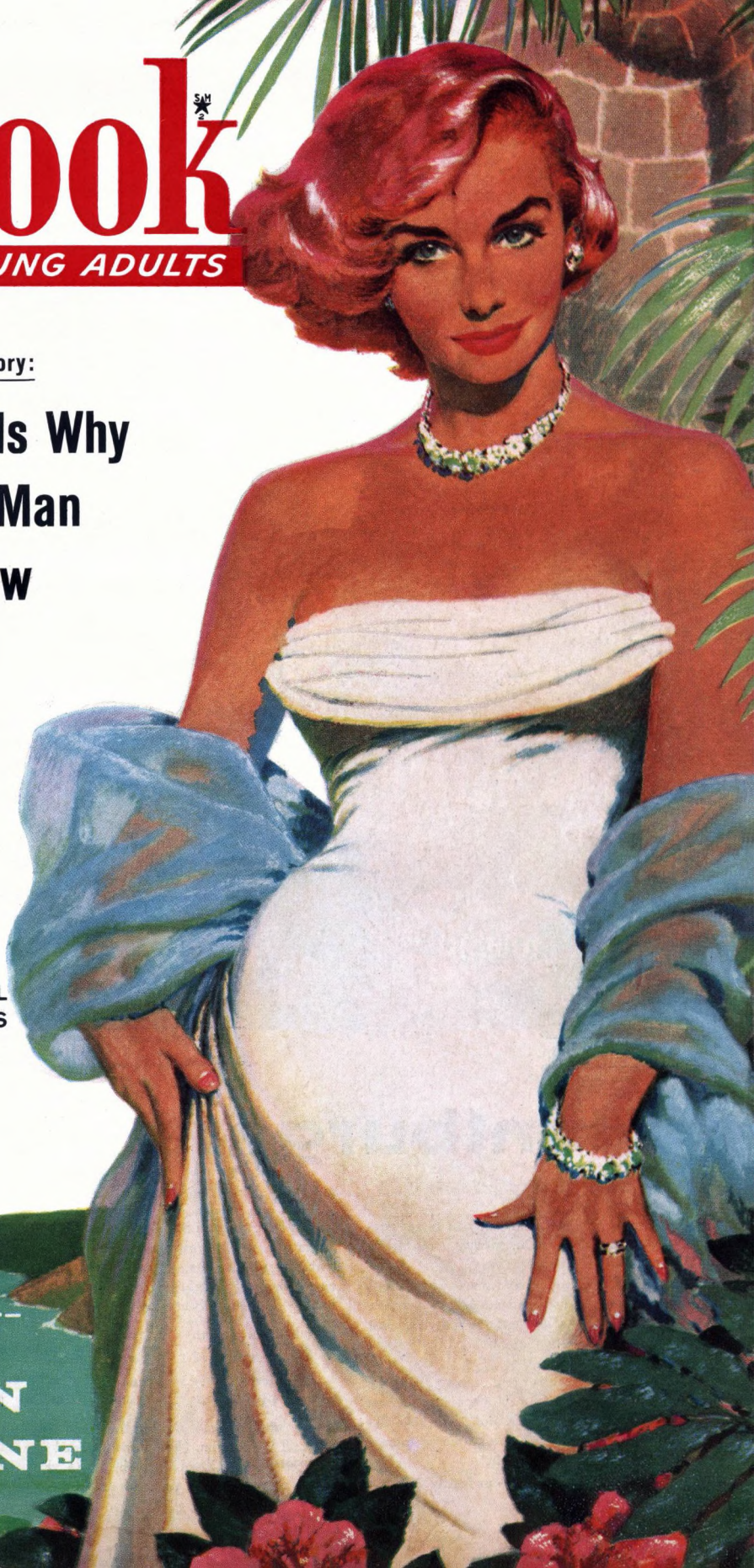
FEBRUARY • 35 CENTS

Redbook

The Magazine for YOUNG ADULTS



For the first time the full story:

Grace Kelly Tells Why She Married a Man She Hardly Knew

REDBOOK'S 18TH ANNUAL MOTION PICTURE AWARDS

Her husband worshiped her—
and a girl lied for her

WOMAN IN THE SHRINE

BY HUGH B. CAVE

Huntburgers

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6 hamburger buns	1 teasp. salt
1 lb. ground beef	⅛ teasp. pepper
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Hollow out centers of the buns, leaving bottom and ½-inch rim. (You may use sliced or unsliced buns.) Crumble up the bread you have removed and mix well with meat, onion, salt, pepper and 1½ cans of the Hunt's Tomato Sauce. Fill buns. Bake on cooky sheet in moderately hot oven, 375°F., for 20 minutes. Spoon remaining sauce over buns. Bake about 5 min. more until sauce is hot.

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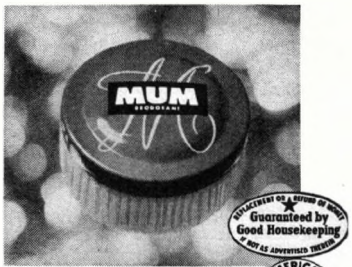

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Picture
OF THE MONTH

"Oh Robert, I want to live eagerly, passionately . . . but only because life means you!"

These words come in a flood of fervent love at the emotional climax of M-G-M's magnificent new motion picture, "The Barretts of Wimpole Street." And they are movingly spoken by Jennifer Jones, as Elizabeth Barrett, to Robert Browning, the fiery poet who had saved her life simply by forcing his way into it one fine, now famous day.

How alive that day becomes in the spirited performances of the "Many Splendored" Jennifer Jones and of her two brilliant co-stars, the distinguished John Gielgud and the exciting newcomer, Bill Travers! As filmed abroad in CinemaScope and Metro-Color amid the actual storied locales, here is far more than a radiant re-creating of a justly immortal love-affair.

Here is drama so filled with striking contrasts, so marked by outrageous but real coincidence, that only *life* would have dared to write it. No other teller of tales could expect to be believed.

Here, too, is a virile new maturity for the screen. For we see, precisely and with quickened pulse, the full dimensions of the fate from which Browning saved his beloved. He did not snatch her from a burning building or the path of a runaway horse. He snatched her from the despair into which her own father's twisted love was pushing her!

Gielgud's portrait of this subtly brutal man is a triumph. And Travers' Browning is ablaze with the fire and laughter of a man absolutely unable to take No for an answer . . . from man, woman or life. At the bottom of a large and inspired cast, let's make grateful note of Elizabeth's dog—and Browning's jealous rival—Flush. For Flush's quite unbelieving reaction to the poet's description of himself as "a very modest man" is typical of a story in which humor and suspense take turns for our attention.

Excited thanks to producer Sam Zimbalist, director Sidney Franklin, scenarist John Dighton and to the world-famed Rudolf Besier play.

How will you love M-G-M's "The Barretts of Wimpole Street"? Come count the ways!

FEBRUARY • 1957
VOL. 108 • NO. 4

Redbook

THE MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG ADULTS

GUARANTEED AVERAGE CIRCULATION 2,300,000

THE BOOK-LENGTH NOVEL

SHORT STORIES

ARTICLES

FEATURES

YOUNG ADULTS AT HOME

DEPARTMENTS

COVER PAINTING BY EDWIN GEORGI

The short stories and novel herein are fiction and are intended as such. They do not refer to real characters or actual events. If the name of any living person is used, it is a coincidence.

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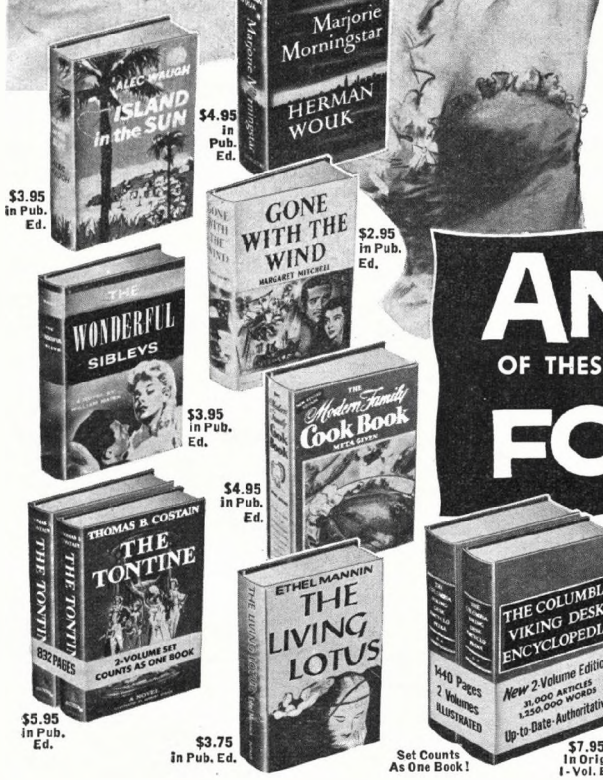

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Discussing a biscuit's (or maybe a curtain's) rise or fall, Mrs. Pomeroy (right) *starts the day conferring with Evalyn Darrow, secretary.*

Testing a recipe which promises a masterpiece, Mrs. Mills (right) *and her assistant, Julia Cunningham, later will taste and see.*

BETWEEN THE LINES

Gayest way to see our new homemaking editorial quarters is to do as we sometimes do at the drag end of an afternoon — stroll up there (in an elevator) for a cup of coffee and a conference with the staff. The place has a homey pull about it, and at the same time it's wonderfully efficient and smart looking. Since you can see that for yourself on page 64, here we'll show you some of the people who do the planning and testing which result in features on delicious dinners, snacks and morsels, and on appliance marvels and bright home-decoration ideas and other related subjects of interest to REDBOOK's young families.

Ruth Fairchild Pomeroy, a widely experienced home economist and editor, is in charge of these pleasant doings. She joined REDBOOK to launch the department three years ago. Her chief assistants are Helen Beebe Mills, associate homemaking editor for food, and Rose Marie Burke, associate editor for equipment. Mrs. Mills was previously home economist for a large food packager and associate editor for a food magazine. Miss Burke has had a wide experience in her field, including three years as a teacher. She came to REDBOOK after working in her specialty with a well-known manufacturer of appliances. W.B.H.

Bill Block of our Art department proposes an idea for illustrating a future homemaking story that pleases Miss Burke and Mrs. Pomeroy. It's coffee time, where we came in to join them.

COMING NEXT MONTH:

An important article—

"The Sexual Responsibility of Woman"

Also: "I Grew Up Stealing," Tony Curtis' own story

How well do you know YOUR HEART?

ALTHOUGH heart disease is our nation's greatest health problem, we can face it today with increasing hope and confidence. Through research, a vast amount of knowledge about the heart and its functions has been accumulated.

As studies continue, there is every justification to anticipate further advances in diagnosis, treatment . . . and perhaps even prevention . . . of various diseases affecting the heart and blood vessels.

While heart disease is a challenge to medical research, it is also a challenge to you. If you are informed about the heart, you can help protect your own and the hearts of your relatives and friends. The following questions and answers may help you to know your heart better . . . and give it the care it deserves.

- **Is the heart strong and durable?**

Yes . . . the healthy heart is one of the strongest organs in the body and it has remarkable reserves of strength. Despite its immense task, a healthy heart can be nearly as efficient as the years advance as it is at age 20. Even at the older ages, a healthy heart is fully capable of meeting the body's needs.

- **Can you do anything to keep your heart in good shape?**

Yes . . . you can protect your heart by avoiding sudden or prolonged exertion, watching your diet, avoiding overweight, and by getting the sleep and rest you need. You should also have a medical examination every year. Then if heart trouble is found, prompt treatment may control it and make possible a long and nearly normal way of life.

- **Are all heart attacks serious?**

Not necessarily . . . because some are mild and the heart can repair itself with care and treatment. In these cases, a person may usually resume normal activities. Even when there are serious complications, patients can often recover if the heart is helped to heal itself. In fact, four out of five of those who withstand their first coronary attack recover and continue to work full time for many years.

- **Are overweight and emotional tension bad for the heart?**

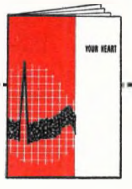
Yes . . . overweight taxes the heart and blood vessels, according to many scientific studies. So, try to keep your weight about equal to what you should have weighed between ages 25 and 30. Emotional upsets can make your heart beat faster and your blood pressure go up.

- **Can people with heart disease lighten the heart's work?**

Yes . . . if they learn how to care for an impaired heart. Plenty of rest, protection against infection, proper diet, and avoidance of hurry, worry and strenuous activities can all help the affected heart to carry on. Of course, treatment given by your doctor is important, but the patient himself can do most to safeguard the heart.

- **Is heart disease more prevalent now?**

No . . . not when you consider these facts: (1) more people are living longer and reaching ages when the heart's endurance naturally ebbs; (2) heart ailments are diagnosed now with greater accuracy, whereas in the past many deaths actually caused by heart disease were blamed on other causes.



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"AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS"

Passepartout ***(Cantinflas,*** **left)** ***and*** **Fogg** ***(David Niven) stopped long enough in San Francisco for a few gay moments at a Barbary Coast Saloon where they were entertained by the proprietress (Marlene Dietrich) and piano player (Frank Sinatra).***

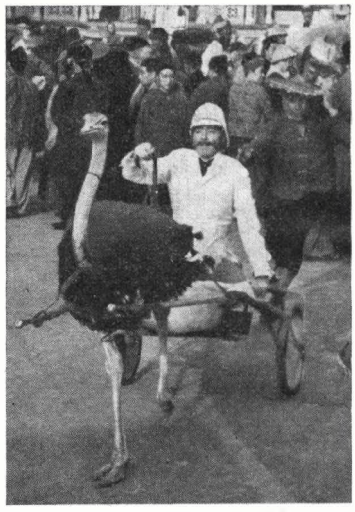
Not in years has there been a movie that's such fun to see

● **Michael Todd's** brilliant production will delight everyone because it is a grand mixture of sheer nonsense, exquisite beauty, suspense, humor and fine acting. Even the screen credits are interestingly done in cartoon fashion. The picture was literally shot all over the world, and there are almost 50 stars in the cast. The audience is constantly surprised to discover big names appearing in small roles—Joe E. Brown as a stationmaster, Noel Coward as an employment agent and Red Skelton as a drunk in a San Francisco bar.

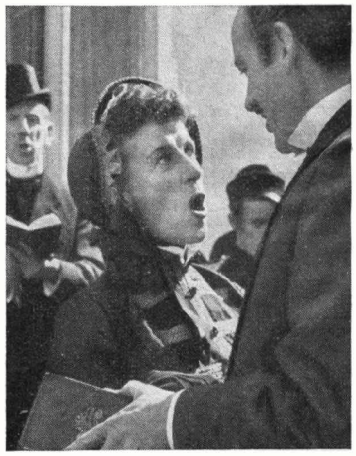
The screenplay by S. J. Perelman is based on Jules Verne's novel about *Phileas Fogg*, an Englishman who, in 1872, bet some fellow clubmembers he could travel around the world in eighty days. The story is the adventures that befell *Phileas* (David Niven) and his faithful but comic servant *Passepartout* (Cantinflas). They are pursued by a detective (Robert Newton) who thinks *Fogg* robbed the Bank of England, and they are accompanied for most of the trip by a lovely Indian Maharanee (Shirley MacLaine) whom they rescued from death. Passing over the Alps in a balloon, they scooped up snow for their champagne bucket. They flew through the West on a sail-driven railroad hand car. They got involved in a Spanish bullfight, were attacked by Indians and were surrounded by beautiful scenery wherever they went.

David Niven is perfect as *Phileas*, who managed to remain unperturbed through all his difficulties. Cantinflas, the great Mexican actor, is superb in his first American film. Mr. Todd's first movie, directed by Michael Anderson, is entertainment at its best. —FLORENCE SOMERS

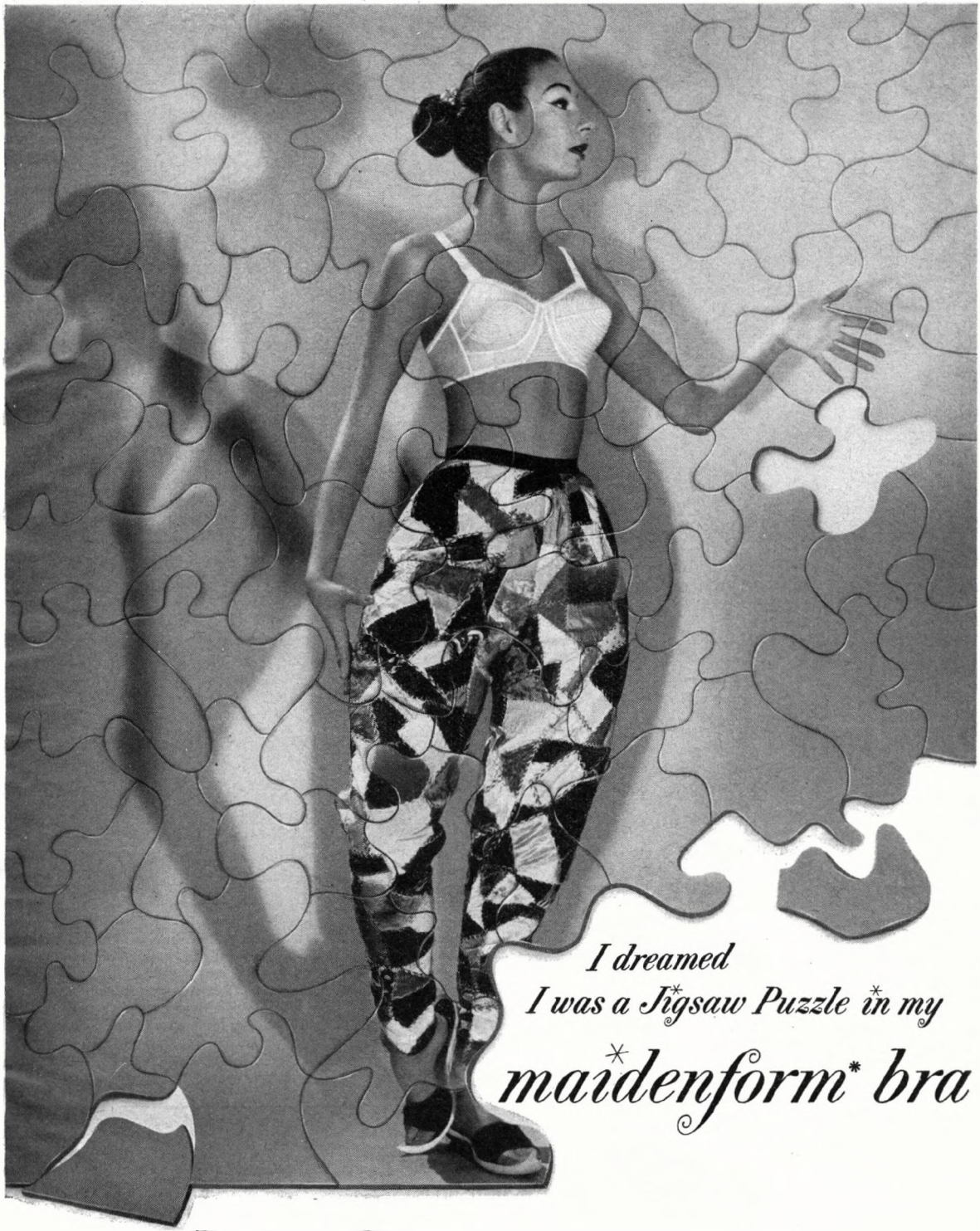
Passepartout ***fought a bull in order to win the use of a boat to France.***



In Hongkong, the detective (Robert Newton) used this strange carriage.



Revivalist (Bea Lillie) took up last minutes by trying to reform **Fogg.**



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3 OTHER FINE FILMS

"THREE BRAVE MEN"

WHAT HAPPENS to a family when the head of the household is suspended from his government job because he is considered a security risk? This film, produced with the approval of the Navy, is based on Pulitzer Prize-winning articles by Anthony Lewis about a man falsely accused by his neighbors.

Bernie Goldsmith (Ernest Borgnine) had been a loyal civilian employee of the Navy and an outstanding member of his community when he was suspended as a risk. While *Joe DiMarco* (Ray Milland), a liberal lawyer willing to defend *Bernie*, prepares the case, *Bernie* and his family learn the tragedy of living under a shadow. At first they are ostracized, but later their real friends rally to their support. It takes two hearings before *Bernie* is cleared and restored to his job by the Navy.

This film is a graphic presentation of what can happen. *(20th Cent. Fox)*

"THE BARRETTS OF WIMPOLE STREET"

THIS PLAY, so closely associated with Katharine Cornell, has been given a very handsome and delightful production in England. It is, of course, the love story of Elizabeth Barrett and Robert Browning. Jennifer Jones in the leading role makes a lovely, properly fragile poetess and Bill Travers, who was so excellent in "Wee Geordie," is handsome and vibrant enough to inspire any woman's return to health.

As nearly everyone knows, the *Barretts* were a fascinating family dominated by an extremely stern father (John Gielgud). He succeeded in persuading the talented *Elizabeth* that she was an invalid until the exuberant *Mr. Browning* burst upon them, changed life for all the *Barretts* and carried *Elizabeth* off to a happy marriage in Italy.

This production will captivate all moviegoers whether the story is familiar or not. *(Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer)*

"BUNDLE OF JOY"

APPROPRIATELY ENOUGH, the first film Debbie Reynolds and Eddie Fisher made together was shown to the press at Grossinger's New York resort where the young couple had been married. Eddie was there, but Debbie stayed in Hollywood with her recently arrived little "bundle of joy."

In this light comedy, *Polly Parrish* (Debbie) finds a baby on the doorstep of a foundling home. No one will believe *Polly* is not its mother and the home refuses to take the baby, but arranges for *Polly* to get a raise at the department store where she works. The son of the owner is *Dan Merlin* (Eddie) whose romance with *Polly* becomes very involved because of the baby, incidentally one of the cutest ever filmed.

The plot, with the added interest of the department-store background, allows for plenty of humor, songs and dancing, all capably handled by Debbie and Eddie. *(RKO)*

FEBRUARY BEST BETS IN YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD

Anastasia — Fascinating story of a mysterious woman. Ingrid Bergman, Helen Hayes, Yul Brynner. * January

Baby Doll — Adult Tennessee Williams' tale of the South, directed by Elia Kazan. Carroll Baker. * January

The Girl Can't Help It — The much publicized Jayne Mansfield in a humorous burlesque of the rock and roll craze.

The Girl He Left Behind — Marion Hargrove's story of life in the Army now. Natalie Wood, Tab Hunter.

The Great American Pastime — Troubles of a father who gets involved in little league baseball. Tom Ewell.

Julie — A real thriller about flying and a murderous husband. Doris Day.

The Magnificent Seven — Interesting Japanese film of a poor village which outwits some marauding bandits.

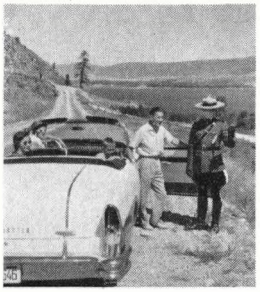
Oedipus Rex — The Stratford, Canada, festival players in a highly stylized version of Sophocles' great tragedy.

Rock Pretty Baby — Sal Mineo and a rock and roll story which will amuse and interest all the younger set.

The Ten Commandments — Cecil DeMille's expensive epic based on the life of Moses. Charlton Heston. * January

Wee Geordie — Delightful comedy of a Scotsman who doesn't know his own strength. Bill Travers. * January

**Previously reviewed in Redbook*



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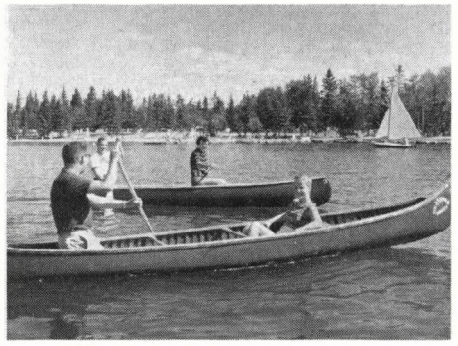

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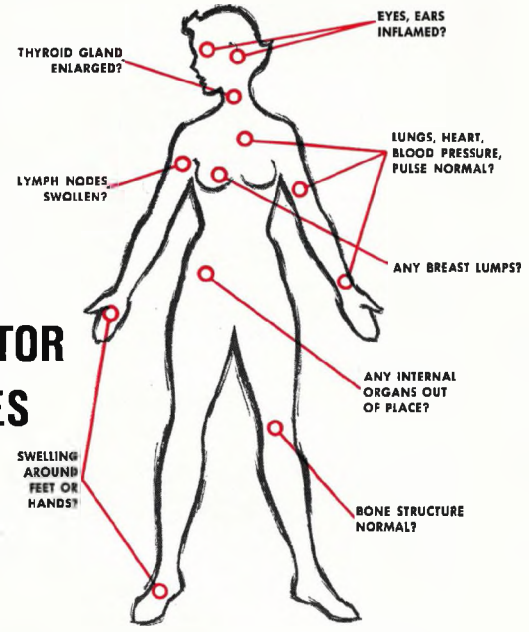


● **One of the best** health investments you can make is to visit your family doctor once a year for a routine physical examination.

The main purpose of such an examination, of course, is to enable your doctor to discover diseases and disorders in their early stages while they're relatively easy to cure. Even if no signs of disease show up, a periodic check-up is still worthwhile for the sense of reassurance it gives. Moreover, if a doctor has a record of the way various parts of your body behave when you're healthy, he'll have an accurate basis for comparison if you become ill later on.

Although most young people today seem to recognize the value of periodic check-ups, few bother to get them. Why? One major reason, doctors have found, is that many patients are fearful of the examination procedure itself—and of what it may reveal.

In addition to a natural reluctance to be poked, prodded and asked intimate questions, the average person attaches undue significance to certain things that a doctor does. If he seems to frown while taking your blood pressure, for example, it's easy to assume that he has found something abnormal, even if he assures you that he hasn't.

Actually, there should be nothing mysterious or frightening about a physical examination. It's true that the doctor is looking for signs of trouble at every step, but his chances of finding something that can't be cleared up are fairly remote, especially when he is examining a young person.

Obviously, no check-up from a family physician can be as thorough as the going-over you would receive at a big medical center. Yet a skilled doctor can, in the course of a few office visits, form a remarkably accurate picture of your state of health. And, if he's a warm, sensitive doctor, he'll have an understanding of you *as a person* that no battery of specialists could hope to match.

What It Includes

Although examining methods differ from one doctor to another, any reasonably thorough check-up should cover certain basic points. The procedures described below are based on recommendations drawn up by the Essex County (New Jersey) Medical Society for the benefit of family doctors throughout the state.

The typical check-up has three parts. The first is the medical history—a series of questions designed to inform the doctor about any obvious signs of physical disorder you may have, and also to acquaint him with your past health record and that of your family. Some medical men prefer to question you personally; others will ask you to fill out a questionnaire.

A few simple laboratory tests, usually performed by the doctor or his assistant, are another important part of the procedure. Your doctor will almost certainly test your blood to see whether you're anemic, whether your white-cell count is normal and what your blood-sedimentation rate is. A high sedimentation rate indicates trouble somewhere in your body, although it doesn't tell what the trouble is or where.

A urinalysis is also important. Unusual findings here—such as the presence of albumin, sugar, pus or blood—suggest infection, faulty function or other trouble in the kidneys, bladder or other parts of the genito-urinary system.

Other common tests, of a more specialized nature than blood and urine examinations, include stool examination, to detect signs of bleeding in the intes-

tinal tract; a chest X ray, to show up possible tuberculosis, lung tumors or abnormal heart shape, and, in women, a vaginal smear test to uncover cases of early cancer of the reproductive tract.

From Head to Foot

But the key part of the check-up is the physical examination itself. In 15 or 20 minutes a capable doctor can examine you from head to foot, covering perhaps a hundred points along the way.

He may begin by having you stand in front of him. He will note the condition of your skin, look for potentially cancerous warts and sores, examine the thyroid glands in your neck, check your bone structure and posture, inspect your spine for flexibility and signs of abnormal curvature and look for swelling around hands and feet. He may take your pulse while you're standing, have you do some simple bending exercise, then see what effect the exercise has had on the pulse rate. With a male patient, the doctor will look for signs of hernia and abnormalities of the genital organs.

Next your doctor may ask you to sit down. He will then examine your eyes and ears for inflammation and function; inspect the nasal passages, mouth, lips and throat for signs of infections, growths and other abnormalities; check your heart and lungs with a stethoscope and take a blood-pressure reading.

The rest of the examination is usually done while the patient is on an examining table. The physician examines the lymph nodes (located in the armpits and other parts of the body) for swelling, which may indicate an infection or, in rare cases, malignancy. He presses various parts of the abdominal region to see if he can feel any organs (normally, most internal organs can't be felt in this manner). He tests the patient's reflexes, and he may do a rectal examination as a means of spotting hemorrhoids and growths and, in men, checking the condition of the prostate gland.

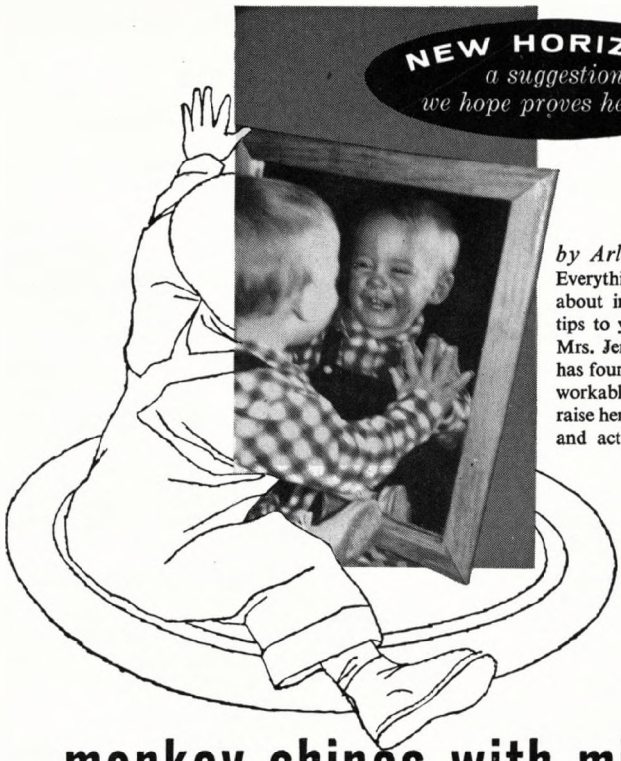
With women patients, the doctor usually checks the breasts for suspicious lumps, which may or may not be cancerous, and also does a pelvic examination. This last procedure, which is especially important in women who have had children, enables him to detect infections, suspicious growths, lacerations and other danger signals.

These are the main points that any physical check-up should include. No procedure, of course, is foolproof, and no doctor can be sure that, because you seem to be in perfect health today, you'll still be that way tomorrow. Yet, for the average young adult, the relatively simple examination available in any competent doctor's office is a reasonable guarantee of good health.

●

Consult your physician before using any drug mentioned

NEW HORIZONS
a suggestion we hope proves helpful



by Arlene Jennrich
Everything that she tells about in this series of tips to young mothers, Mrs. Jennrich says she has found practical and workable in helping her raise her own two small and active youngsters.

monkey shines with mirrors

It isn't surprising that little folk, after being held up to a mirror and urged to "look at the baby," seek out the nearest looking glass and make friends there. And it's quite a revelation the day the baby realizes the relationship he has to the mirror-mimic.

Mirrors are magnetic attractions to creepers and toddlers and this could lead to trouble if young explorers must climb into unsafe spots to investigate their image. So, put a mirror within his range of vision. Mount securely. Teach baby not to strike at it.

The baby-in-the-mirror is a peppy playmate prone to giggles and is a funny fellow for a patty-cake partner and to throw kisses to.

Your child can be amused by your making up stories about his "twin" and other mirror people. When older, he can make up his own stories.

Writing and drawing on a mirror with a cake of soap is lots of fun and it also proves a great diversion to mark zigzag lines, circles and all that, with fingers on a mirror surfaced with soapy or a window cleaning substance. It all rubs off very easily and mirror is unharmed. Floor can be protected with newspapers.

Finger painting with poster paints on a mirror seems to be another great sport, especially for older, kindergarten-age children.

Older children, too, find all these monkey shines highly entertaining and the more imaginative a child, the more adventures and imaginative situations can be created.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

ON BEHALF OF INGRID BERGMAN

After reading your November "Letters to the Editor" about Ingrid Bergman, I felt that I had to write and say my bit—but not about Ingrid, about some of the letters written to attack her. They were evidently written by people who have never experienced human frailty.

Most of us go through life with our moral standards very high. We try to do and think the right way and we think we are really nice people. Then, all of a sudden, something happens and we wonder how in the world we got in the spot we are in. When it comes to love, we are so helpless.

Humans can cheat each other, lie, be cruel, selfish, do anything they want to further their business—but outwardly they often look like nice citizens. No one can see their hearts. I wonder how many of us could truly stand the opening of the heart to the world. Yet, let some poor soul have an illegitimate baby, some wrong that is impossible to hide, and everyone goes highbrow.

Here is a woman, Ingrid Bergman, who made a mistake. If Christ came by and asked who would cast the first stone, how many could do so unafraid?

MRS. K. S.
Los Angeles, Calif.

WE ALL WIN

"The Ten Congressmen Who Have Done Most for Young People," as cited in our October article, were evidently the choice of the American public as well. Every one of them who ran for re-election in November was successful. REDBOOK *is pleased and proud of these results. Not only because of the particular individuals involved, but because they represent those legislators in Congress most sensitive to the needs of the young adults whom we feel we represent.* ED.

CRISIS

Your article, "One Family's Crisis," (November) really amazed me. The Westinghouse strike was one of the most disgraceful things in the history of Pittsburgh, and the majority of people here could not understand how it could happen.

After reading about the Hammond family, I can easily understand. Any "red-blooded American" who would stand up and defend his labor union and approve the union's action when he is over $1,300 in debt as a direct result of this action doesn't deserve any consideration or sympathy. All he needs is a psychiatrist.

MRS. J. W. PHILIPS
Pittsburgh, Penna.

Your story about one family who went through the Westinghouse strike made me understand for the first time just what is involved in terms of human suffering when the newspapers print an item about work stoppage in an industry or company.

I have a lot of respect for the Hammonds. It takes courage to stick up for your principles when it hits you so hard in the pocketbook.

MORTON FIELD
New York, N. Y.

POOR, POOR MOTHER

Some of the most ardent readers of REDBOOK are, as you might expect, the husbands and wives of staff members. As the wife of a member of REDBOOK's Art Department, I read "Jealousy Among Your Children" in the November issue with particular interest. I thought there was a lot of really helpful material in the article. But as the half-crazed mother of three, I've had to develop a sense of humor about the whole problem in self-defense. Sometimes, you see, our kids look like this:

But at other times I find them like this:

And what can poor mother do then, poor thing?

PAT MICHEL
Melville, N. Y.

THE RETARDED CHILD

I read your article, "Something Is Wrong with Our Baby," with the most passionate understanding and deepest feeling as I, too, have a child who is severely retarded. However, I was deeply hurt to read that the family discussed in the article scorned state or city institutions for its child because it felt them inadequate.

My infant son remained with us for over a year, and a more difficult situation would be hard to picture. With all our love, it was still impossible for one person to take care of him without having a physical or mental breakdown herself. Our doctor insisted that it was not fair to our other children, ourselves or our son to keep him at home. We spoke with other parents whose children were in state homes, and we made our decision.

Our child is *not* "put away." He is now living in a most beautiful country home, in his own special crib, with his own special toys, in his very own clothing. He is loved and cared for far better than my most anxious and willing hands were able to do. I adore my child and never would I leave him in a place that did not provide loving care.

He is bathed each day and dressed with kindness. He is played with and fed with affection. Many times I have been to see him when I was not expected, and my son was as happy and immaculate as ever. Only those of us who have coped with this type of child can understand what this means. I plead with you to let others who may be faced with this problem know that they will not be doing the wrong thing if they cannot keep their child at home.

NAME WITHHELD
New Jersey

I was tremendously moved by your article, "Something Is Wrong with Our Baby," but feel called upon to point out the fact that life is no longer so somber a tragedy to us parents of brain-damaged children. With the formation of the National Association for Retarded Children, parents and friends of retarded children have united and formed local units throughout the country.

We are now working tirelessly for clinics, schools, sheltered workshops and residential homes to give our children a chance. Hope has succeeded sorrow in our hearts, and progress has given us courage to face tomorrow. Thank you for your interest in our problem.

KATHLEEN HURST SEIB
Corresponding Secretary
Help for Retarded Children, Inc.
Wash. D. C. unit of the National Association for Retarded Children

TO A MAN'S HEART

Oh, no! Not you, too! Men are always thinking of their stomachs, but aren't there enough magazines carrying recipes now without REDBOOK's giving up so much space to eats? Let's keep one magazine without recipes.

MRS. E. H. LOUGHRAN
Butte, Mont.

■ *While we have added several homemaking features as part of our plan to make* REDBOOK *the* complete *magazine for young adults, we have* not *cut down on articles or fiction. As a matter of fact, we have been including a bonus of four short short stories in at least two issues every year.*

ED.

★ Address: LETTERS TO THE EDITOR, Redbook Magazine, 230 Park Ave., New York 17, New York

Freeway "stack," Los Angeles—hub of ultramodern highway system. Background: City Hall.

EL PUEBLO DE NUESTRA SENORA LA REINA DE LOS ANGELES DE PORCIUNCULA

Do you know America's third city?

When the pueblo of Los Angeles began life (1781), its Spanish fathers gave it the whopping name above (translation: "The Town of Our Lady the Queen of the Angels of Porciuncula"). The town has grown as the name has shrunk. Today Los Angeles is a city of well over two million sun-tanned people.

DO YOU KNOW this subtropic city of palms, poinsettias and almost perpetual sunshine?...

Los Angeles is third among U.S. cities in population. But she has exactly one skyscraper, preferring to grow *out* rather than *up*.

She's unmistakably *western*—but with plants and trees of the South Seas, street names borrowed from Old Spain, and the balmy dry climate of North Africa.

She is modern as her freeways. Yet you can take one of these urban highways to an 18th century Spanish mission and lose yourself amid the storied ghosts of early padres.

Such contrasts, in fact, are everywhere—a sunny garden cafe in view of snowy mountains, old adobe haciendas next to pastel office buildings, Chinese pagodas a few steps from Mexican bazaars.

And within city limits you find: Hollywood's TV studios, oil well forests, a great seaport, shops set among banana trees, and lonely mountain canyons.

You could easily spend all your vacation in Los Angeles alone. *But who would, with so much of equal interest so close by in Southern California?—Pacific sea cliffs, two summery deserts, miles of lush orange groves, subtropic valleys alive now with camellias and azaleas. And all this within three hours of Los Angeles!*

Isn't this the time for a *real change:* a Southern California vacation?

Look for Pacific starfish.

FREE—OFFICIAL SIGHTSEEING MAP. This big color map traces routes for sightseeing throughout Los Angeles County and all Southern California. Shows locations of 645 sights visitors want to see—including homes of 80 movie, TV and radio stars. Complete explanatory text. Helpful while here and for making your plans. Mail the coupon today!

ALL-YEAR CLUB OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA. *This advertisement sponsored by the Los Angeles County Board of Supervisors for the citizens of Glendale, Hollywood, Long Beach, Los Angeles, Pasadena, Pomona, Santa Monica, Torrance and 182 other communities.*

Soak up "first-night" excitement, Hollywood!

HOW ABOUT A CHANGE

FOR A CHANGE?

Southern California Vacation

All-Year Club of Southern California, Dept. D-2
628 West 6th Street, Los Angeles 17, California

Please send me free Color Sightseeing Map.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ Zone_____

State_____

PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS

Do We Frighten Children?

BY IRMA SIMONTON BLACK

No loving parent would deliberately frighten or confuse a child. Yet countless parents—perhaps you are one of them—do just this by exposing their children to brutal, disturbing and confusing stories in their preschool years.

Of course, a great offender here is television. The blood-and-thunder tales to which children are exposed on the home screen often result in overexcitement and bad dreams. But many parents are aware of the TV problem and cope with it as best they can.

An area that is often neglected, however, is that of folk and fairy tales that have passed the test of time and so are supposedly immune to modern criticism. "Snow White's" sinister queen and horrible witch, "Little Red Riding Hood's" rapacious wolf, the terrifying giant in "Jack and the Beanstalk" and the sadistic stepmother in "Hansel and Gretel" are merely a few of the fictional characters that may be upsetting to young children.

The usual argument for these stories is that they stimulate your child's imagination. But your child's imagination does not need morbid stimulation. Every parent knows well that children do not cling to reality! They play that they are pilots or nurses or mothers with vivid realism. It's the bored and sophisticated adult who needs murder mysteries to put him to sleep! Indeed, a constant diet of the fantastic actually keeps your child from using his own rich imagination in his play.

An important fact that most people ignore is that folk and fairy tales were originally told for grown-ups, not for children. Jealousy, trickery, sexual passion and murder abound in them. If a modern author were to invent such tales for children, he would be roundly and rightly criticized for their unsuitability.

Aside from the danger of frightening young children by such lurid stories, there is the danger of confusion. The child who is still learning about his world and how it works literally does not know whether ogres and witches exist or are make-believe.

Why, then, introduce a whole realm of unreality to your child, whose everyday world is magic, whose eyes widen at the sight of an ordinary dump truck going through its paces, who laughs with joy at the sight of a kitten lapping milk from a saucer? Let him savor and understand the real world.

Is there no place, then, for the classic folk or fairy tale in your child's library? Of course there is. There are many old stories full of action and with fine literary structure. Even four- or five-year-olds will enjoy "The Gingerbread Man" or "The Three Bears." And children of all ages enjoy the lilting rhythms of "Mother Goose." But the child under six is better off with stories that are childlike and unfrightening, whether they are completely realistic or have a touch of fantasy.

By the time he is of school age, he will be able to take folk or fairy tales in his stride. He can enjoy the suspense of "Jack and the Beanstalk" without being afraid that he'll meet a wicked giant. He can hate the cruel stepmother in "Hansel and Gretel" without fearing her as a threat to him. He'll have fun with the old classic fairy tales just because he has a real conviction that they are unreal and impossible.

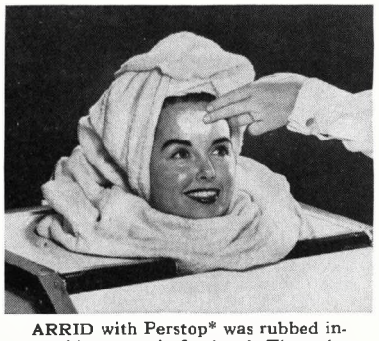
Mrs. Black is an instructor at the Bank Street College of Education and author of many books about and for children. Her informative column is a regular REDBOOK *feature.*

Some of the most popular fairy tales terrify preschool youngsters

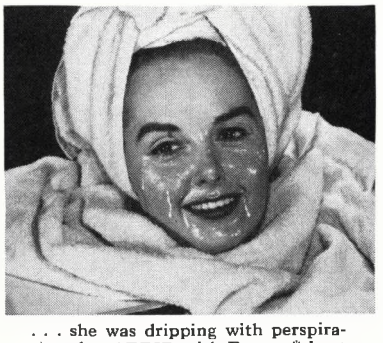
Have Perspiration Stains Ever Ruined Your Dress?

New ARRID with Perstop* Stops Perspiration Stains — Stops Odor

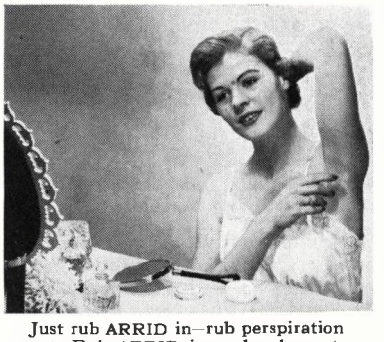
DRAMATIC STEAMBATH TEST SHOWS HOW



ARRID with Perstop* was rubbed into this woman's forehead. Then she was put in a steambath at 104 degrees. Fifteen minutes later . . .

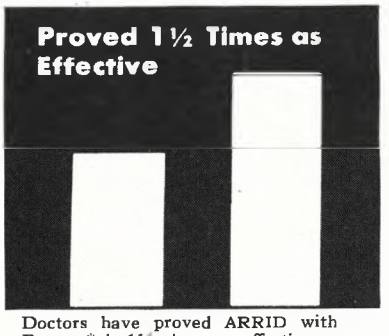


. . . she was dripping with perspiration—but ARRID with Perstop* kept her forehead *dry*. ARRID will do the same for your underarms, too.

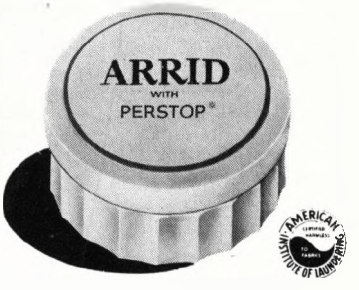


Just rub ARRID in—rub perspiration out. Rub ARRID in—rub odor out. When the cream vanishes you know you're safe even on hot, sticky days.

ARRID with Perstop*, used daily, keeps your clothes safe from ugly stains, keeps your underarms dry, soft and sweet.



Doctors have proved ARRID with Perstop* is 1½ times as effective as all leading deodorants tested against perspiration and odor.



So . . . don't be half-safe. Be completely safe. Use new ARRID with Perstop* to be sure. 43¢ plus tax.

*Carter Products trademark for sulfonated hydrocarbon surfactants.

RHYMES FROM

Young Mother Goose

BY C. S. JENNISON

Rockaby, baby,
there in your crib;
Mommy is scraping the
egg from your bib.
When the night falls
and shadows come stealing,
I'll get the applesauce
down from the ceiling.

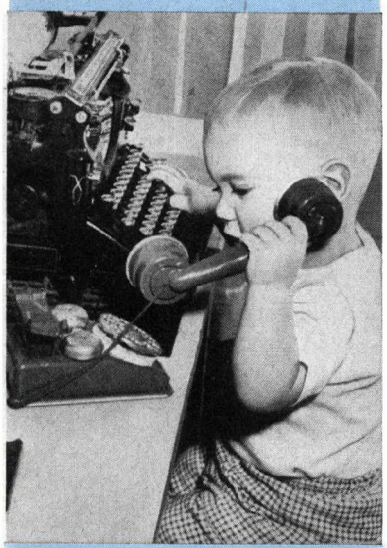
Hey diddle diddle,
The children they fiddle
At dinner and
breakfast and noon.
They pick up their lettuce,
Then further upset us
By eating their
milk with a spoon.

When all the house
is apple cores
And all the rugs are ink,
I find the kiddies
really aren't
As quiet as I think.

See, saw,
Margery daw.
Rover shall have
a new master.
He's cute, I suppose,
But one of us goes
Unless he gets
housebroken faster.

REDBOOK'S

Family Scrapbook



I am a newspaperman and upon occasion have taken my young son into the office afterhours or on weekends. He came home from one of these visits and disappeared into the bedroom where I do some writing at home.

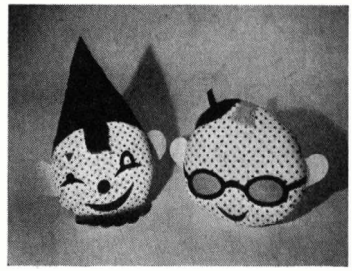
I peeked in, and he had his toy telephone up to my old typewriter and was jabbering away while pecking at the keys. Jeff told me he was "getting the 'tory."

Joe Paul, Jr.
Box 171
Ventura, Calif.

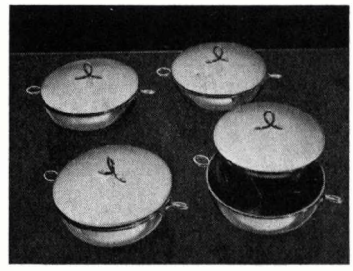
● **REDBOOK will pay $50 for the best black and white snapshot used, featuring a child or children under 12, accompanied by the best letter telling in not more than 100 words how the picture came to be taken.**

Pictures must be sent by the parents of the child to Dept. F-A, Redbook Magazine, 230 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y., and cannot be returned or acknowledged. All published entries become the property of McCall Corporation, publishers of REDBOOK.

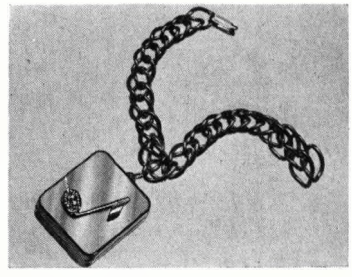
TOPS IN THE



Dots with dash are polka-dotted personality pillows that liven up a college dorm, spark a play room or nursery, cheer a convalescent. The 18" Clown and 10" Boy Friend are predominantly red and white with gay felt faces and are stuffed with Kapok. $2 each; $3.95 pr., ppd. Craft Shop, Inc., Dept. R, Cambridge, N.Y.



Merrily we casserole along with individual pint-sized baking dishes. They hold everything from onion soup to macaroni and cheese, baked beans or gelatin desserts. Aluminum casseroles with tight-fitting covers go piping hot from the oven to the table, and the set of 4 is only $2 ppd. Elron, 225 W. Erie St., Chicago 10, Ill.



Music bath charms and this charm has music—a tiny Swiss music box! In a satiny gold-finished case on a golden link bracelet, the charm plays "Anniversary Waltz," "Let Me Call You Sweetheart," "Stardust" or "I Love You Truly" (specify). $6.95 incl. tax, postage. A to Z Gift Mart, P.O. Box 36586, Los Angeles 36, Cal.

The glitter and the gold of this handsome ring is 14K, the pearl is a genuine cultured beauty and the price is a fantastic bargain! This is the way to spend that Christmas bonus or grandmother's gift check! Only $22, incl. tax and postage. Please send ring size. Marchal Jewelers, 745 Fifth Ave., New York 22, N.Y.

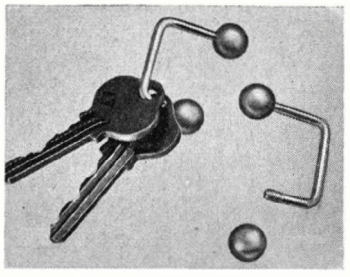
• Order directly from stores, enclosing check or money order. (No COD's please.) Unless

SHOPS

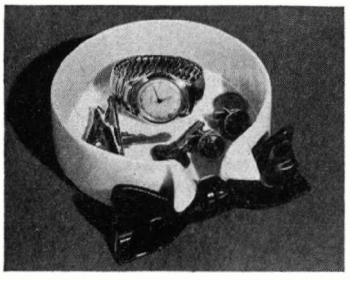
CAROLYN KELLY

Shopping Editor

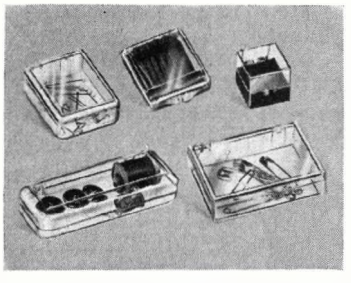
Hey, use mugs for serving clam chowder in the living room before dinner, for coffee or cocoa during television, for pencils or cigarettes or flowers on the coffee table. Royal Staffordshire ½-pint mugs have a Venetian scene in assorted colors on white. A set of 6 is $6.95 ppd. Here's How Co., 27-R E. 22nd St., New York 10, N.Y.



All keyed up about these smart and efficient key holders that are made of silver-plated brass and imported from Germany. The balls on either end unscrew, keys slip on and the end is replaced. They are as simple and modern as the times and only 69¢ each, ppd. B. M. Lawrence Imports, 244 California St., San Francisco 11, Calif.



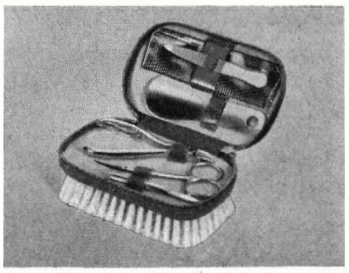
A well-dressed bow for your well-dressed beau ends top-of-the-bureau clutter, under-the-bed losses. Black and white ceramic collar and tie, 5" in diameter, holds watch, keys, change and cuff links in splendid order. He might even use it as an ash tray. $1.50 ppd. Monogram Shop, 84 Westminster St., Providence 3, R.I.



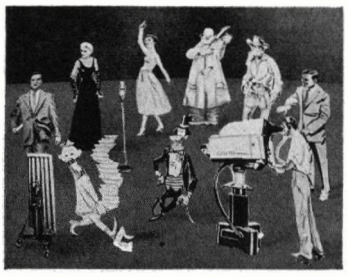
Cache and carry all kinds of things in these hinged plastic boxes—pills, pins, stamps, matches, change, golf tees, lighter flints, etc., etc., etc. All have clear tops; some have colored bottoms; all latch tightly. Bag full of boxes (over 15), $1 ppd. Western World Products, Dept. R, 2611 Tilden Ave., Los Angeles 64, California.

personalized, all merchandise may be returned for refund. Mention REDBOOK when ordering.

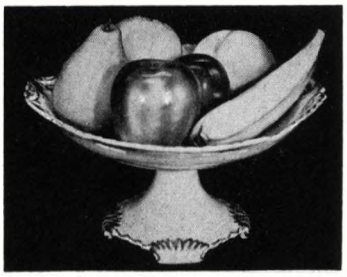
Tops In The Shops



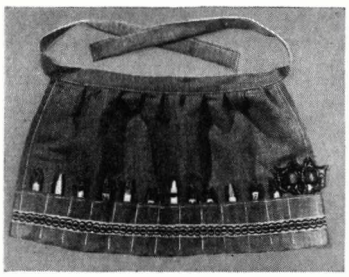
Case history. If your husband travels a lot, or your son is away at school, this is their gift! Genuine brown leather military brush kit, 4¾" x 3⅛" x 2", holds stainless steel comb, shoehorn, file, tweezers, scissors, clippers. $4 ppd. Add 50¢ for 2 or 3 gold initials. Adelaide's House, Dept. R, 590 Grand Avenue, Ridgefield, New Jersey.



Television cut-outs. 130 performers, TV cameras, props, etc., colorfully printed on heavy stock, have stand-up easels so youngsters can plan their own shows. "Director's Kit" explains TV equipment and staging. Average height is 5". $1 plus 25¢ post. Action Toys & Games, Suite 416-B, 333 No. Michigan Ave., Chicago 1, Ill.



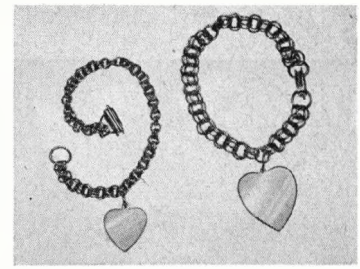
Winter blues got you down? You need house-brighteners like gay yellow curtains and realistic earthenware fruit. Piled in a centerpiece bowl, it looks good enough to eat! Banana, apple, peach, plum, orange and pear in nature-true colors are $2.95 ppd. Bowl not incl. Lee Wynne, 5446-R Diamond St., Philadelphia 31, Pa.



Orange sky, blue cows or a green dog are perfectly acceptable in a child's artistic eyes. So if you have a budding Rembrandt on your hands, give him (or her) this blue denim apron. Its twelve pockets are filled with crayons and a pair of scissors. What fun for a rainy day! $1 postpaid. Page & Biddle, Haverford, Penna.

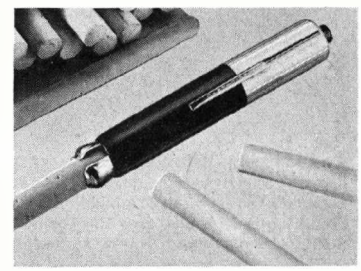
Tops In The Shops

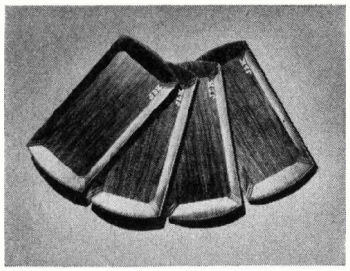
Have a heart. Every dollar earned by the sale of these sweet bracelets goes to research and treatment of children afflicted with rheumatic heart disease. Gold-plated bracelets come in two sizes for mother and daughter or big and little sister. $1 each; both for $1.50 ppd. Irvington House, 17 East 45th St., New York 17, N.Y.



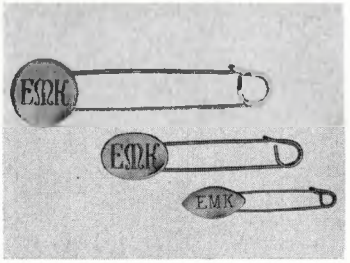
Family piano lessons. You can teach yourselves by using the Automatic Chord Selector and this successful home method. Course consists of 96 lessons in 12 books for $40. Send 10¢ for one free lesson, chord and note selector and 5 easy-to-play songs. Dean Ross Studios, Dept. R, 45 West 45th St., New York 36, N.Y.

Teacher's pet! We think this will replace the apple as the best gift of all for a favorite teacher! Blackboard chalk holder has onyx-black plastic barrel, 22K gold-plated cap, works automatically, comes with 3-year guarantee. $2; three for $5 postpaid. Hand-Gienic Specialty Co., Dept. 117, 161 West 23rd St., New York 11, N.Y.

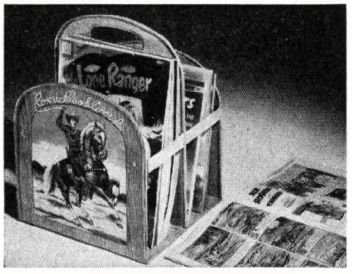




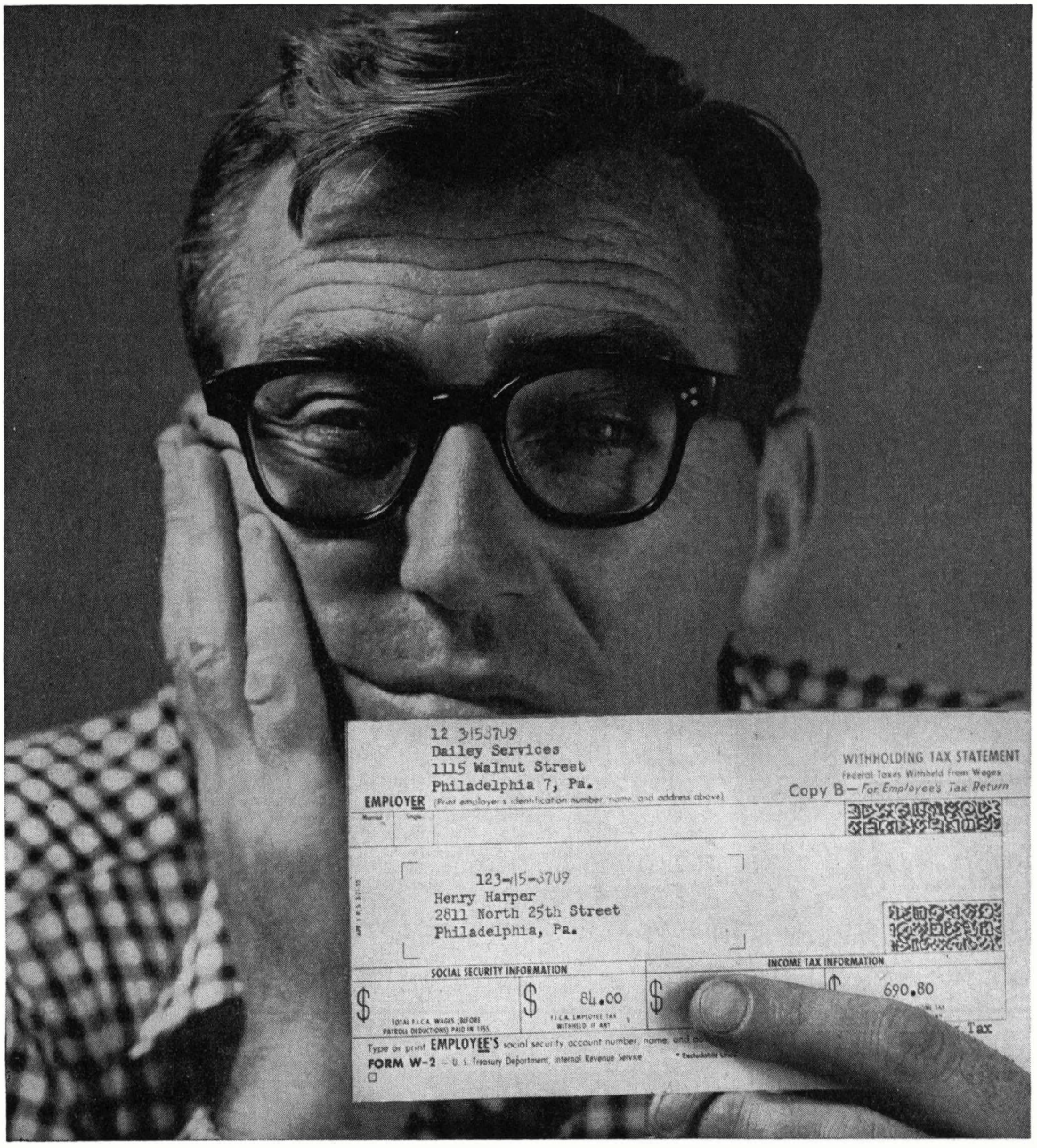
Have your fare ready on these individual serving trays so that buffets are a breeze instead of a chore! Walnut-finished wood trays are 16¼" x 7½", hold a complete dinner, cocktail snacks or small-fry T.V. suppers. 4 trays with 2 or 3 initials, $3.29. Add 15¢ post. Bancroft's, Dept. RB-329, 2170 S. Canalport Ave., Chicago 8.



Letters of credit are your 3 initials that highlight these safety pins. Slated for fashion success as collar pins, on sheaths or cashmeres, they are gold or silver plate. 3¼" long, $1.95: 2½", $1.50; 2", $1. All 3 for $3.95; matching cuff links or earrings, $1.95, ppd. Western Classics, Box 4035, Dept. PAR, Tucson, Arizona.



Corral the comics and bless the genius who designed this rack! 8" x 9" lithographed metal rack holds lots of stray comic books in one neat corner and ends the usual puddle of "funnies" all over the floor! The front shows a colorful roping cowboy with his horse. $1.50 or two for $2.95 ppd. Ett-Barr Co., Altadena 63, Calif.



Where do your taxes go?

You may have a pretty good idea where taxes go. But did you know that some go to help pay other people's electric bills?

They're the families and businesses that get their electricity from federal government electric systems like the TVA.

While about 23¢ of every dollar you pay for electricity from your power company goes for taxes, those other people pay much less . . . only about 4¢ per dollar if their power comes from the government's TVA, for example. As a result, *you* are taxed *more* to make up for what *they don't have to pay.*

Don't you think this unfair tax favoritism needs thorough study and discussion? *America's Independent Electric Light and Power Companies*.*

**Company names on request through this magazine*

WE'RE GIVING OUR CHILDREN TOO MUCH

Many of today's youngsters will grow up into second-rate human beings—and parents are to blame. This angry accusation may embarrass "modern" mothers and fathers—or enrage them

BY SELWYN JAMES

In the following article, Selwyn James, a father himself, takes issue with some American parents over the way they are bringing up their youngsters. His tone is argumentative, and his views are controversial and frequently challenging. Whether or not the reader agrees with them, we hope they will stimulate him to new thought about the complex problem of how to give a child the best possible start in life. —The Editors

Not long ago, a friend of mine presented his small son with a Geiger counter, purchased at $25, as a compensation for suffering a black eye in fair combat with a playmate. This expensive boost to the little fellow's morale was short-lived, however. Within two weeks almost every one of his playmates owned a Geiger counter, too.

It occurred to me then, as I'm sure it has to others, that we are in grave danger of crippling our children with kindness. My friend is one of the millions of parents who are lavishing too much of everything on their youngsters, and are demanding little from them in return—who are rearing children who know only how to take, never to give.

For this, parents have themselves to blame—and those authorities in the child psychology field who, unintentionally, have encouraged them to overindulge their children. As a result of long-time prosperity, drastically changed family values and unquestioning acceptance of new child-rearing theories, parents seem to have been reduced to family servants in a society tyrannized by children.

Many modern parents seem to have dropped "No" from their vocabularies. They are so afraid to frustrate or deprive Junior, so haunted by the fear of damaging his psyche, that they devote themselves to fulfilling his every "need"—everything he asks for, that is.

They overcompensate Junior for the slightest disappointment, overprotect him from every physical and emotional hazard and overpraise him for parlor antics that any well-trained puppy could perform. At the same time, they shield him from family cares and worries and never introduce him to such obsolete responsi- *(Continued on page 96)*

For the first time,
in her own words and those
of the people who know her best,
here is the warm, moving,
surprising story of...

WHY GRACE KELLY BECAME A PRINCESS

BY ROBERT J. LEVIN

All her life, Grace Patricia Kelly has seemed to be walking the rainbow road. She was born into a wealthy family. She has always been strikingly beautiful and, with no apparent effort, she became one of New York's foremost models. In Hollywood, she skyrocketed to success with apparent ease. And waiting for her at the end of the rainbow, wedding ring in hand, was a sovereign prince.

As one of her friends has said, "The only thing that girl never had was trouble."

It certainly seems that way. The truth, however, is another matter. And the truth transforms Grace Kelly from an unreal character out of a fairy tale into a vulnerable human being who, like countless others, has had to struggle—and is still struggling—to solve the deepest mystery of all: Who am I?

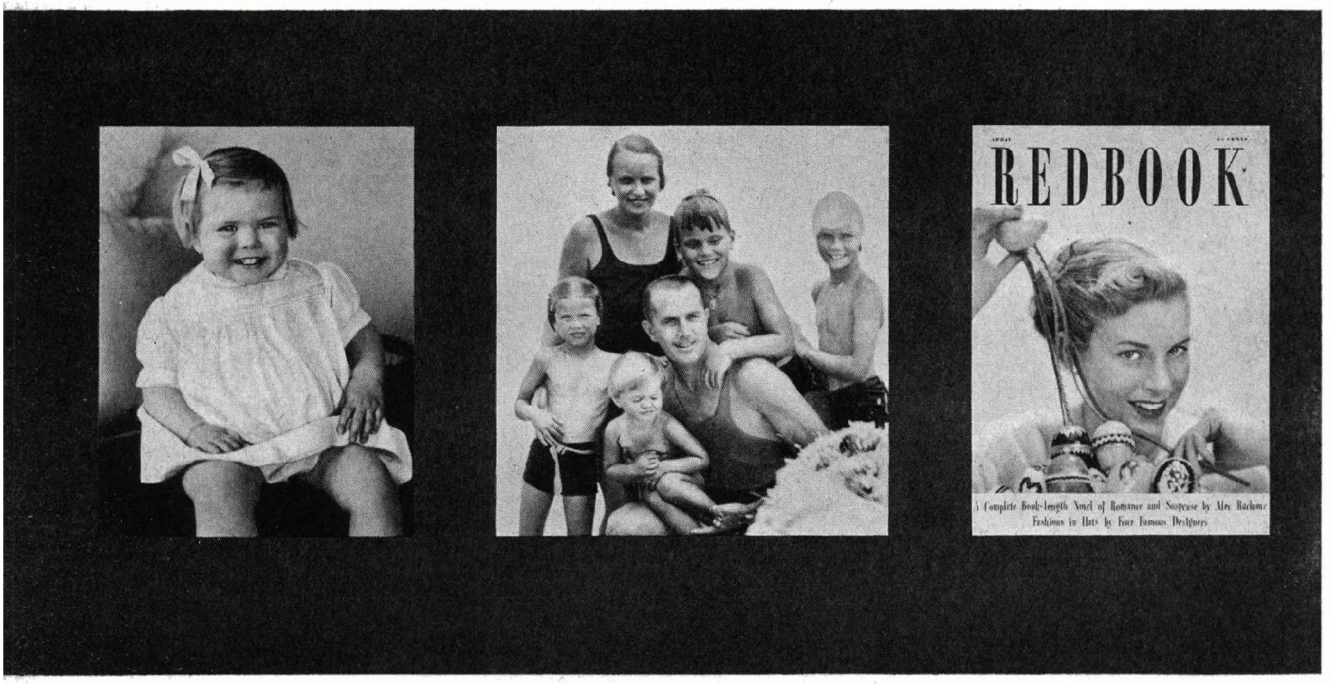
Who is Grace Kelly? Why did this beautiful, talented and rich young woman agree to marry a man she hardly knew? For she had spent only a few days in the company of Prince Rainier III before announcing that she would be his bride.

The answer to this question was not easy to find. In my search, I talked to 19 people who, at one time or another, considered themselves close to her. And finally I interviewed the Prince and Princess themselves. For the first time Princess Grace of Monaco, *née* Grace Kelly of Philadelphia, spoke openly of how and why she so quickly decided to marry—and of the past emotional life that led her to that moment.

Her silence until now is one of the main reasons why she has been misunderstood. Hollywood tagged her as a girl with nothing to say unless someone else first wrote the words. They said she kept her heart locked in a home freezer.

Some claws dug more deeply. She has been called "a Sphinx without a secret," and a girl with

"What's the use of getting angry? If you try to



"stainless steel insides." Even a person who has known her since she was a child told me bluntly, "You can dig until doomsday, but you won't find out what's beneath the surface. Because what's there is—nothing."

To her few intimate friends and her family, such impressions seem grotesque. With them, she's not silent—she talks and talks and can't be stopped. Nor is she reserved—she's a practical joker with an uninhibited sense of humor. Her emotions are easily touched and, according to her sister Peggy, "she can cry her head off during a movie."

As for Grace Kelly's inner depth, the actress who portrayed the bitter, slatternly wife in "The Country Girl," who was transformed by love during the span of a waltz in "The Swan" and who shed all self-restraint in the glorious binge of "High Society"—such an actress must surely have her own exquisite awareness of the nature of the human heart. She cannot be a shallow woman.

She can, however, be deeply confused and a stranger to herself. Considerable evidence indicates that this was true of the girl they once called "Hollywood's hottest property."

"There is no Grace Kelly yet," she said enigmatically, in 1954. "Come back in ten years. I'll know more then."

Only two and a half years have passed since then, but they have been crucial years of professional triumph, of increasing maturity—and of marriage. Now, strengthened by a new feeling of love and security, and profoundly absorbed by her responsibilities as wife and mother-to-be, Princess Grace of Monaco can talk about herself, for the first time, with considerable insight. She told me, among other things, of how she came to marry Prince Rainier III, of her ideas—and her husband's—on family life and of the inner changes she now senses.

None of this could she say easily. She would often break off abruptly, and her blue eyes would be clouded with uncertainty.

"I just can't find the words to express myself," she admitted. "Emotions are such difficult things to explain."

This inability to describe her feelings accurately—a problem shared by a great many people—is a partial explanation of Grace Kelly's previous reluctance to talk personally. It required considerable effort on her part to break that barrier.

"I almost knew I was in love with the Prince before we met for the second time in our lives, that Christmas day," she said slowly. "I don't know how I knew. The thought wasn't there, I'm sure. And yet something . . ."

It is difficult, if not impossible, to grasp what was happening to Grace Kelly at this critical moment, without first understanding what had been happening to her since childhood.

Grace Kelly was born November 12, 1929, the

fight back, it takes too much out of you"

Grace Kelly was the third of four children in the family of John Brendan Kelly, a wealthy Philadelphia contractor. In the family snapshot *(second from left)* Grace is at the left, older sister Peggy at the right, younger sister Lizann at her father's knee and Grace's older brother Kell is on his father's back. After becoming a model in New York, Grace got her first important break on the REDBOOK cover shown here. She later posed for two others and was seen for a fourth time on REDBOOK'S cover in November, 1954—after rapidly becoming one of Hollywood's leading stars.

third of four children. Sister Peggy is older by eight years; brother John J. (Kell), by two, and sister Elizabeth Ann (Lizann) is three years younger.

Lizann—now Mrs. Donald LeVine and the mother of a six-months-old girl—explained why her sister Grace might be considered a middle child, with all of a middle child's problems.

"There could have been just the three girls in the family," Lizann said. "We were up on the third floor, and Kell on the second. He usually went his own way, and besides, when he wasn't in school, Dad would have him out rowing. Then he was off at prep school, and after that, the Navy. But Peg, Grace and I stayed together at home.

"I gave Grace the most trouble. For three years, she was the baby of the family. Then I came along and elbowed her out of the way. I used to beat her up—yes, I really did! And let her say she wanted something, and I'd grab it first. When we grew older, I was the brat sister who made her life miserable, especially if she was with her boy friends. I was awful!"

Grace's older sister, meanwhile, was applying pressure from above. "I was always telling her what to do," Peggy admitted, "and she always did it."

Although young Grace reacted to her sisters' treatment with differing emotions—"I resented Lizann terribly," she told me, "but I worshiped Peggy"—the fact remains that, among the girls, Grace's wishes and needs were the last to be considered.

Her parents paid scant notice to this; their attention was focused elsewhere. According to Peggy, her father wasn't around the house very much. A vigorous, aggressive man, contractor John Brendan Kelly worked on Saturdays and played golf on Sundays. In addition, he was furiously involved in Philadelphia politics. The little free time he managed to salvage was devoted to training his son as a sculler, so that he might follow in his father's wake and become a world champion oarsman.

Jack Kelly loved his daughters, and his daughters loved him, and, as Peggy pointed out, he was easier on the children than their mother was. Nevertheless, he was a man's man who was never too comfortable in the presence of women, a fact that even his daughters sensed. This was unfortunate enough for Peggy and Lizann, but at least they were like him in being scrappers and eager competitors.

Grace was not, and so she was a puzzle and a trial to her father. He was often heard asking his wife, "What's Grace sniveling about now?" An outspoken man, he made no bones about his preference for his oldest daughter, and even after Grace achieved fame in Hollywood, Jack Kelly expressed his bewilderment.

"I always thought it would be Peggy," he is quoted as saying, in the book, "That Kelly Family" by John McCallum, soon to be published by A. S. Barnes & Co. "Anything Grace could do, Peggy could do better." Even a stronger and more secure child than

"Even if there was a chance that I was making a mistake, I would find out later. Nothing mattered to me except our staying together"

Grace could have been expected to feel somewhat rejected. Her relationship with her mother, as with her father, was not as close as she would have wished. Mrs. Kelly, the former Margaret Majer, has a reputation for being even more strong-willed than her husband. She, too, was an athlete, a champion swimmer and the first woman ever to teach physical education at the University of Pennsylvania. She has a severe sense of discipline, and she made her children toe the line.

"Mother," said Peggy wryly, "had a wicked backhand."

Peggy ought to know. As a young girl, she and her mother tangled frequently. Peggy rarely won. Consequently, as Mrs. Kelly has written, there were no obedience problems with the other youngsters because "when they saw that Peggy couldn't get away with breaking the family rules, they didn't try."

Mrs. Kelly, like her husband, had outside activities that required time and attention. Among these was the Women's Medical College of Pennsylvania, which she has referred to as "my principal interest." To help her with the children, therefore, she hired governesses. The first was a German girl, and Grace recalled her with horror.

"She told such terrifying stories," Grace explained, "that I'd be afraid to go to sleep. I kept asking Peggy, 'Can I sleep in your bed?' "

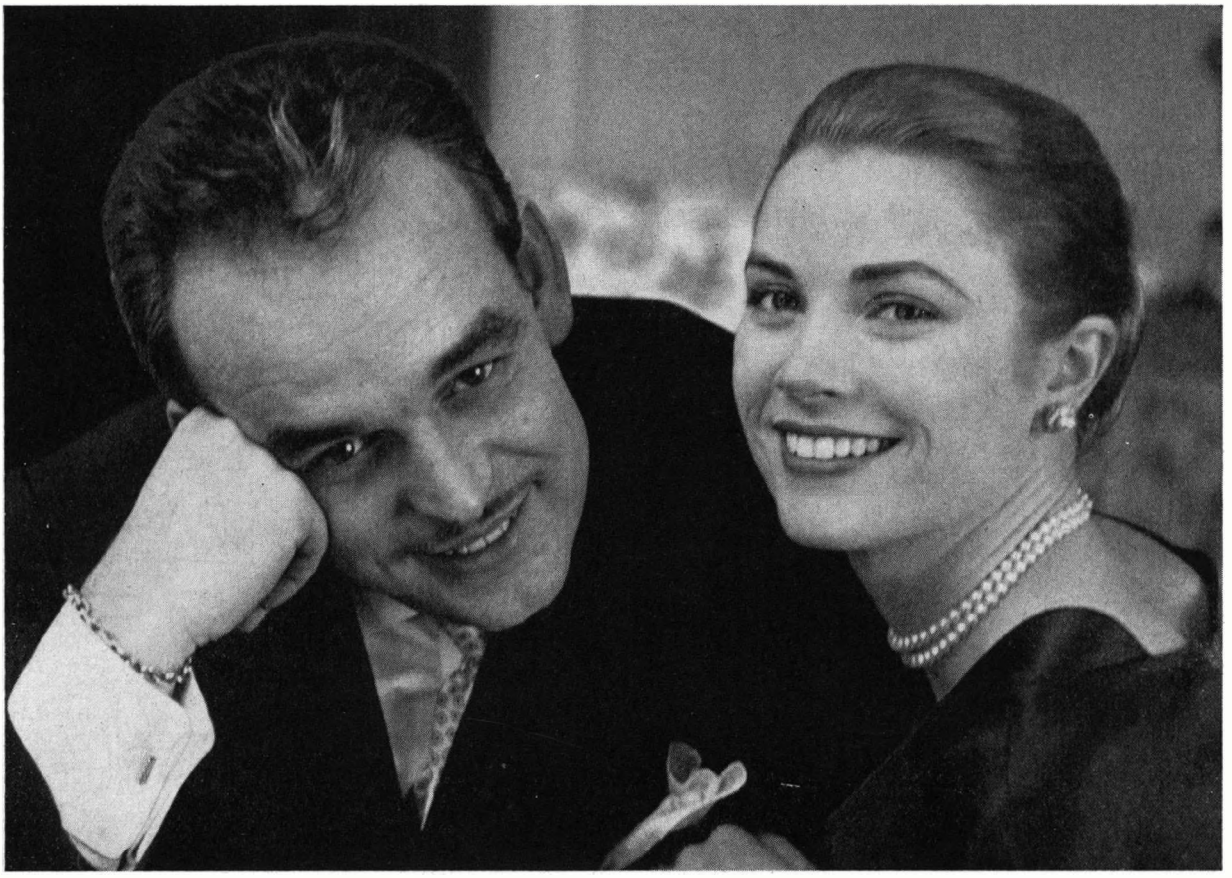
By the time Lizann was born, Mrs. Kelly had replaced the German nurse with a friend of the family, Miss Florence Merkle. The children called her "Aunt Flossy," and she became their "second mother."

"Flossy was wonderful," Grace said warmly. "I remember how I'd feel when she came to school to watch me in a play. Just having her in the audience mattered a lot to me. Although I think it did make me wish my mother could have come more often, too."

Something of this same wistful sadness was reflected in another of the Princess's recollections—of a birthday party, long ago, when her birthday cake had the wrong number of candles.

Her sister Peggy spoke of the problem more directly. Peggy, who is Mrs. George Davis and has two girls

Grace's last fling before settling down to marriage and expectant motherhood (*right*) took the form of party games (*above*) on the way to Monaco. Now friends say that the Prince and Princess "just don't seem to need other people."



of her own, 10-year-old Meg and 8-year-old Mary Lee, told me that there was one thing she wanted to do differently from her mother.

"I want to be closer to my children," she said.

The three girls in this one family—Peggy, Grace and Lizann—experiencing the same sense of separation from their parents, responded in ways of their own. Peg and Lizann asserted themselves vigorously. They sought attention and recognition in competitive sports. They spoke up; they fought back. They demonstrated their own capacities, not only to their parents but to themselves. They learned who they were, learned their strengths and weaknesses, learned to release emotions as well as control them. They made their place in the world by testing themselves against the people in it.

Grace reacted differently. In every way, she was completely unlike the others. Her mother has said that little Grace was "mild" and "timid," and Mrs. Kelly then added a perceptive observation: "While the rest of us went in heartily for sports of all kinds and were eager competitors, Grace participated only because she liked the people she played with, not because she was anxious to win."

Grace, who swam excellently and played hockey very well, didn't go in for sports as the rest of the family did—not because she couldn't, but, more significantly, because she *wouldn't*.

Thus, bossed by Peggy, badgered by Lizann and feeling cut off from her parents, Grace turned inward. She made little attempt to struggle against the world around her. Instead, she created an imaginative world of her own, and there she found escape.

Grace's world was peopled with dolls, and Lizann told a story to reveal how completely happy her sister was in this universe of her own making.

"I don't remember how old Grace was," she began. "Probably 9 or 10 . . . maybe 11. Anyway, I locked her in the closet in our room. I don't even know why I did it, but I refused to let her out all day. Mother kept asking where Gracie was, and I kept telling her I had no idea.

"Of course, it was a big closet with a light in it," Lizann pointed out with a smile, "and I was very kind —I gave Grace a pillow and her dolls. That was all she needed. She stayed in the closet until I let her out at suppertime, and she was perfectly happy there. She didn't seem angry.

"She didn't even tell Mother."

In talking to the Princess, I brought up the incident and asked why she hadn't tried to get back at Lizann. Her answer threw a new light on the story—and on her personality.

She did not deny that she had been angry. "Lots of times you get beyond the point of anger," she said. "You don't react to what's been done. And, after all, what's the use of getting angry? You can't improve the situation. If you try to fight back, it takes too much out of you.

"I can be stubborn, but I can't quarrel. I'd rather give up. I don't like fighting, all the loud voices and the angry words. Some people don't mind it, I know. They just shout and say awful things, and then it's all over and they forget it. I can't. When it's finished, I feel as though a steamroller had gone over me. And I remember it for a long time."

It seems strange that a *(Continued on page 80)*

Child of Her Heart

Was she failing her little son, her despair and delight? The answer came unexpectedly —on the wings of a bird

BY LOUISE WOOTON

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN McCLELLAND

Almost from the day he was born, it was obvious to Adele Whitney that she was going to have to do something about Toby.

She couldn't understand it. Certainly nothing about David's habits and behavior had given her reason to doubt her ability as a mother. On the contrary, he was such a good baby that she was totally unprepared, a year after his birth, for the questions posed by the arrival of her second son.

She would speculate, in growing amazement as the years went by, as to what improbable combination of genes could have produced such a child as Toby. Her conscience spurring her on, she would invent and reject plans by which desired changes might be wrought in the boy, how she might uncover and encourage the growth of the man he must one day become. And she would invariably shelve the problem with the feeling of inadequacy which only Toby could produce in her.

And then, on a beautiful April day that should have been reserved for more enjoyable things, the problem of Toby was brought to a head by Miss Lula Osborne, his first-grade teacher, and laid in Adele's lap so conclusively that she could no longer evade it.

That morning, Toby sat quiet and dreamy-eyed at his desk, a long shaft of the bright, California sunlight making him look like a Botticelli cherub with a crew cut. Miss Osborne's eyes, sweeping the room with an all-inclusive glance, rested on him, entranced by the picture he made. She sighed gently and shook her head in smiling despair. His gaze was, as usual, directed along the golden beam and out into the spring world beyond. *(Continued on page 76)*

"Save him, Mommy!" Tears ran down Toby's cheeks.
"Come on, we'll see if he is badly hurt," she said.

The Problem Nobody

Funerals today are often too expensive and in bad taste. Young people with aging relatives can spare themselves and their families needless grief if they make certain decisions *now*

BY RUTH AND EDWARD BRECHER

When Jennie Compton's mother died, we attended the funeral. We came away sad at the tragedy of death—but even more distressed by the financial impact of the funeral costs on the Compton family.

Jennie and Jack Compton live in an undersized apartment. They have two children; a third is on the way. They've been trying to set aside $50 from Jack's pay each month for a down payment on a home.

At the time of the funeral, they were nearing their goal. But the costs set their new-home plans back almost two years.

Jennie and Jack are devout churchgoers, and the religious aspects of the funeral were certainly a comfort to them. But the money they spent went mostly for showy details having little to do with religion—for a big funeral parlor, plush furnishings, banks of flowers, organ music, black limousines, paid chauffeurs and ushers and an oversized hardwood casket upholstered in costly fabric. Nor was their experience exceptional. The usual adult funeral and burial in the United States today—including casket, vault, cemetery lot, grave marker and all the rest—costs about $1,000. The Comptons spent little more than the average.

Why does death cost so much? We resolved to find out, for the Comptons' experience reminded us that funerals are a concern of younger adults as well as of the older generation. It is frequently the children or even grandchildren who must make funeral arrangements and decisions, and it is often out of their savings, or out of money they would otherwise inherit, that the bills are paid.

To get the facts we needed, we consulted staff members of the National Council of Churches of Christ in the United States of America, the Association of Better Business Bureaus and the National Funeral Directors Association, and we talked with clergymen of several denominations. We were shocked to learn of the rackets used against those who mourn, at a time when they are too emotionally disturbed to exercise ordinary business caution.

The price of the casket determines the entire cost

On the day of a funeral, for example, a "messenger" may deliver a $59.95 package on which, he alleges, the deceased has already paid $40. There is seldom $19.95 worth of anything in the package. Or an "artist" may telephone to say that a late relative paid $100 toward a portrait of himself intended as a surprise for the family and that the portrait can now be completed from photographs for a mere $100 more.

Special care is required in selecting a casket—for, although few people realize it, this selection usually determines the entire cost of the funeral. A funeral director may advertise a "complete funeral" at a suspiciously low price. The director may call for the body, embalm it, perform other preliminary services and then announce that the ad-

Wants to Face

vertised price is only for children's funerals, or includes only a pineboard coffin too small for the deceased, or use some other excuse to explain why his bill is much higher than the "bait" price.

Cemetery lots, too, may be involved in rackets, as shown by a New York State investigation completed a few years ago. In legal theory, most cemeteries are "non-profit corporations," but this doesn't mean that huge profits can't be made out of them, at the public's expense. One "non-profit" New York cemetery, for example, sold 64,000 burial spaces to two of its own directors for 27½ cents each. The directors were then free to resell them at any price they chose—in a city where grave prices ranged from $50 up. Another group of cemetery officers and directors milked a non-profit cemetery of more than $2,000,000 in salaries, fees and other payments over a seven-year period. The money should have gone into trust funds to assure future care of the graves.

But rackets like these tell only part of the story. They don't explain why even families who deal with reputable funeral directors and well-managed cemeteries pay $1,000, on the average. (This $1,000 figure, and other figures in this article, refer to typical adult services. Funerals for children, for charity patients and for groups that obtain funerals at contract prices are considerably lower.)

Religious practices concerning death vary, and so do personal tastes and family customs. Thus we cannot tell anyone what kind of funerals members of his family should receive. But we can warn of the traps ahead. We can point out some alternatives to the usual funeral arrangements which may be worth considering. Above all, we can urge young people to give thought to the matter *now*, when good judgment is not impaired by the emotional strain that follows a death in the family.

Thinking things through in advance and talking them over within the family has another major advantage. It is not unusual, following a death, for emotionally-upset relatives to get into heated disputes over the funeral details. By deciding what should be done in advance, much can be done to avoid such arguments. The funeral requests of a person who has died are not legally binding, even though he has written them into his will, but at least they avoid family arguments over what grandfather would have wanted if he were still here to say.

Although funerals are primarily religious ceremonies, the funeral director has in recent years become more important than the minister, priest or rabbi when it comes to making the necessary arrangements. When death comes, the usual custom is to telephone a nearby funeral director. He calls for the body, embalms it, prepares it for public view, fills out the necessary legal papers, orders the death notices, flowers and other incidentals, notifies the pallbearers, arranges for the funeral itself, either at a church or in his establishment, furnishes transportation to the cemetery, supervises the burial and handles many other details.

"Tradition" is not so old nor so well-established as many people think

This service is by now so accepted that few Americans give it a second thought. But the "traditional" American funeral is actually far from traditional. The central role of the funeral director dates back only to the influenza epidemic of 1918-20, when the death rate suddenly rose and when millions of relatives and friends were too ill with influenza themselves to handle matters personally. Funeral customs are still changing, and there is no reason why they should not be criticized or improved.

In our talks with clergymen and others, we heard many blunt criticisms of present day funeral practices. Here are the two most important:

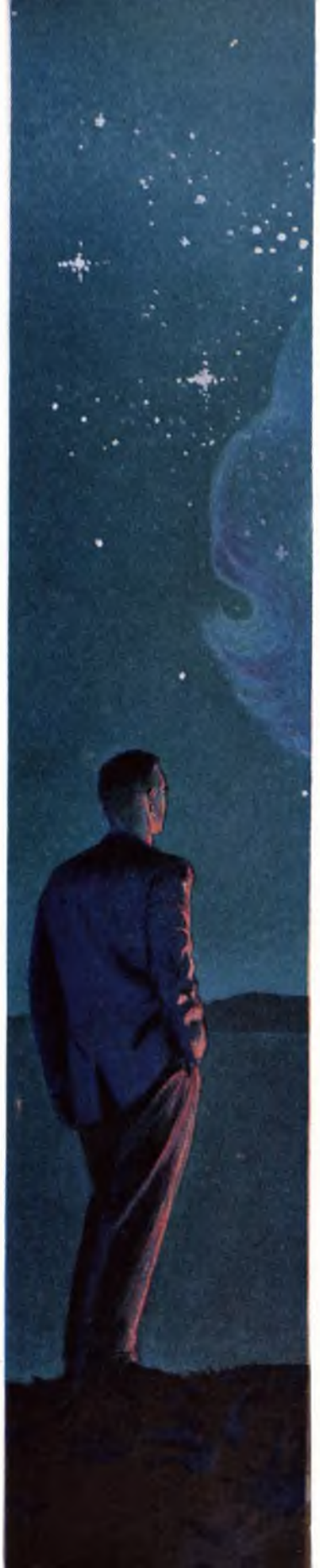
(1) The subordination of religious and spiritual values to physical aspects—the focusing of attention on the casket, the viewing of the body, the excessive use of cosmetics in preparing the body for display, the rich furnishings of the funeral parlors, the opulent hearses and limousines.

(2) The rising cost of funerals and related items. Why does a typi- *(Continued on page 84)*

Woman In The Shrine

He worshiped her. But a lie freed him from her spell—a lie which concealed whether she was saint or sinner

BY HUGH B. CAVE
ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN GEORGI



Henri Pierre, who writes poems and stories about the people of Haiti —he is, of course, Haitian himself—used to say to me, "We should change jobs, Max, my friend. You have a talent for story-telling, and I, if I were to run your hotel for a month or two, would have enough characters to last me the rest of my life."

It was only a joke between us, you understand—although writing, I think, must be a thousand times easier than managing a hotel for tourists in a place like Port-au-Prince. I am no writer, heaven knows—just a middle-aged optimist with a great bump of curiosity. This is my only attempt to set down on paper what Henri calls "the face of man under the Mardi Gras mask which all of us wear all the time."

It is about a man of great importance, whose name you would certainly recognize were I to use it. So I shall call him John Burton.

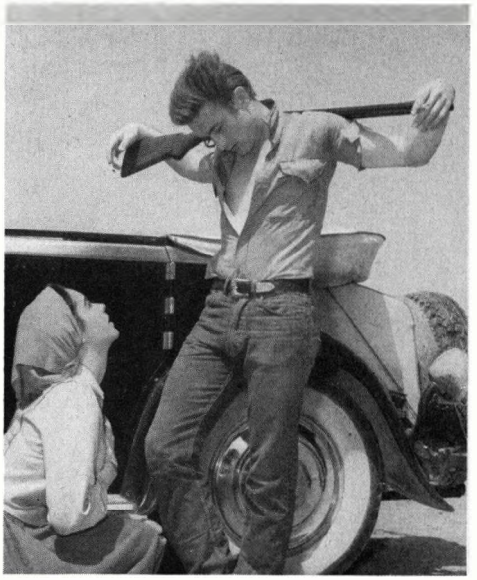
I should begin, perhaps, with the moment he walked into my Pension Etoile while I was filling the ice-bucket at our little self-service bar. It is not the start of the story, but one should begin with a surprise, Henri tells me. I was certainly surprised.

I had never met him, you understand, although this was by no means his first visit to Haiti. I had read his books, had seen motion pictures made from his plays, had even seen him on the street, but I had never met him. "I am told you run a quiet place here, Mr. Haun," he said, introducing himself. "Can you put me up for a couple of weeks?"

He was tall, fair and surprisingly young *(Continued on page 56)*

He is one of those men who lose themselves in a woman, but a man should keep a little of himself to meet emergencies.

Anastasia—Great acting by Helen Hayes, Ingrid Bergman, Martita Hunt and Yul Brynner distinguish this film adaptation of a play by Marcelle Maurette about the family of the last Czar of Russia.



Giant—Elizabeth Taylor and the late James Dean, whose magnificent performance was a highlight of the screen version of Edna Ferber's Texas novel.

REDBOOK'S

18TH

ANNUAL MOVIE AWARDS

REDBOOK selects the seven best pictures of the year as winners of its Silver Cup Awards

War and Peace—Tolstoy's epic of Russian life focused on the relations between Audrey Hepburn, Mel Ferrer and Henry Fonda, but its spectacular battle scenes are some of the best ever photographed.

For the motion picture industry, 1956 proved to be a year distinguished for the quality of its pictures. There were big pictures, long pictures, wide-screen pictures and small pictures, but, best of all, there was an astounding number of excellent productions. Accordingly, REDBOOK's 18th Annual Awards for the art of the motion picture go to the seven films which the editors feel topped the list last year:

"Anastasia," intriguing production by Buddy Adler of what might have happened to the daughter of the Czar; "Around the World in 80 Days," Michael Todd's brilliant interpretation of a classic race around the globe; "Friendly Persuasion," an unusually moving story of a

PREVIOUS AWARD WINNERS

1955—Dore Schary and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

1954—Paramount Pictures Corporation

1953—"Roman Holiday," "Shane," "From Here to Eternity," "The Robe," "Kiss Me, Kate" and "The Living Desert."

1952—Best Young Talent: Leslie Caron, Marge and Gower Champion, Julie Harris, Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis, Marilyn Monroe.

1951—Dore Schary and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

1950—Darryl F. Zanuck and Twentieth Century-Fox.

1949—Darryl F. Zanuck and Twentieth Century-Fox.

1948—"Command Decision."

Around the World in 80 Days—David Niven and Cantinflas added much merriment to the Jules Verne tale of a global race.

Friendly Persuasion—Based on a book by Jessamyn West, this warm and charming story of a family starred Gary Cooper and Dorothy McGuire and introduced a talented young actor, Anthony Perkins.

Moby Dick—This version, in beautiful soft color, captured the feeling of Melville's novel about *Captain Ahab's* (Gregory Peck) intense desire for revenge against a white whale.

The King and I—The loveliest of all Rodgers and Hammerstein's musicals is even more beautiful in the screen production, with Deborah Kerr and Yul Brynner in the leads.

Quaker family during the Civil War, produced by William Wyler; "Giant," George Stevens' big-scale production of life in Texas; "The King and I," one of the screen's greatest musicals, produced by Charles Brackett; "Moby Dick," John Huston's thoughtful dramatization of the famous novel, and "War and Peace," Dino DeLaurentiis' film of Russia in the Napoleonic era. The acting and the direction of all seven pictures is first-rate.

These outstanding productions, representing large investments in both money and time, are eloquent proof that the motion picture industry is doing everything possible to give the public fine entertainment. These films were shot in all parts of the world. "Around the World in 80 Days," for example, included locations in nine different countries. A great deal of "Giant" was filmed in Texas, and the Atlantic Ocean near Ireland and the Canary Islands were used in the filming of "Moby Dick."

The selection of the winners this year was especially difficult because of the large number of excellent films, such as "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," "Trapeze," "Come Next Spring," "The Solid Gold Cadillac," "Lust for Life," "Tea and Sympathy," "Bus Stop," "Picnic," "Bhowani Junction," "The Man Who Knew Too Much," "Carousel" and "The Ten Commandments." REDBOOK also congratulates the studios and personnel involved in the production of all these pictures.

1947—John Ford, for his many outstanding films.

1946—Sidney Franklin and his associates, for "The Yearling."

1945—Charles Brackett and Billy Wilder, for "The Lost Weekend."

1944—Barry Fitzgerald, Bing Crosby and Leo McCarey, for "Going My Way."

1943—The makers and players of "Watch on the Rhine."

1942—The makers and players of "Mrs. Miniver."

1941—Gary Cooper, for "Sergeant York."

1940—The people of "Our Town."

1939—Bette Davis, for her fine acting.

Carrigan came to Port John late in the afternoon of a bleak and blowy day in December. Going at once to the town's one motel, he engaged a room and registered under his own name—Thomas J. Carrigan, Bayton City.

After he had stowed his gear, he stood gazing speculatively out his window at the town and the bay beyond. Port John was small, its population less than two thousand, but it was a sprawling place, as these bay villages often were. It was too far up the bay to be much of a resort town, although it had fishing of sorts and good duck-hunting in the marshes to the west.

He directed his gaze through and over the village and on to the bay. It was choppy out there. No whitecaps, but plenty of sullen, wind-tossed ruffles stretching as far as the eye could see in the direction of the big water and Bayton City, a hundred miles to the southeast. Overhead the sky was the dull color of lead. Above the Port John marshes, there in the west, a flight of pintail rose, battled the wind aimlessly for a while and settled again.

Carrigan was a big man, neither short nor tall, but standing a fraction over medium height, with muscular legs and arms, a deep chest and powerful shoulders. He had brown hair cut fairly close and calm gray eyes and what is known as a good face rather than a handsome one. There was a look about him of solid competence, in the steadiness of his eyes, the line of his jaw, the resolute way his lips met. He was twenty-eight years old.

The story on Carrigan was that he had come a long way in a short time and had arrived the hard way. At twenty-six he had been the youngest man ever to become a plain-clothes man in the Bayton City Police Department. Before that he had walked a beat and had drawn attention for fearlessness, ability to think effectively under pressure and a capacity for taking charge of any situation. In a shakeup of the department two years before he had been made a detective.

He had a few close friends in the department, a number of casual friends and two or three enthusiastic enemies. These last considered Carrigan a cold fish. In their opinion he was a man headed for the top any way he could get there, a man loyal *(Continued on page 98)*

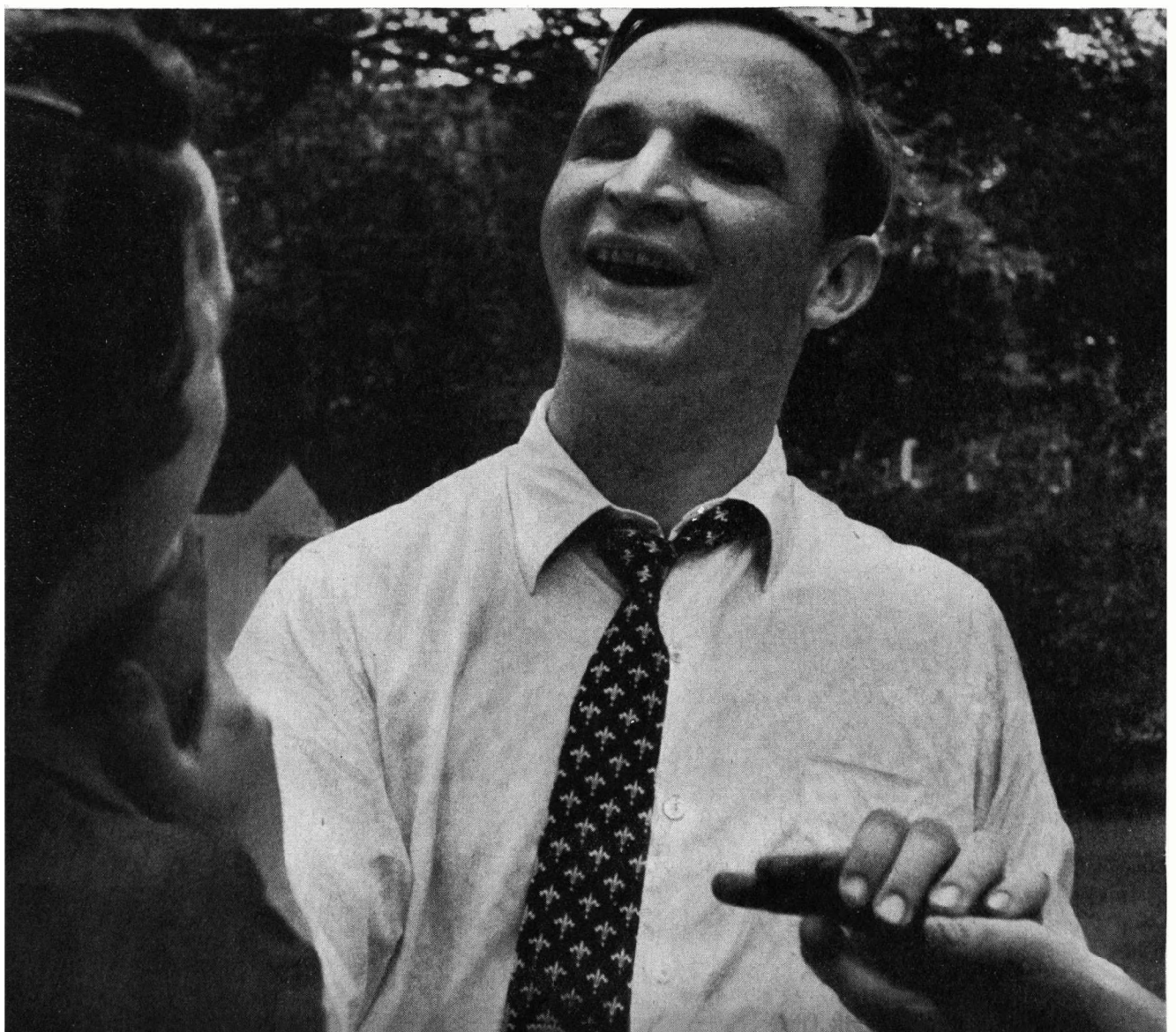
TRAPPED

Coolly, ruthlessly, he cornered the killer, chalking up another victory as a crack detective . . . and a greater one as a man

BY JOHN RANDOLPH PHILLIPS
ILLUSTRATED BY JOE BOWLER

My Search For Sunshine and Laughter

BY ROBERT J. SMITHDAS WITH DANA LEE THOMAS
PHOTOGRAPHY BY ED FEINGERSH



Popular with the children at this nursery for the blind, Bob plans to have a family of his own someday.

As a boy, he found himself in a world without light or sound. At 30, he has two university degrees, devotes himself to helping others who are deaf and blind

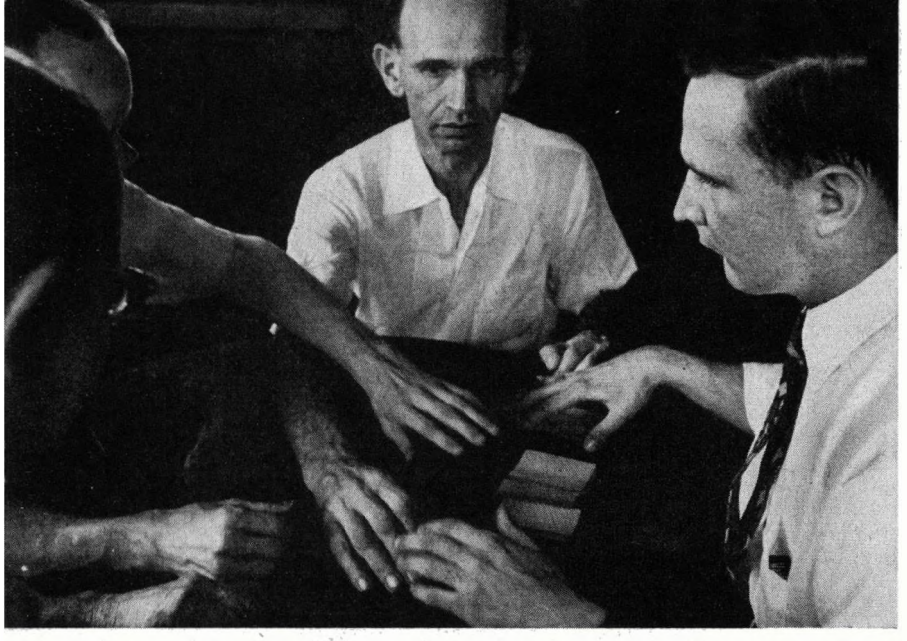
● **I am 30 years old.** Each year I appear on lecture platforms all over the country to speak to business leaders, civic groups and housewives on behalf of the deaf and blind. I know my subject well because I am totally deaf and blind myself. I cannot see the audiences I address or hear a single word I speak. Since the age of five I have not seen a human being smile. Since I was nine I have not heard laughter. But I am one of the lucky ones. I was given a chance. I have managed to go through college and to become the first deaf-blind person ever to earn a master's degree. I have been taught how to communicate with people through vibration speech reading—that is, by placing my fingers over their lips and throat and detecting their speech vibrations.

On the lecture platform I have acquired a great deal of self-confidence, even though I am like a pilot flying blind in a blizzard. I have to grope through each sentence by instinct, much as I feel my way through buildings and streets.

Being blind and deaf has some advantages. In my world there is no ugliness. My loved ones have remained eternally young to me. I have learned to develop a sense of humor that protects me from the embarrassments of life. At more than one formal dinner, I have dug my knife and fork hungrily into the succulent roast chicken of the lady or gentleman sitting next to me under the impression that it was my own. Whatever I have accomplished has been hailed as a special achievement. When, in 1950, I was graduated from St. John's College with my BA degree, the newspapers pointed out that I was the first deaf-blind person to have equaled the success of Helen Keller 50 years previously. President Truman sent me a wire of congratulations and Pope Pius XII bestowed on me a special Apostolic Benediction. A deaf-blind person, however, does not have his head turned by such recognition. He is always aware that any achievement of his was made possible only through the efforts of many other people.

To appreciate the extent of my opportunity, it is necessary to go back to the beginning —to July, 1930, when I was struck with the cerebrospinal meningitis that took away my sight and hearing. I was five years old. I had been playing by myself, running up and down in front of the red brick houses on Sunnyland Street, Pittsburgh, chasing the June bugs and butterflies. I recall to this hour the large gray cat with yellow eyes that was stretched out lazily on a porch across the street from my home.

It was noon when my mother called me for lunch. She came out to the yard and stood behind the hedge, hands on hips. Her brown hair was swept backward in a large



Playing poker with Braille-marked cards is one of Bob's favorite pastimes. He also enjoys fishing, has won several trophies for his catches.

"In my

bun. I was reluctant to leave the sunshine even though it was time for my nap. I insisted I did not feel at all tired. But mother insisted that I come inside.

After lunch I went into the living room. The curtains were drawn; the room had a dusky light that made me feel drowsy. Lying on the sofa, tracing in the air the designs of the flowers on the wallpaper, I gradually fell asleep. I have no recollection of how long I slept. When I awoke, I felt a sharp stabbing pain in the center of my back, running up and down my spine. I cried out.

Within seconds my mother was bending over me, asking what was the trouble. Then everything began to fade. I felt myself sinking into the darkness, still crying out with pain. I awoke only once to find myself folded in my mother's arms; we were in a car with two other people, and I caught a glimpse of houses and trees flashing past the windows. The pain was gone now; there was only the sensation of being very weak.

I spent nearly three months in the hospital. During most of this time I was unconscious. On a few occasions I was able to notice trivial things—a nurse in a blue and white uniform bending over me, and a white pitcher and a glass standing on a tray. These were my last visible signs of the normal world in which I had lived.

When I finally regained full consciousness, I found myself huddled on a thick feather quilt. I could not remember what had happened. I rubbed my eyes to erase the film of drowsiness that clung to me.

My mother spoke close to my ear, very slowly and distinctly.

"Bobby, are you all right?"

I wanted to know where I was.

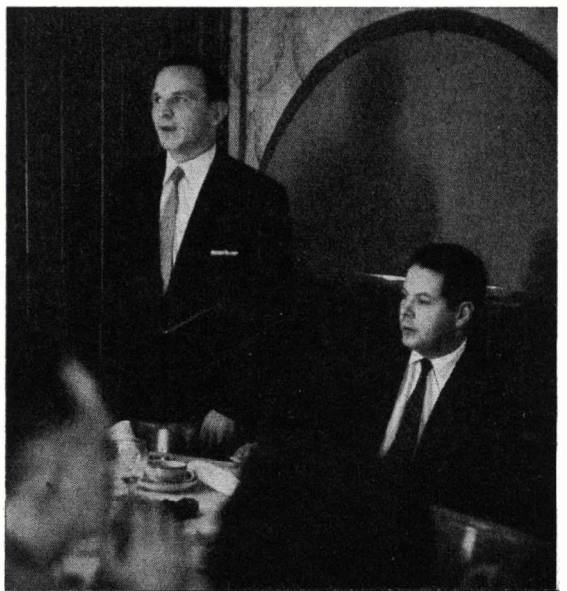
"You are at home, darling, safe with Mommy and Daddy."

I could sense that my mother was crying. When I placed my fingers on her eyes, I felt their wetness. I did not know that I was blind, that I had lost all hearing in my left ear and most of the hearing in my right one.

I stretched out my hand uncertainly and touched something. As I ran my fingers over its surface, I gradually recognized its shape. It was one of our kitchen chairs. I drew myself to my knees and tried to stand up. But I slipped backwards into the feather quilt.

The weeks that followed are hazy. I had no sense of time. For six months after my illness, I was unable to distinguish between night and day. I would refuse to go to sleep, insisting that it was still daylight. I would awaken at night shouting for food. Sometimes my father, hearing me scream for ice cream at two in the morning, would get into his clothes and go searching for a drugstore that might still be open.

Gradually things improved. I learned to recognize familiar people, learned to distinguish, through vibrations, the short footsteps of a child's from an adult's. I found my father's walk heavy and thumping; my mother's, quicker in rhythm.



Lecturing on behalf of the deaf and blind is Bob's job. He urges business leaders and civic groups to give handicapped people the chance to earn their way as productive citizens.

world there is no ugliness"

Curious about everything, I stumbled about the house bumping into tables, bloodying my face. I opened closets and sniffed at every piece of clothing and hardware. Tasting things became a passion. Because flowers usually had enchanting odors, I often nibbled at their petals until I learned to tell one from another.

Although I was warned not to wander out of our backyard, I secretly expanded my explorations until I knew all the landmarks on our side of Sunnyland Street. I kept on the sidewalk, sensing when I was straying close to the curb by feeling a slight slant of the sidewalk and a crack between the slanted area and the main part of the sidewalk.

The rest of my hearing deteriorated rapidly after my illness. As time passed, others spoke to me less and less since it was a nuisance to talk inches away from my ear and repeat things constantly. However, my mother remained the closest person in the world to me. I would sit for hours at her feet asking questions. Once I asked, "Mommy, can I touch God?"

I felt her soft reply, "Yes, Bobby, you can touch God. If you reach out for Him, you will find Him at your finger tips waiting to lead you safely through the darkness."

A year after my illness, my father brought me to the Western Pennsylvania School for the Blind. I was puzzled to find him carrying a small suitcase. I asked him several times what was in it, but he didn't answer. When we arrived at the school, Miss Sprankle, the boys' matron, showed me my room on the second floor. Still it didn't dawn on me that this was of any importance. Before my father left, he told me he would return soon. I allowed myself to be led into the schoolroom by one of the teachers; here I spent most of the afternoon playing with toys.

But in the late afternoon, when the other children had gone out into the playground, I began to wonder why my father hadn't come back yet. I stood beside a swing in the back of the playground feeling miserable. Suddenly I began to cry, quietly at first, then uncontrollably.

I could hardly eat supper that evening. When one of the older boys took me upstairs to my room, I undressed in a storm of tears. That night I dreamed of my father as I had known him when I had sight—tall, broad-shouldered, with a warm smile.

I soon learned that I was to stay at school from Monday through Friday; my father would fetch me home on weekends.

For the first few weeks I was completely bewildered. Instead of the snug rooms of my home, I was confronted by large areas where for many paces my fingers were unable to touch walls or furniture. Instead of the parents over whom I had run my fingers familiarly, there were strange men and women whose clothes had an unfamiliar texture, whose movements were unfamiliar. Even the glossy furniture felt different to my touch.

Gradually, however, I became acquainted with the teachers. Mary Catherine Clare was one of the most charming people I have ever known. Every afternoon our class began with an hour of singing. Miss Clare would sit at a piano and describe the adventures of a mountain lion in music.

Most of the time I couldn't understand the stories. My remaining hearing had the artificial quality of a cheap phonograph. I'd squirm in my chair, growing more and more restive as the story dragged on, pleading with Miss Clare to "talk louder." But she would insist she was already using all her "wind" to reach me.

About this time I became acquainted with a hearing aid. I disliked it because the voices of others still sounded blurred and indistinct, and I wanted to tear the tight earphone from my head. When my teachers realized it was failing to help me, they took it away.

Shortly after I entered kindergarten, Miss Clare taught me my first lessons in Braille. It took me weeks to identify the little groups of *(Continued on page 94)*

Giving pleasure to others is an important part of Bob's way of life. Here, without being able to see the keys or hear their music, he plays the piano so that blind children can dance.

FIREBALL

When this happy young wife stepped out of gingham into a slinky sheath, it became a world-shaking, mirth-shaking affair. . . .

BY MARY CHURCH
ILLUSTRATED BY BERNARD D'ANDREA

By the time ***The Clarenceville News*** began thumping onto front porches Wednesday afternoon and the women saw what was in the paper, most of the men in town already knew the big news. Belinda Bodeenii was coming to town—to Clarenceville!

The Fireball, the bright new Love Goddess of America, the most beautiful girl in the world, was going to appear in town for a special premiere of her latest and naughtiest picture!

A photograph of Belinda—mouth half open, eyes half shut, breasts half showing—was four columns wide on the front page of the usually very proper daily.

The men took pleasure in the picture. The girls longed to look exactly like Belinda or died a thousand deaths thinking how little they had to offer in comparison.

The wives of Clarenceville went on snapping beans, making sugar cookies, changing babies, ironing their husbands' shirts. If their husbands were going to sit down after dinner and read about Belinda while they ushered the children up to bed, it was not important. The Fireball might come to town, but they doubted very much that she would leave with any local man in tow.

That's the way most of the wives reacted to the news. Betty Jane Johnson, who had pale brown hair, but a true redheaded disposition, reacted more violently.

She walked out onto her front porch for the paper that Wednesday afternoon in early summer, a happy woman. Both Dick and Mike, her three- and two-year-old sons, were napping; she had made a chocolate meringue pie and it was cooling in the refrigerator; a veal roast was simmering in the oven; the house was in lovely order. As soon as she looked at the paper, she was going to have a shower and a change of clothes before the boys woke up and Kirk came home for dinner.

Betty Jane was twenty-four years old, as shiny as a vitamin capsule. She was married to Kirk Johnson, a twenty-five-year-old engineer who loved her like crazy.

There was no reason on earth why she should blow her top at the picture of Belinda, nor at the news that Belinda was to appear in town the very next night.

Because Belinda's new picture *(Continued on page 91)*

Kirk began dragging her off stage.
"Betty Jane, I could wallop you," he said.
"Have you lost your mind?"

The Woman Who Fought Back

She was a typist in a Communist government office. To help free her country, she became a spy. For five years she lived with intrigue and danger—until the Reds found out

BY WILLIAM PETERS
ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HUGHES

Although some of the names and details in this story have been changed or obscured, the story itself is true. Ruth Hoffman risked identification to tell William Peters about her experiences. She did so for an important reason. "The more the world knows what life is like under the Communists," she told the author, "the sooner my people will be free." The setting of this story is Berlin. But it could have been Warsaw, Budapest or any other place in Eastern Europe. Ruth Hoffman's story helps to explain—in one person's feelings and experiences—what people in countries under Communist domination are going through and why they are willing to risk so much to regain their freedom.
—THE EDITORS

When it really began is impossible to say. Ruth Hoffman, herself, doesn't know. Although she remembers vividly the moment she first thought of taking secrets from East Berlin to West Berlin, she knows that many earlier events prepared her for the decision to do it.

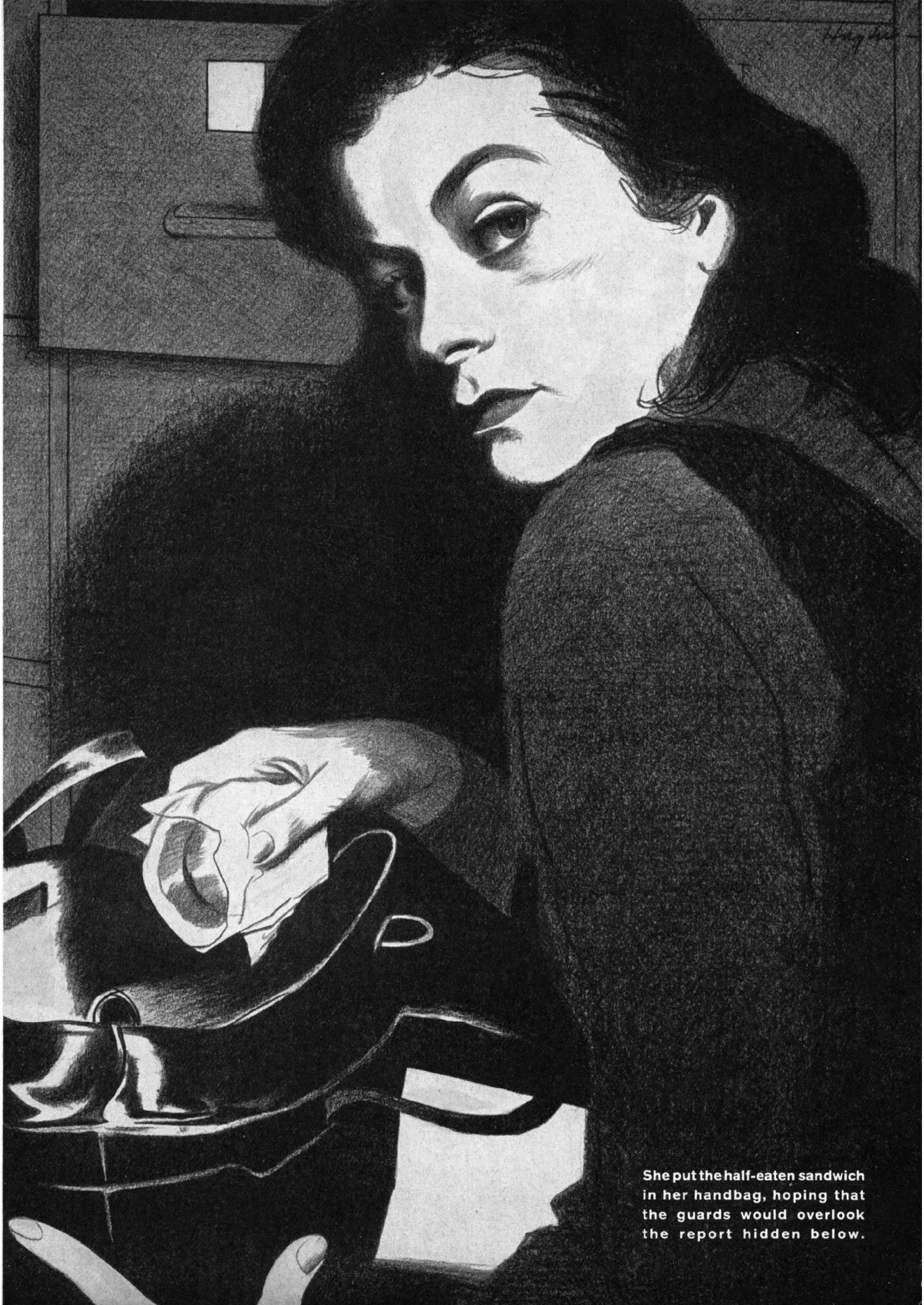
There was her religion and the Roman Catholic's traditional hatred of Communism. There was her job during the last two years of World War II in Joseph Goebbels' Propaganda Ministry, where she saw the factual reports she typed twisted and rewritten into vicious propaganda. In those two years, she learned to hate Nazi lies, evasions and scapegoats—and, worse, her own part in it.

After the war, as the Communist government of East Germany emerged, she saw again the very things she had come to hate in Nazism: the lies, the concentration camps, the forced labor. She resolved never again to work for such a regime, but eventually she had to.

There were other things, personal things, that prepared her for the day she began working against the Communists. There were the last days of the war, when Russian troops entered shattered Berlin, looting and raping without restraint. She had seen Russian soldiers fire point-blank into a crowd of German civilians who had come to the railroad station in search of food. Three days later her older sister, Ursula, was stopped by three Russian soldiers, forced at pistol point into the ruin of a building and raped by all three of them.

These were not isolated events; they were parts of a suffocating atmosphere which surrounded all the people of the Russian Zone. If anything, Ruth came to hate the German Communists more than the Russians. When her moment of decision came, she was ready with a deep knowledge that she must somehow fight back. The decision changed her whole life, changed her relationships with people. Before, they had been natural, personal, based on her needs and emotions. Now they became impersonal, based on the needs of her mission.

The nature of what she was doing prevented her having close ties with anyone. She was living a role, pretending to like what she saw around her while at the same time risking her life to destroy it. She hesitated to let others share the dangers that she constantly faced. *(Continued on page 87)*



She put the half-eaten sandwich in her handbag, hoping that the guards would overlook the report hidden below.

CLOSE-TO

A REDBOOK TRAVEL FEATURE

A visit to Manoir Richelieu *(above)* at Murray Bay, Quebec, enhances a cruise on the magnificent St. Lawrence River. Dancing by moonlight *(right)* is a romantic pastime for passengers cruising the inland waterways of North America.

—HOME PLEASURE CRUISES

On these romantic vessels you can explore Great Lakes ports, the St. Lawrence's historic shores, Mississippi story land, Maine seacoast and Everglades wilderness

DRAWINGS BY TOM HILL
TEXT BY ROBERT V. R. BROWN

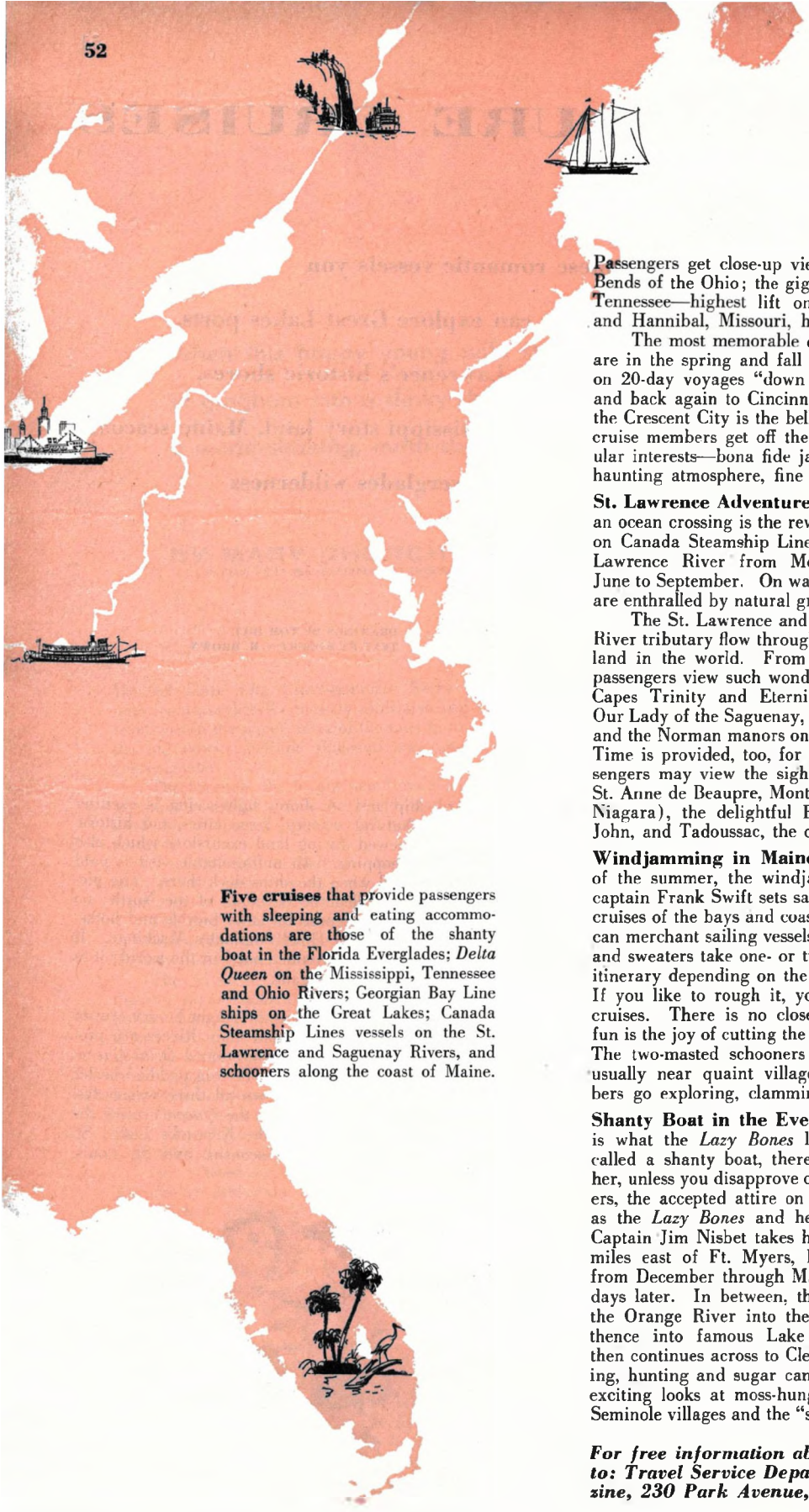
The waterways of North America once again are highroads of exploration and adventure. But this time the explorers and adventurers are people on vacation, and they are cruising the rivers, lakes and bays at leisure and often luxuriously by steamer, schooner and houseboat. Their voyages last from a few days to three weeks, and their new worlds are discovered from the cliffs of Quebec to the wilderness of Florida's Everglades.

Cruising the Inland Seas—The Great Lakes trips of the Georgian Bay Line steamers, the *North American* and the *South American*, are among the most elaborate. Sailing between Detroit and the ports of Chicago, Duluth, Cleveland and Buffalo, from June to September, the sister queens of the lakes treat passengers to vacations that stretch across 2,200 miles of the great fresh-water seas. Cruise members lead the life of a sea-going Riley. They take their pick of amusements and activities—deck games, sun-bathing, relaxing in deck chairs, dancing and parties.

Aboard ship and on shore, sight-seeing is exciting but relaxed. Natural scenery, large cities and historic sights may be viewed during land excursions which also allow time for shopping. An unforgettable visit is paid to Mackinac Island when the ships dock there. The picturesque island is called the Bermuda of the North; no cars are allowed; transportation is by bicycle and horse-drawn carriage. Grand Hotel dominates Mackinac. It is said to be the largest summer hotel in the world; it is certainly one of the most elegant.

On the Mississippi—The only overnight luxury cruises on the Mississippi, Tennessee and Ohio Rivers are provided by the Greene Line's air-conditioned *Delta Queen*. From its home port of Cincinnati, the big paddle-wheeler works its stately way up and down all three waterways. During the hot summer months, the *Queen* cruises the upper river channels to Paducah; Kentucky Lake; St. Paul, Minnesota; LaCrosse, Wisconsin, and St. Louis.

Passengers delight in the sights of Mackinac Island *(top)* during the Great Lakes cruises of Georgian Bay Line steamers. Impromptu costumes *(right)* add to the fun of river-character masquerades aboard the Mississippi stern-wheeler, the *Delta Queen*.



Five cruises that provide passengers with sleeping and eating accommodations are those of the shanty boat in the Florida Everglades; *Delta Queen* on the Mississippi, Tennessee and Ohio Rivers; Georgian Bay Line ships on the Great Lakes; Canada Steamship Lines vessels on the St. Lawrence and Saguenay Rivers, and schooners along the coast of Maine.

Passengers get close-up views of the beautiful Oxbow Bends of the Ohio; the gigantic Kentucky Lock on the Tennessee—highest lift on the American continent; and Hannibal, Missouri, home town of Tom Sawyer.

The most memorable of the *Delta Queen's* cruises are in the spring and fall when vacationers are taken on 20-day voyages "down the river to New Orleans" and back again to Cincinnati. As it has always been, the Crescent City is the belle of the Mississippi. Here, cruise members get off the boat and find their particular interests—bona fide jazz, Old-World architecture, haunting atmosphere, fine food, history, beauty.

St. Lawrence Adventure—A foreign cruise without an ocean crossing is the reward of Americans who ride on Canada Steamship Lines ships up the majestic St. Lawrence River from Montreal—or Toronto—from June to September. On water and on land, vacationers are enthralled by natural grandeur and dramatic cities.

The St. Lawrence and its 900-foot deep Saguenay River tributary flow through some of the most beautiful land in the world. From the decks of the steamers, passengers view such wonders as the jagged crowns of Capes Trinity and Eternity, the towering statue of Our Lady of the Saguenay, the walled citadel of Quebec and the Norman manors on the heights above the river. Time is provided, too, for shore visits so that the passengers may view the sights of Quebec, the shrine of St. Anne de Beaupre, Montmorency Falls (higher than Niagara), the delightful French district of Lake St. John, and Tadoussac, the oldest settlement in Canada.

Windjamming in Maine—Each Monday morning of the summer, the windjammer fleet of Yankee sea captain Frank Swift sets sail out of Camden, Maine on cruises of the bays and coastline. On these last American merchant sailing vessels, passengers in blue denims and sweaters take one- or two-week vacations, with the itinerary depending on the sea, the wind and the tide. If you like to rough it, you will like Captain Swift's cruises. There is no closely-followed schedule. The fun is the joy of cutting the waves under billowing sails. The two-masted schooners put into shore frequently, usually near quaint villages. On land, cruise members go exploring, clamming and square dancing.

Shanty Boat in the Everglades—A floating motel is what the *Lazy Bones* looks like. Although she's called a shanty boat, there's nothing shantyish about her, unless you disapprove of T-shirts, shorts and sneakers, the accepted attire on board. As unconventional as the *Lazy Bones* and her passengers is her route. Captain Jim Nisbet takes her out of home port, seven miles east of Ft. Myers, Florida, on most Mondays from December through May, and returns to port five days later. In between, the shanty boat glides along the Orange River into the Caloosahatchie River and thence into famous Lake Okeechobee. The cruise then continues across to Clewiston, in the midst of fishing, hunting and sugar cane country. Passengers get exciting looks at moss-hung jungles, cowboy country, Seminole villages and the "sea of grass." . . . THE END

For free information about these cruises, write to: Travel Service Department, Redbook Magazine, 230 Park Avenue, New York 17, N.Y.

A lobster cookout *(above)* keeps passengers happy and well-fed on a shore party during a Maine schooner cruise. The *Lazy Bones*, a modern houseboat *(below)*, glides through the Everglades while the passengers observe wildlife and a mechanical marvel, the airboat.

This is my baby, he thought.
I'm its father.
Why don't I feel anything?

LITTLE "It"

BY JEAN C. CLARK
ILLUSTRATED BY HERBERT SASLOW

Marty drove slowly home from the office, his strong young hands tightly possessive on the wheel of the convertible.

"We ought to trade the convertible in," Sharon had said a few nights before. "Even by next summer, I'm afraid it will be too breezy for Laurie. She won't even be six months old then."

Marty frowned, remembering. Sometimes it seemed that the only thing he had left, the only thing that had not changed was the plaid-topped, yellow convertible. And he did not want to part with it.

To him, the car was a rolling vehicle of memories. There was the burning, kinglike pride he had felt that first day he had driven it. There was Sharon riding beside him, shy and demure at first, and then, many dates later, sitting close to him with her head against his shoulder. There was the afternoon he had stopped at a traffic light, and Sharon had turned and smiled at him. She had a deep dimple in her right cheek and, when she smiled, the dimple flashed, giving her smile a faintly one-sided look that was completely endearing in its slight imperfection. That was the afternoon he had suddenly known he loved her.

And there were all the carefree days and nights since then when they had streaked along the highways while people cast envious glances at the beauty of their car, their youth, their love. You don't want to let go of memories like that. You want to keep on making them.

He'd seen the way it happened to other young fellows. First the sporty-looking convertibles and the dates,

★ A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE

then marriage and then the gradual changeovers to a two-door and then a four-door car as their families grew.

The strange part was that they did not seem to mind. Apparently, they sincerely loved their children. You could tell by the way they bragged about them and showed those endless pictures.

Was he, Marty wondered guiltily, abnormal? Was there something wrong with him that their baby seemed to him just like dozens of other babies he had seen, except that it cried more and required more attention? He had tried so hard to love it. He had searched his heart diligently for flickerings of fatherly affection. He had even considered the possibility that he might be jealous. But it wasn't that, he was sure. It was just that everything had changed so.

Diapers drying in the bathroom, the refrigerator full of small bottles he was always knocking over, meals late, sleep constantly interrupted, staying at home every night whether he was in the mood to do so or not.

As he turned into their street, he wondered if Sharon would be feeding the baby when he came in.

Last night he had said to her, "Couldn't you give it that bottle some other time? Like at four o'clock, for instance?"

"It's demand feeding," Sharon had said. "She's fed whenever she's hungry, at first. Then, gradually, she sets up a schedule for herself." She had smiled at him. A small smile. Her dimple did not show. "And her name is Laurie. At least refer to her in the feminine gender."

The way she spoke made him feel ashamed. It was as if she guessed how he felt and was hurt by it. He'd have to work harder at disguising his feelings.

But maybe, he thought as he stopped in front of their apartment house, things would be different tonight, almost the way they used to be in that wonderful year of marriage before the baby came, the year that had been like one long date except that there were no strained partings at the end of each evening.

Maybe Sharon would be eagerly waiting for him, her dark cap of hair brushed and shining, her lovely mouth bright with fresh lipstick. Maybe there'd be the smell of steak broiling. Or maybe she'd have decided that the baby—a month old now—could be left with a sitter. Maybe she'd smile that lovely, faintly crooked smile of hers and say, "Come on, Marty, let's just take off and have ourselves a time tonight."

But even before he reached the top of the stairs, he could hear the baby crying. The unlighted, odorless kitchen was bleak and empty.

Fear caught at him and he called out, "Sharon!"

From their bedroom came her answering voice. He hurried in and found her in bed.

She smiled apologetically. "I felt awful today. Finally took my temperature, and it was 102°."

In a quick, worried voice, he said: "I'll call the doctor."

"No. He's already been here. It's nothing to worry about. Just one of those twenty-four-hour virus things."

He sat beside her and stroked her hand. "Can I fix you some soup or something?"

"No, not now. But if you'd sort of take over with Laurie? Change her and feed her?" She hesitated. "Do you mind, Marty?"

He stood up. "Mind? Of course not." He hoped he sounded convincing. "After all, I'm its father."

He gingerly scooped up the baby, reminding himself to hold it as Sharon had instructed him, with one hand supporting the back of its neck. *Let's see,* he thought. *Organization. I'll warm its bottle while I change it.*

He laid the baby on the bathinette in the kitchen and put the bottle in a pan of water to heat. Laurie continued wailing in loud cries that sounded suspiciously like temper. Resisting his awkward attempt to change her, she arched her back rigidly and tried to kick her way out of the clean diaper.

Marty had seen Sharon try to quiet the baby by talking to her, but it seemed pointless to him and he remained grimly silent. After all, it couldn't understand anything, could it?

When the diaper was pinned, he tested the milk on his wrist as Sharon always did. Then he carried the baby into the living room, sat down and began to feed her. The crying stopped. Well, that was something, anyway. She ate greedily and noisily, reminding him of how hungry *he* was.

It was hard to believe that this little creature could have wrought such profound changes in their household. It was, he thought, as if it were a dictator, depriving him of his freedoms, one by one.

And next would be the convertible.

The baby choked a little and Marty quickly removed the bottle, lifted the baby to his shoulder and patted her back vigorously. After a moment, an easy, free-sounding burp rolled out.

More slowly now, her hunger partly abated, the baby took the rest of the bottle. Marty watched her, trying not to be impatient. *This is my baby,* he thought. *I'm its father. Why don't I feel anything? All I feel is that I'm responsible for it and ought to do right by it.*

When the bottle was at last empty and the baby once more properly burped, Marty noticed she needed another fresh diaper. Dutifully, he took her to the kitchen and this time felt he did a more skillful job. But when he picked her up, she let out a piercing scream of pain.

Quickly, he laid her down again and discovered he had not been so skillful as he thought. He had bunched up too much material and the pin had come open, pricking her. He felt a rush of guilt. "Hey," he said, "I didn't mean that. You know I wouldn't hurt you, don't you?" He bent closer.

"Hey, there. It's all right now, isn't it?"

The baby stopped crying, and her eyes seemed to focus on him. He continued speaking to her in a soothing voice, and all at once she smiled at him. A dimple flashed deep in her right cheek. He stared at her in a kind of wonder, stared at the smile that was so like Sharon's. His heart began to beat faster. Sharon probably would not believe him if he told her. She went by the book, and the book said babies didn't smile this young.

He touched the spot where the dimple had appeared. "Hi, there, Laurie," he said softly. "Hi, there, little girl."

And he was not especially surprised by the tenderness in his voice. For it came to him suddenly that he had not loved Sharon right away, either. He had not really known until that day by the traffic light when she had smiled at him.

He stared at her a moment longer, and a picture formed in his mind of him and Sharon in a station wagon —almost as sporty-looking as a convertible!—with Laurie comfortable in a car crib on the seat behind them. He saw them streaking over the highways with people casting envious glances at them . . . as they made a whole new set of memories. . . . THE END

ON THESE TWO PAGES ★

Woman in The Shrine

(Continued from page 36)

for a man so famous, but there was a great weariness in his voice. He had lost his wife the year before. It had been in the New York papers, which we receive regularly. And I recalled something else I had read in the papers more recently. Since the death of his wife, John Burton had done no writing. None at all.

I frowned. "My front room is vacant, a very nice room. But what will people think — the newspapers, the people who handle the tourist publicity — if the great John Burton stays at the Pension Etoile?"

"Let them think what they like."

He had come to Haiti to write a new play, he told me, but he could not work at the big hotel in Pétionville where he had always stayed before — where, a year ago, he had written "The Magic Tree." So, if I had a vacant room . . .

I showed him the room. He walked to a window and stood for a moment with his back to me, gazing at the mountains beyond the city. "Good," he said. "I'll go up to Pétionville and get my things."

Except at mealtimes we saw very little of him. All day long his door stayed shut, and the maids heard the clickety-clack of his typewriter as they went about their duties. In the evenings he went out, always alone and on foot. He sometimes stayed out very late. I know because we lock the door at midnight and, if any of our half-dozen guests are still out, I stay up to let them in.

A strange man, John Burton. A lonely man. He never smiled. He sometimes did not hear when spoken to. Yet we liked him. My wife, the help, I — we all liked him. He never complained about the food, even when the meat was impossible and the *Marchandes* brought only withered vegetables. And when he returned from his walk one evening and found my friend Henri Pierre waiting for him — Henri Pierre whom he did not know at all — he sat down and talked for two hours about a manuscript Henri had brought in the faint hope that the great man might condescend just to look at it.

I talked to Henri afterward. "A fine man," he said. "A truly humble man, in spite of his greatness. He is working on a new play, he told me, but it is not going well."

"He has done nothing since his wife died, the paper said."

"He worshiped her."

I had never seen John Burton's wife, you understand — only pictures of her in the magazines and newspapers. But I could understand. She had been an actress and beautiful, and had starred in several of his plays. He wrote all his plays for her, it was said. Perhaps that was the reason he had written nothing of consequence since her death.

"He goes out every evening," I said to Henri. "Where, I wonder?"

"Not to visit friends. They've stopped asking him. Of course, even when he was here before, he seldom went anywhere."

"How do you mean?"

"He worked. His wife was the popular one, not he. It took an invitation from the President to get him away from his typewriter last time." A little frown touched Henri's face, which I have always thought a most intelligent face for one so young. "You have a great tragedy here under your roof, Max, my friend. That man needs help, yet would refuse it were it offered, and in the bargain would probably hate the one who offered it."

"Where does he go at night?" I asked.

"In search of her, perhaps. Who knows?"

Two weeks after his coming to the Pension Etoile, John Burton stepped into my sitting room one afternoon— the door was open and he could see me there at my desk— to ask if I had a typewriter ribbon. My wife and Kathy Clark were doing the accounts. He had not met Kathy before. I offered introductions.

"A secretary?" John said with a sigh. "What I'd give for one right now!"

Had he known Kathy Clark better, he might not have made such a remark. There are people in this world who cannot see a need without wanting at once to fill it. She worked at the embassy, this girl, and spent her spare time at a school for crippled children, helping without pay. She helped us with our accounts and correspondence.

So — without even thinking, I am sure — she smiled at John Burton and said, "I'm not certain I know how to type manuscripts, but if I can help—"

"Would you?" In his eagerness he was like a small lost boy who has suddenly found a friend. Then his face fell. "But no — you would have to do it here. I have only the one copy — a mess, full of corrections."

"I don't mind where I work," she said.

She came that evening, and they worked in my sitting room. Mildred and I offered to leave, but he would not have it; we were not in the way, he insisted. So we sat and listened while he walked the floor, reading the lines aloud to her as she typed. They worked until, glancing at the clock, he saw it was almost midnight.

"Good Lord," he said. "You'll be wanting to get home, and Max and Mildred have to go to bed."

"It's been fun," she told him. She was like that — never complaining, always quick to smile. She had not had an easy life, this girl. Her parents in the States had separated, and she had accepted the embassy job in Port-au-Prince to escape unpleasantness at home. She came to the Etoile often because she had stayed with us when she first arrived, but among strangers she was reserved and shy except when wanting to help someone.

Yes, shy. Even a bit frightened, I think. And certainly lonely. But she could always smile, and her smile was a touch of magic that instantly transformed her rather plain face into a thing of warmth and beauty. I thought, with a mental shrug, that John Burton probably did not appreciate such elusive beauty — he had been married to a woman quite different — but it did not matter. He at least appreciated her help.

But even with Kathy helping him — and once the ice was broken, she came often — the work did not go well. Frustration showed in the twist of his mouth, in every word and gesture.

Say this for him; the worse it went, the more desperately he sought victory in work. "How can we make his bed and clean his room?" the maids asked me — not complaining, you understand, but in wonder. "He never leaves it any more!"

"Do the room when he comes down for lunch."

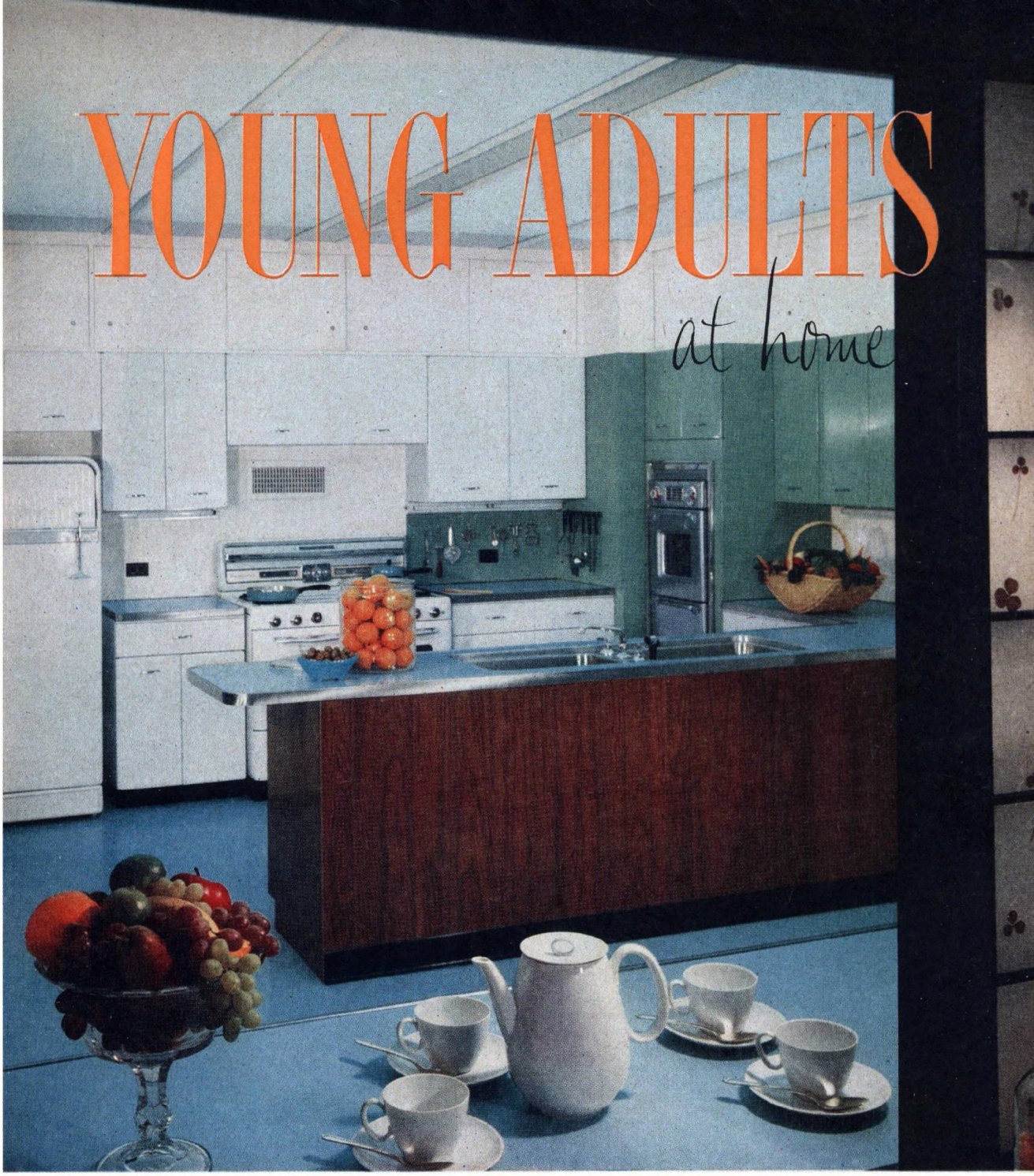
"But he seldom stops even to eat!"

True. There were days when his typewriter clicked doggedly on from dawn to dark — when my wife carried food to him, set it on the table in his room and found it untouched when she returned hours later. Then, if Kathy was not coming, he went out, to walk the streets or whatever it was he did until midnight. And if Kathy did come, he went out afterward, not returning until two, three, four.

I had given him a key. "Let me have one, Max," he had begged. "I can't have you waiting up to let me in."

I wondered what he found to do at that hour in Port-au-Prince. Nothing respectable *(Continued on page 74)*

YOUNG ADULTS *at home*



Photography by George Lazarnick

Take a Picture Tour of Redbook's New Kitchens

see page 64

ALSO: How We Test a Recipe for Cherry Pie
Rainy-Day Fashions and Beauty Care
The Cost of Marriage

Photo by Bob Willoughby

What Weddings Should Cost

Father-of-the-bride jokes to the contrary, young people themselves are today participating more and more in meeting the costs of getting married. This fact, plus the general trend toward fairly elaborate weddings and honeymoons, makes advance planning about wedding and honeymoon expenses especially important. Here are the main points to consider.

WHO PAYS FOR WHAT

The wedding itself is the bride's responsibility. Her family is expected to bear most of the costs until the reception is over. The groom's major expense is the honeymoon. The fact that one family is wealthier has nothing to do with the question of what each is expected to pay for. Here is what tradition says:

BRIDE OR HER FAMILY	GROOM
Invitations and announcements	Engagement ring and wedding ring
Bride's wedding dress	Marriage license
Bride's trousseau	Groom's gift to bride
Bride's gift to groom	Bouquets for bride and both mothers
Bouquets for maid of honor and bridesmaids	Boutonnieres for groom, both fathers, best man and ushers
Gifts for maid of honor and bridesmaids	Gifts for best man and ushers
Church: rental, flowers, fees for sexton and organist	Gloves and neckties for best man and ushers
Reception: food and liquor, flowers, music	Contribution to clergyman
Wedding pictures	Honeymoon

Obviously, there can be no formulas for weddings. In general, though, weddings fall roughly into one of three types:

The small wedding: One attendant each for the couple, a reception at home after church for the immediate families

and perhaps a few intimate friends.

The medium-sized wedding: Three attendants each, and a church reception for about 100 guests.

The large wedding: Five attendants each, and a reception for 250 at a hotel or country club.

A recent survey conducted by the home economics department of a Midwestern university found these typical costs *(not counting trousseau and honeymoon costs):*

Type	Cost to Bride and Her Family	Cost to Groom
Small	$ 200	$ 50
Medium-Sized	800	200
Large	3,000	750

Below are representative figures for various items of wedding expense. They are rough averages—nothing more.

Rings: As far as the engagement ring is concerned, a small chip diamond set in yellow gold is about the least expensive, at $150; there is almost no limit on the other end. A one-carat perfect blue-white diamond ring costs about $900. Some women prefer stones other than diamonds, from topazes and garnets up to sapphires, rubies and emeralds.

The wedding ring is much less elaborate; a simple untooled gold band can cost as little as $10. When diamonds are added to the band, naturally the cost mounts. A wedding band with ten or a dozen diamond chips will come to about $200. When a double-ring ceremony takes place—and this is becoming more popular—the gold band for the groom may cost about twice that for his bride, since it is larger and wider. The engraving inside is extra.

Invitations and announcements: Authorities on etiquette advise that you either use real engraving or do the inviting by hand or telephone. Engraved invitations will cost about $40-$50 (slightly more on the West Coast) for the first 100, and about $15 a hundred afterward. These figures include the plate, 100 invitations, 100 inside envelopes and 100 outside envelopes. Thermoplating can be used later for the inevitable thank-you notes; with envelopes, 50 sheets of such note paper cost about $4-$6. An announcement in the newspaper—either paid for or on the society pages—never takes the place of the regular announcement.

Bride's wedding dress: The average price for today's wedding dress is between $95 and $110, whether it is ankle length (the modern ballerina type) or to the floor. The ankle-length dress calls for a short veil, at about $10, while the full-length gown requires the long veil, at up to $50. To these must be added the costs of the bride's underpinnings (hoops, crinolines and bombasts, about $25); strapless long-line bra ($10-$15); satin pumps ($7 up); sheer flesh-tone hose ($1.50) and long white gloves ($7.50). For an informal wedding, of course, a simple cocktail dress or suit will do.

Bride's trousseau: Here is a minimum wardrobe recommended to the bride: five nightgowns, one negligee, four full slips, two half-slips, four bras, two girdles, several pairs of panties, six pairs of hose, one bathrobe, three pairs of shoes, three dresses, one suit and one coat. At average costs, this wardrobe will amount to about $300. The bride is also expected to supply enough linens—sheets, pillowcases, blankets, towels and table linens—to set up housekeeping.

Exchange of gifts: The bride and groom normally exchange gifts prior to the wedding. Here are typical gifts: from groom to bride—cultured pearl necklace, watch, piece of heirloom jewelry, luggage; from bride to groom—watch, cuff links, luggage, tie clip, wallet, pen-and-pencil set. There is no set cost for this item, of course, but a $40 gift from the man and a $20 gift from the woman is about average.

Bouquets and boutonnieres: The bride's bouquet will average about $15; those for her maid of honor and bridesmaids, about $10 each. Both mothers wear corsages, at about $5 apiece. The boutonnieres to be worn by the groom, the two fathers, the best man and the ushers are no more than $1 each, probably less.

Gifts for attendants: The bride generally gives an identical gift to each of her bridesmaids, something different to the maid of honor. The groom does the same for his best man and ushers. These gifts should be lasting items, not perfume or liquor, for example. Typical gifts: by the bride—charms, small gold or silver pencils, pill boxes, lighters; by the groom—cuff links, wallets, tie clips, cigarette cases. The general price range is from $5 to $20. This item has nothing to do with the gloves and neckties that the groom supplies for the best man and ushers; gloves run around $7.50; ties, about $2.50 to $4.

Church: When one of the families is a regular member of the church, there is usually no rental cost. Otherwise a fee is charged, from $10 up, depending on the size of the chapel to be used. When there is a sexton, the bride's family will pay him anything from $5 up, according to the size of the wedding, how well the family knows him and just what he has to do. The organist should receive at least $10. The cost of flowers for the church may vary widely—from as little as $25 up to $500 or more. The groom's contribution to the clergyman should be in keeping with the size of the wedding. For a small ceremony $5 or $10 will be enough. Between $25 and $50 is about average.

Reception: The cost of the reception, generally the largest single item, is based on where it takes place, the number of guests and the type of food and drinks served. Here are three sample menus:

Small Wedding at Home (*25 Guests*)	Medium-sized Wedding in Church, Hall (*100 Guests*)	Large Wedding in Hotel or Country Club (*250 Guests*)
Wedding Cake	Canapes	Fruit Cup
Ice Cream	Tea Sandwiches	Soup
Or Sherbet	Chicken a la King	Roast Beef
Punch (White Wine)	Wedding Cake	Vegetables
	Coffee	Salad
	Punch (Champagne and White Wine)	Ice Cream
		Wedding Cake
		Coffee
		Champagne
Cost: $2 a person, or $50	Cost: $4 a person, or $400	Cost: $8 a person, or $2,000

Flowers and music are extra. The cost of flowers naturally varies greatly according to what is wanted. A three-piece orchestra will cost at least $50.

Wedding pictures: Professionals charge anywhere from $25 up, depending on whether color or black-and-white is wanted, the number of pictures to be taken, the number of prints and the reputation of the photographer.

Continued on page 96

Come

Raincoats like these go everywhere. They are designed as glamorous party coats or smartly tailored for town

Shine after five (*left*) in a lovely raincoat with a detachable hood. In printed taffeta of Celanese Acetate with aqua taffeta lining. In 8 to 16. About $30. By Helen Van Vliet for Town Creations. MM bag. Kislav gloves. Shoes by Mademoiselle.

A colorful note (*right*), this coral raincoat in cotton Element Cloth lined in plaid cotton. Matching hat. Coat in 8 to 18. About $30. By Bonnie Cashin for Harris.

A classic (*middle-right*) for the smart young man—Dacron and cotton raincoat, light-weight and washable. In natural. Sizes 36 to 46; short, regular, long. About $30. By London Fog.

In key with fashion (*far right*) for rain or shine—coat with its own beret, in J. P. Stevens wool flannel, Milium lined. Can be belted, too. In 8 to 16. About $55. By Lawrence of London. Umbrella by Lusterman Originals. Capezio shoes.

Photography by Howard Zieff

At Lord and Taylor,

YOUNG ADULTS • FASHION

RUTH DRAKE
FASHION & BEAUTY EDITOR

Rain...Come Shine

New York; Bala-Cynwyd, Pa.; Milburn, N. J.; Manhasset, L. I.; Garden City, L. I.; Westchester, N. Y.; West Hartford, Conn.

For other stores see pg. 100

A "hit" this season—the rain-cape, with matching Sherlock cap. Of cotton Element Cloth in sand, coral, or Breton blue, with black velveteen collar. Small, medium, or large. About $30. By Bonnie Cashin for Harris. Her waterproof nylon boots by Gaytees. About $4.95.

For stores see page 60 and page 100

Your Invisible Umbrella—Hair Spray

How often, on a damp or rainy day, do you moan —"There goes my wave." Perhaps you've overlooked the help a hair fixative can give you.

To get the best results from any hair spray, hold the container ten to twelve inches away.

Keep the container in motion when spraying. You need only the mist of this product, so that your hair will feel soft, never a close direct shower. Holding it closer than ten inches will give your hair a "plastered-down" look. Here is a case where a little goes a long way and more defeats the purpose.

Do you have difficulty in seeing the valve opening of your dispenser? Take red nail enamel and make a small dot on each side of the aperture. Always hold the can upright and keep the spray away from your eyes.

Although no hair spray can take the place of a permanent, you can get longer lasting and springier curls by setting your hair with a fixative and thus avoid the nuisance of having to pin-curl your hair every night.

After you shampoo, towel dry so that your hair is still damp. Separate enough hair to make just two pin curls at a time; spray, wind into curls, and secure with bobby pins.

For setting in between shampoos, be sure your hair is brushed and well dampened. Separate small portions of the hair before pinning just as you do after you wash it—and then spray. Allow the set to dry and then brush out. If this method gives you too tight a curl, set your hair first and then spray lightly.

If your hair is the type that holds curl well and you just want it to stay put, try tying a hair net over your hairdo while you spray. Very good on rainy days.

Great improvements have been made in hair sprays. Select the one best suited to your type of hair and the way you want to dress your hair. Some give more control than others.

One of the Helene Curtis sprays is especially convenient—a pretty, purse-sized aerosol dispenser that comes with a refiller container. It is mighty handy.

Photo by Howard Zieff • Illustration by Miyo Endo

RUTH FAIRCHILD POMEROY
HOMEMAKING EDITOR

Welcome to Redbook's

New Kitchens

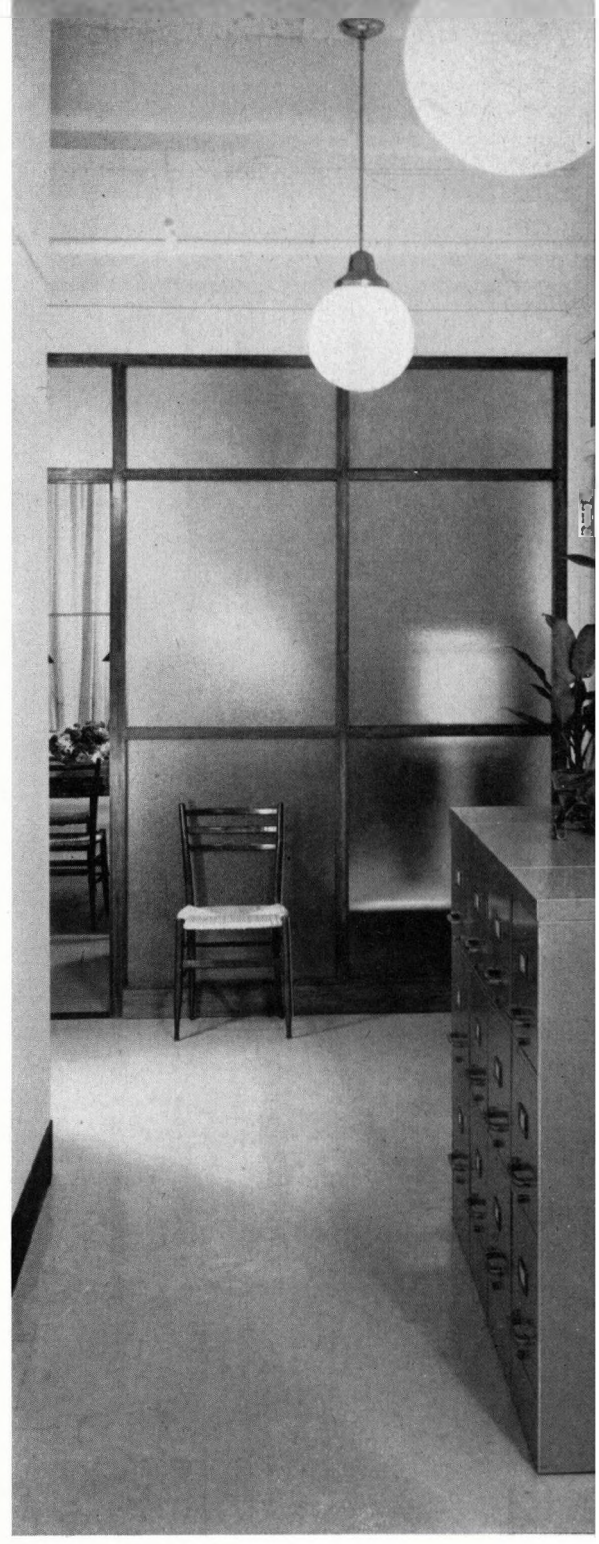
In them you'll find some of the newest home appliance developments, some unusual uses of interior building materials and, we believe, some decorating ideas you can use at home

Our multi-unit kitchens, with adjoining dining-conference room and offices, are designed as a place for us to develop and test the recipes, appliance uses and homemaking techniques we pass on to you each month in these pages. However, the planning and decorating of these rooms involves the use of ideas and materials that apply completely to decoration of your own home. On these and the next five pages you'll see a picture-story tour of our new quarters, how we planned and built them.

The first step in remodeling is to make a complete plan. Even if the actual work is going to be done over a long period of time, be sure you have a mental picture, better still a colored sketch, of the room or house as you wish it to look when finished. Use a scaled floor plan for arrangement of furnishings; collect samples of fabric and building materials you will use. This single fact, knowing what the completed room will look like, is the first difference between an amateur and professional decorator. Too, no single element of remodeling is so expensive as changing your mind. If you're planning to redecorate in easy stages, a room at a time, a beforehand plan will help to achieve unity, a feeling that all of your rooms belong together. In our rooms we got this unified effect by using compatible furnishings, repeating use of patterned wallpaper and color schemes, using the same floor coverings throughout several rooms and having glass walls and doors for all interior partitions.

Knowing your limitations is essential in any remodeling job. Ours were immovable windows, some permanent walls, existing electrical and plumbing lines, a large interior area with no windows and everyone's common problems, building codes and budget. Listing these limitations and solving them as you plan can save time and expense.

To see how our five-room "home" looks in its finished state, start with the pictures on these pages and turn the pages for individual views →

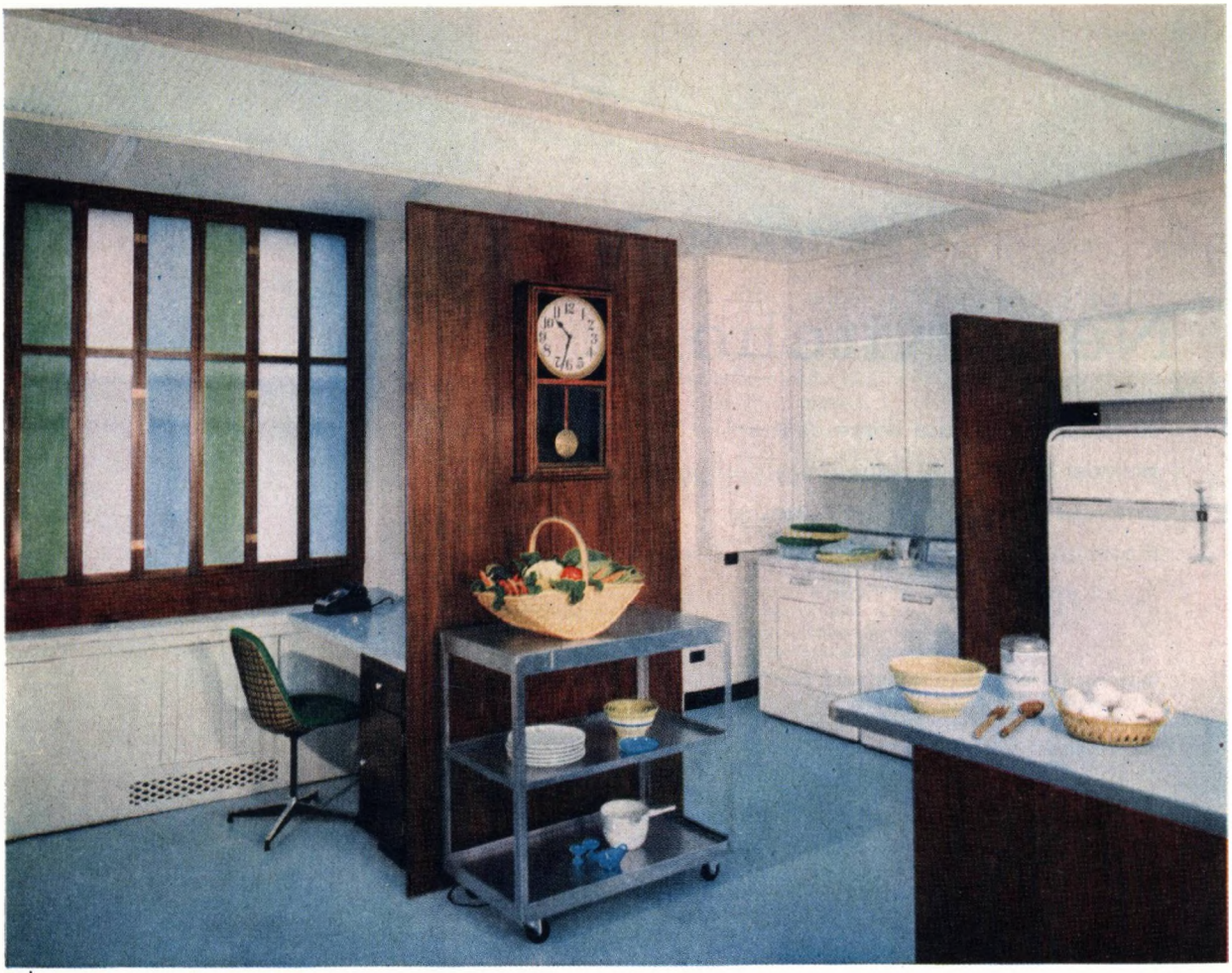


Left: On the back wall, washable plastic screens slide open for food service to the dining room. Left end of counter has storage for small appliances and electrical outlets for them. Hot-food keeper holds food crisp or moist, as well as hot, ready to serve. Roll-out food freezer, five cubic feet, is ideal for apartments.

Right: An entrance hall says the first hello to your guests, so do make it attractive. We put a bank of filing cabinets in ours, to be sure, but not until they'd been dressed up in a coat of bright blue!

Interior design: William M. Block and Richard D. Hampson
Photography: George Lazarnick

Kitchen lighting: Sylvania Electric Products Co.; ceiling plastic of Bakelite
Vinyl flooring: Robbins Floor Products
Glass panels and doors: Blue Ridge Glass Corp., sold by Libby-Owens-Ford dealers
Walnut Weldwood V-plank paneling, pegboard and door "divider": U.S. Plywood Co.
Acoustical ceiling tile: Armstrong Cork Co.
Wood kitchen cabinets: Mutschler Bros. Co.
Steel kitchen cabinets: Geneva Modern Kitchens



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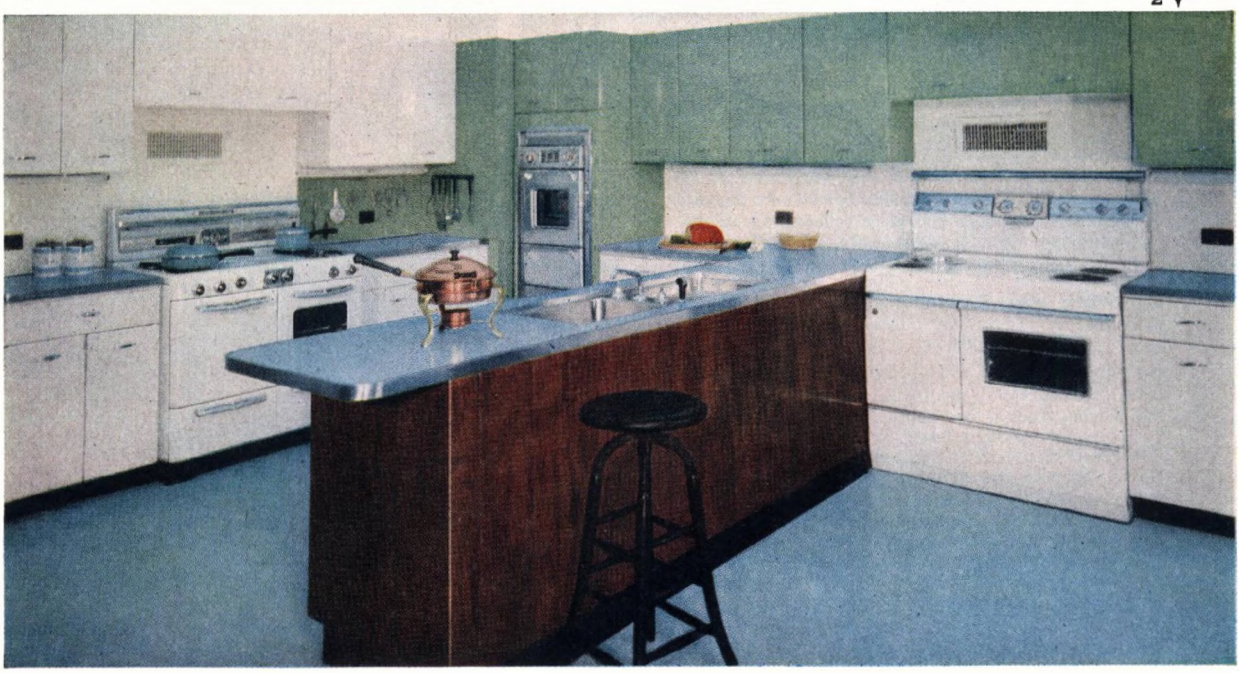

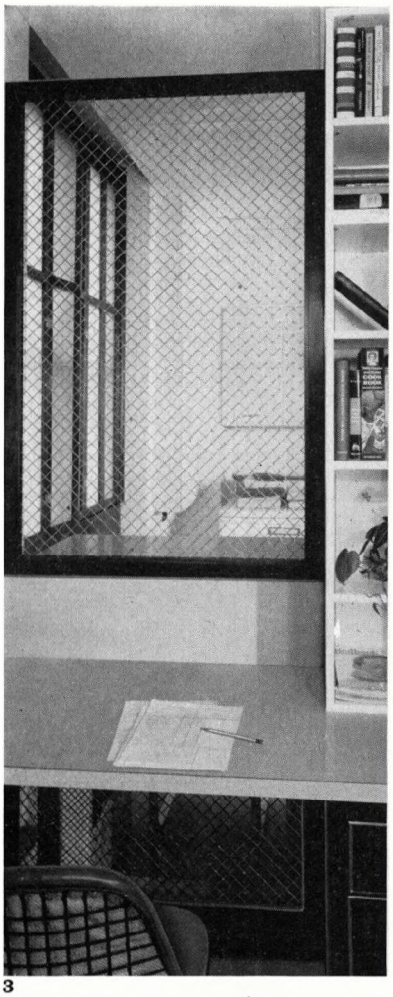

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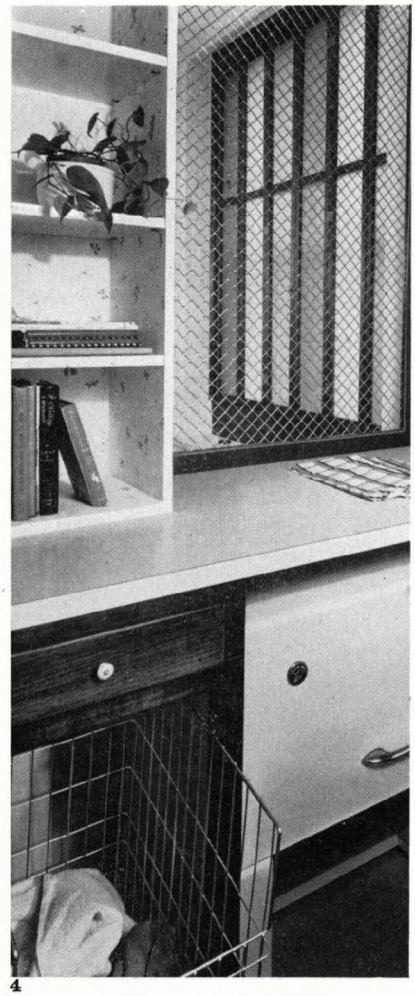


4

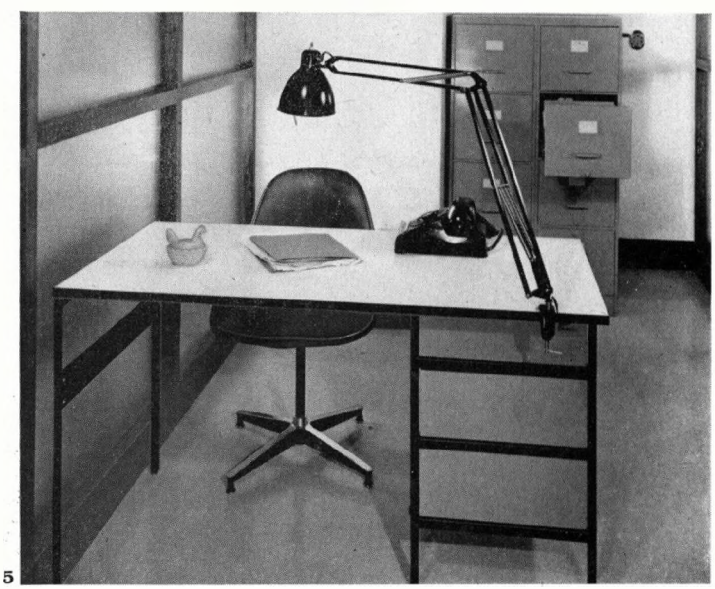
1 The atmosphere of our kitchen is calm and cool, largely because of de luxe cool-white fluorescent lamps above the ceiling plastic. A luminous ceiling is especially good in kitchens and bathrooms where even, unshadowed light is important. The end of the desk unit is one of the 4-by-8-foot panels of walnut veneer like those in the dining room (see p. 68). Window shutters are washable, nonabsorbent plastic. When you need extra work surface in your kitchen, a table-on-wheels will go where it's needed. Divider between laundry and refrigerator is a flush door, easy to use because it needs little support.

2 You *can* mix colored appliances or cabinets with white ones, and wood with steel, in the same room. Here, counter tops that match tie them all together. One sink, by the way, is a shallow one with knee room underneath so a cook can sit down to prepare vegetables.

3 Our foods editor, like any homemaker, needs a place to check recipes, grocery orders and work schedules. Here's a view of her planning desk. See how the butterfly wallpaper reappears as lining for the bookshelves.

4 The other side of the desk unit, which faces the washer and dryer, has a work counter for pretreating laundry. It was built higher than the desk side to accommodate an ironer under it. We used a standard base cabinet with a hamper, stained it walnut. There's room, too, for an ironing board and chair. We like having the laundry convenient to the kitchen, but out of the way of food preparation.

5 Have you ever wanted to partition off space, like a dining area or a couple, from the living room? Glass [illegible] available in a variety of designs, [illegible] and keep the feeling of spaciousness. Notice here, the easy-to-use lamp that takes up no floor or desk area. Seeming liabilities, like the jog in the back wall, can be turned into assets. What better way to recess chests or cabinets?



5

Kitchen Counters: of Formica
Window shutters and shoji screens: Shuttermodes
Synskin for shutters: Polyplastics Inc.
Sinks: Elkay Manufacturers
Roll-out food freezer: General Electric
Dishwasher: Hotpoint
Hot-food server: Toastmaster
Refrigerator-freezer: Amana
Refrigerator: Frigidaire
Built-in gas oven: Magic Chef
Gas range: Universal
Electric range: Norge
Washer and gas dryer: R.C.A. Whirlpool
Ironer: Ironrite
Mobile stainless steel table: Frank Mastro, Inc.
Desk chairs and secretary's desk: Herman Miller Furniture Co., designed by Charles Eames

To see the dining room and offices, turn the page

6

8

9

7

6 Our dining-conference room will be used for sit-down luncheons, stand-up parties and sometimes for a cup of coffee over a morning conference. Louvered cabinet under the pass-through from the kitchen is especially narrow to save space. Curtains in strips of color repeat the theme of kitchen shutters. **7** To divide this room from the editor's office, we put up 2 by 4's, and on this side covered them with 4 by 8 foot panels of random-width walnut. Light fixture over dining table can be turned to correspond with way table is used. Chair and pillow fabrics have been processed to make them stain-resistant: water-base spills can be blotted up and grease spots readily removed. This treatment can add years of good looks to your prized furnishings Our saranette carpeting provides the same protection against food spills and stains.

8 Our homemaking editor needs plenty of space to spread out photographs, layouts and copy, so she chose a table-desk, one that you might like for cutting and sewing, and a separate typewriter table. Bookcases and chests along the wall and the spindled chairs come unfinished, permitting you to choose your own colors. The round marble table between the guest chairs is based on a pedestal that once supported a schoolroom chair.

9 To finish this side of the dining-room wall, sheet rock was attached to the 2-by 4's and the seams were taped. The butterfly wallpaper was then applied over a paper liner, and we treated the wallpaper with a coating to make it soil-resistant. A blue glass apothecary jar, wired to make a table lamp, is tall enough to shed plenty of light.

10 The associate editors' office is a converted storeroom that has no windows. Here you see the blue cork-board wall cut in a way that gives an effect of depth. This, plus the glass paneled front wall, prevents a closed-in feeling. Ceilings of acoustical tile are used in the offices and dining room to add an interesting texture, as well as to keep down the noise level. Old wrought-iron garden tables sprayed white, sturdy enough for typewriters, would be equally good as lamp tables. White milk-glass tops in both offices unify the chest units and, in this case, provide a needed touch of white next to the somewhat brilliantly colored filing cabinets.

10

For hints about finishing touches, turn the page

Wallpaper: Pippin Papers, through decorators and department stores
Bulletin Board Cork: Gold Seal
Carpeting: C. H. Masland and Sons, of Saranette
Dining table, easy chairs, brass and milkglass table: Directional, designed by Paul McCobb
Associate editors' desks: Linear, designed by Paul McCobb
Custom-designed louvered cabinet, editor's table-desk, planning desk-laundry unit, sliding-door kitchen cabinets and framing of glass walls: Executed by Peter Adelhardt Co.
Chests and bookcases: Country Workshop

Photography by George Lazarnick
Ribbon by Bud Simpson

How to Add the Final Touches to a Room

It's the personal objects, large and small, that make any room your own. These are some of the finishing touches we added to ours

- **A variety of green plants that bring life into a room**
- **Prints, reflecting personal interests, framed together**
- **Butterfly specimens, pinned to the wall, repeating paper motif**
- **White porcelain drawer pulls that look neat and are efficient**
- **Ash trays, carefully chosen for the color they add**
- **Old pharmacy jars filled with ready-to-serve snack foods**
- **Flowers arranged in a dish that fits the lines of the table that holds them**
- **Arrangements of fruits or vegetables, or a combination of them, that can be arranged as effectively as flowers**
- **Kitchen utensils used in decorative pattern on pegboard wall**
- **Nostalgic opaline light globes in a modern setting**
- **Small colorful pillows to soften the appearance of large chairs**
- **A few "out-of-the-attic" pieces, such as our old clock and blue bottles**
- **Just one word of warning: don't overdo the little things. Too many are much more distracting than beautifying**

Chivari dining chairs: René Brancusi Co., Inc.
Spindled arm chairs: Standard Chair Co.
Office and dining room light fixtures, Luxo desk lamps: City Knickerbocker, Inc.
Table lamps: Paul Hansen
Marble: New York Marble works
Bronze Fortisan chair fabric: Kravet
Hitchcock plaid and curtain fabrics: Greeff Fabrics, Inc.
Pillow fabrics: Erbun
Finish on fabrics: Sylmer
Finishing of Country Workshop pieces, spraying of files, chairs and typewriter tables: Berkshire Woodfinishing Shop

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How We Test a Recipe

for Cherry Pie

The first step in developing a recipe—in this instance, red cherry pie—is to find the ingredient combination and the methods that will make the best possible product. Here we want a rich, flaky pastry, in ample quantity to make a two-crust pie; in it a generous cherry filling, juicy enough to be luscious, but not too moist to serve nicely. This accomplished, we add the touches we think will make this an extra-special cherry pie: a light flavoring of almond and a dash of extra red color

BASIC PIECRUST

2¼ cups sifted all-purpose flour
1 teaspoon salt ¾ cup solid shortening
5 to 6 tablespoons cold water

Have all ingredients, except water, at room temperature. Sift the flour and salt into a bowl. With a pastry blender, or 2 knives, cut ½ cup of shortening into the flour until the mixture looks like corn meal. Now cut the remaining shortening (¼ cup) into the mixture, blending only until the added shortening is in particles the size of peas. This last blending is the trick of making pastry flaky. Sprinkle water, a tablespoon at a time, over small portions of the mixture. Toss quickly with a fork until particles stick together when pressed gently. Don't add more water than necessary. Press dough lightly together with your fingers to form a smooth ball. Divide dough in half. This recipe makes ample pastry for a two-crust 9-inch pie.

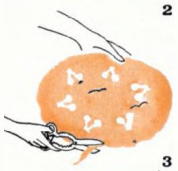
Round up half the pastry on a lightly floured board or pastry cloth; flatten with hand. Roll pastry into a round shape, working from the center out in all directions. Roll lightly, do not add extra flour.

1

1. ROLL PASTRY IN A CIRCLE then trim so pastry is 1 inch larger than inverted piepan. Ease crust into pan. Do not stretch. If necessary, trim crust even with outer edge of pan. Add pie filling.

2

2. ROLL TOP CRUST same as bottom crust. Fold in half and cut pattern for steam to escape. Moisten edge of bottom crust with water, carefully lift top crust onto filling. Press to bottom crust at edges.



3

3. TRIM TOP CRUST with scissors so an even half inch of top crust extends beyond edge of piepan.

4. FOLD THE EXTRA EDGE of top pastry under the bottom pastry and press the edges together firmly again. This overlapping prevents fruit pies from leaking juice at the edge and keeps outer crust crisp.

4

5. MAKE A FLUTED RIM by placing your right index finger against the inside of the crust edge and the thumb and index finger against the outer crust edge. Press firmly to make successive points around pie edge.

5

FOR LIQUID-SHORTENING PIECRUST, mix 2 cups sifted flour with 1½ teaspoons salt. Pour ½ cup salad oil and ¼ cup cold milk into a measuring cup. Do not stir. Pour oil and milk into the salt and flour. Mix lightly with a fork until pastry holds together. Shape and roll as described above.

CHERRY PIE

Pastry for two crusts, one 9-inch pie
3 cups canned water-packed sour red pitted cherries, drained, *or* frozen cherries, defrosted and drained
¾ cup sugar ½ cup cherry liquid
4 tablespoons flour ½ teaspoon almond extract
⅛ teaspoon salt Few drops red food coloring
1 tablespoon butter or margarine

Line a 9-inch piepan with half the pastry. (*See basic piecrust instructions at left.*) Drain cherries and reserve ½ cup of the juice to use in the pie. Mix together sugar, flour and salt in a saucepan. Gradually add the ½ cup of cherry liquid to this mixture; stir until smooth. Cook over moderate heat, stirring constantly, until sauce is smooth and thickened. Remove from heat; stir in almond extract and red coloring. Pour sauce over cherries and mix gently. Pour into crust-lined piepan; dot top of filling with butter. Heat oven to 425° F. (*hot*). Roll out top crust. With a tiny cookie cutter or bottle cap, cut 6 clusters of two cherries each. Cut slits for stems and leaves with a sharp knife. Place upper crust on pie; seal and flute edges. Bake 35 to 40 minutes until crust is brown. Serves 6.

TO MAKE A DEEP-DISH CHERRY PIE, make up half the recipe for Basic Piecrust at left. Roll pastry into a 10-inch square and cut slits for steam. Make double the amount of Cherry Pie Filling above. Pour the filling into a 9-inch square pan. Cover filling with pastry square. Fold under the extra crust edge all around; flute pastry just inside edge of pan. Bake in hot oven, 425°F. for 40 to 50 minutes until crust browns.

TO MAKE A CHERRY CRUMB PIE, make up half the recipe for Basic Piecrust; fit into piepan to make bottom crust. Add Cherry Filling above. Mix together ¼ cup brown sugar, ½ cup sifted flour and ¼ cup soft butter. Sprinkle this crumb mixture evenly over filling. Bake at 425°F. for 45 minutes to brown top.

TO MAKE A LATTICE-TOP CHERRY PIE, make up a full recipe for Basic Piecrust. Fit bottom crust in place and add Cherry Pie Filling. Roll remaining pastry in a circle; cut into ½-inch strips. Moisten edge of bottom crust. Lay half the pastry strips across filling, 1 inch apart. Weave first cross strip through center. Lay back every other strip, from center, going the opposite way. Add another cross strip. Continue until top is covered with lattice. Fold bottom crust over strips; press edge firmly and flute as described at left.

Photograph by Paulzen-Seigler

This is how your cherry pie, prepared according to the directions on the opposite page, will look as you serve it. It has a crisp undercrust, juicy, almond-flavored cherry filling.

(Continued from page 56)

is open then except a restaurant or two. But it was not my place to question him, no matter how much I wished to help him—and by now I wished it with all my heart, for pity mixed with admiration is a powerful force.

"If only we knew what is wrong with this play of his and could let fall a hint," I said one evening to my wife.

Mildred looked at me in surprise. You think the wife of an innkeeper must be a simple soul, eh? People are seldom so easily classified, believe me. I met my wife in England. She was the daughter of an English army officer and even then, at twenty, had traveled half the world and spoke four languages. I am amused sometimes when a guest talks to her as though she were scarcely able to read and write.

"Don't you know what is wrong, Max?"

"Only that it has no life, no spark."

"He is writing of her again. Of his wife. But there is a difference. When she lived, he saw the whole woman, the little human faults balancing the virtues to make her come alive in his work. Now he sees only the ideal, a figure in a shrine."

She was right. I had not seen it myself, but she was right.

"If he must have a real woman for his play," Mildred said, "he would do better with Kathy."

I smiled, a little sadly. "He doesn't know Kathy exists. She is ten fingers on a typewriter, no more."

My wife sighed. "There is so much more if he would only see it."

So much more? I wondered what she meant. That evening, when Kathy and John were at work in the sitting room, I caught myself watching them instead of listening to the play. And I understood.

It was in the way Kathy looked up during the pauses, her gaze following him about the room while her hands hovered over the machine. How long had she felt this way, I wondered. From the beginning? No, she was too shy for that. It must have happened gradually—perhaps so gradually that she was not aware of it.

I am silly, you say, to think that a girl's face can betray her being in love? Perhaps so, with most girls. But not with Kathy. I knew her as a father knows his daughter, almost. And remember—I am an innkeeper who meets all kinds of people.

She loved him. She suffered for him. Sitting there at the typewriter, waiting for his words, she longed to say something, do something that would help him.

One morning a week or so later I encountered Henri Pierre at the post office and, with a frown, he drew me aside.

"Your friend, Kathy Clark, came to see me last evening," he said.

"Oh?"

"Such a strange girl. So intense, and yet so naïve. I must do something to help M'sieu Burton, she insisted. I, Henri Pierre, whom the world outside Port-au-Prince has never heard of—I must assist the great John Burton!" He chuckled a little, but in wonder and sadness, with a shake of his head.

"We are very fond of John," I said. "If there is any way to help him—"

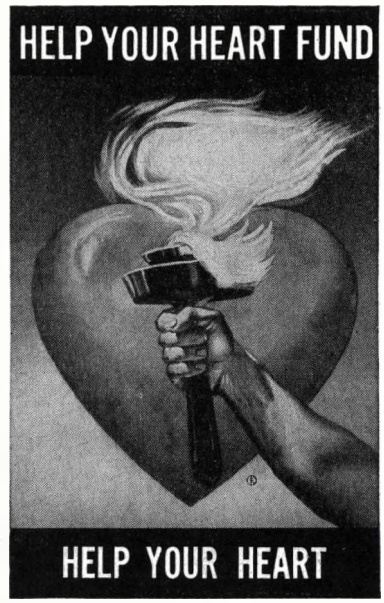
"Do you know where he goes in the evenings?"

"No. Walking, I suppose. Perhaps he hopes—"

"Sometimes he walks, yes," Henri said. "Through the streets of the city, alone. People have seen him. He is looking for local color, they say. He is planning a play or a book about Haiti. Let them think so if they like. Who am I to tell them otherwise?"

"'Sometimes he walks,' you say. What else does he do?"

"He takes a cab to Boutilier." Henri turned as though to look through the post office walls at that road high on the mountainside, above the city. "He stands there



by the hour on the edge of the road, the edge of space, gazing down on the lights. A cab driver who has twice driven him there—and waited, of course, to drive him back again—told me this."

"He wants to forget," I said, "and Boutilier is a good place for it. The world's troubles are small up there."

"At any rate, now you know."

"How did Kathy suggest you help him?"

He laughed, again with a note of sadness. "She had some fantastic idea that I might talk to him, one writer to another. I—talk to John Burton!"

"Not so fantastic," I said. "He hasn't a grain of conceit in him. If we could find some way to get such a conversation started—"

"No."

"But if you were to come around some evening when he and Kathy were working—"

"No!" Henri's abruptness surprised me. "I cannot."

"But why?"

"Because I cannot tell him what he should be told. There are some things a man must find out for himself." His hand gripped my wrist for an instant. "She—your Kathy—will have to learn that, too. Otherwise—" He stepped back, vigorously shaking his head. "No, no," he muttered, walking away from me. "It is impossible."

Another week. It is now six weeks, going on seven, since the morning John Burton walked into the Etoile and asked for a room. It is seven o'clock in the evening. He has had no supper—says he cannot eat any supper—and is waiting in the bar for Kathy, pacing up and down with a drink in his hand, even more restless than usual. It is most unusual for him to drink at this hour. I am uneasy, watching him. What is wrong?

Kathy comes in. He finishes his drink at a gulp, bangs the empty glass down and seizes her hands. "It is done!" he says. "I finished it at noon and made a clean copy myself, this afternoon. I want you to read it."

He hurries her into the sitting room and rushes upstairs for his manuscript. I have never seen him like this before. On edge, yes—stumbling with exhaustion, often—but now, thrusting the pages into Kathy's hands, he seems in torment.

"From the beginning," he says. "Aloud, please—all of it. Just let me listen." And while she reads, he stays on his feet, clutching the back of a chair, gazing at her as though his whole future, his very life, depend on the sound of her voice.

All this agony for a play? I ask myself. But this is more than a play; it is a turning point. He is beating his fists against a stone wall, this man. At the height of his career he is thwarted. Unless he is able to batter the wall down, he is finished.

So we listen. My wife, I, the great John Burton—for an hour, two hours, we listen. A chair creaks. The pages rustle. I hear the footsteps of other guests on the stairs and the muffled clink of ice and glasses at the bar. A fragment of laughter. In the streets a dog barks. A radio somewhere is playing "Caroline Acao." And the voice of Kathy Clark goes on and on, on and on. . . .

He stopped her before it was done. All this time he had been standing, clutching his chair; now with a slow, heavy shake of his head he silenced her and sat down. No one moved; no one spoke. The room filled with stillness while he stared at the floor, his hands clutching his knees.

At last he raised his head. "Tear it up."

"No!" Kathy said, shocked.

"It's worthless." His smile was twisted, but still it was a smile—as though, after all the weeks of agony, he had found a kind of peace within himself. As though by admitting defeat he dulled the pain. "I never should have come back to Haiti."

Tears formed in Kathy's eyes. "It's my fault. I read it badly, John."

"You gave it twenty times the life it deserves." He stood up, shaking his head. "I thought by coming back here where Evelyn was so happy, I'd be straightened out. It was a mistake."

I hesitated. "John," I said, "Mildred has a theory—"

"Max, please!" my wife protested.

"About your heroine," I went on, determined to say it. And when he turned to me, I told him.

He frowned, nodded. "She's right. Of course she is." He walked the length

of the room, turned, came back and sat down. "I've tried to get it back, the way she was," he said at last, including us all in his gaze. "Don't you think I've tried—walking the streets night after night, going up to Boutilier to look at the lights, all the rest of it? When we were here last year I had a deadline to meet and worked day and night. I left the hotel only three or four times. But she would tell me where she'd been, and she had photographs taken by that French photographer who was here at the time—Martineau—pictures of her standing by the road's edge at Boutilier with the wind in her hair, buying flowers from a peasant in Kenscoff, sitting beside a hospital bed, talking to a big-eyed tyke with braces on his legs at the school for crippled kids. . . . And I go to those places now and remember what she told me, some of her exact words, but it's like remembering a poem you learned as a child. It isn't real."

Kathy frowned at him. "Did you say the school for crippled children?"

"Yes. She did a lot of that sort of thing, everywhere we went. She volunteered her services, gave hours of her time."

"You haven't been there, John."

"I?" He shook his head. "No, I haven't been there. That and the hospital—I couldn't. I'd be in the way, out of place." He thrust himself to his feet. "Max, I'm going to have a drink."

"I'll join you," I said.

He had told Kathy to tear up the manuscript. She didn't, of course. She left the play with Mildred and said she would come around the following day—in the afternoon, when John would be feeling better.

"She thinks she has found a way to help him," Mildred told me, puzzled. "She wouldn't say how."

We wondered what the girl was up to, but I was not optimistic. After drinking with John Burton until long after midnight—and talking to him, of course—I was convinced nothing could help him much.

"He's to be pitied," I said. "He is one of those men who lose themselves in a woman, or think they do, which is equally fatal. She was a remarkable woman, no doubt—beautiful, generous, talented—but a man should keep a little of himself in the bank, to meet emergencies. It's out of fashion to bury the living with the dead." I expected an argument, but got only a silent nod, so put my hands on Mildred's shoulders and kissed her. "Is the play so hopeless, really?"

"Not if he can reduce the saint to a woman."

"The one thing Kathy can't help him with," I said, sighing. "If he could be helped on that score, she would have worked the cure already just by being with him, being herself."

John Burton slept until noon the next day—the first morning his typewriter had been silent since his arrival. In the afternoon he moped about the hotel. When Kathy came at four, he was in the little back-yard garden, watching me plant some flowers one of the guests had brought back from Jacmel.

She came in the school station wagon, driving it straight into the yard. Puzzled, I stopped work to watch her get out of it and blinked when she lifted two youngsters out after her.

She waved to us. With a child on each side, clinging to her hands, she came toward us. "John," she said, "I brought some friends. I thought you might like to talk to them."

The little boy, his spindle legs caged in metal braces, turned up a dusky, beaming face and said, "*Bon jour*, M'sieu Burton!" The girl, sightless, felt for him with small, questing hands and fastened herself to his leg.

John Burton frowned over their heads at Kathy, recovered slowly from his astonishment, hunkered down and faced the two. "You—you knew my wife?" he asked eagerly. "You knew Mrs. Burton?"

"You'll have to speak French," Kathy said quietly.

"But I don't know French!"

"Shall we sit down, John?" She helped me bring chairs, sat the children in them, sat down herself and waited while John seated himself beside her. Then she spoke to the children in French, repeating John's questions, and they chattered at him, both talking at once.

I **watched** the face of John Burton as she translated, telling him these were his wife's favorite children, that Evelyn had spent nearly all her time at the school with them. *Mildred should see this,* I thought and hurried to get her. When I returned, only a few minutes later, the miracle was almost complete.

He had the little girl on his knee, an arm around her, and was leaning toward the boy, straining to understand the French—just a sentence, just a word of it. In the midst of the babble he groaned. "I speak Spanish, I understand German," he muttered. "Why, oh why, didn't I learn French?" But he was smiling. The dead face had come alive. "Yes, yes!" he said, listening to them. "She walked—*marché*—she walked with you in the school garden. She brought you *cadeaux*—presents—" And suddenly a sound of laughter came gushing out of him, free, on wings of joy. "I'm coming to visit you, too!" he told them. "There'll be more gifts, more going for walks!"

The children stayed for supper. We set a table for four in the garden, under the big mango tree, and heard the bright babble of French all through the meal, and Kathy interpreting, and John's quick voice gusting in answer. We heard them laughing, the four of them. A wonderful sound—a sound like a splash of sunlight in a place too long dark.

"It's the link he has been looking for," my wife said. "It's the way back to her. What a pity Kathy didn't think of it before."

"What a miracle she thought of it at all," I retorted.

Now I must summarize, Henri Pierre says. An artist painting a tree—he does not do every leaf; he picks up a brushful of color, makes a large, bold stroke, and there is your tree. I should like to do it otherwise. It would be pleasant to write of John Burton's visits to the school—Kathy told us about them—and of the times he filled a rented car with youngsters and took them swimming at Mont

Rouis, of the special performance of the folklore troupe he arranged for their benefit, and of so many, many other things. The days flew by on wings.

In the mornings he worked on his play. The rest of his time was devoted to the kids at the school—not just the two who had been his wife's favorites, but all of them. And always, of course, Kathy was with him. He personally persuaded the people at the embassy to grant her a leave of absence.

Sometimes in the evenings she helped him, as before, at the table in our sitting room. But he did not need help now. More often they went out together—walking at first, later to some of the evening affairs at the bigger hotels, and then, at last. . . .

He had been waiting for her, talking with Mildred and me about the school, the things he planned to do there. They had no special plan for the evening—a stroll down to the Exposition Grounds, perhaps, where they would watch the open-air movie for a while. But when she came in, he rose and took her hands.

"Can we go dancing?" he said.

She looked at him in surprise. She had come expecting nothing and wore a simple white cotton dress, attractive enough—she was always attractive—but hardly a thing to go dancing in. She was about to tell him—I was sure of it—that she would have to go home first and change. But suddenly, instead, she smiled.

"I'd like that, John." she said.

"I'm the world's worst dancer," he said. "But I'll like it, too."

Where they went we were never told. It is not important. When they returned at two in the morning, Mildred and I were both still up, waiting. We had been a part of this from the beginning and we felt, both of us, that tonight was a climax.

And so it was. For they came in with their arms about each other, like children—young as children, glowing like children—and shook my hand and embraced my wife. And—

"We are going to be married," Kathy said, all breathless.

My wife wept with happiness. John and I had a drink. "When?" I asked him. "Where?"

"Here in Port-au-Prince, as soon as possible. With you and Mildred standing up for us. Then we'll take a trip through the islands before going to New York."

"You decided all this tonight, while dancing?" I said, wide-eyed.

He chuckled. "I'm a terrible dancer. But I warned her, didn't I?"

They were married the following week. It was not a small wedding. She wished a small one—so did he—but John Burton was too important. He had been allowed to live in seclusion at the Pension Etoile while writing a play, but a wedding was something else again. The church would not hold all who wished to be there. The reception was an event of the season.

But mine was the last hand John Burton pressed before boarding the plane with his bright-faced bride, and Mildred and I were the last ones he spoke to.

"God bless you both," he said. "We'll never forget."

We returned to the Pension Etoile. We sat, saying nothing, just feeling the wonder of what had happened. Henri Pierre came in, made himself a drink at the bar and sat and frowned at us.

He shook his head. "I was wrong," he said.

"How were you wrong?" I asked. Not caring much, you understand. Too happy, too tired to care much. But one must say something when a friend speaks.

He sipped his drink. "I thought he would forget that woman only if told the truth about her—and, of course, would hate the person who told him. But he is truly in love with Kathy. You could see it. I watched his face during the service; I watched him at the reception. No doubt he believes he has found another Evelyn, but in the end it will not matter." Henri held his glass to the light and gazed at it, as into a crystal ball. "He will soon forget why he fell in love with her. Only the being in love will matter."

I said, frowning, "What are you talking about? I am an innkeeper, not a philosopher."

"She visited the school only once and stayed ten minutes," Henri replied with a shrug. "Oh, she gave money—she was generous enough with his money—but she went to the school with Martineau, to have her picture taken there."

"What?"

"And to the hospital once—for the same reason." He sighed, shaking his head. "That is what I meant that day when I told you he needed help, but would hate the one who helped him. She was a liar, that wife of his. A cheat. She did none of the noble things she told him about."

"Are you insane?" I said. "The children themselves told him—"

"Kathy coached them."

"The school people would never have permitted such a deception!"

"For Kathy they would do anything. Besides, it hurt no one. It helped many."

"Henri," I said, reaching blindly for my wife's hand, "Henri, this is impossible—"

"I knew Martineau well. Even the photographs were only an excuse, really—in case her husband became suspicious. She was having an affair with him, and when she tired of him, there were others. Martineau is in Port-au-Prince now, if you want proof."

I did not want proof. Henri Pierre would never lie about such a thing. "But—but someday John Burton will find out," I said, having trouble with my voice. "He is sure to! And then—then—"

"Why, then he will know he is truly married to a saint this time," Henri said, "and will love his Kathy all the more." . . . THE END

Child of Her Heart

(Continued from page 32)

"Toby! Toby Whitney!" she called him back. "How much is three-take-away-two?"

Toby rose from his seat politely, if somewhat mechanically. His focal point shifted from the outdoors to a spot through and several miles beyond his teacher.

"How many babies does a mommy toad usually have?" he asked.

Miss Osborne groped for her desk, a feeling of helplessness washing over her. Toby opened the top of his desk and extracted a small tree toad, cradling it gently in his hands.

"It's a mommy toad, and she's going to have babies," he informed her. "You can tell because her tummy is so big. I'm going to sell them to my friends and make some money."

Miss Osborne covered her face, longing for the luxury of either tears or laughter. A titter ran nervously through the class, and she composed herself, picked up her ruler and rapped for silence.

"We are studying arithmetic, not nature," she said.

"But that's what I mean, Miss Osborne! If she has ten babies and I get a nickel for each of them, how much money will I have?"

The teacher's face reflected the futility of arguing with Toby.

"Bring the toad to me," she told him.

"Yes'm." He came carefully, his face tender. "You watch out for her, now. Pregnant mommies are awful delligut, you know."

"I know," his teacher said, giving way to a smile. She reached out a restraining hand as he turned to go back to his seat.

"Is your mother going to pick you up after school?" she asked, lowering her voice so that only he could hear.

"Yes'm," he answered, his attention finally caught.

"Will you tell her that I want to talk to her while she is here?"

Toby's eyes were troubled blue lakes, stormy with impending tears.

"Have I been naughty again, Miss Osborne?" he asked, a small catch in his voice, the pulse in his throat beating faster. The teacher's heart, never too hard, melted completely.

"No, not naughty," she sighed. "Not really and truly naughty."

In the afternoon, Adele listened, red-faced, to the account of her son's behavior. Miss Osborne sighed again as she finished the little tale. "As his mother, you must know that Toby is not an average child," she said, her forehead knotted. "He isn't below average, goodness knows—and yet he isn't a genius—it's just that—that—" the little teacher spread her hands helplessly, "he just isn't average, that's all!"

"Like the toad, you mean, Miss Osborne?"

"That's one sort of thing," she smiled ruefully. "And take his behavior in class. When I call on him to recite, he's almost brilliant in his answers—if he's been paying attention! Most of the time he doesn't even know where the place is!" The hands began again, and she put them in her lap, as if to stop their tattling.

(Continued on page 78)

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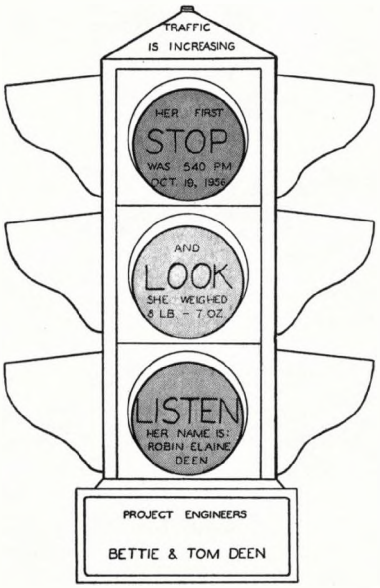

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(Continued from page 76)

"I—I feel that I'm failing in my work when I can't get him to use his full abilities. And he isn't using them, Mrs. Whitney. He stands twentieth in the class. He should easily be first."

"Having brains isn't much good unless you use them," Adele said.

"Exactly!" Miss Osborne leaned over the desk in her eagerness. "Oh, Mrs. Whitney, do you have any suggestions? Is there anything I can do—or you can do—to help him? So often, the pattern for a child's entire school life is set in the first grade, and I do hate to think of—oh, Toby is such a wonderful child, really!"

"Isn't he, though?" Adele smiled at the teacher, thankful for her understanding. She had dreaded this year, Toby's first step into the world. "But, Miss Osborne, he's as hard to discipline as a—a—blob of mercury! I never know what to do with him! And I've read all the books, too!" Miss Osborne giggled, an unexpectedly gamin sound.

"I wish he were mine—" she said, shyly.

"There are times," Adele grinned at her, "when I wish he was almost anybody's!" She rose to go. "Give me the weekend, Miss Osborne. I'll talk it over with my husband. Perhaps we can think of something."

The boys were waiting on the steps for her. David standing chubbily clear-eyed and serene, Toby jumping on first one foot and the other, eyes flashing and hide-and-seek dimples in his cheeks.

"Where you been, Mommy?" David asked. Toby stood mute and suddenly quiet.

"I've been talking to Miss Osborne."

"What'd she say?" This from Toby, fear and apprehension in his voice.

Adele smiled at her son. *He's so little*, she thought. *So very small.*

"She said you were a good boy, darling," she assured him, watching the young body relax. Then she grinned, reaching to touch the soft face. "But she said you could be better!"

Toby smiled back at her and two teachers coming out of the building looked at him as if their day were suddenly brighter.

"You're as beautiful as beautiful can ever be beautiful, Mommy!" he whispered. Turning to his brother, "Race you to the car, David!" he screamed happily and was off like a leprechaun.

The face of Thomas, their cat, looked out at them from under the hydrangea as they went up their front walk.

"Meow!" said Thomas, and disappeared.

"What's the matter with him?" David asked. "He usually comes to meet us!"

Thomas's head appeared suddenly, disappeared, appeared again only to vanish a third time. From under the bush came a small, agonized cheep. Toby ran to peer intently into the darkness behind the leaves, then turned a twisted face to his mother.

"It's the Redhead!" he screamed, hysteria mounting in his voice. "Thomas finally caught the Redhead!"

Adele ran to the bush and parted its branches. Sure enough, under Thomas's paw she could discern a small bird, much like a sparrow except for the bright red feathers on his head and throat, at the base of his tail and scattered at random over his body.

"Save him, Mommy!" Tears ran down Toby's cheeks. David came running, echoing the cry. Cautiously Adele reached through the leaves, grabbed the cat by the scruff of his neck and pulled him, protesting, from his prey.

"Is he dead, Mommy?" David asked, fearing to know.

Fending off the angry cat with one foot, Adele turned the limp body over in her hand. A tiny claw pulled up in protest, a small, beady eye opened and the bird moved ever so slightly, as if to regain his feet. Adele closed her hand over him.

"He's still alive," she told her sons. "Come on; we'll see if he is badly hurt."

They went into the house, the boys running ahead of their mother. Katie looked up from her work as they entered the kitchen.

"Thomas caught the Redhead!" David told her.

"Oh, law! That poor little bird!" Katie dropped her dishcloth and ran to see. "I knew it was coming! The way he's been dive-bombing at that cat these last two weeks, don't know why it didn't happen afore now!"

"Toby," Adele turned to him, "look in the garage, dear, and get that old cage. We'll put the Redhead in there until we see how he is."

"Why me?" Toby asked, small fists clenched, forehead knotted horrendously. "Why do I gotta do everything? Why don't David do something sometime?"

Adele caught her breath in surprise. She looked at her son searchingly, then sighed and turned back to the bird.

"Go to your room, Toby," she said tiredly. There were tears in Toby's eyes now, and the small knuckles were white with strain as he fled. Adele spoke to the older boy. "Will you get the cage, please, David?" Thankfully her eyes followed the sturdy little back as he ran to do her bidding. Katie watched with sympathetic eyes.

"No use arguing with him, Katie," Adele said. "I should have remembered that he always goes to pieces when something upsets him."

"Law, if he ever gits to heaven," Katie shook her head, her face wrinkled with worry, "he's gonna wear a brighter crown than the rest of us, 'cause it's gonna be so much harder for him to git there!"

Solitude was the sure cure for Toby's emotional upsets, and he was back to normal long before dinner. Adele sat at the table watching him, more than ever aware of his imperfections. He sat first on one leg, then the other, smacking his lips happily over his food. When reminded, he chewed with his mouth closed. But not for long.

He shifted suddenly, almost knocking a glass off the table.

"I like pork chops," he proclaimed between smacks. "I like all my dinner. I speshully like applesauce. Who made the first applesauce, Daddy?"

Bruce, caught unaware, groped for an answer.

"Why, I really couldn't say, son," he replied, "I doubt if anyone knows, actually. People must have been making applesauce for hundreds of years."

Toby hesitated, a spoonful halfway to his mouth.

"I bet Eve did!" he crooned, enraptured by the thought. "I bet that's what she did with that apple!"

Adele busied herself with her dinner, turning a piece of meat over and over with her fork. She glanced through lowered lashes at her husband.

"Toby is silly," David pronounced. His brother's reaction was immediate.

"I am not neither silly!" His face was livid. "I bet she did so too make applesauce! An' I bet she was the first one who ever made it, too, I bet!"

"Don't talk with your mouth full, Toby," Adele said, laying a soothing hand on his shoulder. David started to speak, but she caught him in time. "Finish your dinner, David, or you're going to be late for the Cisco Kid."

Bedtime came, and the boys went to their room to undress while their mother drew their bath. Immediately, pandemonium broke out. Adele turned off the water and ran to them.

David stood just inside the door, an expression on his face that was half fear, half teasing delight. In the middle of the room stood Toby, stark naked and eyes flashing, swinging his pants around his head with unmistakable intent.

"He said I have dimples!" he screamed, pointing an accusing finger at the older boy.

"He does!" David maintained stoutly.

"I do not!" The controversial dimples were coming and going like diamond flashes in a bright light.

"The girls at school talk about him!" David told his mother. "They say, 'Oh, look at Toby's dimples! I wish I had dimples!' " His voice was a high-pitched, mocking sound. "And he likes it, too, Mommy! He's crazy about girls!"

"You take that back!" Toby cried and let loose the swinging pants. Adele caught them in mid-air, gave her older son a push out the door and toward the bathroom and turned accusingly to her younger. Toby took a running jump and landed in her arms, legs clamped tight around her waist, arms nearly choking her.

"That was a lot of poof-woof, Mommy!" he giggled. "I'm glad I have dimples! And you know what? I think I was *born* to love the girls!"

"Then you didn't tell David the truth, and that wasn't right," Adele reminded him. A puzzled look crossed his face.

"You mean I lied to him?" he asked. "Oh, no, Mommy! Lying is when people believe you! David didn't believe me at all!"

And how do you answer logic like that? Adele asked herself. She hugged the small body, loving the warmness of it, gave the bare bottom a gentle spank and set the boy on his feet.

"You're getting too big to jump at me like that," she smiled at him. "You're getting too big to fight so much with your brother, too!"

"But Mommy," Toby was very sincere, "it's fun fighting. Didn't you know?"

Adele gave up. "Into the tub with you," she laughed.

Snuggled in Bruce's arms before a dying fire, she recounted Toby's day and her conversation with his teacher.

"What can we do to help him?" she asked. "I thought of taking his bike away, stopping his swimming lessons, things like that."

"Pretty rough punishment for a little guy," Bruce said.

"Well, the other kind doesn't work!" Adele reminded him. "Spanking is useless; it doesn't last long enough and, anyhow, he enjoys yelling! Being sent to bed is pure pleasure! But if I take away his allowance, make him stay in the yard after school—don't you think he might buckle down?"

"No, I don't," her husband told her.

"But why not?" Adele asked. "Surely, if I take away the things he enjoys most, it will make an impression on him!"

"Yes," Bruce agreed, "but I'm afraid it won't be the kind you want. You'll never be able to force him, honey. He's too much like my sister.

"Lisa was only ten when she died, but Toby is so much like her that sometimes it's spooky. She had the temper, she was every bit as stubborn and she could talk anybody into anything. Mom tried hard to discipline her." He laughed, remembering. "She finally gave it up as a bad job, and all of us just settled back and enjoyed her."

"But Lisa was a girl!" Adele pointed out. "Toby will be a man one of these days! If Lisa had lived, some man would have married her and kept right on spoiling her, but Toby will have to make his own way in the world and he must, he just must, change his ways! It's not just his school work, Bruce! It's—it's his temper; he doesn't even try to control it! It's his manners! His forgetfulness! These things are important in the business world, Bruce! You know that!"

"He's only six, Adele."

"You're always willing enough for David to be disciplined!" Adele flung at him, jumping to her feet. "You must love Toby more!"

Bruce finished filling his pipe, his face thoughtful. He struck a match and took a few long puffs, then turned to her, his eyes quiet.

"He needs it more," he reminded her.

Adele turned on one foot, trying to control her impatience, and went into the kitchen. As she switched on the light, her attention was caught by the cage on the drainboard and its bedraggled occupant. The Redhead stood on the floor of his prison and stared at her with all the sorrow and pain in the world in his eyes.

Bruce came in behind her. "I don't think our guest likes it here!" he laughed.

"What kind of a bird is he?" Adele asked.

"A linnet. Also known as house finch. Of the family Fringillidae, Carpodacus mexicanus, if you want the whole story."

"Put that in English!" his wife commanded.

"One of the commonest birds in California. The Pacific coast's answer to the eastern sparrow, you might say."

"Do you suppose Thomas robbed his nest?" Adele touched the cage, but the bird gave no sign of fear.

"I doubt if his babies had hatched this early," Bruce said. "And, anyhow, both parents usually take out after a cat when that is the case. No, I'd say that Thomas got his mate and the Redhead had no family left to watch over.

"But usually linnets are very mild little birds," Bruce continued, and eyed the bird with wonder. "I'm surprised at his pestering Thomas for so long."

"I know," his wife agreed. "He's such a little guy to be fighting against those odds—" she murmured.

"Going to fix a snack before you go up?" Bruce asked, noticing her hesitation.

"No," she said, "it's just—there's something familiar about the way the Redhead looks at me." She laughed self-consciously, feeling a little silly.

Bruce stopped in his rounds and came to stand beside her.

"I can see it, too," he said. He took a long pull on his pipe. "There's something about those eyes that remind me of someone, but I can't think whom."

Going up the stairs, Adele heard her husband chuckle.

"Just thinking of Toby at dinner," he explained. "I wish he didn't catch me so unprepared with those salvos of his!"

"It's awfully hard to keep a straight face," Adele agreed.

"And I kept thinking that Eve probably did hand old Adam a lot of applesauce, at that!"

"You're no better than your son!"

Bruce sobered, the laughter going from his voice.

"What about my son?" he asked. "Are you going ahead with all those plans of yours?"

"I think it's a mother's duty," Adele said, defensively, "to mold her children's characters!"

"I hope you're right," his voice was doubtful, "but I'm afraid that one came already molded."

Adele suppressed her desire to retort. It would be hard for Bruce to understand, loving his dead sister as he had. Toby was such a wonderful child, really. If she could only straighten out those little faults, he would be perfect. And eventually he would thank her for it.

The boys were in the kitchen early the next morning, looking at their charge. Shabby and unkempt, the Redhead still kept his lonely vigil on the floor of the cage. David and Toby gave him more celery leaves and bread crumbs, then put fresh water in the little container. The tiny bird made no effort to resist them, moving only to keep out of their way. They tried watching him closely; they tried leaving him alone. Neither strategy had any effect. Adele could find no sign of injury on him, yet he stubbornly refused either to eat or drink. It was obvious that the Redhead was a rebel; bereft of freedom, he had no desire to live.

His long fast began to tell on him as the day wore on. The small eyes closed briefly from time to time; the little body sagged with weariness; the wings drooped. Adele watched him with worried eyes. Lunch came and went with no sign of surrender, and she was forced to a decision.

"We must turn the Redhead loose," she told her sons. "If we try to keep him, he will starve himself to death."

"No!" David cried, his eyes wide. "I want him! I want to keep him for a pet!"

"It can't be done, darling," his mother told him.

"But I'll be good to him, Mommy! I'll take care of him and tend to him! He won't be any trouble to you at all!"

"I know you would be good to him, dear," Adele stroked her son's hair. "But the Redhead will die if he is kept in a cage."

"He'll get used to it, Mommy! He'll learn to like it!"

"He'll die before he does, David. Oh, darling!" she said, searching for the right words as she took the boy's pleading face in her hands, "how can I make you understand? There are birds that are born for cages, David, and birds that are not. Birds like parrots, budgies, canaries—they are happy in a cage because that is their nature. But not the Redhead. He was born to be free."

She turned to the cage, reached into it and took the small, rebellious body in her hand. Then she started toward the door, both boys close behind her.

"But Thomas will get him if we let him go!" David shrieked, jumping up and down in anguish. "He'll be safe in the cage!"

"It wouldn't do him any good to be safe," Adele said. "He would die, anyhow. We'll keep Thomas in the house for a week or two, and maybe the Redhead will forget him. But we *must* let him go. It's the only way that he will have a chance."

Out in the yard, she opened her hand. The bird lay quietly for a moment, unbelieving. Then he struggled to his feet, gave a small chirp of gladness and flew unsteadily to the rim of the birdbath. He took a long drink and began to preen his feathers, cocking one eye to note the bright sunshine. David started toward him, but Toby caught his brother's sleeve.

"Let him go, David," he said gently. "How would you like it if you had wings and they wouldn't let you fly?"

Adele smiled at his understanding. She had forgotten he was there.

"I'd die, too, if I were kept in a cage," he added, so softly that his mother barely heard him. Adele turned quickly, as much from the emotion in his voice as from the words he had said.

And there, looking out at her from her son's small face, were the eyes of the linnet.

Understanding hit her like a physical thing, and she was weak, her knees trembling as if she had awakened suddenly from a deep sleep to find that she stood on the edge of a cliff. *How could I?* she asked herself. *I saw it in the bird; why couldn't I see it in my child? I love him more than life itself, yet I would have—*

Without warning, the linnet left his perch. He dipped and twirled briefly in the sun, then lit on Adele's shoulder. The three stood in shocked suspense as the bird once again preened himself. Only when he rose up and into the sky was the spell broken. Toby turned to his mother, his eyes glowing, his lips—the full, soft lips of the very young and the very vulnerable—parted in sweet surprise. David, still crying, ran into the house.

"Mommy!" Toby whispered, full of wonder. "He said 'Thank you!'"

"Yes, darling," she agreed and drew him to her, this child who was not born for cages, who might or might not have wings. She closed her eyes on the crowding tears, her shoulders cringing in pain at the thought of the path she had so nearly chosen.

I'll talk to Miss Osborne the first thing Monday, she thought. *I'm sure she'll understand—*

And then the tears came in spite of everything she could do. She knelt on the ground with Toby tight in her arms, the beating of his heart like the fluttering of the bird she had held.

"What's the matter, Mommy?" he whispered, snuggling.

"Nothing, darling," she whispered back, controlling her voice the best she could. "I'm just saying 'Thank you!' to the Redhead!" ... THE END

Grace Kelly

(Continued from page 31)

shy and sensitive girl like this, who hated quarrels and felt at ease only with dolls, should have chosen a career in the theatre, where temperamental personalities explode regularly and exhibitionists willingly trade their private lives for publicity. Yet Grace's decision to be an actress seems almost predestined by her family background and her own needs.

The path to the theatre had been blazed by two of her father's brothers—Walter Kelly, "The Virginia Judge" of vaudeville fame, and George Kelly, an eminent American playwright, who won the Pulitzer Prize in 1925 for "Craig's Wife."

"I hope to be so accomplished a dramatic actress," Grace wrote, on applying for entry to the American Academy of Dramatic Arts, "that some day my Uncle George will write a play for me and direct it."

The careers of her uncles were signposts pointing north to Broadway, and Grace's inner needs compelled her in the same direction. She had long been aware that she was happiest pretending to be someone she wasn't, whether with her dolls or, as she did later in a small dramatic group, the Old Academy Players, with other people who could share this make-believe world. By June of 1947, when she was graduated from Philadelphia's Stevens School, Grace was convinced that only in the professional theatre could she find happiness.

Her parents never liked the idea. Her father tried to dissuade her. Jack Kelly warned his daughter that, among other things, "Once you reach the top, you become public property. There'll be no privacy. The public will make great demands on you."

She was 16 years old, but even then she knew that nothing the public could demand of her would test her as severely as the demands she was ready to make of herself. From the moment young Grace began her dramatic studies in New York, she devoted herself to her career with an astonishing singleness of purpose. She had many motives in working so hard for success—one of which was suggested by her sister.

"Deep down," explained Lizann, "Grace had to prove to Daddy that she could do it."

But many an adolescent daughter has burned with a fierce wish to earn her father's approval and has failed to do anything about it. Grace Kelly, however, had a heritage. It dated back to Grandmother Kelly, whose rugged creed was: "Have a goal and make it." Her son Jack learned the lesson well. He set out to make himself the greatest sculler in the world, and he did precisely that.

Jack Kelly passed his mother's creed on to his children, and to it his wife added her own strict code of self-discipline. This was the steel in Grace Kelly's character that sustained her during the seven years in which she sought success. Nothing—and no one—could divert her. A boy who dated her occasionally at the start of her career, said: "You know how you talk about 'losing' yourself in a part? Sometimes I had the feeling that Grace *really* got lost. She'd study harder than anyone I knew, even for a bit role, and then she'd be gone. You'd have difficulty talking to her."

Determined to pay her own way, instead of depending on her father, she started modeling and soon became known as "good old dependable Grace," because she was always punctual for appointments and looked her radiant best. If she had come to the studios, as some other models often did, yawning and puffy-eyed after a night on the town, it would have aroused no comment. As it was, however, young Grace's self-discipline and her businesslike approach to modeling made her a puzzle.

That was one side of Grace Kelly. But there was another side, startlingly different. Although in public she insisted on behaving with the utmost decorum, in private she would occasionally kick off all restraint.

At the Barbizon Hotel for Women, where Grace stayed while studying and modeling in New York, she and her friend Bettina Brown would play such records as "In a Persian Market" and go out into the corridor to perform wild dances. If they heard the elevator approaching, they had to scoot back into their room.

Here, then, was the beginning of the divided personality of Grace Kelly, making her seem to be one thing in public and another in private. She herself has divided the world into two sharply defined camps: strangers and intimate friends. To the strangers, she turns a face that is inscrutable. To her friends, and these have been few, she turns a face that is animated and revealing.

An illustration of this was given by her friend Bettina—now Mrs. Thomas C. Gray—with whom Grace had studied at the American Academy. It occurred several years ago, when Grace went to

Belmont, Massachusetts, for the christening of Bettina's daughter. The morning of the ceremony, Grace, who was to be the godmother, sat in the kitchen, dressed in jeans and a sloppy shirt, talking freely and happily.

"She was making a special clam and cream-cheese mix of hers," Bettina Gray recalled, "and she was cutting onions by hand. I had a gadget for that, but Grace often does things the hard way. Anyway, Mother and Dad were with us—she feels very close to them—and we were all gabbing away. Then Grace went upstairs to dress for church. When she came down, prepared to meet outsiders, it was just as though she'd pulled a window shade over her face. She was a totally different girl."

Grace Kelly's relationship with Bettina and her parents, Brig. Gen. and Mrs. Julian T. Brown, was a warm one. "Bettina's mother and father were as much my friends as Bettina was," the Princess explained. "I liked being with them and talking with them." The Browns liked having Grace with them; often their apartment in Peter Cooper Village was crowded with young people from the drama school.

"They were a crazy bunch," said Gen. Brown with a grin, "acting and posturing every minute—but they were fun."

In the Brown household, having fun was just as important as working toward a goal. Affection was openly and naturally expressed, and the bond between the Browns and their son and daughter was a secure one. As for discipline, it was reserved for important matters.

"You should have seen Grace and Bettina's room," Mrs. Brown commented, shaking her head. "Everything was piled every which way. Their clothes were stacked on a chair, and they never touched them unless they happened to want something that was on the bottom. But that was their affair; I simply kept the door shut."

Grace found it easy to talk to the Browns, and yet, to the best of their recollection, she never once mentioned her own family.

She did complain periodically that she was afraid she'd be "stuck in the kitchen" for the rest of her life. Because of her wholesome beauty, Grace was frequently posed to advertise kitchen products, and she despaired of ever progressing to more desirable assignments. One evening, though, the Browns gave a big party to celebrate Grace's first professional triumph: She had become a cover girl (for REDBOOK).

Part of the Grace Kelly myth is that, wherever she knocked, opportunity answered. This wasn't the case. She worked hard for what she got; she met defeat often.

"After I finished my studies," she said, "I went around looking for a job. Whenever they asked me what I'd done, I had to explain that I had just been graduated from the American Academy of Dramatic Arts, and you know, that name was so long that sometimes I didn't think I'd be able to get it out. Then the receptionist would be terribly condescending and tell me to come back when I had a little experience.

"All the kids would get together in the drugstore, and I'd be right there with them, moaning about how impossible it was to get experience if everybody kept telling you to get it first before they'd consider you for a job! Of course we all thought we were going to be sensational successes. We really believed it, too. I certainly did, and I always have—except for one point in my life."

Grace Kelly's single moment of doubt didn't occur until after her career seemed firmly in the making. She got her first part in the summer of 1949 at the Bucks County Playhouse, and the play, appropriately enough, was "The Torchbearers," written by Uncle George Kelly. Then, after a brief and unsatisfying appearance in the film "Fourteen Hours," Grace went back to New York and got a number of excellent television roles.

In 1950, Grace stepped onto the Broadway stage. She played with Raymond Massey in Strindberg's drama, "The Father," and although it closed after two months, her portrayal of the daughter resulted in a second trip to Hollywood—for "High Noon."

The experience had a bad effect on her. She was impressed with Gary Cooper's ability, and she made an inevitable comparison. "You look into his face," she later said, "and see everything he is thinking. I looked into my own face and saw nothing. I knew what I was thinking but it didn't *show*."

The seed of doubt had been sown. On her return to New York, it took root.

"I discovered that, in television, they forget quickly," she said. "I'd been doing leads before I left, and although I was in California just five months, when I got back, I could hardly get bit parts. That was when I had to face up to the possibility that I might not be a great actress. And I knew I had to come to a decision in my own mind. Would I be happy if all I could ever be was a character actress, playing subordinate roles? I thought about it a lot, and my final answer was yes. I *could* be happy if that was how it had to be."

This moment in Grace Kelly's life represents a turning point. When this 21-year-old girl decided that her happiness lay in acting, even if stardom were not for her, she had taken a step to maturity. She had learned that happiness rested in doing the thing she liked, not in proving herself superior to others.

It is ironic that, within a year after Grace Kelly had reconciled herself to living without glory, she was catapulted into the front rank of Hollywood stars. As a result of a screen test she made for Gregory Ratoff in New York, she found her services being demanded by topflight directors, including John Ford and Alfred Hitchcock. In swift succession she made six hit movies.

In addition to the six hits, she made one miss and a mistake. The miss was "Green Fire," a film that still causes her to shudder. "It was a wretched experience," she said. "Everyone knew it was an awful picture, and it dragged on in all the heat and dust because nobody had any idea of how to save it."

The mistake had been in signing a contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer in 1951. Her relations with the studio were

never happy, particularly when it came to their choice of roles for her.

"They wanted me to be Sigmund Romberg's wife," she explained. "I have nothing against Sigmund Romberg's wife, but I didn't want to be typed that way. And when William Perlberg wanted to borrow me for 'The Country Girl,' the studio's attitude seemed to be, 'We don't know what Grace Kelly's got, but if other studios want her, there must be something—so we'll use her!'"

Supposedly she prevailed on reluctant MGM executives to lend her to Paramount for "The Country Girl" by storming into the front office to issue an ultimatum: "If I can't do this picture, I'll get on the train and never come back. I'll never make another film."

In commenting on the story, the Princess said with amusement, "I'm always being given credit for being bolder than I am. I never said any such thing to anybody. I couldn't, even if I wanted to. My agent handled the whole matter. It's true that Bill Perlberg, the producer who wanted me for the part, kept telling me to say something like that. But people are always telling me what to say."

Winning the Academy Award for "The Country Girl" was obviously a major event in Grace Kelly's life. In assessing it herself, she explained that, like most people, she wants the approval of others. She will not beg for it, but she works hard to earn it. And this, as she pointed out, is what makes an actress.

"After all, you don't act to an empty room," she said.

Her father's comment was that the award would do his daughter more good "than a ton of medicine."

Shortly after she received the Academy Award, a writer asked what she had been thinking the night of the presentation when she burst into tears.

"I was just happy," she is said to have replied, "because it meant that now I, too, belonged to the family."

Princess Grace denied to me that she had ever said that—"It's so corny!" she objected—but it wouldn't have been surprising if she had. Her struggle to be someone in her own right still wasn't over.

A revealing incident is told by John McCallum, who at the time was writing the Kelly family history. On the occasion of Grace's triumphant return to the family, after a long period away making pictures, she was in the living room with a few friends and her entire family, except for her father, who had been detained on business. It was late in the afternoon, several hours after her arrival. Everyone was having cocktails, and Grace, who needs only a few sips of champagne to mellow miraculously, was feeling gay. She was doing a take-off on Bette Davis—and Grace can be a wicked mimic—when Jack Kelly walked in.

"Grace," he said, "that will be enough. You're among the family now. You don't have to put on an act."

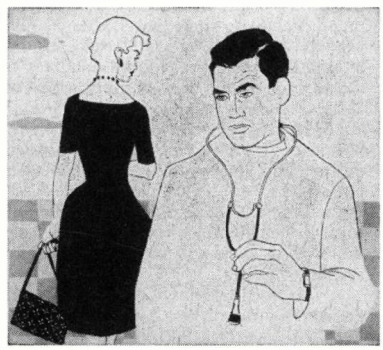
She smiled, went over and kissed him—but for the next hour she didn't say a word. Perhaps to have had her father beaming approval at a girlish skit in her own living room might have been as satisfying as accepting an Oscar while the entire nation watched her over television.

No man who failed to recognize her need for approval could ever have come close to Grace Kelly. And since far more than that alone was required, not many men did. There was, in fact, only one who seemed to "come close"—Oleg Cassini.

Cassini, the noted dress designer and former husband of actress Gene Tierney, was forthright in his pursuit and hoped to marry Grace Kelly. The two saw a good deal of each other through 1954 and into 1955.

Grace's parents, however, were unalterably opposed to Cassini because he had been divorced. They put great pressure on their daughter to give him up, enlisting the aid of those to whose words she would listen to convince her that such a marriage would be a terrible mistake.

At the same time, Grace's younger



Beyond The Doctor's Door

BY HAL AND BARBARA BORLAND

It was a decision of conscience: he had only a fifty-fifty chance of saving a life—also his career!
See page 109

sister, as stubborn as anyone else in that iron-willed family, was in love with a boy who was Jewish, Donald Caldwell LeVine. Lizann was fighting for the right to marry him, so that the elder Kellys were under fire on two fronts.

Cassini once took young LeVine aside. "Don," he said, "you're slipping in because all the attention is on me!"

Lizann and Don were married on June 25, 1955. By then, Grace had broken off with Cassini.

This was in the summer of 1955, and Grace was almost 26 years old. To many, it seemed strange that a girl of her age and beauty should have had so few genuine relationships with men. They had a simple explanation; Grace Kelly was an iceberg.

The truth, of course, was far more complex. To begin with, she was hard to approach, let alone to know. Preoccupied with her profession, and the need to earn her family's approval as well as her own, she was too busy to play at romance.

For those with persistence, there were other problems. A television director commented: "You'd say something and unintentionally hurt her feelings, but she'd never admit it and give you a chance to apologize. She'd just avoid you after that."

What did Grace Kelly require of a man? Like other daughters who respect their fathers, she sought similar traits—love of family, honesty, courage, loyalty and religious faith. But there was also a strong identification with her Uncle George, and so she sought other things as well—a sensitivity to feminine ways, an appreciation of artistic values and a sophisticated maturity. Above all, she wanted a man who needed her as much as she needed him.

Millions of American girls have dreamed of being Grace Kelly—that is, of being an enchanted creature, living an enchanted life in a kingdom where the word "unhappiness" doesn't exist. But her needs were much the same as theirs. And she had less chance of finding what she was after. For she was living in the world of the celebrity, where there is too much money and too great a need for more, where there is too much adulation and too little self-respect—where, in short, abnormal pressures create abnormal people.

By the end of 1955, Grace Kelly knew this. And that knowledge is part of the explanation of her marriage.

She told me just how it happened, that Christmas weekend of 1955.

"At one point," she began, "I almost didn't go home for Christmas, even though the Prince was to visit us. I made up my mind I wouldn't go. And then—I can't remember how it happened—I just went and bought a plane ticket anyway."

For a while, though, it seemed unlikely that she would get to Philadelphia for the holiday on Sunday. Final shooting on "The Swan" dragged out until Thursday night. As a result, Grace had to fly to New York on Friday and rush to complete all her shopping on Saturday.

"Christmas morning," the Princess recalled, "I was sorry I'd gone home. I wished I'd remained in California."

"Could it have been," I asked, "because you were afraid the meeting was a little awkwardly arranged, that it might be a strain—and embarrassing for both you and the Prince?"

She thought about that for a while and then nodded. "Yes," she said, "I think that might have been it."

"And how was it after you met?"

She smiled and the words came more easily. "Everything was perfect," she replied. "When I was with him, I was happy wherever we were, and I was happy with whatever we were doing. It was a kind of happiness—well, it wouldn't have mattered where we were or what we were doing, but I'd have been happy being there and doing it. Oh, I'm sorry, I just can't explain it!"

I explained that her sisters and her closest friends had conceded that they were surprised by the suddenness of the engagement. A few friends hadn't actually believed it until she herself confirmed it, and they still couldn't understand why the decision had been made so swiftly.

"Timing had a lot to do with it," she

began. "If I'd met the Prince two or three years earlier, perhaps I might not have married him—at least, not so soon. But we came together at the right time and . . ."

She remained silent for so long that it seemed as though she had decided not to say any more. When she did speak, however, the words came out in a rush.

"It couldn't have been any different," she said quickly. "It had to be that way. It seemed right, and it felt right, and that was the way I wanted it. I knew that I was going to do it, and even if there was a chance that I was making a mistake, I would find out later. Right then and there, nothing mattered to me except our staying together."

When Grace Kelly decided to marry Prince Rainier III, she put much of the past behind her. There was the "different" child of the family, who, even with an Academy Award to her credit, had again become the different one—because her brother and both sisters were married and had children, and she did not.

There was the curious sense of confusion, a wondering about her capacity to love, that had hung over her ever since she had agreed the year before not to marry a divorced man. And there was the urgent hunger to belong to somebody, to matter to him and to be needed.

No analysis of motives can alter the essential fact that this is a love story, and love cannot be "explained" any more than a kiss can. For these two people, 26-year-old Grace Kelly and 33-year-old Prince Rainier, it was the rediscovery of an ancient truth—that love often comes simply, suddenly and incomprehensibly, and that, when it comes, it's as though every minute of the past were intended to lead up to this moment in the present, in which they experience the miracle. In finding each other, they have found themselves.

These same facts suggest an additional, less romantic interpretation. If an Academy Award and all the adulation she received had failed to make Grace Kelly feel sure of her place in her own family and in the world, wouldn't marriage to a sovereign prince make her feel sure once and for all? As Princess Grace, she would not have to prove herself over and over again—as an actress or as a woman.

But even to a person who cannot accept the idea of events' being "fated," as Grace Kelly firmly does, there exist some intriguing facts relating to her marriage.

One such is the prediction of Mrs. Russell Austin of Margate, N. J., Grace's "Aunt" Edie. Mrs. Austin and her husband, before going to Europe in the summer of 1955, had been told by Grace of a two-hour encounter with the Prince in Monaco, which had been arranged a few months earlier for publicity purposes. Grace explained that she had found him "charming" and "shy," but she said little more.

When the Austins got to Monaco, they called the Palace and found themselves invited the following afternoon to meet the Prince, who kept the conversation centered on Grace Kelly. The Austins invited the Prince to spend Christmas with them, since he planned to visit the United States in December, and this in turn led to the important second meeting of the Prince and his future Princess.

An odd detail was added to this account by Mrs. Charles A. Waters, one of Grace Kelly's earliest friends, and the niece of Mrs. Austin.

"Aunt Edie has a reputation as a matchmaker," Alice Waters told me, "and she really has a marvelous insight into people. When she came back from Monaco, she kept raving about what a wonderful person the Prince was. She also told us she thought the Prince and Grace were suited to one another. And I have a roll of tape on which we've got Aunt Edie giving her impressions of Monaco, and she said right then and there, 'If the Prince and Grace meet again, they're going to get married!' "

When Grace Kelly's engagement was announced, the general reaction was one of disbelief. This was followed by skepticism that the wedding would ever take place—why, after all, should Grace "give up everything" to marry the prince of a domain of 22,000 people?

People made such judgments about Grace Kelly and Prince Rainier for a simple reason. They did not understand her, and they didn't know him at all. They could see only what Grace Kelly was giving up. They could not see what she was getting.

Prince Rainier III is little known in the United States. Americans have had to form their opinions based chiefly on press reports of the mishandled wedding in Monaco and on impressions they get from photographs. Both sources, unfortunately, are not flattering.

The Prince's appearance, particularly in pictures, is misleading. Only in words and action does the man reveal himself. Five feet nine inches tall and weighing 171 pounds, he has always kept himself in top physical condition. He is an expert skin diver, an authority on marine life and a skillful seaman. He loves cars.

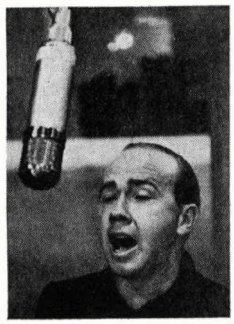
In the Prince's treatment of animals the paradoxical part of his nature emerges. He enjoys a sense of danger in working with wild animals, and he triumphs over them by asserting his authority—yet he does so, not with whips or guns, but with kindness, patience, persuasion—and common sense. He has worked with many dangerous animals, but never with bears.

"They're too treacherous," he told me, speaking in perfect, unaccented English. "I've talked to animal trainers and men who work in the circus, and they tell me you can never know when they're ready to turn on you. With cats, now, you can see it on their faces and in the way they walk. On that day, you just keep out of the cage. But with bears, you can't tell in advance—and once they've decided to get you, they never change their minds."

The Prince has always trusted animals more readily than human beings. He has ample basis for being suspicious of people. His parents were divorced while he was still very young and, in 1944, his mother, Princess Charlotte, abdicated the throne and turned over all responsibilities to her 21-year-old son.

"I didn't have a very normal youth," he remarked quietly. "As the Prince of Monaco, I quickly learned that many of those around me were trying to use me for their own purposes. I trusted nobody."

"I knew from the start that I could



DON CHERRY

SENSATIONAL NEW SINGER

BY CARLTON BROWN

The history of popular music is studded with such overnight sensations as—you'll pardon the expression—Elvis Presley. But it's rarely that a truly superb singer rises rapidly from obscurity to best-sellerdom, as Don Cherry did recently with "Band of Gold" and "Wild Cherry." Now Columbia has issued his first LP album, "Swingin' for Two," a twelve-tune set which young adults will find a particularly attractive production, since it's designed throughout for dancing as well as easy listening. The accompaniment is by Ray Conniff and his Orchestra and alternates between small groups of musicians and vocalists; the full band, and the band augmented by a big string section.

The tunes are all fairly old favorites that have not been sung to death, such as "For You," "Love Is Just Around the Corner," "I Didn't Know About You," "So Rare" and "I'm Yours." Cherry's renditions of them are hearty, assured and entirely pleasant. His perfect control of a rich, robust voice and his easy, unaffected delivery make him comparable to such old masters as Perry Como and Frank Sinatra right now—not just to Perry and Frankie when they first made the hit parade, as Don has so recently done. Not in the least imitative, he projects his own vigorous, healthily romantic personality by way of a style that is strongly rhythmic and highly melodic.

Still in his early thirties, Don Cherry got his start as a singer when he performed in Army shows toward the end of his three years in service. Encouraged by the enthusiasm of his fellow GI's, he went on to study music at Mid-Western University at Wichita Falls, Texas. He also became an ardent golfer, and whenever a band turned up to play at the country club, Don sang with it. Jan Garber heard him one night and signed him on as a singer with his band. Cherry left to star in his own radio show on a Dallas station and in night-club engagements. Columbia took it from there. His first LP marks the debut of the best new male vocalist of this and a good many other years.

trust the Princess," he continued. "It was one of the reasons why I felt so surely that she was the person for me. With her I felt complete. I could relax and be myself."

It is strange, and yet reassuring, that two individuals, both insecure, both struggling with a deep sense of isolation, can meet and discover that each is the answer to the other's need. If anywhere there is a single explanation of how it was that these two, the American actress and the sovereign ruler of Monaco, could decide to marry with a swiftness that baffled the world, it lies here—in their instant awareness that together they were self-sufficient.

This self-sufficiency can be dismaying to outsiders because it verges on the antisocial. Aboard the *United States*, while returning here for a visit last September, the Prince and Princess sat at a dining-room table for four, but most of the time they spoke to one another exclusively. At social affairs, attempts to separate them have succeeded only briefly. In a little while, the two are found together—and alone.

"They just don't seem to need other people," a friend remarked.

Like any husband and wife in the first year of marriage, they are constantly learning more about each other. When Princess Grace went home to Philadelphia, she started throwing away some of the old playbills, school souvenirs and other odds and ends that she had been storing for years. Since she had previously refused to discard anything, her actions astonished her mother. Grace explained that she had finally found someone who saved more things than she did, and there simply wasn't enough room in Monaco for all her junk as well as the Prince's!

When they discuss the future, naturally the anticipated child is uppermost in their minds. One of the main reasons why the Prince and Princess have a home of their own, apart from the palace, is so that the baby can be brought up there. "If we had him in the palace all the time," said Princess Grace, "he'd be spoiled in no time. It would be like having him in the middle of a hundred grandparents!"

In considering how she expects to act as a mother, based on her own childhood experiences, the Princess spoke cautiously. "I think you have to give a child love and understanding," she said, "and, above all, treat him as an individual. Even if there were things that your parents didn't do for you, that doesn't mean you ought to do that particular thing for your child. He might not require it."

"Everything comes from love," the Prince said, "including discipline—and the only genuine kind is self-discipline. With a child, the important thing, I think, is to watch over him and see that he doesn't hurt himself, but otherwise not to interfere. A child needs room to develop. He must learn by experience. Let him know that you love him and that you want him, so that he feels that he belongs to the family. Then he'll have the courage to strike out on his own and try new things. In trying, and perhaps failing, he'll learn why we need discipline, and what it means, and then, with your help, he'll be ready to discipline himself."

Both the Prince and Princess, aware that their marriage has changed them, and that parenthood will change them still further, face the future with a confidence and peace of mind they never before possessed. And for the Princess, the challenges that lie ahead are exciting.

"Until now," she told me, "I have been the only focus of my whole life. When you have to be concerned with acting and doing a good job, you have to think about yourself—your sleep, your health and things like that. And everybody around you is concentrating on you in the same way.

"Now, though, I've got a husband to think of," the Princess concluded, "and I'll have a baby. I'm going to be a different person. I don't know how I'll change, but I certainly expect to." . . . THE END

The Problem Nobody Wants to Face

(Continued from page 35)

cal funeral for an adult cost about $600 today, not counting the vault, the cemetery lot, the opening and closing of the grave, the grave marker and various other "extras"?

Part of the answer lies in the fact that the average funeral director handles only about 60 funerals a year. The effects of this small volume on funeral costs can be quickly summarized. The average small funeral home has expenses of about $24,000 a year, including the salary of the director and his assistants, the maintenance of the home and its vehicles, utilities, depreciation, insurance, supplies, advertising and so on. This $24,000 "overhead," if split up evenly among 60 funerals, amounts to $400 per funeral. The average casket costs the funeral home about $125. Thus the price for a typical funeral is determined more or less like this:

Services and overhead	$400
Casket	125
Profit	75
	$600

No funeral director, of course, would actually submit a bill in that form. Instead, all the costs are included in the price tag on the casket. The Comptons' experience shows one way in which this is done.

The day after Jennie's mother died, Jennie and Jack were driven in the funeral director's limousine to the showroom of a casket company, where they were shown caskets ranging in price from $395 to $1,500.

"We were pleased to see the prices marked in big, bold figures," Jack told us later. "The day after a death in the family, you're in no mood to shop around or haggle. Everything about the showroom persuaded us that this was a reputable business establishment where we could buy with confidence.

"The showroom salesman was most sympathetic. He assured us we'd be well

satisfied with an average casket. He did remind us, however, that many relatives and friends would be on hand, and that the casket would be the center of attention throughout the ceremony.

"I thought at once of Aunt Emma, who would be loudly critical if we bought less than the best.

"I certainly didn't want Jennie to think that I begrudged her mother a decent burial. Then the salesman informed us that the prices weren't just for caskets alone, but included basic funeral charges as well. We'd only have to add about $200 to the casket price, he explained, to pay for the entire funeral. And he guided us down the line to one of the cheaper models, costing only $500. There were many at higher prices, and a few cheaper ones.

"We appreciated his thoughtfulness and signed the order form. The one we chose looked quite modest compared with the big metal caskets at the upper end of the price range. It wasn't until we saw it by itself, at the funeral, that we realized how pretentious it was."

You can see how subtly the selection process was arranged. The whole showroom, with its emphasis on the most expensive models and its skillful salesman, so careful not to use any pressure, was designed to have a specific effect on grief-stricken patrons. In the Comptons' case it certainly worked; Jack and Jennie came away feeling that their $500 casket was really an inexpensive choice.

The $500 price so boldly marked on the price tag, moreover, was not a uniform price at all. Instead, the salesman could vary it depending on which funeral home had sent the buyers. If the Comptons had come from a low-priced funeral home, the salesman might have assured them that the $500 price covered the entire cost of the funeral. Instead, most likely, on instructions from the funeral home they had selected, he added $200 for other services. And for patrons of even more expensive homes, he might add still larger amounts.

In one casket salesroom described in a recent Federal Trade Commission proceeding, price juggling goes even further. There the funeral director telephones the casket showroom before each patron arrives and tells the salesman how much to add to the supposedly fixed prices on the tags. The marked prices in many showrooms are three and one-half to four times the price that the casket company actually charges the funeral director; thus the funeral director pays only $125 or $150 for a casket marked $500.

Hiding the cost of the funeral under the price of the casket does have one justification. It shifts a higher proportion of the overhead to families who select expensive caskets and who are, therefore, presumably better able to pay. But it has also led to an amazing competition in the design and construction of caskets.

The simple pine-board coffin of an earlier generation has given way to superbly fitted, handmade hardwood caskets and to even more expensive models of bronze and other metals. Coffin interiors were once bare, then cloth-lined, then softly upholstered. Next a dispute arose over the proper stuffing for the upholstery. Wood shavings and reprocessed cotton went out of style, and many caskets today are upholstered with virgin wool or even with inner-spring construction.

Caskets were originally intended to shelter the body; now expensive vaults are sold to protect the casket, even though many caskets are advertised and guaranteed as waterproof or even airtight.

Those who value such features in a casket are free to select them. But they should know that in most funeral homes the casket selection determines the cost of the entire funeral, and that a casket that contains $50 in refinements adds $175 or more to the ultimate funeral bill.

The wise selection of a cemetery is also important. Here, too, the buyer is faced with expert salesmanship. Indeed, cemetery lots are often peddled from door to door with amazing success. One sales organization moved into a Midwestern town and bought a run-down cemetery for $50,000. The promoters spruced it up, publicized it, then sent out a door-to-door sales crew offering a complete package—funeral, cemetery lot and grave marker—for a few dollars down and a few dollars a month. In the first year alone, sales based on the $50,000 cemetery totaled $250,000. Examine with extreme care any salesman's proposal that your family pay now for funeral services and burials that may not be needed for years.

Another major decision is the selection of a grave marker or monument. Here the recent trend has been toward the use of simple rectangular markers, flush with the grass or raised only a few inches above it, in place of the ornate monuments and headstones of earlier generations. Here, too, it is wise to proceed with caution; this is the death expense that does not have to be decided on immediately.

Who is responsible for the current inflation of funeral costs? The funeral director is often blamed, but it isn't as simple as that.

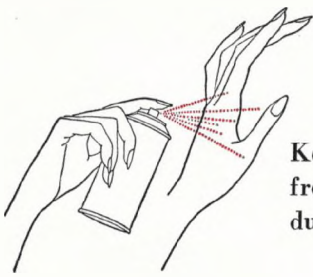
The typical funeral director is a public-spirited citizen, active in his church and community. He has been in business a long time—35 years, on the average—and the business is often handed down from father to son. The Association of Better Business Bureaus reports that there are very few complaints involving funeral directors. There has been a notable increase recently in the educational standards and licensing requirements for funeral directors in most states.

But the funeral director is subject to pressures, like everyone else. He knows that every funeral he arranges is a sort of exhibition which those who attend will judge with little regard for the bill. He doesn't dare fall behind his competitors in quality of service, and he must consider the tastes of well-to-do families who want all the trimmings.

He enlarges his funeral home, or builds a new one and furnishes it more luxuriously. He buys longer and shinier hearses, flower cars and limousines. He employs a staff large enough to give full service 24 hours a day, seven days a week. If a competitor installs a costly electric organ, he follows suit. If a competitor supplies mourners with two chauffeur-driven limousines, he sighs and raises the ante to three. Thus his overhead gets pushed up year by year.

REDBOOK RECOMMENDS

for Young Adults at home



Keep your hands from chapping during wintry weather

Your skin is a many-layered thing. It contains microscopic oil gushers and salt-water wells, nerve outposts and chemical factories, sheet upon sheet of ever-changing cells, all of which work together intricately to sustain a beautiful skin. Some skin troubles begin in deep-down layers and work up. Others start at the top, where they show, and work down until it hurts. Problems of dry, rough, chapped and fissured skin, especially on the hands, are distressingly common in wintry weather. Most of these begin as "top-layer" afflictions. Newer scientific knowledge can help you to protect yourself against common kinds of unsightly and uncomfortable dry-skin conditions and to use hand creams and lotions to best advantage in prevention and treatment.

The topmost layer of your skin is composed of billions of cells arranged in a dozen sheet-like rows. The top sheets are dead cells which flake off and are shed as younger cells push upward from below. It takes about 30 days to grow a completely new "topskin." Dermatologists call this the "stratum corneum," meaning horny layer, and it is actually made of the same stuff as horns, nails and hair, called keratin.

Keratin is kept soft and flexible by moisture absorbed from its environment.

For example, skin normally stays soft and flexible if relative humidity of surrounding atmosphere is 60 per cent or more, but ideal humidity is uncommon in winter.

Dry skin conditions tend to heal themselves if the skin is protected, lost moisture replaced and fatty balances restored. This can't be achieved by applying water, or lots of oils, alone. Keratin can soak up too much water and actually swell and disrupt its protective layers. Nor will oils alone soften dry, brittle skin.

How, then, can one speed the healing of miserably dry or chapped skin? Effective hand creams and lotions are important aids to healing (and prevention), not because they contain any single new "miracle" drug but because of the right *combination* of ingredients.

Glycerin and rose water is a good old chapped skin lotion that grandmother swore by. Some years ago an Italian dermatologist, Dr. Roberto Campana, worked out the formula for a lotion which was exceptionally kind to chapped hands. The preparation didn't do too well in Italy—not enough dry, chapped skins to create much demand. In 1920 Dr. Campana took his lotion to Canada, where there was an abundance of dry, rough, chapped skins that welcomed its comfort. The main ingredients of the lotion were old reliable glycerin and tragacanth, a gelatinous vegetable substance.

A year-long study of seven representative lotions for dry, chapped hands was recently completed by physicians of Brusch Medical Center in Cambridge, Mass. In all, 219 patients with painfully dry or chapped hands—178 women and 41 men—used different lotion formulas, rotated every three weeks. Dr. Campana's Italian Balm formula of glycerin-tragacanth cleared up superficial blemishes of dry or chapped skin in nine out of ten patients. The Brusch investigators conclude that glycerin is an effective moistening agent while tragacanth forms a "breathing barrier" that prevents moisture from leaking out of keratin layers.

Dry skin can be miserable without advancing to the chapping stage. To benefit dry skins, as well as uncomfortably dry nasal and breathing passageways in winter, keep indoor humidity of heated homes as high as possible; let kitchen and bathroom steam seep into other rooms; keep lots of house plants well watered (they "exhale" moisture); open windows to let moisture inside on warmish damp days; get moisture into the air by any means to keep keratin soft.

Illustration by Florence Keveson

"Our patrons are more to blame than we are," one funeral director told us. "Many of them demand costlier and showier funerals for the same reason they buy costlier and showier automobiles—to impress their relatives and friends. We offer low-cost funerals, but there aren't many takers."

Psychiatrists point out another reason for the trend toward funeral extravagance. Even persons who have treated parents and grandparents well in life are frequently bothered by "guilt feelings" when death hits a family. Young people may forget how much they have done for the one who has died and remember only how much more they could have done. Consciously or not, the survivors may grasp at the funeral as their last opportunity to "do something" for the dead person.

Are there better ways to arrange funerals and burials than the procedures to which we have become accustomed? Here, briefly, are some alternatives worth considering.

THE MEMORIAL SERVICE. One possibility is to wait until after the body has been buried and then hold a "memorial service" in a private home or in church, designed to concentrate on religious and spiritual values rather than on the physical presence of casket and body. The memorial service can be preceded by a simple private funeral for the family only, or by a simple ceremony at the cemetery, or by burial without public or family participation. It is thus ideal for those families who consider the standard funeral objectionable. All the showiness of the standard funeral, and some of the cost, are avoided.

CREMATION. Another alternative is cremation, the reduction of the body to ashes in a specially designed and licensed crematorium. About 60,000 bodies were cremated last year, or one for every 25 deaths. The Catholic Church under ordinary circumstances forbids cremation, and a few Protestant denominations discourage it; the custom appears to be growing very slowly.

Cremation can be preceded by a standard funeral with all the usual features including viewing of the body, or it can be followed by a memorial service, or there can be a simple service at the crematorium. Cremation arrangements are ordinarily made through a licensed funeral director.

Cremation can be less costly than the standard funeral—but it can cost even more. Some funeral directors, for example, sell beautifully handmade hardwood caskets, assembled with wooden pegs instead of screws and nails, which are then reduced to ashes with the bodies. A handwrought bronze or silver urn for storing the ashes can cost more than a cemetery plot. And burial of the ashes in a cemetery or in a special mausoleum vault can also add to the cost. On the other hand, the ashes may be reverently scattered or deposited in some favorite spot—except in a few states where this practice is prohibited.

SERVICE TO THE LIVING. Just as some people remember churches or favorite charities in their wills, so some families insist on economical funerals for their loved ones and donate the savings to good

works. Both the American Cancer Society, 47 Beaver Street, New York City, and the American Heart Association, 44 East 23rd Street, New York City, maintain special funds for gifts in memory of those who have died from these diseases.

The Eye Bank for Sight Restoration, 210 East 64th Street, New York City, offers another opportunity for service following death. One form of blindness is due to the clouding over or tearing of the cornea, which is the "window of the eye"—a thin, transparent membrane covering the surface of the eyeball. The Eye Bank accepts gifts of corneas and arranges to have them sent to eye surgeons who will use them to restore the sight of someone else. Arrangements must be made before death, for the corneas must be used immediately. Details and donation forms are available from the Eye Bank.

An autopsy is still another way in which the dead can serve the living. By comparing the medical findings during life with the facts seen at autopsy, doctors pick up some of their most useful clues to the prevention of future deaths and illnesses. When a person dies in a hospital, the survivors will almost certainly be asked for permission to perform an autopsy.

The death of Albert Einstein publicized another possibility. Professor Einstein dedicated his brain to medical research after death.

Whatever funeral and burial arrangements a family may prefer, the time to begin thinking about them is *before* the shock of death brings emotional complications. The steps outlined in this article should help young families avoid many pitfalls. But we Americans also need a re-examination of our whole attitude toward funerals and burials. Today's standard funeral is a relatively recent innovation, and it continues to change from year to year. The direction of change should be guided by serious thought and competent study.

Fortunately, the National Council of Churches of Christ is conducting just such a study. As a first step, ministers and theologians of many denominations are meeting with psychiatrists selected for their insight into the psychology of grief and mourning. Out of these meetings, it is expected, will come suggestions for improving funeral ceremonies from both the religious and psychological points of view.

The end result may be a program designed to check the present trend toward extravagance and to put the whole question of funerals and burials on a more modest, more dignified basis. . . . THE END

The Woman Who Fought Back

(Continued from page 48)

Although Ruth Hoffman never quite admitted it to herself, she became a spy. For nearly five years, she lived almost completely within herself; her only companions were loneliness, terror and the almost fierce pride she grew to have in what she was doing.

She was 25 when she took the irretrievable step, a slight woman, not pretty, but with a touch of sweetness to her face. Her face was thin, and her dark, straight hair did nothing to soften its angles—although, knowing her story, you knew she could have been more attractive if she had tried. You knew that for years, since the Russians came to Berlin, she had consciously tried to make herself unattractive. And knowing about her sister, Ursula, you knew why.

But if the real beginnings are obscure, there was still that day in October, 1950, when her boss, Herr Buch, walked into the office she shared with Gerda Gross, another young secretary, and handed her a thick sheaf of papers. "Let everything else go until you finish this," he told her. She worked at the East German Ministry of Trade and Economics, in East Berlin, where all the work was secret, but something in Herr Buch's manner told her that this was different from the other things she had typed.

The report contained the economic plan for East German industry for the coming year, and on its first page were the words TOP SECRET. In any decent country, she thought, this plan would be published in the newspapers. She recalled reading in a West Berlin paper a comparison of industrial production in West and East Germany, and she knew why the Communist regime would never release true figures on its industrial output. It would be an admission of failure.

As she typed, the feeling of bitterness grew. She had not wanted this job. The Labor Office had forced her to take it, and although she had been here only five weeks, it seemed like years. It had taken weeks for her, by cautious hinting, to let Gerda and some of the other secretaries know she was not a Communist, that she could be trusted. Everyone at the Ministry was suspicious of a newcomer. And now, knowing as she did that most of the other Ministry employees hated the regime, her own unhappiness at having to work for it increased. It would serve them right, she thought petulantly, if I took their top secret report straight to West Berlin!

She tried to concentrate on her typing, but the idea had fired her imagination. *I could take a set of the carbons,* she thought. It was a rule at the Ministry that a carbon could be used only once.

Even thinking about it frightened her. She knew the penalty if she tried and failed: 20 years in prison, or even death. She forced herself to finish typing the report, and when she had given it to Herr Buch, she came back to her desk to put the carbons into the box from which they were collected each night to be destroyed. Something kept her from doing it. She laid them aside on the desk.

She had no idea who in West Berlin would want the report, but she knew it would be valuable to some organization there. Perhaps if she went to RIAS—Radio in the American Sector—they would

help her. As she realized she was actually making plans, her hands grew cold with fear. The idea was insane. Yet she did not put the carbons in the box.

Just before closing time, in a moment of determination, Ruth stuffed one carbon of each page of the report into her large handbag. The rest she put into the box, hoping they would not be counted. When she had rearranged the contents of her handbag, she took the remains of her lunch, a half-eaten cheese sandwich, wrapped it carelessly and placed it on top. If the guards at the door looked into her bag, she hoped it would discourage them from searching further.

At the exit, she joined the line which passed before the security guards before leaving the building. They searched a few people every evening. Standing in line, Ruth was sure that tonight it would be her turn. She visualized the tall, red-faced guard holding out his hand for her handbag, lifting out the sandwich and reaching in again for the carbons. But then, suddenly, she was past the guard and outside.

At home, in the small apartment she and her mother shared with an elderly German woman, she hid the carbons in a book. That night, lying in bed, she tried to think calmly about taking them to West Berlin. She knew what would happen to her if she were caught, but what of the others—her mother, her Uncle Walter, Aunt Gretchen and the children?

Her sister, Ursula, had left Berlin after the war to join her husband, a chemist, in West Germany. Her father had died just a year before. But there were still her mother and Walter's family to think of. Walter was her mother's youngest brother, and Ruth had grown quite close to him while working as his secretary before she had had to take the Ministry job. He was a lawyer, and since the war he had specialized in defending Germans accused of political crimes, trying to preserve some shred of justice in the Communist legal system.

As she thought of how hard her uncle worked at the almost hopeless task of defending political prisoners, Ruth told herself sharply that she would take the carbons to West Berlin. Later, after drifting off to sleep, she woke with a start. *I can't do it,* she thought.

In the morning she was still undecided. At the entrance of the Ministry, she met Gerda. As they stepped on the elevator, both noticed a newspaper stuck on the back wall of the car. They turned together to read it—the front page of an anti-Communist Western paper with a story lampooning the East Zone regime.

"Who could have put it there?" Gerda asked, unable to conceal a grin.

"And how?" Ruth asked. "How, without being seen?"

By lunchtime the newspaper had disappeared, but the story was on everyone's lips. Ruth had made up her mind. That evening after work she took the carbons to RIAS.

She left the *S-bahn* at the station nearest the American radio station and walked, putting on a pair of sunglasses as she approached the building. It was her only precaution. In the office to which she was directed, an older woman introduced herself as Frau Koenig. Ruth didn't know how to begin. "I—I live in East Berlin," she said finally, "and I thought you could help. I want to find an organization in West Berlin with which I could work."

Frau Koenig pursed her lips. "You are looking for a job?"

Ruth laughed nervously. "No. I have some information I thought someone here could use. I don't know where to go."

Frau Koenig nodded. "Perhaps if you can tell me what sort of information it is, I can help you."

The moment had arrived. Ruth fumbled in her handbag and took out the carbons. "I don't know how important it is."

That was the beginning. Frau Koenig read the report and then excused herself. When she returned, she told Ruth that RIAS could use such information. "But you must understand the danger," she said. "You know what will happen if you are caught?"

Ruth nodded. "I know. But I want to do it. I must."

Two weeks later, Ruth made a second trip to RIAS. This time she had made extra copies of the letters and reports she thought were important, destroying the extra carbons herself. She was a different woman now, different in many ways. Her life in East Berlin, her work at the Ministry had taken on new meaning. But there were moments every day when panic struck, when a stranger glanced at her in the street, when a guard at the Ministry looked a moment too long at her. And there were other times, at night, when she awoke from a nightmare in which the secret police were questioning her mother and she was outside the room waiting.

It was three days after her second trip to RIAS that she returned from lunch to find a folded paper on the floor just inside her locked office. It had obviously been slipped under the door. The message, like her name on the outside, was typed.

You have been seen in Schoneberg. The RIAS station is near there. I would be more careful.

There was no signature, no way of knowing who had written it. For a moment she was panicky, but she caught hold of herself. That night after work she went straight to West Berlin. After calling Frau Koenig from a telephone booth, she met her at a cafe. They ordered coffee, and Ruth showed her the note.

"Do you have any idea who wrote it?" Frau Koenig asked.

"I thought—I hoped it might have come from RIAS."

Frau Koenig shook her head. "We wouldn't endanger you that way. Someone who knows you must have seen you."

Ruth began to tremble. "What shall I do?"

"Don't come to West Berlin for a while. When you are ready, telephone me from a public booth in East Berlin. I'll have a car meet you at an *S-bahn* station far from RIAS."

She waited ten days. Then she could stand it no longer. If her usefulness was

"—Then along comes this terrific wind. **Whoosh!** *They all disappear!"*

REDBOOK

over, she had to know it. She met Frau Koenig, and at that meeting said that she wanted to tell a friend in East Berlin, Annamarie Kruptner, what she was doing. "Then, if I don't come home some night, she can tell Walter," she said.

Frau Koenig agreed, and they also arranged for Ruth to tell a friend in West Berlin, Frau Winter, and always to go directly to Frau Winter's apartment before coming to RIAS.

As the months went by, Ruth carefully created the illusion at the Ministry of being a follower of the Communist Party—the SED. On Frau Koenig's advice, she joined the Communist-run trade union, the FDGB, the League of German-Soviet Friendship and the German Democratic Women's Union, a political arm of the SED. She made friends with people in the organizations, particularly those she knew to be party members.

Two or three times a month, she went to Frau Koenig. Besides copies of reports and letters, she took her own reports of things she had seen and heard. For, as she became accepted as a devoted follower of the Communists, she found it easier to get important information. Party members, often men in responsible positions at the Ministry, began to invite her to parties, and many of them talked quite freely about their work after a few drinks. Some of them turned out to be not such good party members after all.

Ruth had been working at the Ministry almost two years before she was searched by the guards at the exit. Fortunately, she had nothing in her handbag that day. Some months after that she was questioned by the head of her department, Herr Muller. She had taken an important secret report on a chemical firm to RIAS two days before. Because only a few people at the Ministry had seen it, she had warned Frau Koenig to have its form altered before it was broadcast. But there had been a slip-up somewhere, and the report was broadcast in its original form.

She had heard information that she had taken to RIAS broadcast before, and it was always a frightening experience. But that night, as she heard the report on the chemical firm come over the radio exactly as she had typed it, she was terrified. She snapped off the radio and lay back in bed. She was awake all night.

In the morning, Gerda told her that there were rumors circulating that the head of the Ministry had been arrested. The Ministry's work had been criticized some weeks before in one of the Communist newspapers. The regime needed someone to take the blame for bad economic conditions in East Germany, and the Minister, not being a member of the SED, was a convenient scapegoat. She hoped that in the confusion the RIAS broadcast had gone unnoticed.

But at ten o'clock she was summoned to the office of Herr Muller. She tried to face him boldly. The fact that he seemed worried and distracted made it a little easier. He told her about the RIAS broadcast and said that only eight people at the Ministry had seen the report. "You are one of the eight."

Ruth gasped. "You typed the report," he said.

"But what report could it have been?" she asked.

"It was a report on a chemical firm. You recall it?"

She nodded. "But, sir, I did nothing but copy it."

Herr Muller swung around in his chair. He looked tired and harassed. "I'm not accusing you, you understand. I just want you to remember that day. Did you leave the papers unattended on your desk? Did you put the carbons in the box?"

"I never leave papers on my desk," Ruth said. "And I always put the carbons in the box."

He seemed about to go on, and then he stopped. "Very well. I may want to talk to you again later. You may go."

That afternoon, Ruth learned that the Minister had, indeed, been arrested, charged with sabotaging the East German economy. The next few days were unbearable as Ruth waited to be questioned again. The Ministry was in an uproar after the arrest of the Minister, and in a few days Herr Muller was transferred to another department. When the excitement died down, Ruth took advantage of another job opening to leave the Ministry.

Her new job was as secretary to the editor of a Communist magazine, and with the change in jobs, the character of her work for RIAS changed, too. Now, instead of actual copies of secret reports and letters, she brought mostly background information to Frau Koenig. There was also another difference. Before, RIAS had paid her—not much, it was true, scarcely more than her expenses. Now they no longer paid her, and she was glad. She had not liked the idea of being paid for what she was doing.

When she had been at the magazine five months, she learned of a forthcoming Communist campaign against the youth movement of the Evangelical Church. On the basis of her information, for a week before the Communist campaign was to start, RIAS broadcast programs about the fine work the youth movement was doing. The Communist propaganda was beaten before it started.

In June, 1953, Ruth took her vacation and traveled in the Soviet Zone, talking to peope, finding out where the RIAS broadcasts could be heard and where the East German jamming was effective. She returned to East Berlin on June 16th, and that night she heard a RIAS broadcast telling of a strike of East Berlin construction workers against a wage cut. It was hard to believe, for they were striking against the government itself.

The next morning she found a crowd of several hundred workers in the street, marching and demonstrating. She heard their shouts to workers watching from the windows above to come out and join them. As the crowd swelled, she heard a cry: "We want to be free!"

Nothing like this had happened since the arrival of the Russians in 1945. After a few blocks, Ruth found herself in the midst of the crowd, swept along in the march toward Alexanderplatz. The faces of the workers reflected their own incredulity at what they were doing; they defied their Communist masters, not with violence, but with shouts and laughter. Now they turned toward Marx-Engels-platz, which the Russians had ordered

built for their mass rallies, and Ruth saw that the side streets, too, were jammed with shouting, marching workers.

As they passed East German police on the sidewalks, there were jeers and catcalls, but no violence. And then, as they reached Unter den Linden, Russian tanks appeared, and the mood of the crowd changed swiftly. The smiles and shouts were gone, and the crowd parted silently to let the tanks through. There was a sense of hesitancy, a waiting, a pause, and then the ugly sound of machine guns and the cries of the wounded.

The crowd broke in different directions, and there were people running. Through a break in the masses of people, Ruth saw her last glimpse of the defiance of the East Berlin workers—a young man throwing rocks at a giant Russian tank. She fled through the streets to West Berlin. An hour later, she was telling Frau Koenig what she had seen, and that night she listened to the RIAS reports, amazed to learn that similar demonstrations had taken place throughout East Germany.

There was something in the air after June 17th, a feeling of renewed strength, a brashness and a hope. For Ruth, it took the form of a redoubling of her efforts to talk to people, to find out what they were thinking and to sow her own feelings of resistance. In her enthusiasm she grew careless, and at lunchtime one day she spoke critically of the regime to another secretary at the magazine.

Two days later she was transferred to a book publishing firm. She was sure the other secretary had reported her; she decided to be more careful. As the months went by, the effects of the June riots wore away and the people of East Germany settled back into their unwilling acceptance of the regime.

Two years went by, and Ruth continued to make her trips to RIAS. It was 9:30 on a quiet evening in June, 1955. Ruth's friend, Annamarie Kruptner, was staying with her that night, and the two women sat reading in Ruth's room. The doorbell rang, and Ruth was handed a cable. She tore it open.

COME IMMEDIATELY. SERIOUSLY ILL. ERNST.

For a minute she couldn't move. "What is it?" Annamarie asked. Ruth handed her the cable. "But what does it mean? Who's Ernst?"

Ruth shook her head. "I don't know."

Annamarie began to cry, and Ruth heard her mother get up from her bed in the next room. She fought for control, pointing a finger at Annamarie. "Stop crying," she said coldly. "We'll tell mother I've had a message from one of the women at the office, an invitation to come over."

When she returned, she and Annamarie took their raincoats and purses and left the apartment. Her first thought was to go to her uncle. He had moved to West Berlin long before, when the East German Minister of Justice announced that all defenses of political prisoners would henceforth be conducted by "specially trained" lawyers; the primary job of these lawyers was to convince the accused of the justice of their punishment. But his wife and children still lived in East Berlin, and Ruth knew that he was visiting them.

CREDITS IN THIS ISSUE

PHOTOGRAPHS:

Page 4, Between the Lines—Ron Cannava; Pages 18-23, Tops in the Shops—Binder & Duffy; Pages 26-31, Why Grace Kelly Became a Princess—pages 26, 29, 30 & 31-Howell Conant-Topix, page 27-Daily News, page 28, left-Culver, page 28, center-Free Lance Photographers Guild.

SPECIAL CREDITS:

Pages 10-11, You and Your Health—drawing by Joel Cohen. Page 14, Do We Frighten Children?—drawing by H. Rockwell. Page 16, Rhymes from Young Mother Goose—drawings by Anna Johnson.

Now she hesitated. If the message had come from the secret police as a test of their suspicions, she ran the risk of exposing Walter.

She took Annamarie's arm and pulled her along the sidewalk with her. She forced herself to walk slowly. She told herself to relax, to think clearly. There was only one thing to do. Telephone service between East and West Berlin had been cut off almost two years before. They would have to go to West Berlin and find out about the message.

They walked to an *S-bahn* station some distance from the apartment. "We're going to West Berlin, Annamarie," she said. "You'll have to come with me, because I may not come back."

When the train came, they sat together. In five minutes they were in West Berlin. Both were near collapse. Outside the station, Ruth went into an outdoor telephone booth and dialed the familiar number. It was close to 11 o'clock, and she knew she would not be able to reach Frau Koenig, but she hoped that the night man would know about the cable. He didn't, but he cautioned her to spend the night in West Berlin and call again in the morning.

She called Frau Winter and arranged to spend the night with her. Then she told Annamarie she would have to go back alone. Annamarie began to weep uncontrollably. Ruth gripped her friend's arm tightly. "If you don't stop crying, I'll take you back, and you'll be responsible for whatever happens to me," she said sharply. As Annamarie wiped her eyes, Ruth outlined her plan. "Take my key. Don't waken Mother tonight, but in the morning tell her I've said something against the regime and had to go to West Berlin. Have her call my office and say I'm sick. Then, if I can come back, I'll still have my job."

Annamarie nodded, clutching the key. "Then go to my uncle," Ruth said. "Tell him I must see him at Frau Winter's tomorrow afternoon. He knows the address."

It was midnight when Ruth reached Frau Winter's. After a hot bath, Ruth sat in Frau Winter's robe and told her the whole story. They talked all night. In the morning Frau Koenig called. Ruth met her at a cafe. Two men from RIAS were with her. "You received the cable?" Frau Koenig asked.

Ruth nodded. "But I had no idea who sent it."

"We learned you were in danger and arranged to have it sent from East Berlin. The secret police have your name. We're glad to have you safe in West Berlin."

"Then I can't go back?" Ruth asked. "Ever?"

One of the men spoke. "I can't tell you how we know, but I can assure you you'd be arrested if you went back."

It was over, then. The pride and excitement of knowing she was doing something effective, the fear, the nightmares. It was over. Her home and her friends and her life in East Berlin—all of them were behind her.

That afternoon, when Walter came, she told him everything. She was not prepared for his reaction. "You mean that for nearly five years you have been bringing secret information to West Berlin?" he asked incredulously. She nodded.

"But I can't understand it! You come from a fine, law-abiding family. How could you become a spy?"

Ruth burst into tears. "But you have worked against them."

"I have done nothing illegal, even by their code," he said sternly. "When I could do no more, I left. But a spy! My own sister's daughter, a spy!"

In the next few weeks, Ruth managed to bring her mother to West Berlin. Frau Winter took them both in until they could find a place of their own. Ruth went through the legal procedures to be declared a political refugee, with the meager unemployment compensation to which such a refugee is entitled. Then she began to look for a place to live and a job. On her walks through West Berlin, she took Frau Winter's large German shepherd dog on a stout leash. The East German secret police have been known to kidnap people in West Berlin.

One cool summer evening, Ruth met Walter at a café. He told her he was bringing his family to West Berlin, although it would mean that all their belongings in East Berlin would be confiscated by the police. "It's the children mostly," he said gravely. "I can't leave them any longer in that suffocating atmosphere. At school they are pumped full of Marxism. At home they hear your aunt and me say things they have been taught are wrong. If they don't join Communist youth groups, they can't go on with their educations and are doomed to be common laborers. Their souls are being poisoned."

He lit his pipe. "For people like us—adults—it is different. We can separate the truth from the lies. I think, if it were not for Gretchen and the children, I would go back and try to fight them. It is only those who are in real danger—like you—who have a right to leave. The rest of us should stay and resist."

"But I thought—"

Walter interrupted her. "I know. I know what I said. But I've been thinking about it. I've always hated their notion that the end justifies the means, and I've resisted using it against them. But I think now that you were right. What you did was right—and courageous."

He turned to face her as he said it, and he put his hands on hers. "Will you forgive me?" he asked. . . . THE END

Fireball

(Continued from page 46)

was the story of a small town girl, some bright publicity man had suddenly come up with the idea of having her appear in a typical small town. Clarenceville had been chosen for the honor. In addition, a contest was to be held to discover the Clarenceville girl who most nearly resembled the lovely Belinda herself.

There was nothing in that to cause a happy young wife to get roaring mad. Still, that's what Betty Jane got.

"By the great holy spirit," she vowed to the green and leafy neighborhood that surrounded her house, "I'm going to do something about this."

She loped across the grass to the house next door.

"Libby," she yelled into the kitchen.

"Come in," Libby called back to her. "I'm up to my elbows in dinner."

Betty Jane stormed into Libby's kitchen. "Have you seen the paper?"

"No. Why?"

Betty Jane waved the paper under Libby's nose. "Look at it now."

"What ever is it?"

"Just look at that picture."

"You mean this one? Of this movie star?"

"It takes up the whole front page. Of course, it's what I mean."

Libby went back to her cooking. "Oh, honestly, Betty Jane, sometimes you act like you have a ricer for a brain. Why should this upset you? Your husband isn't interested in movie stars."

"Oh, Libby, don't be silly. Kirk has nothing to do with this. It's the idea of it. Why should the world drool over a silly girl who is nothing but a bundle of sex. . . ."

"Nothing! Nothing but a bundle of sex! Betty Jane, face facts. Sex is not nothing. It's a powerful force."

"Yes. A force for getting married and raising babies and cutting grass and having some integrity and decency and caring about things."

"Well, she probably cares about things. . . ."

"Oh, it's not *her*. Who I'm mad at is the . . . well, whoever it is that thinks that this is the kind of woman the world should make a great fuss about."

"Well . . ."

"Libby, it's as if we all, *all* of us publicly state that, if any woman could, she would look and act like a—a bundle of sex. It's as if we all agreed that, if any man could find such a woman, he would prefer her to women like us. Well, I for one, wouldn't look like a sex bomb for anything, and Kirk wouldn't have me if I did. That I know."

"The funny part of it is, Betty Jane, you have nothing to yell about. You're beautiful, and if your mirror isn't completely off, you know it. How you manage to have those little hips after giving birth to two boys, I don't know. Of course, you don't glide like Belinda, and you don't dress like she does, and you don't go around looking as if you were about to be made. . . ."

"From now on I'm going to."

"What!"

"You see! You'd hate me if I acted like that, and so would everyone else. But just let this personification of the Goddess of Love hit town and all Clarenceville will go mad and drool about her. It gives the wrong impression. It makes young girls think that all they have to do is dye their hair red and glide about in a sexy fashion and they *are* somebody. It isn't *true*!"

"I suppose not."

"It's the girls who marry and have babies and keep a house going with smiles and sweet loving ways who are the real gold of this country—not glitter bombs. Women need to know that other people realize this."

"It would be nice if a sweet, brown-haired girl would get raves and honors and all because she raised a couple of nice kids while she was pregnant with a third."

"Libby, I'm going to win that contest."

"Oh, *no!* Why?"

"If I, a nobody housewife, declare that housewives are better than red-headed fireballs, who would listen to me?"

"Oh."

"If I win the contest, I can speak my piece, and they'll listen."

"But . . ."

"Oh, I'll be transformed. I'll have a professional rinse on my hair and have it curled. It will look like spun red gold and be very seductive. I'll get Mrs. Follensbee to stay with my boys all day tomorrow while I go through the procedures. I won't tell Kirk until the very last minute. You know he'll think I'm crazy."

"You are, a little."

"Libby! You must back me up, at least. But look, I've got to run. The boys will be up in a minute and I need a shower."

When Kirk Johnson came home that evening, he found things, as usual, in very fine shape. His children were happy, his wife pretty and affectionate, dinner excellent. If his wife seemed a trifle keyed-up, he didn't notice it.

The next night he came home to a changed world. Mrs. Follensbee, the family baby-sitter and trouble-shooter, was feeding his sons.

"Where's Betty Jane?" he asked. "She isn't sick, is she?"

"No, she isn't sick," Mrs. Follensbee said, as if there were more to be said, but she wasn't going to say it.

Dick and Mike, smeared with applesauce, grinned up at him.

"Daddy?"

"Yeah, Dick."

"Mommy's all different."

"Mommy's scarey," Mike declared.

"Scarey!" Kirk went upstairs two at a time and into their bedroom. At his wife's dressing table sat a strange redhead.

He stopped as if roped. "Heh!"

The girl with the red-gold hair turned languidly. "Hello, darling."

"What!"

She ran her hands, shimmering with gold nail polish, up her bare arms and looked at him from beneath her longer-than-life eyelashes. "Did I startle you?" she murmured.

Kirk's eyes bugged out of his head. He stood like a boxer ready to do battle. "What in the name of . . . !"

"Don't be profane, darling." She ran her hands down her arms and giggled.

Kirk moved closer to her. "Betty Jane?"

"Hummm," she said. She wiggled, and from her emanated a heady fragrance.

"What," Kirk whispered, "what's happened to you?"

She stood up, as if standing up were an invitation.

She had lost weight or something. Her body was like liquid in a red dress that clung like honey and blazed like fire. Slowly she ran her hands up Kirk's arms, up his neck, along his jaw, into his crisp, dark hair.

"Hummm," she said. Her eyes were half shut; her bosom heaved. One of her long glimmering earrings fell from her ear to the floor.

"Darling," she murmured, "would you mind putting my earring back on? I can never make it stick just right."

He picked up the earring and looked at it bewildered.

"You just put that little prong thing inside my ear," she said, "and then the rest of it just hangs there."

Gently he put it in her ear. She drew her shoulders together and sighed. Kirk leaned down and kissed her right shoulder—hungrily.

Betty Jane swung around like a young tigress. Her eyes weren't half shut now, and she wasn't languid. "Kirk Johnson," she roared at him, "are you falling for this phony get-up?"

"What did you expect me to do, for Pete's sake? And what's the idea?"

"Do I look like Belinda Bodeenii?"

"What?"

"I have to win a contest. I have to be the girl in Clarenceville who looks most like her."

"Do you think you're going to parade around town half naked and acting like this?"

"I am going to appear on the stage of the State theater."

"Over my dead body!"

"Oh, for pity's sake, you sound like—like some doddering old thing out of another age."

"Betty Jane, you aren't going out of this house. You're my wife, and you're Dick's and Mike's mother. Take that wig off and take a shower and let's have dinner. I'm hungry."

Betty Jane half shut her eyes again and wiggled.

Kirk softened. "Look, as long as you have Mrs. Follensbee here, anyway, I'll take you out to dinner. We can drive out to the club and dance."

She drew in a sharp breath and stood as if transfixed. Kirk *liked* her this way! The Hollywood people were right. They had been right all along.

Her bosom heaved. Not, this time, because she deliberately heaved it, but because she was shaken by a great burst of anger.

Never before, not since the babies had been born, certainly, had Kirk suggested their going out to dinner unless it was something special—all their friends were going; it was their anniversary, something. Never before, when she had straight clean hair and honest eyelashes and wore a demure perfume and crisp nice dresses, had he ever looked at her before dinner with his eyes dilated.

"Kirk Johnson," she yelled at him, "I will never iron you another shirt, nor cook you another meal, nor bake you a pie, nor vacuum the house for you, nor . . . nor anything."

From the street came the sound of a taxi horn. She heard it, but Kirk didn't. He was as confused as any mortal man can be. Betty Jane grabbed up a flimsy stole, ran down the stairs and out of the house.

"State theater, stage entrance," she told the driver, "and please hurry."

Backstage at the State, a movie theater, it was dark and drafty. Nine girls stood huddled together in the large loft back of the curtain. A short, dark little man, wearing a tie with a mermaid painted on it, walked around the group.

"There you are," he barked at Betty Jane. "You the other girl that was picked this afternoon at the eliminations?"

"That's right," Betty Jane murmured. She moved in among the group of shivering youngsters, trying to lose herself among them. She had given her maiden name at the audition and said that she was single and nineteen. She was the only married woman in the group, she was sure, the only one over twenty. Most of the girls were closer to fifteen. The rules said that they had to be single and under twenty.

Poor kids, she thought, poor darlings, they haven't the vaguest notion what it's all about, and it's downright sinful that they should be exploited this way.

But she forgot them almost at once, forgot where she was, only dimly heard the voice of the little man giving them instructions. They were each to answer a few questions asked by the MC on stage, sing the chorus of the hit song from Belinda's new movie, dance a little, then walk off stage to make way for the next contestant. Betty Jane stood shivering alternately with apprehension and anger.

What will I do, she thought. *How can I possibly prove that all this drooling about Belinda is nonsense when it isn't? My own husband prefers me like this. I hate myself like this.*

Isn't there one sensible man in the whole world, she thought. *How could they possibly live with girls done up like this? Who would feed the babies and clean the houses? Wouldn't I look dandy gliding through the supermarket with my eyes half shut and my earrings popping off for the produce clerk to pick up and fit back in my ear!*

The man with the mermaid on his tie kept pushing the girls out on stage one by one. He saved Betty Jane until last. As she was about to go on, he said, "Get on there, honey, and give it to 'em."

"Don't you call me 'honey,'" she seethed at him.

"You'll be all right, sweetheart," he grinned at her. "But get on and get go-

ing. You look the part; now act it." He pushed her out of the wing into the glare of the lights.

As she became aware of the great wave of people staring up at her she almost wilted. Without the adrenalin of her anger she might have lost her nerve. But she was angry. She was wild with anger. She glided seductively across the stage to the master of ceremonies.

Her mouth was half open, her eyes half shut, her breasts half showing. When she reached the master of ceremonies, she breathed. She just stood there and breathed audibly, ran her hands up her arms and sighed.

The audience went wild. She answered a few foolish questions as foolishly as she could, mostly with her shoulders and her eyes. Her earring dropped off; the master of ceremonies put it back on her ear. She sang the chorus of the song. She began the silly dance.

It was then that a commotion the ushers had been trying to quell in the audience broke loose. Someone leaped up on stage. Kirk. Betty Jane froze. In one stride, Kirk grabbed her by the arm and began dragging her off stage.

"Betty Jane, I could wallop you," he gasped in her ear. "Have you lost your mind, or what?"

"You take your hands off me, Kirk Johnson," she sobbed back at him, trying to break the grip he had on her arm.

But he pulled her backstage and was headed for the exit to the street when suddenly they were surrounded by reporters, photographers, contest officials and finally by the great star, Belinda Bodeenii herself. Belinda had arrived for her own appearance on stage.

They were photographed. Flash bulbs popped like a Fourth of July celebration. Finally Belinda went out onstage to wow the audience and take over the town.

Above all the excitement it was made clear that, even as Kirk had dragged her off stage, the judges had proclaimed Betty Jane the winner and, even as they had proclaimed her the winner, the contest officials had proclaimed her ineligible by virtue of the fact that she was a married woman and over twenty.

Even so, she was the reporters' pet, and they let her make the statement she had prepared for them. She would say it now for the sake of her friends, all the married women of the world who wore warm pajamas to bed. Even if she knew now that their husbands would prefer them in perfume and chiffon, she would say what should be said.

"If all the men in the world," she told the newsmen, "go on publicly drooling over glimmering redheads, pretty soon no woman will be willing to stay home and raise babies and keep house. If all the women in the world go around acting like fireballs, what will happen to the world? Who will bring up the children and make homes for everyone? I had to get all done up like this—like a fire bomb—to get any of you to look at me. When I stayed home looking after my children, you all thought I was downright uninteresting. You ought to be ashamed of yourselves," Betty Jane told the reporters.

They wrote furiously and grinned at her appreciatively.

Eventually, Kirk pried her out of the theater and drove her home. He didn't say a word. He walked carefully into the house with her. Without a word to him, Betty Jane went upstairs while Kirk drove Mrs. Follensbee home.

The boys were asleep. Betty Jane stood looking down at them. "I'll take you any time—any time," she whispered.

In her own room she took off the glamour clothes, the glittering nail polish, the false lashes. She showered, put on her boyish pajamas and went to bed and was asleep before Kirk returned.

When she awoke in the morning, Kirk was already up, buzzing his electric shaver in the bathroom. She jumped out of bed, thinking, *It's late; I'll have to hurry breakfast.* Then she sank back into bed. *Why should I bother about Kirk's breakfast,* she thought; *he'd probably prefer me languishing here in bed.*

But languishing didn't suit her. *Not even for Kirk,* she thought, *will I lie around in bed like an idiot.* She sprang out of bed, dressed in a flash and dashed into her kitchen.

Kirk came down to breakfast, as usual, bouyant and hurried. He had a pajama-clad little boy on each arm.

Her three men bent over and kissed Betty Jane all at once. She hugged all three of them, as usual and then took the boys from Kirk and put them into their high chairs. As usual, they all sat down together for breakfast. Except that the boys kept looking at her with puzzled looks. Finally Dick said, "How come your hair is all funny, Mommy?"

"Just for fun, honey. It will change back to the way it always is pretty soon."

"The sooner the better," Kirk said.

"I thought you liked it this way," Betty Jane said.

"Don't be silly," Kirk said. He finished his second cup of coffee, bent over and kissed her good-by and whispered in her ear, "Be a good girl until I get home."

He was hardly out of the house, when the telephone rang. It was the Clarenceville TV station. They wanted Betty Jane for a personal appearance. She gave them a flat, unequivocal "*no*." She barely had the receiver down before the telephone rang again.

It rang all morning and into the afternoon. Her friends called to congratulate her, to thank her, to pass on the information that the Detroit and Chicago morning papers carried her picture and her statement. Night-club managers, newsmen, publicity people and just people called wanting statements and appearances and endorsements. She thanked her friends and said "No" to everyone else.

Libby appeared, breathless, to tell her that a TV commentator had shown her picture and read her statement on his program and had said, "Now there's a girl who makes sense."

Libby beamed. "I never dreamed you'd actually do it. I really had no idea one lone woman could make the whole world listen. It's wonderful!"

But Betty Jane, busy on the telephone, managed only to smile at Libby.

Finally Bety Jane just let the tele-

phone ring while she took care of her boys and cleaned up her house and thoroughly shampooed her hair.

By late afternoon the ringing let up. Betty Jane managed to bed her boys down for their naps. She put dinner in the oven and went out on the porch to look at the paper before going upstairs for her shower.

There were pictures of Belinda Bodeenii, but more and larger pictures of Betty Jane. Her statement was there in full. And then, on the editorial page, there was a whole piece about how right she was. Betty Jane felt a little sick. *Proving I was right,* she thought, *I learned I was nuts.* She threw the paper down and marched upstairs for her shower. *To heck with it all,* she thought.

But as she was about to shower, she changed her mind, drew the water for a relaxing tub bath and took time to set her own pale brown hair in curls. Out of the tub, she applied the new perfume, redid her nails, made up carefully.

She chose one of her prettiest, softest new cotton dresses, one that made her look fragile and fresh. She put on earrings, wispy sandals over sheer nylons. She walked slowly downstairs and sat on the love seat in the living room and waited for Kirk.

Strangely enough, or was it strangely, he came home early. Usually, when he arrived, she was busy in the kitchen or with the children. But today, although she could hear the boys stirring and there were last-minute things she could well be doing about dinner, today she sat bewildered and fragrant, her legs crossed, her foot swinging provocatively in the little sandal.

Kirk stood in the doorway and looked at her speculatively.

"Hi," he said.

"Hi," she said.

He grinned at her. "You look nice." He threw his hat on the table, and she saw that he carried a florist's box. He opened it and took out the most beautiful white orchid she had ever seen. He pinned it on her dress.

She bent her head to look at it. Beneath it was a little printed card. It said: *For Betty Jane, in appreciation for doing such a wonderful job raising our kids and keeping our house.*

She looked up at her husband, her eyes wide. "Oh, darling," she said, "I don't understand men at all."

Kirk reached out and hugged her close, orchid and all. "That's what you think." he said. . . . THE END

My Search For Sunshine And Laughter

(Continued from page 45)

dots that make up the Braille alphabet. I kept practicing until I had to rub the tip of my forefinger to restore the circulation.

I have one poignant memory of Miss Clare. I did not meet her again until one day during the fourth grade term when I was in the map room with the rest of the geography class. Unexpectedly the teacher indicated that somebody wished to see me. As soon as I was led to the visitor and ran my fingers over her face, I recognized her as Miss Clare. I was puzzled when she groped with her hand to find mine. Then, in a flash, I realized that *Miss Clare was as blind as I was.* I learned afterward that she had lost her eyesight soon after I left kindergarten. "Bobby," she said, "now I know what it means to be deprived of one's eyes."

During the summer following my graduation from the fourth grade, the residual hearing in my right ear suddenly disappeared. I was sitting with my mother one afternoon playing a game at her feet. I looked up, asked a question but couldn't hear her answer. I bent nearer until I felt her breath directly on my ear. Still no answer. Then we both realized that I was totally deaf. I was nine.

I lost all means of communicating with my family. When it was time to eat, my mother would simply grasp my hand and lead me to the table. When it was time to sleep, I would be picked up like a puppy and put to bed.

The complete loss of my hearing, as well as my sight, made the problem of educating me even more difficult. My parents, after consulting with educational authorities, entered me in Perkins Institution, in Watertown, Massachusetts. Perkins is one of the nation's leading schools for educating deaf and blind children. Here, under the guidance of expert teachers, there was hope that I would gradually be pried loose from my tomb.

I was taught the manual alphabet for the deaf; this is a system of finger and knuckle movements communicated into the palm of the hand, each position representing a letter of the alphabet. My speech had deteriorated to such a degree that virtually the only two words I could enunciate clearly were "hello" and "goodby." Lessons in vibration speech reading were begun. The staff hoped that, if I could be taught to communicate with others through their speech vibrations, I would rediscover how to speak clearly myself.

Miss Inez B. Hall, a speech expert, instructed me to place my thumb over her lips, to press my fingers against her throat just under the line of her lower jaw. I spent long hours learning to "read" the vibrations from her larynx. I was not accustomed to holding my hand in such an unusual position, and at first the muscles of my shoulder throbbed painfully. But, as the lessons continued, my muscles strengthened; my fingers grew less and less weary. Gradually I learned to think in speech vibrations as other people learn to think in a new language. As the months following my loss of hearing lengthened into years, I came to terms with my world of silence as I had done with the darkness. This silence was not a vacuum. It had a personality, indeed several distinct personalities of its own. At times it was a deadweight silence that pressed down on me almost unendurably—a silence so oppressive that, on the warmest days of the year, I would be seized with cold shivers, and yet at other times it was a tender, yielding silence—one that seemed to tremble with the terrible desire to speak. Time and again voices lurked tantalizingly on the borders of my existence, and I was seized with the conviction that, if I bent my ear and subdued the beating of my heart, I would be able to hear it, but always, when I strained for the effort, it eluded me.

Sleep provided me with a world of exciting experiences. My dreams were unusually rich and colorful. In my dreams I saw my father and mother, my sisters, just as if I were completely normal.

During my stay at Perkins I met James K. Edmundson, a lawyer from South Carolina. He often visited his daughter, who was also deaf and blind. He knew the manual alphabet, and he frequently invited me to the ball games at Fenway Park in nearby Boston. When we took our seats in the grandstand, I followed the game eagerly as he narrated the action to me play by play. I became a baseball fan. I sat nervously hunched in my seat, wondering if the batter who had just come up for the Red Sox would knock the ball out of the park.

One day, I decided to take up wrestling. Despite the fear of my teachers that I would be injured, I tried out for the Perkins team. The first night I showed up for practice in a pair of borrowed wrestling tights. Mr. Di Martino, the coach, took me to the center of the big mat, stretched himself out comfortably on his abdomen and told me to turn him over. For fully ten minutes I tugged, pulled and strained at him without success. I could feel him quivering with laughter at every futile assault I made. Although my elbows and knees became bruised from the continual mauling I received tumbling on the mat, I refused to concede that my case was hopeless.

Night after night I practised lifting weights, exercising with pullies, running around a circular track. I climbed a 20-foot rope to develop my arms and shoulders. Gradually my reflexes became more rapid; I developed a sense of muscular balance. I learned how to defend myself and apply a variety of holds. Two seasons after my first practice session, I succeeded in making the team by defeating a competitor in my weight class during the preseason elimination bouts.

I won a good share of my bouts with opponents who could see and hear; in a match with Andover Academy, my victory in the final contest broke a tie and gave Perkins the triumph.

The four years I spent at Perkins were happy. As graduation week approached, Dr. Farrell, the director of Perkins, wrote to the officials of the Industrial Home for the Blind in Brooklyn, New York, asking that I be admitted to their training courses. The IHB specializes in training the deaf and blind in matmaking, basket weaving and other manual labor that will enable them to earn a living. I entered the Home in October, 1946.

In my mind, however, there was another plan. For years I had insisted to my family, "I am going to college."

Only one deaf-blind person had ever succeeded in going through college. This was Helen Keller, 50 years previously.

The staff of the Industrial Home was aware of my ambition. One afternoon when I had been there for less than a year, the director called me into his office.

"Bob, we have given you every standard psychological test available. We believe it may be possible for you to compete on a college level with seeing and hearing students."

The first step was to find a college near the Home. The authorities of St. John's College in Brooklyn were frankly skeptical. But they decided to give me a chance.

The IHB staff made thorough preparations, aware that if I failed it would be all the more difficult for others like me. A search was made for a student companion who would accompany me to classes, spell the lectures of the professors into my hand and translate my lessons into Braille. In June, the Home engaged Johnny Spainer, a high-school graduate who was willing to undergo the necessary intensive training. For this, Johnny received a weekly salary plus his tuition money.

In the meantime the IHB recruited almost 100 volunteers from all over the nation to transcribe into Braille the textbooks I would need. To give an indication of the task confronting these volunteers, twelve bulky volumes of Braille were necessary for the translation of a single textbook in philosophy. The Braille version of a textbook on English literature was shipped in ten volumes that stood 11 feet high from the ground.

I entered St. John's in September, 1946. The first few months were difficult. Johnny acted as my eyes and ears. He translated into my hand everything that went on in the classroom. And after classes, I pored over my bulky Braille textbooks in history, economics and philosophy, struggling to memorize the facts.

Time and time again I was tempted to give up and return to the safe, easier things—making mats, weaving baskets. There were many disheartening incidents. I typed my themes, and Johnny Spainer went over them for typographical errors. One night I excused myself from a social evening with Johnny and his friends. I went into my room and spent four hours typing out a history paper for my class. When I emerged, I handed the sheets to Johnny, breathing a sigh of relief. "It was worth giving up an evening of fun to get this assignment done." Johnny didn't have the heart to answer. Later I learned that my sheets of paper were totally blank. I had taken out my ribbon when I had cleaned the typewriter that morning and forgotten to replace it.

Gradually other students learned the manual alphabet and spelled into my hand. I developed a social life. In my junior year members of the Sigma Tau fraternity invited Johnny and me to join. For my initiation ceremonies, I carried an 18" paddle around the campus. I wore several yards of wide red ribbon tied under my chin and pants rolled up to the knee to give the effect of knickerbockers. On "Hell Night" I was led with other candidates into the gymnasium and put through various paces blindfolded. Needless to say, this was no particular hardship for me.

In the fall of my junior year I had an experience that almost put me out of college. One Sunday afternoon I left the Industrial Home for the Blind with a companion, Wilfred Couturier, who had slight vision. We planned to do some shopping in a nearby store. We stepped down from the curb and started across the street toward Tompkins Avenue. Then the whole world seemed to explode; we were struck by a fast moving bus that lifted me clear off the pavement. When my head cleared, I realized I was lying on my side with my arms flung wide. Instinctively I reached out for Wilfred. I picked up his hand and spelled into it. There was no answering pressure from his fingers.

A crowd of people gathered. Somebody brought a blanket. I was helped into a police car and driven to a hospital. It was found that I was suffering from severe head and leg injuries. I was wheeled to the operating room for surgery. Shortly afterwards I learned that Wilfred had been killed on the spot.

For weeks I lay in the hospital with my right leg in a cast, in the grip of deep depression. Then I was released—on Christmas Eve so that I could spend Christmas at the Home. It felt strange to be dressing. The cast, reaching from my ankle to my hip, held my leg rigid so that I could barely reach my toes with my finger tips. I walked slowly, listing to one side.

In a month I was back at St. John's. Getting about in a cast to my classes—especially those on the fourth floor—was a problem since I had to take one stair at a time, holding on to the railing. But it was good being back.

The following year, in 1950, I was graduated from St. John's *cum laude*. I ranked in the upper ten per cent of my class with a 90.2% average. Commencement was set for a Sunday in June. Johnny helped me into my cap and gown, and we took a taxi to the armory on 34th street in Manhattan where the ceremonies were to be held. Class by class we marched into the auditorium and to our seats. As the baccalaureates and candidates for other degrees were mentioned, the individuals rose to their feet in groups. Then my name was called. The Dean of the College, the Reverend Cyril S. Meyer, was going to present my diploma as a special event. Johnny and I wedged our way through the crowded row to the aisle and walked slowly up to the stage. We stood beside the dean.

"He's reading something," John told me. "It's a special blessing from Pope Pius. Put out your hand; he's ready to give you the diploma and the blessing."

I reached out and took the roll of sheepskin. Father Meyer grasped my right hand warmly. Suddenly I became aware of a new sound; the stage was vibrating with the thunder of applause. It seemed to go on and on. As the applause died away, Father Meyer patted my shoulder.

After graduation, I entered New York University for graduate study and, in 1952, I received my master's degree in the field of vocational rehabilitation for the handicapped. Although I am the only deaf-blind person so far to have earned a degree for graduate study, I am convinced that others will follow and doubtless go even further.

I underwent training, preparing to lecture before audiences on the needs and problems of the blind and the deaf-blind. Lacking a memory of the human voice since the age of five, I have no conception whatever of the pitch, the intonation of natural human speech. The problem was to train myself to accent words and phrases as hearing people do. Under the guidance of speech specialists I have learned to articulate my words so that audiences can understand them. I have steadily gained confidence as a public speaker. At first I spoke into a microphone, but now I don't need one.

I think that my presence on a lecture platform proves that anyone can be lifted out of the deepest abyss if people refuse to give him up—and if he refuses to give himself up.

Today I do practically all the things normal people do. I lead a full social life. I play bridge and poker (with Braille-marked cards); I dine out in restaurants; on weekends I go deep-sea fishing off Montauk Point on Long Island; I have won trophies for my prize catches. I go dancing in night clubs with normal young women, and I have every intention of getting married soon and rearing a family.

Recently I was lecturing in Patchogue, Long Island, when a young housewife came up to me at the conclusion of my talk and said to me, "Mr. Smithdas, you have given me an absolutely brand new perspective on life. It's as if, for the first time, I have really begun to *see*."

... THE END

What Weddings Should Cost

(Continued from page 59)

Honeymoon: The average honeymoon, one survey reports, lasts two weeks and costs about $350. Favorite spots: Niagara Falls, New York City, Miami Beach and Southern California, with Canada the favorite outside the country. With foreign travel now so popular, packaged honeymoons that include transportation, hotel rooms, sight-seeing and sometimes meals are offered by railroads, airlines and steamship companies. A typical rail trip from New York to Quebec, with 14 days at a large hotel and all meals, costs $375. A ten-day honeymoon in Hawaii, including air transportation from San Francisco or Los Angeles, with good hotel accommodations but no meals, amounts to $775.

HOW TO KEEP DOWN COSTS

How can you economize? Here are some hints:

1. Order everything far enough in advance so that you avoid last-minute waste.

2. Use simple script on the invitations and announcements.

3. Use garden flowers where possible.

4. The bride-to-be (or her mother), if she is clever with a needle, can make a bridal gown at relatively small cost—for $25 worth of fabric and a McCall's Pattern that sells for $1. The same goes for all or part of the trousseau.

5. If a floor-length dress is to be worn, buy inexpensive satin pumps—no one will notice them.

6. A bridal gown that can be used for other purposes can double as part of the trousseau.

7. Afternoon weddings usually are less expensive than those in the evening.

8. Don't order too much wedding cake. Wedding cakes are expensive and often go largely to waste.

9. Isn't there an amateur photographer in the family who is almost as good as a professional and would be willing to take the wedding pictures?

10. In planning the honeymoon, choose a spot that is offering off-season rates. You'll save money—and probably enjoy more privacy and quiet.

One final thought: Would you be better advised to save all this money, and use it instead to help get started in married life? There's nothing in the law that requires an elaborate wedding ceremony. As a matter of fact, all you *must* spend is a couple of dollars for the license. ... THE END

We're Giving Our Children Too Much

(Continued from page 25)

bilities as watching out for a younger brother or sister, making his own bed, or washing the supper dishes.

To put it bluntly, we have embraced a child-rearing philosophy based on the preposterous notion that Junior knows best. Into his arms we pour an endless variety of toys, gadgets and doodads, no matter how worthless or expensive so long as they duplicate what the neighbors' children have. Suburban floors and lawns are strewn with these baubles, some of them given to atone for trivial injustices that guilt-stricken parents think they have inflicted on their children.

In many a home, parents have to forego their favorite television program so that Junior may sit and gape at some imbecile in a space helmet. These same youngsters dictate what they will eat and what they will not; thus the family menu is geared largely to juvenile tastes. And how they are allowed to lord it over the dinner table! With guests present or not, all conversation ceases when Junior interrupts to relate some trifling incident at interminable length.

I have witnessed the tantrums of an eight-year-old whose father had the temerity to purchase a new automobile without whitewalled tires; the boy was upset because every other car on the block had whitewalled tires. Another couple of my acquaintance dropped plans for moving into a new home because their little daughter registered tearful dissention.

These are the same children who fuss over the smallest bump, bruise or blister. Every minor injury gets kissed by Mom, and while Junior bellows, she exclaims over the audacity of the match that burned him, the floor or wall that hit him.

Many pediatricians believe this kind of nonsense has gone too far. "There are some experiences each child has to learn for himself," one said recently. "If you reward a tearful, bruised or bleeding youngster with honeyed words or candy, he will probably forget his lesson and remember only that playing with fire leads to candy."

If school is more than a few blocks from home, these same youngsters have to be driven in a bus or the family car. A teacher friend of mine suggested that her second grade pupils *walk* the four blocks to school to develop their sense of responsibility and self-reliance. Even though policemen patrolled every street crossing, the majority of parents was shocked. According to them, the route to school was infested with reckless drivers, kidnappers and teen-aged bullies. Their children, incidentally, were the ones who never looked after their possessions in the classroom, knowing that Pop would always replace them; never tidied up after themselves because they were accustomed to having Mom do it for them.

A growing number of pediatricians and psychiatrists points out that the *over*-privileged child often grows up with the same neuroses and character defects as the *under*privileged child, that is, the juvenile delinquent who has been seriously deprived in a home stricken by divorce or poverty.

"Parents used to be too strict," say Drs. Spurgeon English and Gerald Pearson of Temple University Medical School. "Then they swung away to being too lenient. Often children today are ill-equipped to bear anxiety that results from frustration and deprivation in later life. Their character has been molded in such a way as to avoid frustration."

The Child Study Association gives succinct support to this observation: "Too many parents give too much to their children and expect too little in return."

What it all adds up to is this: A childhood of self-gratification is unrealistic training for a life that includes some frustration and deprivation for almost everybody. What is going to happen to Johnny, whose every wish has been granted, when he grows up to find that the job he wants is filled by someone else, the girl he loves is wooed and won by another man, or the whitewalled tires he covets are beyond his means?

What makes so many modern parents give too much to their children—too many toys and clothes, too much money, too many privileges, too much protection? As youngsters in the Depression years, these parents probably felt deprived. Now, with love in their hearts, they say, "Our kids won't have to struggle for things as we did." And they proceed to eliminate the need for their children to

struggle at all, because the parents feel sorry for *themselves*. Certain that everything *their* parents did to rear *them* was coercive and inhibiting, they embrace a method of child-rearing that goes to the opposite extreme.

They become, Heaven help them, "permissive" parents. They refuse to impose discipline, or interfere with their children's "natural drives and emotions." They take the advice of certain child-care experts and carry it to ridiculous extremes.

Thus Mom doesn't trust her own motherly instincts for a moment, and nervously consults her favorite textbook every time Junior's behavior stumps her. When he exhibits some trivial deviation from a "norm" she finds in the Book, it worries her for days.

Naturally, she wants her child to grow up Happy and Well-Adjusted, but she is told this can best be achieved if she and Pop are Understanding, Relaxed, Reasonable and Loving at all times. Taking this advice literally, of course, puts an impossible strain on both parents. They feel obliged to smother any feelings of outrage when Junior, in an experimental mood, attacks them from behind with a frying pan. On such occasions, they must divert him into less murderous activity. Afterward, they riffle anxiously through the Book to find out why Junior did it and how they ought to feel about it.

Now I submit that it is not only foolish, but manifestly unfair to pretend to our children that we are something we are not. If it isn't in our nature to be Understanding, Relaxed, Reasonable and Loving when Junior hurls our best set of dinnerware to the kitchen floor, then I think he ought to know it—right away. Whatever we do to curb his destructive impulses, he'll find out what we are really like and how much we're likely to take in the future.

But Mom and Pop feel compelled to conduct themselves like emotionless robots. What makes matters worse is that parents who punish a misdeed later offer apologies to the child. "I lost my temper, darling," says Mom, in a quavering voice. "I didn't mean what I said (or did). Please forgive Mommy."

As a parent, I believe that, unless you have done something really villainous to your child—in which case someone will notice it and have you arrested—it is a grave mistake to apologize for punishing him. By so doing, you merely communicate the idea that you are incompetent and weak-willed. If the punishment did not fit the crime, you can learn from the experience and be more judicious next time. Surely parents as well as children may be permitted a few mistakes in the process of living with each other.

Nowadays, nothing much is expected of Junior in return for his parents' oversolicitude—certainly not respect, obedience and tolerance, which seem to be outmoded virtues demanded only by his ignorant grandparents. Some parents today are wondering what happened to good manners, kindness toward fellow humans, good work habits and a sense of moderation. Are these admirable traits supposed to develop magically as a result of giving in to our children's whims?

Children are not *naturally* polite, truthful, thrifty, modest and unselfish, nor do they *naturally* accept responsibility.

In order to live with children at all, we have to help them acquire judgment through experience of their own. Indeed, they quite often find themselves in the grip of frightening ill-feelings toward their parents and everyone else. That is when discipline—not permissiveness—is needed.

In infancy, the "modern" way is to feed the child when he is hungry, pick him up when he frets and give him plenty of love. Which was what, in her wisdom, Grandma did. Call it permissive if you like, but that is just a fancy name for what our experts have recognized as old-fashioned horse sense in infant care.

However, Grandma's system is junked as soon as Junior takes his first unsteady steps across the living room. To insure him a "happy, unpressured" childhood, Mom now keeps him in a virtual state of infantilism for as long as possible. For example, she keeps Junior in diapers long after he learns to talk—until the age of two-and-a-half, three or even four. This is to avoid the "traumas" of toilet training. However, you still sometimes find an obsolete Mom who has successfully toilet-trained her baby at 18 months—and is now being ostracized by other parents as old-fashioned.

Sharing toys and playing "competitive" games are upsetting experiences which this kind of mother either avoids or tries to regulate with a nicely biased attitude in favor of her own child.

Overprivileged little Johnny has a shrewd understanding of private property rights when another child wants a turn around the Playground on Johnny's tricycle. He flatly refuses. But let Johnny seize someone else's plaything, and Mom pretends not to notice.

What's wrong with competitive games? We are rearing our children in a society that thrives on competition. By the age of six, Junior should begin to learn that there are some things one person can do better than another, and that perhaps he can do as well if only he tries hard enough. From this knowledge, however, the overindulgent parent shields Junior with the ferocity of a bear protecting her cubs from a pack of wolves.

Recently, in a playground near my home, I noticed a little boy catching a ball pitched by his father. No doubt about it, the lad had practiced hard and was now remarkably skillful. Other children of the same age were watching him enviously. But when the father invited them to join in the game, several parents whisked their kids away.

I asked one of the moms to explain.

"I've been trying to teach my Ronnie to catch a ball for weeks," she said, "and he's been getting better all the time. But competing with that little show-off will set him back. He'll feel frustrated and start having nightmares. I won't stay here and have Ronnie traumatized!"

These parents are often surprised to discover that children actually *like* to pit their skills and abilities against each other. But to protect the kids from themselves, mothers do what they can to fix competitive games. I have taken my child

to parties for eight-year-olds at which every child wins and every child gets a prize. Thus no child gets a genuine reward for his efforts.

The overprotective mother also tries to keep Junior ignorant of all the less pleasant aspects of life. But shouldn't he be taught to cope with some of the inevitable problems of his own experience? Let me refer to a statement by the Child Study Association:

"In the case of grave illness, death, or financial reverses, even in the event of serious difficulties between mother and father, children are better off being told the truth than being left to feel that a black cloud, too terrible to mention, is hanging over them."

One truth almost too terrible for some parents to mention is the news that Junior is going to be presented with a baby brother or sister. If Junior is jolted by the information, however, he is immediately compensated with a fresh flow of toys and special privileges. Home from the hospital, Mom inaugurates a strict regime in which she protects her older child from the newborn infant. In front of Junior, she holds back any show of affection for the baby. When Pop gets home from work, he must sidestep the nursery and devote most of his attention to Junior. Visiting friends and relatives are warned not to fuss over Baby; indeed, they are cautioned to bring presents for *both* children or stay away.

Thus everything is done to isolate Junior from an important family event. These oversensitive parents sometimes learn from Junior himself how wrongheaded they are. A married couple of my acquaintance cold-shouldered their second child for weeks, until one day Junior blurted, "Hey, what's the matter with you two? Don't you *like* my little sister?"

Too many parents today are looking for a "system" that will insure their children the best possible start in life. If there is one, they won't find it by slavishly following a rulebook on child care. It is much more likely to turn up in real life, in the experiences of parents who have already reared well-adjusted, contented youngsters.

Not long ago the Milwaukee State Board of Education looked into the family life of a selected group of school children who were good students, self-disciplined, emotionally stable and well-liked by their classmates. They came from a cross-section of races, religions and income levels. Their parents ranged from college graduates to those with only a 10th-grade education.

Investigators found that parents had usually spared the rod, but had not spoiled the child. These youngsters were neither overprivileged nor neglected; they lacked an abundance of material things, but had been given the right to cope with their own problems. The family enjoyed a close-knit unity. Older children helped to look after the younger ones. Parents taught them skills and crafts, such as woodworking, music, needlework and swimming. They nurtured a love for books in their children by reading to them —and having them read—at an early age. Everyone shared in household chores and participated in family discussions. When the family was low on funds, the children knew about it and cheerfully accepted reduced allowances. The whole family planned trips together and made frequent visits to friends and relatives.

That, I suggest, is child-rearing worthy of imitation—even if Junior does have to go without a $25 Geiger counter.

. . . THE END

Trapped

(Continued from page 40)

only to his work and his ambition; in short, just the kind of man who would volunteer to go to Port John and look for young Ames Winfree.

Carrigan himself was willing to admit that Lee Damone was a disgrace to mankind and, in the vernacular, had it coming to him. He was equally willing to point out that in disposing of Damone, the Winfree kid had committed murder—well, manslaughter anyway. Killing was against the law; a police department's function was to enforce the law. It was as simple as that to Carrigan.

It was, usually, as simple as that to any policeman. But the Damone case had been an exception. Standing now at the window of his room in the motel at Port John, Carrigan remembered when the case broke, a year before, and the whole department gave it a hard shake. He remembered one of the older men's saying, "This is the kind of thing you do because it's your job. I'll work my head off on this case because it's orders, but I hope the Winfree kid never feels me or any other cop breathing down his neck."

Remembering, Carrigan shrugged, turned away from the window, put on his hat and overcoat. The wind bullied him as he followed a narrow street leading from the motel to the docks, but he pushed into the wind doggedly. At the docks an old man with a face like leather sculled by in a long skiff. Hailing the old man, he asked for Elmo Garrett, the guide with whom he had made arrangements by telephone. Without a break in his rhythmic sculling the old man directed Carrigan to a tavern uptown. Carrigan went there, found his man and introduced himself. Elmo was a wiry man of about Carrigan's own age, his blue eyes keen and alert and his face almost as leathery as that of the old man with the sculling oar. He studied Carrigan as he shook hands, and Carrigan was calmly aware that the counterman and the other customers also studied him.

"You ain't a policeman, are you, Mr. Carrigan?"

"No," Carrigan told Elmo. "I'm not a policeman. Why?"

"Being from Bayton City, I thought you might be."

"I'm in the insurance business," Carrigan said quietly. "I had a good year, and I'm taking a week off to hunt ducks."

It seemed to him that the atmosphere became easier. Not that it had been exactly tense before. Over an entire season the number of men who came here to hunt ducks ran into the high hundreds. Still, he supposed that every hunter who registered from Bayton City received a careful second look. Elmo offered him a cigarette.

"There were two policemen from Bayton City here a year ago," Elmo said, accepting a light from Carrigan. "Folks never made them feel very welcome—and they didn't find what they came looking for."

"You mean the Damone case, don't you?" said Carrigan. "I remember reading about it. The boy who shot Damone came from here, didn't he? Winston? No, Winfree. Look. What time do we start in the morning?"

"Meet me at the pier at a quarter to seven."

Darkness had fallen when Carrigan reached the street outside the tavern. He waited a prudent interval, but no one followed him out. Nor had he, actually, expected anyone. He walked to Main Street, crossed it, and after a couple of blocks came to Park Street, a wide, tree-guarded avenue with its houses set well back from the sidewalk and well apart from each other.

The Winfree house, dark now, stood at one corner and the Faraday house at the next. He recognized them from the map drawn for him by the two officers who had come here a year before. He moved past the vacant Winfree house. The elder Winfrees had been dead for several years, according to the information stored in the filing cabinet of his mind. Ames had lived here alone for a while before taking a position in Bayton City.

In contrast to the Winfree place, the Faraday house was alight. The girl lived here. India Faraday. She taught history in the local high school, and she was two years older than Ames Winfree, a fact which Carrigan found interesting.

He would have to meet India Faraday, for he considered her one key to his problem. They nearly always came back, Carrigan had told himself over and over, to the girls they left behind. When this thing was finished, he would feel sorry for the girl and maybe a little sick at the stomach, but he would not hate himself, because in his business you had to work with whatever you found to work with.

After one last look at the Faraday house, Carrigan walked rapidly to the restaurant that was operated in connection with the motel. He had the seafood platter and lots of black coffee. Later he returned to his room, laid out his gear for the next day and went to bed.

Elmo took him next morning to an offshore blind. They rode up the bay in Elmo's power boat, with a skiff trailing

The Magazine Research Bureau reports to us that Mr. William C. Berg of Atlanta, Georgia, has been selected in its survey of men's reading interests, as the typical man reader of the September 1956 REDBOOK. The monthly award has been sent to him.

—THE EDITORS

behind. Elmo put out the decoys, established Carrigan in the blind, took the big boat out half a mile and anchored it and returned in the skiff. When shortly thereafter a flock of widgeon swung over the decoys, Carrigan missed one and downed another. A little later he connected again.

There came a lull then when no ducks flew. Elmo produced a quart thermos of coffee. They both drank. Elmo said, "Some of the boys in the tavern last night thought I talked too much about Ames Winfree. I didn't mean—"

"It's all right," Carrigan interrupted him. "Say, are they ducks out there? No. They're coots." He took his eyes off the coots and gazed thoughtfully at the vast, wild salt marsh to the west.

"Ames was a good friend of mine." The blue eyes locked with Carrigan's gray ones. "I was poor and Ames' folks had money, but that never made any difference to Ames."

Carrigan nodded sympathetically. "I see."

"Of course Ames ran wild a little after he went to live in Bayton City. I guess he played too much poker. Anyway this Damone hooked him in a crooked poker game. . When Ames kicked, Damone and another guy beat him up good. Mister, you don't do that to Ames Winfree! He went to his room, got his gun and came back shooting. But the guy he killed, this Damone, was a hoodlum with a police record a mile long."

It was an accurate condensation of the case. Again Carrigan nodded, but ventured no comment. Turning his back angrily, Elmo restored the thermos bottle to its keeping place, and Carrigan took this opportunity to study the marsh again. . . .

By eleven o'clock Carrigan had his limit, two widgeon, a canvasback and a redhead. They returned to Port John. Elmo said, "Tomorrow is Saturday. I always try to take India Faraday duck hunting Saturday mornings. You mind if she comes along?"

For the first time Carrigan had trouble with his control. At his most optimistic he had never imagined a stroke of luck like this. To have Elmo deliver to him the one person he figured he needed most was incredible. Then he saw it was not incredible at all, but part of a pattern. Elmo was not satisfied, and he was smart enough to know that he was not smart enough. He wanted the Faraday girl's opinion.

"You mean take a woman duck hunting with us!"

"She's a special kind of woman, Mr. Carrigan. She used to hunt all the time with Ames Winfree. She—she was his girl."

"I don't care whom she hunted with. She'll probably shoot me instead of a duck!"

With bluster Carrigan hid his excitement. This could mean only one thing—that Ames Winfree, as he had figured, was somewhere in the vicinity of Port John. If he were not, if he were far away, neither Elmo nor the girl would care how much a detective poked around the village. They would laugh up their sleeves at him, and at this moment Elmo was not laughing up his sleeve or anywhere else.

"She's a better shot than you are, Mr. Carrigan, and just as careful."

"Okay," Carrigan said. "I—I just never hunted with a woman before. Is she good looking?"

"Yes—and she's a lady, Mr. Carrigan."

Elmo took the four ducks to have them dressed and frozen. Getting into his car, Carrigan returned to the motel. He had lunch in the restaurant, slept most of the afternoon, ate dinner and then in the neighborhood of eight o'clock drove to Park Street. Again he was in luck, for it was the girl herself who opened the door. Elmo had said she was good looking, and the two officers who had been here last year had described her in interesting terms. Still, Carrigan was not prepared.

She was a tall girl and slim, but he had seen them taller and slimmer. She had hair as black as midnight and eyes as blue as the bay the best day it ever saw, but he had run across the combination of blue eyes and black hair before. She had beautiful legs and an exciting waist, but this was not his first encounter with provocative femininity. So it was not, strictly speaking, her good looks that surprised him, but rather the quality of the expression in her eyes. There was character in this girl's serene eyes, character and spirit and simple goodness. This, he realized now, he had not expected to find in Ames Winfree's girl.

"Miss Faraday?" She nodded. "My name is Tom Carrigan, Miss Faraday. Did—did Elmo Garrett say anything to you about—"

"How do you do, Mr. Carrigan?" She gave him her hand and a tingle ran up his arm all the way to his shoulder. "Yes, Elmo called me. I understand we have a date to hunt ducks tomorrow."

"That's why I came to see you," Carrigan said. "Seems you and Elmo hunt together every Saturday. Look. I'll be here all next week probably. I don't have to go tomorrow. What I'm trying to say is that, if this is a regular thing with you and Garrett, I'll be glad to drop out if you'd prefer it that way."

He felt clumsy and not just because he was lying. There was amusement in India Faraday's eyes, but she did not laugh at him. It was Carrigan's guess that she rarely laughed *at* anyone, but it would be fun to have her laugh with you. What the hell was he thinking about, he wondered suddenly.

"Come in, Mr. Carrigan." He followed her into a high-ceilinged, comfortable room with a fire going in a vast fire-

place. "If anyone stays at home tomorrow, it will be I. I can go any Saturday. So if you're doubtful about shooting with a woman—"

"I want you to come along," Carrigan broke in. "I only thought it was kind of up to me to—"

"I'll fix you a drink."

"Oh, no, don't bother."

"It's a cold night. I'm sure you'd like a drink."

Carrigan was suddenly himself again. He thought, *Sure, bring on the drink. But it won't net you anything. My tongue doesn't slip easily.*

She came back with a highball for him and a coke for herself. Carrigan's drink was the stiffest he'd ever tackled, the impact of the first swallow going all the way to his toes. When India went to poke the fire, he studied her, and it was odd how suddenly he felt like two people or at least one person divided in half, with one half exhilarated and the other cold and suspicious and very alert.

"You're from Bayton City, aren't you?" she said, with her back to him. "Real estate, I believe Elmo said."

"Insurance," Carrigan told her. He took another bite at the drink, and the drink hit him back. "I'd be very happy, Miss Faraday, to sell you a policy."

She swung around and looked at him levelly, her eyes as calm as his own. "You might at that. I don't carry any insurance other than hospitalization. Do you want to tell me about your policies, or would you rather not discuss business on your vacation?"

If she thought she had him there, she was mistaken. He'd boned up on insurance the past two weeks until he probably knew as much about it as half the agents selling it in Bayton City. He said: "I don't have my book with me, but I'll be glad to describe what I think is the best little life-insurance policy in the world. Now—"

She was convinced, or at least she played it that way. "I'd have to talk to my father first. He and Mother are out tonight."

"A good insurance agent can always come back," Carrigan said. "This agent is going to look forward to coming back."

She knew he didn't mean insurance now. Momentarily her eyes avoided his, then she looked at him, and Carrigan saw that in spite of herself she liked him. And this, he thought, was one heck of a note—the two of them liking each other instinctively and yet matching wits against each other. It was time to go. If ever there was a time for a guy to beat it, this was it.

Back at the motel he couldn't sleep. Women in a case had never interfered with his eight hours before. But, of course, before there'd never been an India Faraday. In his time he'd seen several intelligent, attractive, decent women caught up in something they couldn't cope with and he'd always felt sorry for them, but he hadn't made a big thing of it.

He'd spent a lot of thought on this Winfree business. A month before, long after Ames Winfree had vanished, he had come to the conclusion that Ames Winfree had never got farther away than the vicinity of Port John. So he had solved, to his own satisfaction at least, the mystery of Ames Winfree's whereabouts. Now he was taking on another mystery, that of the relationship between Ames and India Far-

aday, which was a relationship between an intelligent woman and a headstrong, erratic kid.

At 6:45 the next morning Carrigan parked his car by the docks. He found Elmo on the boat. "India can't come," said Elmo. "Something turned up. She called me half an hour ago."

"What turned up?" said Carrigan.

"She didn't tell me."

Carrigan quivered. He had no way of knowing for sure, but he would bet that the case had started to break. For the moment, however, he could not tip his hand. He had to play along until he knew positively. He got into the boat, and Elmo cast off.

The ducks flew that morning, and at nine o'clock Carrigan finished out his limit. They returned to Port John. At the motel Carrigan called the Faraday residence. A woman whom he took to be India's mother said India was not at home.

"She went to Bayton City for the day. Who is this, please?"

It figured. Carrigan thought, as he hung up without answering Mrs. Faraday's question. India had decided to make sure. He did some calculating. Give her five hours going and coming on the road and an hour in Bayton City. Six hours. Say she'd left at seven. She'd hardly be back before one o'clock. It was now five after ten. He would play it carefully, the way he always did. He would be waiting on the highway for her from noon on.

At five minutes to twelve he parked off the highway behind a screen of brush a mile out of Port John. At three o'clock India's blue convertible flashed past him. On the way back to town he stayed far enough behind not to arouse suspicion, yet close enough to see if she turned off in the direction of the docks.

Apparently she was not going immediately to Elmo because she went straight home. Perhaps she intended to telephone Elmo. Carrigan stopped behind India's car the moment the girl disappeared inside the house. He hurried across the lawn, noting that Doctor Faraday's car was nowhere in sight and hoping that India's mother, too, was out of the house. He opened the door without ringing.

Halfway down the hall India whirled to face him. It struck him then that she was not too surprised. It also struck him that something, probably the excitement of her fast trip, made the color higher in her cheeks and left her eyes bright with emotion. Still, she greeted him quite calmly.

"How do you do, Officer Carrigan?"

"Are we alone?"

"Yes. Why?"

"Evidently your family doesn't know what you're mixed up in," Carrigan told her. "I'm willing to help you keep it that way."

She studied him a moment, and Carrigan saw again, or at least he felt sure, that in spite of herself she liked him. She seated herself in a chair, and after a moment's hesitation Carrigan took one opposite hers.

"What do you want with me, Carrigan?"

"You are going to tell me where I can find Ames Winfree."

"Oh, no, I am not because I don't know."

"You don't deny going to Bayton City to check on me?"

"Certainly not. I have a newspaper friend in Bayton City. He filled me in on you, Carrigan. Cracking an unsolved case would be a bright feather in your cap, wouldn't it?"

"It wouldn't get me fired," Carrigan said.

"The fact that public opinion was on Ames Winfree's side from the very first doesn't mean a thing to you, does it?"

"No, it doesn't. Still, I could give public opinion a good argument. I'd ask public opinion if it really thinks a guy ought to go free who runs for a gun because he gets clipped in a crooked poker game and roughed up when he makes a holler. I'd ask public opinion if such a guy shouldn't be put away for a while until he grows up enough to realize that, even when he's hurt, he can't take things in his own hands."

That shook her. He saw it in the way the brightness in her eyes faded. In all his life he had probably never met a more decent person, and it was a shame she let this attachment for Ames Winfree make a fool of her.

In a low voice she said, "I have always known, Carrigan, that Ames did a terrible thing—and made a terrible mistake when he didn't surrender to the police."

"But you couldn't talk him into surrendering? Didn't you try, India?"

"I wish you wouldn't use my first name."

"Okay," he said. "Okay, Miss Faraday." He was mad now. "Are you going to tell me exactly where Winfree is or do I have to hire a boat and comb that whole marsh?"

The brightness came back to her eyes in a blaze. "I don't know, but if I did, I wouldn't tell you!"

"I've always kind of admired a *good* liar," Carrigan said, "but lying is not for you, Miss Faraday. Winfree is here somewhere. Otherwise you wouldn't have burned up the road to Bayton City to find out something I was going to tell you anyway when the right time came."

"I went to Bayton City to make sure about you because here in Port John we don't like spies and snoopers and—and people who are one thing when they pretend to be something else."

"You still won't tell me?" Carrigan said, and this was the first time he could remember being gentle in such a situation. "Okay. Then I'll be on my way. You can telephone Elmo the minute I walk out your front door."

"I have no reason to telephone Elmo."

He gave her credit. She was a poor liar, but at least she was cool. Nerve! She had it to spare. There was a good chance he would never see her again, but he would always remember the way she looked at him then, as if she and not he held all the high cards.

The docks were deserted except for the old man who had sculled by on Carrigan's first day there. The old man was in his skiff about to cast off. Carrigan hailed him.

"Seen Elmo Garrett this afternoon?"

He didn't figure to fare any better with Elmo than he had with India, but he was going to have a go at Elmo anyway. There was the chance that he might startle some information out of Elmo. He intended to tackle Elmo first and then demand assistance from the local sheriff, and he had the feeling that everything was going to break just right.

The old man said, "Elmo was here till around the middle of the day. Then his wife come runnin' to say he had a long-distance call from Bayton City."

Carrigan felt the way you did when you had the breath knocked out of you, and for a moment his mind simply quit working. He stared senselessly at the old man walking slowly back to the stern of his skiff. The old man reached for his oar.

"Wait!" Carrigan shouted. "Wait! What happened then? Did you see Elmo again?"

"Sure, I seen him. He come back, got in his boat and headed up the bay."

"Toward the marsh."

"Yessir, toward the marsh. Then quite a spell later he come back. But he didn't stop. Just kept on down the bay. He sure was runnin', too. Had the motor wide open. Fool must of been drunk."

The old man sculled away and Carrigan stood alone on the windy dock. He remembered that look in her eyes as if she held all the high cards. She'd held them, all right, and she'd played her hand before she ever let him sit in the game. It had never occurred to him that she would telephone from Bayton City. That simply hadn't figured. He had known she was intelligent; now he knew she was crafty, too.

But he was a resourceful man, and already his mind was functioning again picking up the pieces. Elmo and Ames Winfree had to stop somewhere. It was up to Carrigan to figure where, to consider every place they might stop and eliminate all but the logical place. He had to go on the theory that now Ames intended to get completely away. That would involve, sooner or later, transportation of some kind other than Elmo's boat.

He thought of half a dozen villages along the bayshore east of Port John and discarded them all. But he came back to one of them. Wiltonville. About the size of Port John. Forty miles east. He had driven through it the other day on his way to Port John. He'd had to stop at a railway crossing to wait for a freight to pass.

And that was it. The moment he remembered the railway crossing he knew he was going to gamble on Wiltonville. With the wind at his back, he ran fast for his car.

At Wiltonville the railroad, after traveling west along the bayshore for sixty miles, turned abruptly north. Fifty miles north of Wiltonville the railroad visited a town with an airport. This was the closest airfield to Port John, and Wiltonville was the closest railroad point. Carrigan turned the car and, shortly after he cleared the village limits, he was going seventy miles an hour.

But he had lost a lot of time and the early December twilight caught him just short of the outskirts of Wiltonville. It was dark when he reached the Wiltonville docks, which was probably just as well because he figured that Elmo would not dock until after darkness fell. He stopped, slid out of the car, adjusted the position of his service revolver and, keeping as much as possible out of the illumination of the dock lights, walked toward the water.

It was uncomfortably close timing, because he had waited scarcely ten minutes when Elmo's boat nosed in out of the gloom. Carrigan delayed until the two men stepped ashore and then he moved out of the shadows. He held the revolver ready but not exactly pointed. To his vast surprise he saw relief in Elmo Garrett's weary eyes. But the other one, the blond kid of twenty-four who was Ames Winfree, was a different proposition. He had the haggard look of the hunted and the desperate, and the surprise was too much for him. He lunged blindly at Carrigan but came to a violent, thrashing stop, for Elmo had caught him from behind and pinned his arms. Bewildered by this assistance but grateful for it, Carrigan handcuffed Ames Winfree.

"I was for you, Ames," said Elmo unhappily. "I'm still for you. But India was right. You can't get away from this guy. He's poison." Elmo glared at Carrigan. "So you win, detective."

"Thanks for the help, Elmo," said Carrigan. "Thanks, and beat it now. Beat it back up the bay with your boat. Wait. Wait a minute. What did India say?"

Elmo scowled. "The same thing she always said, ever since Ames slipped back to Port John and hid back in the marsh in that old cabin Cap'n Mitchell used years ago for a hunting lodge. She always said Ames should surrender. Only today she added something else. She said you were the kind of man who wouldn't ever g've up.

She made me promise to bring Ames in. But—but Ames outtalked me. I didn't help you just now, detective, because I like you. I did it because I knew it was what India would want me to do."

Carrigan nodded. He wanted to believe Elmo, but he was going to think about it first. Taking Ames Winfree's arm, he led him to the car. The light was better here, and he saw that the storm in Ames had passed. Ames was still haggard, but in his eyes, too, there was a kind of relief. He was a very young guy, too, for twenty-four.

"If I promise not to try to escape, will you take the handcuffs off?"

"No," said Carrigan.

But suddenly he felt sorry for Ames Winfree, which was a new experience for him. He felt sorry all the way to Bayton City. The kid had good eyes and he had displayed a kind of courage, misguided though it was. Carrigan began to feel more and more uncomfortable. At the outskirts of Bayton City he stopped the car.

"You fool kid," he said. "You've made about every mistake in the book. But I'm going to give you a break. I'm going to give you a break, see? There's a lawyer in town named Harry Scott. He's the best, kid. Oh, he won't get you acquitted, but he'll get you the best deal possible."

"Will he—will he take my case, Mr. Carrigan?"

Carrigan swallowed hard. "He will—after I talk to him."

He overslept the next morning, and it was the first time within the memory of man that Carrigan had been late for work, even on a Sunday. Certain guys wanted to know all about the case. He brushed them off. He said he'd put everything in his report and the hell with it. This reticence, too, was something new. One of his best

(Continued on page 106)

CAMP, SCHOOL AND COLLEGE DIRECTORY OF REDBOOK MAGAZINE

Ethel F. Bebb, Director

CANADIAN CAMPS

Boys

Camp Pathfinder — Algonquin Park, Ontario, Canada

Boys 7-16 years. Sailing, water skiing, rowing. Land sports, thrilling canoe, fishing trips in camping wonderland. No bay fever, staff member every 3 boys. Physician, registered nurse. Booklet. Owners-Directors, **Mr. and Mrs. Herman R. Norton, 174 Nunda Blvd., Rochester, N.Y.**

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Girls

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Boys

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Coeducational

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Girls

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Girls

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Boys

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(Continued from page 103)

enemies, enthusiastically giving him the needle, said that once again he had proved himself the boy wonder of the department.

"Get lost," Carrigan told him. "I just don't want to talk about it."

He did routine stuff that day and half the next day, and then, without a word to anyone about where he was going or when he would be back, he climbed into his car.

India came out of the schoolhouse at twelve minutes to four. At eight minutes to four he had talked her into going for a ride. He parked a mile beyond the Port John limits. India said, "Did you come back to arrest me?"

"For God's sake!" said Carrigan. "I came back to ask you a question. Did you tell Elmo to bring the Winfree kid in?"

"Yes."

"Then why didn't you tell me?"

"Elmo promised to have Ames at my house by the time I got back from Bayton City. When they weren't there, I knew something had gone wrong. I could try to make him surrender, Carrigan, but when he didn't come in, I couldn't give you information. I just couldn't."

"Are you in love with him?"

"Isn't that the way it's supposed to be? Now let me ask you a question. I heard that you were instrumental in getting Harry Scott to defend Ames. Is that true?"

"Isn't that my business?"

"Go ahead!" India snapped. "Go ahead and talk gruff. Act ashamed. Big strong man has moment of weakness. You make me sick!"

"If I make you sick, I will gladly take you home."

"You can't get any madder than I can, Carrigan. Fine! Take me home!"

"When I get good and ready! Look! I'm going to tell you something about yourself. You're not in love with that kid. You're two years older than he is in actual age and a thousand years older in other ways. Maybe you were in love with him once. But not for some time now. You've got a twisted sense of loyalty."

She waved her hand in his face. "You're not telling me anything I haven't known for some time, Carrigan."

"Then you aren't in love with him?"

"Do I have to sign a statement, Carrigan? Oh, let's go! When I heard about your asking Harry Scott to defend Ames, I thought that was rather wonderful. But you come back and act ashamed and make me so mad that I say things I—I don't really mean."

He saw daylight ahead now. But he was a careful man who had learned long ago not to crowd his luck. He decided to level with her. "I'm not ashamed of giving that kid a break. He's on the weak side and he's been spoiled, but I would hate to see the book thrown at him."

"That was a nice speech, Carrigan," she said. "But it was the same as pulling teeth to get you to make it." She did things then with her eyes that stepped up his heartbeat. "I'm willing to be friends with you, Carrigan. If you come back Saturday, I will go with you for ducks—and this time I won't break the date."

If he would come back Saturday! That was where it was best to leave it now. But Saturday he would be ready to go.

... THE END

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BY HAL AND BARBARA BORLAND

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duty to his oath, and to one woman's unswerving faith

She was the only passenger who got off the bus in front of the drug store in Denby. The bag the driver set on the sidewalk for her had an airline tag on it. The driver got back behind the wheel; the white-haired grandmother who had been her seat mate all the way from Gilead smiled and waved to her, and the bus roared away, on toward Mohegan and across the state. Hester Lee stood alone on the main street of Denby, a slim, blonde girl in a white hat, a blue and white striped dress and white sandals. She glanced at the drug store, tempted to go in and ask at once where she would find Dr. Wayne. Then she knew she should get settled first and freshen up. With Aunt Emma in the hospital, she couldn't go to the little house on Willow Street. It would have to be the hotel.

She picked up her bag and walked, without thinking, to the end of the block and turned north. She was a stranger here, yet her feet remembered. She had known this town for two years, long ago. Another block, and she come to the weathered brick hotel, once set in a generous lot with lawns around it, now squeezed between a supermarket and a hardware store, its lawns reduced to tiny green patches edged with pink petunias. She went up the worn brick walk, across the pillared porch lined with wooden chairs and into the dim, faintly cool lobby.

A grayhaired man was at the desk. His eyes lighted at the sight of her, and he watched as she signed the registry card. He read the name and said, "Hester Lee. Why, you're Mrs. Gardener's niece, aren't you?"

"Yes."

"I remember you! My, it's good to see you again! Too bad Mrs. Gardener's sick. I guess you came to look after her." He glanced at the card again. "Colorado. That's quite a trip. I expect it's cooler out there than it is here."

"A little," Hester said.

He found a key and came around the desk and took her bag. They went up the open stairway to the second floor, down the hallway to the right, and he led the way into a room. He set the bag down, raised the shades, opened the door to the bathroom, and said, "I gave you a corner room. It's quieter, and it's got cross-ventilation." He opened the closet, took out an electric fan and plugged it in. Hester reached into her purse for a tip, but he smiled and shook his head. "Home folks don't tip, around here." He laid the key on the dresser, said, "If there's anything you want, just let me know," and left.

She sat down on the bed. thankfully. Then she took off her hat and lay back. It was a strange homecoming. It was strange thinking of Denby as home, yet in a sense it was the nearest thing to home she had known since she was twelve years old. And she hadn't been here in twelve years. It was an odd sensation, arriving this way. Yesterday Colorado, lunch in Wheatland. Plans for a vacation in the mountains, already packed for it. Then the phone call from Dr. Richard Wayne. So she went in to Denver, caught the late flight east, took the bus from Gilead, and now—Denby. Yesterday a schoolteacher waiting for the fall term to start. Today Emma Gardener's niece, here to stop a needless operation on an old lady who, if she were as ill as Dr. Wayne said, should be allowed to die in peace.

She sat up, her jaw set firmly. She was tired as a dog, hot and travel-dusty. But she had to see Richard Wayne and have this out. Over the phone she had asked if he were the Dr. Wayne she had known, who would be in his sixties by now. No, he had said, he was Dr. Richard

Wayne, old Dr. Wayne's son. She remembered Dick Wayne, a tall, awkward boy, only two or three years older than she was. Now he was a brash young doctor, obviously eager to operate. Well, she would put a stop to that!

She looked in the bathroom, found it clean and began to run a tub. She undressed, luxuriated in a tepid bath and dressed in fresh nylon, a crisp light green with a full skirt. She brushed her short blonde hair, put on fresh lipstick, wished she had the big white straw which was too awkward to travel well, and had to compromise on the smaller white hat she had worn on the trip. Then she went downstairs.

The man at the desk said Dr. Wayne's office was in his house, three blocks over on Fourth Street. "The big white house," he said, "on the corner. You can't miss it." Hester went out again into the dazzling, sun-hot street.

Denby was one of those small towns, typically American, that dot the vast farmlands. Front-yard lawns, hedges, trees, back-yard gardens and garages, street after street of houses, a center of stores and garages and lumber yard, a sash factory, a small foundry, a corn by-products plant down by the railroad, a brick high school, a public library in the town park, a hospital at the far end of town. It was forty-four miles from Gilead, the state's metropolis, thirty miles from Mohegan, a college town and the state's cultural center; when she had lived here with Aunt Emma, Hester had dreamed of going to college in Mohegan. It seemed long ago.

As she left the main street and walked along the maple-shaded cross-town avenue, Hester remembered little things. The day Aunt Emma gave in and allowed her to have her braids cut off; the eagerness with which she hurried down this same avenue to George Bartlet's barber shop; the way she cried all the way home over the loss of the detested braids. The day Rob Lincoln let her ride his bicycle, and just about here she met a car and couldn't stop and rode into the curb and fell off. She still had scars on both knees, but the thing she best remembered was that she broke six spokes out of one wheel and Aunt Emma withheld her allowance for two weeks, to pay for the damage. The day Aunt Emma came with her, down this very street, to the station and put her on the train for Omaha. To go to her father and his new wife, whom Hester knew she was going to hate. Both she and Aunt Emma cried, and Aunt Emma said, "Try to like her, Hester. Try to make your father happy. He's had a hard time of it."

Then she put away the memories. She was going up the walk at the big white house with the sign on the lawn: RICHARD J. WAYNE, M.D. It was a two-story house, a modified colonial with a one-story wing, and it was set in a big clipped lawn with a ragged-looking formal garden at one side. It looked tended, but not cared for.

The door marked "Office" was in the one-story wing. There was a waiting room with a half a dozen people in the upholstered chairs. At one side was a desk with a uniformed nurse behind it. The nurse looked vaguely familiar, a dark-haired, dark-eyed girl a year or two older than Hester. She glanced up, gave Hester a second look and nodded toward a vacant chair. She was typing memoranda cards.

Hester went to the desk and said, "I want to see Dr. Wayne. He is expecting me."

The nurse said, "In a few minutes."

Hester refused to be put off. "I am Hester Lee. Mrs. Gardener's niece."

"I know. Dr. Wayne is busy," the nurse said firmly.

Hester hesitated, but the nurse was dismissing her. She went over and sat down. A moment later the door to the inner office opened and a tall, dark-haired young man in a white office coat looked into the waiting room. "All right, Mrs. Groves," he said.

Hester was on her feet. "Dr. Wayne," she said, "I—"

He glanced at her, smiled, said, "I'll be with you pretty soon."

Mrs. Groves, a tall, bony woman, went into the doctor's office, and he closed the door. Hester flushed angrily and sat down again. She had flown almost halfway across the country to sit and wait while Dick Wayne acted self-important! She glanced angrily at the nurse, who was oblivious of her.

Ten minutes, and the doctor was at the door again. Again Hester started to get to her feet; but Dr. Wayne said, "All right, Sam," and a man in dungarees and work shirt went in.

The telephone rang. The nurse took the call, made an evening appointment. It rang again, and she relayed the call to the doctor inside. Then something about her face, her gestures, made Hester know who she was. Her name was Ruth. Ruth — she tried to recall the surname, couldn't find it. She had been the dark-haired girl in the grade ahead of Hester at school, a lively, laughing girl who wore the same plaid skirt all winter, a red and black Campbell plaid. And a black sweater. Ruth Collins. No, the name was Collis, without the "n." Ruth Collis.

The door opened again. A teen-aged girl was summoned.

Hester went over to the desk. "I came all the way—"

The telephone rang. The nurse answered it. Hester waited while the nurse made another evening appointment. She turned to Hester. "There's one more ahead of you," she said and went back to her typing.

Hester stood there another moment, then returned to her chair. Two more patients came in. And at last Dr. Wayne came to the door and looked at her and said, "Now, Miss Lee, come on in."

Dr. Wayne's office was a small room with a desk and two chairs and a sterilizer and an instrument case and a glassed book case. Beyond, through an open door, Hester could see another room with an examining table. Both rooms were white and gleaming, but the small office seemed cluttered, as though he never had time to put it in order. Even his desk was disorganized, a pile of letters on one corner, two medical bulletins, a rack of test tubes and his open medical bag from which a stethoscope dangled.

He motioned to the green leather chair at the end of the desk, and she sat down. He sighed, and she saw the strain lines around his mouth. It was a good mouth, generous, firm-lipped. His eyes were weary. He sat down, closed his eyes and leaned back, his long-fingered hands clasped behind his head. Then he opened his eyes and smiled at her and all the tired lines vanished. He looked almost boyish, a boyishness overlaid with a disarming maturity. He said, "You must have flown, to get here so soon."

"I did," she said. "From what you said, I didn't think there was any time to waste."

"It's urgent," he said, "but not yet critical. We won't have to perform an emergency operation. But—"

"That's why I flew on," she said. "You spoke of operating."

He nodded. Somehow, she couldn't think of him as Dr. Richard Wayne, now that she was here. He was just Dick Wayne grown taller and older, a slim, dark-haired, serious boy who always had a book under his arm.

"Let's see," he said, "how long has it been since you lived here?"

"Twelve years ago. I lived with her two years."

"I know. And she was sixty-nine at that time. Now

she is eighty-one." He laughed. "Don't tell her I told you. She's a little vain about her age. Another year or two, and she'll be boasting about it, though. What I am saying is that she has aged a good deal since you saw her. She's got a splendid constitution, but—"

The telephone rang. He answered it. "Yes. Yes, Clara. Any temperature? I wouldn't worry too much, then. I'll drop in after a while. Just keep him quiet. It may be just a touch of sun."

He hung up and turned to Hester again. "As I was saying, her blood pressure is splendid, her kidneys are all right, all those factors are in her favor. Otherwise I wouldn't even consider operating. With some people—"

"You said it was her stomach," Hester interrupted. "She always had splendid digestion."

"Right. Another factor in her favor."

"Then why do you want to operate?"

"Hester—" He paused, and for a moment he looked just like his father. Old Doc Wayne had had his office over the drug store, and Hester had always been in awe of him. He was a tall, stooped man with a black bag full of pills that tasted terrible if you held them in your mouth till the candy coating melted off.

"Put it this way," Wayne said, "if an operation will spare her pain, if it will give her a few more years of life, and if she has an even chance to survive it, it's my duty as her doctor to operate."

"You said something about a mass," Hester said. "Does that mean cancer?"

"There's no way of telling whether it's malignant or benign without a microscopic examination of the tissue. Malignant or not, removal is the proper procedure."

"You just said something about her having an even chance of surviving. Is that all the chance she has?"

"At her age that's quite remarkable, to have an even chance."

"Why," she exclaimed, "I don't see how anyone can think of operating if—" She hesitated, then asked, "How do you know your diagnosis is correct?" He was still Dick Wayne to her, and she had a perfect right to challenge him.

He frowned. "How does—"

The telephone interrupted him. "Yes," he said to the phone. "How is she coming, Greg? Fine, fine." He asked other details. Hester watched him, not listening, thinking that he was really almost handsome, in that strange, lean way. And vital, full of vitality and concentration as he talked. Every inch the doctor. His voice had authority. And warmth, and understanding, and decision. Finally he said, "I'll be over in about an hour. Tell her husband we'll have the baby early this evening." He laughed. "All right, Greg."

He hung up and turned to her. "Did you know Ellen Caldwell? She must have been in your class at school. She's having her first baby." He folded his hands behind his head and frowned out the window for a moment. Then he said, "Hester, any diagnosis is an informed guess based on known facts and predictable probabilities. Her sedimentation rate jumped to fifty, her appetite vanished, she had nausea and acute pains in the suspicious area. The diagnosis was obvious. But for a check, I'm having Dr. Jerome Teague come over from Gilead and give his opinion. He's the best man I know in the field."

"I still think—" Hester hesitated.

"Yes?"

"But she was always so healthy, Dick!" The name came out unthinking.

"You haven't seen her these past few months. I have. A year ago I thought she was indestructible. She had pneumonia two years ago, but recovered completely, with no damage. I thought she would go on for another ten years. Then, about two months ago, I began to wonder. She was losing weight, not looking right. I asked how she was feeling, and she said not to worry about her. You know how determined she is, going to handle everything herself. 'I'm quite all right, Dr. Dick,' she said. But I told her to come over and let me give her an examination. She didn't come, and I was busy. I didn't see her till about ten days ago. Then I heard she was sick abed. You know how word gets around. Everybody in Denby knows it if you're sick. Folks had been taking in broth and things like that, but she couldn't keep anything down. She was so weak she couldn't get out of bed. I put her right in the hospital."

"It seems impossible!"

"I know. We knew her as a spry old lady always helping somebody else. When I came back here to practice I thought she hadn't aged a year since I went away to school. But now, Hester, she's the one who needs help. I'm glad you came, though I didn't expect you to when I 'phoned."

"You should have known I'd come."

"I suppose so. But we lose touch. I didn't know how much you might have changed." He smiled. "It's been quite a while. All I knew was that you were teaching school out in Colorado."

"How did you know that?"

"She told me. She's very proud of you." He looked at her approvingly. "Not without reason," he said, with a smile. "I didn't quite realize you'd grown up. But we all do."

And it was as though they'd always known each other, without any gap of the years. They spoke the same language; each almost instinctively understood what the other felt.

He said, "You don't like the idea of an operation. Neither do I, if it can be avoided. In her case it can't. I'm convinced of that. The alternative is to keep her alive for a little while longer, weakening day by day, full of pain. We can't do that, Hester!"

"No, that would be worse! Dick, I want to see her!"

"Of course. How about this evening? Around eight o'clock. Keep it short, though. No more than ten minutes. She's pretty weak."

"Oh, Dick, we've got to take care of her!" She put out her hand, pleading.

He took her hand, gripped it. "We're going to do our best, Hester. I wish it weren't this way, but—"

The telephone rang again. He picked it up. "Yes, Ruth. . . . He's here? I'll take him at once." He got to his feet. "There's a man outside with a mangled hand. An accident at the mill."

He went to the door with her. His mind was on the accident, not on her.

She said, "At eight o'clock this evening, then?"

He looked at her blankly.

"Aunt Emma," she said.

"Oh, yes. Eight o'clock." He opened the door, and she went out into the waiting room. Dr. Wayne took a gray-faced man with a bloody bandage on his hand and led him into the office.

Hester stood for a moment watching the office door close behind her. As she turned away she saw a little boy beside the nurse's desk, a youngster with brown hair and a cherub face, about five years old. He was in khaki shorts and a white T-shirt. The nurse was brushing his hair with her hand.

The boy glanced up at Hester with a shy smile. He reminded her, though younger, of the most mischievous boy in her third grade at Wheatland. "Whose boy are you?" she asked.

The boy didn't answer. The nurse glanced up, pride in her eyes. "He's mine," she said.

"And you," Hester said, "are Ruth Collis, aren't you?"

"Yes, only the name is Lincoln now." Ruth turned to the boy. "Robin, this is Miss Lee. Mother went to school with her. She's Aunt Emma Gardener's niece."

Robin beamed at Hester, said, "Hello," and asked his mother, "When is Dr. Dick going to be ready for me?"

"Pretty soon, son. He'll give you your shot before he leaves."

"Shot?" Hester asked. "But he looks so healthy!"

"Penicillin," Ruth said. "He had rheumatic fever. . . . Now go over there and look at a magazine. Everybody has to take his turn in Doctor's office." She gave Hester a quick glance which said: See, I run this office and I haven't any favorites, not even my own little boy. You're nobody special, Hester Lee!

Hester went outside and back to the hotel.

As the desk clerk handed her key to her he said, "Did you see Dr. Dick?"

"Yes."

"I hope," he said earnestly, "you're going to see Mrs. Gardener is taken care of."

"That's why I'm here," she said with a smile. Then she said, "It seems to me that Dr. Wayne is a good doctor. Don't people like him?"

"Like him? Oh, my, yes! Young Doc's probably as good as his father ever was, maybe better. But at her age —well, folks just want to be sure Mrs. Gardener is taken care of right."

"I'm sure," Hester said, "that Dr. Wayne is going to do everything possible. He's—" She felt herself blushing, and she didn't finish her comment. She took her key and went up to her room.

She stood for several minutes at the window, looking out over the rooftops at the trees in the residential streets beyond. Wondering why she suddenly wanted to defend Dick Wayne against any possible criticism.

Then she thought—Oh, that's ridiculous. I didn't want to defend him. I just—well, we talked as though we were old, old friends and understood each other perfectly. I like Dick Wayne, and I didn't expect to like him at all.

She took off her hat. So that's the way he grew up. Tall and handsome in his odd, rugged way. And firm and decisive and very sure of himself. Not too sure, though, not arrogantly sure. Just—well, nice; the kind of man you turn to and trust.

Oh, she thought, this is ridiculous! I've known handsome men who were sure of themselves. Jim Wells, that tall, dark, goodlooking football player at Greely. He was sure of himself! But he had a football brain. She dated him three times, and then he began to make passes at her.

And Larry Neff, the high-school coach at Wheatland. Larry dated her all her first fall in Wheatland and just before Christmas said if she didn't marry him he would die a bachelor. He'd wait ten years for her, he said. She said no, and before Easter he married that dreamy-eyed girl from Fort Collins.

George Bristol, too, was the rugged type. George was principal of the grade school. He dated her all last spring, and the last week of school he proposed four times. George was all right, but he was afraid to call his life his own. Always worrying about what the superintendent would say if he made a move. She wondered if George hadn't asked the superintendent if it would be all right before he proposed to her. Probably.

Dick Wayne wasn't like any of them. He wasn't like anyone she ever knew. He was just—well, Dick Wayne. And it was uncanny the way she knew, within minutes, that they could talk. Talk straight. Sometimes you met a man, and it was as though you both were on the same wave length. You didn't need an introduction or time to get acquainted or even time to think. You just were like that, from the moment you met. Only with Dick Wayne it was even more so, because they had known each other once. He was—well, he was her kind of man. And she was his kind of girl. She saw that in his eyes, felt it in his voice, in the way he gripped her fingers when she held out her hand, instinctively, to him.

She thought—*Oh, Hester, you don't know him. You don't know him at all!*

And then—*I do know him. I've known him forever. Dick Wayne and I are going to take care of Aunt Emma. That's why I'm here.*

She took off her dress and lay down on the bed in her slip. She was going to see Aunt Emma this evening. Dick had warned her that Aunt Emma was very weak. And old. It seemed impossible, for she had always been ageless; ageless and so completely in command of life. And she gave me so much, Hester thought, so much.

She lay back to get a nap before she went downstairs for dinner.

CHAPTER 2

Ruth Lincoln glanced up as soon as Hester Lee closed the screen door and watched her go down the walk, reluctantly admiring her figure and her clothes. Hester Lee, she thought, had everything. She'd always had everything. Maybe not always, but ever since she came to Denby, a sad-eyed little girl of ten, to live with Aunt Emma Gardener. And now she had come back to get Mrs. Gardener's money.

Strange, Ruth thought, how the relatives come flocking when they think somebody with money is going to die. And how they stay away and try to ignore it when somebody without money is sick and needs their help. When there's no money in sight they leave it to the doctor and the undertaker, then complain about the bills.

Ruth corrected herself sternly—No, Hester didn't have everything when she first came here to live. She was a forlorn little girl whose mother had died and whose father had sent her on to live with her Aunt Emma. Great-aunt, really, Hester's father's aunt. Hester never talked about her father, but Mrs. Gardener spoke of him as "my nephew, Colonel Colby Lee." He was an Army engineer, who built dams and such things and never seemed to have a home of his own.

When Hester arrived she was a big-eyed girl with blonde braids and long legs and bony arms. Her dresses were too short, as though she had outgrown everything she had. But Mrs. Gardener took her right out and bought new clothes for her, the same kind the other girls wore. And kept her looking neat as a pin. Ruth remembered that especially, the way Hester never wore a mussed dress to school.

At first the girls thought Hester was putting on airs. Looking back, Ruth decided she probably was just shy and lonely. She wanted desperately to be friends with every-

body, and she didn't know how. And she was an outsider. All that first year she must have been miserable.

Then, at the beginning of the second year, Mrs. Gardener had Hester's braids cut off, and she began to blossom. The girls didn't know things were different until they saw how the boys began to notice her. Hester wasn't interested in boys, but Ruth was. Hester would walk down the street, and a boy on a bicycle would ride leisurely past her, looking. He would ride away, and a few minutes later he would be back, with another boy. They would ride along in the street beside her, seeming to pay her no attention but talking loud and showing off. Then one of them would shout, "Hi, blondie! Where's your braids?" Hester would look around, surprised, and the boys would laugh and ride away, and come back and go through the performance all over again.

One afternoon Rob Lincoln, who was one of the older boys, came up beside Hester and took her books and walked home with her. Hester acted surprised. It didn't mean a thing to her. But it meant a lot to Ruth Collis. Ruth was just a skinny little black-haired girl, but she wasn't going to have an outsider like Hester Lee take the boys over. Especially Rob Lincoln.

Ruth began giggling and talking loud. She began wearing a flaming red scarf, and she bought a cheap lipstick and used it after school. One day Rob Lincoln said, "Hey, Ruthie, what kind of a clown are *you* trying to be?" And he laughed and walked away.

Ruth was so mad she could have scratched. Not at Rob, but at Hester. She threw away the lipstick and quieted down and acted bored when the boys were around. And Rob said, "Now what gives, Ruthie? You got lockjaw, or what have you got?" Then she stopped trying to be somebody else and began to be herself. And Rob, who had had no encouragement from Hester—Hester was too young for boys anyway—became interested in Ruth.

It started as a grammar school romance. In their sophomore year in high school they went steady. Then they hardly had a date till the end of their senior year, but after the Senior Prom there just wasn't anybody else for either of them.

Hester, of course, had been gone a long time by then. She had stayed only two years. Then her father remarried, and she went to live with him and her new stepmother, and Ruth lost track of her. Oh, now and then Mrs. Gardener mentioned her. "Hester was graduated second in her class from high school." "Hester is going to teacher's college out in Colorado." "Hester is teaching school." But Ruth wasn't interested in Hester.

Ruth's family couldn't afford to send her to college at Mohegan, and she didn't know what to do. Then one day Mrs. Gardener met her on the street and said, "Ruth, what are you going to do with yourself?" Ruth said she didn't know. Mrs. Gardener, in that blunt way of hers, said, "Don't just sit around and wait to get married. Make something of yourself. You'd make a good nurse." Mrs. Gardener really gave her the idea. Ruth talked to Old Doc Wayne, and he said, "Fine! I'll do all I can to help you." And he helped get her started at Gilead City General, and he encouraged her all the way through. She would have quit after two years and married Rob Lincoln, but Old Doc Wayne said, "Finish your training. Then you'll have a profession if you ever need it." So she finished, and Old Doc said, "Now go ahead and get married, if you want to. Rob's a steady boy. And I'll deliver your first baby." He did. He took care of Robin for three years before he had the embolism. Folks said Old Doc Wayne worked himself to death; he was only fifty-eight when he died.

Dr. Dick was an intern at the time, at Gilead City General where Ruth had taken her training. Dick had only a few more months as an intern. Then he came back to Denby and set up practice, with that wife of his, that beautiful, spoiled Linda.

Dick Wayne had always known he was going to be a doctor, and so had everybody else. As valedictorian of his high school class, he entitled his speech, "I Swear by Apollo," the opening words of the Hippocratic Oath. It was a speech about the responsibility of his generation to cure the ills of the world, but it was full of medical allusions, and it expressed Dick's dreams and ambitions. Then he went to Mohegan College and on to medical school. He married Linda Wallace during the last year of his internship.

Linda was the daughter of Gilead's big criminal-lawyer, a man folks said owned half the judges in the state. Linda grew up spoiled and never got over it. Dick met her at her coming-out party, and the talk was that she was determined to marry him. She boasted that she always got what she wanted. And Dick was a catch, brilliant and good looking. Ruth had seen him a time or two in evening clothes, and he was one of those men who walk into a room and every woman turns and looks at him. You knew the minute you saw him that he was someone you could depend on. Like Rob Lincoln. People liked Rob, too, and depended on him.

Linda was beautiful, no doubt about it, tall, statuesque, dark blonde, dark eyes and a milky skin and perfect teeth. But she was mean and cruel. She had the tongue of a snake.

They came to Denby, and Dick took over his father's old office over the drug store and lived in the old mansard-roofed house Dick inherited from his father. (Dick's mother had died of leukemia ten years before, something folks never understood, because a doctor should at least cure his own wife, shouldn't he?) When Dick inherited the house, Amy Bossert stayed with it. Amy had been his father's housekeeper. Linda couldn't stand Amy. She fired her and brought in two servants from Gilead, and right away everyone in Denby knew Linda wasn't going to fit in.

Dick tried to cover up for her, without seeming to apologize, but it was no use. Linda said frankly that Denby was just a little backwater town. "We won't be here long," she said in that amused, irritating way of hers. "Dick's sentimental about Denby, so I humored him. He won't be here more than a year. Then he'll go on to big things in New York."

She always said the wrong things. She told the druggist, "I send to Chicago for my skin lotions. It wouldn't pay you to stock them. Nobody here could afford them." At a church supper she said, "One has to do such boring things, meet such dull people, in a town like this." And the one time she went to a benefit bridge she said, "Nobody here can really play bridge," and yawned and left.

Linda hated Denby, and Denby didn't care for her. She stayed ten months, then went to Europe. She was gone six months and came back more sulky and self-centered than ever. For a few weeks she lived in a blaze of parties to which she invited guests only from Gilead. Then she went away again.

Ruth was working for Dr. Dick by then, and she saw the way Linda hurt him. But he never said a word. He just buried himself deeper in doctoring. Then folks began asking when he was leaving, when he was going to New York. He said, "I'm not going anywhere. I'm staying right here." But the talk persisted. So Dr. Dick built the new house. He had to go deeply in debt to do it, but it was his way of telling Denby that he was staying. He

finished the office wing first and moved in while the plasterers were still at work in the rest of the house. Linda came back while the painters were there. Dick showed her the house, and one of the painters said Linda said, "You don't expect me to live in *this* place, do you, Dick?" The way she said it, the painter said, he thought Dick would slap her. Most men would. Then they came downstairs, and Ruth herself heard Linda say, "So you're just a pill-peddler, after all! And you could have *been* somebody." And Ruth heard that jeering laugh of hers.

Two days later Dr. Dick came back to the office after a long maternity case and called the house. His office door was open, and Ruth heard him say, "She's not there? Where is she? . . Gone where?" Then silence. A few minutes later he came out and asked Ruth, "Did Mrs. Wayne stop here and leave a message?"

She hadn't, of course, being Linda. She had just up and left, without even a good-by.

The painters finished, Dick ordered furniture for a couple of rooms, sent some things over from the old house, and moved in. He fired the Gilead couple Linda had left and hired Amy Bossert to come in by the day, and Ruth knew Linda wasn't coming back. That was last February. Ruth had been working for Dr. Dick a year and a half.

Dr. Dick didn't really need an office nurse when he hired her, but she needed a job, and he was like his father—he'd go out of his way to help you. Maybe it was a part of his way, too, of saying he was staying in Denby. And he'd known and liked Rob.

Rob Lincoln had been a farmer. He was farming the old Snider place when he and Ruth were married, and they bought it the first year. Then Robin was born, and they thought they had everything—including a big mortgage, as Rob said. But the spring he was two, Robin had a series of colds, and the next spring Old Doc Wayne found that he had rheumatic fever. He put Robin in the hospital and pulled him through.

Afterward, Rob asked if the baby would be an invalid for life, and Old Doc said, "No! There's always some damage with rheumatic fever, but his heart's pretty good. That's the danger point."

"What's this about his having to have penicillin?" Rob asked.

"He'll have to have it regularly," Old Doc said. "Like a diabetes patient having insulin. But I think he can live a normal life."

And that's the way it was. Ruth wasn't given to brooding, but sometimes she did wonder if things would have turned out the way they did if they hadn't bought the farm. You never know. All she knew was that Rob shouldn't have tried to clear that brush patch. And yet, if it hadn't been that, it might have been something else.

There was about five acres of brush over along the creek on the place. Rob hated waste. He said that brush patch should be growing a crop. So that fall, after he got his corn in, he bought a 'dozer blade for his old crawler tractor and said he was going to get rid of that brush. He was almost through when a heavy fall rain came. It rained two days and the creek was high. Afterward Rob said, "That brush will come out easy now, with the ground all soaked."

It cleared, and he got out the tractor. She watched him go, in his old canvas coat and his red plaid cap, singing. He couldn't sing, really, but he had a loud voice.

The brush patch was just a quarter of a mile from the house. She looked out several times and saw him working close to the creek. Then she looked out, and he was gone. She could hear the tractor's motor roaring, but it wasn't in sight. She had a premonition, a fear. She pulled on her galoshes, threw a coat around her, took Robin in her arms, and hurried across the cornfield. Halfway there she saw the cave-in and started to run.

There wasn't any mystery about what happened. Rob had got too close to the high creek bank, and the rain-soaked earth gave way under the heavy tractor. It went end-over-end into six feet of water. Rob was caught under it. It was ghastly, seeing the tractor half under water, only its nose out, the motor still running, and knowing Rob was down under it somewhere.

She telephoned to town. Dr. Dick came out, and the fire company and three garage wreckers. But it was too late. Dr. Dick said Rob was killed instantly.

After the funeral, she had to move to town. The bank sold the farm, and she got about two thousand dollars. She rented a place and put in an application at the hospital, but before the hospital acted on it, Dr. Dick asked her to work for him.

There wasn't anybody she'd rather work for. She'd never worked a day as a nurse and had no idea what an office nurse should do. Dr. Dick said, "You can type a little, and answer the phone, and run the sterilizer. Now and then I'll need your help with an examination, and you can give injections now and then. Beyond that, it's pretty much up to you."

So she took over the office for him. She knew everybody in town, and that helped. She calmed down the nervous patients, cozied the worried ones, talked back to the loud, insistent ones. She knew their families, their marriages, their children, their family troubles, almost as well as Dr. Dick did. She kept the office clean and as much in order as she could. She shielded him from the demanding patients and saw that the really sick ones got attention. And she came to know that Dr. Dick would go without sleep or meals or rest to spare a patient an hour of pain. She'd always admired him. She didn't come to think of him as a god, but she knew he was one of God's dedicated helpers.

And after she knew more about the situation with Linda, she was so sorry for him that sometimes she wanted to cry. One afternoon, just a few weeks before, after he'd been up all night with a sick baby and then had been on the go all day, she'd gone into his office after the last office patient and found him with his head down on his arms. He heard her and looked up, his face lined with weariness and his eyes away back in their sockets. He looked up and forced that smile of his and said, "Well, Ruth, almost quitting time. Call it a day."

"Isn't there something more I can do?" she asked.

He stared at her a moment, then said, "Maybe you can cure Alma Betterman's arthritis. Or George O'Brien's ulcer. Or put new arteries in old Mike Bowers."

"You're so tired you're ready to drop," she said.

He got to his feet, almost weaving, bracing his hands on the desk. "Where's tonight's house-call list?" he asked.

She got it for him. He glanced at it. "Where's Alma Betterman's name?" he asked. "Didn't she call in? I told her to."

"I told her," Ruth said, "you were very busy and asked if she couldn't come to the office this evening."

Dr. Dick seldom scowled at her, but he did then. He said, "It'll take her half an hour to walk to the office, and she hasn't anyone to bring her. You shouldn't ask her to come, Ruth. Call her and tell her I'll stop in and see her." He wrote the name on the list.

She faltered, "I just—I was trying to save you work."

Then he smiled and came around the desk and put a hand on her shoulder. "You save me a lot of work, Ruthie. I don't know what I'd do without you." he said.

She wanted to put her arms around him right there.

But she didn't. She wanted to take his head in her lap and comfort him the way she comforted Robin when he was so tired he could scarcely stay on his feet and so keyed up he couldn't go to sleep.

She said, "I try to, Dr. Dick." And he stared at her blankly, not even remembering what he had just said.

She went back to her desk, and five minutes later he came out of his office, looking almost fresh again. It always amazed her the way he pulled strength and fresh energy out of the air, it seemed. Doctoring was his life, now, his whole life, and he gave everything he had to it.

And this was her life, running the office for him, keeping his records straight, sorting out the patients, trying to shield him without his knowing. Her job, her life. Maybe there would be something more, some day, but just now that was her whole life. That and Robin.

Robin was at her desk again. "Mommie," he said, "am I next?"

She brought back her thoughts and looked around the waiting room. It was empty except for her and Robin. "Why," she said, "you are, aren't you? And after Dr. Dick gives you your shot we'll both be through. We'll go home and get supper. What do you want for supper?"

"Hamburger!"

"Not again!"

"Yes! Hamburger, and peas! I want hamburger and peas every day!"

The office door opened. Dr. Dick was saying, "Take one after meals till these are gone, and come see me again next Wednesday. I think you'll be feeling better by then."

Millie Johnson thanked him and limped to the door. Her rheumatism, as she called it, was paining her again. Ruth was sure the pills Dr. Dick had given her were unmarked aspirin; but they were cheap and better for her than the patent medicines she had dosed herself with.

Dr. Dick looked at Robin and whistled softly, the first few notes of a robin's morning song. Robin puckered his lips and tried to imitate it, but he could whistle only one thin note. Dr. Dick laughed. He seemed in especially good spirits and he didn't look nearly as tired as usual. He laughed and said, "Come on in, Mr. Lincoln, and take your medicine." Robin skipped into the office, more brave about the needle than half the adults were.

Ruth put the cover on her typewriter, put a paperweight on the house-call list and glanced around the waiting room. She picked up the magazines and piled them neatly on the table. Then she saw the short white glove on the chair where Hester Lee had been sitting. Hester hadn't been wearing gloves, but nobody else would even have been carrying them to the doctor's office.

Ruth picked up the glove, bristling a little inside. Remembering Hester in the pale green nylon, looking so cool, so assured. She wondered if the other relatives would be coming too. Probably. Another niece, and a nephew, who lived in Oklahoma. They would come, all right. They could smell Emma Gardener's money even as far away as Oklahoma. Hester had smelled it even in Colorado.

Ruth resented all the fuss over Mrs. Gardener. She was a nice old lady, and everybody in town liked her. But there was an awful lot of talk going on. And with Hester here, it would spread even more. Ruth wondered how much of it had got to Dr. Dick. She'd been wondering all day how she could tell him, tactfully, about it. All this fuss about one old lady! She was only one patient. Dr. Dick had plenty of others to worry about. But she had to tell him, somehow, just so he would know what folks were saying. Maybe *he* could think of some way to put a stop to it. It wasn't right. *He* was the doctor. And she couldn't stand to have him criticized.

She put the white glove in her desk drawer. Hester would be in again; you could count on that.

Then Robin came out of Dr. Dick's office, a strip of bandage on his arm, and Dr. Dick followed him, taking off his white office coat. He was whistling softly to himself. He glanced down at the house-call list, then went back and put on his tan sport jacket.

"No more calls from the hospital?" he asked.

"No," she said.

"Ellen Caldwell's in labor," he said. "I've got to get right out there."

"I guess they didn't need you," she said, "or they would have 'phoned."

He didn't seem to hear. He was still whistling to himself as he picked up his bag and went out to his car.

Ruth took off her white cap, turned to the mirror behind her desk and combed her hair and freshened her lipstick. She turned the card on the inner office door so it said: THE DOCTOR IS OUT.

"Come on, Robin," she said.

Robin carefully put the magazine he had been leafing through on the pile on the table, and they went out.

CHAPTER 3

Dr. Wayne hoped, as he drove across town, that Ellen Caldwell wasn't having too hard a time. She shouldn't have. She was a big, healthy girl. But labor was nearly always long with a first baby. And the mother, despite everything she had been told, didn't know exactly what to expect. That's why he liked to be there in plenty of time, to give reassurance. One thing about childbirth—it was with nature, a natural function. But you had to watch every minute, and when labor pains started the first time, a girl had trouble remembering that motherhood was natural to her. He wanted to be in plenty of time to reassure Ellen Caldwell.

The hospital was out at the edge of town, where a hospital belonged, in the country with green around it and fresh air and a sense of peace and quiet. A hospital in the middle of town or in the heart of a crowded city always depressed him. That's one reason he'd been glad to come back to Denby, the hospital.

He remembered when it was built. His father had begged and pleaded for it, and when it finally was started, his father had said, "That hospital will be worth more to Denby and this area than anything else in town. It's more important than paved streets or electric lights. But it took folks a long time to admit that." Then he frowned, in that way of his, and said, "No, I'm wrong. It's no more important than the sewer system and municipal water. Before we got the water system, five or six people died of typhoid every year. But if we'd had a hospital, we might have saved them!"

He drove into the parking yard and left his car. He glanced up at the three-story building as he hurried along the gravel walk to the main entrance. It would have been a prettier building if they'd ever built the second wing. Maybe they would some day. When Grant Gar-

dener gave the money for that one wing, he had said, "Let somebody else build the other one. I don't care how it looks from the outside, just so it's right inside." Grant Gardener was a shrewd man. He made a fortune in lumber, retired before he was sixty and had just five years to enjoy his leisure. After he died, they wanted to name the new wing for him, but Aunt Emma said, with her direct tartness, "Nonsense! It's just a part of the Community Hospital. Grant doesn't need any such memorial." So his name was never carved on it. It was just the Community Hospital, open to that whole end of the county.

Dr. Dick Wayne opened the big main door, welcoming the cool quiet and the faint medical smell. This was home to him, the hospital and his office. He seldom thought about it, but when he did, he knew that this was the only home he had, the only life. Since Linda had left.

The nurse at the desk heard him and looked up, her face brightening. "Dr. Dick!" she exclaimed. "I just rang your office."

"Good!" he said. "Then I'm in time."

"She's in delivery," the nurse said.

He swung around to the elevator. The nurse plugged in a number and said, "Dr. Wayne is here. He's—"

The elevator door slammed. He took off his jacket, ready to scrub up in a hurry. The elevator operator said, "Mighty hot day, isn't it, Dr. Wayne?"

"Is it?" he asked, surprised. He hadn't had time to notice.

The operator laughed and shook his head, as though Dr. Wayne had said something very funny. Then he stopped at the third floor, the doors opened, and Dr. Wayne hurried down the corridor. To scrub up and get to the delivery room, get that baby born safely.

It wasn't a particularly difficult delivery, but it was slow, as Dick had thought it might be. Then, at last, the baby was there, a sound, healthy boy. One nurse took it, and another nurse readied the mother to go back to the maternity ward. Dr. Wayne stripped off his gloves, mask and gown but didn't change back to his street clothes. He was going back to the ward with her, just to see that everything was all right.

They wheeled her down the long corridor into the big, many-windowed ward. The ward nurse took over. Dr. Wayne began giving her his instructions. He said, "She should be awake by eight o'clock."

The ward nurse smiled and glanced at her watch.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"It's eight o'clock now," she said. "Five minutes past."

"No!" He looked at the watch on her wrist as she held it out to him. He shook his head. "Where does the time go? Well, make it nine o'clock." He frowned, remembering, and exclaimed, "Oh, good Lord! I forgot all about Hester Lee!" And he turned and hurried to the stairway.

He went down the stairs two at a time to the second floor desk. Miss Brown, the floor supervisor, was there. "Brownie!" he exclaimed. "How's Mrs. Gardener?"

"She seems to be doing all right, Dr. Dick."

"I'll step in and see her." He turned away.

"No!" Miss Brown exclaimed. "No, please, Dr. Dick!"

"What's the matter?" he demanded.

"You can't!" She began to laugh.

"What do you mean, I can't?" He bristled.

"I mean you shouldn't." Miss Brown flushed at having said it as she had. "Irma is putting Mrs. Gardener's hair up in curlers."

"Well?"

"For you!" She was chagrined, but she had to smile. "Oh, she's the cutest little old thing! She wanted to be prettied up when you see her tomorrow morning. I'm afraid she'd be furious if you popped in now."

"Nonsense!" But he didn't leave.

"Of course she would. She's a woman. We're all vain."

"She has a guest coming, Brownie. Her niece. I told her she could come at eight, for ten minutes. She's probably waiting downstairs right now, calling me names. I forgot to leave word at the desk."

"Can't you give us five minutes, Dr. Dick?"

"I guess so. She's up to having a visitor, isn't she?"

"She seemed pretty well rested when I saw her. And her chart looks good."

Dr. Wayne nodded. "I'll send her niece right up. Keep her here at the desk till the coast's clear. And don't let her stay more than ten minutes." He started to leave, then asked, "What are you going to do, give her a permanent?"

Miss Brown laughed. "We'll have to take the curlers out. It won't take long."

Dr. Wayne went on down the stairway to the first floor. Hester was not in sight, but the nurse at the desk gave him a meaningful look and pointed toward the waiting room on the right.

Hester was standing at the window when he went in. She saw him and glanced at her watch.

"Sorry to keep you waiting," he said.

"I wondered if you'd forgotten, or been called on some emergency," she said.

"I was busy with a baby." He glanced down to see what she was staring at, saw that he was still wearing the green operating-room suit. "Excuse the overalls," he said with a grin.

He took her to the elevator. "How did you get out here?" he asked as they started up.

"I walked."

"I forgot to tell you we have cabs in town now. You could have taken a taxi."

"It's been a long time," she said, "since I walked in Denby. I enjoyed it."

They were at the second floor. He motioned her out, leaving her to Brownie's devices, and went on up and changed into his street clothes. Then he looked in at the maternity ward again before he went back to the main floor. He asked the desk nurse if Hester had left, found that she hadn't, and waited.

She came down a few minutes later, and he said, "I'll give you a lift back."

They went out to the car. As he held the car door for her he asked, "Well, how did you think she was?"

"I wanted to cry," Hester said.

"I hope you didn't." He drove out of the parking yard and headed for town.

"She would have scolded me if I had. Oh, she looks so frail! But she has so much—well, as she would say, she has so much gumption. Dick, she mustn't die now!"

"That's why she's in the hospital."

"She said I shouldn't have come. Said I shouldn't have *had* to come."

"You told her I phoned you?"

"No."

"She knew. I told her I was going to call you and the others."

"That's why she didn't ask. I wondered. She wants me to go over and stay at her house while I'm here."

"Good. I'll take you there now."

Hester shook her head. "I'll move over tomorrow. I'm settled at the hotel for tonight."

"Then I'll drop you at the hotel before I go back to the office."

"You have office hours again tonight?"

"Of course."

"When do you rest?"

He laughed. "Between house calls."

She was silent several minutes. She was remembering what Aunt Emma had told her about Dr. Dick. That he was married, unhappily married, and his wife had left him. That he was working himself to death trying to forget. It had been something of a shock to Hester when she heard it. Dick Wayne married? Why, of course. He was older than Hester, several years older. He should be married by now. But not married and, as Aunt Emma hinted, practically divorced. That explained the hurt she had seen in his eyes this afternoon. "But he's a wonderful doctor," Aunt Emma had added. "Simply wonderful. He's had enough trouble so he understands trouble in others."

"Well," he was saying now, "you must have seen that she's a very sick woman. She probably rallied her strength, of course, for you. She does for me. But she's getting weaker every day."

"I was just thinking," Hester said, "that you said she had only an even chance to survive the operation."

"She hasn't any chance at all if we don't operate."

"I can see that. . . . Oh, Dick, she's such a dear!"

"She means a lot to you, doesn't she?"

"A very great deal. She did everything in the world for me when I needed it most."

"She means a lot to me, too. And to practically everybody in town. When I first set up practice, she sent me a dozen patients. Kids, mostly, who needed their tonsils out or some such thing. I don't know how many families she was helping out, but she paid the bills for all those kids. In the past year she must have sent six or seven patients to me."

"Children?" Hester asked.

"Not all of them. And I'll bet she has put ten people through college. Boys and girls she thought should have an education and whose parents couldn't afford it. John Wilson—did you know John? His mother was a widow, took in washing—Aunt Emma sent him to law school. Loaned him the money. John told me that himself."

"I'm not at all surprised. That's just like her. Scrimp for herself and be generous with others." Hester smiled. "I wonder if she still has that old radio with a horn. When I lived with her I was ashamed of it. It would be practically an antique by now!"

"She's still got it," he said with a laugh. "John Wilson gave her a little portable one for Christmas, and she has that in the kitchen. But she's got the old Atwater Kent, horn and all, upstairs. And uses it!"

"Good!"

"Were you here," he asked, "when Carl Ekdahl tried to sell her a television set? No, that was just six years ago. Carl went over to her house and gave her the sales talk, and she took him to the kitchen and showed him that old sink and the old worn linoleum on the floor and said, 'Wouldn't I look foolish, buying a television set for a house like this? I can't afford such a thing, even if I approved of it. Which I don't!" And Carl left, feeling like a crook who robbed widows and orphans. Less than a month later, when they started the educational TV station at Mohegan, she went down to Carl's and paid close to five hundred dollars for a big-screen set and had it installed in the public library. Carl still hasn't got over that."

She was silent again. Then she asked, "You said you were having a consultation about her. When?"

"Day after tomorrow."

"And we'll know more after you talk with this Dr. Teague?"

"Yes. Then we can plan on the next step."

They were back on the edge of Denby's business district. Neon signs began to dot the street, and they came to the first traffic light. It was red. As they waited for it to change, he looked at her and said, "You must be pretty well bushed, after that trip. That bus from Gilead is brutal."

"I hadn't really been thinking about it," she said. "I was just so glad to get here, to find that she's still alive and has at least an even chance."

The light changed.

"And it was good," she said, "to walk and see the town, even though I was tired." Then she said, "But you—you still have office hours! And you just delivered a baby. When do you find time to eat? Have you had dinner?"

"Come to think of it," he said, "I haven't. I forgot all about it." He grinned. "I wondered why I felt so empty."

"You have to eat!"

"I haven't time now. I'll eat later."

The next traffic light was green. Just after he passed it she ordered, "Stop!"

"That light was green," he said.

"Stop!" she ordered again. "Stop right here!"

He drew over to the curb. She opened the door, stepped out and ran back to the corner, to the floodlighted diner. He sat back and smiled and waited. Five minutes, and she was back with hamburgers in a bag and a carton of coffee. She got in and handed him a hamburger.

"I didn't know," she said, "whether you liked onions or not, so I got just ketchup."

"I love onions," he said, taking a big bite and driving on. "But I guess my patients wouldn't."

She took the cover from the coffee carton. "And I didn't know about the coffee. Cream?"

"Um-hmmm." He had a mouthful of hamburger.

"Sugar?"

"Hn-unnn."

"I guessed right! Here."

He took a big drink of coffee and handed the carton back to her. She gave him the other hamburger. "How about you?" he asked.

"I had my dinner. Umm, they smell good, though. Remember the hot-dogs we kids used to roast down at the pond when there was skating?"

"Best hot-dogs there ever were. Seasoned with charcoal. Don't tell me you ever ate them!"

"I loved them. I was one of the little brats you never noticed."

He took another bite and another drink of coffee. "You," he said, "had blonde braids. Do I remember, or don't I?"

"That was the first year, and I didn't go skating till the next winter. After I had the braids cut off."

"I still remember blonde braids."

"Do you know what I remember about you and the pond? You taught me to skate."

"I never taught anybody to skate."

"I was there, barely able to stand up on my brand-new skates. Everybody carefully skated around me. And suddenly my feet went out from under me. I was just standing there, and plop, I went down. You picked me up, and you said, 'Turn your ankles in, and you won't skate on your fanny.'"

"Was that you?"

"You don't even remember!"

"You just said you'd cut off your braids. Besides, it was dark."

"It was a Saturday afternoon."

He turned and smiled at her. "Long time ago, wasn't it?"

"Twelve years."

"A lot has happened."

"Yes." She heard the tone in his voice, the withdrawal. She saw him staring ahead, the pain lines, the hurt, around his eyes.

At last he said, "Those were good hamburgers. Thank you."

They had turned into the street his office was on. She said, "Don't bother taking me over to the hotel. It's just a few blocks."

"No trouble," he said. He was still withdrawn.

"You've got an officeful of patients waiting."

"Probably."

"Take care of them."

He pulled into his driveway and parked. Through the windows they could see that every chair was occupied. He opened the door of the car for her, and she said, "Thanks for bringing me in."

"Thanks for the dinner," he said, and there was a smile, a kind of remembering smile. "We'll have to do it again. With napkins."

She left, and he went into the waiting room. He looked around and asked, "Who's first?" A short, stout woman stood up.

Dr. Wayne turned the card on his door so that it said: THE DOCTOR IS IN, and opened the door and followed the woman inside. She sat down in the chair at the end of his desk. He put on his white office coat and knew, even as he looked at her, that what she needed most was a chance to talk, to tell someone her troubles. "Well, Mrs. Hanley," he said, and she settled back to tell him all her symptoms, interspersing them with her various worries.

He listened. Finally she hitched her chair toward his desk and held out her arm. It wasn't an office visit unless he took her pulse and blood pressure. Both were satisfactory. He wrote out a prescription. As he handed it to her, she said, "I guess I'm not as bad off as Mrs. Gardener."

"You're not had off at all," he said. "Take a spoonful of this three times a day."

"She must be pretty sick, you keeping her in the hospital."

"We all need a rest now and then," he said. "I'd like to have you start this medicine tonight." He edged her toward the door.

"At least," she said, "I guess it's nothing I have to be operated on for, is it? But I'm not as old as she is."

"And watch your diet," he said, smiling. "Better go easy on the starches for a while." He opened the door. She went out, and he called the next patient.

During the next two hours four patients asked about Mrs. Gardener. None of them came right out and asked; they skirted around the topic, but they let him know that they knew she was sick, they were eager for word about what was wrong, and they wouldn't want to be operated on if they were her age. One woman said she'd heard Mrs. Gardener's niece had been called all the way from Colorado. "I didn't know it was that serious," she said.

"Her niece came for a visit," he said. "You remember Hester Lee, don't you?"

The woman frowned. "Just for a visit? All that way?"

He nodded. The woman seemed disappointed.

Then, about nine-thirty, a long distance 'phone call came from somewhere in Illinois. He asked the operator to hold it a moment, dismissed the patient in his office, asked the next one to wait and closed the door. A man's voice came on the 'phone. "Dr. Wayne? This is Dillon Hughes. I've been trying for an hour to reach you."

"Yes," Dr. Wayne said. Dillon Hughes was Mrs. Gardener's nephew.

"I'm calling about Mrs. Gardener," the man said. "You 'phoned me about her a couple of days ago."

"Yes, Mr. Hughes."

"Is she still alive?"

"Of course."

"I thought you said she was dying!" Dillon Hughes sounded truculent.

"I believe," Dr. Wayne said carefully, "that I said she was seriously ill."

"Well, what—? Look, we're driving in. My wife and I, and my sister and her husband. We understood it was an emergency, and as the nearest of kin—"

"There is no immediate emergency, Mr. Hughes," Dr. Wayne broke in. "I notified you and your sister, and Mrs. Gardener's other niece, as a matter of form. I was not summoning you to her deathbed."

"You 'phoned Hester Lee, too?"

"Of course."

There was a silence. Then Dillon Hughes said, "As long as we're this far we'll come on in. We'll be there tomorrow afternoon. You did say she is seriously ill?"

"Yes."

"Look, I want you to make reservations for us at the best hotel in town. Two doubles, with—"

"There is only one hotel in Denby," Dr. Wayne said. "I don't think you need reservations."

"Just one hotel? Oh, Lord! How far are you from Gilead? That's quite a place, isn't it, Gilead?"

Dr. Wayne didn't think he was going to like this man. He said, "Forty-four miles, as you can see on any road map."

"And I want to see you. Better make an appointment."

"For what time?"

"Oh, sometime in the afternoon. As soon as we get there."

"I have office hours from one-thirty till four."

"You mean—"

"I mean I'll find time to see you."

"And you say she's still alive?"

"Yes."

Dillon Hughes hung up.

Dr. Wayne sat there for a moment, frowning at the telephone. So the others were coming too. Dillon Hughes and his wife and Louise Curtis and her husband. Coming from Oklahoma. And Dillon Hughes, at least, seemed less interested in Aunt Emma Gardener's condition than in whether she was dead or alive. Dr. Wayne had never met any of them. As far as he knew, they had never been in Denby. Now they were suddenly interested in Emma Gardener.

He went to the door and called the next patient. He saw the list of house-calls under the paperweight on Ruth's desk, picked up the slip, folded it and thrust it into his pocket.

As he went back into his office to take care of the patient he remembered Linda's once saying, "Only a cheap country doctor has to go out on anything but an emergency after dinner." And he thought—*Every call on this list is an emergency to the patient waiting for me to arrive. It'll be eleven o'clock before I get to some of them, but it's important to them.*

CHAPTER 4

Ruth Lincoln arrived at the office a few minutes before nine the next morning. Dr. Wayne was taking care of the last of the early morning handful of office patients. She had suggested several times that he not see any patients before nine, when she came in, but he always said, "Waste two hours? I can't do that. Besides, they have to see me early to get to their jobs." She offered to come in early, but he vetoed that, too. "Nine to five is long enough for you."

She opened her desk and started the day's work, wondering how to tell him about the town's talk. She hadn't decided how to say it when he finished with the last patient and came out to her desk. She would have bet he hadn't got more than six hours' sleep, but he looked rested and relaxed.

"Good morning, Ruth," he said. "Try to keep the whole morning clear for me, will you? I'm going out to the hospital now. I'm meeting Dr. Teague there at nine-thirty, and we'll probably be back here soon after ten."

"You're having a consultation about Mrs. Gardener?" she asked.

He nodded.

She hesitated, knew she had to say it somehow. "Dr. Dick," she said, "there's a good deal of talk about Mrs. Gardener."

"There's always talk," he said quietly.

"Folks around town," she said.

"Don't let it bother you."

She hesitated again. "It's about you, too," she said.

"I know," he said shortly.

"They say—well, they say you're going ahead and operate even if it kills her!" She blurted it out.

"If I decide it's necessary to operate," he said slowly, firmly, "we'll operate." Then he snapped, "I can't call a mass meeting every time somebody gets sick to take a vote on what to do!"

"I—I just thought you ought to know what they're saying."

He dismissed the matter. "Before I forget, Ruth, Mrs. Gardener's nephew and niece, Dillon Hughes and Louise Curtis, will be in town today. Some time this afternoon. I'll see them. When they come don't keep them waiting."

He went out to his car. Ruth slammed the drawer angrily. On her way to work this morning three people had stopped her on the street and asked about Mrs. Gardener. When Ruth told them she didn't know any details but thought she was doing pretty well, they looked at her as if she was hiding something. As if Ruth Lincoln was partly responsible for what happened to Emma Gardener. They didn't realize that a nurse just did what a doctor told her to. She didn't make the decisions. The doctor did.

Oh, Dr. Dick shouldn't be put in a position like that! And she shouldn't either. It would be so much simpler if Mrs. Gardener had just had a stroke.

Then she thought of the niece and the nephew. Hester was already here. Now the other heirs were gathering. And Dr. Dick had them to deal with, too. Well, he'd handle them somehow. She just hoped they wouldn't raise a fuss.

It was almost ten-fifteen when Dr. Wayne and Dr. Teague came back from the hospital. They parked their cars in the drive and came into the waiting room, and Dr. Wayne introduced Ruth to Dr. Teague, a sandy-haired man of medium height. He was a specialist from Gilead, a classmate of Dr. Wayne, who was making a reputation for himself as an internist. They went into Dr. Wayne's office and looked at the X rays, then came out, and Dr. Wayne said, "We're going over to the living room. Don't disturb us except for an emergency."

The living room was at the rear of the house, a generous-sized room with a picture window that looked out on the ragged formal garden. It was a rather stiff room, obviously little used, and it reflected the uninterested taste of a man who seldom thought about his surroundings. A fireplace opposite the picture window was flanked by twin velour-covered sofas. There were the conventional big chairs, the coffee table, the end tables, utilitarian standing lamps, a Winthrop desk, walnut book cases, side chairs. It had wall-to-wall carpeting, the upholstery was serviceable blue and gray, the walls light gray, the drapes blue. It was the kind of room that could have been bought complete—it was, in fact—at Mason's, the big department store in Gilead.

Dr. Teague glanced around as they went in and knew in one look that what he'd heard about Dick and Linda must be true. Linda had had no part in this house. She would scream at its whole look.

Dr. Wayne went to the picture window and drew back the curtains, letting in a flood of warm sunlight, and by that gesture proved that he seldom used the room. His old-school housekeeper kept it closed off to spare the sun-fade.

Dr. Wayne motioned to a couch. Dr. Teague filled his pipe and lighted it, and Dr. Wayne said, "You agree, then, about Mrs. Gardener? No question in your mind?"

"No question about it," Teague said. "How old did you say she is? Eighty-one?"

"That's right."

"And this is her first serious illness?"

"Except for pneumonia two years ago. But no damage there. You heard her heart."

"A good heart." Teague took several puffs on his pipe before he said, "When they live to that age they have a good constitution, innate vitality. They've got something. Thanks to their genes."

"Then you'd operate," Dick Wayne said.

Teague slowly shook his head. "I'd think a long time," he said slowly.

"Why?"

"Look, Dick, in a case like this it's going to be pretty extensive."

"A re-sectioning, yes. But—"

"If she were fifty, even sixty, I'd figure the odds were in my favor. But at eighty-one—Dick, she's had a long life." He frowned. "You say she's practically an institution here."

"Good Lord, Jerry, I can't let her die when there's a chance to do something about it!"

"A chance, yes."

"Even a fifty-fifty chance."

"You don't know the odds, Dick. I don't either. She has a good deal in her favor, but you can't be sure till you get in there."

"The pictures—"

"The pictures seem to indicate a simple mass. You've operated enough, Dick, to know how often the unexpected turns up. By the way, were you planning to do this one yourself?"

"I'll assist. I'll get Jansen."

"There's not a better man in this part of the country than Jansen."

"I do the routine," Dick said. "Tonsils and appendices and such. And emergencies. But when a major like this comes along, and I have time, I call in a man like Jansen."

"You could do this, you know," Teague said. "I always admired your hands." He paused, then asked, "With what you've got, Dick, why did you come back here and bury yourself in general practice?"

"This is my home town. My father was a doctor here."

"I know. But you could do anything, go anywhere. Even Blakesley at school, who hadn't a good word for anyone, said you'd make a surgeon. And Quinn said you had the best diagnostic brains in the class. So what do you do? Come back here, to G.P. It's a dog's life!"

Dick shook his head. "It's a doctor's life."

"All day, every day, every night, Sundays. Except in the very rare case, when I walk out of my office at four o'clock in the afternoon, I'm through." Teague glanced around the room. "You didn't do it to get rich."

Dick smiled. "I did it," he said, "because I'm a doctor and these are my people. I knew their parents and grandparents, and I know their children. One glance around my waiting room, and I know what's troubling most of them, whether it's a cold, or emotional asthma kicking up, or a bad liver, or just wife trouble or a mother-in-law."

"And," Teague exclaimed, "half their troubles aren't medical! At least, the specialist does practice medicine."

"What is medicine but healing the sick?" Dick asked. "It's not all drugs and operations, Jerry. You know that. As my dad used to say, one out of three can't be cured with drugs, but it's the doctor's job to cure them, just the same."

"That's a pretty big order, Dick."

Dick looked at him for a moment, then quoted from the Hippocratic oath: " 'The regimen I adopt shall be for the benefit of my patients according to my ability and judgment.' "

"Yes," Teague said ironically, " 'according to my ability and judgment.' "

" 'My patients,' " Dick quoted back at him. "To me, that means *all* the sick who come to me, trusting my ability and judgment. And that includes Mrs. Gardener."

"Suppose you lose her on the operating table?"

"I'll have done my best. And she won't die a lingering death in pain and agony."

"The old crack about doctors burying their mistakes is false as hell, but some people still believe it, Dick."

"You agree with my diagnosis. What other way is there to cure it, except by operating?"

"None. But I'm an outsider. You're the one who will have to take the rap."

"Look, Jerry, it's too easy to back away from a decision like this. If she was younger, you wouldn't hesitate?"

"No."

Dick nodded. "I called you in for an outside opinion. To be sure I wasn't being sentimental."

"Well," Teague said, glancing at his watch, "you have my opinion: Your diagnosis is correct in every detail." He got to his feet. "I should be going. By the way, how's Linda?" Jerry had been an usher at Dick's wedding.

Dick glanced at him quickly. "All right, I guess."

"I heard she was down South."

"Yes." Dick was on his feet too.

"It's no go?" Teague asked.

Dick didn't answer.

"The marriage, I mean," Teague said.

Dick faced him, his features a mask. "What marriage?" he asked. There was no bitterness in his words, but his voice was cold.

"I'm sorry, Dick," Teague said, and they walked to the door.

"Thanks for coming," Dick said. "I wanted your verification."

"Are you going to operate?"

"I think so."

"I always knew you had guts, Dick," Teague said. "But don't be a damned fool." He thrust out his hand. "Good luck, boy."

Dick opened the door for him, and Jerry Teague left. Dick went back and sat down on the couch, alone in the big, cheerless room. Deliberately he forced his thoughts away from Jerry Teague's questions about Linda and reviewed their discussion of Aunt Emma Gardener, first at the hospital, then here. Jerry had agreed with him all the way on the diagnosis, even had good words to say. The compliments were good to remember, knowing Jerry Teague's reputation. But then, Dick had always known he was a good diagnostician himself. He could be where Jerry Teague was right now, if he'd wanted to. If it had been important. Or he could have gone into surgery. But this was what seemed most important, being right here in Denby. It still did. That's what Linda never understood, never tried to understand.

He went over and stood at the picture window. He had known when he built this house that the marriage was all over. He hadn't built it for Linda. He'd built it for the wife he wished he had. For a doctor and his wife and his family. Family? Linda didn't want children. "I'm *not* going to be tied down!"

He drew the curtains and went back and sat down, his head in his hands. He heard himself saying before he asked her to marry him, "Linda, there are just two things that are important to me—medicine, and you."

Linda had pouted, then laughed. "You've got them in the wrong order, Dick."

He made the concession, to please her. It didn't seem too important, then. He wanted two things, his career and a wife and family. Now he knew it wasn't Linda. It was something she represented—fun, enjoyment of life. Marriage, to someone who cared. It had been a long haul, through medical school and internship.

Oh, he thought, it wasn't her fault, not all of it. It never is. We should have known, both of us, that we weren't right for each other.

They'd only been married a short time when his father died. She came down here with him for the funeral, and on the way back he told her he was going to settle in Denby.

"Why?" she had asked.

"I want to. I'm going into general practice there."

"You can't, Dick! Oh, darling, you're just being sentimental. I hate sentimentalists!"

"I know now that I've planned to all the way through school."

"Now tell me you promised your father," she said with that cutting scorn of hers.

"I didn't promise anybody. But I know."

"You're being a fool!"

"I don't think so, Linda."

"With all the talent you have! And all the help I can be to you! To want to bury yourself in that backwater dump!"

She had her say, but he had made his decision. And eventually she said, "All right, Dick, I'll be the dutiful wife. We'll go to Denby. Just to prove how wrong you are. I'll be miserable there, and so will you. But a year's experience may be useful later."

She objected to every phase of his life here. She hated the town and she laughed at the people. She said it was

stupid to have open office hours. She said he shouldn't take any calls on weekends, none. Finally she made an issue of the telephone in their bedroom. "I refuse," she said coldly, "to live without privacy in my own bedroom. If any neurotic old woman can reach right into my bed and summon my husband from my arms just because she imagines she has a pain in her liver, I'm moving!" And she moved into another bedroom, alone.

He couldn't admit it, even then. A man holds to a dream as long as he can. It was a long time, months, and Linda had gone away for the first time, before he admitted even to himself that they shouldn't have married. . . .

He got up and walked around the room, not wanting to remember the scene when she came back from Europe. But it nagged at him. Her bitter words that flicked and stung. "Sentimental fool . . . this nonsense . . . driveling your life away. . . . You could *be* somebody if you wanted to!"

She went away again. He built this house. She came back those few days. They didn't quarrel—they were beyond quarreling, because it didn't matter enough to him any more. She said he could still have a wife and a career if he wanted to. There was a new foundation to which her father had contributed quite a lot of money. He had influence with the board, could name the assistant director, who would move into the director's office in a few years. A job with money and prestige.

He said, "You know my answer, Linda. I'm needed here."

She said, "I hate to admit it, Dick, but you're just a second-rater at heart. You shouldn't have married me. You should have married—well, someone like Ruth Lincoln!" And she laughed, jeering. Then she went away again, without even a good-by.

He went to the window again and stared out, through the curtain, not even seeing the garden beyond. Well, that was all over but the formalities. But there must be his kind of woman somewhere. A woman who at least tried to understand, to share, to believe in the things he believed in.

He shrugged away the past. He went outside and across to the waiting room. Nobody there except Ruth. She'd kept the morning clear, as he had asked her to.

Ruth looked up at him, and for a flash he thought: Ruth doesn't hate Denby. She doesn't think I've buried myself here, turned my back on a career.

Then he saw the way she looked at him, and he remembered Linda's words. Why, if he asked her to, Ruth Lincoln would gladly share this life with him. She believed in him. She tried to understand what he was trying to do.

He paused for a moment, looking at her, putting all the little things together. Then he said, "I'll be back after lunch," and he turned to the door to leave.

"Dr. Dick," Ruth said hesitantly.

"Yes?"

"Maybe I shouldn't ask, but—" Ruth flushed for a moment, then asked, "What did Dr. Teague say? Can you tell me?"

"Dr. Teague," he said, "agreed with my diagnosis."

"Oh," she said, and he wondered at the tone of her voice and the look in her eyes, wondered if it was disappointment or fear. Then he turned and went out to his car.

He drove, not really caring where he went. He put Linda out of his mind, and Ruth, too. He went back over what Jerry Teague had said, and he knew it was all up to him now, all up to Dr. Richard Wayne.

Even Jerry had said, "You're the one who will have to take the rap."

Damn it, you didn't make medical decisions on the basis of what people were going to say! You couldn't, and still be a doctor. You used your own knowledge, your own best judgment, and you went ahead.

All right, so she had only an even chance to survive the operation, on the known factors. But there were intangibles, too. The will to live was one of them. Even medically that was important. There was the patient's confidence in the doctor. That, too, was important. Wipe those two intangibles off the slate and what did you have? Flesh and blood.

All right, so you added a flesh-and-blood factor. One you couldn't detect with your tests, maybe, but was there just the same. The basic vitality of the patient. Something more than pulse and blood pressure and respiration and general condition, and yet a combination of them and other things. Something in the human system that threw off disease, that healed itself, or tried to. Some people had it, some didn't.

Aunt Emma Gardener had a strong basic vitality. Even Jerry Teague had said that.

So many things that couldn't be put down on paper. The intangibles. Qualities and attributes of the person as well as of the body.

How do you make your decision? What factors do you take into account?

All of them! Every factor you can think of. And you don't make the decision, finally, until you have looked at every factor, made sure you have weighed them all carefully. Not a decision like this.

And he had only a few more days to make a decision.

He looked around at the houses, aware for the first time of his surroundings. He was on the street where Aunt Emma lived. Her house was just down the block, there beyond the big maples, the small salt-box, one of the oldest houses in town but tended with meticulous care until she was stricken. A house that looked a little like Aunt Emma herself, small, well preserved, neat as a pin, dignified but unobtrusive.

There was somebody in the flower garden beside the front porch. A girl on her knees, weeding. Hester Lee.

He pulled up at the curb. Hester straightened up, a clump of weeds in her hand. She was wearing a white blouse and blue shorts, clothes she had packed for her mountain vacation. Her hair was rumpled. She frowned, not recognizing his car, and called out an impersonal, "Yes?"

He got out and went around the car. She dropped the handful of weeds into a bushel basket and exclaimed, "Dick Wayne!" She hurried toward him. "What's the matter?" There was alarm in her voice.

"Nothing's the matter," he said. "I just saw you here and stopped to say hello."

Her knees were muddy, her hands smeared with garden soil. She pushed back her blonde hair with her wrist. "Oh," she said with relief, "I thought it was about Aunt Emma."

" I saw her this morning," he said, "and she's holding her own. I see you've moved in."

"She's all right?"

"Doing pretty well. No change."

Hester sighed. "Won't you come in? The house needs cleaning, but I just had to get out here first and give her poor delphiniums a chance."

"Thanks, I can't stay. Dr. Teague was here this morning."

"What did he say?"

"He agreed with my diagnosis."

"Did he think she should be operated on?"

"He agreed that an operation is the only thing that might save her life."

She searched his eyes. "He said you should operate?" she asked.

He paused a moment, then said, "I have to make the decision." He drew a deep breath, started to turn away, then said, "I told you I'd let you know what Dr. Teague said."

She put out her hand. "Dick," she said quietly, "I wish I could help. Is there any way—"

He shook his head.

"It must be—awfully hard," she said. "And you have to make decisions like this all the time, don't you?"

"All doctors do," he said.

"Oh, Dick," she said, "I found a letter. Up in her bedroom. A letter she wrote to me and never mailed. It must have been just before you put her in the hospital."

"A letter?"

"Just a note. She said she was very ill and that, if anything happened to her, I would find her will in her safety deposit box at the bank." She hesitated, and there was awe in her voice as she said, "She thought she was dying."

"She was," he said quietly. Then he got in the car and drove away.

CHAPTER 5

The red and white Cadillac hardtop with an Oklahoma dealer's license came into Denby from the west soon after three o'clock. Two couples were in it. Dillon Hughes, the tall, blond, tanned young man at the wheel, drove slowly down Main Street. As he came to the sign for the Denby House he slowed almost to a halt, oblivious of the cars behind him. Virginia, his petite, black-haired wife, stared at the weathered brick hotel and exclaimed, "No!" In the back seat Dillon Hughes' sister, Louise, and her boyish-looking husband, Macklin Curtis, looked, too, and Louise said, "I don't believe it!" Louise was the rangy type, sandy-haired and with a hint of freckles.

Dillon Hughes said, "Well, folks, that's it. Iron beds, and the bathroom's right down the hall." His voice had just a trace of Southwestern drawl. "What do we do now?"

The drivers behind him began to honk. He waved them around. Mack Curtis, the bored, boyish man in the back seat, said, "I want to go home." Everybody laughed.

The honking became imperious. There was just enough approaching traffic to make it impossible to go around the Oklahoma car. Dillon Hughes eased on down the block, turned the corner and pulled in at a gasoline station. He ordered ten gallons of gas and sat back and stretched his arms, then glanced at his wife and turned to the couple in back and asked, "Well?"

Mack Curtis said, "I wanted to bring a tent."

Louise, Mack's wife, asked Dillon, "How far did you say it is to Gilead?"

"Forty-four miles."

The station attendant was cleaning the windshield. Louise asked him, "What do people do who have to stay here overnight?"

"There's the Denby House right around the corner," he said.

"Isn't there a decent hotel nearer than Gilead?" Louise asked.

The attendant was polite. "You want a big, expensive hotel, no . . . Oil and water okay, Mister? . . And there's an eight-mile detour on the Gilead road."

Virginia groaned. "Not *another* detour!"

"How about the motel situation?" Dillon asked.

"There's a good motel two miles east," the attendant said. "Opened just last spring."

"I want a hotel," Virginia said. "A comfortable hotel, and room service." Mack Curtis laughed.

Dillon Hughes paid for the gas and started to pull away, then stopped. "Better go find that doctor," he said. "I told him—"

Louise said firmly, "I'm not seeing anybody till I have a drink and a hot tub."

"That," Virginia said, "goes double for me!"

"Double for me too," Mack Curtis said. "A double bourbon."

Dillon frowned. "We ought to find out how she is."

"They won't probate the will one hour sooner," Virgina said, "if we wait till tonight or tomorrow."

Dillon broke into the traffic line and turned east. At the edge of town he avoided the road to Gilead and kept going east. "I hate motels," Virginia said, but Dillon didn't seem to hear.

It was a small motel, only ten units, but it was well back from the highway, its paint was fresh, and its lawn was trimmed. A brown-haired girl of perhaps twenty-two, in blue skirt and blouse, showed them the rooms. They were side by side and just alike, small rooms with windows front and back, each with a dresser, two upholstered chairs, two full-sized beds, throw-rugs on the wooden floor. The girl opened the tiled bathroom and the closet. Mack Curtis sprawled in a chair while Dillon Hughes and Virginia and Louise made their inspection. Virginia said, "No tub?" her voice testy.

The girl shook her head. "Showers are more sanitary."

Virginia felt the bed. "How much is it?" she asked.

"Eight dollars."

Virginia sat wearily on the bed. Louise went to the back window and looked out. "Where do you eat around here?" Virginia asked.

"The dining room at the Denby House is pretty good," the girl said. "And there's Adam's Eden, a steak place, a mile back."

"I saw it," Virginia said, wrinkling her nose.

"We've got to stay somewhere," Dillon said. "Is there a phone in the office?"

The girl nodded.

Louise said, "I want a pitcher of ice and extra towels."

Dillon and Mack went back to the office with the girl, and Mack brought the car up while Dillon signed in. They carried in the bags. It was hot, and the rooms had fans, but no air conditioning.

When they were alone, Virginia said to Dillon, "What a vacation!"

Dillon stripped off his shirt and said, "Ginny, if you call this trip a vacation just once more I'll slap hell out of you." He tossed the sweaty shirt onto a chair. "It's almost indecent."

Dillon was thirty-two, owned an automobile agency and garage, was mortgaged for over a hundred thousand dollars, and had been married to Virginia for nine years. They had two children, Dillon Jr., eight, and Phyllis Thorne, called Petey, who was seven. Virginia had been a Thorne, daughter of an oil wildcatter who made his million twice and lost it both times. She went to the University of Oklahoma for two years, then to Smith, a fact she never let either Dillon

or Louise forget. Dillon flunked out of the University of Oklahoma in his junior year, and Louise left there in her sophomore year to marry Mack Curtis. Virginia had a maid, her own car, and a mink stole. For almost two years, ever since she turned thirty, Virginia had been a little desperate over the thought that that was all she was ever going to have.

Louise, on the verge of thirty, was also a little desperate, although her temperament was cooler and more direct. She was in love with Mack Curtis and had been since their first date. She knew now that Mack was weak and had all the instincts of a philanderer, but she still loved him. Mack had a real estate office and dealt on the side in oil leases. Louise had scrimped and borrowed to help finance deal after deal for Mack, but he was still out on the fringes of solvency, still looking for the fat oil lease that was going to make them a million. Louise needed Mack's success for her own pride. And for the sake of Betts, their eight-year-old daughter.

The afternoon that Dr. Wayne telephoned Dillon and Louise about Aunt Emma Gardener, Louise was vaguely saddened, then self-consciously hopeful. Neither she nor Dillon had seen Great-Aunt Emma since they were small children, when Aunt Emma and her husband took a trip and stopped and saw them in Oklahoma. But Louise always remembered Aunt Emma as a wiry little woman, full of energy and smiles, who brought her the biggest doll she'd ever owned. Louise named the doll Emma.

The evening after the phone calls from Dr. Wayne, Virginia had phoned Louise. Virginia said, "You heard about Aunt Emma Gardener, I suppose." Louise said yes. Virginia said, "You don't plan to go back there, do you?" Louise hadn't even thought about it, but she said, "I don't think we could get away. Mack's got a couple of big deals on."

"There's no need for you to go," Virginia said. "Dillon and I can look after things. After all, Dillon is the only nephew."

Louise reconsidered. She and Virginia maintained a kind of nominal friendship, for Dillon's sake, but there was no love lost between them. Particularly after Louise had found Virginia and Mack kissing in the kitchen at a party two years before. In Louise's book, Virginia was an amoral, outlaw cat, clever, ambitious and greedy. Louise wouldn't trust her ten minutes where a man or money was concerned. She said to Virginia, "Let me speak to Dillon."

Her brother came to the phone. Louise said, "What's this about you going back to Denby?"

"Somebody ought to go," Dillon said. "You and I are the only heirs, except Hester Lee."

"You think you and I should go, then?" Louise asked.

"Ginny's going, too. Why not come along?"

Louise didn't mention Mack's big deals to Dillon. Dillon knew Mack. "How are you going?" she asked.

"We'll drive. Look, Lou, why don't you and Mack come along and make it a foursome? In my car."

"When do you want to leave?"

"In the morning."

"I'll talk to Mack and call you back."

Mack was willing to go anywhere, any time. Particularly with Virginia. But this time, Louise told herself, she'd keep things under control, she and Dillon. She phoned a neighbor whose little girl played with Betts and the neighbor offered to look after Betts. Louise called Dillon and said they'd go, and she worked till midnight washing and ironing and packing. Dillon and Virginia stopped by for her and Mack the next morning, Virginia gay about the trip. "I've been trying all summer," she said, "to get Dillon to take me on a vacation. It takes the death of somebody I never saw to get him out of the grease pit!"

"Is Aunt Emma *dead?*" Louise asked.

"Practically," Virginia said. "Why else are we going? Get in, you two, and let's get this circus on the road!"

So they were on their way. To Denby. To a little motel with no tub, no air conditioning, no decent place to eat, and a pretty girl in the office.

Louise and Mack opened their bags and washed up, then went to Dillon's unit. Virginia and Dillon had already set up their drinks. Dillon said, "Help yourself," and Mack mixed drinks for himself and Louise.

Virginia lifted her glass and said, "To the Gardener millions!"

Louise turned to her with a frown and said, "That sounds a little crude to me. After all, she is my great-aunt."

"Crude?" Virginia opened her eyes wide and assumed an air of injured innocence. Then she winked at Mack. Mack grinned and lifted his glass. He and Virginia drank to the Gardener millions.

"Yes," Louise said, "crude. I don't like it."

"What would you drink to?" Virginia demanded. "How about Uncle Grant—wasn't that his name? He made the money!"

"Cut it out!" Dillon said sharply. "Both of you."

"Why, darling," Virginia said, "I was just—"

"Stop it," Dillon ordered. He took a long drink. "I'm going to phone that doctor." He set down his glass and went out.

Virginia heaped pillows on the bed, kicked off her pumps and lay down. Mack finished his drink and poured another. Virginia held out her glass. He freshened it for her.

"How long does it take them to probate a will?" Virginia asked.

"Do you have to be that way?" Louise asked.

Virginia laughed. "Aren't you hoping to get out of hock, too?" she asked. "Come on, admit it." She turned and looked at Mack.

Mack glanced at Louise, whose eyes were angry, then looked down at his glass.

"How much do you suppose she's really worth?" Virginia asked. "Dillon said her husband left her a million dollars."

"I doubt that," Louise said. "That's just gossip."

"What I could do with a chunk like that!" Virginia said.

"Ginny," Louise said, "you are talking like a ghoul."

"Ghoul?" Virginia grinned at Mack. "Where did she learn words like that?"

"I'll take a ghoul million any time," Mack said with a smirk.

Virginia laughed. Louise got up and went to stare out the window, her back to them.

"Honestly, Lou," Virginia said, "she's going to die sometime. The money goes to somebody. I'm glad we came, lousy as this dump is. You wouldn't want Hester to get it all, would you?"

"Why should she?" Louise asked, still staring out the window.

"What's this Hester like?" Mack asked.

"She's a schoolteacher, up in Colorado. I never met her," Virginia said. "But she lived with Aunt Emma two years."

"Flat heels, flat chest, and glasses," Mack said. "How old?"

"How old is Hester, Lou?" Virginia asked.

"Twenty-three, I think. Maybe twenty-four."

Dillon returned from the office. His mouth was set in a thin, angry line. "He's not there," he announced.

"I thought," Virginia said, "that when you called last night he said he'd be there."

"He did." Dillon freshened his drink, walked angrily around the room, sipping it. "I got this damned office nurse. She said he was out on a house call. She doesn't know when he'll be back."

"I hope you told her off," Virginia said.

"I told her to have him call me."

"Did you ask her about Aunt Emma?" Louise asked.

"She said any information about Aunt Emma would have to come from Doctor Wayne."

"And we've got to wait for him to call?" Virginia asked.

Dillon turned to her and demanded, "What did you want me to do? Yes, we've got to wait!"

"Oh, Lord!" Virginia said. "A lousy little motel. No tub. Not a decent restaurant in miles. And now we've got to wait for this jerk to phone. What a va—"

She glanced at Dillon and deliberately said, "What a vacation!"

He ignored her.

Louise glanced at her watch. "It's a quarter of five. I'm going in and lie down. Come on, Mack."

"I'm going to the office," Mack said. "See if they've got a TV with a ball game."

"No, you're not," Louise said firmly. "I saw her, too. She's probably got a husband and three kids. Come on."

Virginia laughed. Mack got to his feet and said, "You can't win."

"Wake me when the call comes," Louise said, and she and Mack started out the door.

"If it doesn't come before six," Virginia called after them, "to hell with it. I'm going to Gilead for dinner. There *must* be a decent place to eat in Gilead."

It was twenty of six when Dr. Wayne phoned. He asked if they could be at his office at a quarter of eight that evening. Dillon said they had to go to Gilead and asked if he couldn't make it earlier.

So it was set up for them to be at the office at a quarter of seven. Dillon asked about Mrs. Gardener, and Dr. Wayne said her condition was about the same, that he would go into it in more detail that evening.

They arrived at the office at five of seven. Dr. Wayne was courteous but reserved.

Since there wasn't room for all of them in his office and there might be early patients in the waiting room, he took them across to his living room. Dillon made the introductions and they sat down.

Dr. Wayne didn't wait for questions. He said, "I called you, Mr. Hughes and Mrs. Curtis, and also Miss Lee, more or less as a matter of routine. Mrs. Gardener is seriously ill. In such cases the relatives should be notified. I didn't mean to summon you here, but since you came, I'll outline her situation."

He kept his outline as brief and as simple as possible.

When he had finished, Dillon asked, "And you feel that you are qualified to make such a diagnosis?"

"To check myself," Dr. Wayne said, "I called in Dr. Jerome Teague, a distinguished internist from Gilead City General. He has verified my findings."

"And at her *age*," Louise said, "you think it is wise to *operate?*"

"Age," Dr. Wayne said, "is somewhat less important than general health and constitution. It is a factor, of course."

"How long will she live," Dillon asked, "if you don't operate?"

"That," Dr. Wayne said, "is a question no one can answer. Her chances are relatively slight. It probably would be only a matter of months, perhaps weeks."

"And if you *do* operate," Louise asked, "how long will she live?"

Dr. Wayne smiled. "That's another question no one can answer. If the operation is successful she may have several years, perhaps five or six, maybe longer."

"Five or six years!" Virginia exclaimed.

"If the operation is successful," Dr. Wayne said.

Virginia smiled at him. "You must be quite a doctor! You have such confidence!"

Dr. Wayne didn't answer her. She was, he thought, a little obvious. One of those women who demanded attention from every man she met.

Dillon Hughes asked, "How long have you been Mrs. Gardener's doctor?"

"Several years," Dr. Wayne said. "But I've known her all my life. I grew up here in Denby."

"Then you are her personal friend?" Louise asked. "I mean, as well as her doctor?"

"Everybody in Denby is Mrs. Gardener's friend," Dr. Wayne said. "She has lived here a long time and has helped a great many people." Louise Curtis, he decided, was a worried, harassed woman, married to a weak man and trying to make the best of it. Meant well, but wasn't too bright.

"Being her close personal friend," Virginia said, "you probably know something about her will, don't you, Dr. Wayne?"

"Virginia!" Louise exclaimed.

"Why," Virginia said innocently, looking at Dr. Wayne, "did I ask something I shouldn't? We don't know about things like this, and—" She laughed.

"I have no knowledge of the terms of Mrs. Gardener's will," Dr. Wayne said. "That is in the hands of her lawyer."

"Who is her lawyer?" Dillon asked.

"John Wilson," Dr. Wayne said, "here in town."

Virginia said, "Really, Dr. Wayne, you don't think it would be wise to operate on someone as old as Mrs. Gardener, do you? As a person, I mean, not speaking as a doctor."

"I am afraid," Dr. Wayne said, "there is no other way to spare her pain and a lingering death."

"But you said, didn't you," Virginia asked, "that her case was hopeless, practically?"

"I don't recall saying that," Dr. Wayne said. "I didn't intend to."

"Well, practically," Virginia said. She looked at Louise and Dillon. "We may as well face it, as her—her relatives."

"By the way," Dillon said, "you said over the phone that Hester Lee is here. Do you know where she's staying?"

"At Mrs. Gardener's house. Mrs. Gardener asked that she stay over there."

"She moved right *in?*" Louise asked.

"She has talked to Aunt Emma, then?" Virginia asked.

"Briefly," Dr. Wayne said. "I suppose you will want to see Mrs. Gardener. I can arrange for a brief visit for the two of you, you, Mr. Hughes, and you, Mrs. Curtis."

"Not tonight," Virginia said.

"Tomorrow," Dr. Wayne said, "would be better."

"And this lawyer's name again?" Dillon asked.

"John Wilson."

Dillon made a note of it. He asked, "You are a surgeon? A qualified surgeon? You must be a surgeon if you talk about operating."

"Oh, he isn't going to operate!" Virginia exclaimed. "As a doctor, he had to say that, but—"

"Yes," Dr. Wayne said, "I do surgical work. But if

we operate on Mrs. Gardener, I shall only assist. Dr. Homer Jansen, the best surgeon in the state and experienced in this kind of case, probably will do the operation."

"But I thought," Louise said, "that we'd decided—"

"We have," Virginia said.

Dillon cleared his throat again. "I don't think it is wise to operate," he said. "In fact—"

"If you wish to have another medical opinion," Dr. Wayne said, "that's quite in order. But I urge, in that case, that you do so at once. Her condition is deteriorating day by day."

"When did you plan to operate, if you do?" Virginia asked.

"Within the next few days."

"And if we refuse to give our permission?" Dillon asked.

"Your permission is not necessary," Dr. Wayne said.

"What?" Virginia exclaimed.

"The patient is competent. The decision is hers."

"But," Dillon said. "she can't! We're her—"

"Her relatives," Louise said. "We ought to have some say."

Dr. Wayne got to his feet.

"If you wish to call in another doctor for consultation," he said, "please do so."

"But, Doctor," Virginia said, "haven't the wishes of the family anything at all to do with things like this?" She was being almost too sweet, too appealing. She glanced at her watch and got up and came over to him. "Really, Dr. Wayne, we think you're awfully competent and a very wonderful person, but it does seem that you are rushing things. Now aren't you?"

"The situation is urgent." Dr. Wayne said coldly.

Dillon said, "We'll see Hester, talk with her. And we'll have to look into a few other matters. We'll be in touch with you."

"Are there any other questions?" Dr. Wayne asked.

"I guess not," Dillon said.

"Do you want me to arrange for you to visit Mrs. Gardener at the hospital tomorrow afternoon, or in the evening?" Dr. Wayne asked.

"I'll call you," Dillon said. "You'll be here in the morning?"

"If not," Dr. Wayne said. "the nurse will take a message."

He led the way to the door. Virginia turned to him with her best smile and said. "I have one question, Dr. Wayne. It's frivolous, maybe, but—well, even the worried relatives have to eat. What is the best place in Gilead to get a good dinner?"

The question startled him. It was so incongruous. He said, "Why, oh, there are several good restaurants there. The Harris, the Starlight, Dolby's. There are several."

She shook hands with him, a quick, warm handshake, and she said, "Thank you, Doctor!" She smiled up at him, the studied, provocative smile.

He watched them go down the walk and get into the red and white Cadillac at the curb. He stood there at the doorway for several minutes. It had been quite a while since he had met four people like them. They reminded him, Virginia especially, of some of the hangers-on of Linda's crowd. She, and that weakling husband of Louise's, who hadn't said a word.

Well, he hadn't asked them to come. And he didn't have to do more than observe the amenities with them. They were so obviously not interested in Aunt Emma Gardener except as heirs.

He went across to his office, to the waiting patients.

CHAPTER 6

At the hospital the next morning Dr. Wayne checked in at the maternity ward, then went down to the second floor. To his question the floor nurse said, "Mrs. Gardener had a rather restless night but she's doing pretty well this morning." She smiled. "She's waiting for your visit, all primped up."

He went to her room. She smiled as he came in, a thin old lady with white ringlets like a curly cap, dark, eager eyes, a generous nose, a firm mouth. She was wearing a quilted pink bed jacket over a high-necked white gown, and her bed was raised to a half-sitting position. She put out a thin hand and exclaimed, "My boy-friend! Dr. Dick!" Her voice was deep-pitched for so small a person.

He took her hand. "Aunt Emma," he said, "you don't look a day over fifty. How do you do it?"

"Shh! It's the big meals they're feeding me!"

She'd been on intravenous feeding ever since she came in, hadn't had a bite of solid food, but it was a joke between them. "All that steak and mashed potatoes," he said. He reached for her chart.

She watched his face as he studied it. It was all right, though it showed that she was weakening slowly. But her heart continued good. That was the most important factor to him. And her temperature was practically normal.

"Well?" she asked.

"You're being a good girl," he said. "Nothing to worry about here." He hung the chart back in its place.

"What did that nice Dr. Teague say?" she asked, going right to the point, as always.

"He agreed with my diagnosis."

"I thought he was a bright young man. Now, Dr. Dick, tell me exactly what it is."

"It's your stomach, Aunt Emma."

"What about my stomach? You've said it was my stomach for two weeks now."

"We're going to have to do something about it."

"Richard," she said firmly, "stop beating around the bush. Have I got cancer of the stomach?"

It was first time cancer had been mentioned between them. He looked her in the eye and said, "I don't know."

"You don't know! What am I paying you for?" She smiled, then said firmly, "Tell me the truth. Don't act as if I were a flighty young girl who would go into hysterics! I'm not. I'm an old woman who's had a long life. I'm not afraid of plain words."

"Aunt Emma," he said, "I honestly don't know. There is a mass in your stomach that is draining your strength. It may be benign. Many such masses are."

She sighed. "Are you going to take it out? Are you going to operate?"

"That is probably the wise thing to do."

She sat there completely calm, staring past him. Her mouth set firmly, and she thought for a long moment. Then she asked quietly, "When?"

"I'll have to discuss that with Dr. Jansen. Dr. Homer Jansen from Gilead."

"Aren't you going to do it yourself? I expected you to."

"I'll assist him, Aunt Emma. He's a better surgeon than I am. He has handled dozens of cases like yours."

Her lips quivered for a moment, and she caught her lower lip between her teeth. She put out a hand, and he took it. Her fingers worked convulsively for a moment, gripping his, then she smiled. "Dr. Dick," she whispered, "promise you'll be there. I want you there."

"I'll be there."

She took a deep breath. "I've lived a long life. If—if it should end now, it's all right. I've tried to live a useful life, and—" She paused.

"If I didn't expect you to come through," he said, smiling at her, "I wouldn't even consider operating. You have everything in your favor, heart, kidneys, lungs, everything. But unless we get this thing out—Aunt Emma, we can't just let you get weaker and weaker and full of pain. You wanted me to speak frankly."

"Yes, Richard. You know I trust your judgment completely. How soon can we get it over with?"

"Just a few days, I hope."

"I'm ready any time." She drew a deep breath, and he knew she had her mind all made up. "How's Hester?" she asked. "She moved over to the house, did she? No need of her paying for a hotel room when the house is there, empty."

"I saw her yesterday. She was out weeding your flowers."

Aunt Emma smiled. "My poor flowers! I've neglected them this year. Hester always loved flowers too."

"Your other niece is here. And your nephew."

She frowned. "Louise? And Dillon?"

"I talked with them last night."

"What are they here for? They didn't come to see me."

"They may visit you today."

"They must both be grown, by now. Oh, of course they are. They're older than Hester. I haven't seen them since they were children."

"They're both married."

But Aunt Emma didn't seem interested in them. He picked up her wrist and felt her pulse. It was strong, steady, no more than a few beats over normal. He'd always known her nerves were good, and this proved it. They'd discussed the operation and her pulse had increased less than five beats. She was under sedation, but not heavy sedation.

He patted her hand and said, "I've got to run along. You don't need me."

She caught his fingers. "This Dr. Jansen, will I like him, Dr. Dick?"

He smiled. "Dr. Jansen is an old married man, at least fifty years old. Don't go setting your cap for *him!*"

"Richard," she said archly, "you know there's nobody but you!" Then she laughed. "Have you talked with him about me?" she asked seriously.

"I'm going to today," he said. "Now keep on being a good girl."

"As if I could do anything else!" she said. "How can I get into mischief with all these nurses watching me? Dr. Dick, I'm being pampered within an inch of my life."

"Enjoy it while you can," he said. "You'll be out of here and doing for yourself in just a few weeks."

"You'd better get me out of here soon," she said. "I can't afford all this attention!"

"Too bad about you!"

She smiled. "You'll keep me going till I'm a pauper. Then," she said, "all of you can whistle for your money."

"When the time comes," he said, "I'll whistle." And he left, thinking that Aunt Emma would be her canny, cautious self to the end, if she lived to be a hundred. She would always give generously where she thought it was needed, but she never spent a wasteful dime on herself.

He went downstairs and out to his car, relieved that he had told her the facts and that she had taken it so well. He had known she would, but it was always a hard thing to tell a patient that a major operation was necessary. He headed back to town to put in a call to Dr. Jansen and set a date. He had worked with Jansen several times and had the highest respect for him.

That afternoon Hester was weeding the perennial border at the side of Aunt Emma's place when the red and white Cadillac drew up at the curb. The tall, blond driver got out and came up the walk, and Hester stood up and said, "Hello." She was perspiring; her neck was sunburned, and her hands were muddy and nettle-stung.

The man asked, "Is this Mrs. Gardener's place?"

"Yes." He looked vaguely familiar, like a person whose snapshot Hester had seen long ago.

"And you are Hester Lee?"

"Yes . . . Why, aren't you Dillon Hughes?"

"That's right!" He offered to shake hands with her, but she held up her muddy hands and laughed. Dillon turned and motioned to the others. Virginia and Louise and Mack Curtis came up the walk, and Dillon introduced them. Hester said, "I'm a mess. I've been weeding the garden. Come on in, and I'll wash up." She felt like a disheveled urchin beside Virginia, whose pink linen was spotless, and Louise, whose dark cotton print had reddish tans matching her hair.

Virginia looked around and said to Dillon, "It's a cute little house, but isn't it small!"

Mack Curtis had been staring at Hester, eyes alight, but he turned and looked at the house and said, "Fifty years old, a double lot, and two upstairs bedrooms. About eighty-five hundred, back home."

Virginia laughed. Louise said to Hester, "The realtor is showing off. Pay no attention."

Mack grinned at Hester and said, "Throw in the gardener and I'll make it ten grand."

They went up on the porch. Hester held the screen door for them and said, "Sit down anywhere. I'll be only a minute," and ran upstairs.

She washed, ran a comb through her hair, changed into the blue and white dress and put on fresh lipstick. When she came downstairs, Virginia and Louise were in the dining room. Virginia was looking at an old chest Aunt Emma used for a sideboard. She was saying to Louise, "It's solid cherry and a very good piece."

They glanced up at Hester and Louise asked, "Is that *real* milk glass in the corner cupboard?"

"I think so," Hester said, and they went into the living room. "Well!" she exclaimed. "Isn't it good to see you! It's been how long?"

"Years," Louise said. "Since we were kids."

Dillon said, "You must have flown on, to get here so soon from Colorado."

"I did," Hester said. "I was all ready to go on a vacation, so I just changed my plans and came here."

"And took over the house," Virginia said.

Hester flushed. "Aunt Emma asked me to look after things here. I was at the hotel."

Virginia made a face, and Mack laughed. "No wonder you moved!" Louise said. "Is it as bad as it looks?"

"The hotel?" Hester said. "Oh, it's comfortable. Where are you staying?"

"We," Virginia said. "are at a lousy little motel out east of town. It's primitive."

"Have you seen Aunt Emma?" Hester asked.

Dillon glanced at Louise, and Virginia gave a sour laugh. "We just came from the hospital," Dillon said.

"Dillon and I saw her," Louise said. "The doctor left orders for just the two of us to see her." She said it with a mild note of triumph and glanced at Virginia for an instant. Virginia's lips were set in annoyance.

"She seemed senile to me," Dillon said. "Childish."

"Oh, no!" Hester exclaimed. "She's not childish at all!"

"Maybe not," Louise said, "but she said we were still children! She said she just wanted to see what we looked like!"

Dillon laughed shortly. He shook his head. "And that doctor wants to operate on her! It's ridiculous!"

"Why do you say that?" Hester asked.

"She said," Louise went on, persisting in her own train of thought, "that folks our age—Just how did she say it, Dillon? 'Folks *your* age should have some maturity in your faces, some signs of growing up.'"

"Some such nonsense," Dillon said. "Her mind's wandering. She saw us only about five minutes. Then she dismissed us. I've got a hunch that doctor has got around her, somehow."

"Dick? Dr. Wayne?" Hester asked.

"Oh, he's Dick to you?" Virginia said. "Well, he's very cute. I'm not surprised that you go for him."

"Oh, lay off," Dillon said to her.

"Well, he is cute!" Virginia said.

"I don't know what you mean about his getting around her," Hester said stiffly.

"Look," Dillon said. "I'll spell it out in words of one syllable. Aunt Emma's got money. Right? How do we know what she's done with it, whom she's left it to? She may have left it to this Dr. Wayne, for all we know. Or she may have left it all to you. How do we know?"

"That," Hester said angrily, "is ridiculous! Besides, it's her money. She can do what she wants to with it!"

"We," Virginia said, "are the heirs. The legal heirs."

"Dillon and I are," Louise said firmly. "*You* don't come into the picture at all, Virginia!"

"You're being technical," Virginia said.

"The point is this," Dillon said. "Aunt Emma Gardener is about to die, and we all know it. Even that doctor said it's just a matter of time. Even if he's not worked it so the money goes to him, he's bleeding her there in the hospital, with his fees. And now he wants to operate, and that'll mean another thousand or more. We've got a right to step in and—well, conserve her assets."

"All this talk seems disgraceful to me," Hester said.

"Disgraceful or not," Dillon said, "it's just plain business. We are going to see her lawyer and find out about that will. It just makes sense. You should see that."

"Her will," Hester said, "is in her safety deposit box at the bank."

"How did you know *that?*" Louise asked.

"She—she told me."

Virginia looked at Dillon, her eyebrows lifted. "I told you," she said, "that Hester didn't come on in such a hurry without some reason."

Mack spoke up. "Children! Children!" he said. "Show some signs of growing up!" He laughed. "Listen to your Aunt Emma!"

Louise gave him one look, and he settled back and was quiet again.

"Well," Dillon said to Hester, "what does her will say? You seem to know all about it."

"I don't know anything about it," Hester said. "All I know is that she made one, and that it's in the bank."

"Well, how about going with us to see that lawyer to find out what's in it?" Dillon asked.

"Why?" Hester asked.

Virginia turned to Dillon. "I told you we'd be wasting our time."

"I came back here," Hester said, "because Aunt Emma was sick. Because I thought she needed somebody to help look after her. She asked me to come over and look after the house. She means a lot to me. Apparently she doesn't mean a thing to you! All you are interested in is her money!"

Dillon flushed. "As a matter of fact, Hester," he said, "we came on to see if there was anything we could do. And we found this small-town country doctor running everything. Maybe he's all right, but we don't know. You don't either, and—"

"Dr. Wayne," Hester broke in, "is a splendid doctor!"

"How do you know?" Virginia demanded.

"And," Hester went on, ignoring her, "he has called in a specialist for consultation. I have complete confidence in him. So has Aunt Emma. He's doing everything possible for her."

"You're not going to see the lawyer with us?" Louise asked.

"I see no need to," Hester said. "Certainly not at this time." She looked around at them, coldly. "Is that all you came here to ask?"

"We wanted to know just where you stand, Hester," Dillon said. "After all, we are cousins, even though we haven't seen much of each other."

"The sun," Mack said hopefully, "is well over the yardarm." He looked around at the others. Virginia stood up.

"We certainly found out where she stands!" Virginia said. She glanced in the dining room, at the cherry chest again. Mack got to his feet, and he and Virginia went out onto the porch. Louise watched them and got up and followed them outside.

Dillon got to his feet. "Hester," he said, "I'm afraid all this talk sounded pretty tough to you. You probably think I'm a first-class stinker. Don't you?"

She didn't answer.

"I'm not. I'm just a business man, in one of the toughest rackets in the world—automobiles. I guess you don't know much about business matters, being a school teacher." He paused, ill at ease. "I don't want a nickel that isn't coming to me, but I do want every cent I'm entitled to. You're sentimental about Aunt Emma. You knew her better than we did. But don't be a fool, Hester. You can count up to ten. I know you can." He smiled. "Virginia doesn't mean half of what she says. And Louise is a good gal, once you get to know her. I guess we're all a little keyed up this afternoon. It was quite a jolt, seeing Aunt Emma, sick as she is, and hearing her say what she said. She is pretty childish. You'd just as well admit it."

"No!" Hester said.

Dillon smiled. He held out his hand. "Don't hold it against us, Hester. It's all in the family."

Hester shook hands and said, "Good-by." She said it coolly, distantly.

The others were in the car. Dillon went down the walk and got behind the wheel. Hester didn't even watch them drive away. She went in and looked at the cherry chest and the milk glass, then went back into the living room and flung herself on the old mohair couch and cried, in anger and hurt. She hated them, hated every one of them, was ashamed to admit that they were her cousins.

Oh, it had all been so heartless, so cruel.

All right, so she was sentimental about Aunt Emma. What was wrong about that? When you no longer had any sentiment, you were hard, tough, mean, selfish. Of course she was sentimental about Aunt Emma. For two years Aunt Emma had been the only security she knew. She had come here, to this house, a frightened, lost little girl whose mother had been too ill to care for her almost a year before she died.

Aunt Emma gave her love and care and the beginnings of security within herself.

She could hear Aunt Emma now, saying, "Hester, stand on your own two feet. Chin up! Stop glooming around! If there's anything I can't stand, it's a person without self-pride!"

And another time, when Hester wanted a dime for an ice-cream cone, and Aunt Emma wouldn't let her have it, and Hester angrily said that she knew Aunt Emma gave the man who mowed the lawn an extra dollar, but she wouldn't give her own niece a dime, Aunt Emma snapped, "He needed that dollar, and you don't need an ice-cream cone! There's bread and butter if you're hungry. We're put here on earth to help others, not to indulge ourselves!"

"To help others." Hester hadn't thought of that phrase in a long time, yet she knew it had been engrained in her. That was the main reason she had become a teacher, though she wasn't aware of it at the time. Not until a note from Aunt Emma said, "I'm glad you're going to be a teacher. Teaching is giving."

The other evening, when she had seen Aunt Emma at the hospital, she had used the same phrase. Talking about Dick Wayne. "Dr. Dick is a good man. Always giving. Always helping others."

She remembered the way Dillon and Virginia and even Louise had spoken about Dick Wayne. The insinuations, the outright suspicions. Of course she defended him! Who wouldn't?

Oh, she was ashamed of them!

Even Dillion was a little ashamed of himself, there at the end. Knowing he should apologize, and not quite being able to.

Well, Dick Wayne *was* a good doctor, and he was making the decisions. Aunt Emma trusted him, and so did Hester. He was going to do what was right and what was best.

Then she remembered Louise's saying what Aunt Emma had said to her and Dillon when they went to see her at the hospital. And Dillon calling Aunt Emma childish! Why, Aunt Emma could read them like a book! And, when she wanted to, she could be painfully blunt. If they had known Aunt Emma at all, they would have known that she was being her own shrewd, wise self.

She sat up and dismissed them all, then went upstairs and changed back into shorts. When she came down again she went out to the perennial border again to do more weeding, to work off some of her anger at Dillon and Louise, and especially at Virginia.

Somehow, in thinking of them she didn't think of Mack Curtis at all; he was just a disembodied presence who had made a couple of wise-cracks.

It was midafternoon before Dr. Wayne got his call through to Dr. Jansen.

They talked for five minutes, Dr. Jansen said that a change in a patient's plans had left the morning open for day after tomorrow, and Dr. Wayne said he would meet him at the Denby hospital at nine o'clock. Dr. Jansen, said, "Nine, day after tomorrow morning," confirming it, and they hung up.

CHAPTER 7

John Wilson was drawing up an agreement of purchase for a farm the next morning when the phone call came. His secretary relayed it to him, and John expected to hear the voice of Al Sommers, the man who was buying the farm. Al always wanted to make last-minute changes. Instead, it was from Dillon Hughes. He identified himself as Mrs. Gardener's nephew, and John Wilson said, "Oh, yes, Mr. Hughes." He didn't know Mr. Hughes, had only a vague memory of the name, but a friend or relative of Aunt Emma Gardener would have his full and immediate attention.

"My sister and I," Dillon Hughes said, "would like to see you this morning."

"You are here in town? Why, of course. Come right in."

"Make it ten o'clock," Dillon Hughes said, and they hung up.

John finished roughing out the agreement and gave it to his secretary to type up. He went back into his office, a stocky man in his late twenties, round-faced, red-haired, with friendly eyes and a stubborn jaw.

John Wilson never had time to get interested in a woman. Time or money. Now he was getting to a place where he could think about a wife, a home, a family. He'd been thinking about it just this morning, while he shaved, making a game of it, listing all the eligible girls he could think of.

Then, on his way down to the office, he met the one girl he hadn't put on the list, Ruth Lincoln. He'd forgotten all about Ruth. He met her, and they walked a couple of blocks together, and he thought how well she'd turned out, how she'd blossomed in the past couple of years, since she started to work for Dr. Dick. Ruth had a lot of courage, a lot on the ball. And she'd had a rough time, trying to be two parents to Robin, who was a sweet kid. Rough going. And a boy needed a father. John Wilson knew; his mother had been widowed when he was six. When he got to the office he put Ruth on his list, right up at the top, decided to see her some night this week, get acquainted again.

He'd asked Ruth about Aunt Emma, but she hadn't said much. Close-mouthed. Something about Aunt Emma's being the same. So he'd be glad to see these relatives. They would know how she was. They had come on to help look after her, of course. Everybody in town would look after Aunt Emma Gardener, if she gave them the chance, but nobody dared intrude. Her relatives could. John Wilson would do anything in the world for her. He wouldn't be where he was if it hadn't been for Emma Gardener. And he could point to at least a dozen others she'd helped, one way or another, to get an education or make something of themselves. Emma Gardener had shaped or changed the lives of a lot of people. He couldn't think of anyone else who had done so much, been so generous with time and money and good advice and understanding.

Then his secretary buzzed and said Mr. and Mrs.

Hughes and Mr. and Mrs. Curtis were there. He told her to send them in.

Dillon Hughes made the introductions, and he and John drew up chairs. John said. "Well! You don't know how glad I am to meet Mrs. Gardener's relatives. She means so much to this town, and everybody is concerned over her illness."

"That's why we came," Dillon said. "To see that things are handled properly."

John Wilson nodded. "Her other niece, Hester Lee, came too, I understand. The whole family standing by. Let's see, you two and Hester are grand-nieces and a grand-nephew, is that right?"

"We are her *only* relatives," Louise Curtis said.

"We understand," Dillon said, "that you have been looking after her affairs. Her financial affairs."

"No," John said slowly. "She has handled her own financial affairs. She's a very capable woman."

"You did draw up her will, didn't you?" Virginia asked. She gave him a disarming smile.

"Oh, yes. I've taken care of her will for her. In fact, she went over it with me only about three months ago."

"Then you must know something about her finances," Dillon said.

"Oh," John said, "I don't think she needs any financial help at this time. Of course, that's something for you to discuss with her. Have you seen her?"

"We saw her yesterday," Louise said.

"How was she?" John asked. "I hoped you could give me a first-hand report."

Dillon gave Louise what John thought was a warning glance and said, "Frankly, she seemed rather senile."

"Senile!" John exclaimed. Then he laughed. "Emma Gardener is as alert as anyone here in this room!"

Dillon frowned. Louise started to say something, looked at Dillon, and stopped. Mack Hughes, Louise's husband, asked, "What percentage of her money is invested in real estate?"

"That's something I can't say," John said.

"You said she revised her will recently," Virginia said. "In what way?"

"I believe I said she went over it," John said.

"Then she didn't revise it?" Virginia persisted.

John gave her a quiet smile. "I think, when the time comes, her will will be found to be quite in order."

"Just what are the terms of the will?" Dillon asked.

John's jaw tightened. "You have had a will drawn, I presume, Mr. Hughes," he said.

"Of course! And I know that a will can be broken, too," Dillon said.

"Yes," John said quietly, "wills have been broken. In cases of incompetence, for instance."

"Or undue influence," Dillon said.

John nodded. "If it can be proved. If there is any doubt in your mind about Mrs. Gardener's competence, disabuse yourselves. She is as competent as I am. Or you are."

Virginia turned to Dillon. "He still hasn't answered your question. We're certainly entitled to know about her will, being her only heirs!"

"Legally speaking," John said, "there are three heirs by right of blood relationship. Mr. Hughes, Mrs. Curtis, and Hester Lee. I am not referring to the will or any of its terms, but to your status before the law. If there were no will, you would inherit, the three of you."

"Inherit how much?" Virginia asked.

"The total estate. But," John said, "there is a will."

"You really are most confusing," Virginia said. "Can't you just tell us simply how much—"

"Mrs. Hughes," John said. "You asked a legal question. I have given you a legal answer."

"I don't understand at all!" Louise exclaimed.

John picked up a pencil and tapped the desk for a moment. Then he laid it down carefully and said, "I thought I was making myself clear. Apparently not." The color rose from his cheeks to his forehead and into his hair, and his hair almost bristled. But his voice remained calm. "A will is a confidential document. It remains confidential until the formal reading after the death of its maker. Its contents are then revealed to the legal heirs. Do I make myself wholly clear?"

Dillon flushed and nodded. Louise bit her lip and looked at Virginia, whose eyes were spitting sparks. Mack Curtis stared at the ceiling, his eyes half closed.

Virginia was the first to speak. "Mr. Wilson," she said. "Dr. Wayne admits that her case is practically hopeless, but he still insists on operating on her."

"He what?" John asked.

"He wants to operate on her," Virginia said. "At her age!" She gave him the appealing smile. "Don't you think that's terrible? Something should be done about it!"

"Such as what?" John asked.

"Well, I don't know, but—" Virginia paused.

"How about an injunction?" Dillon asked.

John Wilson deliberately got to his feet. He looked at them, one after another, and he said, "Sometimes I wonder what goes on in people's minds. Lawyers and doctors, by the very nature of their professions, always seem to see people who are in trouble. It's their job to get them out of trouble, one way or another. To heal the wounds of life and ease the burden of living. I thought you folks came to me today to find some way to help Mrs. Gardener through her present troubles. I was more than willing to do anything I could. I would give any amount of time and energy to help her."

He paused and put down his rising anger. But as he went on his words were raw-edged. Red Wilson's reputation as one of the best young trial lawyers in that end of the state was not undeserved.

"You came here," he said, "and asked me to violate one of the most sacred confidences of a lawyer. That might be excused as ignorance. Then you made wholly unjustified insinuations. You slandered your own aunt's competence and intelligence. That might be lack of pride and common decency. But now—now you talk of trying to stop a competent doctor from doing his best to spare her pain and save her life!" He glared at them, took a deep breath, then said, "I'll have no part of it! Good day!" He stalked across the room, opened the door and held it for them.

They got to their feet, Dillon sheepish, Louise baffled, Mack obviously wishing he hadn't come. Virginia was the only one who kept her head high. Her lips were tight and her eyes were angry and she snapped, "Well! It's good to find out about *you*!" Then she followed the others out.

John closed the door and walked about the room. Finally he stopped at the desk, dialed a number with an angry forefinger. "Let me talk to Dick," he demanded when Ruth Lincoln answered.

Dr. Wayne's voice came on. "Dick," John Wilson snapped, "Red Wilson. Those relatives of Aunt Emma have just been here to see me. I threw them out!"

"Which relatives?"

"All of them! And of all the—"

"Was Hester there?"

"Hester Lee? No. Of all the damned scheming, conniving—Dick, have you seen them?"

"Yes, I saw them."

"They asked if they could get out an injunction against you."

"Can they?"

"Hell, no! Dick, are you going to operate on her?"

"Well, Red, let's put it this way. I have a patient who is ill. I make my diagnosis. I check with another doctor, the best man I know, just to be sure. I decide on the treatment, to the best of my knowledge and ability."

"Are you going to operate on her?" the lawyer insisted. "You know what will happen if you lose her. You'll have this whole town down on you like a ton of bricks."

"I believe," Dr. Wayne said, "it is my duty and my responsibility to decide what to do."

He paused a moment, then asked, "Were your visitors interested in a matter of life and death, or in an inheritance?"

"They wanted to know the terms of her will!"

"Did you tell them?"

"Good God, Dick, a will is just about the most confidential document a lawyer can draw! I still have my ethics!"

"Good. I still have mine, too."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean, Red, that a doctor must base his decisions on his own best judgment, not on public opinion. By the way, do you consider Mrs. Gardener competent?"

"Of course! Why?"

"Because," Dr. Wayne said, "she signed a permit for me to operate, if I consider it necessary, when she entered the hospital."

"Dick!" John Wilson said. "You say she—"

But Dr. Wayne had hung up.

Hester Lee, that morning, came back again and again to the things Dillon Hughes had said, and Virginia, and Louise Curtis.

The more she thought about them, the more certain she was that she had been right from the start, from the moment they left the house.

They were here to cause trouble. They couldn't cause Aunt Emma much more trouble than she already had because of her illness, but they could make it even more difficult for Dick Wayne.

They didn't like Dick. They had said scurrilous things about him. She had refused to go see the lawyer with them because she wanted no part in what they were trying to do.

She didn't know what they could do, but there were only two things important to her now. Aunt Emma and, because he was her doctor, Dick Wayne.

Dick had said an operation was the only way to spare Aunt Emma pain and give her any chance to live more than a few more months. Hester didn't know whether he had to have a relative's permission to operate. If he did—well, she would have to be the one to give it. The others certainly wouldn't.

She wished she could see Dick and talk to him about it.

She could phone him, but he might not be in. If he was, she couldn't say what she wanted to say over the phone. Oh, she probably could, but it would be so much better face to face.

After lunch she decided to stop in and see him. Not make it too important, just stop in on her way to the store. She needed bread, and she would get a can of tuna and some tomatoes and make a salad for dinner.

So she put on the striped dress and the white hat and walked downtown.

She was almost at Dick's corner. She was trying to decide whether to stop then or on her way back from the store when a big cream and yellow convertible drew up to the curb in front of his office. A girl with sun-bleached, dark-blonde hair slicked back in a bun got out. She was a tall, statuesque girl in white, which made her tan look almost golden-bronze.

She saw Hester as she reached back in the car for her handbag, and turned and looked again, almost a stare and definitely an appraising look. Almost surprised, Hester thought, and she was glad she had ironed her dress and been careful of her lipstick.

The girl from the car seemed intent. Her mouth was drawn down at the corners, just a trace sulky. Hester saw her glance at the office and frown, then lift her head, almost defiantly, and go up the walk.

But she turned at the door and gave Hester another look.

Hester went on down the block before she remembered her own indecision about stopping, and decided to go to the store first, then see Dick on the way back.

At the store she chose two ripe tomatoes, was tempted by the lettuce, picked up the tuna, got the bread and paid the clerk. He was an elderly man whom she remembered from years ago, when she and Aunt Emma came to his store. He knew her, too—most of the townspeople seemed to know her, though she didn't recognize more than a dozen of them—and he said, "How's your aunt today, Miss Hester?"

"She's doing pretty well, thank you," she said.

He shook his head as he handed her the bag. "It's too bad," he said. "At her age."

She didn't realize until she had started back what he had said, or what was the meaning behind it. Everybody in town was saying the same thing. "It's too bad." Aunt Emma Gardener was sick, and they were sorry, and she might be operated on, and it was too bad. There must be some other way out than on the operating table. That's what they were saying.

Well, there just wasn't any other way. She knew that now. She had accepted it.

And she was going to tell Dick Wayne, tell him if he needed a permit she would sign it.

So she went back down the street and reached the corner where his house sat on its big, uncared-for plot. She went up the walk and into the waiting room.

The waiting room was empty. He didn't have office hours till later in the afternoon. Ruth Lincoln looked up from her desk. Ruth was frowning, an angry look on her face, almost a stormy look. She saw Hester and was openly surprised.

Hester asked, "Is Dr. Wayne in?"

Ruth hesitated, then said, "He's busy."

"He's in, though?" Hester asked.

Ruth almost smiled. It wasn't really a pleasant smile, though. She said, "Oh, yes, he's here. But I don't think you can see him this afternoon."

"Oh?"

"He and Mrs. Wayne asked that they not be disturbed." Ruth said it quietly, but pointedly.

"Mrs. Wayne?" Hester said. "His wife?"

"Yes." Ruth was smiling again. Then she said, "You knew he was married, didn't you?"

Hester couldn't answer. She saw the triumphant look in Ruth's eyes, and she had to turn away. She almost dropped her package. Then she said, "Yes, I knew," and she turned and left.

His wife, she told herself, his wife. Yes, of course,

his wife. She is here. I saw her. I saw her get out of her car. She is tall and beautiful. She saw me.

Hester hurried along the walk, wanting to get home, to get back to Aunt Hester's little house. To its security.

Why, of course, I knew he was married. I knew he had a wife. But she left him. Aunt Emma said she left him.

She has come back. Yes, she has come back, and he has a wife. A tall, beautiful wife.

She hurried, unseeing, down the maple-shaded walk, across the street, to the second corner, left three blocks. She turned in at the front walk, went up on the porch, opened the screen door. She was at home, and it was cool.

She went into the kitchen, put the bag of groceries in the refrigerator, ran herself a glass of water, drank it. She went back into the living room. Of course, he's married. Married to *her*.

She sat there for five minutes, then put up her hand to brush back her hair and remembered that she had on her hat. She laughed at herself and got up and went upstairs and took it off. As she came out of the bedroom she saw herself for an instant in the pier glass. She turned back for another glance, then went on downstairs, thinking: I'm no different. I'm still Hester Lee. Why, nothing has happened! Don't be foolish!

Of course not; she wasn't being foolish. She'd known it all the time. He was Dr. Richard Wayne. She had just happened to know him, a long time ago, when he was a boy and she was a small child living here with Aunt Emma. That didn't mean anything. Nothing at all. You met people like that, people you knew long ago, and you talked about the past. You had certain things in common, certain memories. That was all. You talked about those memories, and then—well, what more was there?

Only the ache. Only the deep ache.

Then she asked—Why torment myself? I came back here because Aunt Emma was critically ill. He's her doctor, so I saw him. She believes in him. So do I. As a doctor. Yes, as a man, too. Keep it right there, right on that plane. I shall help him in every way I can, for her sake. If necessary, I shall sign a permit for him to operate. That's all I wanted to tell him. I could have told him that by phone. I *will* tell him. Some time this afternoon. Or tomorrow. There's no hurry. I don't have to see him.

She had it all in place. She kept it there almost an hour. Then she felt the hot tears, and she ran upstairs and flung herself on the bed.

Dr. Wayne came back to the office after lunch and settled down to go over his data on Aunt Emma Gardener. He asked Ruth to get out the memoranda he had made two years ago, when she had pneumonia, and he began going through it. It was slow going. He couldn't concentrate. He kept thinking about Dillon Hughes and Louise Curtis and Dillon's wife, that sharp-tongued Virginia, and what they had said last night. Then the telephone call from Red Wilson this morning began nagging at him. He smiled, remembering. Red Wilson was really burned up by them. Understandably. He'd like to have heard what Red said to them.

He had just forced himself back to his notes when Ruth buzzed him. He picked up the phone. "Dr. Wayne," she said, and from her voice he knew something was wrong. "Mrs. Wayne is here."

"What? Who?" He couldn't believe it.

"Mrs. Wayne," Ruth said again, in that formal tone of hers. Obviously Linda was right there beside her desk.

"Oh," he said, and he caught his breath. "Ask her to go over to the living room," he said. "I'll be right with her."

He hung up. He spent several minutes going through motions, shuffling the memoranda, sorting them, clipping them together. Linda was here, he told himself. Today, of all times. Well, Linda was a master of timing, almost instinctive at it. She'd come back from Europe the day he was in the midst of a particularly difficult heart case. She'd come back and seen the new house the day he had two maternities. Now she was back again.

He stopped shuffling papers, put on his jacket. Just as well get it over with. He went out to Ruth's desk and said, "I don't expect any calls, Ruth, and I probably won't be long. Don't disturb us, if you can help it." She looked up with angry eyes and clamped lips, and he went outside and across to the front entrance to the house. One glance at Linda's cream and yellow convertible at the curb, and he went into the hallway and back to the living room.

Linda was standing beside the picture window, tall and sleek and golden-tan. Her hair was sleeked back, her white sheath dress without a wrinkle. She heard him and turned and stood there, a fixed little smile on her lips. Her lipstick was very red, her brows delicately darkened.

He paused an instant and said, "Linda."

Her smile turned ironic. She said, "Dr. Wayne, I presume. The busy Dr. Wayne." She laughed, a laugh with no amusement in it. "Can you spare me ten minutes? Ruth seemed to doubt it."

"Of course," he said. "Whatever time you want."

She moved toward a chair. "May I sit down?"

"Do." He took the chair facing her. "When did you come up?"

"A few days ago." She opened a cigarette case. He reached for an ash tray, put it on the end table beside her. "I just came over from Gilead," she said. She waited for him to light her cigarette, then said, "Don't worry, Dick, I'm going right back. But I thought, as long as I was up here, it was only decent to come tell you rather than write."

"Tell me what?" They weren't even talking like friends; more like the most casual acquaintances meeting after a long absence.

She laughed, the mirthless laugh again. "In some ways, Dick, you can be painfully dense, can't you? And you were so brilliant! You're only half listening to me now."

"I'm sorry," he said.

"What happened? Did you lose a patient?" There was no sympathy in her voice, no concern, no caring, only the irony that was in her superficial smile.

"Does it matter?" he asked. Then he said, "No, I didn't lose a patient. I was thinking about an operation, if you must know."

"Oh! The preoccupied surgeon!" She laughed. "Who now?"

"Mrs. Gardener."

"Not Denby's dowager! Is she still alive? You've operated on her?"

"Not yet." He wished that he had not mentioned it.

"But you're going to." Linda shook her head. "Never learn, do you, Dick? Why, she must be ninety years old! You *will* lose her, and the whole town will turn on you. Same stubborn, one-track, to-hell-with-opinion Dick, aren't you?"

He didn't answer.

"And you could have been in New York right now, on Park Avenue."

"I believe," he said, "we've gone over all this before."

"Yes . . . Dick, I established residence in Florida in March. Do you want to contest it?"

"No." He said it quietly, almost coldly. It was no surprise, yet there was a hurt at the complete failure of his marriage. It hadn't been a marriage for a long time, but the knowledge that she was putting the legal seal of finality on it was painful. Like a deep, dull ache. He sat staring past her at the far wall, and he thought: Linda's someone I knew once. Someone I met at a debutante party, danced with, and the dance was over long ago.

Linda was talking, saying something about no alimony, and no community property, and other details that weren't important at all. He waited, only half listening, waiting for her to finish and go away. Go and take the vague, hurtful memories with her.

She lit a second cigarette from the stub of the first one. She talked a little longer, the unimportant details. Finally she said, "I don't think I've left anything out. Have I?"

"Nothing that matters," he said.

She sat watching him for a moment, then exclaimed, "Dick! Oh, we were just a couple of infants who didn't know what it was all about! It's better this way, Dick."

"Yes." He was surprised that she questioned it, even to herself.

"But you might say you're sorry!"

"I'm sorry to see any marriage go to pieces," he said.

"Ours didn't go to pieces. It just never was. If you'd done what I wanted you to—Oh, Dick, when you built this—this monstrosity! While I was away. Oh, Dick, it's so typical of you, of Denby!" She stubbed out the cigarette, picked up her purse.

He got to his feet.

"But this is what you want," she said, looking up at him. "Isn't it? It's all you ever wanted! And I thought you had some ambition, wanted to be somebody." She sighed and stood up.

He went with her to the outside door. She held out her hand. "Good-by, Dick. I'm glad you aren't making a row. It's much more decent this way. Even if you don't give a damn about amounting to anything, you are a decent guy."

He took her hand. She waited an instant, as though for him to kiss her, but there was no reason for a kiss. They were just acquaintances, two who had met again after a long time. He said, "Good-by, Linda," and he opened the door for her.

She went down the walk, her heels clicking, and got into the car without even looking back. The motor roared, the wheels spun as she jabbed at the accelerator and shot away from the curb.

He went back across the room and drew the shades at the picture window. He stood there a minute or so looking out at the ragged garden. Then he emptied the ash tray into the fireplace. She had been there just the time it took to smoke two cigarettes. No more than ten minutes. Less time than it takes to pull an aching tooth. Or to prescribe for a cold.

He went back to his office. It was almost two o'clock, time for office patients. He put away the memoranda about Emma Gardener, put on his office jacket and called in the first patient.

He finished with the last office patient at a quarter of four. It wasn't until then that he remembered he hadn't told Hester they were operating tomorrow. He dialed the number. The phone rang several times before Hester answered. "Hester, Dick calling, Dick Wayne."

"Yes." He heard her catch her breath.

"I just remembered," he said, "I hadn't told you we're operating tomorrow. Tomorrow morning, at nine-thirty."

"Oh."

"How are you, Hester? You sound all in."

"I'm all right!" Her voice was strange, not at all like Hester. Strange, distant.

"Have you been out weeding again? That sun's pretty brutal today. Don't get too much of it."

"Nine-thirty tomorrow morning, you said?"

"Yes. I'll see you at the hospital shortly before that."

"All right." She was almost noncommittal. He couldn't understand it.

"And if you want to see Aunt Emma this evening," he said, "it's all right. I left permission. Just a few minutes. It might cheer her up."

"Thank you."

There didn't seem to be anything more to say, not another thing. He waited a moment, then hung up. Baffled, completely baffled. She hadn't been Hester at all. She'd been a stranger. No warmth, not even one cordial note in her voice. Good Lord, he thought, she hasn't been taken in by the others, has she? She's not in on some trouble they're cooking up, is she? She *can't* be? Not Hester!

For a moment he felt let-down all around. One more rock? He'd had enough rocks thrown at him for one day. If this was another one—well, then it was another rock. He had work to do.

He put on his jacket and went out to Ruth's desk. He picked up the house-call list and said, "I'm not having any office hours this evening, Ruth. And don't take any more house calls unless they're urgent. Oh, and by the way, better call Dillon Hughes. You've got his number? Tell him we are operating on Mrs. Gardener at nine-thirty tomorrow morning."

"You're operating on her tomorrow?" Ruth asked. Her voice was tense, almost fearful.

"Yes."

"It's—" She hesitated, then burst out. "Oh, Dr. Dick, it's—I'll worry all night!"

"Ruth," he said quietly, "it's my job to do the worrying. I hired you to run the office from nine till five. Why not leave it that way?"

She flushed. It was the first time he'd ever had to remind her that her job had its limits. He was sorry the moment he had said it, but he couldn't recall the rebuke. He went out to his car.

From the house calls he went directly to the hospital. It was still early, not quite seven, but he went up to see Aunt Emma. She was in good spirits, and her chart was satisfactory. She said, "I'm glad we're going to get this pesky thing over with, Dr. Dick. You look tired. You must have had a hard day."

He smiled for her. "Haven't had supper yet, Aunt Emma. I'm just gaunt from hunger."

"You go right out and get something to eat," she ordered. "I don't want a hungry man operating on me tomorrow. Get some supper and go home and get a night's rest."

"Yes, Aunt Emma," he said, laughing at her. "Oh,

Hester probably will be in to see you after a while. I told her she could."

"I asked her to come," Aunt Emma said. "Now you run along."

So he left, stopped for a bite of supper on his way back and returned to his office.

He spent the better part of two hours going over the X rays and preparing the digest of the material he wanted to give Dr. Jansen in the morning. The more he went over it, the more his mind told him that there should be no trouble. But the thought kept nagging at him that every major operation had its imponderable risks. He hadn't lost a patient in more than a year, and that one was hopeless from the start, bad heart and kidneys riddled. But the risks were there, just the same.

He thought: If she weren't a friend, somebody I've known all my life, somebody I didn't care so much about, it would be different. Then he thought: A doctor *can't* care so much! Medicine is healing, not caring. It's finding the trouble and handling it, and you can't let emotions get in the way!

But you've *got* to care. When you don't care, when they are just sick, tired, broken, diseased bodies, medicine isn't any more than carpentry or mechanics. You've got to care! It has to have meaning! If I ever stop caring, God help me!

Tomorrow, he thought, Jansen will be there, Jansen with his firm, cool, skillful, impersonal hands. Tomorrow I'll be like Jansen. I always am, in the operating room. It's before, and it's afterward.

He remembered his father, the summer before his father died. Talking medicine, the two of them. His father saying, "You'll lie awake many a night, Dick, wondering if you missed something. That's part of the price you'll pay. You know your patients so well you wonder if you're making snap-diagnoses. You probably won't, but the temptation's always there. You'll wonder, and you'll go back and check your data, and still you'll wonder. You'll go through hell, sometimes." Then he smiled. "But when you get to the operating room, it'll be all over. You've done your worrying, and now there's a job to be done to the best of your ability." He glanced at Dick and said, "Thank God, you've got good hands. And good training."

Dick got up from his desk, now, and walked about the little room. Suddenly it was a prison. He snapped off the lights and went out to his car. He drove over past the old house, the mansard-roofed house where he was born and grew up. It was all changed now. When he built the new house, he had the old place made over into three apartments, and it helped carry the financial load.

He drove slowly past, remembering the way it was when he was a small boy. Half a block of ground, wide lawns on each side, an orchard and a big garden out back, the old stable that his father used for a garage but that still had a hayloft, a wonderful place for kids to play. The wide lawns were gone now, and the orchard. His father had sold those lots to a builder, who had built small houses on them. Sold them to pay for Dick's years in medical school.

It was just an old house now, its face lifted and the memories dim. But up out of the dimness swam the big living room, the worn furniture, the one good reading light. His mother was sitting on the couch, knitting, the radio playing softly. Music. She loved music. And Richard, with the one good light, doing his homework across the room. The front door opened. His father came back from his walk; he always went for a walk in the late evening before he operated the next morning. He came back and into the living room, his jacket over his arm. Dick's mother said, "It's a nice evening out, isn't it?"

His father, standing there only half aware of them, said, "Yes, I guess it is."

His mother put down her knitting, went to him, kissed him on the cheek. "It's going to be all right," she said. "I know you'll do splendidly." She took his two hands and kissed them and held one of them to her cheek for an instant. He put an arm around her, hugged her, then turned and went upstairs. And she went back and sat down with her knitting again, her knitting and her music. She didn't know medicine, had never even seen a tonsil operation. But she knew her man, her husband, knew he needed her faith, her understanding. And she gave them both, completely.

Dick Wayne drove on, slowly. He was tempted to park the car and get out and walk, along the same streets his father used to walk on evenings like this. Walk, and come back to the car, and drive home? Back to the big, empty house?

He came to the corner, turned right, kept on driving.

He had had someone, once. He had had a wife. She had come back today, to tell him he was a fool. To tell him they should never have married. To say it was all over but the legalities, and they would be taken care of in another couple of weeks. To make him realize, although that wasn't the way she meant it, that he'd been alone for a long time. Alone among friends, lost in a crowd of familiar faces. Wandering, as he was wandering now, down familiar streets, and all alone.

Maybe you were always alone. Alone with your decisions, and yourself. He remembered his father and mother, and he remembered his father's words: "You'll lie awake many a night, wondering." Alone with yourself. He remembered his mother, saying, "It's going to be all right. I know you'll do splendidly." You might lie awake, wondering, but you weren't completely alone if someone, whether she ever saw an operation or not, had confidence and understanding. The rocks that others threw wouldn't matter.

They weren't rocks. They were questions. Questions by people who cared but didn't know. Red Wilson hadn't thrown a rock. Only a question, a doubt. Even Linda's gibe—"The whole town will turn on you"—was just a gibe. Linda didn't care enough about anyone except herself really to throw a rock. Ruth's questions and worries. No rocks there. Ruth hadn't a man of her own to worry about, so she worried about him.

Hester? Hester believed in him. She went along, at least, after her first questions. Until this afternoon. Even then she didn't reach for a rock. Not the way those others, those from Oklahoma, did. Something had happened to Hester, but—he wished he could see Hester for ten minutes, talk with her, find out what was wrong. Right now, tonight.

He glanced at the houses, orienting himself. He was away out in Elm, near the edge of town. Ruth's place was just down the block. Well, as long as he was this close, he'd stop in. See Ruth. See somebody. He had a good enough reason. He'd make sure she had got word to Dillon Hughes. If not, he'd have to phone tonight, just in common decency.

There was a light in Ruth's living room. He parked, went up the front walk. The living room window was screened from the street by big lilac bushes, but as he neared the door he saw that she wasn't alone. John Wilson was there.

He stopped. Red Wilson! Why, he didn't know Red was going with Ruth! He stood there and stared. Ruth

was beaming. Red was playing some kind of game with Robin, who was in pajamas, some simple trick with a coin. Robin was laughing, delighted. Red looked up and said something to Ruth, and she laughed.

Dick Wayne felt like a peeping Tom. He turned and tiptoed back to his car.

He drove back across town to Emma Gardener's place. There was a low light in the living room there, too. But nobody in sight. He knocked. No answer. He waited, then opened the screen door and stepped inside. "Hester!" he called. "Hester, it's Dick Wayne!" Still there was no answer. He waited, and when she didn't appear, he went back outdoors, back to the car. It was five minutes till ten. She must have gone out somewhere. Where? Why? Then he thought: Hester's not accountable to me. What kind of a fool am I, anyway?

He drove back to his office, angry at himself. He put away the car, went upstairs, undressed and went to bed. He was tired. He ought to go right to sleep.

He dozed off, and a few minutes later wakened with a start. He had dreamed he was in the operating room. In a crowd, other doctors, nurses, Linda, Ruth, Hester, Red Wilson, dozens of people. Then they all vanished, all of them. He was alone, without even a nurse.

He sat up in bed, sweating with tension. He sat there several minutes, staring at the darkness. Then he turned on the light. Dick Wayne, he told himself, you *are* an utter damned fool. All evening, he told himself, I have been trying to crawl away from something. Trying to creep back into a womb of security, a place of ready-made decisions and no responsibilities. Looking for someone to say, "It's all right, Dick. We'll help you make the decision. We'll make them *for* you, Dicky dear!"

Damn it, Dick Wayne, are you a doctor, or just what are you? If you're afraid to go through with this, there's the phone. Call Jansen. Tell him you saw her this evening, and her condition has so deteriorated you don't think the operation is wise. You can make it plausible. Jansen will be gruff, but polite. He'll take it from you. Then you can sit back and wait, and nobody will dare criticise.

Nobody but your own conscience.

Jerry Teague said you can't be sure till you get inside. Jerry said, "Don't be a damned fool, Dick."

He sat up on the edge of the bed. Look at it coldly. It's an extensive operation. A good deal of operative shock. You can only guess how the system will stand it. Aunt Emma Gardener's system is eighty-one years old.

You weigh the chances. Suppose you operate. It's just as you thought it was. You do the resection. You do a perfect operation. Suddenly the anesthetist signals: She's going! You do everything you can, and you lose her, right there in the operating room. "The operation was a success, but the patient died." A grim joke.

People would say: "He shouldn't have operated, at her age."

So you weigh the chances and suppose you don't operate. You refuse to do what you know, intellectually, should be done but what, emotionally, you haven't the nerve to risk. You don't operate. You feed her intravenously, keep her alive even though you know it's hopeless. You watch her weaken, day by day, sparing her all the pain you can, but still not sparing it all.

People would say: "We knew he shouldn't operate. She's still alive."

And you hear her, in the privacy of her room, saying, "Dr. Dick, I don't know why I have to go on living this way. Can't you give me a black pill?" And you know there was a chance for her once, if you'd had the courage to take it, but that it's too late now.

He shuffled into slippers and went downstairs. He went across to his office. On his desk was a note: "Couldn't reach Dillon Hughes. Left message which girl said she would see he gets.—R.L."

He got out the X rays, glanced at them. He knew every line, every shadow on them. The answer wasn't there. Or was it?

No, the answer was right inside of Richard Wayne, M.D. And it wasn't one decision. It was a whole train of them, reaching back and back, and far, far ahead. You back away from one decision and another comes along, and another. And if you back away once, you back away again and again. From now on. Forever.

A man comes to that lonely spot where he decides, for himself. Not for the patient. For himself. When he knows there aren't any ready-made decisions. Where he faces himself. Out there in the void.

I knew the answer when Jerry Teague agreed with my diagnosis.

You can change your mind.

I knew I had to try to save her life.

At eighty-one?

I knew I had to operate.

Dr. Dick, you are my best boy-friend.

"For the benefit of my patients . . . according to my ability and judgment."

And if she dies on the table?

My ability! *My* judgment! The Oath leaves no out.

"God help me!" he cried aloud, and it was a cry of agony. "I've got to operate. I've got to do my best."

He turned off the lights and went back to his room and to bed, to sleep.

Dr. Jansen was a tall, lean man with thinning gray hair, deep-set blue eyes and a wide, thin-lipped mouth. Dr. Wayne met him at the hospital at nine o'clock. They went over the X rays and Dr. Wayne's data. Dr. Wayne was tense, almost grim. Dr. Jansen made few comments, but his eyes took in every detail. They had worked together several times; Dr. Wayne knew what information Dr. Jansen wanted, and Dr. Jansen knew he could trust Dr. Wayne's data. Jansen said, "Everything seems to be in order. Let's see the patient."

Mrs. Gardener was under mild sedation, but she gave Dr. Jansen a searching look when Dr. Wayne introduced them. "You must be all right," she said, "if Dr. Dick says so." Dr. Jansen automatically felt her abdomen, estimating the size and position of the mass. She said to Dr. Wayne, "I'm expecting you to hold my hand."

Dr. Wayne forced a smile. "I'll be there," he said. Dr. Jansen was watching her with those eyes that never missed a thing. Dr. Wayne saw a flicker of approval in them. He patted her hand and said, "I have to go now, Aunt Emma. I'll meet you pretty soon in the operating room. The nurse will bring you over."

The sedation was taking deeper hold. She smiled and nodded.

Dr. Wayne led the way to the waiting room. Hester was there alone. She looked tense, but she forced a polite smile. He introduced her to Dr. Jansen.

"How is she this morning?" Hester asked.

"In good spirits," Dr. Wayne said. "We just saw her."

She saw the grim look about his mouth. "Oh," she said, "she's such a strong person! Inside, I mean, in her spirit!"

Dr. Wayne nodded agreement, absently. Dr. Jansen said, "I'll run along."

"I'll be right with you," Dr. Wayne said. He turned to Hester. "You could see her a moment, in the hall."

"I saw her last night," Hester said. "She said—well, she made me feel that this was *her* party. Hers, and yours." Then, impulsively, she said, "Oh, Dick, I know you'll do everything you can!"

"There's a risk in every major operation," he said. He was the doctor, the remote, detached man of medicine. "This will be quite extensive. But it—"

"How long will it take?"

"Three hours or more. If she survives the operation—" He paused, drew a deep breath, then said, "You know she may not come through."

"Yes," she said quietly. "I know." She caught his hand. "Dick, you'll do everything anyone could do! I know you'll do splendidly!"

She didn't know her words were an echo to him, but she saw the grimness lift from his face for a moment. She saw a wonder in his eyes, and thanks. Just for a moment she saw it. Then he gripped her fingers and turned away. As he hurried down the corridor, there was a certainty in his very walk.

She watched him go, and she went over to the window and stood there several minutes. Not seeing at all, only seeing in her mind's eye that look in his eyes for that one instant, the wonder, the thanks.

She looked at her watch. It was nine-thirty. She closed her eyes, praying. And when she looked again she saw the trees on the hillside beyond the hospital grounds. The trees, she thought, looked tired with August. Tired, and near the end of their season.

Aunt Emma, she thought, is nearing the end of her season, too. But she should have a few more years. A few more peaceful, painless years. Maybe five or six, maybe ten. Then she remembered last night, when Aunt Emma had said, "When you get to be my age, Hester, a few years one way or another don't matter much."

"Of course they matter!" Hester had exclaimed.

"No," Aunt Emma had said. "And you needn't look so scandalized. None of us lives forever. The one thing I always dreaded, as I grew older, was that I might linger beyond my time and be a nuisance and a burden. I have my pride. Alexander Pope called pride the never-failing vice of fools, but I guess we all have our weakness."

Hester picked up a magazine, tried to read.

At ten minutes of ten a woman about Hester's age came into the waiting room, a dark-haired, dark-eyed woman in a print dress, with a little girl, a girl about three. Her husband was here, she said, with a ruptured appendix. "Dr. Wayne operated on him. Saved his life."

"Dr. Wayne, you said?"

The woman nodded. "He's wonderful. My man wouldn't be alive, except for Dr. Wayne. Your husband here?"

"No," Hester said. "An aunt of mine."

The woman wasn't really interested. Hester turned to the little girl. She was very shy. She reminded Hester of the little girl in the family she was assigned to make a case report on in college. Family background was important in understanding the problems of children in school, especially young children.

Dick Wayne, she thought, does the same thing, the family background. Expect that he doesn't make a formal report of it. He files it away in his memory, the way all family doctors do. He has to know his patients, know the problems at home that contribute to the problems they bring to him. He would have liked my report.

A nurse came and told the woman she might see her husband now. She and the little girl left, the woman beaming like a bride, the little girl saying, "Mommy, can Daddy come home with us?"

Hester went back to her magazine, unable to find her place. She hadn't really been reading, just looking at the words. It was ten o'clock. A nurse hurried down the corridor, and Hester held her breath. But the nurse hurried on past without even looking in, and Hester relaxed a little.

Ten o'clock. Her telegram would be delivered about now, out in Wheatland. She'd sent a night letter. And they would get the air mail letter tomorrow, probably. She'd made up her mind walking back from the hospital last night, made her decision. It had been nine o'clock when she got home, and she'd sat down at once and written both the telegram and the letter. Then she'd walked down to the railroad station, sent the telegram, dropped the letter in the box at the post office. It was just after ten when she got home. But once she had made up her mind, made her decision and acted on it, everything was in place. She didn't even think until this morning what would happen if Aunt Emma didn't come home.

Ten-fifteen. She wondered, for the first time, why Dillon and Louise weren't there. She hadn't thought about their coming, till now, but they should be here. Even after the things they had said the other afternoon. They were relatives, blood relatives. Their mother had been Hester's father's sister.

She had never really known Dillon and Louise. As an Army man, Hester's father had moved from place to place, and she had seen Dillon and Louise only once that she could remember, when she was only six or seven. Her father was stationed briefly at Fort Sill, and one Sunday they drove up to see his sister. Dillon and Louise, who were several years older than Hester, made almost no impression on her.

Then, the year she was a sophomore in college, she had a letter from her father in Alaska, saying he'd just got word of his sister Ellen's death in Oklahoma. "We visited her once, but you may not remember. She has a son, Dillon, and a daughter, Louise, older than you." That was the summer before her father died in an Army transport crash on the West Coast.

Ten-thirty. They had been operating for an hour. Hester wished there was some way to find out how things were going. Then she thought: No news is good news.

She tried to read again. Visitors came and went. The woman whose husband had had the appendectomy paused at the door, saw Hester and said happily, "He can come home in two more weeks!" She had to tell someone. The little girl waved and called, "Good-by, lady!"

Eleven o'clock. They should be halfway through the operation.

Eleven-fifteen. Eleven-thirty.

At twenty-five of twelve Hester heard vaguely familiar voices in the corridor. As she looked up, Dillon and Virginia came into the waiting room. Then Louise and Mack. They saw Hester, and Virginia exclaimed, "I told you she'd be here!"

Dillon said, "Well! How'd the operation go, Hester?"

"I don't know yet," she said.

"Don't know? Why, I understood it was to be at nine-thirty," Dillon said. "We got held up," he added.

"It was at nine-thirty," Hester said. "But it's a long operation. At least three hours."

Louise looked worried. Mack seemed to have a hangover; he was very quiet, and his eyes were bloodshot and baggy.

Virginia looked at her watch. "When will it be over, then?" she asked.

"I don't know," Hester said. "At least another hour, I guess."

Virginia turned to Dillon. "I'm not going to wait here. You know I hate hospitals!"

"Me too," Mack Curtis said, shaking his head, then wincing.

Louise said, "We can come back." She was talking to Dillon and Virginia.

Dillon hesitated, then handed the car keys to Virginia. "Run along," he said. "I'm staying here."

"Why?" Virginia demanded.

"I'm staying," Dillon said firmly.

Virginia took the keys, and she and Mack left. Louise hesitated, then followed them.

Dillon went over to the window and stood for several minutes, staring out. Then he turned and asked, "You've been here ever since nine-thirty?"

"Yes."

He came over and sat down on the couch beside her. "Hardest thing in the world," he said, "waiting in a hospital. Two years ago Petey—that's our little girl—had polio. Lucky, it wasn't the paralytic kind, but we didn't know for three days. We practically lived at the hospital. That's why Virginia can't take it now." He lit a cigarette.

"Your little girl's all right now?" Hester asked.

"Perfect. But I aged ten years in those three days." He glanced at her. "You're not married, are you?"

"No."

"Well," he said, "let me tell you this. We've got two kids, and they're not going to grow up with the idea they've got a rich uncle, or a rich aunt, somewhere who's going to bail them out some day." He sighed, looked at his nails. "Oh, they're spoiled. Within an inch of their lives. I'm in hock right up to the limit. But they know, all of them, I'm not going to leave them anything. Not unless I get some breaks somewhere. We're living it up faster than it comes in." He glanced at Hester and smiled, self-conscious, almost embarrassed.

They sat in silence a time. Then Dillon said, "This Dr. Wayne, if he's so good, what's he doing here?"

"He grew up here."

"So what?" Dillon had resumed the faintly truculent air. "Most small-town kids move away, if they've got anything on the ball."

"His father was a doctor here," Hester said.

"You knew him when you lived here with Aunt Emma?"

"Yes. He—Old Doc Wayne, Dick's father—was the man who got this hospital built. He and Uncle Grant."

"Uncle Grant Gardener," Dillon said, "must have been quite a man. Made his money in lumber, didn't he? Made a pot of money. Mother used to say Uncle Grant was worth a million." He laughed. "A million dollars isn't so much nowadays. A couple of good oil wells will bring you that. But I guess in those days it was quite a wad of dough." He stubbed out his cigarette and went over to the window again. It was a few minutes after twelve.

Dillon came back and stood in front of her. "The thing I can't understand is why Wayne insisted on operating. At her age!"

"There was a chance to save her life."

"How much chance? Good Lord, as sick as she is!"

"At least an even chance."

Dillon stared at her. "Is that all? It's fifty-fifty?"

She nodded.

Dillon almost smiled, then frowned and said, "Hester, there's a gimmick in this. Somewhere."

"What do you mean?"

He shook his head. "We'll see. And if that will is gimmicked up, we'll break it. I don't care what that damned red-headed lawyer says, we'll break it!" He looked at his watch. It was almost twelve-thirty. "I wonder where they went," he said, half to himself.

Hester began to feel anxious. The anxiety mounted with the minutes, and the minutes crept. Dillon was at the window, jingling the small change in his pocket. Hester wanted to shout at him to stop it.

Twelve-thirty. Twelve-forty.

At sixteen-minutes till one there was a quick step in the hallway. Dr. Jansen, still in his green operating-room suit, came to the doorway. His face was creased with tension.

Hester leaped to her feet, ran to him. "Miss Lee," he said, "Dr. Wayne asked me to stop in and speak to you."

"How is she?"

"The patient," Dr. Jansen said, "is on her way to her room. Dr. Wayne is with her."

"Is everything all right?"

"She withstood the procedure satisfactorily," Dr. Jansen said.

Dillon was at Hester's elbow, and she introduced him. Dr. Jansen gave Dillon one quick, searching glance, dismissed him and turned to Hester. "We performed a subtotal gastrectomy."

"A what?"

"A resectioning for removal of a portion of the stomach."

"She's still alive?" Dillon asked.

Dr. Jansen looked at him again. Hester knew he was annoyed at Dillon's tone. He didn't even answer.

"She'll be all right?" Hester asked.

"It will be a few hours," Dr. Jansen said to her, "before we know the extent of surgical shock. Dr. Wayne will be watching her. If there is not too much shock, we can expect a satisfactory recovery. It will be about three hours before she is fully out from under the anesthetic. By early evening, we should know more about her condition. Dr. Wayne suggested you see him here about seven o'clock."

"Was it cancer?" Dillon asked.

"We'll have to await a laboratory report. But we got all the affected tissue." Dr. Jansen turned to leave.

"Dr. Jansen!" Hester exclaimed. "Thank you!"

He looked surprised, then pleased. "Thank Dr. Wayne," he said. "He made the diagnosis and the decision to operate." They shook hands, and he smiled, an almost paternal smile.

When he had gone Hester whispered, "Thank You, God." She glanced around the room. Dillon was almost in a daze. He ran his tongue over his lips, felt her look, couldn't meet her eyes. She went out to the elevator. Dillon followed her.

As they went down in the elevator Dillon said, "I'll give you a lift back to town."

She shook her head and said, "Thanks."

Outside, Dillon looked around for his car. "I thought," he said, "they might be down here, waiting." They weren't.

There was a taxi. Hester took it. She started back to town. Just beyond the hospital entrance they met the red and white Cadillac. Virginia was driving, and driving much too fast. Hester heard the three of them laughing as they passed her cab.

Hester was at the hospital at five minutes of seven. She took a cab, wanting to look fresh and cool if Dick let her see Aunt Emma. She had napped for an hour, the first fully relaxed sleep in two days, and she had bathed and put on the light green nylon and felt fresh and pretty. And relieved about Aunt Emma; she'd withstood the operation.

As the driver let her out of the cab he said, "I hear Mrs. Gardener's going to be all right." There was awe in his voice.

"We think so," she said.

He shook his head. "Folks are mighty relieved." Then he said, "I guess Young Doc Wayne's just as good as his father ever was!" He seemed almost as pleased as Hester was.

She went up to Aunt Emma's floor. The desk nurse smiled at her, and Hester asked, "How is Mrs. Gardener?"

"Her condition is satisfactory." The nurse also seemed pleased.

"May I see her?"

"I'm sorry. Dr. Wayne didn't leave any permission."

"He's not here?" Hester asked. "He told me to meet him here at seven."

"Why don't you wait?"

Hester went to the waiting room.

It was so different from this morning. Condition satisfactory, the nurse had said. Then there hadn't been any relapse from surgical shock. Dick Wayne, Hester thought, must be feeling triumphant. Hester felt herself triumphant with him, almost as though she'd had a part in it. Triumphant and proud. She remembered Aunt Emma's quotation from Pope and smiled. It's an impersonal pride, she told herself. I'm proud of Dick Wayne. As a doctor.

At ten minutes after seven she heard Virginia's shrill voice in the corridor. Then Louise's sharp, low-pitched words and Dillon's assertive, masculine voice. And Mack Curtis's laugh.

They came into the waiting room.

Virginia was sleek in the pink linen. Louise's dark cotton was freshly ironed. Dillon said, "Hello, Hester. Early again?"

Mack saw Hester and said, "Well, look at the doll!" Louise frowned, then gave Hester a half-smile.

"Have you seen Dr. Wayne?" Dillon asked.

"Not yet," Hester said.

"I thought he said seven o'clock," Dillon said impatiently.

"Is she *still*—" Louise didn't finish the question.

"The nurse says her condition is satisfactory," Hester told them. "That's all I know."

Virginia looked at Dillon. It was an accusing look. "Well," she said, "what are we doing here?"

"I'm going to wait and see that doctor," Dillon said.

"I'm not waiting for anyone," Virginia said. "Give me the keys."

Dillon shrugged. "Suit yourself." He gave her the keys.

"Come on," Virginia said. She glanced at Louise, a studied afterthought, not an invitation.

"We'll stay, too," Louise said, meaning Mack as well as herself.

Virginia held a hand toward Mack. "They don't need you," she said. "You and I are just in-laws, both of us!"

Mack avoided Louise's eyes as he got up from the chair where he had sunk.

"Where are you going?" Louise asked, obviously not wanting to make a scene.

"To the nearest hamburger joint," Virginia said. "Want to come along? And chaperon us?" There was a jeer in her voice.

Louise flushed and turned away from her. Virginia and Mack left, laughing.

"*Some* day I'll—" Louise didn't seem able to finish half her thoughts.

"What did you say?" Dillon asked.

"Nothing." Louise sat thinking for a long moment, then asked, "Isn't she ever going to be mature? Virginia, I mean. Mack never will, but she—"

Dillon jingled the change in his pocket. "I don't know," he said. The question didn't seem to bother him too much. He settled wearily in a chair. He glanced at Hester, then said to Louise, "Remember how Dad always talked about Mother's rich aunt?"

Louise nodded.

Dillon laughed bitterly. "He'd want to spend a hundred bucks for something, and Mother wouldn't want him to, and he'd say, 'What'll a hundred dollars matter when your rich aunt dies?'" He laughed again and said wryly, "A family tradition, I guess. Counting on that dough."

"All I want," Louise said, "is enough to get out of debt, for once. And enough to give Betts an education. Not," she added, "at Smith, either." It was a jab at Virginia.

"It would be nice, wouldn't it," Dillon said, "to get out of debt. Start fresh. With brand new mortgages." He chuckled. "But did you ever stop and figure out the tax on a million dollars? It's worse than the capital gains tax."

"There would be some left over," Louise said. "I don't want a mink stole."

Dillon frowned. "Virginia's mother gave her that stole," he said.

"I *still* don't want one."

"All right," Dillon said. "No mink stoles for you." He turned to Hester. "Hester, don't you want to join the party? Don't you want to haul out some family skeletons, too?"

"No," Hester said. "In fact, I know of only one skeleton that has any importance to this conversation, and it's really not a skeleton—although it may be a shock to you." She smiled. "Aunt Emma hasn't much money."

"What!" Dillon exclaimed.

"She has only about twelve thousand dollars."

"No!"

"That's all. She told me last night."

"Twelve thousand dollars—Oh, *no!*" Dillon said.

"What *happened* to her money?" Louise asked, aghast.

"She gave it away," Hester said. "To people who needed help. And to this hospital. She built the library here in town. She helped people all the time. I don't think she ever had a million dollars, but she had quite a bit. All she kept was enough to take care of herself for the rest of her life. She owns the house, of course."

Dillon looked at Louise. His face was gray. Louise still couldn't quite comprehend.

"She gave it away," Dillon said. Then he began to laugh. "Lord, Lord, I've had a lot of jokes played on me, but this is the first time I walked right into the middle of one like this! Talk about your snipe hunts!" He sobered and turned to Louise.

"Well, Sis, maybe we'll have to grow up yet. Vacation's over, kid."

Louise asked Hester, "Are you sure? You're not just saying this?"

"Aunt Emma told me the figures, just how much was in both banks. If I remember rightly, it amounted to twelve thousand, four hundred and some dollars."

"She *must* have some investments," Louise persisted, "some stocks, or bonds, or *something*."

Hester shook her head. "That's all. That and the house."

Dillon got to his feet, went and stared out the window. He was still standing there, staring out at the dusk and absently jingling the coins in his pocket, when Dr. Wayne arrived.

"I'm sorry," Dr. Wayne said, "to have kept you waiting. I was called out."

He looked tired, but younger and more warmly confident than Hester had ever seen him.

Dillon turned to face him.

"Mrs. Gardener is doing all right," Dr. Wayne said. There was controlled pride in his voice. "I saw her just now. You can visit her, but only for a minute. And one at a time, please." He looked from one to another of them. Hester got to her feet. Louise remained seated and Dillon stayed there at the window. They didn't seem to have taken in what Dr. Wayne had said. They were still reeling from what Hester had just told them.

"Of course I want to see her!" Hester said.

A nurse came to the doorway, urgency in her voice. "Dr. Wayne, you're wanted in Emergency. An automobile accident."

"Sorry," Dr. Wayne said to Hester. "Can you wait till I get back before seeing her?"

"Of course."

He turned and hurried to the elevator.

Dillon looked at his watch.

He glanced at Louise and said, "They must have had a pretty big hamburger."

"What? Oh, hamburger." Louise frowned angrily.

"Well," Dillon said, walking about the room, "I guess we'd better get out of here first thing in the morning. Head for home. If you can get Mack going before noon."

"And Virginia," Louise said.

"Go on back home," Dillon said, "and dig up the interest somewhere. Back to the rat race. Only there ain't no cheese, Louise. There ain't no cheese."

The elevator doors banged, and there were brisk steps in the corridor.

A state trooper came to the doorway, a big, dark-haired man with a slit of a mouth and anger in his eyes. "Mr. Hughes?" he asked. "Mrs. Curtis?"

Dillon's face turned white. Louise exclaimed, "Oh!" a quick, panicky cry.

"Dr. Wayne said you were up here," the trooper said. "There's been a car accident. Your car, Mr. Hughes? That red and white Caddy?"

"Yes!"

Louise was crying. "Mack, oh Mack!" she sobbed.

"They rolled it. And how! They're both hurt, but I don't think it's too bad. The man's got a broken arm."

"Virginia?" Dillon asked. His voice sounded husky. "Your wife? She's cut and bruised, but—"

"Alive?"

"Very much alive," the trooper said with a wry smile. "But the car's a pile of junk. They hit a culvert and flipped four times. Into a hayfield, luckily. If it had flipped the other way and they'd hit that road—"

He shrugged. "Doc Wayne's picking the grass stems out of them now. And setting the man's arm." He smiled again. "I expect he's got them quieted down. Want to see them?"

They went down to Emergency. Virginia was walking about the corridor, a nurse supporting her and holding a wad of cotton to her nose from time to time. Spirits of ammonia. Virginia's face was deep red-orange with merthiolate, one whole cheek scraped and raw. A strip of adhesive held a fold of gauze over her left eye, which was already swollen and discolored. She was barefoot and her dress was ripped almost to the thigh, still dark with mud and grass stain.

She was saying over and over, "The louse, the louse, the dirty, stinking louse!"

She saw Dillon and cried, "He did it! Mack grabbed the wheel and—"

Dillon took her in his arms. "It's all right, Ginny. It's all right."

She clung to him and began to cry.

"Where's Mack?" Louise said. "Where's Mack?"

The nurse led her to a doorway. Mack Curtis was sitting on the examining table, looking as though he had crawled all the way across a big, plowed field. Dr. Wayne was taping the splints. A nurse was fitting a sling around Mack's neck.

Mack said, "Lou!" His voice was low. His eyes appealed to her.

"Darling!" Louise exclaimed, and she tried to put her arms around him. Dr. Wayne edged her aside, and the nurse took her arm. Dr. Wayne finished the taping and eased the splinted arm into the sling. Mack stood up. Louise kissed him. "Darling, are you—sure you're all right?"

Mack mustered a wry smile. "The Doc," he said, "says I'll probably live. It was a good flight, but a very bad landing." He twisted his neck. "Ouch!"

"Are you all right?" Louise insisted.

Mack drew himself up in mock dignity. "Mrs. Curtis," he said, "your husband feels like hell. He feels as if a ten-ton truck with chains on had run over him. Please take him home."

Out in the corridor, Virginia had quieted down. Dillon was telling her he would see the local agency about disposing of the car, and they would fly home. "Thank God," he said, "you're all right."

"I'm chopped to bits," Virginia said. "I'm scarred for life!"

Mack and Louise came out into the corridor. Mack saw Dillon and said, "Mr. Hughes, your wife is a virtuous woman. But a lousy driver!"

Virginia gave him a look that, with her swollen eye, was almost a grimace.

"You louse!" she said.

Mack and Louise went on down the corridor toward the outside door.

Mack was calling, "Taxi! Taxi!"

Dillon turned to Dr. Wayne. "Will it be all right to take my wife back to the motel?" he asked.

"Quite all right. But please stop at the desk before you leave. There's a nominal charge." Dr. Wayne turned to Hester, and they went to the elevator. "I guess," he said,

as they waited for the car, "they don't want to see Aunt Emma tonight."

The car came, and as they went up, he said, "I never saw two people more indignant at each other. They were so mad that neither of them felt much pain. And both of them bruised from head to foot. Lord, they were lucky to get out of that alive!"

They were at the second floor. They went down the corridor to Aunt Emma's room. She saw them at the doorway, gave them a weak smile, and held out a weary hand. They went to the bedside and she said, "My dears." Her voice was no more than a whisper. Dr. Wayne took her hand, and she put out her other hand to Hester. Hester took it and Aunt Emma said, "Bless you! Both of you!" Her eyes were heavy. They closed for a moment. When they opened again, Hester saw tears.

"You're doing fine," Dr. Wayne said. "Get some sleep. I'll see you in the morning."

Aunt Emma smiled and nodded, and her eyes drifted shut again.

They went back to the elevator.

"She's so tired," Hester said.

"Tired?" he said. "I hope you realize that few strong men could rally the way she has after an operation like that!"

"How long will it be," Hester asked, "before she can come home?"

"Two or three weeks, if all goes right. I doubt that I can keep her here longer than that. She'll demand that I let her go home the day I let her sit up."

They went down in the elevator and out to his car. As they backed out of the parking space he said, "She'll need somebody to look after her for a while."

"I'll take care of her," Hester said.

"You're not going back?"

"Not for a while. I wired my school board last night. I resigned."

"How pleased she'll be! But it's something she'd never ask you to do, being Aunt Emma. Always helping others, never asking for herself."

"I think," Hester said, "that the thing that hurt most was seeing her helpless, at the mercy of the world. She's so spunky, bless her!" Then she added, "Why, Dick, she has affected every life she touched! For the better."

Dick smiled. "You see that, too?"

Hester nodded. "And now, as long as she lives, she can be herself. If it's only one year, or two, or however long." Then she laughed, suddenly, involuntarily. "You should have seen Dilion and Louise when they learned she had only enough money to keep herself!"

"What?" Dick asked, incredulous.

"Oh, yes. She told me last night. But it's a secret!"

He chuckled. "So she meant it when she said she'd die a pauper. And you told them?"

"Yes." She was quiet for a long moment. Then she said, "I think Aunt Emma touched their lives, too. I think they've already begun to change." There was awe in her voice.

"And," Dick said, "she brought you back to Denby."

He felt her stiffen. She said nothing, and after a moment he asked, "Why did you lose faith in me yesterday, Hester?"

"I never lost faith in you," she said. "As a doctor."

"As a man?" he asked.

She hesitated.

"You knew Linda was here, didn't you?" he asked.

"Yes," she said in a low voice.

"Linda," he said, "stopped for ten minutes to tell me the divorce is going through next week."

"It must hurt," she said quietly.

"The hurt is all over. All done."

Inside himself, Dick Wayne was thinking: *This is my girl. This girl sees life as I see it and knows the meaning of things I believe in.*

Inside herself, Hester was thinking: *I knew from that first day, there in his office.* And she was remembering Aunt Emma, just a few minutes ago, holding their hands, giving them her blessing.

They were back on the edge of the business district of Denby. Dick drew up for the first traffic light. He turned to Hester and asked, "Had dinner?"

"Ages ago," she said. "But I wasn't hungry."

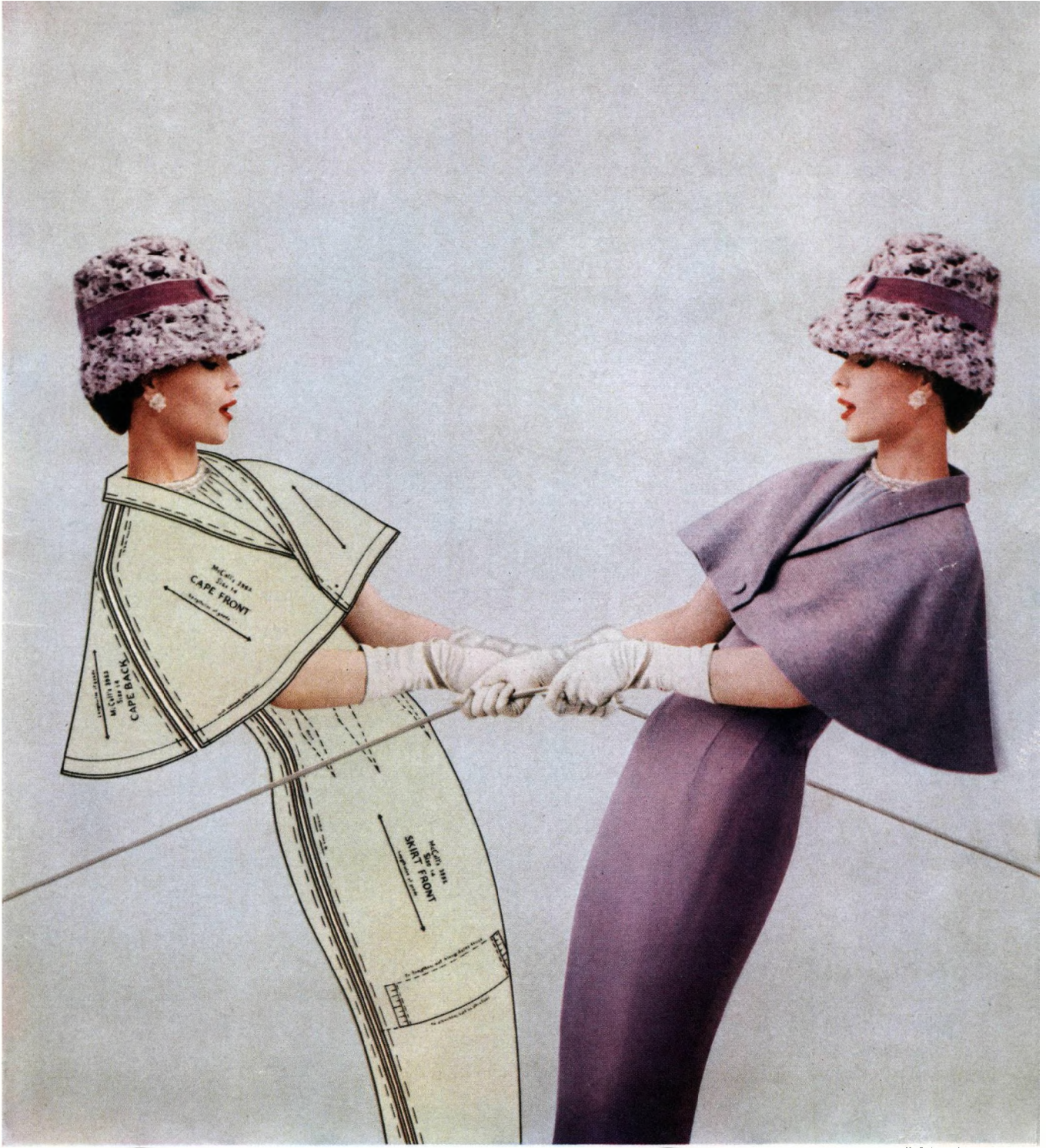
The light changed. The Neon Diner was at the next corner. Dick parked in front of it.

The juke box was blaring as they went in. They went to the booth in the far corner. The fat waitress brought glasses of water and handed them dog-eared menus. You could see by the way she walked that her feet ached, but she said brightly, "Pot roast's good, on the dinner."

Dick didn't even look at the menu. He said, "Hamburgers. With onions. And coffee." Then he reached over to the container and took out two paper napkins. He handed one to Hester.

"With napkins," he said.

And anyone who saw them would have known that light in their eyes. ...THE END



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