there."

During the vows Jane began to have her doubts about the nerve pill. Her knees weren't shaking, but she had started to giggle and couldn't stop. "I bit my tongue, clenched my fists around the bouquet. Nobody in the church noticed, but I almost broke up the best man. Afterwards, the reception seemed to go very fast. I had tried hard to memorize people's names and their wedding gifts, because I wanted to be able to comment on the right silver bowl to the right person. During all this, more flash pictures. Our plane to New York didn't leave until 4 A.M., and only about ten people were awake to see us off. All the way to Bermuda rice dribbled out of our coat sleeves, so the other passengers *knew*."

When informed of wedding statistics for the typical bride, the new Mrs. Tompkins seemed baffled by the 73.9 per cent of brides who bought girdles. "If you have a 25-inch middle," she demanded, "what do you need with 2.1 girdles?"

THE END



***"BY THE TIME** I boarded the plane to Bermuda, father was out $818.74." But Mrs. John Tompkins, nee Jane Funkhouser, spent her own savings for her wedding dress. Here she is modeling a $155 Campus Bridals gown.*

Mixed Marriages

Every day, more couples are crossing racial and religious boundaries. Here is what is happening to them

BY EUGENE D. FLEMING AND GEORGE WALSH

From the very name, a mixed marriage would seem to be a contradiction in terms. No other human relationship demands a closer harmony than does marriage, and when two people enter it with clear knowledge that there exists between them profound differences in race or religion, they would seem to be blatantly tempting fate. Yet the simple truth is that what used to be an isolated happening is now an everyday occurrence.

While complete statistics are not available on marriages between Negroes and Whites, social scientists studying the problem of racial integration in America report a steady rise in such unions. Some experts maintain that eventually the children of these marriages—by bridging the two races—will solve the racial conflict now rending parts of our country. Overseas, after World War II, our soldiers revealed a startling inclination for women of other races. Over 25,000 Americans married Japanese girls, and most have brought them home to this country.

Religious statistics are even more significant. The Roman Catholic Church reports that 30 per cent of the marriages solemnized in its churches are mixed, and sociologists shoot the percentage even higher by estimating that 25 per cent more Catholics marry non-Catholics without their church's official permission. Although there are no official statistics on Protestant or Jewish intermarriage, churchmen in sensitive positions declare it is safe to assume a rate as high or higher in their faiths. Two such indications: revealing surveys that found 21 per cent of Protestants and 19 per cent of Jewish persons polled had no objections to marriages between those of different faiths.

Racial Mixtures Prove Stable

On the surface, it would seem that interracial marriages are far more risky than unions which mix religions. America is noted as a nation in which divergent religions live side by side, without acrimony or strife, but race prejudice is still a virulent disease in many parts of our democracy. Actually, however, mixing races in marriage is far less dangerous than mixing religions.

The couple entering an interracial marriage has the enormous advantage of awareness. They know they are doing something which is not socially acceptable to a great many people. They can foresee the problems their children may have. But because they can see their problems, they can also prepare realistic solutions to them. They can look at themselves objectively and decide, before they head for the altar, whether they are capable of making such a marriage work.

The religiously divided couple, on the other hand, are lulled into a false security, because on a social level, their marriage is acceptable everywhere. A recent study of 2,000 Michigan students found a full 50 per cent saying they would willingly contract mixed religious marriages, "other things being equal." Even when young people are told that one survey placed the mixed marriage divorce rate at more than twice that of the non-mixed, they go right on compiling their wedding invitation lists. Why does this optimism persist? Social acceptability is not the whole answer; part of the trend can be explained only by the modern American's approach to religion.

Stress "Deeds, Not Creeds"

According to Will Herberg, a penetrating analyst of religion in the United States, the "American Way" is not merely a hodgepodge of political slogans. It is actually the "common religion" of our society.

"It is an organic structure of ideas, values, and beliefs," he points out, "that constitutes a faith common to Americans and is genuinely operative in their lives."

The notion of a common religious code is one that almost every American inherits. It is not indifferentism; it is the mark of the frontier influence on the evolution of religion in this country, the conviction that it is "deeds, not creeds" that count.

It is here, on this common meeting ground of values, that persons of divergent religious backgrounds can come to know and love one another. There is so much on which to agree, both implicitly and explicitly, that denominational differences often seem to lose their significance.

But a favorable social climate does not automatically resolve the varied and subtle problems caused by religious differences in marriage. Far from it. Sociological studies are full of case histories where, with the best intentions, couples broke up because one partner could not reconcile himself to certain aspects of the other's faith. One Baptist girl, raised to regard alcohol as sinful, found she could not accept her Episcopal husband's liking for an occasional social drink. A liberal-minded Congregationalist husband found himself more and more irritated by the way his wife clung to the stern fundamentalism in which she had been raised. A Quaker wife could not suppress her repugnance for the elaborate ritual of her Catholic husband's worship.

Children Pose Problem

But generally speaking, Americans are not much bothered by differences of dogma and ritual. The real trouble in a mixed marriage begins when children arrive. Almost inevitably, the presence of a child in the home brings the parents back, often with deep nostalgia, to the religious traditions of their own childhood. Particularly if they take their beliefs seriously (as more and more people are doing), they find themselves manifesting a strong preference to see the child raised in the disciplines of their religion. This desire is perfectly natural, since religious ideals usually sum up a great many of the parent's individual ideals about life, conduct, and happiness. When a husband and wife are divided religiously, it is not hard to see an explosion coming.

The Catholic Church tries to circumvent this clash by requiring the non-Catholic party to sign an "ante-nuptial agreement" in which he or she promises to raise any children born of the marriage as Catholics. The non-Catholic must also agree to do nothing, in deed or word, to persuade the Catholic member of the marriage to give up his faith.

The Catholic Church frankly admits that the ante-nuptial contract is also a stern demonstration of their unrelenting opposition to mixed marriages. In most dioceses in America, the mixed marriage ceremony cannot be performed in the church. The couple must be married in the rectory or church vestibule, with none of the pomp and beauty of the traditional Catholic service. Before permitting this minimal ceremony, the Church demands that the non-Catholic sign the ante-nup-

tial contract and agree to take a course of instruction in the Catholic faith.

Generally speaking, the effectiveness of the ante-nuptial contract depends on whether the wife in the marriage is a Protestant or a Catholic. Studies by sociologists such as Judson T. Landis reveal three times as many divorces or separations have occurred between Protestant wives and Catholic husbands as between Catholic wives and Protestant husbands. The explanation, Mr. Landis says, is that in the American home, the mother is more likely to be a church member and to take the responsibility for the religious instruction of the children.

In recent years almost all the Protestant churches have issued pastoral letters, or General Convention resolutions attacking the ante-nuptial agreement, and admonishing their members against signing it. An Episcopalian conference flatly states: "Such an undertaking is a sin, as it is an abrogation of a primary duty of parents to their children." A Presbyterian pastoral letter urges its young people "to stand uncompromisingly in this matter, to resist resolutely this unfair demand and refuse to make such a promise, in an hour when they are not truly free but are under the emotional compulsion of romantic love."

When the Churches take such diametrically opposite stands, it is not surprising to discover that individuals seldom work out their own solutions with anything approaching miraculous ease. One solution which sounds easy to many couples planning marriage is to raise the children with no religion and let them choose for themselves. They fail to see that this means the children will grow up in a spiritual and moral vacuum, and in the end will probably choose no religion at all. Worse, they may bitterly resent the fact that their parents, for the sake of a neutral harmony, refused to share their religious experiences and ideas with them during the years when they would have welcomed them eagerly.

Two Wrong Answers

Another equally unwise solution is to raise alternate children in the opposing faiths. This merely extends the cleavage between the husband and wife throughout the entire family, and often an unhealthy competition springs up between the two faiths—subtle or overt, depending on the parents' ability as mediators.

Other couples have tried to raise the children in both faiths simultaneously. But this reduces them to spectators in both churches, since they cannot join in rituals such as Holy Communion or "joining the church," and may lead them to conclude that it is pleasanter to have no religion at all.

Finally, in an attempt to deal with the problem of ante-nuptial agreements, some couples sign them, but at the same time make a secret agreement not to keep them. This is hardly the sort of morality or courage on which a lasting marriage can be built. Worse, such an agreement places a double strain on a marriage, once children arrive. A young couple cannot live in isolation, and the Catholic grandparents will come gaily in with plans for the child's christening. To announce at this point that the child will not be raised as a Catholic will almost certainly cause an irreparable breach.

Birth Control Conflict

Another major roadblock to amity in marriages between Catholics and Protestants and Catholics and Jews is birth control. Most Protestant and Jewish sects see nothing sinful in the idea of family planning, but the Catholic is sternly forbidden to use any "artificial means" to prevent conception. Under certain conditions, such as the mother's ill health, or severe economic hardship, a Catholic may limit his family by the rhythm method, which does not, of course, provide the same guarantees against conception as artificial contraceptives.

Far too many mixed marriages try to solve all their problems by one parent abandoning religion entirely. While this certainly resolves any potential conflict between the marriage partners, psychiatrists and religious leaders unanimously agree that it can have disastrous effects on the children. A young boy who is urged by a mother to participate in her religion with all his heart and soul simply cannot comprehend how this same mother can accept her husband's apparently complete disinterest. If the child's religion teaches doctrines of stern punishment and even damnation for those who refuse to go to church and heed the word of God, his anxiety about his father can become acute. In the end he will either reject the father as "bad" and "sinful" or reject the mother and her religion, and turn to his father, arguing that he is just as good as any church-going man he has met.

Obviously, the facts demonstrate that there is no magic solution to the problem of mixed marriage, and any young couple entering such a marriage should do so only with the most careful thought and earnest preparation. The important thing to consider is not the barriers raised by church requirements and parental prejudices; unfortunately such restrictions only heighten a romantic determination to marry in spite of the myriad obstacles the seemingly cold cruel world throws up before them. The really serious considerations are what may happen after the ceremony is over. What are her real feelings about his religion? Does she regard it as inferior, heretical? Is there a strong-willed father or mother in the background, who will exert fierce pressure to maintain the family's religious tradition, in spite of all promises the young couple make to each other? Are they blithely relying on one of the pseudo solutions we have already dismissed?

Episcopalian Dean James A. Pike, in his excellent book, *If You Marry Outside Your Faith* offers an answer which every couple ought to consider. For true marital happiness, one or both parties should change religion. The couple should seek a faith that is appropriate to the needs of both, a common foundation stone upon which to rest their marriage.

"Each of the parties," he says, "forgetting what he or she was born and forgetting what his parents are, should rethink his or her religious position in terms of what each actually believes and what church most nearly represents that actual belief. Naturally the religious allegiances in which the two are now actually involved should be given serious consideration in the study, but the search need not be limited to them. If it so happens that both parties can come to convictions which are represented by the same church allegiance then there will be no mixed marriage. And that is the end of the problem."

Novelist Herman Wouk and his Protestant wife used this approach to solve their mixed marriage. A Phi Beta Kappa from the University of Southern California, Mrs. Wouk was not practising her faith when she met her husband-to-be in 1944. But part of his appeal to her was his ability to make her see that "one did not have to be a stupe to be religious." After a year's study Mrs. Wouk decided to join her husband in his Orthodox Jewish faith.

Out of Love, Tolerance

If such a solution is unacceptable, a couple entering into a mixed marriage should be clearly aware that they are dealing with a problem that can destroy their happiness, and prepare reserves of love and patience to see them through. They should make a firm decision to raise the children in one of their two faiths, and never waver from it. At the same time, they should do everything possible to utilize the common tradition which the three great religions of America share. They should say grace at every meal, for instance, or unite the family in prayer before retiring. If the children are raised in the mother's religion, they must be taught a deep and abiding respect for their father's beliefs, so he need never fear that by belittling his church's ideas, they will belittle him.

Out of this experience can come a rich dividend of spiritual awareness, which many religiously unified marriages often lack, or lose. Religion in a mixed marriage can come to mean more, not less, to both parents and children. And with this deeper awareness must, from the very nature of mixed marriage, come a profound tolerance which is not indifference, because it is born in a house permeated by love. THE END

The Emotional Climate of the Home

It determines whether your family will be happy or miserable. Here's how to regulate it

BY HARRIET LA BARRE

Any woman who puts her mind to it can make her whole family miserable. Including herself. She can extend the misery even to the brush salesman who rings her doorbell and to the family dog into whose shaggy neck she sometimes weeps self-pitying tears (nobody but long-suffering Fido would sit still for this). She can, in fact, create the kind of home life that gives rise to such thoughtful masculine comments as "There's no place like home, and many a man is glad of it."

The curious thing about this woman, so prevalent in our society, is that she *thinks* she's putting her mind to making everybody happy. She runs up dainty clothes for her little girls on a sewing machine, thereby saving half the retail cost; she gives parties that "pay back" everyone who has ever invited her and her husband to a cocktail party; she goes to P.T.A. meetings whether she likes them or not, all because "it's for the children."

In short, she runs her day, as one psychologist puts it, "as though she were in a neck-and-neck race with Nashua." Naturally, she loses. She ends up panting and feeling guilty, resentful, and, particularly, jealous of her husband's apparently carefree day. And she lets it be known. Not bluntly. Sometimes just by the absence of a laugh, or hostile eyes set in a smiling face.

Ironically, whatever this woman accomplishes during the day is meaningless because her home remains little more than "the place one goes from the garage." The most valuable element of a home—a happy emotional climate—somehow eludes her. Under hypnosis or on a psychiatrist's couch she might express what she really yearns for—furnishings that she can associate with poetry and romance and individuality, reminders of precious memories, color and mystery, comedy and a sense of harmony. She knows instinctively that basically the greatest gift she can offer her family is a unique culture—a way of talking, a way of eating, a way of living. In her ideal home, the children and husband have stature. It is, actually, an ideal that depends largely on the "woman of the house."

She may even recall the story of the Englishman in the lonely jungle outpost who kept his sanity and sense of civilization by listening to a phonograph record of a woman's beautiful voice every evening while dining immaculately by candlelight. When the record was accidentally broken, the Englishman gradually deteriorated into a creature more animal than human.

Where's the Thermostat?

Every woman knows that her attitude creates the basic emotional climate of her home. But how, she wonders, can she get on the right track and stay there?

The women who have done it most successfully have recognized certain facts. "Probably the most important," one woman feels, "is a clear-eyed acceptance of the fact that life isn't necessarily fair—but that doesn't necessarily make it worse. For instance, my husband's arrival home from the office used to be a red flag for us to start conversational competition about which one of us had had a more

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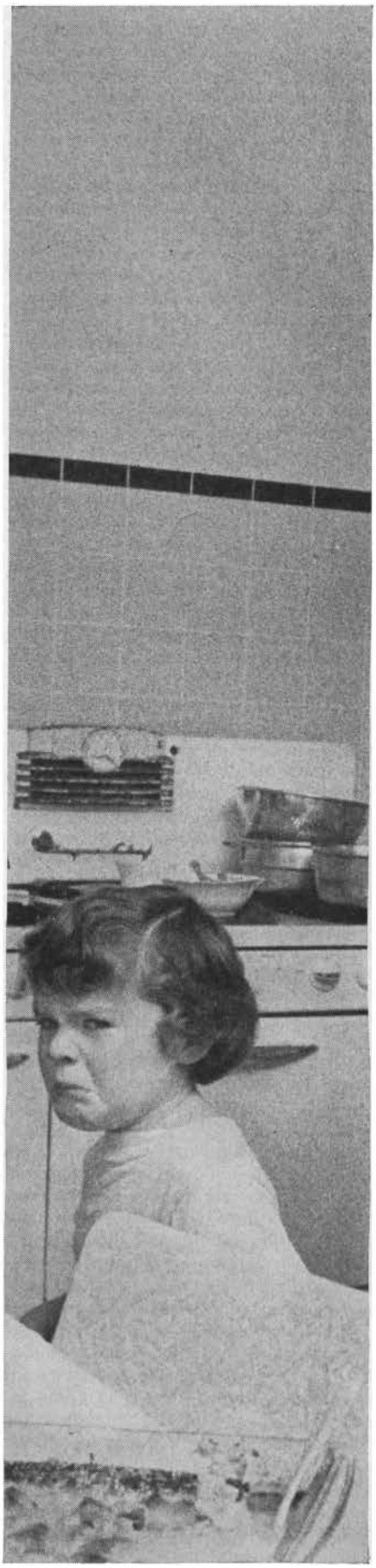


MORE TEARS OR LAUGHTER?

Stage-Lensgroup

In the emotional crises that appear a dozen times a day, a mother's perspective creates the family pattern and tone.

Emotional Climate (continued)

trying day. I would trot out my troubles with the children; he would counter with the frustrations of trying to beat last year's figures. I felt that my day had been worse than his, and that it wasn't fair. Then one evening when we were bitterly reciting our complaints, I suddenly thought, 'Well, suppose my husband's day at the office *is* something to be envied? So what? Good for him! Why shouldn't I be happy about it—after all, I love the guy, don't I?' And who says it's illegal or immoral to enjoy yourself? It's an accomplishment." The lady gave the husband her blessing, felt the emotional climate change, and rounded out the celebration of her new attitude with an ice-cold Martini. Theirs has been a different household ever since.

Don't Be a Cinderella

Naturally, a husband feels a lot more like a knight if he knows he's giving his wife a happy life instead of turning her into a drudge. "It is *not*," as one marriage counselor says, "absolutely necessary to convince your husband that your daily life is a hell on earth in order to convince him that it would be nice to have a washing machine. It's surprising how many men are willing to buy some item that will *add* to a wife's pleasure. It gives a man a tremendous buildup to be able to give her something under the heading of 'luxury' rather than 'necessity.'"

At fault for most exhausting and unpleasant days is an immaturity that psychiatrist Dr. Morris Levine calls "Sunday neurosis"—but which seems to afflict women every day of the week. It is the inability to let down, to stop striving for perfection. It is a feeling of shame for wanting any relaxation or pleasure. It is the inability to be deliciously unconstructive. As Dr. Levine says, this kind of immaturity makes you feel that "if you take a day off, you're being bad and lazy and will come to a horrible end."

One thoughtful woman reports that she pulled herself free from this immaturity. "I decided," she explained, "that it is really more sinful to let your hard work make your family miserable. Certainly, with two children I have to work hard. But *that* hard? No. It was clearly a question of values—would Bill and the kids rather eat a casual, relaxed meal with a rested woman, or a five-course dinner with an exhausted shrew? I tried a little sinful indolence. Now we're all able to enjoy each other."

It's not easy to hold onto this relaxed attitude. We know one woman who does it by glancing over the obituary page every day and asking herself, "What's the hurry?" Dr. John A. Schindler, famous for his *How to Live 365 Days a Year*, suggests, "keep it simple." He goes even further with "Avoid watching for a knock in your motor."

In creating a better emotional climate, most women have discovered that invariably it is a matter of choice—which attitude should you adopt? Should you feel frustrated when your work and your bills aren't caught up—or simply accept the fact that so long as we keep on living we probably *won't* ever be caught up? If you lose a five-dollar bill, should you lament all day, or figure that "it's only money"—not your child's health, a broken arm, or an emotional tragedy? One woman keeps her perspective by reminding herself of the man who, having lost eight million dollars on the stock market, had only a million left and therefore threw himself out of a window because he was broke. Still another—one of the happiest wives we came across—claims she expects at least three disasters a day. "If I get one, I feel lucky. If I get three, it's so ridiculous I laugh. Two disasters, I admit, are the most difficult—that's when I really have to try to be philosophical." Still another wife laughs at the tight-lipped way she used to fret about security. "I finally realized what security you really can have. It's this—you'll never go hungry. Not in this country. That's about as much security as you can be sure of—besides the security of knowing that you will probably continue for a long time to enjoy taste, smell, sight, physical movement, watching your children grow up, and eating an ice-cream cone or a piece of bread spread with fresh butter. That's not too bad, is it?"

No, it's not too bad. Especially when we remember that the fear of financial insecurity, along with all of a woman's other attitudes, affect the atmosphere of her home so strongly.

Storm Warnings

Many clues to the emotional climate of a home come from men. The most prevalent are typified by: "I can't tell, half the time, whether we're having a conversation or whether my wife is accusing me of something." "We used to have secret jokes, just family phrases that were fun, but I don't know where they've gone." "My wife compares everyone to us, and we always come out on the bad end—if we had a yacht, she'd say it wasn't as big as Onassis' yacht." "When I come home, I have to be careful until I know what kind of mood she's in." Possibly the saddest story we have yet encountered is that of one man—income:

$20.000; children: three—who reported: "I come home, take off my hat, put my head down on a chair, and my wife puts her foot on my neck. That's the story of my life." Possibly the happiest story came from a Mamaroneck commuter who said simply but expressively, "If the weather is nice, my wife always serves dinner on the porch and we let the kids light the candles."

Obviously, this wife knew whom she was trying to please. According to a number of psychologists, one of our major troubles—men's as well as women's—is trying to please everybody at a sacrifice to our family happiness. Whether we buy a trip to Europe or a doghouse, we never put down our money without worrying, "What will the neighbors think?" We order a highball in an expensive restaurant when we would really prefer a beer. To be sociable, we accept a cigarette we'd rather not smoke.

To be polite we take a second helping of the dessert we don't want. We try to please everybody, and we can't. As one independent woman, who moved into a rambling old house, said, "I decided that no matter what kind of house I chose, half the people I knew would be horrified, and the other half would approve. If you like a 'stark' room, your traditional friends will pull long faces. If you furnish a room on the cozy side, your stark-minded friends will sneer. So you might as well do as you like."

To Each His Own

The value of doing as you like was discovered long ago by women who succeeded in establishing a happy home life. Nothing goes into such a woman's home merely to create a favorable impression on acquaintances. What *does* go into it is designed to further her family's happiness, to be an expression of their personalities. Not for her is the heavily furbelowed living room with its pathetic "man's corner" set aside for her husband's chair and slippers. *Her* husband comes home to a room that is all his and his children's as well as his wife's. There, to prove it, is his college golf trophy, polished to a gleaming silver sheen and perhaps now harboring deep green rhododendron. It *could* have been relegated to the attic or closet. So, too, could the lopsided blue ashtray made by his younger son, the jar of beach-shells his daughter found.

Color and charm are in this house. Certainly, the wife knows, her husband can come home from his office depressed and frustrated—but she also knows that it's more difficult to be depressed when you come home to a gay or gracious room. Experiments with hospitals, grammar schools, and college campuses are daily proving how unhappily people react to a discouraging background, and how pleasurably they react to soft lights, happy voices, soothing or stimulating decor.

In a sense, the woman who creates a pleasing atmosphere is a poet. She is a romantic who knows that everyone not only feels the influence of a setting but cherishes a mental picture of himself as he'd like to appear in it. So she is not satisfied merely with making her home an appropriate backdrop for her family's personalities: in addition, she is careful to help each member appear in this setting to best advantage. Her husband, for example, may never express a desire for a romantic foulard robe and scarf, the kind that Adolphe Menjou would wear, but if she suspects that his daydreams include a picture of himself as the man of distinction, you can be sure what his Christmas present will be.

Tempest in a Teapot

A woman isn't always this sensitive, of course. It's not always possible. In one case, a wife was startled one evening when, in reply to a guest's admiring words about a particular piece of Haviland china, her husband vehemently replied that he hated it. He had, it turned out, hated it for the ten years it had been on the living room mantel; it reminded him of his Aunt Mathilda, whom he disliked and at whose Haviland-filled house he had spent an interminable week during his childhood. Why hadn't he spoken up earlier? Simply because it hadn't occurred to him; he simply felt vaguely depressed whenever he happened to glance at the mantel.

His wife promptly disposed of the Haviland. Curiously enough, with her eyes newly opened to the power of childhood associations, she realized that she positively loathed an antique breakfront bookcase, an heirloom so valuable that she'd never thought of discarding it. That went out, too. Now husband and wife laugh over the incident—and once a year they take fresh inventory of their likes and dislikes.

Background and personality are inextricably mingled in the home with a happy emotional climate. In the back of every woman's mind is the remembrance of a charmingly furnished restaurant where the food was delicious but where the entire atmosphere was spoiled by a headwaiter loudly castigating a waiter for some mistake. The woman who knows this has stopped punishing her family because life isn't perfect. She doesn't expect perfection from herself, either, and doesn't berate herself for lack of it. She has the best start in the world for making her home atmosphere good-humored and stimulating and relaxed. She knows, moreover, that, as Thackery said, "A good laugh is sunshine in a house." THE END

Cosmopolitan's Special Fiction Section

THE CASTLE

It held the secret of my past, forgotten, life. It was Stephen who showed it to me... who opened the door that set me free

BY VICTORIA LINCOLN ILLUSTRATED BY PERRY PETERSON

It is always winter in my memory of my first self, my childhood:

We have coasted down the hill for the last time, and now the pale afternoon sunset of January is at our backs, and before us rises the long slope of the hill. We laugh and shout back and forth; we are turning home in obedience to a parental order, but each of us is a bodiless solitude and a bodiless freedom, and the laughter and shouting are not a communication but a concord of solitudes like the choiring of seraphim or the belling of a hound pack.

Yes, there I stand, Mary Fitzjames, that unmapped virgin continent, in the solitude which is not a prison but a waiting-place, an embarkation point from which, in my own time, I shall set forth into my woman's journey of love and conflict, of giving and receiving.

But it is Stephen who will bring me there, Stephen who will bring me out of another and more dangerous solitude, a prison that I will not know for a prison: my little castle. Let me tell you, and you will understand.

• • • • •

I was almost eleven. I had lived with Aunt Sue and Uncle Allan for a year, and it was, in a way, as if I had lived with them forever. They were tall and fair, heavy set, oddly like brother and sister both in appearance and in their manner toward each other, which was undemonstrative, yet clearly affectionate.

Their house was like them, unpretentious, solid and good, a twelve-room, two-servant house on Ridge Avenue in those days when two servants were a modest commonplace of upper-middle-class living. And Ridge Avenue, with its brown-shingled, wide-verandaed houses, was the right street, the old street.

I remember the night when Aunt Sue smiled at me across the dinner table and said, "It was just a year ago that our little girl came to us."

And Uncle Allan said, "Just a year? Feel as if we'd had her as long as we've had Stephen."

Their voices were comfortable and matter-of-fact, and almost at once they began to talk about the Mayor and Bishop Brady and the school board.

Stephen said, "It's going to snow harder. Guess I'll put my rabbits down cellar, 'side of the coal bin."

"You and your old rabbits," I said.

And Annie Casey, the old second maid, thrust a dish of mashed potatoes before me, remarking in her large, unmodulated voice, "His rabbits are his own business, a boy and just ten."

Stephen's eyes met mine, the percipient blue eyes in that wonderfully lively face, that face that, even when he was a child, had a quiet and a goodness in it that was utterly unlike the placid quiet and goodness in the faces of his mother and father. Our eyes shared their laughter and parted quickly.

For a single, isolated moment, I was intensely happy.

I thought, It's true. It does feel as if I had always lived here. What was it like before?

I found no answer. I was simply Mary Fitzjames, who lived with her Aunt Sue, her Uncle Allan and her cousin Stephen in a big, brown-shingled house on Ridge Avenue. Everything was as it had always been and would always be.

Actually, I believe that children are much more matter-of-fact than it is now our fashion to believe. They take many things without question; and what we do not question, we readily forget.

I had taken many things for granted: the foreign hotels, the long succession of nurses and governesses, the drunken recriminations and reconciliations heard through the walls or witnessed as I stood forgotten in a corner. I took these things for granted as the natural framework of a life in which I also found a great deal to enjoy. I loved to roll hoops in Kensington Gardens; I remember with pleasure a red and blue hoop that was as tall as I was. I loved to coast on my sled in Central Park. I loved particularly a little wooden chest filled with stone blocks.

Of the blocks some were cut in squares, some in oblongs; some were shaped to form arches, some had crenelated tops. I used to build myself a castle with them, always the same

castle, and I would think myself inside it: Mary Fitzjames, me, me.

I built it the day after my mother died.

That week she had given me an enormous doll. I had told her more than once that I did not know how to play with dolls, but she forgot things like that, even when she'd paid attention in the first place, which was not often.

The afternoon the accident happened, we were downstairs in a room that opened off the lobby. I was supposed to be playing with another little girl, and my Fraulein was talking to her Nanny. But the little girl wasn't much more than a baby; you couldn't really play with her. I drifted around behind Fraulein's chair, where I could listen to the conversation without being seen.

"Ten pounds if it cost a penny, and not for a birthday, not for Christmas, no, not even for a child who likes dolls in the first place."

The little girl's Nanny laughed. It was an unpleasant, high-pitched laugh, rather like a horse's whinny; still, it was clear that what she was hearing pleased her very much.

"A doctor's care, if you ask me," she said. "That's what she needs."

Nanny's voice was prissy with pleasure. I had a sudden impluse to shout, "I do so like dolls. I teased for that doll. That's all you know!" I wish, now, that I had done it. But the impulse was brief, and Fraulein was talking again.

"So, her husband . . ."

"Actor, wasn't he?"

"Michael Fitzjames . . . In America, the girls put his picture in their lockets. Now there is nothing but drink and more drink. Two months, three, and I am not paid."

"It's a study, isn't it, how people like them can go on and on, and people like you and me have to pay up to the last farthing?"

"Something will happen. He—"

"He's no good, that's clear."

I felt my hands tightening into fists. But Fraulein surprised me.

"I do not know," she said; and her voice was odd and flat as if she surprised herself and spoke against her will. "True, he is done, ended, no good. This I tell myself a thousand times. Then, perhaps not ever sober, he will say some word to her, to the child . . . I hear the voice, I see the face, the eyes . . . and I do not know."

My hands relaxed, and my chest hurt with the sweet, bright, hard pain of love.

"Look out in the lobby. There goes your lady."

I glanced in the same direction. Yes, there she was. She had beckoned to the doorman and was pressing something into his hand and laughing. She wore a gray suit with a ruffled jabot and her hair was shiny under her big plumed hat. Dolly, she always made me call her: Dolly. I watched her go out with indifference.

It was the last time I ever saw her. She recognized a friend across the street and ran, laughing and calling, between the horses and the motor-cars. I must have been told that, because it stays in my mind quite clearly as a fact, although I have no memory of being told. But I remember thinking about it the next day, as I lay alone on the floor with my little chest of blocks.

"She didn't even bother to look both ways," I thought. Then I was still for a long time, trying to realize that she was dead, that people died, that they stopped being. Suddenly I got up and went across the room to the armchair that held the big doll, and I smoothed its dress and laid my cheek against its cold china face and tried to think that I loved it, that I had wanted it. I could not.

At last I moved away and stood alone in the center of the room, still waiting for the grief that would not come to take away my sense of failure, to fill the cold interior emptiness. I even imitated the sound of crying, but I was a bad actor; it was no use and I had known that it would be no use.

I sat down, and opened the lid of the chest, taking out the stone blocks slowly, one by one. And carefully, carefully, placing each of them with an accuracy like pain, I built my little castle.

Fraulein went away, and my father brought me back to New York. When I saw the two furnished rooms near the Washington Arch, and understood that he would sleep on the cot in the sitting-room where the brownish wallpaper was buckling away from the walls up near the ceiling, I asked, "Are we poor?"

He had never talked to me like a child.

"We're trying something new. Living within our means."

"What are our means?"

"Nothing. But I've just had a singular revelation. I'm going to get a job."

"But how can you," I said, "when people know how you have to get drunk?"

My love for him was not wholly misplaced. I know now, when I remember how he accepted those words for what they really were, not a childish cruelty but an overmature tenderness, a desire to protect him from disappointment.

"I didn't mean acting. Or, to be exact, not on the stage. I could do a very good salesman."

He walked across the room, and when he turned back he was a different person. His shoulders stooped forward; his voice was at once humble and supercilious.

"Now this English cheviot, sir. I'm not supposed to show it to new customers, we only have a limited supply of this cheviot. But if I may presume . . . your eye for quality . . ."

It was funny and I laughed, but I was worried.

The job he got was with Brooks Brothers, which is how he happened to meet his old director, Harrington, again.

But it was four months before that happened. For those four months I went to a public school, which did not frighten me after the first few days. A sloppy, cheerful Irish girl came in every afternoon to make the beds and mop a little and fix a makeshift supper for us. Before I went to bed, Father and I talked, or he read to me. In all that time he was drunk very seldom, and hardly ever so much that he couldn't go to work the next day. I remember it as one of the happiest periods of my life.

Harrington was amazed to find my father, and to find him on his feet, employed, well, full of his old quality. He had thought he had William Gillette sewed up for a new play and Gillette had walked out on him. He decided to give Father another chance.

Father walked home in the rain from that dinner they had together. I don't think he even noticed that it was raining until he got in wet and chilled through. He had some whiskey to warm up, and then he had some more. Then he said, "I shouldn't have taken that, Mary. I'm going out to walk it off."

It was still raining, and we had both just got rid of heavy colds. I stood at the door, holding his overcoat with my hand, begging him not to go out, assuring him that I wouldn't mind if he got even drunker, just that once. I did not feel like a frightened child: I felt like a wife, a mother. Even when he had gone, the fear in which I stayed up, waiting for him, walking up and down that shabby, brown-papered room, was a wife's, a mother's, fear.

It was almost dawn when he came in. He stumbled onto the cot and lay there coughing. After I had listened to that strangling cough for a while, I went across the hall and knocked on the door of some people to whom we had never spoken and told them that he was sick.

They took him to the hospital; he had pneumonia. He died two days later. The last thing he did before he died was to tell someone to notify his wife's sister, Mrs. Allan Hughes, in New Richmond.

I knew more about him than a child should have known. In his death, God knows I had no sense of guilt to bear, no tragic inadequacy of response; but in that very measure, the grief of my loss was mature beyond my years. And I was only a child.

Faced with that terrible finality, I could hardly have borne it if I had not been able, almost before Aunt Sue came for me, to close my heart to love and my mind to memory.

Still I marvel at the singular ease of

acquiescence with which I accepted Ridge Avenue as the real world, a world in which I could almost believe myself to have lived. Perhaps, sometimes, in the morning as I sat on the edge of my bed tucking the legs of my long underdrawers down into my stockings, a little bubble would rise to the surface of my mind, a stirring of cold air move across the inner fastness of my heart: *I forgot something . . . Something that I dreamed . . . What did I dream?* But Aunt Sue would pass the door and say, "Has somebody got the morning dawdles again?" Or Annie Casey would call from the foot of the stairs, "Well, lightning bolt, is your egg cold enough now or shall I chill it for ye in the box?" And it would be broad day, a day no different from former days. I had no sense of escape. I was Mary Fitzjames, who lived on Ridge Avenue.

Aunt Sue and Uncle Allan made it easy for this to be so. I have never known two people who were at once so genuinely kind and so totally lacking in imagination. Their utter suitability to each other and to their hereditary place, creed, and income bracket, their utter lack of understanding of any other way of life, gave the very air of that house a quality of assurance, of a reality that denied all other realities.

A year is a long time. A lot of ice can form in a year. Less and less often now that little bubble rose to the surface of my morning mind, that stirring of cold air moved across my heart: *What did I dream?* And I had even stopped wishing that I could explain to someone what my father was really like; and I did not even wish that I could tell Stephen.

Actually, Stephen and I never told each other much in words, then or later. We did not have to. We took each other happily for granted in a profound, instinctive understanding which taught me without words what I had never known: that it is possible to love in joy and without pain.

He was a big boy for his age, tall as I and much broader in the shoulders, all solid bone and muscle. His mind, too, was advanced; that fall the school had suggested that he skip the fifth grade, which would have put him in the same class with me. But Aunt Sue did not approve of skipping grades.

"The trouble comes later," she had said. "There's emotional maturity to consider too, Allan."

Emotional maturity. That meant being grown up in your feelings. I thought of the big, slow grin, the kind, happy eyes. I was angry at her stupidity.

That afternoon he sprawled across my bed, his mouth full of apple, his look, wide and remote, fixed on the sunny window behind me.

"The way you've had to live, nurses picking up after you and all, it's no wonder you let things get in a mess. But the funny thing is, Mary, all that yak-yak-yak about getting our work done first, and putting things back where they belong and all . . . well, it works. I mean it gives you more time to sort of fool around than you had before."

That first Christmas I was with them he had wanted a big steel cabinet for his room, and there it was, with every drawer labeled, and every label meaning what it said. But his nails were always filthy, and he would have worn the same shirts and sweaters until they rotted off him if somebody hadn't put them in the wash and laid out clean ones for him. But isn't that being grown up, too: knowing what's

I saw my castle in ruins.

worth fussing over from your own point of view and what isn't?

"She should have let you go into sixth with me," I told him.

He spat a seed of the apple into his hand and regarded it absently.

"Oh, well," he said, "the kids in my grade are nice."

"I guess you're right," I said. "I was making a fuss over nothing. I'm always making a fuss over nothing."

He grinned, that big, square, affectionate grin.

"Sure," he said. "Sure."

I can still hear his voice in my mind, slow, casual, accepting the words that I had spoken in self-reproach without answering reproach and without pity, simply as a just statement on the character of someone whom he liked as she was.

"Sure."

I felt my heart dazzle with that new delight, love given without pain.

When I went to bed that night, I thought again of Stephen.

I wish I could do something wonderful for him, I thought suddenly. It's his birthday next week. I wish I could give him something that he would love very much, that he wants terribly.

Of course, I thought. I'll give him my little blocks.

I fell asleep on an amazing wave of happiness.

That happiness I remembered in the morning while I was dressing, with some bewilderment. Some old blocks that had been in the back of my closet ever since I got to Ridge Avenue, that I had never even bothered to show him on the rare occasions when I happened to touch the box, reaching for something, and remembered them myself: why should the idea of giving them to him have struck me with such a happiness? Of course they were nice, and Stephen could use them in some model construction or something, but what was so fine about that? I decided to spend the dollar I had saved from my allowance to get him the pocket compass he wanted, too. It would look pretty stingy if I just gave him something I happened to have kicking around and didn't want any more.

Indeed, on his birthday, I actually did not remember the blocks until bedtime.

I gave him the compass at breakfast, and he was as pleased as I had hoped, and Aunt Sue told him that I had saved my money for it, and Uncle Allan hugged me and said, "I know a pretty generous little girl." Altogether, it was a highly satisfactory moment.

And then Aunt Sue took us to Boston on the train to have lunch in the regal splendor of the old Hotel Touraine and then to see Maude Adams in "Peter Pan."

One of the nice things about Stephen was that he never wore an experience thin by talking about it too much afterwards. We sat in the train together, coming home, with Aunt Sue in the seat across the aisle, reading the paper; and I only remember his speaking once within that hour.

"That," he said, with grave finality, "is the best play I ever saw. I wouldn't be surprised if it was the best play anybody ever wrote."

I nodded, and we returned to the Never-Never Land by our own separate ways. I was ready for bed when I remembered the blocks.

We had already said goodnight. I opened my door cautiously. Aunt Sue and Uncle Allan were in the living room. They were playing the gramophone, and I could hear Uncle Allan's voice over it.

"I told him that the only way you get things changed in a town like this is to

take in the whole picture. Sure, I told him, the situation needs improving, but you won't get anywhere by beefing. Two steps forward and one back is still progress, isn't it?"

I tiptoed across the hall to Stephen's door.

"Come across to my room. I forgot to give you something."

In wrapper and pajamas, on bare feet, he tiptoed after me.

"Shut the door."

He shut it, infected by my caution but smiling. "They wouldn't hear us if we put on roller skates. What'ya got?"

I hesitated. "Nothing, really. Some old blocks I had when I was little."

"Blocks?" He looked blank and polite, as if I had suggested that he might want an old Teddy bear.

I turned away from him abruptly. "I guess it was a dumb idea," I said. "Here they are, anyway."

I sprawled on the floor, reaching deep into the closet, and pulled the little wooden chest forward.

"Here they are. You could have had them any time. I just happened to think of it."

"Well, boy, I certainly could use that little chest. Look how it's made!"

Squatting before it, he caressed the workmanship that I had never noticed with his intelligent, strong hands. Then he opened it. He drew in a sharp breath.

"Look," he said, "you want to keep them. Just let me have the use of them now, but you keep them. You want to keep them for your own kids."

One by one, with the thick fingertips that were so precise and delicate in motion, he lifted out the little squares, the arches, the crenelated bars. They were red and gray, smooth to the touch, with slightly rounded edges.

"Stone," he whispered. "No composition. Some kind of stone, cut out by hand. Golly John."

My happiness choked me. My voice came out stiffly precise. "I'm glad you like them."

"Like them! Are women crazy? I bet you never even played with them when you were little."

"Yes, I did." I said. "I used to make a castle and pretend I lived in it."

And as I spoke, I remembered. I remembered the thing that I had always made myself forget. I remembered the last time that I had ever built my little castle. Not the time-before-last, the day after my mother died, but the very last time of all.

Stephen must have heard my voice change and shake a little, for he drew himself back from the box and looked at me, with that direct, kind look which always made me forget that I was older than he was.

"Mary," he said, "you don't want to give them to me. Just keep them and let me show them to the guys sometime."

My voice broke into a sob. "I don't want them!" I cried. "You've got to take them. Keep them in your room where I won't have to see them any more!"

"Mary, Mary, what's the matter?"

But I had got control of myself. I sat for a moment silent, with my head bowed. Then I heard my voice again, as remote as if another child were speaking through my lips.

"Wait. Don't talk. I'm going to build my castle. I have to because . . . because I'm trying to remember something . . ."

I put out one hand to him again, but this time quietly, deliberately, moving him aside. I tipped the chest forward and let all the blocks fall out in a heap, leveling them with my hands. That was how I had always begun. These, yes, these gray oblong ones made the foundation; if you used them all, it always came out even, and just right . . .

It was like playing the piano when you have not touched one for a long time. When you stop to think, your hands forget; but when you go back and repeat the phrase, leaving all the memory to your fingers, they still know.

I forgot that Stephen was in the room with me. My fingers fondled each little stone as they set it down, surely and delicately, in its right place. Once more, and this time for the last time indeed, I built my castle.

And as I built it, everything that I had put away from me returned. Had my mother known that I did not love her, that she did not love me? That did not matter any more. It was another child who had caressed the big doll in the chair and laid her cheek against its cheek, waiting for the grief that would not come. That was not what I must remember now.

My fingers worked faster and faster. The battlements rose, the central tower with the crenelated top . . .

I don't know what had started me playing with my blocks. I hadn't felt like it since that other day which seemed to be so much longer ago than it was. The castle was just finished when my father came in. He had bought some daffodils on the street corner, and he tore off the paper cone as he came in the door. He was saying something that sounded like the words of a song.

"For winter's rains and ruins are over
And all our something of snows and sins . . ."

He failed to notice me until he was half across the room. Then he started, and spoke in a brisk, explanatory voice.

"Putting these in a little water," he said. "Just getting a little water to put these in. Die before you look at them. Never mind. Put them in water."

Then he smiled at me, lifting his chin. I think that I know now what that smile once said to every woman on the other side of the lights. I know, because I know what it said to me, and there is no charm more potent.

"We are alike," it said. "In a world where so much else is emptiness and disappointment, we are alike. That is our comfort. We share a secret that nobody else will ever understand."

I looked up, then, into that smile and smiled back.

He knows that I know he's drunk, I thought; and he knows that I know how sorry he is, and he is glad that I am pretending that it isn't so.

He looked at me, and I felt my heart lying wide open. Then he walked on towards the kitchenette. His chin was still lifted and his step swayed a little as he went. He walked directly into my little castle, where it stood on the shabby rug there before him, proud and complete and still waiting for the moment when I should enter it, Mary Fitzjames, safe and alone in her stronghold.

The noise of its fall seemed to startle him sober. His face, which a moment before had been composed and brilliant was now disorganized and working. Nonetheless, it was the face of a man sober as against the face of a man drunk.

He went on into the kitchen and put the flowers in a pitcher and brought them back into the room. He stood looking around as if he could find no place for them. I took them from his hand and set them on the table.

"They're pretty," I said politely.

But he was staring at the heap of blocks that had been my castle.

"Your little house," he said. "I knocked down your pretty little house."

I saw with a kind of relief that his moment of sobriety had passed.

"I don't mind. I'd finished it."

• • • • •

Yes, I could remember now. I set the last block in its place, and turned my head away. Stephen cast himself forward on the floor beside me, studying it, his chin on his fists.

"Well," he said, "if that isn't something!"

He sat up, shaking his head in wonder.

"How could you do it so fast? You couldn't build it like that when you were little, could you?"

"It's the same one," I said. "It's always been the same."

And then the memory was completed in me. I remembered it all, all that I had forgotten so well.

"Mary, what is it? Mary, don't cry!"

"Did you know my father used to get drunk? Did they tell you?"

He shook his head.

"Once I built it and he knocked it down. He didn't mean to. He was drunk and he'd brought some daffodils home . . . It made him feel worse because he knocked it down. That night he'd keep going out in the kitchen to get some more to drink and running the water loud in the sink so I wouldn't hear him open the bottle. He didn't even tell me to go to bed when it got late. He kept staring at the place it was when it fell over, before I put the pieces away.

"Sometimes he was quiet and sometimes he'd sort of talk to himself. He'd say, 'You must remember that you built it. That's what counts, not that it got knocked down but that you built it. That's what religion means; nothing is wasted, not even if it ends in failure, in tragedy. Nothing is wasted. Just remember that you built it, that you tried.' "

Stephen was looking intently into my face.

"How do you remember that? Just as if you were reading it out of a book . . ."

"I don't know. I can hear it, hear him saying it."

He was silent. I could feel the tears running over my face and I remember how it comforted me that his own face was as quiet as if those tears had been no more than rain on a window, a thing in nature.

At last he spoke.

"But it isn't true," he said, quietly. "It just isn't true. People have to go on trying, because it doesn't matter how hard they've tried if it came out wrong. They have to go on trying until it comes out right."

I did not know enough then to be amazed at hearing words like those from a child. I did not even understand what they meant. I had not understood the words that I said myself; I had only remembered and repeated them.

"Sometimes he read me plays," I said. "Shakespeare. It was funny—when I'd try to read them to myself they didn't mean anything. Just words, like the Bible, beautiful sounding and sort of mixed up. But when he read it, just the same words, it came out like people talking, out in the street or anywhere.

"Well, the daffodils died and they were in the wastebasket, and it was one night after supper and he was reading me that play, *Hamlet*. It's about this college boy that found out his stepfather killed his father and . . . well, the story doesn't matter. The thing was that he, this boy, was trying to do what he thought was right and it came out wrong for everybody he loved . . . The girl he loved went crazy and fell in the river and drowned . . ."

Oh, how hard it was to tell a thing so that someone else would know what it was like! How long it took. How much easier to lie down alone before my little stone castle, willing my soul into it once more, Mary Fitzjames, alone and safe. I heard my voice, dull with the long effort, dragging on.

"Well, he gets to this place where the girl is crazy, and she has her skirt full of flowers, and she's going around giving them out to people and saying stuff like, 'Here's pansies, that's for remembering,' and 'Here's roses, that's for love.' And my father put the book down and got up, and he took the daffodils out of the wastebasket . . .

"And this is the thing, Stephen . . . He wasn't just Father, reading something and acting it out. He was that girl. And then he wasn't even just that girl. He was my mother."

That was all. I had remembered it, I had said it. I broke off, clutching my arms about my knees, dropping my head upon them, sobbing.

"Here," said Stephen. He forced a dirty handkerchief into my hand and spoke to me in a voice that might almost have been Aunt Sue's or Uncle Allan's, quiet and firm, almost brusque. "Get in bed, Mary. Don't tell me any more. Tell me tomorrow."

I lifted my face and looked at his. Like his voice, it, too, was unlike a child's. It was grave, stern with the weight of its pity; I looked into the extraordinary, unwavering kindness of his eyes.

"No," I said. "I'll tell you now. My mother wasn't like a mother. She gave me things I didn't want and forgot my birthday and acted like a little girl. I never thought he loved her much. Not until I saw him with those daffodils. And then I knew he was saying that it was his fault she got run over, and I knew that he always loved her more than he loved me, a different way and more. And when I'd thought we understood each other, it didn't mean anything. Even trying not to get drunk, he wasn't doing it for me. He was doing it because he thought it was his fault she was dead."

And then once more I covered my face with my hands, and sobbed into them, like a woman who realizes, at long last, that she has been deceived.

"Oh, I loved him so." I sobbed. "Stephen, I loved him so."

He stood up, then, and pulled me to my feet roughly with both of his hands.

"Quit that," he said.

He picked the dirty handkerchief up off the floor and began scrubbing at my face with the angry hands of love.

"Shut up," he said. "Do you want them both up here asking questions?"

I took the handkerchief from his hand and blew my nose.

He spoke again, and his voice was like his hands, hard and angry with love.

"That's all dead and gone," he said. "You've got us, haven't you?"

I made myself be quiet. I looked full into the angry kindness of his face. I felt the pain going out of my throat and chest. I felt my hunched shoulders relaxing and straightening. Stephen, I thought: my brother.

"That's right," he said. "You get in bed now and think about something nice."

We stood together, each looking quietly into the other's quiet face. We stood, together in love, and yet each of us alone.

After a long moment, Stephen started as if he were waking from a sleep.

"I'll pick up those blocks in the morning," he said. "Take too long to pack them up right now. And, listen, thanks. Thanks a lot."

I turned toward my bed, heavy with a sleep that threatened to overcome me almost before I could lay my head upon the pillow.

"That's all right," I said. My voice trailed with the sleep that was rising in me like a tide. "You could have had them any time. Just turn out my light, would you, when you shut the door."

"Okay. 'Night."

I knew that my castle was standing there in the dark, just as I had built it. But it meant nothing to me. Just blocks, that I had played with long ago in the time that was dead and gone, before I came to Ridge Avenue and had Stephen for my brother. He loved them; they were a wonderful present. Why hadn't I known that he would love them, thought of giving them to him before?

But it did not matter. He had them now, and he loved them and I was happy. I fell asleep. THE END

I had to remember... my mother, my father, the knowledge I couldn't bear.

A Criminal Mind

How does a smart cop outguess a smart criminal? Take the case of Sergeant Argen and the young girl, so sweet, so blameless, so undefended . . . who had been left for dead

BY JOHN D. MacDONALD ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HUGHES

Argen checked in just before lunch and they told him he was wanted back at the hospital. At first he thought the girl had died and then he realized that if she had, they would have told him and would have assigned somebody to work with him on the case. He was glad she hadn't died. They had acted pretty gloomy about her chances but Argen knew that when they were young like this girl, like this Helen Matthews, the longer they hung on the better the chances were.

He stopped at the hospital desk and told the girl his name and she said a Mr. Matthews wanted to see him. That was Mr. Matthews over there.

Matthews was in one of the small alcoves off the main waiting room. He looked up as Argen walked toward him and then stood up quickly. He was a trim man in his fifties with a silver-hair look of importance and expensive, conservative clothes. He looked both nervous and belligerent.

"You're Argen?"

"Detective Sergeant Paul Argen," he said, and sat down. Matthews stood for a few seconds, then sat down on the edge of the chair facing Argen.

"They let me look at her but they won't let me stay in the room with her. I wanted her moved to a better room but they won't move her. I want to know about this. I want to know how such a thing can happen."

He's used to pushing people around, Argen thought. People like me. "I can tell you all we know. It isn't much. An old guy was walking his dog. The dog found her and started whining and sniffing and the old guy lighted a match and made sure it wasn't just another drunk. They get drunk and crawl off in those little parks up there and pass out. Precinct got the call at three minutes after ten last night."

"Last night!" Matthews said. "Why wasn't I notified? Why the delay?"

Argen sat stolid and expressionless in the chair and let the questions hang in the air. He was a big man, thick-waisted, heavy-footed, meaty. He sat there in his baggy blue suit and felt stubborn. When he felt stubborn there was nothing on earth that could move him.

"Why don't you answer me?"

"You want to listen or you want to ask questions?"

Matthews made a helpless gesture and said, with exasperation, "All right. All right. I'll listen."

"The prowl car was there in three minutes. The old guy showed them the body. When he'd lighted the match he'd seen the blood on her hair, so the ambulance call was already in. She was face down, her head turned to and left, and she'd been hit over the left ear and a little bit in back, so it looks like she was hit from behind, so the guy who hit her was maybe left-handed. From the marks she'd been dragged from where he hit her, dragged maybe twenty feet by the wrists. He probably hit her while she was on the sidewalk. It's dark and quiet there and maybe he was following her, waiting for the right spot. There wasn't a purse or identification of any sort. I got to the hospital after they'd taken her up for the emergency operation. They let me look her clothes over. I saw the Boston label in her suit and I saw her clothes were good stuff.

"Precinct detailed some men to the area. I went back to help. Usually you find the purse after the guy strips it. We figured it was straight robbery because he didn't mess with her at all. We didn't have any luck. We quit and I went back at daylight and I found the purse. He'd thrown it into a clump of brush and the strap had caught and it was maybe seven feet in the air. We'd been putting the lights on the ground and missed it. The purse didn't hold a print. There was no money in it. He'd left her identification, so when I got back they put in a call to you."

"I got the first flight I could."

"Now I've got some questions. Where was she living here?"

"She was just down on a shopping trip. She'd been here three days. She was going to stay a week or ten days. My office made her reservation for her. At the Patterson. Helen needed a change. She and the man she was going to marry broke up. It was pretty unpleasant all the way around. She was restless and depressed."

"Any chance he followed her down here?"

"Here? Oh, no. He was on leave. He's with the State Department. He flew back to Paris three weeks ago."

"I guess it's just what it looks like. He followed her because she looked like

Argen knew he had scored. "Take the chain off," he said. "We're coming in."

money and then he rapped her so she wouldn't yell. He maybe used a spring sap. And he's no expert. They're tricky. You build up a hell of a blow with just a quick flick."

"This man that operated, this Doctor Schatz—is he competent?"

"This is a good hospital. He's a resident surgeon, and he specializes in brain surgery."

"He looks too young to be good. He can't have had much experience."

"You want to get experience fast. I guess you get it in a place like this, Mr. Matthews. I better go pick up her stuff from the hotel. Where do you want I should send it?"

"Check it right there in my name. I'll register later. My office made a reservation for me."

Argen promised to keep in touch with Matthews. By showing his credentials he got up to the third floor. The private nurse hired by Matthews came to the door of the room and said that Dr. Schatz was with the patient. Argen could see into the room. It was a two-bed room. The other bed was empty. He saw the girl's face for the first time. The features were delicate. Her complexion was a dirty gray in contrast with the white gleam of the bandage that entirely covered her head. Schatz was thumbing up her eyelid and shining a light into her eye. He turned and saw Argen, then gave the nurse instructions and came out.

Down the corridor they walked, side by side. Schatz was young and blond and tall and he looked weary.

"How's she doing?"

"All right so far, Sergeant."

"You want to make a guess about the odds?"

Schatz shrugged. "Give her one in five. It was a hell of a blow. And a hard place to work." He stopped and touched Argen with his finger, touched him above and behind the left ear. "Right here. The bone is thick there. But it was smashed. Splinters driven through the dura into the brain tissue. I had to saw out a piece bigger than a silver dollar, stop the bleeding, find the splinters, pin a plate over the hole. Four-hour job."

"If she makes it, will she be okay?"

"Hard to tell. I'd say yes. Whoever hit her was trying to kill her."

"That doesn't make sense."

"I can't help that." They had paused by the elevators. Schatz smiled tiredly and said. "Mr. Matthews is getting some top people in to look her over. I don't have a goatee and glasses on a string, and the only accent I've got is Indiana. So he's unhappy."

"When can she talk?"

"Not for forty-eight hours anyway."

The Patterson Hotel was an enormous, glossy building, a favorite spot for businessmen to hold their conventions. Argen arrived at one-thirty after a quick lunch. The lobby was busy. Argen found one of the assistant managers, a tall man with nervous mannerisms and the superficial good looks of a floorwalker. He showed his credentials and explained his mission. The assistant manager wore a strained and wary expression until he found out that the hotel did not seem to be involved. He went behind the registration desk and Argen waited.

He came back in five minutes and said. "That was Miss Helen Matthews, spelled with a double *t*. She made a reservation for ten days. Her father has stayed with us for years. She checked out yesterday, Sergeant."

Argen stared at him blankly for a moment. "Can you find out what time?"

"I looked at our copy of the receipt. She paid in cash. She checked out at nine o'clock yesterday evening. So I'm afraid we can't help you any further than that."

"Who brought her stuff down?"

Argen followed the man over to the bell captain's desk, heard him say, "Andy, would you know who went up to handle a checkout on twelve twenty-one at nine last night?"

The fat bell captain turned back the pages of a tattered notebook, ran his thumb down a column. "Simmins. He's on four to midnight."

The assistant manager looked inquiringly at Argen. "Thanks," Argen said. "I'll stop back."

When Argen got back to headquarters, Lieutenant Fowler wanted to see him. Fowler was a year from retirement and had the ponderous poise of a Southern senator. He said, "This Matthews has been pulling on all the strings he can reach. Seems he went to school with lots of big people. One stinking sergeant doesn't satisfy him. A squad of captains he wants. So now I am officially personally in charge of the case. To him it sounds better. You carry on like before. Only drop the other stuff and stick with this exclusive. You want a partner?"

"Not yet."

"How does it look?"

"Not as easy as it did. Before, like I told you. I figured she ate alone in one of those fancy little French places up in that neighborhood and it was a nice night so she felt like walking and she looked like money, and somebody wanted the money and hit too hard. But they hit way too hard, so hard it looks like on purpose. And now I find she checked out at nine from the hotel. It makes her awful damn busy to check out, find a place to put the luggage, and get fifteen blocks uptown in time to get hit on the head so the old guy can find her a little after ten. It smells a little different now."

"You handle it careful, Argen. This Matthews knows heavy people. They could fall on us."

"I better get a picture and start checking those restaurants."

"I think I'll give you a partner anyway. It'll look better. How about Shimler?"

"He gets in my way. Give me one of the kids. Brock, if he's loose."

Fowler had Brock pulled in off a juvenile knifing and detailed him to the Matthews case. Argen and Brock went down the street for coffee and Argen briefed him. Brock asked the right questions. He was a slight dark young man with an adenoidal look of abysmal stupidity. Argen knew he was one of the most promising young ones they had. He had cop sense. Argen had thought a lot about cop sense. He knew he had it, but he didn't know how to describe it. It was a sort of restless irritability when facts didn't fall into a predictable pattern. And an urge to nudge and nibble the facts until they fitted. Plus the knack of making intuitive guesses, wild leaps that had nothing at all to do with the facts.

"Maybe," Argen said, "this Simmins can tell us where she was going, especially if he put the stuff in a cab."

Before they went to the hotel Argen phoned the hospital and managed to get Matthews on the line. His daughter's condition was unchanged. He agreed to phone Boston and have his secretary take his daughter's picture, a recent one, from his desk and air mail it down, special delivery. Argen told him about the checkout. Matthews said that was damned nonsense. Argen said he had checked it and it was the truth.

The assistant manager let them talk to Simmins in an office in the credit department. Simmins was a balding young man with wise, sad eyes. He sat on the edge of the chair and meditatively cracked the knuckles of his oversized hands.

"I don't know," he said. "You say it was a woman?"

"A young one. Blonde. Room twelve twenty-one she was in. And it was nine o'clock. Come on, you ought to remember blondes."

"Just a minute. It's coming back. I went up and she was all set to go. She came down in the elevator with me. I waited and she paid and then she wanted a cab."

"Which entrance?"

"The main one. She give me a buck."

"Where did she tell the cab to go?"

"I didn't hear her say anything. I guess she told him after he got moving maybe."

"Simmins, this is important. She got herself hit on the head. Maybe she'll die from it. You got to remember more about her. How did she act?"

"I don't know. Maybe nervous like. You know, like catching a plane or something."

"How was she dressed?"

"She had something black on."

"Wasn't she wearing a gray suit?"

"No. I'm sure of that. It was black but I don't know if it was a suit or a dress or what. It was black."

"What was the luggage?"

"Two suitcases. Gray, I think, with a stripe. And some big packages like from stores, tied together. Packages the shape clothes come in."

Brock asked his first question. "Boy, she opened her purse to get that buck for you. Can you remember what color the bag was?"

"Black, too. With some shiny things on it. You know, round shiny things like scales, sort of."

"Sequins?"

"Yeah. That's what they call them."

Argen nodded approvingly at Brock. "Simmins, what would you say about this girl's looks? Was she class?"

"Class? No, I wouldn't figure that. She looked a little rough, you know what I mean."

"How old?"

"Thirty, maybe."

They let Simmins go back to work after telling him they might have to question him later. They told him that if he remembered anything more about the woman, he should get in touch at once.

Argen said to Brock, "Now we got a new kind of thing. The wrong clothes, the wrong purse, the wrong woman. Somebody checked her out. It's a big place. It wouldn't be hard to do. The thing is to get hold of the key. There wasn't any key in the Matthews girl's purse when I found it. Let's figure it this way, Willy. Say she got thumped on the head about eight-thirty or so. The guy finds a hotel key in the purse. He gets hold of his girl friend and has her check out of the hotel. I don't like it. You tell me why."

Brock scowled and tugged at his ear. "It doesn't fit good. How would they know there wasn't somebody else in the room? And with the key, why not just go through her stuff and take anything that was worth while? It sounds more like when she got hit, she got hit hard on account of whoever hit her knew she had to stay out a long time so the stuff could be gotten out of the room."

Argen nodded. "And one more thing. She'd been here three days. Those rooms go for fifteen a day. Paying forty-five in cash isn't in character with the guys who would slug her for the dough in her purse. This time of year it isn't dark until eight-fifteen or so. The timing had to be close. I don't like the direction this thing is moving. It begins to smell bigger. Know what I mean?"

Sergeant Argen phoned the hospital and found that Matthews had left for the hotel. The girl's condition was unchanged. They waited for Matthews and went up to his room with him.

Argen explained that they had found out that some other woman had checked Helen Matthews out of the hotel. He asked whether Helen had had any item of substantial value and size with her.

"I know that question sounds pretty funny, Mr. Matthews. But I got to account for all the luggage being taken."

Matthews seemed subdued by the long hours of waiting. He shook his head wearily. "She had nothing like that. I don't know what you're driving at. She has some valuable jewelry that belonged to her mother, but that's in the lock box. She didn't bring it down here. I want to know who did this terrible thing. Why isn't Lieutenant Fowler here working on this?"

"He's working on another angle, Mr. Matthews."

"You people just don't seem to be taking this seriously. She may . . . may not . . ."

Brock and Argen left the hotel. They stood near the main entrance, and Argen

looked thoughtfully at the constant stream of people coming and going.

"This is a big, busy place in a big, busy town, Willy. I think I'm getting a new idea. I can feel it turning over in my mind like a half-asleep dog. Let's get some coffee."

They got coffee at a counter and carried it to a back booth. Argen borrowed one of Brock's cigarettes. "Let's start some fresh thinking, Willy. I think we made this check-out gimmick too fast. If it was careful planning that means there was something big in it. If there was something big, we hit the back trail too easy. Now let's figure it another way. Let's say we can't make an identification on the girl. We got no way of knowing where she was staying. Sooner or later somebody checks on her and finds she checked out without leaving a forwarding address. It looks like she took off. It goes to missing persons. They make the morgue check. By then it's cold. It looks like we shouldn't have handled it so fast."

"Now I think I know where you're going. Somebody wanted her dead. But we got no good reason for anybody wanting the Matthews girl dead."

"And that assistant manager I talked to. He checked and came back and he said the name was Helen Matthews with a double *t*."

They finished the coffee and walked back to the hotel. The assistant manager he had talked to before was there. He was about to go off duty, and his annoyance was obvious.

"I don't see how the hotel is involved in this," he said.

"Some other woman checked out the Matthews girl, paid her bill and carted off her stuff and it happened after the girl was hit on the head. So stop acting like we come here to clean the drains. You go find out what other Matthews you've got in this place right now or had in the last few days. Female Matthews, friend."

The man skittered away. Argen winked at Brock. He was nervous about his guess and he hummed a monotone that he thought was a tune.

The assistant manager came back with a sheet of paper from a note pad. "There is a Mrs. George Mathewson from Duluth. She checked in the day before yesterday. And a Miss Ellen Mathews from Philadelphia. She has been here for more than a week."

"Bingo," said Argen. "Now get me your best house man."

The house man's name was Fuller. Argen had met him years before when he had worked at a different hotel. Though Fuller had been born and raised in the city, he looked as if he had just walked out of a Grange meeting. His red neck was crisscrossed with plowboy wrinkles and he wore steel-rimmed glasses.

Argen told him what he wanted and Fuller said it would take maybe twenty minutes. He was back in fifteen and the three of them sat in the small office.

"This is a blonde," he said. "A little one. Cute and hard as a stone. She's got a Miami tan that's fading on account of she hasn't been out of the room, near as I can tell, since she got here. The bellhops figure she's hiding from somebody or something. She's a gin drinker. She tips good. The hops say she isn't what you call overdressed when you go in there. She's got the TV, and she calls for a lot of service. Ice, food, bottles, magazines. No outgoing phone calls, and nobody can remember mailing anything for her. The hops like to get that number, that ten-o-nine. Every time, she opens the door with the chain still on, takes a look, then closes it and takes the chain off. It's an outside room, but she keeps the blinds nearly closed and the room lights on. What are you on her for?"

"We don't know yet," Argen said. "I figure the name is a phony. Now how about this. Suppose somebody calls the switchboard. Says have you got a Miss Ellen Mathews registered. What's the room number? You give that out?"

"Sure."

"Does the girl explain if she's got, say, an Ellen Mathews and a Helen Matthews registered?"

"Maybe, maybe not. If she's rushed, maybe she doesn't notice."

"Let's go look her over."

When the elevator stopped, the two men walked down to ten-o-nine, and knocked. She opened the door on the chain and looked out at them, frowning. She had hard blue eyes and a sulky mouth. She wore yellow pajamas, and she wasn't much over five feet tall. The television set was on behind her.

"You Ellen Mathews?" Argen said.

"What's it to you?"

"Police. Take the chain off. We're coming in."

Argen saw that she was a little high. Not drunk. Just high. "We get a warrant if you want it that way. But we come in sooner or later."

"So what's the charge?"

"Illegal possession of stolen property."

He saw the slight widening of her eyes and knew he had scored. "You're crazy as hell."

Argen turned to Brock. "Go fix up the warrant, Willy. Fuller, you get the nippers in case we have to cut that chain. I'll camp right here."

The mouth grew more sullen. "So all right. Big men, aren't you? A big deal." She slammed the door, and Argen heard the rattle of the chain. When she opened it again it opened wide. She turned her back on them and padded over and turned off the television set. Argen left the door open.

Brock found it in the closet, on the high shelf, a heavy brown suitcase. He brought it out and put it on the bed. The girl pointedly ignored them. It wasn't locked. It was half full of male clothing, and half full of money.

"You count it?" Argen asked.

"Eighty-six thousand." she said. "but I've been using some. Some small change." She turned, a fresh drink in her hand. Her face changed, grew flushed. She cursed with a range and fluency that Argen was forced to admire. The vituperation was directed at one Sammy Prine, and the general idea was that Sammy should be locked up forever, locked up until he rotted.

"So why should we lock up Sammy?" Argen said, grinning at her.

"How else could you know? He knew and I knew. That was all. Nobody else knew the name I was using here. He said stay until he showed. He said be careful. Stay in the room. Big deal. So you pick him up and he folds."

"Who was in it with him?"

"Didn't he tell you? Harry Brohman. The Tampa bank three weeks ago. If I told Sammy once I told him a hundred times this Brohman isn't the kind of guy you can cross and stay healthy. But don't worry, sugar, he says. Brohman is a punk, he says. We take it all. You take it with you. That's safer. We meet here. Then we go to Canada and he's got contacts and we go to Spain. Big deal. I shoulda took off with all of it, and believe me, I thought about it. But you can't hit me very hard. I didn't have a damn thing to do with the job. I wasn't along on it, even. I stayed in Miami and I can prove it. You can't make it heavy."

"I don't know about that," Argen said. "Get some clothes on. Willy, phone a car over here and we'll take her in. And while you're on the phone, tell them to give the dope on Brohman and Prine to the F.B.I. They'll want to put out a pickup, and they'll want this money."

The girl stared at him in consternation. "Don't you have Sammy?"

"I never even heard of him, honey."

"But how—"

"It's too long a story." He patted her shoulder paternally. "Now you trot in the bathroom and put some clothes on in there."

It was weeks before the loose ends were tied up, and the commendation placed in Argen's file. By then the Matthews girl was well enough to be taken back to Boston. Prine was found first—what was left of him—in a roadside swamp in South Carolina. He was identified by his prints. He had run from Brohman, but not fast enough. He had been tortured before being killed. Brohman was picked up as he came out of a movie house in Biloxi. Though armed, he was taken without a fuss. He was positively identified as one of the two men who had taken the Tampa bank. He refused to talk. Finally, however, he realized that he could not escape a life sentence as an habitual criminal. Then a promise that he would not be prosecuted for the murder of Prine convinced him he had nothing to gain by silence. And he was eager to get his New York contact in trouble. The man, a known criminal named Shalgren, had ruined the whole thing by picking the wrong girl. Brohman told how he had caught up with Prine, had extracted the information from him, had made telephone contact with Shalgren. Brohman hadn't wanted to risk entering New York, where he was wanted on a local charge.

He made a deal with Shalgren. Get the money and bring it to Biloxi for an even split after expenses.

Shalgren was picked up. It took two days to break him. He had followed the wrong girl. He thought she didn't seem the type, but she was young and blonde, and the unremarkable coincidence of two similar names in a huge hotel never occurred to him. He got hold of a woman who would do exactly as she was told. He staked her out close to the hotel. He got to her the second evening, taking money and room key. Shalgren's woman, for her hundred dollar fee, checked out the luggage and turned it over to Shalgren at Penn Station. When he checked it over, he saw something was wrong.

After it was all over, and Shalgren had been given a six-year sentence, Argen had coffee with Willy Brock. Argen complained about the cases he was being assigned to lately.

"You want another one like the Matthews deal?"

"Not right away, Willy. You know, I keep thinking how sweet that would have been if Shalgren had clubbed the right girl, and hit her just a little harder. Nobody reports her missing. The name is a fake. She'd already checked out of the hotel. A real clean operation, with no loose ends. It seems kind of too bad."

"Paul," Willy said. "sometimes I think you got a criminal mind."

Argen stared at him with exaggerated shock. "You just finding that out? That's why we're both good in this business."

"Me too?"

Argen got up heavily. "Sure. So far you're on the petty theft level, but with time and a little luck, maybe you'll work your way up."

"Maybe all the way to sergeant?"

"Even that."

After Argen had left, Brock realized that once again his nearly new pack of cigarettes had disappeared from the table top. THE END

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

JAMINI ROY, one of India's distinguished artists, at work in his West Bengal studio.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

We heaved the piano aboard and started rowing against the wind.

Hurricane Sara

What could be more precarious than a couple of Broadway songwriters communing with Mother Nature on a rocky isle off the New England Coast? If it weren't for an angel in blue jeans, they'd probably be there yet

BY OLIVER WYMAN ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

"It's an island," said Charlie, "surrounded by water. I've bought it so we can go down there and write the show."

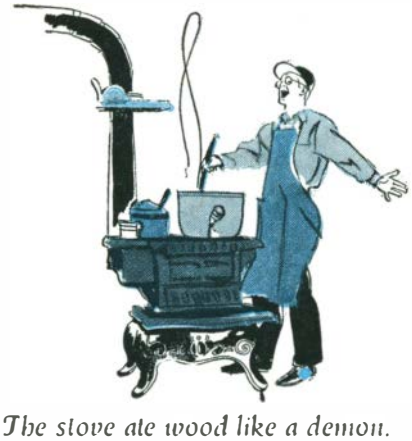
"No islands surrounded by water, Charlie," I said. "Absolutely no."

I was firm. The great outdoors gives me the creeps. Charlie writes the tunes for my immortal lyrics, tunes that people go out of the theatre humming and keep on humming for months, but he doesn't think very straight otherwise. Arch Lloyd, our producer, had just bellowed at us, "I want those new songs for 'Sweet Ginger' when we go into rehearsal next month—or else." And Charlie, who always gets panicked by a deadline, figured we needed an island for inspiration.

"Give it back to the sea gulls," I said.

All that sky around gives me a smothered feeling. I like a hotel room with lots of traffic noise outside. The roar gets the old brain into high gear, and the words begin to bubble up. Peace and quiet is for bird-watchers.

But being firm with Charlie is one thing, and saying No to Vivian is another. Vivian is even more inspiring than traffic noise. Inspiration with a capital *I* and curves, off stage as well as on. She can make any place look good just by pointing to it on a map. Charlie pulled out a map, and she pointed. Her shoulder brushed mine; then she gave me a long look and said her uncle had an inn across the bay and she'd come over in his sailboat to see how we were getting along. Suddenly the great outdoors looked kind of cozy. So I said, "Okay. Let's have a go at this island."



The stove ate wood like a demon.

Three days later, I was sitting in the middle of the great outdoors, on Charlie's piano. Charlie can't function without his music box. So we had brought it. Five hours earlier, we had heaved it over the rocks into a boat, rowed it across the bay against a high wind, dropped it on the shore and started shoving it up a beach. Halfway up, I gave out and sat down. I took a look around me. It was an island all right, a dollop of land covered with trees and draped with seaweed. Rock, sand, mud, one miserable little shack, and the whole thing surrounded by acres of water.

Charlie stood on a rock with a wild look in his eye, taking deep breaths and making like a Viking. Suddenly he pointed like a bird dog.

"Hey," he said, "somebody's got our boat."

I looked down to the spot where we'd left our boat. It was covered with water. A figure was climbing out of another boat onto the rocks, with a rope attached to our small white rowboat. It was a girl in a white shirt and dungarees. About five feet two inches of wonderful womanhood, with blue eyes that made the ocean in back of her seem faded. I slipped over the seaweed to get a closer look.

"Your boat was floating down the bay," she said. The audio part of this vision was strictly hi-fi. She stared at the piano.

"What are you doing with that?" she asked, pointing at it.

"We," I said, "are Hoby MacInnes and Charlie Finkelstein." These names, linked as they are with the glamorous world of musical comedy, usually have an immediate effect on the opposite sex. But not on this member of it. She remained calm.

"My name is Sara Simpson," she said. "I teach school in the winter and catch lobster and mackerel in the summer. Haven't you ever heard of me?"

This conversation seemed a little backwards. I was surprised that anyone so beautiful could be so ignorant.

"We write songs for musical comedies," I said. "We're down here to work."

"Work?" She lifted one delicately arched eyebrow. She handed me the rope to our boat. I had the feeling she was laughing at us, but her blue eyes were serious. I tied the rope to a piece of drift wood sticking up out of the rocks. She inspected the knot critically.

"That's not a clove hitch," she said.

"What's a clove hitch?"

Her eyebrow arched again, and she gave our boat a shove. The knot came untied, and the boat headed out to sea. I grabbed the rope, banging my new stop watch on the rocks, and tied another knot. I held the watch up to my ear.

"You won't need that down here," said Sara Simpson. "The tide and the weather are more important than watches. That's something city people never seem to learn." She paused and looked me up and down. "I don't know about you. You might and then again you might not."

"I'm not paying any attention to tide and weather," I said. "We're just going to settle down and work. We've got a deadline to meet. Ever hear of a deadline?"

"I've heard of them," said Sara, "but I don't believe in them."

She turned and started toward her boat.

"Of course, if you want to drop in once in a while to see how we're getting along," I said, "we'll make an exception."

"I don't," she said, pushing her boat out from shore and jumping in in one graceful movement. "I have work to do, too." She tipped her outboard into the water. "Put some logs under that piano and roll it. If you had waited, the tide would have done all that for you." She started her motor with an easy flourish. "If you need any help," she called, "fly a red flag." Then she gunned the motor and headed for the mainland.

"Huh," I muttered. "Fly a red flag! What does she think we are—a couple of Lost Boys in Never-never Land?"

I kicked a rock and walked back to find Charlie anxiously brushing the sand from the keys of his piano.

"Get some logs, Charlie," I said. "Don't you know how to move a piano?"

We found some driftwood, played musical chairs with it and coaxed the piano into the cabin.

"Now, Leif Ericson," I said, "Let's eat."

"Eat?" Charlie looked astonished and mumbled something about preserves. We looked around. There was one room, with a ladder leading up to a loft. A table, a couple of chairs and a couch showed that it had once been inhabited. The piano took up most of the rest of the room. There was a shelf of canned preserves all right. But most of it was cranberry jelly and pickles. Charlie spotted one can of beans. I grabbed it.

"Now the fire," I said.

We both looked at the stove in the corner.

"It's a wood stove," said Charlie admiringly. "One of those wonderful old-fashioned wood stoves."

I drew closer and inspected it.

"These wonderful old-fashioned wood stoves," I said, "require wood."

Charlie looked at me, and I looked at him. Then we both started to look for a wood pile. But there wasn't any wood pile. The wood was 100 per cent concentrated in the trees.

We found some axes and a tree that looked as if it would give up easily. It didn't. We chopped—surly, sullen, and silent. It was an awful lot of work for a can of beans. But we ate them—hot.

Next morning we limped around and found a small jar of instant coffee. After this lavish breakfast, we chopped more wood, climbed a hill to the pumphouse for water and lugged it back in gallon jugs. Then we rowed to the mainland, fortified by a spot of cranberry jelly.

It wasn't quite as windy out on the bay as on the day before, but it was raining, which more than made up for it. It was a cheering sight to see a yellow-slickered figure at the dock, doing something with the motor in her boat.

"You'd better go in the fish house and dry out," Sara Simpson said, as if she were talking to two of her pupils who had come to school without rubbers. "Didn't you even bring any oilskins?"

"Where is the nearest town?" I said grumpily, pulling my ripped cellophane raincoat around me.

"About fifteen miles west," she said. "You came through it. But perhaps you didn't see it. They have a general store."

"I hope you mean a food store," said Charlie.

Sara looked surprised.

"Have you run out of supplies already?" she said.

I gave Charlie a warning look.

Vivian was a shock. Away from neon lights she looked different.

Sara always caught us doing something humiliating . like laundry

"Oh, no." I said. "We just want to pick up some extras."

"Like pickles and cranberry jelly," said Charlie.

"Well," she said, "I was going to offer you something. But if that's all you need . . ." Her blue eyes were smiling. "I have to run along now. I have some traps to haul. 'Bye."

"We have some mouths to feed," I said to Charlie after she had disappeared. "Give me the car keys."

Charlie fished in his pockets, all of his pockets. He did not have the car keys.

"I remember now," he said. "They're on the piano."

"On the piano? You remember *now!*"

"Yes. On the piano, in the shack, on the island."

Two hours, a cup of coffee, a plate of pickles and an aspirin later, we were back at the dock.

Sara wasn't there. But as we clambered slowly up the bank, we saw a large crate perched on a rock. There was a note on top of it leaning against a jar of pickles and a jar of cranberry jelly. It said, "Just remembered the general store closes at noon. I don't think dieting agrees with you. So here's my day's catch." In the crate was a swarm of lively lobsters and some not so lively fish.

Charlie let out a whoop of joy.

"Charity," I said. "Reduced to charity, that's what we are. A couple of bums. I'm putting this right back in her boat."

"Oh, no, you're not," said Charlie, hanging on to it with both hands. I was too hungry to argue.

We rowed back to the island, cooked the lobsters by flashlight, ate them in the dark and fell asleep.

The next morning I announced to Charlie that it was all very well for Sara Simpson to save us from starvation but that I was going to prove to her that we were not a couple of jerks. We could take care of ourselves.

"We'll show her," I said, eating three fried cod.

But we didn't have a chance to show her anything that day. We rowed back to the mainland, found the general store and bought most of it. When we got back to the dock, I looked around for Sara while we loaded our loot into the boat. But she was nowhere to be seen. We returned to the island with a cargo that included kerosene, beer, ice and a side of beef. As soon as we got everything inside the shack, the two-day rain stopped.

The stove had eaten all the wood so we had to chop more. And what with bailing out the boat, trips to the pumphouse for water, and mending the stove pipe, and drying out the piano where the rain had leaked in on it, and chopping up the beef so we could get it into the icebox, and filling the kerosene lamps, and a little time out for cooking and eating, it was night and we were asleep.

That was the way it went all week. One day melted into another, and I think we lost a few days somewhere. I know there was quite a long stretch there when we set out to fix the leaky roof. We found some tar paper and nails and went to work. My watch got in the way of Charlie's hammer and stopped. But I know the roof business took two high tides and one low tide and by that time we were running more or less according to the sun and the moon anyway. So the watch didn't matter—just as Sara had told me it wouldn't.

It was Vivian who finally told us what day of the month it was. And that was quite a shock because it was later than we thought. It was kind of a shock to see Vivian, too, because she looked different away from the neon lights, like something out of the dim past. Her first words were: "I see you haven't shaved, but I love you both madly anyway. So—sing me your new songs. I'm dying to hear them."

"So am I." I said. "And I'll probably die before I do."

"We haven't any new songs," said Charlie.

"You haven't? Why, you've been here three whole weeks in this beautiful place, with nothing to do but create," she sighed. "Far away from the crass commercialism, the artificialties of a big metropolis. It just releases something in me. Don't you feel that way?"

Our minds were always a blank.

"It hasn't released anything in me yet," I said, "except a strange desire to keep alive. We are barely doing this from day to day."

Vivian pouted. I had never noticed that she pouted before. On an island, a pout is very noticeable.

"If you're telling the truth," she said, "Archie will be very annoyed. He expects you to deliver next week. I hope, for your sakes, that you've got some hit songs up your sleeves right now." She smiled her angelic smile, the one for the first five rows, and sauntered down the beach with the kind of walk that's wolf bait on stage but idiotic in ankle-deep sand.

"I'll be annoyed too," she tossed back coyly over her shoulder.

"You know it's a funny thing," I remarked to Charlie, after Vivian was out of earshot. "Three weeks ago that exit line would have unnerved me. Right now, I don't care whether she's annoyed or not."

"You've achieved perspective," said Charlie. "You've met another girl."

Vivian's visit bothered me. It had a kind of urgent note that was out of place down there.

But there was too much to do to worry about it. Sara came over every day or so to drop off some lobsters. She always seemed to come at a time when we were scrubbing laundry on a rock, bandaging up a blistered hand or doing dishes. Not the kind of work that impresses a girl.

I had a series of vivid dreams about Sara and the sea. It was a bad sign. Then, one day, after I had dreamed that I rescued a panic-stricken Sara Simpson from a huge man-eating lobster, she came across the bay in person with our rowboat in tow.

"I rescued your boat," she said, as she came ashore. "You'd better learn to tie a decent clove hitch right now."

"Any fool can tie a rope around a pole," I said. I took the rope from her and tied the boat up again, with a MacInnes sheepshank.

"When are you going to start working?" she said gently.

"Work?" I had been carrying a bunch of split logs down from the clearing. I pointed to them. "What do you think we've been doing—playing shuffleboard?"

"I mean the kind of work you came down here to do," she said, still patient and firm.

"For all you know," I said, "we have a stack of songs all written."

"Have you?"

"No."

"Do you have a radio?"

"No."

She shook her head.

"Frankly," she said, "I think you need somebody to take care of you."

"We," I said, "do not need anyone to take care of us. We are always in complete control of any situation. We will write the hit of the century within the next few days, without any help from anybody."

"Will you stop listening to the sound of your own voice for a minute and listen to *me?*" said Sara. "You—you conceited New Yorker!"

I stopped. There was a loud silence.

"There's a hurricane coming," said Sara, "a ninety-mile-an-hour full-blown hurricane. It's headed in this direction."

"So what?" I said. I was not going to get ruffled by a hurricane, at least not in front of Sara.

"So why don't you stop trying to be a Davy Crockett, get over to the mainland and find the nearest inn?"

"MacInnes and Finkelstein," I said, "do not retreat from danger and difficulty to the nearest inn."

I would have felt better if Sara's left eyebrow had not lifted the tiniest bit. I had learned at least one thing in this haven for seals. A lifted eyebrow from Sara was about the same thing as a small craft warning signal.

"Living on an island hasn't taught you a thing, has it?" she said.

"What's it supposed to teach me?"

"That you're a very small fish," she answered icily.

She turned and walked down the rocks, her back very straight. The down-Maine variety of anger is not flashy. No thunder or lightning, just a sudden cold front.

I went back into the cabin to find Charlie making onion soup and humming "Blow the Man Down."

"Hoby," he said, "for the first time in all these weeks, we can relax. We are all set. Plenty of supplies, plenty of wood, enough ice for the beer and enough beer for the ice. 'To me way-aye, blow the man do-own.'" he chanted happily.

"Charlie," I said, "I have some news for you. There's a hurricane coming."

Charlie stopped stirring the soup.

"Oh, no!" he said. "Just as we get everything nice and shipshape. How do you like that?"

I sat down and stretched out my legs.

"Don't sit down," he said. "Let's go. What are we waiting for?"

"We are not going anywhere," I said. "We are staying right here. I told Sara Simpson that MacInnes and Finkelstein are always in complete control of any situation. I said we do not retreat from danger and difficulty. And we're going to stay here and write the hit song of the century."

"You," said Charlie, "should have kept your big mouth shut. I knew that somewhere along the line, there'd be a dame."

"Don't call her a dame!"

How could only two guys use so much water?

"Now don't let this damned down-east schoolma'am get you, Hoby. That Maine accent you've picked up is going to sound awfully funny in New York—if we ever get back, that is."

"We'll get back," I said. "In the meantime, let's begin to think about 'Sweet Ginger.'"

We sat and we thought and we drank a quart of beer apiece and we jacked up the fire and we thought some more. I inspected the latch on the front door and decided to fix it. Charlie went out to the shed and brought in some more wood.

"Breeze blowing up a bit," he announced.

"Eyah," I said.

"Got any ideas?"

"Sara Simpson is a very unusual girl," I said.

"That wasn't the kind of idea I meant."

"It's too quiet," I said. "I can't think. Just listen to it."

So we sat there listening to the quiet and not thinking.

"Give me a line," said Charlie finally.

"They're tangled up in the shed," I answered.

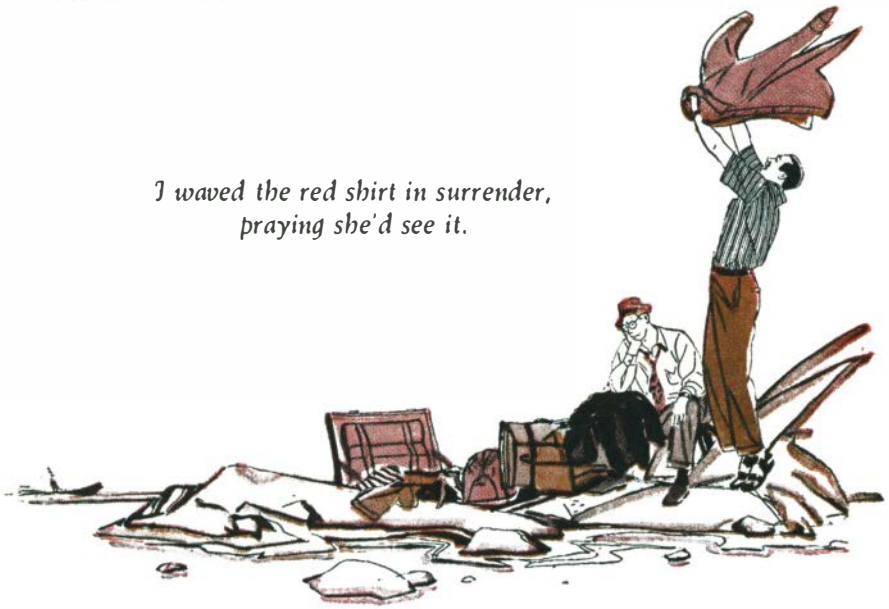
Charlie groaned. "Hoby—I mean a line of a song."

Things were coming to a pretty pass when I didn't even talk my own language any more.

Charlie jumped up. "Let me try something," he said.

He sat at the piano. Sometimes we

The seagulls laughed at our ridiculous efforts to keep alive.



I waved the red shirt in surrender, praying she'd see it.

start with the music and sometimes we start with the words. Charlie twiddled his fingers over the keyboard but nothing much came out. He tried again and then dropped his hands to his sides.

"My God!" he cried, "I've dried up! And I'm only thirty-two!" He clutched his head and leaned his elbows on the keyboard. "I'm dead!"

He always says this at least once during a song session. But this time I could see he was in a real panic.

"My muscles ache. My fingers won't move. My mind's a blank."

"You haven't dried up, Charlie," I said. "You've just been swallowed up by the great outdoors."

"Then get me out of here!" Charlie wailed.

"It's too late. We have taken a stand. We must go through with it."

"You mean *you* have taken a stand," said Charlie. "Just because a doll with a pair of big blue eyes looked at you, you have to become a hero and wreck everything."

"Don't call her a doll!"

Charlie groaned. "Oh, boy. Have you got it bad."

There was a swoosh of wind outside.

We listened. Even a little wind in a place like that sounds impressive. I began to feel better. In a few moments, I even began to feel keyed up, the way I do before a show—excited, with prickles that travel up and down the back of the neck.

That hurricane was in a real hurry. The shutters began pounding. The waves crashed and the wind whistled and screamed and tried to pull the roof off. The sound effects were whipping up into a combination of the Sixth Avenue subway, the traffic on Forty-Second Street, and Penn Station. It was heady stuff, and it began to work on us.

All of a sudden I got struck above the ears with a couple of terrific lines which I threw to Charlie. Charlie picked them up and grabbed the piano. He caught the rhythm, he caught the feel and the music began to tumble out.

We got up there on Cloud Seven and poured it out, trying it this way and that until it began to shape up into a singable, danceable, hummable, happy old song, a sockeroo song, a MacInnes and Finkelsein song that was heading for the Hit Parade already.

We worked all night long to the brass and the drums and the violins of the hurricane. We were in the groove, on the beat, sailing with the wind—at last.

By morning we knew that we had, not only one hit song, but three top-notchers and a couple of extras. We knew in our bones that these were the best songs we had ever written. And we still had twenty-four hours to get them to New York and into Arch's hands. The hurricane had stopped piling the trees up outside and decided to go find another playground, leaving a few minor breezes to finish the job.

We packed, humming one of the songs that we had decided to call "Hurricane Hop," a catchy thing that we could already hear coming out of juke boxes all over the country.

Charlie wrapped his piano up in a blanket and kissed it a fond good-bye. We made our way down the rocks, taking care that the bulging briefcase full of our songs for "Sweet Ginger" did not get wet.

But, on an island, you don't leave just any old time you want to. At least, you don't without a boat.

I looked at the immense amount of water between us and the mainland, still churning and frothing. But there was no sign of a little white rowboat.

"You should've learned to tie a clove hitch," said Charlie.

"Oh, shut up!" I said. "You know what this means, don't you?"

"Sure, I know what it means. MacInnes and Finkelstein are always in complete control of any situation," intoned Charlie. "There's nothing to get excited about. We're marooned, that's all. Arch writes us off, tears up the contract, hires someone else and conducts a short memorial service for two songwriters who will never be heard from again. We can hold out for twenty-four hours, maybe, without beer, cigarettes or coffee. After that, bleached bones on the beach. We're done for, Hoby. This stinking island has been the death of us—and the death of a beautiful show!" Charlie was giving it every ounce of ham he had left.

"No," I said, "it's worse than that." I opened my suitcase and fumbled around inside it.

"It means," I said, "that Hoby MacInnes is going to raise the red flag."

I waved my red sport shirt in front of him.

"There is only one person who can help us," I said. "So a conceited New Yorker is going to surrender to a smart little down-east schoolma'am. We're going to yell for help. I just hope that she'll figure that it's worth her while to come and rescue a couple of small fish like us."

I looked around for a tree to climb. But as I started toward a tall pine, red sport shirt in hand, I heard a faint put-put in the distance. The lines of a familiar boat came into sight, heading straight toward us.

"That girl must have x-ray eyes," said Charlie, as we made out the figure of Sara Simpson in the stern. She landed near us and jumped out, graceful, efficient, lovely.

She looked at the suitcases, at the shirt in my hand, at me.

Even lobsters were not as dumb as I had thought.

"Want a lift?" she said. "Let me help you finish packing." She took the shirt from my hand, folded it carefully and tucked it into the suitcase. Charlie picked up the bags and clambered down to the boat.

"We can make the afternoon plane," he shouted happily. "We'll get the songs into Arch's hands by eight o'clock tonight. Come on, Hoby. Let's get the show on the road." He disappeared behind the rocks.

But I was in no hurry. I was looking into Sara's blue eyes which were not smiling. This slowed me down considerably.

"I couldn't sleep all night," she said. "I was so worried about you. I came right over."

"You were?" I said. "We were all right. We wrote some songs. I'd like to sing them to you."

"I'd like to hear them," she said. "Some other time."

"I started to fly a red flag, just as you said. Yeah—Hoby MacInnes finally decided the ocean was too big for him."

"Didn't you know that I would come anyway?"

"No," I said. "But then I guess I'm a dumb sort of character."

Suddenly a stunning lyric full of beauty and meaning came welling up from somewhere. "I love you," it went. Not very original. But good.

"Sara," I said, "I have a wonderful idea. You see, there's this island."

"An island?"

"Yes. An island surrounded by water. I'm going to need you there, Sara—even more than I need you here."

"But Hoby—you're not an islander."

"Oh, yes I am. I just like them bigger and more populated. There's only one drawback. You can't see the ocean from Forty-second Street so you begin to get peculiar notions about being a Big Shot. If 'Sweet Ginger' is a hit—which it will be—I'll need you there to remind me that Hoby MacInnes is a pretty small fish."

"I think Hoby MacInnes is a wonderful guy," she said. "I love his songs—and I don't think I'll have to remind him about anything—except to kiss me."

So, naturally, I did. Very naturally. There's more than one way to get close to nature. But Sara pulled me down from Cloud Seven and looked at her watch.

"There's lots of time." I said, not at all anxious to break this up. "That's something I discovered down here—among other things. And what are *you* doing with a watch?"

Sara's blue eyes were smiling again, and her left eyebrow lifted the tiniest bit.

"I'm a New Yorker now," she said. "Come on. We've got a deadline to meet."

THE END

Harper's Holiday

All of a sudden his roots had been torn out and he felt old. How could he pretend to be alert and aggressive? What would become of him and his family now that a man named Schreiber was sitting at his desk, doing his job?

BY WILLIAM IVERSEN ILLUSTRATED BY ALEX ROSS

It was shortly after 6 P.M., at the end of a warm spring day, and the westering sun poured in through the three small panes in the Harpers' front door. The halo of highlights it produced around Paula Harper's short auburn hair was both unintentional and glorious. With the phone receiver in one hand, an upraised fork in the other, and a plastic apron around her low-calorie waist, Paula looked like some aspiring young actress called in at the last minute to play Harry Harper's suburban wife—a character part involving supermarkets, petunia culture, stunt driving on icy roads, and a lieutenant's commission in the local March of Dimes.

"No, Mother, I don't have a cold," she insisted into the phone.

"Then why are you sniffling?"

"I wasn't sniffling, Mother. I thought I smelled the chops burning."

"You weren't crying, were you, dear?"

"Crying? Why should I be crying?" Paula asked distractedly. She was sure she could smell chops burning.

"I thought perhaps you were upset because of Harry's being out of work," Mrs. Burnside explained. "I thought maybe you were worried about his being unemployed."

"Unemployed?" Paula echoed, glancing at her watch. "Good heavens, he's only been off the payroll for an *hour!*"

The front door opened, and ten-year-old daughter Caroline entered, carrying a large paper bag. Paula nodded sideways toward the kitchen.

"The chops," she whispered. "Go see about the chops."

Caroline peered at her mother through pink horn-rims. "I can't," she said. "I have to take this upstairs."

"What is it?"

Caroline shifted the heavy bag in her arms. "Soap."

"But we have plenty of soap. What did you buy more soap for?"

"I need it to take to camp with me."

"Please, go see about the chops!" Paula implored, and Caroline marched back to the kitchen like a tiny social worker off to investigate a slum.

"Yes, Mother, I'm listening." Paula said into the phone. "But it isn't as if Harry had been fired. He simply resigned because he can't see giving up everything to move south, just because the company happens to be moving south."

Caroline breezed by.

"How are the chops?" Paula asked.

"They're burning."

"Yes, I know, Mother." Paula replied into the phone. "The South may have been perfectly beautiful when you drove through with Gladys Hunneker, but . . ."

"And the wisteria, and the lovely old homes," Mrs. Burnside rambled on. "I adore the South. It's something to see, let me tell you."

"I'm sure it is, dear. But Harry doesn't

care about wisteria and old homes," Paula protested. "He'll get something else in New York, so don't you worry about it."

Mrs. Burnside said she wasn't worried, but if somebody offered her a chance to go live in the South, she'd jump at it. She was fed up with these cold winters, and besides it was so educational. They could have stopped off at Mount Vernon and seen George Washington's old things. They even had his false teeth.

"Yes, I know," Paula said hurriedly, as she heard Harry's key champing in the open doorlock. "Harry's home, Mother, and I have to see about dinner. Call you later, 'bye!"

She hung up the phone, pulled open the front door, and dashed off to the kitchen. "Hello-darling-chops-are-burning-be-right-back!" she explained, tweeting a kiss over her shoulder.

Harry hung up his hat and smiled a mellow smile at his own mellow image in the hall mirror. The broiler banged open, and he leaned an ear against the long pause that emanated from the kitchen. "Ooooh, dear!" Paula moaned, and he carried his package and candy box into the living room.

Returning from the kitchen to escape the smoke, she heard him whistling "When the Swallows Come Back to Capistrano." It was his "happy" song—the one he insisted on singing every New Year's Eve at the club, just before taking over the trapdrums in the band. It was off season for the swallows, she reflected, but perhaps he wouldn't notice about the chops.

"Ah, there you are!" she said gaily, entering the room. "How does it feel to be a free man?"

"Wonderful," Harry murmured blissfully. "Just wonderful."

She leaned over the back of his chair and slipped her arms around his neck. "And how was the party?"

He blinked up at her. "How did you know there was a party?"

"I'm psychic," she said, pecking his cheek.

"Well, it wasn't exactly a *party*," he explained. "Eddie and Ralph insisted on giving me a private send-off, so we knocked off at four-thirty and adjourned to the Mermaid Grill."

"Never would have guessed," she said, spying the box on the table. "What's that, candy?"

"No, just some things I had in my desk. I didn't have anything to put them in, so Miss Harris gave me the box she used to keep her sewing things in." He looked at it as if it were the only present he had ever received in his life. "Everybody was so darned nice!" he murmured. "Going around saying goodbye, I began to wonder if I'd done the right thing in resigning, after all."

"Of course you did," she assured him. "Heavens, we talked it over a thousand times, and you know it's for the best."

"Maybe so, but it wasn't easy. Some of the girls in my department actually broke down and cried."

"That's just because you're so fatally attractive to women."

"No, nothing like that. It's just that I tried to treat them as if I were a . . . a *friend*, instead of a boss. It's hard to put your finger on it, Paula, but I can see now that we had a very friendly department."

"High time you quit," she said, patting his head. "What's in the long package, croquet mallets?"

"Gosh, I almost forgot. That's for you."

"For *me?*" she squeaked, tearing off the green wrapping. "What is it, whatisit, what*is*it?" She lifted the lid, swished aside the tissue, and her eyes widened. "Roses!" she breathed. "American Beauties!"

She plopped down in his lap with a dazed smile, and he let out a low grunt. "What's the matter?" she asked in surprise.

"My keys!" he groaned. "You're sitting on my . . . keys!"

"Oops, sorry!"

She jumped up, and he shifted the keys in his side pocket. "There, now," he said. "All clear for action."

"I'd better put these in a vase," she said, burying her nose in the box and inhaling the scent. "Mmm, heavenly! You shouldn't have, Harry. Mmm, but I'm awfully glad you did."

"I guess it's a pretty corny present," he mumbled, surprised to discover that she was no more immune to sentiment than a dewy-eyed teen-ager. "Roses are so obvious, but I didn't know what else to get."

"There isn't anything else," the girl in her murmured. Then the wife and mother jumped back into her eyes with a sudden thought. "What did George think, seeing you come home with flowers and a candy box?"

Harry smiled at the memory of the bulldozer subtlety of George Babcock's questioning on the train. "He wanted to know if it was our wedding anniversary, and when I told him no, he invited us next-door for a drink, so we could all toast the birthday girl."

"But he *knows* my birthday is in January."

"Sure, he was just fishing. He's dying to bend my ear some more, anyway."

"What about?"

Harry shrugged. "Oh, business. He's not happy with his assistant, and he's shopping around for a new boy. Never comes out and says so, exactly, but that's it."

Paula smiled. "Could be an opportunity for you, Harry."

He looked at her, aghast. "Working for *George?* That would be the day—why, he'd own me!"

"Don't get upset. I was only joking."

"Some joke," Harry said, pulling himself out of the chair. "Listen, don't let him or Eve know I've resigned, or he'll be right on my neck!"

"I won't say a word," Paula promised.

"I've got him just where I want him, right now. When he saw the new dispatch case tonight, he was sure I'd just been promoted to vice-president."

"New dispatch case?"

He nodded. "The one the company gave me as a going-away gift—it's out in the hall. I thought they might have stuffed it with money, but they didn't. It's all genuine cowhide."

"Oh, how snazzy!" Paula exclaimed from the hall. "Let me see how you look."

She handed him the case and his hat.

"What's the hat for?"

"So I can get the full effect. Go ahead, put it on."

"How's this?" he asked, striking a store-window pose.

"Distinguished!" she said, checking both profiles. "Just like Anthony Eden!"

He set down the dispatch case and adjusted his hat. "All right, call Caroline," he said. "I'm all ready to go."

"Go where?"

"Out to dinner, of course."

"Tonight?"

"Why, yes, we don't want burnt lamb chops, do we? This is a celebration."

She looked at him, wordless with emotion. The roses plus so much understanding were almost more than she could bear.

"All right," she said. "I'll get dressed, but how did you know it was lamb chops?"

"I'm psychic too," he said, grinning. "After twelve years of marriage, I can smell smoke and tell exactly what's burning."

The clock said quarter to nine the next morning when Paula came down to the kitchen and found Caroline dressed in her Scout uniform, making sandwiches.

"Hi," Caroline said, pulling the skin off a piece of bologna with her teeth.

"Hi," her mother mumbled sleepily. "Had breakfast?"

Caroline nodded, and Paula set about preparing the percolator, sipping occasionally from a glass of juice. The butter-knife clattered on the porcelain table top, and Paula's hand jumped, sprinkling the stove with all-method grind.

"Easy on the noise," she whispered. "Your father's trying to sleep."

"Sorry," Caroline said with a sigh. "I'm almost finished." She had three bolognas and two liverwursts.

Paula touched a match to the gas, and the flame plopped into a blue circle. So

far, so good. Now, if Harry would only stay in bed until the coffee had perked black and strong, all would be well. Dull-witted as she was, she could never match Harry's early-morning blankness, she reflected. Awakening without consciousness of name, address, or previous history, Harry's brain, it seemed, had to progress through all the stages of evolution. Putting on his slippers and struggling into his robe, he was positively Neolithic. A glass of juice brought him into the Bronze Age, and it wasn't until his second cup of coffee that the modern era began to dawn with social grunts and glimmers. If only he . . .

"Moms, are we rich?" Caroline asked.

The question caught Paula in the midst of plugging in the pop-up toaster. She stood thinking a moment, balancing a vague lump of assets against a shadowy pile of obligations. "No," she decided, "we're just happy."

"Well, then." Caroline said, "How come Popso has retired?"

"Popso hasn't retired, dear—he only resigned from his job."

"Does that mean he'll be home every day now?"

Paula yawned. "No, just now and then, until he gets located."

Caroline began to wrap the sandwiches in wax paper. "Sheila Wyler's father stays home every day," she said. "He works nights. He's a radio announcer."

"That's nice," Paula said, pushing two slices of enriched white into the toaster.

"It's not so nice," Caroline replied. "Poor Sheila can't even breathe at home, because her father's always sleeping."

"Don't worry, you'll always be able to breathe here," Paula assured her. "Just don't go around dropping . . ."

A sudden roar shattered the morning quiet, and she lunged to the back door, expecting to find that a covey of jets had made a touchdown in the flower bed. But it wasn't jets. It was Harvey Keech's power mower starting up in the Babcock's back yard. Past the shrubbery and over the white picket fence, she could see George Babcock shouting instructions to old Harvey, who walked back and forth behind his machine, smiling and nodding in the privacy of the noise.

"Oh, wouldn't you know!" she exclaimed. Turning the flame up under the percolator, she tried to will it into a quick boil. "Perk," she muttered, "perk-perk-perk!"

The window over the sink slammed shut, and she turned and saw Harry staring out the back door. His jaw hung open, and his hair looked like a field of trampled wheat—a primitive tree-dweller, suddenly dumped into a world of power-driven lawn trimmers.

"Whassamatter?" he mumbled, fixing her with his naked eyeballs. "Whassgoin' on?"

"It's Harvey Keech—he's cutting the Babcocks' grass."

"Nine o'clock Saturday morning. Whassamatter that fathead? People wanna sleep Saturday morning."

"I know," she said, guiding him to his chair. "But don't blame Harvey. It's undoubtedly George's idea."

"Simon Legree!" he mumbled. "Can't waita start beating the slaves. Nine o'clock in the morning!"

"Have your juice," Paula coaxed soothingly. "Have your nice, fresh juice."

He gulped in small, obedient gulps, as Caroline packed the sandwiches into her knapsack, slung the canteen over her shoulder, and hooked the axe on her belt.

"Well, I'm off!" she said, tugging the shoulder straps up with her thumbs. "Goodbye everybody!"

Paula kissed her and held the door for her. "Goodbye, dear," she said. "Be careful."

"I will." Caroline called. "Goodbye."

Toast popped from the toaster, the coffee perked in light-brown spurts. Harry stared at the door. "Do you suppose we'll ever see her again?" he wondered aloud.

"Don't worry, she's only going down to the church grounds," Paula assured him.

He blinked. "With an axe? She's not my kind of Presbyterian!"

"It's an all-day jamboree. The Brownies are having their fly-up."

"They certainly are," he groaned. "Where's the coffee?"

"Coming. It's on the fire."

"Never mind cooking it," he pleaded. "Just let me chew on a few black beans!"

Paula set out the cups and brought the milk in from the back porch. "Oh, darn," she muttered. "I meant to leave a note for the milkman to stop delivery."

"What for?"

"Well, delivery costs extra, and I thought it wouldn't hurt to cut a few corners, now that you're out of a job."

"Out of a job?" he mumbled. "What a miserable way of putting it!"

"Well, unemployed, then," she said. "Same thing."

He nodded morosely. "Sure, same thing with a box of apples."

"Oh, you know what I mean."

"I sure do," he said, huddling into his robe. "Little Harry Harper in his threadbare coat and ill-fitting cap, trying to support his tiny brood in a shack down by the railroad tracks." He held out a trembling hand. "Help me, somebody. Help poor little Harry Harper!"

Paula felt a twinge as she watched him. He was too good at it. "Please," she said. "Please, don't act like that, Harry."

"All right, but that's the way you make me feel, when you talk about pinching corners and cutting pennies."

She poured the coffee and sat down opposite him. "I'm sorry," she said. "I just thought I'd try to save a little here and there, so you wouldn't worry."

"What's there to worry about?" he asked, between swigs of coffee. "We have our savings. Besides, I don't expect to be out that long. I'll probably be back on the treadmill by Wednesday."

"That's just it," Paula agreed. "You get so little time off. I thought it might be fun if you took a little holiday before you started looking."

Harry smiled, despite the fact that he hadn't finished his first cup of coffee. "I won't have to do much looking," he said confidently. "It's more a case of deciding where I want to work."

"All the more reason why it wouldn't hurt to relax for a while."

"Relax?" he said. "Listen, I'm happy just to be out of the old rut. You don't know how wonderful it feels to be making a fresh start."

He combed his hair back with his fingers and drained off his coffee. Sitting there, munching his toast, he looked ten years younger, Paula thought.

"I can't wait to get going," he said eagerly. "I've got so many old friends and acquaintances to look up—people I haven't seen in years, like Fred Thompson at International Corrugated, Norm Berwell, and old man Haggedorn."

"Who's old man Haggedorn?" she asked, refilling his cup.

"He's the one who sat next to me at that luncheon, right after the war. Fine old gent, wanted me to be sure to get in touch with him if I ever considered changing jobs."

He sat dreaming off into space, his eyes bright with the possibilities. "You know, I feel hungry for the first morning in years," he decided. "How about some bacon and eggs?"

On Monday, Harry caught his usual train to the city, and after a leisurely second breakfast in the station coffee shop, started making phone calls. The first two were both surprising and disappointing. Norm Berwell had been transferred to the West Coast, and old man Haggedorn had been dead three years. It was with a considerably let-down feeling that Harry dialed Fred Thompson.

"Why, Harry Harper, you old *so*-and-so!" Fred boomed heartily. "Where have you been, boy?"

Harry moved the receiver away from his ear, and after the usual exchange concerning health and families, asked if he might see Fred at his office.

"Any old time," Fred assured him. "Got a few appointments, but I can always scratch one off the pad for you,

Harry, any time. How about elevenish?"

"Fine," Harry agreed.

"If you're free for lunch, we might tie on the feedbag together," Fred suggested, and Harry hung up feeling that the ball had already started to roll. Having once earned Fred's undying gratitude by co-making a loan for him, back in the old days when Fred's credit rating wasn't very good, Harry hoped that his old friend wouldn't do anything foolish, like firing somebody to make a place for him at International Corrugated. But he needn't have worried—as top man in the public relations department, Fred knew just how to handle such cases.

"So how are things going?" Fred Thompson asked, swinging his long legs up on the quarter-acre of mahogany that served as his desk—a big, rangy man with unruly hair, relaxed haberdashery, and an easy-going grin. "Still at the same old place?"

"No," Harry said, settling back in the deep leather armchair. "I finally took the bit in my teeth and resigned."

"Oh?" Fred said, raising his eyebrows in surprise. "Got something better, huh?"

"Not yet," Harry confessed. "I only started looking today."

Fred's easy-going smile lost a half-inch of its easy-going breadth. "Just up and quit, huh? Nothing definite in mind?"

The question left Harry with an odd feeling of personal shortcoming. "Nothing definite," he murmured apologetically. "But I have a few ideas."

Fred clasped his hands behind his head and squinted thoughtfully at the ceiling, leaving Harry to listen to the muted pecking of a typewriter beyond the heavy mahogany door. When he had just about decided that Fred had dropped off to sleep, the long legs slid off the desk, and Fred swung around to face him with all the sincerity of his two blue eyes.

"I sure wish you had gotten in touch with me two weeks ago," he said. "We had a terrific opening for a guy like you. But now it's filled, and I'm darned if I can think of another thing."

"Well," Harry began, "you shouldn't feel . . ."

"The devil I shouldn't!" Fred said, almost pugnaciously. "Listen, fella, we can use men like you, believe me we can!" He tousled his easy-going hair as though he were roughing up a friendly St. Bernard. "Tell you what you do," he said, lowering his voice confidentially. "Drop me a resumé in the mail, see . . . and I'll take it up with the chief. Can't promise anything, you understand, but I'll sure go to bat for you."

"I know you will, Fred," Harry murmured appreciatively.

"Golly, it's been great to see you, fella," Fred said, rising. He held out his big, friendly hand, and Harry got up to shake it, surprised that Fred had apparently forgotten their lunch date.

"Take care of yourself, now," Fred said, in parting. "And don't forget to drop me a resumé—in the mail."

In a matter of minutes, Harry found himself in the downstairs lobby, trying to figure out what had happened. He had been given the brush, he decided.

"Well, how did it go?" Paula asked, that evening.

"Go? Oh, fine," Harry said absently. "Just great."

"Did you get to see everyone?"

"Hmm? Oh, yes. Yes, I did," he mumbled, sinking into the motherly lap of his easy chair. "Saw Fred Thompson this morning, had a nice chat with him . . . yes, indeed."

"And the others?"

Harry crossed his legs and pensively studied his dusty shoe tip. "Well. Norm Berwell has been transferred to San Francisco, and old man Haggedorn has passed away."

"Oh, that's too bad," Paula murmured. "Whom else did you see?"

"No one else. I made a few appointments for later in the week, and kind of wandered around looking in store windows. Anything you want to know the price of, just ask me—movie cameras, floor sanders, rubber girdles."

"Poor dear," she said, smiling. "Why didn't you come home?"

"And have George Babcock wonder why I wasn't on the evening train?" he said grimly. "I couldn't afford to take a chance like that!"

"No, I suppose not," she admitted, trying to think of something that would cheer him up. "What say we go to a movie tonight? They have two marvelous pictures at the drive-in."

"A movie?" he asked incredulously. "You're looking at a man who has just come from three hours in a newsreel theatre. My head feels like an eye bank for ailing owls. Besides, I've got to type up some resumés to send around to employment agencies."

"Employment agencies? But I thought you knew so many people."

"I do, but I've come to think that I might be far better off getting something on my own. It might cost a few dollars, but it saves all the wear and tear of having to go around for years looking grateful."

"Well, perhaps you're right," Paula agreed. "But don't get too comfortable in that chair—dinner's ready."

The next morning Harry rushed to catch the 8:04, when he might just as easily have taken the 10:22 or the 11:57. He sat beside George Babcock.

"Gosh, what a beautiful day!" George growled, glancing ruefully out the train window at the sunny landscape. "I'd sure like to be stepping up to the first tee right now."

"So would I," Harry said wistfully. His regret was made all the more real by the knowledge that he could have been stepping up to the first tee.

"Play about twenty-seven holes," George growled, polishing his glasses till they shone as brightly as his gray-fringed dome. "Knock off for lunch about noon, and spend the rest of the day watching ice cubes melt in a tall glass. That's the way to live!"

Having offered his blueprint for Utopia and checked to see if Harry agreed, George then flipped his paper open to the financial section. He'd get to the headlines later, pointing out that all the world's ills stemmed from bad management. Bad management in government, bad management in sports, bad management in management. By the time he arrived in the city, he would be itching to get to the office, where he could see to it personally that things were managed right.

Harry opened his paper to its full width, stealing surreptitious peeks at the want ads. In his dispatch case were two magazines, a paperback novel, and the resumé he had typed the night before.

By the end of the week, he seriously considered taking a couple of sandwiches and an orange. Save lunch money. Things were tight all over. Everybody was "vacation-minded." Everybody was expecting "big changes in the fall." Everybody was going to let him know, "as soon as the picture jelled." He could depend on it, they said, and he called Paula every other hour to see if there were any messages.

The following Tuesday she announced, "A telegram!"

"Who from?" he asked, pulling the phone-booth door shut.

"I don't know," she replied. "It's addressed to you."

"Read it," he told her. "What does it say?"

The receiver clunked on the entrance-hall table, and he sat listening to the silence while she evidently went to the store, had her hair done, took a nap, and rearranged the attic.

"Well," she said finally, "it's from your old company. It seems that three or four important files have been mislaid in the moving, and they ask if you will please do your best to recall the contents and summarize them at your earliest convenience."

It took two whole evenings to get his recollections in order, and another night to type them, but when the news of his old firm's relocation was mentioned on

the business page the next day, Harry considered the time well spent.

"What's this?" George Babcock asked, coming out from behind his paper as though someone had been playing Halloween pranks. "It says here that Howell and Beatty have moved to Georgia!"

"Why, yes," Harry said, trying to sound as if it were common knowledge.

"Well, then, what are *you* doing in New York?"

"Oh . . . I stayed behind."

"Are you still working for them?"

"I've certainly been working for them this week," Harry was able to say truthfully. "I was up until one o'clock this morning, typing reports."

"I see," George growled. "The way the paper has it, you'd think the whole outfit moved down there."

He scowled at the offending column of print, reread it, and shook his head in despair—bad newspaper management.

About the middle of the third week something happened to Harry. He came out of a downtown cafeteria one afternoon, and stood on a street corner trying to figure out how to kill the hour and a half he had to wait before his next appointment. He could go down to the Battery, he thought, or he could sit in Trinity Church; but no matter where he went, three o'clock was a long way off. The ninety minutes loomed like an eternity, and he suddenly felt that he couldn't do any more waiting that day.

He had been pounding all over town for more than two weeks, trying to appear alert, forward-looking and aggressive—all the things the ads said he should be. But now he found that he couldn't pretend any more. He wasn't alert and aggressive and forward-looking. He was tired, worried, and morosely nostalgic—homesick almost—for his old job and his old desk. It seemed impossible that Howell and Beatty had cleared out of the Endicott Building, impossible that his desk could be all the way down in Georgia, and that a man named Schreiber could be sitting in his chair, doing his job. But it was true. His roots had been torn out of the city, and for all the years he had worked there, he felt himself to be a stranger. Standing on the corner, he was jostled and muttered at. The city had its work to do, and he was in the way. Enough is enough, he decided, and took the subway uptown to catch a train for home.

The house was empty when he got there. Paula was out, and Caroline was still at school. He called to break his three-o'clock appointment, and went into the den, where he sat leafing through his address book. The more he thought about it, the more unlikely it seemed that any job could come from any of them. Being interviewed by a personnel director was like trying to convince the head of a large and wealthy family that you were his long-lost son. The man might smile and nod and be polite, but he knew better; he was never taken in. And, all the while, the bills kept coming. They had to eat, use the telephone, pay insurance, and keep gas in the car. . . .

He heard the front door open and shut, and Paula's footsteps. "Harry," she called, "Where are you?"

She had seen his hat hanging in the hall. "In here," he answered. "In the den!"

"You're home!" she said, beaming as she heaped her packages on the desk. "What happened?"

"Nothing," he told her. "I just felt a little tired and beat."

He reached up to meet her kiss. "I shouldn't wonder," she said. "You can't expect to run around seeing people every day, without feeling it. You should try to take it easy for a while."

"Maybe so," he said, nodding. "Maybe so."

She tore open one of the packages, and held up a pair of new shorts. "Cute, huh?" she asked, smiling.

He measured the snug fit with his eye, imagining a rear view as she bent over the perennial border, trucks slowing down as they passed the house. "Kind of small for you, aren't they?" he asked.

"They aren't for me!" she said, laughing. "For Caroline. To take away to camp!"

She crunched the paper into a ball and tossed it into the wastebasket. He reached over and pulled out the string. "That's another thing," he said aloud to himself.

"What's another thing?"

"About camp. I don't see how we can afford to send her. We'd just better forget about it this year."

"Forget about it?" she asked incredulously. "But that's impossible. We've already paid for July!"

He picked at the knotted string, watching her feet on the hooked rug. They looked annoyed, exasperated.

"I know," he mumbled, "but we could probably get a refund."

"A refund?" she echoed. "Why, that's unthinkable!"

"No, it isn't. I thought of it."

"Well, you should keep such thoughts to yourself. They're debilitating!"

She tossed the shorts on the desk, and her voice broke, as though she might cry. "Good heavens," she said, "haven't you any faith in yourself?"

"Sure, I have faith in myself," he said. "I just wish somebody else did."

"*I* do," she protested.

"You do, sure. But you don't need an office manager, do you? A former assistant to the vice-president?"

He saw the hesitation in her feet, the impulsive step forward across the rug. She raised his face to meet her own, and her eyes brooded down into his. "I do," she murmured. "I need an office manager . . . an assistant whatever."

Looking up at her, his head cradled in her vaguely scented hands, he knew that he had been hopelessly out-argued. Suddenly they were a long way from the topic of Caroline and camp, and he couldn't figure out how he had gotten there.

"There now," she said brightly. "Wait until you see what I bought you."

"Whatever it is, I don't need it," he told her.

"Yes, you do," she said, holding out a new knitted sportshirt. "There, isn't that handsome?"

"It's beautiful," he said, "but it has to go back. Leave the pins in, and save the sales slip."

"But it was such a buy! Won't you at least try it on?"

"No, Paula, I tell you I can't. I've got to start facing reality."

"All right, but can't you face it just as well in a new shirt?"

"It's got to go back," he said firmly.

"Very well," she murmured, gathering up her packages. "But if you ask me, you're nothing but an old bargain-spoiler!"

She flashed him a dazzling frown and departed. He wound the string into a small coil and cinched it with the two ends. It was time to start saving things, he thought. If he got a big enough ball of it, he might be able to sell it.

"The milkman didn't leave any milk," Caroline announced at breakfast the next morning.

"I know," Paula replied. "Your father left a note for him to stop delivery."

"But I'm supposed to drink at least a pint a day," Caroline said. "Our teacher says we need it to build strong, healthy teeth."

"There are two quarts in the refrigerator," her mother told her, "and we can get more from the store."

She lit the gas under the percolator and made a stab at plugging in the

"How does it feel to be free?" she asked gaily. Harry just murmured blissfully in her ear.

toaster. Getting the prongs in the right holes was as ticklish as threading a needle at this early hour.

"Moms, are we poor?" Caroline asked.

"No, we're not poor. It's just that we have to watch our pennies until your father gets settled."

"Do you think he'll get settled before August, so I can stay in camp all summer?"

"I hope so, dear."

"I hope so too," Caroline murmured. "I can't spend another summer sitting in that plastic wading pool. My legs are too long—I need a lake."

"You'll probably get a lake," Paula said reassuringly, setting out the cups and saucers.

Caroline finished slicing the banana on her cereal. The knife clattered on the porcelain table top.

"Shh!" Paula whispered. "I want your father to sleep!"

Caroline looked at her in surprise. "Isn't he going to the city?"

"Not today. He's going to stay home and rest."

Caroline spooned away at her cereal in silence. "Boy," she said after a while. "I can just see myself sitting in that wading pool now. I'm going to have to do something."

Paula yawned. "Eat your breakfast and . . ."

A sharp ringing sound was brought to an abrupt halt by a dull thud overhead.

"The alarm clock!" she gasped, turning the flame up under the coffee. "I forgot to push the little jigger down! Perk, perk, oh, please, perk!"

"Why don't you go outdoors for a while?" Paula asked Harry that afternoon. "The fresh air and sunshine would do you good."

"I've had enough fresh air to last me a lifetime," he said through the haze of cigarette smoke that filled the den. "Stuffiness is just what I need. Besides, if I were to go out, Eve Babcock would see me."

"You needn't worry about Eve," Paula assured him. "She went to the city to shop this afternoon, and she won't be back for hours."

"Well, maybe I'll work in the yard, then," he said, snuffing out his cigarette. "I'd kind of like to finish that outdoor grill I started last fall."

He put on old clothes, mixed up a batch of cement, and carried it out to the far corner of the yard. Setting the pan on the ground, he smeared a layer of cement on the grill and fitted the next stone in place. The cement oozed out from under like gray peanut butter, but since the general effect was supposed to be rustic, he didn't worry about it too much. The chances were he wouldn't be living there long enough to enjoy the grill, anyway, he reflected. The house would probably be sold to some rising young executive type who would spend his weekends scorching frankfurters and burning steak for his friends. He would wear a big chef's hat and one of those novelty aprons with funny sayings printed on it, and would keep everybody in stitches with his phony French accent.

Kneeling there in the sun, trowel in hand, Harry wondered why he felt it was so important to finish the grill, anyway. Was it just for the sake of something to do? No, he realized, it was because it was the only durable thing he had ever made. Long after he was gone, the grill would still be standing there—a sort of shrine to the Unknown Commuter. The pharaohs had their pyramids, and he had his outdoor grill. It was his Egypt, his immortality.

"What are you doing?" a familiar voice growled.

Harry looked up and saw George Babcock peering over the fence at him. He had a glass in one hand, and clutched the neck of his terry-cloth robe with the other.

"Hi," Harry said weakly. "I was just working on this grill." George studied the stones with resigned disapproval, as though dinosaurs had been laying eggs on his lawn again. "Pretty soft, taking the afternoon off any time you want to," he muttered. "Pretty soft."

Harry pushed out a small laugh, like a handful of pebbles in a metal wheelbarrow. "What about you?" he asked. "You're home, too, aren't you?"

"Got a cold," George said, offering a chunky cough in evidence. "I wouldn't have stayed home, if Eve hadn't made me. Every time I'm out, the office goes to pot." He shook his glass and the ice tinkled, celebrating his misery. "Well, things may be a little better in the future," he added. "That half-wit I've got under me is finally leaving."

"Your assistant?" Harry asked in surprise and apprehension.

George nodded. "Got another job. No better salary, though. Same crummy twelve thousand he was making with us."

"Twelve?" Harry murmured. That was two crummy thousand more than he had been making at Howell and Beatty!

"That's all," George growled. "It's hard to get a good man for that kind of money, today. You know what the job calls for. You've handled the same sort of thing."

"Yes," Harry said, thinking of all the things he could do with that extra two thousand. "Yes, I have, as a matter of fact."

"Well, you wouldn't be interested in a proposition like that, now would you?"

"Oh, I don't know," Harry mumbled. He gazed up into the pine tree, and it seemed as if Fate had finally caught up with him. From birth he had been destined to end up as George's assistant. "It would all depend."

"On what?" George asked eagerly.

"Well . . ."

"Hi, Pops!" Caroline called.

Harry turned as she pedaled her bicycle up the driveway, and stopped at the edge of the lawn. "Would you give this to Mr. Babcock, please?" she asked, holding out a folded newspaper.

Harry took it and handed it to George, as though in a trance. Her fingers were black, her glasses were awry, and she had a newsboy's bag full of papers slung over her shoulder.

"Thanks, Pops," she said, grinning. "I'll buy you a soda when I get paid!"

"What happened to our regular paper boy?" George asked, glaring at Harry.

"He joined the Air Force," Caroline explained. "He's going to be a jet pilot. I'm taking over his route."

"Holy smoke," George growled. "You can't let her do that, Harry. That's no job for a girl!"

"Oh, I don't mind," Caroline said. "If I want to go to camp for the whole summer, it's either this or baby-sitting, and I frankly can't abide small children."

"Holy smoke!" George muttered, giving Harry a look of disgust, as he turned to go back in the house.

"So-long!" Caroline called gaily. She pedaled off down the driveway, George slammed the back door behind him, and Harry suddenly found himself alone, wondering what had happened.

"Twelve thousand," Harry kept repeating. "Twelve thousand!"

"I know," Paula said. "But how do you know he would have given you the job?"

"He practically laid it in my lap." Harry explained, holding out an invisible silver platter. "All I had to do was take it."

"But you said yourself that he'd own

you." Paula reasoned. "You know George and his passion for running things. The two houses would be adjoining offices, with grass growing in the hall!"

"I know, but I can't afford to turn down twelve thousand a year while my daughter is out peddling newspapers!"

"She's not peddling them, she's delivering them." Paula said, taking a large sheet of cookies out of the oven.

"Who are those for?" he asked suspiciously.

"They're for us—for dessert tonight."

"Oh," he said, relieved to hear that she hadn't started a bakery route. "Well, I guess I'd better go next door and talk to George."

"Just as you think best," she said in a voice that washed its hands of the whole matter.

Slowly he opened the back door; then he shut it again. "On second thought maybe I'll phone him," he decided.

"Mention my name as a reference, and he may give you an appointment," she murmured.

He scowled and went out into the entrance hall, where he stood looking at the phone. He picked up the receiver, checked the hum, and put it back on the cradle. He couldn't remember George's number. All he could think of was twelve thousand, and that wasn't it. He was flipping through the book when the phone rang.

"Your mother!" he called. "That must be your mother—come answer it!"

"You answer it," Paula sang back. "She won't bite you!"

"No, but she'll start talking about the old magnolias again, and that's worse!"

Paula came out of the kitchen, handed him two potholders, and picked up the phone. "Hello," she said. "Oh, yes."

She reached out and pulled him back by the sleeve. "For you," she whispered, handing him the receiver.

He covered the mouthpiece with a potholder. "For me? Who is it?"

She shrugged and started back into the kitchen.

"Hello," he said. "Who? Oh, yes, I remember. What! I have? Starting when? At how much?"

Paula was arranging cookies on a plate when he came in wearing a wrap-around smile. "That was it!" he announced excitedly. "A job! Had an interview weeks ago, and forgot all about it. They just decided—me!"

She put a cookie in his mouth, and smiled. "Of course," she said. "It had to be you. I'm not surprised in the least."

"Yes, but you don't understand," he said, munching. "This is big. Weidenkampf Chemical—resins and fatty acids."

"Resins and fatty who?" she grunted, as he lifted her off the floor with a hug.

"Acids. You can say 'industrial by-products,' if that sounds better."

"Almost anything would," she said, as the phone rang again.

"That must be your mother," he said, dashing off to answer. "If she brings up the South this time, I'm all set to read her the Gettysburg Address!"

He picked up the phone. "Hello, Popso," a familiar voice said. "Are you busy?"

"Not as busy as you were, the last time I saw you—why?"

"Well, my bike has a flat," she explained. "I ran over a broken bottle, and Mr. Kelly at the garage says he can't fix it."

"All right, stay right there," Harry told her. "I'll be right over to pick you up."

"Fine," she said. "And Pops, can we drive back slowly along Laurel Lane?"

"Sure, but why slowly?"

"Well, I still have about two dozen papers to deliver."

"Who was it?" Paula asked, when he had hung up.

"Caroline—she's got a flat. I've got to pick her up at Kelly's Garage, so we can finish delivering papers on Laurel Lane."

"Put on another shirt, if you're going out. That sweatshirt is so droopy, your shoulders look like hips."

"But I haven't got time to go upstairs and change," he protested.

"You don't have to go upstairs," she said, going to the hall closet. "Here's one you can wear."

She held out the new knitted sport-shirt, with the sales slip lying on top. "May I take the pins out now?" she asked with a smile.

"I think so," he said, grinning. He yanked off the sweatshirt and pulled the new one over his head. "How does it look?" he asked.

"Smart!" she said, reaching up to smooth the shoulders.

"But not as smart as my wife," he said, pulling her to him for a kiss. It was developing into a small spectacular, when he remembered that Caroline was waiting at the garage.

"Don't lose my place," he murmured. "I want to see how this comes out later."

"Hurry back, paper boy," she said. "If you should get lost in Laurel Lane, tell the nearest policeman that you belong to Mrs. Harper!"

Walking out to the car, he tore the sales slip into bits and tossed them into the air like confetti. Then he climbed in behind the wheel and waved. After he had rounded the corner, she went inside, got the other two new shirts from the hall closet, and started removing all the pins. They were white, with button-down collars, the kind he always wore to the office.

THE END

Cosmopolitan's Complete Mystery Novel

THE KILLER IN NUMBER ONE

Without warning he had returned, an evil, living ghost searching for himself. His victims watched helpless as he groped toward them in a deadly game of violence and murder

BY OWEN CAMERON ILLUSTRATED BY BERNARD D'ANDREA

The road was a straight line from horizon to horizon, and the tourists bent over steering wheels and bore down on gas pedals, intent upon getting through this wasteland to scenery, because scenery was what they had paid for. When they saw the state patrol car they slowed down, but not for long.

Jackson, the highway patrolman, had been born in this country. The road was his job, but the land was his one true love, and for him it was not a wasteland, and nothing irritated him more than to hear a tourist call it desolate and barren. Tourists were always racing east to the Rockies or west to the Coast, never tempted to turn aside on a dirt road to see what lay at the end of it; all of them seemed enraged by the sight of a car ahead. Maybe that was the trouble with the world, Jackson thought—no one ever slowed down for a look around.

As he drove, Jackson watched the land as well as the road, pleased when he caught the distant flash of an antelope's white rump, the still shape of a crouched jack rabbit, or the fluid shadow of a stalking coyote. Summer was over, kids were back in school, the river of tourists had thinned to a trickle, and the road demanded less of his attention. Now and then the car's short-wave radio spoke, but not to him. The end of summer was a peaceful time.

Far ahead on the straight road there was a suggestion of change, at first shapeless as a forming mirage, gradually taking on bulk, angularity, color, until it was a small cluster of buildings. Signs appeared beside the highway: STOP AT DOVER — BEER AND SODA — BUS STOP—FOUNTAIN, MEALS, CANDY & MAGAZINES — MOTEL — LAST CHANCE GAS & OIL.

Jackson parked facing a long, low building, painted green and white, with the words DOVER STORE in large letters above the main doorway. Young sycamores had been planted around the main building and the four cabins in back, looking out of place and uneasy in this treeless land.

The patrolman—a compact, brown, steady-eyed man, who had learned stillness from the land—spoke into the microphone clipped to the dashboard and climbed out of the car, stretching his cramped muscles. There was no softness about him, no fat; the land had marked him, had made him tough as dried leather, and even in uniform with the big revolver holstered under his arm, he looked a part of the land.

Inside the building a woman with a motherly expression and the dumpy shape of one who has always worked too hard to worry about it was busy behind the lunch counter. At the far end of the room was the grocery department and post office, and near the front door was a small section for the cash register, cigarettes, and candy. The man behind that small counter grinned at Jackson.

"Hi, Jack! What d'you think? It's a boy!"

"Great," said Jackson, really pleased. "How's Frances?"

"Fine. It—he's fine, too. Seven pounds, how's that? They let me talk to her on the phone, and she sounded a little whispery, but she said she was fine."

Jackson said, "Maybe I'll get in to the hospital. When's she coming home?"

"They didn't say, and I forgot to ask. I was kind of excited. Have a cigar."

Jackson made a little ceremony of it, sniffing a cigar and tucking it into his shirt pocket, taking a second when urged, refusing a third.

Ever since Will Carr had come to Dover, almost five years ago, the patrolman had known him and liked him, although he thought him much too honest and trusting to be a successful storekeeper. Still, if he had been otherwise, Jackson wouldn't have liked him. Carr was younger than Jackson, but not so much younger as he seemed, with his high forehead and friendly brown eyes. He was taller and heavier than the average, but not plump or soft, although beside Jackson's wirelike toughness he seemed

"Look at me," the stranger demanded. "I don't know who I am!"


DOVER

a little of both. This land had not yet sucked the juices out of him.

Jackson moved on to the lunch counter, grinning at the motherly woman. "Has Will been good for anything this morning?"

Smiling, she shook her head. "But what could you expect? His first."

"And a boy at that. I'll just have coffee, now, and eat after the bus leaves."

She nodded and filled his cup, talking steadily about Carr's wife, the baby, babies in general, and anything else that came into her mind, while the patrolman pretended to listen. He had known Mattie Kuttner most of his life, and remembered when she stood tall and straight, with no gray in her hair. A widow with two half-grown sons, she lived at the end of one of the dimmer dirt roads, out of sight and sound of the highway. Now she worked as cook and handywoman for Will Carr, but how she had survived before that was anyone's guess.

Turning on his stool, Jackson asked, "What are you calling him, Will?"

Carr hesitated before saying, "Peter Wilson."

"Peter Wilson Carr?" Jackson's hound-thought sniffed after some echo stirred by the name. "Family name?"

"Pretty much," Carr said shortly, coming to the lunch counter to help Mrs. Kuttner, setting out silverware and glasses of water, checking cream pitchers and sugar bowls.

The license on the wall was made out to W. P. Carr, and until now Jackson had assumed that Will stood for William. He said, "Wilson Peter's you? Why turn it around?"

"Sounded better." Carr was curt.

"Sounds familiar." Jackson said, thoughtfully. Carr did not reply, and the patrolman went on. "Once you said you'd been married before, and your wife died. No kids that time?"

"No." Carr said without looking at him. "Thank God!"

Jackson sipped his coffee, wondering at the violence of that *Thank God*. Mrs. Kuttner glanced toward the glass-paneled front door.

"Here's the bus, Will. Right on time today."

This was a ten-minute stop and most of the passengers made at once for the washrooms, afterward coming to the lunch counter. Carr helped Mrs. Kuttner until the first rush had subsided, then returned to the cash register. For nine minutes the place boiled with noisy confusion, and then people began to flow outward again, aboard the big bus.

Not all of them. Watching the bus load, Jackson did not notice that one man had stayed behind until Mrs. Kuttner spoke.

"You'll get left, mister."

Carr's place was between lunch counter and front door, and Jackson saw him lean suddenly against the cash register, as if he had been struck a stunning blow. His expression caused Jackson to turn quickly, expecting trouble, but there was only a big man hunched over coffee and untouched pie. Puzzled, the patrolman glanced again at Carr, who was groping blindly under the counter, eyes on the stranger.

Looks as if he's seen a ghost, thought Jackson, and suddenly recalled that Carr kept an old revolver in the drawer under the cash register. Jackson tensed.

The stranger said in a low, raw-throated rasp. "Another bus back to the city, ain't there?"

Seen him before, Jackson thought, noting the scar on the man's forehead that ran up under his hat brim. The patrolman's alternate run took him to the city two hundred miles away, and his subconscious connected that city and this man, but had the connection been a wreck, an arrest, or what?

"We can flag it for you," said Mrs. Kuttner, and waited, curious. "Why should anyone stop at Dover?"

The stranger glanced at Jackson—a hard, hostile look—then turned to Will Carr. Jackson was braced for the explosion, but nothing happened. There was no recognition in the big man's eyes. Will Carr did not speak or move, but his face was a sick man's.

The man rasped at Mrs. Kuttner, "Look, do you know me?"

She gaped at him. "Why should I know you?"

"Ever seen me before?" He took off his hat, to give her a better look. The short, straight hair, yellow as wheatstraw, was parted neatly on the bony skull.

Mattie Kuttner suspected the man was drunk, or crazy. "I don't know you from Adam's off ox!"

The stranger was not a humble man, but now he looked at her almost meekly, like a man in need of help. "This is Dover. Lately I keep thinking *Dover, Dover*, and I figured somebody here might know me."

From the corner of his eye, Jackson watched Will Carr, but if the old revolver under the counter was what he had been groping for, the violent impulse had passed, and now he merely waited, a man hard hit but slowly recovering.

The big man said, bleakly, "See, I don't know who I am."

Mrs. Kuttner gaped, wordless for once. Jackson's memory turned up the right card, and he said, "Got it!"

The stranger looked at him quickly from pale gray eyes, hard and expressionless as frosted glass. "How's that?"

"I pulled you out of a ditched car, last winter during a bad blizzard."

"You're the one? They told me a cop brought me in."

"You didn't miss freezing to death by much, but the wreck wasn't serious. At first I thought you'd been in a fight."

The stranger touched the smooth pink scar on his forehead. "I don't remember the ride, or the blizzard, or anything much. Lately, it's like somebody shows me a picture or says a word—*Mackay*, or *Dover*. And there's a room I keep seeing . . . A year, almost, and only bits of memory. Sometimes I think I'll go nuts."

"There was something in the paper," Jackson said. "And they had us go over the car, but not much was there except the money under the seat. You'd bought the car for cash, in Portland. How about your prints, laundry marks, that stuff?"

"I don't expect they turned the world upside down for somebody like me. Anyhow, they didn't find nothing."

Mrs. Kuttner was incredulous. "I never heard of such a thing!"

"I got a name," the stranger said morosely. "On my driver's license—my writing, *they* said. Charles Louis Fritz, from Portland, Oregon. But if it's me, I been dead and buried a year last summer. The guy has a sister out there, and they sent her my picture, and she says I'm not—she says she never saw me before."

"Why would you use Fritz's name?" asked the patrolman. "There must have been a connection."

"There wasn't. I had some other papers of his, too. Maybe I found his wallet."

You signed his name to a driver's license, thought Jackson, but he said nothing. There was a brief silence, and then the big man looked sideways at Jackson, absently touching the scar on his forehead.

"You don't think I was alone when I piled up the car? You think a fight did this?"

"Just my first idea, the way the blood had dried."

Mrs. Kuttner broke in. "How long ago was it? That you were here, I mean."

"Maybe I never was. The cop—this one found me on December tenth. But for all I know, it's Dover in England I want."

"You don't sound English, you sound kind of like the south," she told him, and looked over his head at Will Carr. "You ever seen this man before, Will?"

Carr's head moved in a faint negative, and he turned his back and began rearranging magazines, as if no longer interested, but Jackson noted the stiff way he moved, his tenseness whenever the stranger spoke.

Mrs. Kuttner said firmly. "If you'd ever lived around here, me or Officer Jackson would know you. Between us, we know just about everybody."

Jackson said, "The newspaper story said the sheriff sent your picture around."

"Nothing came of it. I remembered about knives and forks and traffic lights and things like that, so they let me look around by myself, if I check with the doc every couple weeks. The doc thought my subconscious mind might take me to something. It better, or I'll go nuts! I keep feeling like there's something important I should be doing, but what?"

"But you feel all right?" worried Mrs. Kuttner.

"I am all right. At first I didn't even know how to eat, and I carry the doc's address, just in case, but I'm okay. Only I got to *know*. I figure I'll go out to the coast, to Portland and Frisco." He looked sideways at Jackson again, the pale eyes showing nothing. "How much did you say was in the car?"

"Forty-five twenties, taped under the seat."

"Nine hundred, that's what they said. Seems like there should have been more."

"We turned over what we found," Jackson said, a little stiffly. The patrolman was touchily honest.

"Oh, sure." The big man did not quite sneer. "The hospital took a cut, but I got enough to take me to the coast and back. San Francisco sounds familiar, hut I don't know . . . It's a voice in my head, hut not quite loud enough. It's driving me nuts!"

"It would me," cried Mrs. Kuttner. "Why, if I didn't know who I was . . . But *somebody* would."

"That's how I figure—sooner or later, somebody. What time does the bus come?"

"Due in forty minutes," she said. "I'll put out the flag for you."

After that there was little talk. The man who called himself Fritz was broodingly silent, ignoring Mrs. Kuttner's questions and comments. She served Jackson's lunch, and the patrolman ate thoughtfully, studying the stranger and Will Carr without appearing to. The storekeeper was himself again, except for a pinched look about the mouth, and if the stranger had ever known Carr, he had forgotten that. too. All the same. Jackson thought, there was something queer and bad here, when a steady citizen like Will Carr reached for a weapon.

A thought stopped the fork halfway to his mouth. On December tenth he had saved the big man from freezing to death in a blizzard. On the fifteenth, Carr had suddenly married Frances, a stranger to Dover—an old girl friend, Carr had explained, whom he had finally persuaded to marry him. Later, Jackson had learned that she came from the West Coast. She talked little about her past life, but once or twice had mentioned San Francisco as if she knew the city well. The odd thing about it was that Will Carr apparently had never been farther west than Dover. Jackson had long ago discounted the 'old girl friend' story, but the lie had not been important—until now.

The patrolman stretched his lunch hour until the bus arrived and carried off the big man. The only comment was from Mrs. Kuttner, who said, "My! Wasn't that the queerest thing you ever heard of?" It had made her day.

Jackson was a little stubborn about such things as paying for meals, and laid five dollars beside the cash register. Will Carr had lost all his happy talkativeness about his man-child, and counted out the change without looking up at the patrolman.

Lighting one of the cigars, Jackson said casually, "I'd almost forgotten about picking up that bird. You heard what he said?"

"Some," Carr admitted, tonelessly.

"I was on my way in, probably the last car on the road that night. Lord, it was blizzarding, and just through luck I saw his car in the ditch. He'd have frozen to death by morning."

"Pretty lucky," Carr said, in that same flat voice.

"Had a nasty head-wound. I didn't think he'd been there long enough for it to dry like it had, but I guess he had. He didn't stop here, that day?"

"No. Mrs. Kuttner would have remembered."

She heard, and called, "That was the day you sent me home, account of the blizzard."

Carr ignored her, and Jackson murmured, "Funny he'd have the name in his head. He might have stopped for hot coffee."

"Not here. I didn't have three people all day."

"Uh-huh. Hard-looking customer, and the way the money was stashed under the seat, I had a feeling . . . But the car wasn't stolen, and apparently he wasn't wanted anywhere, and hadn't been in trouble, or the Feds would have had his prints on file. Though not always—now and then even they slip in substitute prints." He waited, but Carr had nothing to say. "Well, back to the grind. I'll probably see Frances tonight. When will you be in?"

"Pretty late."

Jackson nodded and went out. For a minute he sat behind the wheel of the patrol car, scowling thoughtfully at the sign, DOVER STORE, wondering what had happened to print it so deeply on the stranger's mind that it stayed after everything else had been erased. Whatever it was concerned Will Carr, and perhaps Frances, too. Jackson liked Frances, and not merely because she was Will Carr's wife, but he knew nothing about her life, before she had come to Dover last winter. Thinking back. it seemed to Jackson that she deliberately avoided talking about it. Will Carr's past was rather misty, too. So you had a couple of people with shadowy pasts and one person with none at all.

"Queer, and not good," Jackson said. Like most men who live and work alone, he had the habit of talking aloud, and now he added, "None of your business, though."

Still, he had the feeling it might be.

It was long after visiting hours, but a mute, soft-gliding nun led Will Carr down the empty hallway to a wide window, the front wall of a room where babies slept like so many larvae. The Sister entered the room and gently moved a crib so that Carr could see his son.

Carr tried to feel proud and a little awed, because it was expected of him, but there was no connection, physical or spiritual, between him and this wizened, red creature. Then as he watched, the baby's tiny, perfect hand closed, and Carr felt a sudden welling-up of nameless emotion, almost panic. Unreasonable tears stung his eyes, and he rubbed them away. As if this were a cue, the Sister of Mercy returned to the corridor and led him to his wife's room.

It was a small room, crowded by three beds, but two were empty. Frances lay with her eyes closed, hut she was not asleep. She sat up quickly, holding out her arms, and for a long minute neither of them spoke, but simply held on. Then Frances groped for a tissue and blew her nose, and Carr set down the magazine and cigarettes he had brought, and the wild flowers picked for her by the youngest Kuttner boy. They were already dying.

"Jackson brought some roses," Frances said. "He's sweet."

Feeling unaccountably awkward and embarrassed, Carr looked at her covertly. She seemed a little pale, but that might have been the lighting, and she said she felt fine.

Frances was small, with fine bones, and when she was tired, as now, she appeared thin. Freckles were scattered across her cheeks and nose, her wide mouth was made for smiling, her eyes were what Jackson called Irish blue, and her short. curling hair was a dark and glossy red. Sometimes, and now was one of the times, she looked like a schoolgirl.

Carr said, "Frances," and her name sounded unfamiliar, so that for a moment she was a stranger. He had known her ten months, and what did you learn about anyone in ten months—or ten years? He stared at her small, pert, Irish face as if he had never seen it before, but she was waiting for him to go on, and he had to say something.

"Frances, was it pretty bad?" he asked.

"Oh, no! They said I was marvelous, for the first time."

"Was it—were you scared?"

"Not after it really started."

"I should have been here."

"We talked that over, darling. Mrs. K. means well, but somebody has to tell her what to do. Did you see him?"

"What? Oh, *him*."

"Yes, *him*," Frances mocked gaily, then suddenly closed her eyes. "Whoops, I'm dizzy. I'll lie down."

Carr fussed over her anxiously. "Should I call the doctor?"

"Certainly not. I'm fine." She smiled up at Carr, brushing the hair away from her eyes. "I'll bet I look like a witch."

"You look like—like a schoolgirl."

She caught his hand, kissed it and held it against her breast. "I'm so happy. About him—about us. Can't you feel it?"

As Carr felt the strong, steady beating of her heart, he knew there was no strangeness, now; he had known her forever. He bent to kiss her mouth.

"Day after tomorrow I can come home, maybe," Frances said happily. "It seems so long! What's happened at home?"

All day Carr had thought about the man who called himself Fritz, chasing worry and fear around in his head and never getting anywhere, like a squirrel on a wheel. He had briefly forgotten the man, but now it all surged back.

Frances, whose love missed so little, asked, "Did something go wrong?"

"I hadn't made up my mind whether or not to tell you. I mean, until you were better."

"Poo! I'm fine. Tell mama."

Carr said unhappily, "He's alive. He came back today."

For a moment she stared at him blankly; then her hand tightened convulsively around his. "*He came back?*"

"Walked in and sat down."

"But he—oh, no!" It was a wail of despair. "To come back now, after—what did he do?"

"That's the crazy part—nothing. I expected—I don't know, something violent, but all he did was walk in, off the bus, and sit down at the lunch counter. I didn't even recognize him until he spoke to Mrs. Kuttner. He says he's lost his memory. He doesn't even know his name."

"I don't believe it! Where is he now?"

"He went back to the city. He wasn't lying about his memory. Jackson says it was in the paper, but I guess that was after we stopped looking."

Frances closed her eyes, whispering, "I was so sure he was dead."

"He's been in the hospital. He looked right at me without remembering, but if you'd been there . . . He didn't see much of me that night, and he was drunk."

Carr went on, telling her all of it, and Frances listened in growing despair.

"If he goes to San Francisco, he'll remember," she said. "You say he already remembers some things, like Dover, and Mackay. If he remembers the rest and comes back . . ."

"He won't. And they might catch him in San Francisco and put him in jail. Anyhow, he won't come back—it would mean as much trouble for him as for us."

"That wouldn't stop *him*. And he's never been caught, he said." She was silent a long moment, and then spoke, drearily. "When he didn't come back, I was sure he was dead. What else would stop him? The first week, every time a car stopped, my heart almost did. Because he'd have paid us back—that's the way he is. But he didn't come, and I was sure . . . Maybe if—did you give him the money?"

"How could I? He didn't know who he was or anything about it."

"Thirty thousand dollars. Maybe he'd take it and leave us alone. That was the real reason I'd never touch a penny of it; I thought if he did come back, maybe . . . But just the money wouldn't satisfy him."

"I'm not afraid of him," Carr said.

"I am. I know what he's like. He doesn't care for laws or people or anything. I never knew what *lone wolf* meant until I met him. He doesn't even think the way people do. He's never had a friend; he doesn't know mercy or fear or . . . Jackson is your friend; maybe it's still not too late to tell him."

"With *that* buried out in back?"

"He'd believe you!"

"Even if he did, others wouldn't. I know about those people; they don't care about the truth, only about their own ambition. I *know*, because I—" Carr checked himself abruptly, went on less vehemently. "We could take the money and go away."

"Go where? Someday he'd remember and come after us."

"He might come back to Dover, but if we weren't here, he'd give up."

"Not him. Someday he might walk in on us even if we went to China, and we'd be living with that danger every day. I wouldn't touch the money, and you can't just walk off and leave the store."

"I would, if you'd feel safe."

"I wouldn't, and if we just disappeared they might start snooping around, and if they found that out in back . . ."

"Then I'll think of something else," Carr said. "Meantime, you stay here in town, where it's safe."

Frances sat up quickly, her small face flushed. "Leave you alone? Never!"

"Frances," Will Carr said earnestly. "I've been through it all; I can take whatever comes, but you—"

"I love you! Did I have anything, before you? Why, if—" Emotion made her incoherent. "Without you—just these few days—and I ache!"

Their voices had grown loud, and a uniformed nurse opened the door, smiling impersonally.

"Time to go, now," she told Carr.

She held the door open, waiting. Carr looked helplessly at Frances, who looked stubbornly at him. He kissed her, self-conscious with the nurse watching, and walked alone down the deserted corridor.

The town was asleep, now, most of the signs and street lamps turned off. The hospital lights were dimmed, also, and Carr stood beside his auto, looking up at the stars and saying aloud:

"Didn't I go through enough? And Frances—she's earned nothing but good, You know that."

It was a long, lonely drive back to the store at Dover.

He was nobody, a member of nothing, his mind stripped of all but a few meaningless whispers: *Dover, Mackay, Aurora*, and one he could not quite hear. *Francis* or *Francisco*. There were others, and sometimes one or another would turn out to be not an old memory but a name seen or heard since the accident and later offered by his subconscious to his demanding will, so that he did not always know what was familiar to whoever he had been, and what had been picked up since.

These four he was sure of, and *Mackay* must be a man's name, and *Aurora* a woman's, or possibly a place. He had been sure that *Dover* was a place, but perhaps it was the name of a man, a hotel, or a bar. *Francis* could be a name, or a part of San Francisco. There was a room he remembered, too; he had a clear picture of it in his mind—a bed, a dressing-table with a mirror, a table, an electric light turned on and a bottle on the dresser. At times he thought he could hear a voice screaming thinly in the background, but it didn't fit in with anything else.

It could drive a man crazy, the feeling that just around a corner his past was waiting, but that he didn't know where to look, or even for what. The few things he had learned about himself had made him wary, too. When they had first let him leave the hospital to walk the streets alone, he had come face to face with a policeman, and suddenly he had felt a raging sense of being trapped. He had not been afraid, but furious at his own carelessness at being caught. The officer had passed on and, sweating with relief without knowing why, he had walked into the next bar. It was the first time, to his knowledge, that he had ever been in such a place, and the bartender had waited, but he could not remember what to order and had started to point at the nearest

bottle, when his mouth said, *Shot of rye.*

It was not an isolated incident. His muscles remembered things his mind did not. Driving a car had been like that. The doctor had put him behind the wheel, to see what would happen, and his mind had been bewildered, but his hands moved, the car started, and he drove around the block with the doctor exclaiming, "Wonderful," as though driving meant something, gave him a name or a past.

He had hoped for a similar automatic reaction at Dover, but it had been the wrong Dover. And he had wasted more days in Portland, Oregon. Fritz's sister, a lean, righteous woman, had talked to him reluctantly, smelling sin on him. She had not liked her brother, either, and her talk of him was all blame and bitter judgment. She couldn't say she was at all surprised when he was killed. Boozed all day in a tavern, and fell under a truck.

Did she have his address, or the addresses of any of his friends? No, she said—she wanted nothing to do with such people. She had warned Charley about evil companions, and she made it clear that she suspected the man who called himself Fritz to have been one of those evil companions. That was all he got out of her, except a look at a picture of Charley, which meant nothing to him.

He stayed a few more days in Portland, wandering aimlessly about the streets, and then rode a bus to San Francisco, where he rented a cheap room south of Market Street. For a week he walked the streets of that city, looking at the faces, the stores, the signs, the hotels and bars, hoping for something familiar. There was no hint that he had ever been here before; the city was too big.

The Tenderloin, across the town from his own room, was where he felt most at home, and his aimless daily walks usually ended in that district. He would go up and down the street, hoping someone would recognize him—but uneasy, too, because with a false name and an instinctive dislike of cops, it was certain he had not been a clerk, a streetcar conductor, or anything mild. He sat in the Tenderloin bars much of the day and more at night, sitting where he could feel a wall against his back, watching the people—the bookies and drifters and B-girls. He knew these people, and they knew him—not who, but what, he was. It showed on him in some way, and the girls smiled at him, but never hustled him for drinks. The bartenders saw it, too, and let him sit undisturbed for hours over one drink. He learned something about what sort of man he had been, but nothing else, and one day he walked down to the bus depot and bought a ticket. His money was about gone, the doctor would want to see him, and where else was there for him to go, but back to the hospital?

The bus was to leave next morning, and he walked uptown in his aimless way, watching the faces, though his own rugged face showed neither hope nor despair nor anything else. On one of the side streets off Market, he walked into a small tavern where he had never been before, his legs obeying some impulse his mind did not feel.

There were no other customers, and the tubby, bald barman sat on the drinker's side of the counter, reading the racing results in a newspaper. He looked up, at first casually, stared, and showed a mouthful of gold teeth.

"Texas! Long time no see!"

The man who called himself Fritz stopped still, the name rolling like thunder in his head. "*Texas,*" *that's me!* he thought, exultantly, turning to look at the sanded glass of the window, where *Aurora* was written in peeling gilt script.

"Aurora," he said aloud, staring dazedly at the barman, with the feeling that he had accidently come home at last.

Coming to pump his hand, the barman said, "Welcome home, boy!"

Jackson had the pleasure of bringing Frances home, and it was a pleasure—there was something bright and fine about the girl that attracted him. She was never talkative, but on the ride from the hospital to Dover, the baby bundled on her lap, she was unusually silent. Having a baby must take a lot out of a woman, thought Jackson, who knew nothing about it. He was not married, and probably never would be, being a shy man with women. Sometimes he imagined that if he had met Frances soon enough, perhaps . . .

When he drove, Jackson's eyes and muscles functioned automatically, setting his mind free, so that he did most of his thinking behind the steering-wheel. For two days, most of his thinking had been about the man who called himself Fritz. Something about the man, deeper than words or acts, made him the patrolman's opposite in all things, as if they had been born antagonists. It was the exact reverse of the thing that had made Will Carr his friend from the first.

Jackson wondered whether Carr had told his wife anything about the stranger, and casually related the incident. Frances listened absently and as though she had never heard it before. Either she was a good actress, or the stranger meant nothing to her, Jackson thought.

"I was the one who found him, so I was interested," Jackson said. "So yesterday I drove to the city and asked some questions. The doctor at the hospital gave me a lot of double-talk, but all it amounted to was that they didn't know why a man lost his memory, or how he could get it back. He said the guy's memory seems to be returning gradually, though."

"That's good," murmured Frances, gently uncovering the baby's face, for a look at it.

"Will didn't mention the guy?"

"We had other things to talk about."

"Sure. Well, I stopped at the sheriff's office, too. I guess their investigation was pretty routine. I mean, it was easy to see the guy wasn't any missing banker, or anybody important. Recently, he thought he remembered San Francisco, and they sent a circular to Missing Persons there, but just as part of the routine. That's where you come from, isn't it?"

"It's a big city." Frances closed her eyes.

"Tired?"

"A little. But we're nearly home."

"Uh-huh. You know, I've got a feeling about that guy. Maybe I'm wrong, but I think he's a bad one."

"I wouldn't know." She looked at the baby again.

Jackson followed her glance. "Peter Wilson Carr—that's a lot of name for a little chap."

Frances was happy to change the subject. "It was Will's father's name."

"Sounds familiar, as though I'd read it in the papers, or some place."

"He was a professor in a college, back east. Will started out to be a teacher, too, you know."

"I wonder why he gave it up?"

"I suppose he didn't like it." Frances said, vaguely.

When Jackson stopped the car, a little welcoming committee came out to meet Frances and the baby—Will Carr, Mrs. Kuttner, Mrs. Spargo, and the Delaney sisters. Briefly, it was a woman's world. Jackson stayed out of it, and Will Carr got to kiss his wife and then was edged aside by the women, who escorted Frances to the cabin. Carr trailing lonesomely along, the forgotten man.

Meanwhile Jackson drew a cup of coffee at the counter, and sat sipping and thinking. He had no reason for suspecting a connection between Frances and the man who called himself Fritz, only that four days after he had saved the man from death by freezing he had stopped at Dover and found Frances there. One day she had never been mentioned, the next Will Carr had introduced her as the girl he was marrying. Jackson recalled how nervous she had seemed—once, for no reason at all, she had burst into tears. He had thought then that she was an unhappy bride, but in a few weeks she had blossomed into the brightest and gayest of wives. Her background was a little hazy, like Carr's, and Jackson had gained the impression that she had never been far from San Francisco until she came to Dover. How and where had she met Will Carr, who was from around Boston, and who had never

spoken of the West Coast as though he had been there?

Unless, Jackson thought, that was more acting, and her home city was not San Francisco at all, but she had picked it as being farthest from, say Boston. The man who called himself Fritz had no memories, only guesses about his past. He had been on the West Coast, but what about before that? Jackson had looked up Dover in his big road-atlas—there was none in California or Oregon, but there was one in Massachusetts, and not far from Boston. It could be a crazy set of coincidences, or it could be . . .

Jackson had not decided what it could be when Mrs. Kuttner returned from the Carrs' cabin. Over his lunch, Jackson led her to talk of Frances. It was easy to do —you primed Mattie Kuttner and she gushed like a pump. She did not know how Frances had arrived at Dover, she told the patrolman. Carr had sent her home at the start of the blizzard, and when she had come back to work three days later, Frances was on hand.

"Just arrived," Mrs. Kuttner said, and looked slyly at Jackson. "Or so Will said."

He did not ask the key question. If she thought he was prying, she would tell him nothing. Mrs. Kuttner was loyal to Frances and Will Carr, but her tongue was loose. Jackson merely waited, and in a moment she leaned closer to whisper: "Still, I happen to know she was back there in his cabin before that. The day he sent me home, I caught a glimpse of her, and I knew there was something on his mind. I never would have mentioned it, knowing what men are like, and thinking—well, you're a bachelor yourself, you know what I mean. I admit I was surprised, Will being such a quiet one. But it really wasn't anything wrong or out of the way, seeing as how they got married right off."

"That was the day I met her," Jackson said, feeling that he had learned something, and hoping for more. "Sure was sudden, wasn't it? She ever talk about her past?"

"Not to amount to anything. Once she let slip that she'd been married before, and widowed, but I guess it didn't amount to much. Well, so was Will married and lost his wife, but I guess *they* weren't happy, either, or he'd talk about it more. A little experience never hurt nobody, I always say, and if ever two people was made for each other, it's them two, so I expect it was all for the best."

She talked, and Jackson listened, but he learned nothing new.

The man who called himself Fritz made his mouth smile at the bartender, who had trotted behind the counter and was setting out glasses.

"On me, Texas. Still taking rye? Where you been?"

"Sick," Texas said. It was only part of his name, but it was *his*. "Let's have one on me, Hugo."

The name came as easily as that, and he said it again. "Hugo." He looked at the window, at the name of the place, trying to prime his memory by saying aloud, "Aurora," but nothing more came.

"Good to be back," he said, hoping for information.

Hugo merely nodded. "Going to stick around?" His voice was casual, but Texas caught some overtone that made him wary.

"I was pulling out tomorrow. Why?"

"Just wondered. Something lined up? Where's the other guy?"

Hugo made it a sly question. The big man waited for his mouth to take up the cue, but it did not, and he said vaguely, "Oh, around."

Hugo refilled the glasses. "My turn. Staying upstairs?"

"No." What was upstairs? Texas shook his head angrily, but the mists did not clear. He felt an intuitive suspicion of Hugo, a reluctance to tell him anything.

Leaning confidentially across the counter, Hugo lowered his voice. "There wasn't a rumble, if you're worried—not around here."

"How's that?"

"Don't kid me," Hugo said, showing gold in what he thought to be a winning smile. He looked like a rich crocodile. "I wised up when I saw Mackay's picture in the papers. He was only in here with you twice, but I got a good eye."

The name *Mackay* was a shout in Texas' mind, but there was no echo.

"Naturally, I never told nobody," Hugo said virtuously. "There wasn't even a hint about *you* in the papers, either."

"Uh-huh. But there was about Mackay?"

Hugo spat. "Mackay was a dope. Cops always tell everybody they know who done it. All he had to do was sit tight."

"Sure."

"They wouldn't of let him go, if they really thought he was in on the caper. Sure, they followed him. I bet they followed everybody in the bank, just hoping somebody was a dope like Mackay. Right?"

"Sure." None of it meant anything to Texas. Hugo talked too much and said too little.

"But he panicked and ran straight to you, and you figured there was a tail on him and powdered out the back way, so when the cops woke up, you're long gone. Right?"

"Pretty much."

"Was the babe in on it?"

Texas had to say something. "No."

Hugo nodded. "The paper didn't figure she was, and it said just one guy took the bank. If Mackay had just stayed dummied-up, how could they know it was him got you the key to the door? Where'd you say he was now?"

"Down south." Texas groped in darkness, trying to find something familiar. Mackay, the babe, and all the rest of it made no pattern he could follow. If he had a chance to think . . . But Hugo talked too much.

Hugo talked too much! Whatever Hugo knew or guessed, he would pass on to the next customer, and if he should talk to one wrong person— Texas stood up abruptly.

"You ain't going?" Hugo asked. "Here, have another on the house."

That was wrong, too. Hugo evidently wanted to hold him here, and the smell of danger grew stronger.

"Got to meet somebody," Texas said. "I'll be back."

"Tonight? You're okay here—you know me, I'm a clam."

"Sure. See you tonight."

"Okay, boy. Where you staying?"

Texas ignored the question. At the swinging door, he paused, the automatic functioning taking over. He showed Hugo a rocklike face, and his voice scraped like a file on iron. "Stay clammed—or you won't want to see me back!"

All Hugo's talkative assurance drained away, as if he had looked into his own grave, and he mumbled, "I'm no stoolie, Texas."

"Sure. But watch the mouth."

Texas pushed his way through the door. Hugo was a rat, and fear should keep him silent for a while, but how long? And how much had he told already? Too much, and this was not a safe place to be.

"Only, I got to know," Texas said aloud, stopping on the sidewalk. Hugo knew him, and who else did? The sense of impending danger urged him to move on, but he needed to learn all that Hugo knew, and for a long minute he stayed there, staring blindly down at the pavement, while passersby detoured around him. Feeling conspicuous, he moved toward a dingy doorway with the words *Ritz Hotel* flaking off the glass door, and again his muscles acted ahead of his mind, and he opened the door and climbed the stairway beyond, seeming to hear Hugo's voice again: *Staying upstairs?*

So far as he knew, he had never been there before, but halfway up the stairs, the worn, red carpet was familiar, and so was the musty smell of the place, and the dimness. On the landing, he turned right without even glancing the other way, stopping at a sign: *Office*. The office was merely a desk, a ledger and pen chained to it, and a bell. A hand-printed sign read: *Ring Bell For Manager.*

Texas opened the ledger, skipped backwards through the pages. There were

seldom more than a score of signatures each month, and he went through August to June, jumped to February, then slowly began to scan the registrations, not sure what he was looking for. He found it under the date of September second. The date was written in the neat script that must be the manager's, and under that was a bold scrawl—C. L. Fritz, City. He felt dull disappointment: he had been Fritz here, too.

Ask the manager, he told himself, and put his thumb over the bell, but hesitated, looking over his shoulder, the feeling of danger stronger than ever. The dim corridor was empty, but he heard the street door open windily, wheeze against the check-valve; then there were heavy footsteps on the stairs. A man said, "Should have covered the back, maybe."

Impulse moved Texas, but it was memory that led him along the hall to the side corridor. It was short, two numbered doors on each side, a blank door at the end, with a tiny red light glowing above it. He knew where that door led without thinking about it, and stopped just out of sight from the main hallway, listening.

The bell rang shrilly—again, and a third time. Someone was in a hurry. Texas heard an old man's reedy voice complaining, and a harsh voice answered.

"Shake it up, Pop! Police officers."

Texas missed the old man's words, and most of what the other man said next, but he heard enough.

". . . seen coming up . . . stayed here last winter . . . ask him some questions . . ."

Texas waited for no more, taking three silent steps to the blank door, opening and closing it with sure, catlike movements, going quickly down a dark, narrow flight of steps to another door with a spring-lock on the inside, walking along an alley to the crowded street, along the street away from the hotel.

At first he was explosively tense, dangerous to anyone who might accost him, but that went, and he felt only rage at Hugo. The cops had not come into the hotel looking for him by accident; after all this time they would not have been watching the place. Someone had phoned them, and it could have been no one but Hugo. If he never did anything else, he promised himself, he would pay Hugo off. He would walk into the Aurora and bust Hugo open with one of his own bottles.

Five blocks from the hotel, he entered a bar and stayed there until dusk. The cops would have his description from Hugo and would cruise around looking for him. His own room across town would be safe enough for one night, and in the morning he would be gone.

Nobody does that to me, he mentally told Hugo, and drank more than he usually permitted himself, so that by dusk he was feeling reckless enough to go back and pay Hugo; but he had told Hugo he would be back, so the cops might be waiting for him. When he was not thinking of ways to kill Hugo, he was going over what the barman had told him. There had been a bank robbery. That was clear enough, but little else was.

At dusk, he felt safe on the streets, and left the bar, after asking a question:

"Where would you go to look up something in an old newspaper—say, last December?"

The bartender had the answer. "The newspaper office; or the public library might have back copies."

The library did. Any newspaper would do, he told the girl at the desk, and she brought him back files of a morning paper, and there it was on the front page, December sixth.

LONE BANDIT GETS $30,000.

The story was brief. A gunman had entered an uptown bank minutes after the money vault had been opened in the morning, using a duplicate key to unlock the side-door used by employees. Cool, unhurried, the man had walked out with $30,000 and apparently vanished when he reached the street, although a man answering his description had been seen driving away in a blue sedan.

BANK TELLER SOUGHT IN THEFT was the headline the next day, with a longer story. The blue sedan, a stolen car, had been recovered near the bank. Police had suspected that the bandit had been working from an inside knowledge of the bank routine, so they had questioned a number of employees. One, Robert Mackay, had been followed when he left the bank at lunchtime. He had gone by taxi directly to a downtown office where his estranged wife, Frances Mackay, was employed, and witnesses had overheard Mackay tell her that he was in 'big trouble.' Mackay and the girl had talked earnestly, then gone by taxicab to a small downtown hotel.

Detectives trailing Mackay had entered the place, but too late. A room-to-room search had revealed that the couple had fled, apparently in the company of a man known as Fritz. All three were now being sought by the police, who surmised that Mackay's wife had been taken as a hostage. The Mackays had been married less than a year and separated for most of that time, and there was nothing to indicate that Mrs. Mackay had any knowledge of the hold-up before Mackay appealed to her for aid. An all-points bulletin had been issued for the three, and an arrest was expected shortly.

After a year, it was news to Texas. Next day the story had moved back to page two, and a few days later it was dead. That was where Hugo came in, thought Texas, gritting his teeth. The cops wouldn't bother to watch the Ritz Hotel; they would depend on a stool-pigeon—and that was nobody else but that gold-toothed crocodile.

From the library, Texas walked across town toward his room. This town was no longer safe, damn Hugo. He had a bus ticket, he would be on his way next morning, and for tonight his room was safe enough. It was across town from the Ritz and the Aurora, and although he was registered as C. L. Fritz, that wouldn't matter unless there was a big newspaper story, and the cops would see to it that there wasn't—not after he had back-doored them a second time.

Texas stopped at a liquor store to buy a bottle of whiskey and drank from it in the next alley, whispering harshly into the darkness, "Mackay, you dirty double-crosser!"

Thirty grand, and where was it now? Say that state cop was telling the truth, and there had been only nine hundred in the car—then Mackay had the rest of it, and was in hiding. Texas touched the scar on his forehead, remembering that Jackson had suspected the injury had come from a blow, not from the crash. Mackay had slugged him and taken the money, and there was no other way to figure it.

Thirty thousand fat bucks. Texas thought savagely, and where did you start looking for Mackay? *Dover, Dover,* was the whisper in his mind. Say Mackay had friends there, a hideout, and Mackay had planned to kill him there, be rid of him forever and keep the money, but the idea had misfired and he was still alive.

Texas sat on the bed in his dingy room until past midnight, drinking and thinking, building up his sullen hate against Mackay, against Hugo, the cops, and everyone else who had put him here, broke and hunted.

It had been necessary to take the Mackays along when he fled—they knew him too well; he could not leave them or merely dump them beside the road to mark his trail. It would have to be some place where the bodies would not be found, or at least identified, so that—

"You're drunk!" he told himself aloud. "Mackay did it to *you.*"

That part bothered him a little. Mackay was merely a bank clerk with larceny in his soul, and it would have been more reasonable for *him* to have come out with Mackay's share of the loot; but here he was, broke, with a scar on his head and not even a name, while Mackay and the money . . .

"Dover—that has to be the place," he said aloud. If he could not locate Mackay in Dover, he could always go back to

the hospital and work there until he decided what to do next.

Again he spoke aloud to the empty room. "Not the hospital! Suppose somebody connects the Fritz who took the bankroll with the Fritz on those Missing Person circulars the hospital put out? They even got your picture on them!"

When the bottle was empty, Texas lay back on the bed, fully dressed. The room swung around him, and he growled thickly, "I'm coming after you, Mackay. And Hugo. I'd still be okay if your mouth . . ." He fell into sleep like a man falling into a hole.

Texas awoke with a pile-driving hangover. He packed his cheap suitcase and walked out of the rooming-house, planning to walk to the bus depot, but he felt exposed and uneasy on the street in daylight. The cops would have his description from Hugo—they would figure he'd had a scare and wouldn't come near the hotel or the Aurora again, but the dragnet would be out, and Hugo could pick him out of a line-up.

Maybe we could fix that, he thought grimly. He found a cab and rode to the bus depot, where he checked his bag. People remembered what you carried when they didn't notice your face. A second cab carried him past the *Aurora*, dropped him a block away. His sharp eyes saw no one who might be a waiting detective, and they would not bother to watch Hugo's place—Hugo would do that for them.

Texas pushed open the swinging door with his elbow and entered boldly. Hugo was alone, on the same stool in front of the bar. He looked up and almost screamed, but Texas' big hand was on his shoulder, and Texas said pleasantly, "Couldn't make it back last night, old buddy. How's about that drink on the house now?"

The tone reassured Hugo, though his mouth jerked with terror and guilt. Texas walked behind the bar with him, and Hugo did not like that, but said nothing, and poured two drinks with an unsteady hand. Texas drank both, grinning at Hugo.

"I'm broke, old buddy. How's for a couple of bucks?"

Hugo stammered, between fear and relief. "Sure, Texas. Any—any time."

He dug under his bartender's apron for his wallet. Texas took it from him, asking cheerfully, "What's the till?"

"Why, I—hey, gimme my wallet!"

"Open the till."

Texas did not raise his voice, but Hugo hastily pressed the lever of the cash register. Texas emptied the drawer: three fives, a ten, twelve ones, a pocketful of silver.

Hugo whined, "This is just a rib, ain't it? That's all the dough I got, honest!"

"Just a gag." Watching Hugo's expression swing between fear and hope was as good as a show, and the big man laughed.

"I barely make it here," said Hugo, "but you want to borrow some dough, I could spare twenty."

"You might never get it back."

"I trust you," Hugo said, pouring two drinks. His hands were very bad, now, and he spilled almost as much as he got into the glasses.

Texas watched sardonically. "Suppose the cops picked me up? You'd lose your dough."

"You're too smart for those guys."

Texas laid the money from the till and the wallet on the bar. Suddenly savage, he growled. "Sure. And who watched me go upstairs and tipped them off? You know what you're getting?"

Hugo knew; he read it in the glass-gray eyes, and stepped back, mouth opening to scream. Texas' right fist smashed into the slack face with the sound of a man chopping meat, and Hugo came up on his toes, fell sideways and backwards against the back bar, hitting the floor in a clatter of bottles.

Texas stuffed money and wallet into his pocket, and drained the two glasses. Taking a blue bandanna handkerchief from his hip pocket, he wiped the glasses, stepped over Hugo, and searched the drawers and cabinets, working fast but without panic. He found neither gun nor money, but in one drawer was an ice-pick. Holding it in his bandanna-wrapped fist, he bent over Hugo, clamping his left hand over the man's mouth. There was no need—Hugo made one surging, convulsive movement, and was still forever.

"Too easy for you," Texas growled.

He walked briskly from the Aurora and down the street, whistling under his breath. The walk, the drinks, or something else had made him feel fine. The hangover was gone, and he was hungry. He had time for eggs and a double order of ham before the bus left, and scarcely gave Hugo a thought. It was a rough neighborhood, and the cops would call it a fight, or robbery with violence. Even if the cops thought of him, what did they have to go on? Nothing at all.

Frances had been home for ten days and apparently both she and Will Carr had forgotten the man who called himself Fritz. They had not forgotten, but they made the effort, as if by not thinking of him they could keep him out of their lives. But when an unfamiliar auto stopped, the shadow of fear passed over them, and when the daily bus arrived, they waited tensely until the last passenger appeared.

There was no point in worrying, Carr told himself, but for the first two days strain showed so clearly on his face that Jackson noticed it, and Mrs. Kuttner fretted about his health. Nothing happened, the tension gradually eased, and Carr told himself that the big man would never remember, never come back.

By that time, Carr had decided against leaving Dover. A sudden vanishing might bring an investigation, and to sell the store might take a year, and by that time it should be over, one way or the other. Besides, he had put too much of himself into the place to leave it easily. It was home for Frances, too, the first real home she had ever known.

There was one more reason, the strongest of all, for not leaving, and one morning he walked behind the store to look at it. He had a dread of the place, and had not visited it for months, but now it was important to be reassured that no casual eye could find it. Behind the cabins was a narrow gully, in which was the well that supplied Dover with water. On the far side of the gully was the wild land—scattered bushes and clumps of tough grass here and there. The sandy soil was loose underfoot, and Carr was panting a little as he climbed out of the gully and walked fifty or sixty paces into the barren brushland. The awakening memories were all bad, and he tried to keep them down, but when he came to the place he was shocked, it was so plainly visible.

The earth had settled in a shallow depression about six feet long by two wide, and there was nothing he could do about it. Fresh earth to fill it level would be even more noticeable, and his first frantic impulse was to turn and run, take Frances and little Pete and run to the other end of the world. It took an effort to think sanely, but he told himself that no one ever came this way. And stretch probability to the limit, and say someone stumbled upon it and even guessed it was a grave, why should it be thought to hold anything but a big dog, or a calf, buried to keep the stink from Dover?

He said aloud to the grave, somberly, "I'm sorry, but what else could we do?"

Turning away quickly, he slid down into the gully, climbed the steep slope on the other side, and came face to face with Jackson. His heart seemed to stop, then pounded madly, and he looked over his shoulder, as if suspecting that Jackson could see the grave, even at this distance.

The patrolman said, in his quiet way, "I wanted a minute with you alone, Will."

Carr's throat was dry, but he managed to say, "All right."

"You know I'm your friend, Will."

"I like to think so." Carr said, not knowing what was coming, but wary.

"Remember that big fellow—Fritz? The one who'd lost his memory. What do you think he was after, Will?"

Carr kept his expression blank. "How should I know?"

Jackson said patiently, "You can talk to me, Will. If you need help, you'll get it from me, no matter what's the trouble."

"Why should I need help?"

"When you spotted him, you reached for that gun under the counter. That stuff's never smart, Will; it never solves anything."

With all that empty land at his back, Carr felt cornered, but he said stubbornly, "I don't know what you're talking about."

"What were you afraid of? Blackmail?"

Carr stared at the patrolman, astonished. "Blackmail?"

Jackson said, soberly, "I remembered where I'd heard the name of Peter Wilson Carr, and looked it up."

It was not what Carr had expected, and it jolted him. "If you—are you going to rake that up again?"

"You know better. It must have been rough."

"It's over." Carr muttered.

"Is it? Then why were you afraid of that big fellow? There was a hint of a missing man in the case—was it him, maybe?"

Recovering from his shock, Carr felt dull anger. "It's over, I told you! I lived through it, and if you want to dig up the story and spread it around, I can live through that, too."

"And Frances can?"

"Leave her out of it!"

"She's in it," Jackson said gently. "How long has she been in it, Will? Did she really come from San Francisco?"

"What? What are you talking about? Frances doesn't know—she's never even *heard* of that business!"

"There's some connection between her and that big fellow. And between you and him. What is it?"

"You're crazy!" Carr said vehemently. "I never saw him before, and as for what happened to me, Frances . . ." He broke off, went on in a dreary voice. "I should have told her. I always meant to tell her, but . . . Now she'll hear it the hard way, unless . . ."

Carr stared at the ground, thinking it out, and Jackson waited in his still but alert way. Carr made his decision and moved, saying bitterly, "Come on. I want you to hear my side of it whether you believe me or not."

Frances was busy in the kitchen, coming into the cabin's living-and-bedroom when she heard Carr's voice, first glancing at the crib against the wall, next smiling at her husband, then at Jackson. Not for the first time, Jackson felt a little envious of Will Carr. There were two kinds of beauty, he thought, the outward that goes with youth, and the beauty from within that increases with the years; and it seemed to him that each time he saw Frances she was lovelier and more radiant.

"How's little Pete?" he asked.

"Fine—when he's asleep, like now. What does a woman do with twins?"

Carr said abruptly, "This is something I've put off, and it's not the way I'd choose to tell you. But maybe it's the best way, at that."

His tone drew Frances's full attention. Carr stood facing her. Jackson stood aside and a little apart, watching and listening to both of them.

"You know I was married before," Carr said. "Maybe you wondered why I never talked about it."

Frances murmured, "I wondered if she was pretty."

"What? She was—I don't know, I don't remember."

"I was good not to pry, wasn't I?"

"You're always good! You're the best and the only one, and it's hard to remember when you weren't. I guess she was pretty, and we were happy enough, but it was a long time ago, and it turned into a nightmare, so now that's the part I remember."

"It doesn't matter," Frances said softly. "You don't have to tell me."

"I do." Carr looked bitterly at the patrolman. "Jackson knows. Sooner or later, you'd hear it, and—"

"Not from me," Jackson put in.

"Maybe not," Carr said. "But I had other friends, once. I know what it did to them."

Frances stepped closer and, without speaking, gently touched his arm. Carr looked at her, saying, "Maybe even you . . . But I know better than that. See, I was Peter Wilson Carr, then. Mister Carr, a nice neat man in a nice neat neighborhood, just like everybody else until I came home that day and found Evie—Evie—"

He stumbled over the name. Watching and listening, Jackson began to doubt his own guess. He knew what was coming, but obviously Frances did not. The only probable connection between the three of them—Carr, the big stranger, and Frances—had been this six-year-old tragedy.

Carr went on, painfully. "She was in the bathtub. She must have slipped, and hit her head, and drowned. I know that's how it was, but they said there was a mark on her throat, and questioned all the men she knew. But it was me they had their eyes on, only I was too stupid, too innocent, to realize it. There was a young district attorney—he was ambitious, my lawyer said, but why it happened doesn't matter. What matters is that I was tried for kill— for doing it to her."

For a moment the bitter memory choked him. Frances said soothingly, "But everyone knew you couldn't do a thing like that."

"They didn't, that's the point. Oh, I was acquitted, but afterwards people wondered, and hinted it was lucky I'd had a smart lawyer, and even my friends looked at me sideways, wondering. Of course the school board said that after all the notoriety they couldn't take me back. I might as well have been convicted. For a while, I got drunk every night, and my father—I know—I'm *sure*, he didn't believe it, but it killed him before the year was out. Her people stood by me, but afterwards they didn't want to see me. I went away, just dropped out of that world; but for a long time it was just as bad wherever I went."

Frances gently touched his cheek, whispering, "My poor darling, my poor Will."

"Don't feel sorry for me," Carr said roughly. "It's past; it's all right, now. I'm happy, now—you know that."

"I know. But how anyone could imagine that you—*you*, of all people in the world, could hurt anyone!"

"Facts and evidence," he said bleakly. "The night before it happened, we'd had a little argument—something silly, like where to go on my vacation. But a snoopy neighbor made it sound like a big fight. And that day, the day before she died, a man had come to the house and stayed a long time. I remember she'd called a man to fix the washing-machine, but I didn't know who, and he never came forward. Didn't want to get mixed up in it, probably, but the prosecutor made it sound as if she had been planning to leave me for another man. He almost convinced *me*."

"Oh, no," Frances said confidently. "She loved you."

There was a silence, and then Carr said dismally, "So now you know."

"I'm glad you told me," Frances said. "Now I won't wonder about her, and *then*." She looked at Jackson, without friendliness. "Will didn't do anything wrong. Did you have to hurt him with it?"

"It was between the two of us," Jackson said, uncomfortably. "I wouldn't even have told you."

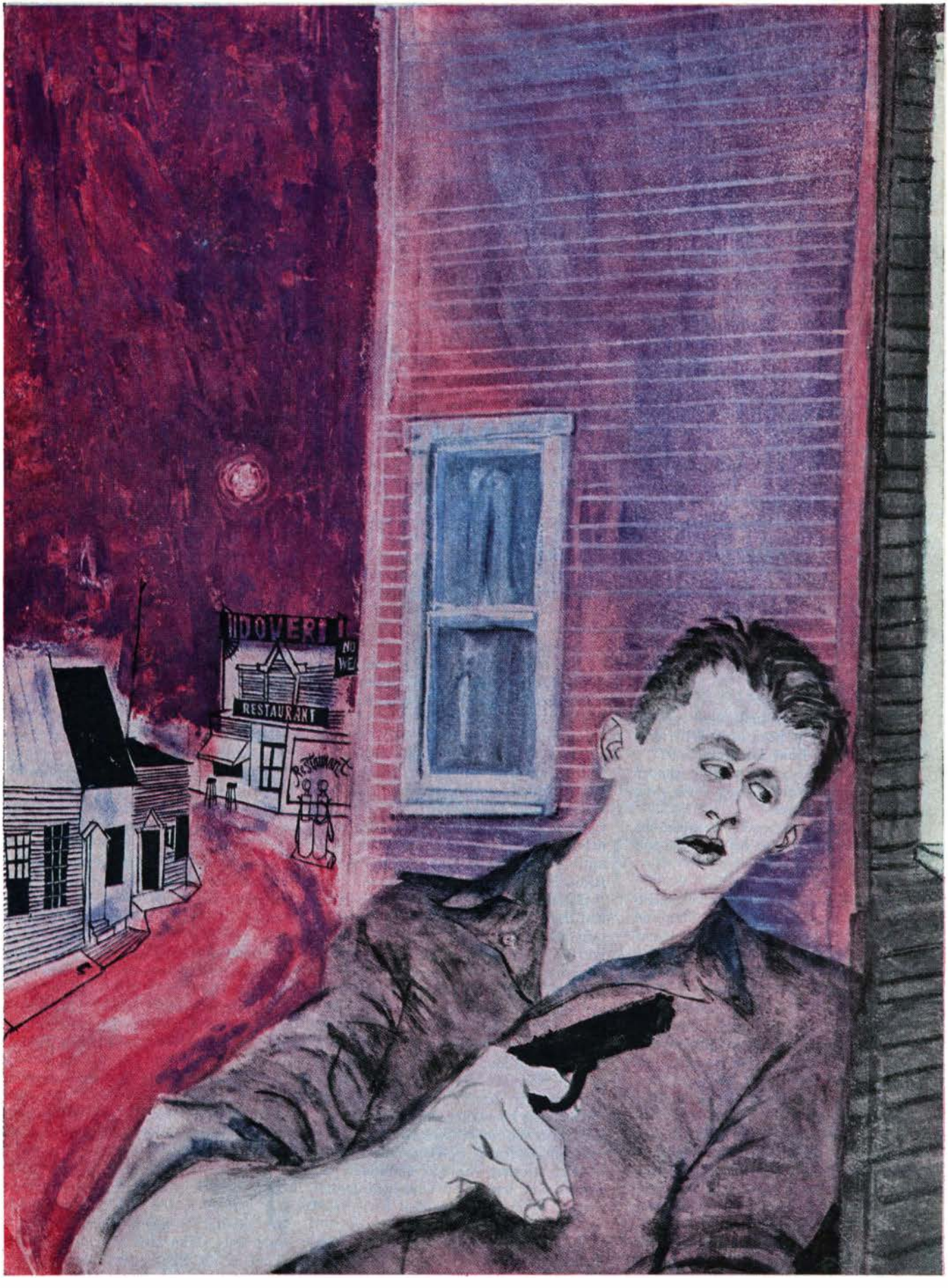
Carr told him, "You see? This was the first she knew about it. I don't care what you say about me, but leave Frances out."

"I'm not going to say anything. Only . . ."

"There's no *only!*" Carr said, angrily. "Anything else, you're imagining. Leave her out!"

Jackson thought: *There's still that big fellow, and I didn't imagine what seeing him did to you.* But aloud he said only, "I'm still your friend, Will. Time to eat. I'll see you later."

After the patrolman had gone out, there was silence in the cabin until Carr spoke, in a dry, exhausted voice.



In the lighted cabin the woman reached to her husband. Suddenly the watcher knew

his past was in that room.

"Now you see why I wouldn't let you go to the police? I'd been through it, once. I couldn't let you go through it, and they'd dig up that old story about me, and it would make matters ten times worse."

"Jackson *is* your friend," Frances said.

"He's a cop. And there are others—the district attorney and the newspapers. You don't know what it's like! Though now I'm not so sure I was right—if he remembers, and comes back . . ."

"He won't. It's going to be all right for us, my darling."

"I don't know," Carr muttered. "Now Jackson's curious, and if *he* comes back . . . If he'd died in the blizzard, or if I'd killed him, it wouldn't bother me. If we'd known he had been picked up, we might have told Jackson, but this way, who'd believe our story? And now it's too late to tell anyone, you see that?"

"Whatever you think is best," Frances said, and kissed him again. "It will be all right, I *know*, and you and I and little Pete will live happily forever after."

Her words, her serene look, helped Will Carr; but inwardly she was quaking.

The next day was Saturday. A wind played around the buildings, whispering of stormy weather, but the sky was clear. Frances had taken little Pete to the pediatrician in town for a routine examination, and Carr was helping Mrs. Kuttner get ready for the bus passengers. Jackson had finished his lunch and was smoking a cigarette, watching the girl at the magazine rack.

She was Annie Britwell, and her middle name was Trouble. This morning she had walked to the highway from the Britwell ranch, and Jackson had given her a ride to Dover, where her boy friend was to meet her. While she waited, she dropped coins in the jukebox and looked at the more lurid magazines, tapping her foot and swinging her hips to the music, fully aware that Jackson was watching her. When the bus arrived, she forgot the patrolman. He would never do more than look, anyhow, and was as much of a stick as Will Carr, but someday she would meet a man with money, maybe a movie star, and get away from this dull life and that old boar who called himself her father.

Eighteen people climbed out of the bus, most of them men, and Annie pulled her sweater down to emphasize her shape. The last man inside carried a cheap suitcase, setting it down just inside the door and looking about as if expecting to see someone he knew. He was a big man, farmerish and not too prosperous in appearance, but something about him held Annie's calculating gaze.

Jackson did not see the big man until he set down his suitcase, and then he glanced quickly at Will Carr. Carr had seen the man who called himself Fritz when he stepped off the bus, but he went on with what he was doing, the sudden, inward, guitar-string tautness not outwardly apparent; he had been braced for this moment. Studying him, Jackson saw no hint of fear or shock, and began to doubt a little.

Texas glanced at Annie, and she stretched to reach a magazine, one leg coming off the floor. At nineteen, Annie was ripe—in ten years she would be overripe. She was a pretty girl, except for bad teeth, with fine, full features, and black, heavy, curling hair which she wore shoulder-long and tied with a red ribbon. Her skirt was red, too, and so were her shoes and purse. Texas looked her over the way a butcher looks over a side of beef, then turned away, and Annie pouted. Jackson frowned at the by-play.

The passengers flowed out again, dividing like water around Texas. Jackson's stillness was that of a lizard on a rock, ready to flash into motion, but Texas was the rock itself. Will Carr was at the cash register, now, seemingly unaware of the big man, who moved on to the lunch counter, where Mrs. Kuttner recognized him.

"Well! Back again? I was worried about you, wandering around. Did you remember any more?"

"Some," Texas said.

"Well, that's fine!" said Mrs. Kuttner. "I just couldn't hardly get you out of my mind."

"I'm looking for a man named Mackay," Texas said. He had thought about it, weighing caution against the need for haste, and this was the best way. Find Mackay, go after him, and get out fast with the money.

Mrs. Kuttner said, "You must mean old Donald."

"A relative, maybe. Does Donald Mackay live around here?"

"He used to—he's dead. He never had no relatives that I ever heard of. He just worked for Pete Britwell. Annie," Mrs. Kuttner called to the girl, "how long since old Donald died?"

"Four years," said Annie, looking at Texas. "Why?"

Texas ignored Annie. "The one I want is Robert Mackay. He's about twenty-six, and he ought to be staying around here, maybe on a ranch, but he might not get out much—sick." That would be a reasonable excuse for a man in hiding, he had decided.

Jackson had the same thought, but he was puzzled, unable to fit this new name

in with Carr or Frances. And Carr, at the cash register, seemed to have no interest in the big man. But then, Jackson thought, he knows he is being watched this time.

Annie came to the counter near Texas, smiling without parting her lips. She talked without opening her mouth wide, also, but she laughed easily, forgetting then about her bad teeth. Texas looked at the curve her hips made against the tight skirt, and spoke to her.

"Maybe the guy I'm looking for didn't know this Donald Mackay was dead and came to see him, about last December."

The time of the blizzard, Jackson thought, again glancing at Will Carr, seeing no reaction.

Annie shook her head. "Donald didn't have any folks. He never even wrote letters. Just worked for my old man and got drunk once a week, regular."

Texas tried Mrs. Kuttner again, urgently. "I might have got the name wrong, remembered it wrong. He was young, about five foot ten, brown hair and eyes. Looked kind of slick and soft, like a banker, and there maybe was a couple—him and a woman."

Mrs. Kuttner frowned, dubiously thoughtful. Jackson tried a question.

"What did the woman look like?" Red hair and blue eyes would make her Frances.

"I dunno," Texas said shortly. He did not want to talk to the patrolman.

Jackson persisted. "Where did you get on the track of this Mackay? In Portland?"

Texas hesitated, then growled, "So what if I did?"

"You ever been around Portland, Maine?"

Texas was wary. "Why?"

"Just the names. There's a Dover back there, too, in Massachusetts."

Texas was silent a moment, listening for inner echoes. "I never been back there."

"You can't be sure, can you?"

"I'm sure." Texas deliberately turned his back on the patrolman, looking at Mrs. Kuttner.

"That doesn't fit anybody I know," she told him. "Fact is, I can't think of nobody moved here last winter. The folks don't change much."

Annie spoke to draw attention to herself. "Frances might know."

She got the big man's full, flattering attention. The name rang a bell in his mind, and he asked harshly, "Who's Frances?"

"His wife." Annie nodded at Will Carr.

This time there was a reaction from Carr. Jackson saw him stiffen, read something like panic in his glance at the stranger, whose movement to look at Carr halted at Mrs. Kuttner's words.

"Frances wouldn't know anyone I didn't. Anyhow, she's in town with the baby."

"Uh-huh," Texas said, disappointed. The Frances he wanted was Mackay's wife, and had no children. So Dover was still a dead end, in spite of his feeling that it was the place to look for Mackay.

Jackson had noted the big man's quick reaction to *Frances*, as though he connected the name with this Mackay he was hunting. He had lost interest after learning that she was Carr's wife, perhaps assuming that she had been here as long as Carr.

Jackson mentally rearranged the facts he had, trying to connect the big man with Frances and Will Carr. That old trouble of Carr's had seemed the most reasonable point—a district attorney didn't go to trial unless he had a good case and expected a conviction, and if this big man had known something, and had come here to blackmail Carr . . . But too many of the facts did not fit: the West Coast got into it, somehow, and now this Mackay, and Frances herself. Jackson had heard Frances's maiden name just once, and could not recall what she had told him, but it had been Smith or Jones or something else shorter and more common than Mackay.

Texas said, dully, "I might as well stick around here for a day or so. Maybe I can talk to somebody else who might know Mackay. I don't know what else to do, I got to think about that. How much is a cabin?"

"Five dollars," Mrs. Kuttner told him.

She glanced at Carr, expecting him to be pleased by the unexpected business. Instead, he was frowning, and she was shocked to hear him say: "The cabins aren't ready—we're closed up for the winter."

"Nonsense!" said Mrs. Kuttner firmly. "Number One only needs airing out, and linen."

"It'll do," Texas said, taking out his wallet and laying a five-dollar bill on the counter.

Looking over his shoulder, Annie saw more bills, lots of money by her standards, and said in her warmest voice, "I'll ask the people I know, for you. Was this Mackay a relative?"

"A friend. He could tell me things."

"That would be nice," said Mrs. Kuttner, picking up the bill and looking a little defiantly at Will Carr. At this time of year, five dollars was five dollars. "You want to look at the cabin now?"

"Might as well." Texas laid a dollar bill on the counter, telling Annie, "Keep that jukebox warmed up. Maybe I'll see you later."

"I'm going to town, but I'll be back," she said, smiling her closed-mouth smile, and pulling her sweater tight for him.

When Mrs. Kuttner and the stranger had gone out, Jackson told the girl, curtly, "Stay away from that bird."

"Jealous?" she mocked.

"He plays rough. He'll get you over a barrel."

Annie made her eyes wide and innocent. "What a funny thing to say! What does that mean—over a barrel?"

Jackson flushed and moved away. Paying for his meal at the cash register, he spoke to Will Carr in a voice too low for Annie's ears.

"What's he after, Will?"

Carr did not look up from counting change. "What's who after?"

"Don't kid me—that big fellow."

"You know as much about him as I do."

"I don't think so. You didn't want him to stay."

"I didn't like his looks."

"He looks like a bad one," Jackson agreed. "That's one reason why you ought to let me help."

Now Carr looked at him, saying in a cold, level tone. "I don't need help. Can't you get that through your head and leave us—leave me alone?"

Jackson said quietly, "All right, don't tell me anything. But don't blame me if I do the wrong thing, either."

"Such as what?"

"Any checking on this bird was routine, and I've got a feeling about him. Maybe if I sent a wire, name and description, to Portland and San Francisco—what do you think?"

"I think you should mind your own business," Carr said angrily.

Jackson shrugged and turned away. Annie had started the jukebox again, and was swinging her hips for Carr and the patrolman, who didn't know she was alive. Mrs. Kuttner returned, bristling with indignation.

"He had whiskey in his suitcase, and the nerve to offer me a drink! What does he take me for, drinking in a man's room?"

She remembered that Carr had not wanted to rent the cabin, and went on defensively. "Maybe he's not a choice guest, and I could see that as well as you, but five dollars isn't to be sneezed at, this time of year."

An auto with cracked fenders and a loose muffler stopped outside, the horn blaring imperatively. Annie hurried out to her boy friend, and Mrs. Kuttner looked after her, sniffing her disapproval.

Jackson paused at the door.

"If you want me for anything, Will, call the office. I'll leave word where to find me."

Carr said nothing, looking a little sullen, and Jackson added, "I may be back—if I find out anything."

He went out, started the patrol car, and drove away, regretting having angered his friend, but determined to go on with it. He had a feeling, as he had told Carr—not curiosity, but an instinct. The big man was *wrong*, somehow, and merely being near him made Jackson bristle, as a trained dog does when it scents a wild beast. The big man felt it, too, as if they had been born enemies.

Nor was it as simple as law and outlaw, Jackson thought, his mind, as usual, most active when he was driving. A man got on one side or the other of the law pretty much by accident, and there were good and bad men on both sides, but this big fellow looked and sounded *wrong*, and would have if he'd been wearing a star himself. He was a man to watch, Jackson thought—a man nothing, neither fear nor friendship, could ever bind, deadly and merciless as a coiled rattler.

"I'll step on him if I can," Jackson said aloud.

Mind your own business. Will Carr had told him. Annie Britwell had said the same thing in a different way, and suddenly Jackson wondered if he was simply nosy, and if all that was working on him was curiosity. He had the Westerner's respect for personal privacy, and the thought made him uneasy. Another thing, he argued with himself, being wrong and doing wrong were not always the same thing, and Will Carr might be the wrongdoer, or Frances. The big man might even have been a policeman, a deputy sheriff in some crooked county, and instead of tracking him down Jackson might in reality be tracking Frances or Carr. Will was hiding something, that was sure.

"Maybe you'd better forget the whole thing," Jackson told himself, aloud. "You'd feel pretty mean if you made trouble for Frances."

Frances drove the car off the highway, around the store, past the cabins to the last, largest one. Little Pete was asleep, and she left him on the front seat while she carried inside the things she had bought in town. A man watched her from the open doorway of Number One—a big man, wearing a hat but no coat, his shirtsleeves rolled up. She could not see his face clearly, but he was a stranger. From now until spring, it was not a question of how much money they made, but of how little they lost, and a cabin rental was like finding five dollars.

She laid little Pete on the bed in the cabin's large front room. He had awakened, more or less, and was making murmurous sounds of hunger, but he was not yet serious about it, and Frances unwrapped and put away her purchases, humming happily to herself. Passing a mirror, she stopped to tell herself, "You're so lucky," and critically examine her reflection, seeing a small, cheerful face with mouth too wide and a slightly puckish nose. *Your hair is pretty, and your shape is getting better,* she thought; but still she wondered for the thousandth time what Will saw when he looked at her that made his eyes glow and his face soften with love. Whatever he saw, it was not what she saw, and sometimes she thought with a touch of panic: *If he ever truly sees me, I'm lost!*

In this country people dressed casually, and even in town the men wore overalls or levis, the women slacks or housedresses. Frances had gone with her richly red hair uncovered, a jacket over a cotton dress, and sneakers on her feet.

She was hanging the jacket in the closet when Will entered, coming to the bed to look somberly down at little Pete. Frances smiled at her husband's bowed head, unbuttoned the upper front of her dress, and sat down on the bed beside the baby, whose whimpering was louder and more fretful.

"He's all right?" Carr asked.

"The doctor says he's healthy as a little pig." Something was troubling him, and Frances leaned forward to see his face better. "Aren't you going to kiss me? I've been gone for ages!"

Carr kissed her, but still seemed to be thinking about something else, and after a moment Frances asked, "What's wrong?"

"Everything. He's back."

Fear widened her eyes. "He's—oh! Not the man in Number One?"

"Yes. He didn't see you?"

"He was watching, but it's pretty far away, and—he's *staying* here? He remembers? No, or . . . But then why is he staying?"

"He remembered something, or found something. He asked about Mackay."

Frances's face was pale, the freckles dark by contrast. "Oh! He knew it was *here?*"

"I don't think so. I think someone told him about Mackay. He didn't seem to remember anything clearly himself. But he's going to stay here for a day or two, and we can't let him see you."

Little Pete was fully awake, hungry, and complaining about the slow service. Frances absently rocked him on the bed, but that was not what he wanted, and his thin wail grew louder.

"Hush, sweetie," she said distractedly, adding to Carr, "I suppose I always knew it couldn't last—being so happy, I mean."

Nothing but food would quiet little Pete, and she finished unbuttoning her dress and lifted the baby to her breast in a beautiful, natural gesture. Her face softened, the deep inner feelings making it truly lovely, though her surface attention never left Carr. Little Pete's wail changed to a grunt of astonishment as he found the source of food in his mouth, and he set earnestly to work.

"We'll be all right," Carr said. "He'll go, or I'll figure out something. Meantime, I'll tell Mrs. Kuttner and everybody that you have a cold and the doctor says you should stay in bed."

"How can I stay here, with you down there? If he remembers—ah, I'd worry myself crazy."

"You're the one he'd remember, baby."

"I know, but if anything happened to you—! I wish we had let everything go and run away. If I lost you, lost *this*, I'd die!"

"It'll be all right," he said, without conviction.

"I wasn't even *alive!*" Frances cried. "When I didn't know, it didn't matter. A bird that can't fly may ache and not know why. Oh, I wish we'd gone to Jackson right way! Whatever happened, it would have been better than this."

Carr shook his head. "I've been through it; there's nothing worse. Only, Jackson's curious, now, and if he learns anything, if it comes out now, it will be really bad. Maybe if . . . Oh, I don't know."

He sounded despairing, and it was Frances's turn to cheer him.

"We'll be all right, darling. Together, we can come through anything."

Carr shook his head, dismally. Little Pete's stomach was full. His eyes closed, and Frances gently laid him on the bed and stood up, putting her arms around Carr.

"We'll be fine," she told him, smiling. "Go back, now, and I'll stay here and be a good girl and not worry, and he'll leave and never come back, and it will all be the way it was before. I *know*, dear."

She showed herself brave and confident to Carr, but after he had left her, she locked the door and sat on the bed, hunched and shivering with dreadful forebodings, until little Pete woke again, wet and fretful.

The main room was large, with walls of plywood painted green, green linoleum on the floor, white ceiling, a double bed, two chairs, a table, and a dressing table. There was another bed in a smaller room, and a large bathroom.

The bottle of whiskey was on the dresser and, seated on the bed, Texas could see it, another behind it in the mirror, and a room beyond, with himself sitting on the bed, looking at himself. Seen double that way, the room had a queer, echoing familiarity, not comforting at all, but a little frightening, as if he had gotten himself trapped inside the mirror and was looking out at the real world he could not reach.

He stood up for a drink of whiskey.

telling himself aloud, "Go ahead, get drunk and have yourself a ball. It might be the last for a long time."

He could feel his nerves getting tight and tighter, and he was still nobody, with no name. For all he knew, Mackay was dead and buried, like Fritz, and maybe the Dover he wanted was in Massachusetts, like that state cop had said. His nerves were getting tighter, and what could he do about it? Sit here until the cops came for him?

"They never will; they only caught up with me once," he told his reflection in the mirror, and then wondered how he had known that. Maybe he was beginning to remember.

Corking the bottle he sat down on the bed again, leaning forward with his head in his hands, eyes squeezed shut with the effort to see the memories that must be there. It was like trying to see around a corner. You couldn't, but it was all there if you could, and now and then something came around the corner, like Hugo's name, or the back way out of the Ritz Hotel.

Hearing an automobile, he opened the cabin door, and watched the machine stop beside the last cabin. Texas could see that the girl driving was small and slim, with a quick, youthful way of moving that stirred something in him, and again he spoke aloud to himself.

"Better get yourself a woman. If the Feds tag you, it might be a long time. That black-haired chick is ripe."

He saw Carr come from the back door of the store to the cabin, so the slim girl was his wife, and they had a kid, but it was funny there would be another Frances, here at Dover. Maybe he should take a look at this Frances, though what good would it do, when he couldn't remember his own name, or Mackay's face, even after seeing it in the newspaper?

"Do you more good to take a look at that black-haired babe," he told himself. In prison, he had learned to do without women, but he wasn't doing time now.

He went back over that thought. If he had ever been in prison, why weren't his fingerprints on file with the F.B.I.? For a moment, he almost had the answer—a fox-faced, bald, little man saying, "It's going to cost more than that," but straining to remember brought him nothing more except a jumbled impression of many men in a huge building—jail, probably, but where and why? Trying to see around the corner to the rest of it made his head ache.

Texas stepped outside, closing the cabin door behind him, and walked away from the buildings. Walking had always been a release for him, and he thought: *Country in your legs.* A moment later a named popped into his mind—*Jubal.* It sounded familiar, seemed, somehow, the most important thing yet recalled, and he said hopefully aloud, "Jubal—Jubal." But nothing more came.

The gritty earth felt good underfoot, not like the hard pavements of town and city, and the exercise relaxed body and mind. He turned away from the highway and into the arid brushland. Sweat ran down his face and made the shirt stick to his chest, and that was good, too—when a man couldn't sweat, he was dead.

His mind was empty, relaxed, and suddenly he remembered about Fritz. It happened that way, always—strain and strain and touch nothing; give it up, and see something coming round the corner. Not that this was important, but he clearly recalled the stranger sitting beside him in the tavern, a young man, slightly drunk, who walked out leaving his wallet on the bar. He had followed—there was only a dollar or two in the wallet, and petty theft was not his line—and had seen Fritz stumble off the curb and under the truck's wheels. He had walked away quickly, before a cop could tag him as a witness, and Fritz's papers had come in handy, later, when he had not wanted to use his own name, in San Francisco. He knew Fritz would never complain.

So calling himself Fritz had been as simple as that, and as meaningless. He still did not know who he was, or have more than hints about his past, but he walked along feeling more cheerful. He was remembering more all the time, adding to himself little by little.

The whiskey had parched his throat, and he turned back, anticipating the sensation of cold beer. He had walked in a wide circle, and he came out of the brushland on the edge of a deep gully, beyond which were the store and cabins. A jack rabbit hopped erratically out of his path, and he watched it cross an oblong of sunken earth, clearly a grave. He turned aside to examine it, but without real curiosity. He kicked at the sandy earth, thinking it must have been a pretty big dog, or whatever. The grave had been here a long time, and this was what all dogs and men come to, at last.

He felt momentarily depressed, and then his aimless thoughts went back to Annie. She looked ripe, and if he shook the tree . . .

Annie was not in the store. Carr was, and at the lunch counter Mrs. Kuttner was feeding three men in overalls. Texas bought a can of beer and sat at the end of the counter, back against the wall. His mind went on chasing its tail.

Fritz and Hugo and Mackay. Two of them are dead and Mackay might as well be, for all the trace he's left, and you might as well be, too. They could just throw you in the ground like that dog or whatever it is out there and put over it, "Here Lies Nobody." Mackay made you nobody with no name and took the money. You ought to pay him for that, but instead here you are broke in this creep joint, though it might not be so bad if that black-haired babe came back.

By the time Jackson went off duty, he had made his decision and had sent a semi-official wire from the local headquarters of the state highway patrol to Portland and San Francisco, asking for a check on one Charles Louis Fritz, description appended, and one Robert Mackay, description also appended. After that he went home and cooked his supper, read *Criminal Toxicology* for a while, went to bed and worked a crossword puzzle. Jackson's chief vice was working crossword puzzles in bed, and a few of his friends, particularly the women, pitied him and thought he lived a drab, lonely life when off duty.

Jackson's life was exactly as he wanted it to be. He had a hi-fi set and a tape-recorder, a roomful of books, and a well-equipped kitchen. He had a feeling for solitude that in other days might have made him a lone prospector, and he was no more lonely in his rooms than the prospector camped under the stars.

Tonight he dropped the crossword puzzle half finished and turned off the light, thinking of Will Carr and Dover. He was pretty sure, now, that the big stranger had no connection with the murder trial in Carr's past. He had guessed wrong there, which left the field wide open. He needed more information, and, if he was lucky, that might come from San Francisco or Portland tomorrow or the next day. His last waking thoughts were of Dover, a hope that the big stranger would stay there until he'd had word from the Coast. If the word was *No Information*, he would try something else. The big man was a cop-hater, and it might be possible to bluff him into thinking . . . He fell asleep and dreamed that Frances Carr was trying to tell him something important, but the sound that came from her straining mouth was a shrill ringing.

At Dover Mrs. Kuttner had gone home after a final disapproving cluck at Texas, who continued to sit on the corner stool, Jackson's regular place, slowly but steadily drinking beer. Its only outward effect was to make him silent and sullen, and when she asked if he wanted supper, he merely grunted, without so much as looking at her. She hoped he would not make trouble, especially since Will had been reluctant to rent him a cabin in the first place.

After she had gone, Carr swept and dusted and stacked groceries on the shelves, ignoring the big man, though always aware of him and the problem he embodied. There was no simple, satisfying solution. While the man who called

himself Fritz lived, he could remember, and would be a potential danger. The only solution was for him to die, and Carr thought coldly of killing him. Without a qualm he could do anything that would protect Frances, he told himself. The big man was, in a sense, a mental patient, and it might be possible to say that he had gone insane, and that Carr had been forced to shoot him in self-defense, but such a story would need more than his mere word, and what did he do for corroboration?

A few people stopped, on the way to town or on the way home. Mr. and Mrs. Spargo stopped for their mail, and Carr walked outside with them and cunningly hinted that he expected trouble with the big man. Mrs. Spargo said he should call the sheriff, but Carr explained that the man had not really done anything—yet.

A few minutes after nine, Annie and her boy friend came in, on their way to a dance at Short Creek schoolhouse, a few miles off the highway south of Dover. Annie's friend was Curly Meadas, a big, loud youngster, boastful of his abilities as a broncobuster, roper, cat-skinner, lover, and rough-and-tumble fighter. He did none of these things even passably well, but he was so big that few cared to contradict him, and he had convinced himself that he did them all better than well. Curly worked as a hired man, and had the skills of the region: riding, handling livestock and farm machines. Over six feet tall, and heavy, he was awkwardly put together, with a bull's power and a bull's slowness of mind and body.

Annie came in with her cheeks red from the night breeze, pretending not to see Texas, but talking for him, swinging her hips because he was a new man and had shown interest in her. Curly saw no point in stopping at this dead place, but Annie said there was a new tune on the jukebox she wanted him to hear, and with the dollar Texas had given her, she paid for two beers and pretended to see the big man for the first time.

"Hi, there!" she cried gaily. "Did you find your friend Mackay yet?"

"Not yet," Texas said, glancing past her at Curly, judging and discarding him.

Curly met the look with a glower, and Will Carr noted an odd thing. Curly was the taller, but the man who called himself Fritz was the dominant one of the two, even sitting down, perhaps because of his wide shoulders, the size of his rough hands, or simply his rocklike face.

Ignoring Curly, he said to Annie, "Sit down and take a load off your feet. Have a beer."

"We already have one," she said, glancing sideways at Curly, looking for jealousy. "We just stopped on our way to a dance. You like to dance?"

"Not much. Sit down, anyhow."

"Well, I don't know," Annie said coquettishly. "We can't stay."

Texas did not coax, and Annie pouted and half-turned away toward the jukebox, then abruptly sat down, smiling at Texas in her shut-mouthed way. All the men and boys she knew used familiar, time-worn tricks of seduction, set moves in a formal game. Texas was plainly interested, but his bluntness confused her.

"I got a drink of whiskey at the cabin," he told her.

Annie laughed, showing her bad teeth. "And I'm supposed to run up there, like a hound after a bone? You got some etchings, too?" Annie had never seen an etching, but it was a standard joke.

Texas did not laugh. Annie's giggle died, and she tried to meet his bold stare haughtily. Suddenly uneasy, she started to rise, looked at him again, and sat down. Like a hypnotized bird, thought Carr, watching. Annie was afraid but fascinated, her eyes sliding this way and that as if for a way of escape, but always coming back to the man.

Texas told Annie, "You're okay, sis." The words were unimportant, but the man's stare was hungry. Thought and desire were concentrated upon the girl, and he looked capable of sweeping aside laws and morals and everything else, to take what he wanted.

Curly said, "Come on, let's get out of this dump."

"In a minute," Annie said vaguely, trying to look away from the big man.

"Come on. This dump's dead."

"Well . . ." Annie stood up, slowly.

Texas rose also. "What you need is a good drink."

"Well . . . maybe," said Annie, the hypnotized bird.

She looked helplessly at Curly, then at Carr. Texas put a big hand on her back and moved her toward the door. As she passed Curly, he caught her wrist and swung her to face him. Annie's normal reaction would have been to slap him, but now she was confused.

The one thing she trusted, the only tool that ever gained her anything, was her sex. She used it instinctively as a cat unsheathes its claws. Males reacted in predetermined ways, but Texas ignored what she unconsciously supposed to be the rules: first smiles and bold staring, then talk that went more or less quickly from meaninglessness to double-meaning, then the attempt to kiss her—awkwardly, expertly, hopefully, or even violently. To all these she knew the counters, but Texas made no familiar moves, and she felt bewildered and helpless, like a fencer keyed up for a duel and suddenly faced with an opponent aiming a shotgun.

Curly demanded, "Where you going?"

Annie lifted her shoulder, ineffectually trying to pull free, and Texas stepped past her, without haste or heat, and hit Curly a short, chopping blow to the face. Curly was a big boy, in good physical condition from farm work, but he staggered and went heavily to his knees. For a moment he stayed like that, stunned but clinging desperately to consciousness, and then he sighed and lay down, like a tired child giving in to sleep.

The store was silent after the solid blow. Annie stared dazedly down at her boy friend; Texas rubbed his knuckles. The blow had reached Carr in some way, changing him from spectator to participant. This could be his moment, the opportunity he had been praying for.

Annie whispered, "Is he—he's not breathing."

Texas blew on his fist, said carelessly, "Learn him to keep out of my business, maybe. Let's go get that drink."

Curly groaned, slowly rolled over and sat up. Fighting was part of his way of life, and he was the terror of the local dances, but now he made no attempt to gain his feet, and sat holding his jaw. Will Carr felt a growing inward pressure, a fierce excitement, and groped in the drawer under the cash register, wrapping his fingers around the butt of the revolver there—a rusted .38 that had come with the place. He had never fired it, but there were five shells in the cylinder.

Glaring up at Annie, Curly muttered, "So it's like that?"

"I didn't do anything," Annie said, bewildered and almost meek. "I didn't mean to—does your face hurt?"

"A lot you care. Tramp!"

"Don't you call me names, Curly Meadas," she said, but automatically, without fire. Texas again put his hand on her back, and she leaned against it, saying weakly, "Maybe I better not."

"Sure, you better," Texas said.

Annie walked toward the door, like it or not, gaping round at Texas in fear and bewilderment.

Carr stepped from behind the cash register, the gun in his hand. The steadiness of his own voice surprised him.

"Let's wait a minute."

Texas stopped, holding the firm pressure of his hand against Annie's back while he looked Carr over carefully. Annie stared at Carr as if she had never seen him before.

"This is a respectable place," Carr said, his voice trembling a little—not from fear, but because he knew without doubt that he was going to kill this man. Annie and Curly were the witnesses he needed that the big man was violent, dangerous; but they should not see the actual shooting.

Texas respected guns, but he was not frightened, although he could see the strain in Carr's eyes and around his mouth. He was wary, not cowed, and merely waited, saying nothing.

Curly got to his feet, brave now that Carr controlled the situation. He spat at Annie, "Chippie!"

Will Carr ordered, "You get Annie out of here, before there's more trouble. This man's not right in the head." That should do it, he thought coldly.

Curly was sullen. "I don't want nothing to do with her! Let her walk—let her go home with him, if that's what she wants."

"Do as you're told! Annie, get out of here!"

Because she was Annie, she pouted. "You're not my boss."

"You want me to call the sheriff while you're here? Want to go to jail, get your name in the paper? Get!"

Curly made his decision and started for the front door. Annie hesitated, looking at Texas, who ignored her, and then ran after Curly. For a moment their voices came back from outside in bitter argument; then the old auto started with a roar and raced away. Carr and the big man were alone.

Texas waited, silent and motionless. A lupine instinct tightened the skin of his neck, and he stared at Carr with the deadly, unhoping ferocity of a wolf in a trap. He had no doubt Carr meant to shoot—he had seen that wild glitter in a man's eyes before, without remembering where or when—but there was no fear in him, only an icy fatalism. One thing troubled him—how this had built up out of nothing at all. Minutes ago, Carr had been the unobtrusive storekeeper, and now he ached to kill. A word, a movement, and he would pull the trigger. In fact, he was unconsciously waiting for some signal or prompting from outside, and Texas stood motionless, scarcely seeming to breathe.

Carr told himself: *Afterwards I'll say he went berserk and tackled me. Let Jackson think what he pleases. I'm a citizen defending myself, and Annie and Curly will testify he was dangerous, maybe a psycho, and who's to care what happens to him? He's nobody, he hasn't even got a name.*

His breathing rasped in the room; the world had narrowed to the two of them. Carr willed to pull the trigger, coldly. There was no softness in him, no mercy, no fear of consequences, but his finger would not obey the mind's command, and he stared foolishly at hand and gun, and tried again, but the finger was locked, rigid. This was what came of being a civilized man, he thought bitterly, and his voice sounded querulous.

"Why shouldn't I kill you?"

Texas knew they were past the knife-edge of violence, but he was careful. "What for? The babe?"

"No!" Reaction was seeping into Carr's bloodstream, like warm water, weakening him.

"Then what did I do to you?" Texas asked, really curious. The deadly moment had passed, but he continued wary. The man with the gun always had the right of way.

"Never mind, just get out of here, out of Dover! Right now, and never come back."

"I can't go tonight. Where would I sleep?"

Rage swelled in Carr again, and he gestured with the gun, but he was past the killing stage, if he had ever reached it.

"Sleep in the ditch, I don't care! Just get out!"

The rock that was Texas resisted him silently, and Carr took a long, ragged breath. "All right, but get on the bus tomorrow, and never come back. If you do, if I ever see you again . . ." He could find no threat strong enough.

Texas nodded, unimpressed. He had never been afraid, and now he was slightly contemptuous, classifying Carr as one of the soft ones, afraid of blood. Carr had been primed to kill, for an unknown reason, but at the final moment had lost his nerve. Turning his back, Texas walked with deliberate slowness to the front door.

Carr watched him pass through the circle of light made by the electric sign. Reaction made his heart flutter, turned his muscles to jelly, and he shuffled to the lunch counter like an old man and sat down heavily. After a long, timeless interval, he stood up, put away the revolver, locked the doors and windows, turned off all the lights but the one above the cash register. After one last look around to be sure all was in order, he let himself out by the back door, seeing the light in the cabin where Frances waited for him.

Inside the store, the telephone rang shrilly, calling him back, and for a moment he hesitated. Ten to one, it was a message for one of the neighboring ranches—Aunt Ruby had had a stroke, or Joey had broken a leg—and he was mentally and physically exhausted, and whatever it was would keep until morning.

"Tomorrow," he said aloud to the clamoring instrument, and went on to the cabin. He would not tell Frances what had happened, and suddenly he was glad that he did not have to tell her he had shot and killed a man.

Miles away, the long distance operator reported to Jackson that the Dover store did not answer. Should she continue ringing?

"No; they've gone to bed," Jackson said, and hung up.

Scowling, he sat on the edge of his own bed, dressed only in his underwear—he slept in it, a custom of the country—and his legs and chest were astonishingly white in contrast with his tanned arms and face.

His own office had telephoned to awaken him with the prompt, but brief and vague reply to his wire to San Francisco: a request to hold Fritz and Mackay for questioning on suspicion of armed robbery, details to follow. Jackson's first impulse had been to assure himself that the big man was still at Dover, but now, fully awake and thinking more clearly, he decided that it was better this way. There was still that unexplained connection between Will Carr and the man who called himself Fritz, and the most guarded inquiry might be a warning to Carr—about what, Jackson could not even guess, because there could be no connection between Carr and a West Coast robbery. That left—

"Frances," the patrolman said aloud, uneasily.

Frances was involved, some way, and Carr's fears had been for her, but if Jackson knew anything at all about people, Frances was honest, and not merely negatively honest, like the average person, but deeply and fiercely honest, with herself and all others. Jackson asked himself how she could be involved with thieves, and the answer was obvious—through a brother, husband, someone she loved and was loyal to. No, not a husband, because she was married to Carr.

"Wait a minute," he said, again aloud. "She's a widow, and where's this Mackay? Fritz came to Dover looking for him, but he's not at Dover, not if he's alive, and if he's dead . . ."

His thought was a hound, sniffing after the truth. He looked around at his bed, knowing there would be no more sleep

this night, not with what he had to think about. Tomorrow there would be more details from San Francisco, and guessing was futile until he had more facts. At the same time, if Frances was mixed up in something bad—and Will Carr believed she was—it would be a hard thing if he had to be the one to bring it home to her, and wreck her present happiness.

Jackson seldom swore, but now he said unhappily, "Oh, damn it!"

Then he told himself, angrily. "Quit stewing and get some sleep! Tomorrow you'll know more, and you'll find a way to help her."

Texas had an arrogance that resisted any outside control. Will Carr had taken the girl away from him, given him orders and made him obey, and he would pay Carr back if he could, but it was not important enough to get into trouble doing it. Simply staying here was trouble; he should put a thousand miles between himself and this part of the country, before some desk-bound cop connected Fritz the bank robber and the Fritz who had lost his memory. A smart man would drop out of sight, find a new place and a new name. His own was gone forever, and this was the end of the line. He could not stay here safely, and if he went to New Mexico, what chance was there of ever finding himself, or Mackay, or the money?

He wondered what had put New Mexico into his head, but there was no answer, and he uncorked the whiskey bottle on the dresser, took a long drink, and stood staring into the mirror at the room. Just beyond the edges of the reflection, a woman was screaming at him, and Mackay—was that Mackay?—lay face down on the floor. *Here, in this room,* he thought, memory buffeting him like a huge wave. The picture in his mind overlaid that in the mirror, mistily, and it had been this room!

"Sure, we stopped overnight," he said aloud, groping for it. "On the way to—the way to—"

The rest of it would not come clear, and he stood with legs apart, big fists clenched, as if he could pull the memories into the open by force.

"This is the room, and she must be the one," he said confusedly, meaning that the Frances here must be the girl he saw so clearly in his mind—small, red-haired, screaming at him. Rubbing his face, he muttered aloud. "Then that storekeeper was in on it, too. That's why he wanted to kill me. But where's Mackay?"

His mind's eye saw that grave-shaped depression behind the buildings, and suddenly he knew where Mackay was. Memory was a bright light in darkness, showing him new things, but also dazzling him. He touched the scar on his forehead and looked at his fingers as if expecting to see blood, vaguely recalling a blow. Beginning to feel a savage anger, he thought: *If they did it to me— I'll look at her; then I'll know.*

He turned out the light and opened the door quietly, seeing the light in Carr's cabin, and remembering the gun. Carr had kept it under the cash register. Was it there now, or with Carr? Find out, he told himself, and if not the gun, there would be something else for a weapon. He took a bath towel from the rack and stepped outside, walking in the shadows to the front of the store, silent as a cat, but without furtiveness to the eye. The stars had a dim look, as though thin gauze covered the sky, and there was no moon. Far away there was a gleam of headlights, but otherwise the highway was deserted, and the night was so still that in the far distance he heard a coyote yapping.

Texas wrapped the towel around his fist, punched out one of the glass panels of the door, and reached inside through the broken pane. The key was in the lock, and Texas turned it, walked in boldly and found the revolver in the drawer under the cash register. It felt familiar in his hand. He touched nothing else, and went out as he had entered, closing the door behind him.

He was sure and yet doubtful, and peered through the window of Carr's cabin, seeing Frances in bed with her back toward him, facing Carr, who was seated on the bed with his shirt off, drinking a glass of milk. Frances touched Carr's arm affectionately, and Texas heard her voice, but not the words. Against the far wall was a baby's crib, and this was what made Texas uncertain —there had been no mention of a baby in the newspaper stories, and there was no memory of one in his mind. How long had she been married to Carr?

"It's got to be her," he whispered to himself. Then, as if she had heard him, Frances turned and looked directly at the window. The red hair curling around the small face was familiar, and Texas snarled deep in his throat, an animal sound, and rushed to the front door of the cabin. It was locked, and he hit it with his fist, shouting, "Open up! I want to talk to you!"

There was no doubt, no caution in him, now. His past was in the room with those two, and if they wouldn't open, he would smash down the door. For a long moment there was silence, the two inside staring at one another. Texas waiting with his teeth bared, fist raised to hit the door again.

Then Carr called out, nervously, "All right."

He opened the door and Texas came in, shoving Carr back ahead of him, kicking the door closed. Hefting the gun, tiny in his big hand, he snarled, "Where's the money?"

Frances was sitting up in bed, the sheet hugged around her bare shoulders, her expression pure terror. Carr, oddly enough, felt something like relief, and spoke in his normal voice.

"You remember? All of it?"

"Enough." Texas said, gratingly. He jerked his head in the direction of the grave across the gully. "You two did for Mackay and damned near did for me—maybe you thought you'd finished me, huh?"

"We thought you were dead," Carr admitted.

"But you didn't get away with it! Where's the money?"

"We haven't touched it." Carr said. "And you've got one thing wrong. We didn't kill Mackay—you did."

"And buried him? And hit myself on the head? You two—you know what you're going to get?"

Deadly meaning lurked behind his words. Frances whimpered, not for herself, but for Will and little Pete. Carr smiled, under some delusion.

"Neither of us would touch that money," he said. "You can take it, so you haven't anything against us."

"Just a year of misery!"

"No, no," Carr said soothingly. "You can't remember, if you feel that way. Let me tell you how it was."

Texas glowered at him, but the parts he did not remember might lead him to his name and past. Let these people talk; there was time for that.

"Let's see the money," he said.

Carr nodded and turned to the closet. Texas came quickly across the room, jamming the revolver against Carr's ribs, watching over Carr's shoulder as he lifted a small handbag down from the shelf. Carr set it on the bed, smiling reassuringly at Frances when she shrank away from Texas, and opened it, telling the big man, "It's all there. Your pistol, too."

Texas looked down at the money, then at Frances, sneering. "A lot of good it did you!"

Frances shook her head, mutely, but Carr spoke in a tone of patient reasonableness.

"You've got it wrong. We didn't want the money."

"Sure! Nobody wants money!"

"Not this kind. How much do you remember?"

"Tell it all. Or let her tell it." Texas looked at Frances, and she tried to pull the sheet higher, reading something in his eyes that Carr did not.

"Mackay wasn't much," Carr said. "I guess all you expected of him was to keep his mouth shut, but he couldn't even do that. He'd left Frances, you know, simply

because he'd discovered that marriage had responsibilities, and he didn't want any. He hadn't seen her for months, but he came to her when he thought the police suspected him—it shows you who was the strong one there, doesn't it? At first she didn't believe him, and then she said they should go to you, make you give back the money, and confess."

Texas made a harsh sound, meant for a laugh.

"No, she didn't know you." Carr agreed. "She thought you were a wishful, weak character, like Mackay. Before she knew what was happening, you pulled a gun and herded them out the back, to your car. She was a hostage, and Mackay knew too much about you. You told them you had a place in New Mexico where you could all hide out, but she was sure you meant to kill both her and Mackay. She was terrified of you. She still is, you can see that."

"New Mexico," Texas echoed, again staring at Frances. "Wait a minute! What's my name?"

"All she—" Carr began, but Texas cut him off roughly.

"Shut up! Let her tell me."

Through stiff lips, Frances said, "You told Bob to call you Texas, but your name was Fritz. Your last name."

"Fritz? Nothing else, no other name but that?"

The muscular effort of speaking had helped Frances, and she said in a stronger voice, "That's all. Please listen—none of us meant to hurt you, and Will got into it by accident, trying to help me. Don't do anything to him, please."

"He has nothing against either of us," Carr said, confidently, but she shook her head, pitying his blindness.

Carr went on to the big man. "It was beginning to snow when you stopped here. Frances says you picked Dover because it was off by itself—you could guard them better than at a larger place. Mrs. Kuttner had gone home, there was no business, and I was alone. The three of you moved into the first cabin, and I guessed there was something wrong, but—well, you learn not to be nosy. But even then, I thought Frances was the prettiest girl I'd ever seen."

He smiled down at her, telling her with his eyes not to be afraid.

Texas growled. "She talked you into going after the money?"

"She didn't talk to me at all—until later, I mean. You had whiskey, and started drinking. She and Mackay were in the inside room, and he was too scared to stir, but after a while Frances thought you were asleep and tried to tiptoe out, to ask me to call the police. But you heard her and grabbed her. Up to that time you hadn't—well, bothered her, but now you began wrestling her, and hit her when she screamed. Poor Mackay tried to run for it, and you shot him."

Texas said, uncertainly, "You're lying. I don't remember that."

"You were pretty drunk. I heard the shot and came up to see what was going on. You were holding her by the wrist, and Mackay was groaning on the floor. You pointed the gun at me. That was when Frances hit you with the bottle."

Scowling, Texas touched the scar on his forehead. "This?"

"No, I did that," Carr said, still imagining that he was persuading Texas into a reasonable frame of mind. "I jumped for the gun—you were out on your feet, but you came at me, and there was no choice but to hit you. I thought I'd killed you. Frances ran outside, and I went after her—she was hysterical, and I took her to my cabin, and then went back, and both you and Mackay were dead, I thought. Then I went down to the store to phone the sheriff, but the storm had broken a line. I couldn't raise anyone, and about that time you came to, started the car, and drove away."

Texas strained to remember. "You could be lying."

"I'm not. Frances told me all about it, and next day it was still storming, and I sent Mrs. Kuttner home, and we listened to the radio, but there was no word of you. I thought you must have gone far enough not to be traced back here, and died. Frances stayed in my cabin, and for three days we were alone, as alone as you could be on a desert island. It's queer—with all the trouble, those were still the best three days of my life."

He smiled down at Frances, and Texas rubbed his face, trying to rub away the mist. Frances broke the silence, speaking softly to Will Carr.

"I know—like we'd known and lost each other, and come together again. No matter what happens, we had that."

Texas said, "If you didn't kill Mackay, why did you bury him?"

Frances answered, "There was nothing we could do for poor Bob, and I didn't feel bad about him, even then. I mean, we'd gotten married like a couple of kids, and that's all he was—a big, selfish boy, cocky when things went right, crying for help when he was in trouble. But I suppose it was wrong not to feel sorrier."

"He was dead; he didn't care," Carr told her, gently.

"And I'm not blaming you for—putting him out there," she went on earnestly. "You did what you thought right, to help me, and I've been so happy, my darling. I knew you better in two days than I knew Bob in two months—than I ever knew anyone. So it's all right."

"Sure, it's all right," Carr said, and told the big man. "Because I hid Mackay's body, we can't talk, and you can take the money and go. You see?"

Texas said stubbornly, "You and her schemed to get rid of me and Mackay, and keep the money."

"We didn't touch it, man!"

"And you never will. You think I'll just walk off and leave you to talk? After what you did to me?"

"We didn't do anything! I hit you, but what else could I do?"

"If it happened like you say, you wouldn't have buried Mackay and kept your mouth shut."

Carr said patiently. "First I couldn't get through to tell anyone. Then there was no news about you, and I'd gotten to know what a fine person Frances was. I couldn't let her go through what I went through—you were gone, and what if they said she'd killed Mackay?"

Frances said quietly, "Will, don't you see it's no use? Even if he believed it, he would kill us both."

Carr gaped at her. "What? Why should he want to kill us?"

"Because he's not a human being, but a wolf." Frances did not hope, but she was no longer terrified. Within her, she had found a sustaining dignity and courage, and now only prayed that little Pete would not awake and call attention to himself.

Carr was shocked, and automatically began, "But there's no reason," and then seemed to see the deadly purpose in Texas' eyes for the first time. He was afraid, but it was Frances he thought of. If he could grapple with the big man, hold him while she ran—but where could she run, barefoot and in her nightgown? And Frances would not run if she could. She would come to help him.

Texas said casually, "I'll borrow your car. Keys in it?" Then he turned his head quickly, listening.

Carr heard the auto coming in from the highway, too, and felt a small hope—a late traveler wanting a cabin, or perhaps even Curly coming back, drunk and pugnacious, with two or three of his tough friends for backing. Whoever it was, he brought a slender chance of life.

The auto stopped outside the cabin. Texas backed against the wall, whispering, "Wrong move, and you're dead! The kid, too."

So he had not overlooked little Pete after all, thought Frances, hopelessly. Someone knocked on the door, and the voice was Jackson's.

"You awake, Will? I got something important."

Texas pulled the door inward, so that it covered him, and Jackson stepped into the room, saying, "It's about this big fellow. He might— What's wrong, Frances?"

Frances shook her head, Texas kicked

the door closed, and Jackson whirled to face him. Texas gestured with the revolver.

"Easy, copper. Turn around, slow."

Jackson turned, understanding enough to curse his own carelessness, waiting motionless as a lizard on a rock while Texas touched his pockets, under his arms, then jarred the patrolman with the heel of his hand, saying, "Over there with the other dummy. Now, what's this about me?"

Jackson, standing between Carr and the bed, said in a steady voice, "I wired your name and description to San Francisco. They want you for questioning."

"A little late," Texas said.

Looking at the patrolman, Frances hoped for the first time, comforted by Jackson's quiet, ready coolness. But Jackson himself felt no confidence, knowing the sort of man that faced him. *Talk fast,* he told himself, *stall him all you can.*

"The news just came through," he said. "Matter of fact, I wasn't coming out till morning, but I couldn't sleep."

"You'll sleep," Texas said, but he seemed to be listening more to some inward voice than to Jackson's.

"You'd be smart to give it up," Jackson said, his voice casual, but his mind racing. You didn't jump a gun, not with a man like this fellow holding it. "They'll have your prints, now, and a picture, from the hospital."

Texas was not listening to him. His lips moved, saying a name to himself, and he asked Frances, "Who's Jubal? Was that Mackay's handle?"

She shook her head, still hopefully watching Jackson. He had noticed the open handbag, crammed with currency—and something else. Half-buried by the packets of money was a revolver.

"Jubal. Jubal," Texas muttered. Far away and long ago, he could hear a man shouting. *You, Jubal—you want another licking?"*

Carr's look crawled whitely sideways toward Jackson, and the patrolman looked down at the handbag and furtively made a pistol with finger and thumb. Carr looked at him blankly, and Jackson, afraid to move his lips, tried to ask the question with his eyes. Will Carr simply stared.

"Never mind," Texas said. Another thought jolted him, and he said, "I did shoot Mackay! Now it comes back—he broke for the door, and I was busy with the redhead, and let him have it."

Jackson asked, "You shot Mackay? When?"

"Never mind," Texas said again, looking at Frances. "Get some clothes on."

She turned to Will Carr. "What does he want now? I won't—"

"You're traveling," Texas told her roughly. "You can drive, I remember that, and you'll be cover if they catch up with me."

Frances said, "No, I—"

Carr interrupted, quickly. "Do it. You'll have a chance, that way."

"You know there's no chance."

Texas snarled at her, and Carr again urged her, "Do it!"

Frances reluctantly left the bed and crossed slowly to the closet. Texas's attention was partly on her, partly on a memory just out of reach. Jackson, still of face but tense as a poised cat, caught Will Carr's eye again, again made the pistol-gesture toward the handbag, and took the chance of letting his lips silently form the word, *Loaded?* Again Carr stared blankly, but then comprehended, and nodded, looking swiftly at Texas.

Texas was watching Frances, half into the closet, his own lips moving, trying to form the words. Almost on his tongue, almost sayable, was the name he had lost. *Jubal . . .* The rest of it jumped into his mouth—*Jubal Slaughter!* It was his name, and his mouth formed joyfully around it just as Carr flung himself across the room at him.

Carr should have died midway, but memory had rocked the big man off-guard, and Carr reached him, gripping arm and gun, before Texas reacted. Then he swung Carr sideways against the wall, stunningly, and hit him with his left hand. It was like an explosion inside Carr's head, but he hung on a moment longer, unable to see what Jackson was doing, hearing the big man's wild, incomprehensible shout, "Slaughter—Slaughter!"

Texas hit Carr again, felt him collapse and fall away, swung to face Jackson, saw the patrolman scrabble in the handbag, come up with the revolver, saw him—in incredibly slow motion, though so little time had passed that Frances, in the closet, had not had time to turn around—point the weapon and pull the trigger. Nothing happened, and Texas saw the agonized despair on Jackson's face as he fired his own gun, just as Carr, scarcely conscious, fell clawing against him, sending his shot wild. He was struck a hammer blow between the eyes, and the room seemed to lift and whirl away from him, impossibly small, and the lights went out. He tried to yell his name at the world one last time.

The big man fell on top of Carr, who was still struggling feebly. Jackson held back alertly, gun ready, and it was Frances who helped her husband, glancing once at Texas' ruined face, then quickly away. From Carr she turned at once to little Pete, shocked awake and yelling his fright. Carr sat on the bed, shivering uncontrollably, and Jackson stooped to examine the big man. He was dead.

It was Frances, carrying little Pete and crooning to him, who covered Texas with a blanket (*We can burn it,* was her incoherent thought) and brought a flask of brandy from the medicine cabinet and poured a drink for Carr. It warmed him a little, brought him back into the bright, cheerful world from the cold place he had been since the moment when he had decided to charge Texas and give Jackson the chance to save Frances.

Jackson said, "I'm in my own car. I'll have to use your phone to report this. But maybe you'd better tell me about it, first. San Francisco just said to hold him for questioning. What did he have on you two? Who's this Mackay he said he'd killed? And where's the body?"

Frances told him, cradling little Pete in her arms, sitting so that she did not have to look at the dead man. Now that it was over, reaction had made Carr helpless, but Frances, Jackson thought admiringly, was steel all the way through. She told him everything, starting with the mistake of her marriage to Mackay, and Jackson listened without interrupting, only shaking his head when she told him how Carr had dragged Mackay's body out into the blizzard and buried it.

When she had finished, he said, "I can see why Will did it, knowing what happened to him back east, but if he had come to me—why, I'm his *friend.* That means something out here."

Defending her husband, Frances said. "Maybe he was wrong, but after what he had gone through . . ."

"Well, it's done, now," Jackson said. "We'll have to tell the story, but I heard Fritz, or whatever his name was, say he'd shot Mackay. The money's all here, so that will help, and I think it will be all right. There won't be too much publicity. I've got some good friends, and they'll do what they can. And you're neighbors. It makes a difference, here."

"It's over." Frances said, touching Carr's cheek with one hand. "That's what counts—it's over, and I've still got Will."

Still shaken, scarcely sure yet that they were all alive, Carr asked the patrolman, "What was that he was yelling? Could you make sense out of it?"

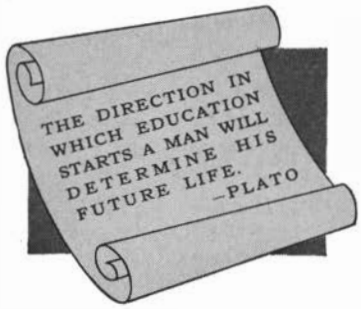
Jackson shook his head. "It sounded like *slaughter,* to me. I was too busy to listen close."

"That's the way I heard it." Carr said. "But why should he yell that? Did he go crazy, or what? *Slaughter*! Did he mean us, slaughter us?"

"If he did, it happened to him, instead," Jackson said, bleakly. He moved toward the door. "I'll get on the phone. Better dress, Frances—there'll be a crowd here, before long."

He went out, and little Pete whimpered fretfully. He was getting hungry.

THE END



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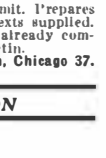

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AND THE TRUTH WASN'T IN HIM

The strange young man had quite a pitch...About a dream, a rice paddy in Korea, a girl in a blue negligee. Alice wanted to hear more, but she couldn't afford to listen

BY MICHAEL FESSIER ILLUSTRATED BY PHIL HAYS

The train had left the floor of the valley and was puffing its way over a steep grade through a forest of stunted pine when George Hubbard entered the last car, glanced about him, and then made a beeline for the blue-eyed blonde in the red traveling suit. "Heavens," he sighed as he sank into the seat beside her, "I didn't think I'd ever accomplish it."

The girl turned her eyes from the magazine she'd been reading and glanced briefly at him. "You didn't think you'd accomplish what?" she asked.

"Finding you alone and unoccupied," said George. "Ever since you got on the train this morning men've been swarming about you as if you were the last dice layout in Las Vegas. First there was old Highpockets, then Fatty, then the guy with the dark glasses and then . . ." He gave her a speculative look. "Say, what'd you do to 'em?" he asked.

"They," said the girl coldly, "were traveling salesmen who got tiresomely familiar and I discouraged them." Then she returned to reading the magazine.

"You aren't trying to discourage *me*, are you Miss Corbin?" George asked anxiously. He noticed her surprised look. "Oh, the conductor told me your name," he went on. "Really, Alice, darling, I'm not trying to get familiar with you. You see, I've known you for ever so long."

For the first time the girl seemed really to see George, to notice that he was a tall man of about twenty-five, sandy-haired and rather ruggedly handsome in a somewhat unkempt tweed suit. "When," she demanded, "did we ever meet?"

"Just now," said George. "But I knew you long before that, Alice, darling. It was in Korea where, among other things, some inspired phrase-maker had assured me I was fighting for the right to boo the Dodgers. The place was infested with Brooklyn fans with yellow skins and ill-fitting uniforms who seemed not to want me to boo the Dodgers; they crawled through rice paddies and shot at me at every opportunity. Sometimes when I felt that what I was going through was hardly worth the dubious privilege of booing the Dodgers and I was getting discouraged, I'd close my eyes and then you'd come to me through the mud and hold out your hands and smile at me and I wasn't alone and afraid any more. I knew I'd recognize you the moment I saw you, the same hair, the same eyes, the same adorable lips . . ." He gazed yearningly into her eyes. "You don't happen to own a pale blue, spiderweb silk negligee, do you, Alice, darling?" he asked.

"Yes," snapped Alice, "and the fact that you've made up a preposterously improbable story on the spur of the moment doesn't give you the right to call me 'Alice, darling.'"

"Why, Alice, darling, how can you say such a thing?" asked George in a shocked voice. "You just ask any of the boys in Dog Company and they'll tell you that I described you to 'em a thousand times. They got so they could see you, too, pale blue negligee and all. Why one of 'em even went so far as to have you tattooed on his rib cage." He patted her hand reassuringly. "You're going to have to learn to trust me," he said. "Considering that we'll be sleeping beneath the same roof for some time to come and . . ."

"What same roof?" Alice demanded.

"The porter told me you were booked for the Hotel Hiddacker at Lake Lurline," said George. "That's where I'll be staying. Although why a sensible appearing girl like you should submit to paying the exorbitant rates charged by that joint is beyond me. The woods up there are full of moderately priced motels and tourist camps, you know."

"I can afford it," said Alice frostily. And if you think the rates are excessive, why are you staying there?"

"Oh, I'm in the fortunate position of not having to worry about expenses," said George airily. "I just wanted to be sure you knew what you were getting into. Besides being expensive, that place is notorious as a happy hunting ground for predatory males who consider any unattached female to be one of the accommodations and conveniences provided by

"Men've been swarming about you as if you were the last dice layout in Las Vegas."

the management." Again he patted her hand. "But don't worry, darling," he said comfortingly. "I'll be constantly at your side; I'll keep the wolves from your door."

And, as the wolves—Highpockets, Fatty and the guy with the dark glasses—watched enviously, George continued to chatter amiably, hardly giving Alice a chance to get a word in edgewise. He seemed to cast an almost hypnotic spell over her and, when the train arrived at the Lake Lurline station, it appeared that he'd won permanent custody of her hand.

That night Alice came down to the lake wearing a blue beach robe over an abbreviated two-piece bathing suit. George, attired in red swim shorts, was waiting for her. After hesitating for a while on the grounds that the water might be too cold, Alice finally shucked off the robe and followed George into the lake. They swam to a nearby raft. George helped her onto the raft and then sat staring at her as she removed her bathing cap and released a wealth of shimmering hair to the breeze. "*And she wore a crown of moonbeams,*" murmured George. "If only the boys in Dog Company could see you now, Alice, darling. They used to spend hours speculating how you'd look without that blue silk negligee, but, being as wholesomely American as apple pie, they always gave you the benefit of a bathing suit and—"

"That," snapped Alice, "is what I'm wearing, a bathing suit."

George peered closely at her. "Well, I'll be darned!" he said. He tipped her chin with his finger tips. "Your eyes are a dark night filled with fireflies," he said. "You're lovely, darling." Then he took her in his arms and kissed her.

When finally he released her, Alice was breathing hard and there was a dazed look in her eyes. "You shouldn't have," she gasped.

"Will you marry me?" asked George.

"This isn't the way it should happen," said Alice. "It's too soon . . . it's . . ."

"It's not a minute too soon, considering all the time we've spent together in rice paddies," declared George. He reached for her and she got hastily to her feet.

"No, George," she said. "Please, don't. I want to think. I want to make sure." Then her lithe body arched gracefully into the moonlight, there was a splash and she was swimming toward shore.

A half hour later Alice was in her room at the hotel talking on the phone to her Aunt Martha in a town three hundred miles away. "First, he's too fresh; then he talks sheer poetry," Alice said. "Did anyone ever tell you that your eyes were a dark night filled with fireflies, Aunt Martha?"

"No," came Aunt Martha's voice over the phone, "and get to the point. How's he fixed for loot?"

"I'm not sure," said Alice. "But he did say something about not having to worry about the expenses up here. Have you ever been kissed so you felt like you were wearing a fur coat inside out, Aunt Martha?"

"Not recently," said Aunt Martha. "I gave you a copy of what every young girl should know; have you consulted it?"

"I looked him up in *Dun and Bradstreet*," said Alice, glancing at a book on the bed, "but he isn't listed."

"That's discouraging," said Aunt Martha. "But it isn't hopeless. There're so many new uranium and oil millionaires around these days that the printing presses can't keep up with 'em. I guess you'll have to stall him off until you make sure, dear."

"Well," said Alice doubtfully, "he's awfully impetuous. He claims he conjured up a vision of me in a rice paddy and fell in love with me before he met me and . . ."

"Don't you get impetuous," warned Aunt Martha. "Remember what you're up there for, my dear. Kisses may be highly caloric, but for downright enduring nourishment there's nothing like Fort Knox coleslaw."

When Aunt Martha hung up, Alice, feeling feverish, phoned room service for ice water, then paced the floor. Soon there was a knock at the door and, at her command, a bellboy came in bearing a pitcher on a tray. He was a tall bellboy and his uniform failed by inches to cover his wrists and ankles. Alice gazed at him in sheer horror. "You!" she gasped. "What are you doing in that bellboy's uniform?"

"And what are you doing in that pale blue negligee?" demanded George, placing the tray on the table. "That negligee is sacred to us, Alice, darling—to you and me and Dog Company. How could you expose yourself in it to just any old bellhop? You certainly didn't know it was I who would bring the ice water."

"I most certainly didn't," said Alice, staring at him in dismay. "Are you really a bellboy, George?"

"Think I could afford to stay here if I weren't?" asked George. He studied her expression. "Is that a shock to you—that I'm a bellhop?" he asked.

"Aunt Martha," said Alice disconsolately, "would be shocked clear down to her bunions."

"And who," asked George, "is Aunt Martha?"

"Aunt Martha," said Alice, "has taken care of me since I was a little girl. Our family lost its money, but she managed to feed, clothe and educate me. She borrowed, begged, and hocked her dearest possessions to send me through finishing school. Then there wasn't anything left to hock. It took almost her last dollar to send me up here." She looked him in the eye. "And why," she asked, "do you suppose she sent me here?"

"To marry a rich man," said George.

"That's right," said Alice. "I'll admit money isn't everything, George. I know it won't buy happiness; but, as Aunt Martha says, it'll sure cure a lot of poverty. I'm sorry; I don't want to hurt you, but . . ." She shrugged hopelessly.

"Do you deny that you love me?" asked George.

"That's beside the point," said Alice, avoiding his glance. "I've got Aunt Martha to think of."

"Hang Aunt Martha," said George. "Let her take in washing. You're not going to deprive me of that dream born in a rice paddy, are you, Alice, darling? I didn't always see you in a blue silk negligee or a problematical two-piece bathing suit, you know. Sometimes I projected us far into the future. I'd come home to a vine-covered cottage with a white picket fence and an unmowed lawn and you'd greet me at the door, a picture of magnificent womanhood." He took her hands in his and pulled her closer and once more she seemed to be under a hypnotic spell. "You'd be dressed in pale blue muslin," went on George, "and your hair would be done up in a pale blue bandana—your cheeks flushed crimson from bending over a hot stove—and I'd take your work-reddened hands in mine and there'd be the look of angels in your eyes."

"*Work*," breathed Alice. "*reddened hands?*" Then the hypnotic spell left her and she snatched her hands away from George. "You," she said coldly, "have dreamed the wrong dream, George. After this keep me out of your dreams. If you ever see me again, even in a rice paddy, ignore me; don't speak to me or I'll complain to the management."

"Well," sighed George, "at least I can always go to Brooklyn and boo the Dodgers. All right, Alice, darling, I'll respect your wishes; I'll abandon my dream." He thought for a moment. "Or, anyway, I'll recast it," he said. "After you left me all alone on the raft tonight a rather feasible redhead came paddling up in a canoe. Of course the boys in Dog Company had their hearts set on a blonde, but . . ." He shrugged and snapped to attention. "As a servitor in this here plush sucker-trap," he said formally, "is there anything else I can do for you, ma'm? Run your bath? Turn your sheets? Walk your dog?"

"Just go," she said frigidly.

"You," he said, "forgot my tip." Then he took her in his arms, kissed her on

the lips, and departed. An hour later, standing before a mirror, Alice made a disheartening discovery. All kisses do not come off with the lipstick.

The next night, in the Magnolia room of the hotel, Alice was dancing with Steve Carmody, whom she'd met on the tennis court earlier that day. He was young and handsome and *Dun and Bradstreet* had given him favorable mention. After the dance, they sat at a table and a sandy-haired young man attired in a waiter's white jacket appeared. "You!" gasped Alice.

"Hello, Alice, darling," said George. "I'm bucking for a promotion. I'm filling in for a sick waiter tonight and if I make good I may get the rank permanently. What'll it be? Lemon soda?"

"The lady," said Steve irritably, "will have a dry Martini."

"Are you trying to sabotage my promotion, pal?" asked George, outraged. "This girl's a mere child; she hasn't reached the age of consent."

"I'm not a child," flared Alice. "I'm nineteen years old."

"In this state," said George, "the only thing a nineteen-year-old girl can consent to is marriage. She can't consent to being plied with intoxicating liquor and the establishment that serves it to her is apt to lose its license. In addition to which," he went on, giving Steve a dirty look, "anyone who encourages her to drink is guilty of contributing to the delinquency of a minor."

George marched stiffly across the room and engaged the head waiter in conversation, shaking his head and pointing to Steve and Alice. Soon all eyes were fastened upon the couple and finally they made an embarrassed exit. Steve escorted Alice to her room and, once there, he made no attempt to linger.

A week later Alice was again on the telephone talking to Aunt Martha. "But I *am* trying, Aunt Martha," she protested almost tearfully. "I *haven't* forgotten what you've done for me and what I owe you. But every time I get together with an eligible man, that doggone bellboy pops up and scares him off. Today it was a coffee planter from Brazil and yesterday—" She listened for a moment, then shook her head vigorously. "I am *not* in love with George," she declared. "I hate him. He makes me feel ashamed. I thought it'd be good clean sport to trap a rich man but now I don't know," she concluded despondently.

"If you keep on the way you're going, we'll both be dead—of the no-dough bends," said Aunt Martha. "I suppose I was foolish to send you up there all alone, dear. What you need is moral support. I'll get the money somewhere and come right up."

Alice replaced the receiver and walked disconsolately to the window. There below her, halfway out in the lake, George was sitting on a raft with a redhaired girl whose bathing suit, Alice would have sworn, had been painted on her with a spray gun. She decided that she did indeed hate George. Here he was consorting with a flagrant violation of the code of public decency and yet he begrudged her one measly millionaire—a dog in the manger if ever there was one.

Two nights later Alice was at the station as Aunt Martha was helped off the train by a heavy-set, rough-hewn, expensively attired middle-aged man. Aunt Martha, a plump but still attractive middle-aged woman with the complexion of one half her years, performed the introduction. "Alice, dear," she said, "this is Watson Whiddacker, an old friend of mine." She nudged Alice. "Of the Whiddacker Hotel Chain," she whispered.

"I am glad to know you, Mr. Whiddacker," said Alice, taking an instant dislike to him.

"Call me Watson," said Watson, gruffly affable. "After all, we're old friends. I've known you for quite a long time, my dear."

"The woods are full of men who have met me in a previous incarnation," said Alice, ignoring Aunt Martha's warning look. "One of your bellboys claims to have met me in a rice paddy. I was wearing a blue silk negligee."

"I don't know what you're talking about, but I think I'll can the bellboy," said Watson. "I never met you in any rice paddy, but I *do* feel as if I know you. Ever since I bumped into her on the train, Martha's been yaking you up as if she were trying to sell an icebox to an Eskimo." He stared at her with open admiration. "Not," he said, "that you're an icebox nor that I'm any Eskimo."

In her room at the hotel, Alice turned to Aunt Martha. "What's all this with Watson Whiddacker and me?" she demanded.

"Watson," said Aunt Martha, "is a millionaire. He's a widower. He's lonely. I spent hours on the train building up his ego, making him believe he wasn't past the age for romance. I'll admit that I *did* bring the conversation around to your availability. I told him you had a preference for middle-aged men. I . . ." Something in Alice's look alarmed her and her eyes puddled with tears. "You're not going to let me down, Alice, dear?" she said imploringly. "To get up here I had to sell the rest of the furniture. There's nothing left."

"Don't cry, Aunt Martha," pleaded Alice. "I'll try—I'll do my best." Then she became thoughtful. "Of course,


phil hays

there's no telling what George might do," she said.

"Don't worry about him," said Aunt Martha. "You just go take a nice long walk and I'll have a talk with George."

Alice took a long walk and Aunt Martha phoned room service, ordered a bourbon and soda and specified that George Hubbard should bring it to her. George came in a few minutes later and placed a tray on the table. "So you're George Hubbard," sniffed Aunt Martha. "Just as I expected, a long-legged yuck." She approached him and assumed a belligerent stance. "I'm Alice's Aunt Martha," she said, "and I'm here to offer you the choice between a fracture ward and butting out of our business."

"Why, Aunt Martha," he protested, "how you do talk!"

"I talk to the point," said Aunt Martha. "And the point is, I want you to leave Alice alone. To forestall argument, I'll admit that I'm unscrupulously mercenary, but I do have Alice's best interests at heart. I've learned that it's just as easy for a girl to fall in love with a rich man as a pauper and a darned sight more rewarding. To that end, I've personally selected a candidate for her heart and hand. His name's Watson Whiddacker. He's your boss and one word from me'll get you barred from ever hopping bells again—even in a Skid Row flophouse. What's more I shall personally accordion pleat your skull and—"

"You fascinate me, Aunt Martha, darling," interrupted George. "You're as awesomely beautiful as a thunderstorm in Nebraska. Forgive me if I seem forward, but this is the only tribute to beauty I know." He kissed her lightly on the forehead, then stared thoughtfully at her. "Why are you playing John Alden to Alice's Miles Standish in this courtship of the long green?" he asked. "Why don't you speak for yourself, Aunt Martha, darling?" Then he patted her cheek and departed.

When Alice came in a short time later, Aunt Martha was staring at herself in a mirror. "Did you get George Hubbard told off?" asked Alice.

"Yes, dear," said Aunt Martha. She turned sideways and studied her profile. "I wonder—" she said absently.

"What?" asked Alice.

"Nothing, dear," said Aunt Martha. "Nothing. Go to bed, darling."

On the following afternoon, Alice, clad in the two-piece suit, was sitting on the beach with Watson Whiddacker. Watson was holding her hand, but she didn't seem to notice; she was staring toward the raft on which George was sitting with the redhaired girl. "I'm a man of few words and direct action," Watson said. "That's how I made my pile, by direct action. I want you like I never wanted anything since I got that hotel in Palm Springs. Will you marry me, Alice?"

Alice turned and gazed at him as if she'd never seen him before in her life. "Why, of course not," she said.

"I might have known it," he said despondently. "Common sense should have told me, but that doggone aunt of yours hoodwinked me into believing . . ." He shrugged and released her hand. "Who is the lucky man?" he asked incuriously.

"When I get through with him, I doubt if he'll consider himself lucky," said Alice, staring toward the raft. "Anyway, he's one of your bellboys."

"The one that gave you all that guff about meeting you in Korea?" asked Watson.

"In a rice paddy," said Alice. "I was the sweetheart of Dog Company." She pointed. "There he is out there," she said.

Watson put on his spectacles and stared. "George Hubbard?" he asked. "Why, that guy never saw a rice paddy close up in his life."

"He didn't?" gasped Alice.

"He was in the Air Force," said Watson, "and he bragged to me that when he wasn't bombing bridges, he was living it up in Tokyo—had to fight off dames with a stick. What's more, he's sailing under false colors as a bellhop. He's going to be my assistant manager at this hotel. He's been taking turns at assorted jobs to get the feel of the place and, incidentally, to find out who's stealing from me and how much." Then he took her hand in his again. "Before you get in too deep with George," he said, "you'd better realize that I don't exactly pamper my assistant managers; I pay 'em a bare living wage. Now, if you want to reconsider my proposition . . ."

Heedless of his words, Alice withdrew her hand, walked into the water and started swimming. A short time later she pulled herself up on the raft and squeezed herself in between George and the redhead. "Why, hello, Alice, darling," said George amiably. "What're *you* doing out here?"

"And what," asked Alice, "are *you* doing out here with this bottle-haired affront to public good taste?"

"Look here, you," snapped the redhead, "you can't . . ."

"Look here yourself," snarled Alice. "This brass-buttoned tip-snatcher may be just a summer plaything to you, but to me he's a cheating, lying louse. You might consider him a romantic interlude to be forgotten when you go back to the city, but I'm saddled with the low-grade rat for the rest of my life. He's only a bellhop and he isn't worth the henna in your hair, but when a girl gets work-reddened hands in the service of a man, she has a proprietary interest in him and she resents having him play duck-on-a-rock with any bird-brained bezark that catches his fancy. If I'm being too subtle, what I mean is that—"

And then Alice realized that she was talking to an empty space. The red haired girl was in the water swimming frantically for shore. Before Alice could reorganize her attack, George had her in his arms and was kissing her beyond resistance.

When George and Alice swam to shore and emerged from the lake, hand in hand, Watson Whiddacker was still sitting on the beach, but he was not alone. Aunt Martha was with him. "Aunt Martha," said Alice worriedly, "I know this is going to be a shock to you, but I've made up my mind to marry George here."

"Well, that's better than a broken leg," said Aunt Martha, looking fondly at George.

"You're not angry?" said Alice, looking at her hopefully.

Martha took Watson's hand possessively into hers. "Why should I be angry, dear, considering that we're in the same boat," she said and winked at George.

"Really?" said Alice happily.

"I may be playing second fiddle, dear," said Aunt Martha modestly, "but Watson seems to like the tune."

"I hooked her fair and square," Watson said to George. "I admitted that I was still bouncing from being dropped like a hot ping pong ball by a girl half my age. We're going to be married on the basis of mutual understanding and compatibility of arteries. I didn't feed her any line of guff."

"And that reminds me that you never did tell me about your war experience," said Alice with a mocking look at George.

"Didn't I?" asked George. "Why, that's where I met you, Alice, darling. I was in the Air Force, and I was flying a night fighter and sometimes, when I was all alone in the black sky, feeling lost and afraid, there you'd be, sitting on a white cloud, all shiny and bright in a blue silk negligee and you'd smile at me and hold out your hands . . ." He placed his arm about her and led her away, still talking. And, as he talked, the mocking look left Alice's eyes and she listened attentively—like a child hearing a brand new fairy story. THE END

He peered at her. "I'll be darned," he said. "You're lovely, darling."

The Last Word

WHITCOMB WIZARDRY

Memphis, Tennessee: I thoroughly enjoyed the August issue of COSMOPOLITAN —Jon Whitcomb's page in particular. I thought his portraits of Elizabeth Taylor

Sal Mineo

and James Dean were his best yet, but at the same time, I wished that he had drawn another featured player in "Giant" —Sal Mineo. There again, Mr. Whitcomb would have found a face that even he couldn't improve on. It is perfection!

—VIRGINIA ANDRÉ

DRUG COMPLAINTS

New York, New York: In the article "The New Drugs That Make You Feel Better" in the September issue, you have listed the Purdue Frederick product Senokot under the heading "For Peptic Ulcer." This preparation is specifically indicated for the corrective treatment of constipation and should obviously have been listed under the heading "For Common Constipation."

—A. J. EMMI, M.D.

Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania: In reference to your article in the September issue on the new drugs which recently have been put on the market, we find your statement that many can be sold over the counter very misleading and dangerous. Misleading, in that most *cannot* be sold over the counter, but require a doctor's prescription. By federal law, the following drugs may be bought only with a prescription: Atarax, Cremomycin, Streptomagma, Cafergot-Pb, Meratran, Ritalin, Flexin, Sigmagen, Lutrexin, Periclor, Bonadoxin, Phenergan, Toclase and Tridal. —JOHN DEZZUTTI B.S., PH.G.

MILLIONAIRE'S WIFE

Miami Beach, Florida: I have always had the highest regard for your magazine and your choice of articles, *but* you have gone too far with "Millionaire's Wife" [September]—her luxuries—her problems??? Really now! —HELENE LUBLIN

Toledo, Ohio: I was glad to see Marjorie Steele Hartford had not changed and was the same sweet person we knew in John Muir Grammar, Everett Junior High, and Polytechnic High. Those of us who knew her well during school have often wondered whether marrying a millionaire would change her, but she looks the same. I have in my possession a picture she drew of Frank Sinatra in Junior High. Even then, she showed great artistic ability.

—BEVERLY MCMAHAN SPAULDING

MINNIE MANGUM

Fayetteville, North Carolina: It is inconceivable that a Southern family, living in as close proximity as Minnie Mangum's, could possibly have been in complete ignorance of, and uninquisitive about, the source of her vast beneficence. ["She Plumb Give It All Away," September]. They knew that she had made a few good real-estate deals, was good at figures, and had a good salary. But they also knew that she was no financial genius. I believe that there was a sly knowledge of Miss Minnie's fund juggling, and fervent wishes that she'd never be caught. Not for her sake, but for theirs. They should be charged with receiving stolen goods and forced to make restitution. I think they took advantage of an emotionally muddled old gal, who paid them well for their companionship and sweet talk. —AL THOMPSON

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By Clarence Budington Kelland

You've just had dinner with a beautiful woman. She goes to her bedroom. Fifteen minutes pass. You knock on her door. No answer; you walk in. She's MURDERED! You're "dead"—unless you find the KILLER!

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By MIGNON G. EBERHART

LAURA MARCH admits being at the apartment of a man who was murdered. She says she FOUND him that way. The police say she killed him. Then they find *another corpse* — and Laura's blood-soaked scarf next to the body!

6 **Inspector Maigret and the Burglar's Wife**
By GEORGES SIMENON

"My husband is hiding because he discovered a body and doesn't want to be involved in a murder," said Ernestine Micou. "How do you know he isn't involved already," Maigret asks, "as a CORPSE"?

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