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from the depths of his despair, he felt all his senses become keenly attuned in a strange new way. He knew he'd remember this scene the rest of his life.

Vic asked the woman, "What's doing, anyway? How's Dick?"

She answered something, but Andy didn't hear it, for he had quit listening. He was looking at the woman . . . no, she was a girl, several years younger than Vic . . . and as he heard Vic's voice again, he began to really see the girl. He noticed the classic profile. The sheen of blonde hair. The clear tanned skin. She was an attractive girl; you would have noticed her anywhere . . . if you weren't blind.

But . . . Andy frowned in confusion . . . but I've been standing here for five minutes or more. I was in here all that time before Vic came, and I didn't even notice whether she was old or young, fat or thin, tall or short. I didn't even see her until . . . Why should I notice her *now?*

Andy breathed carefully, dropped his cigarette, and slowly ground it out with his heel. He called over to Vic, "I'll meet you in the bar next door, Vic," and walked out. He had to be alone, had to figure this out.

In the Copper Mug, he swung onto a stool, said automatically to the bartender, "Brandy."

I always liked the girls Vic picked out, he thought. Why? Just because Vic picked them? He closed his eyes a moment, trying to probe deeper, to find an honest answer. He looked back over the years and gradually remembered a lot of things he had liked and wanted just because Vic had them. Vic, who was older, always had things first. A bicycle . . . a membership at the Y . . . dates with girls . . . college. I envied him every time, Andy thought, *until I got just what he had.*

But it was natural for a kid brother to feel a bit envious, wasn't it? That didn't mean anything. Or did it? Could envy, mixed with hero-worship, go so far that you'd lose your own identity and end up living a carbon-paper life of the one you worshiped?

How far has it really gone? Andy asked himself. Living in that apartment with Vic, I was perfectly satisfied. We were . . . equal. We both had a profession . . . an office in the same building . . cars alike . . . and I've been promising myself I'd have a house like his some day.

**The bartender** set his drink in front of him. Andy stared at it. Brandy. Why, I even drink brandy just because Vic does! And what a crazy drink in weather like this . . . at least, to *me.*

He pushed the glass aside and ordered a beer. As he lifted it and took a long refreshing swallow, he looked into the mirror behind the bar and saw Vic and Lila reflected there, coming into the place.

He set the glass down. Slowly, he turned and watched them come toward him. Half-afraid, he waited. There was Lila—charming, attractive. Any man would admire her. But . . . come on, Andy Gage, face it and like it and be glad it's this simple . . . the only reason you wanted her for your own was because she's Vic's!

Good Lord, it had taken him a long time to grow up. *Grow up*—that's the only prescription he had needed.

"Hi, you two," he greeted them.

Lila was relaxed, casual, her usual self. She'd meant exactly what she said yesterday afternoon: It hadn't happened. Andy silently blessed her—Vic's wife—for being such a fine person.

"Look," he said as they sat down. "I can't get away, after all. Could I have a rain-check on this trip? For next week, maybe?" He wanted them to have this first week-end at their cottage alone. A husband and wife deserved that.

"Sure," Vic said, always agreeable. "Any time."

Lila echoed sincerely, "Any time, Andy."

"So long, then." Andy smiled at them as he slid off the stool. "Have fun, and bring back some fish."

"We will," they promised.

Andy walked back to the Professional Building. Instead of waiting for the elevator, he took the steps two at a time. When he reached his office door, he looked at the gold letters ANDREW GAGE, M. D. and thought, This—my work—is one thing in my life I chose myself. And there's something else I chose once . . . and almost lost. He swung the door wide and saw her by the window, lowering the Venetian blind.

"Oh . . ." Her voice was surprised and concerned. "I wondered . . . I thought you'd gone."

"I did go. But . . . I came back. Peg . . ." There was something in his voice that hadn't been there for a long time; he could hear it and knew she could hear it. "Peg, do you know what I think?"

She shook her head slowly.

"I think we should have dinner at 'our' restaurant . . . once more."

Her wise brown eyes widened slightly. Already, she was beginning to understand. "All right, Andy," she said, smiling. "You're the doctor." . . . THE END

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## Censorship

(Continued from page 24)

*persons* believe is "bad" for you. And since people's concepts of "good" and "bad" vary widely, censorship itself can range from caprice and silliness all the way to the necessary control of obscenity.

Censorship is on the increase in America. There are several reasons for this development—first, the large number of minority groups which have become highly organized and insistent in their demands during the past ten years; second, the growing fear on the part of publishers and motion-picture and radio producers of offending such groups; third, the appearance of television—which creates a new medium to be censored, and fourth, political insecurity which accounts for such incidents as the banning of the newspaper *La Prensa* in Argentina, and the current turmoil in the U.N. on restricting the free exchange of information among nations.

As a result, more and more agencies, groups and individuals are telling other people or are trying to tell other people what they can read, what they can see, what they can hear, and, in the end, what they can think.

No one, of course, objects to the censorship of obscenity for obscenity's sake. The 1933 campaign of the Legion of Decency against salacious movies was necessary and important; unfortunately, like many good campaigns, it brought extreme results in the form of a movie-production code so strict that parts of it approach the ridiculous. As one intelligent Hollywood businessman once remarked, "If you lean over backward far enough, eventually you'll land on the back of your head." That, in essence, is one of the greatest dangers of censorship; it can cause the producers of books, movies, radio and television shows and plays to lean backward so far that their products become unrealistic and stereotyped.

What does censorship, in its capricious or thoughtless form, mean to the average young American?

It means that you can be prevented from reading a book that offends a minute number of your fellow Americans.

It means that you may be treated to a diet of movies, and radio and television programs, so unrepresentative of life as it is really lived that you are almost sickened by the unreality.

It means that your favorite magazine may be kept from the newsstands on the whim of persons who disagree with its contents.

It means that your child may be unable to read a book in his school library because a censoring minority objects to it.

It means that you, in the eyes of the censor, are a fool, unable to decide for yourself what is good and what is bad.

**Proof** that the censors are increasing can be found in numerous instances. There are now official censorship boards in nearly 100 average American cities. There are seven state boards, and many other states have statutes which can be used for censoring actions. Various local ordinances in scores of towns and cities are also being enforced in such a way as to constitute censorship by local authorities.

In Detroit, police censors cut 39,950 feet of motion-picture film in 1949—and even that was an improvement over the previous year, when they suppressed 59,300 feet. In a series of raids in 1949, police in Philadelphia seized more than 2,000 allegedly obscene books, only to have many of them later cleared of the charge of obscenity. The incident points up the fact that what is obscene to one person or group of persons is not necessarily obscene to others.

Florida has no official censorship

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board. But all films must be approved either by the National Board of Review or, oddly, the "state censorship board of the State of New York."

In Massachusetts, there is a "Lord's Day" statute which permits entertainment on Sundays provided the entertainment has been approved by the state Commissioner of Public Safety. Since every movie is shown on Sundays as well as weekdays, the commissioner's power to censor can affect all films.

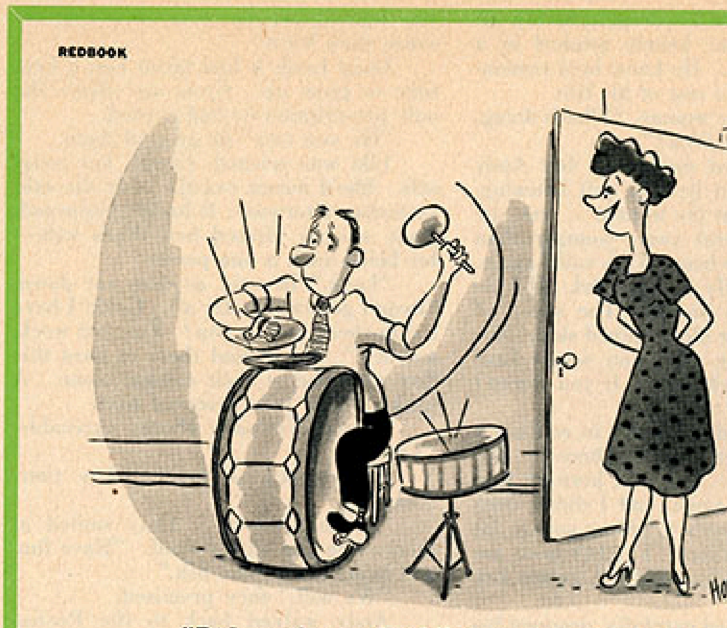
Almost all Americans would be shocked by the idea that one man might be punished for not agreeing with another man as to what constitutes a dangerous social thought. Nevertheless, this happened recently in Texas. A theater manager, W. L. Gelling, was arrested and fined for showing "Pinky," a Negro-problem film, after local censors had banned it.

"Pinky" had been shown elsewhere in the South without incident. The censors who banned it from Gelling's theater had no way of knowing for certain whether their opinion of the picture was shared by other members of the community. The majority never had a chance to make up its mind. Further, majority opinion itself can't be the true yardstick by which a film is measured for banning or presentation. If the majority of persons in a given community don't want to see a movie with a particular theme, they can simply stay away from it. The question is not "how many" or "how few" wanted to see "Pinky" in Gelling's theater; rather, it revolves around the right of any censoring board to prevent the showing of a clean but controversial movie which had caused no disturbances in other communities.

Censorship works in devious ways, and official boards are only part of the machinery for suppression. Censorship by pressure from religious and racial groups has increased during recent years, as these groups have become better organized and more articulate. Somewhat insultingly, various of these groups express through their censoring activities the unflattering view that the rest of us can't be trusted to form our own opinions.

The movie industry is by no means the only example of how we are being influenced by censorship, or the threat of it, but it affords excellent illustrations. If there are five different censors considering a movie, with five different degrees of objection to any one idea, the most negative objection becomes the controlling criticism for all. This is simply because a producer can't make five different versions of his picture. Complicate this situation further by adding the pressure influences of half a dozen minority groups, and you can understand why so many movies are sterile.

As a matter of fact, censorship has succeeded in inhibiting the movie industry to the extent that the artists in Hollywood can no longer produce with maximum effect because of their fear of boycotts which can be raised against them by special-interest groups. A writer can hardly be said to be operating in an area of free expression if he has to write a movie for the Negro singer Lena Horne in such a way that Miss Horne's scenes can be lifted out for the film's showing in Memphis, where she is held by the board of censors (although not necessarily by the people of Memphis) to be "inimical to public health, safety, morals and welfare."



*"Did you know the fellow upstairs is chairman of the local draft board?"*

**The ridiculous** aspects of movie censorship can be illustrated by a current Hollywood situation. Several weeks ago, it was reported from Hollywood that William Wister Haines had completed a modern movie adaptation of a 1927 melodrama, "The Racket," by Bartlett Cormack. The news would not have been significant if it had not been for one thing: whereas "The Racket" was made into a movie in 1928 with no undue restrictions, it is now, twenty-three years later, undergoing drastic alterations in order to conform to other people's ideas of what you and I should be permitted to see and believe.

Originally, "The Racket" dealt with corruption in Chicago; in the new version, the city will not be identified—evidently because Chicagoans would be offended. Originally, "The Racket" depicted the traffic in bootleg liquor; in the new version, the racket will not be explained fully, because today Hollywood censors do not permit criminal techniques to be "explicitly presented." Originally, a gangster chief was portrayed as leading a somewhat luxurious existence; in the new version, this will be largely eliminated in order to allow fuller development of the concept that crime doesn't pay. Originally, a police captain threatened to beat the gangster to death in his cell; in the new version, he will not, because the censors consider the third degree a "repellent" subject.

Thus, broadly speaking, the implications are that there is no successful corruption in American cities, that Americans would be swayed toward crime by seeing bootlegging techniques, that gangsters never live in luxury, and that no police captain would dream of using the third degree.

Such implications are poppycock, of course, but they cannot be dismissed as whimsy on the part of a small regulatory group in Hollywood. They point up the broad problem by reflecting in every case the views of someone, somewhere, who has assumed that he is qualified to decide what is best for the public.

It is doubtful that the problem would have got out of hand if the powers of censorship, not only in motion pictures but in every sphere, had been restricted to responsible officials with the sole job of ferreting out that which is obviously vulgar, obscene or otherwise offensive to the great majority. There are adequate laws for the punishment of those who traffic in immorality. But, having agreed to accept a little extra, unofficial censorship here and there, the public is now being asked to swallow bigger and bigger doses of it.

Several weeks ago, a controversy arose in the Midwest over "Freshlaid Plans," an animated cartoon which satirized Government planning. The film dealt with the economic situation in "Eggville," where business was bad, and it depicted the operation of a *Professor Hoot*, who arrived in Eggville with a scheme for inducing prosperity through economic planning. Unfortunately, taxes went up, a black market flourished, a group of citizens went to jail because they refused to become entangled in the red tape required by *Professor Hoot's* plan. In the end *Professor Hoot* was run out of town.

John Sutherland, producer of the fable, said that it tried "to indicate that out of free confusion comes the miraculous order of supply and demand." Alfred D. Stedman, farm editor of the Saint Paul, Minnesota, *Pioneer Press*, did not think so, however. He called it "a clever attempt to use movies to sway public opinion on a hot political issue (the Brannan Plan) affecting farming."

Most readers agreed that Stedman had every right to express his opinion. But when he added that the cartoon

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might well raise the question of drawing up regulations to govern the use of movies in farm politics, a great many persons must have been startled. For here, apparently, was the spectacle of a man advocating censorship of one medium while enjoying the freedom of another! Producer Sutherland might as properly have suggested drawing up rules to limit the use of Stedman's columns in the *Pioneer Press!*

As ominous as Stedman's attitude was, a United States Senator from Colorado proposed an even more drastic form of censorship last year. Senator Edwin C. Johnson, presumably outraged by the Bergman-Rossellini affair, introduced a bill in Congress to license motion-picture producers, actors and actresses, in addition to the pictures themselves. In effect, Johnson would have set up a Federal censorship board and would have made the Secretary of Commerce responsible for policing the private lives of people in the motion-picture industry on penalty of revoking their permits to work if they did not conform to a certain set of standards drawn up for them. Fortunately, hearings on the bill were indefinitely postponed, but there lingered on the air the aroma of suppression, Russian style.

**Various** religious groups—Protestant, Catholic and Jewish—sometimes impose pressure to prevent persons (not necessarily of the same faith) from seeing a particular movie. The most recent example is the case of "The Miracle," an Italian film which tells the story of a poor girl who is seduced by a man she later believes to be Saint Joseph. In this instance, the protest came from certain Catholics. It is interesting to note, however, that many other Catholics—among them prominent members of the faith—felt that "The Miracle" was not objectionable and that the protest against its appearance was ill-conceived.

On its appearance in Italy, the picture was condemned by Monsignor Albino Galletto, head of the Catholic Cinematographic Center. But the Vatican itself held out no objection to the showing of the film. *L'Osservatore Romano,* the Vatican newspaper, noted that "questions may arise—even serious ones—of a religious nature," but said that "nevertheless, the picture contains passages of undoubted distinction. We continue to believe in Rossellini's art, and we look forward to his next achievement." This was the official view of the Catholic Church in Rome.

United States customs officers approved the film as suitable for import into this country. It passed the New York state censor board twice, once without English titles and a second time with them when it appeared as part of "Ways of Love," which was imported by a distributor named Joseph Burstyn. On December 12, 1950, it opened at the Paris Theater in New York without incident.

But twelve days later, the Legion of Decency, which passes on all films for the Catholic Church in the United States, denounced "The Miracle" as "a sacrilegious and blasphemous mockery of Christian and religious truth." Edward T. McCaffrey, New York License Commissioner and a former state commander of the Catholic War Veterans, ordered the Paris Theater to withdraw the film on penalty of having its license revoked. He said he found the picture "officially and personally blasphemous." The theater took "The Miracle" off the screen the following day.

Burstyn, the distributor, went immediately to court. He was granted an injunction by New York Supreme Court Justice Aron Steuer, who held that McCaffrey had no right to order a film withdrawn when it had already been passed by state censors. As a result, the showing of the film was resumed.

But the pressure mounted. On Sunday, January 7, a message from Francis Cardinal Spellman, head of the Catholic Archdiocese of New York, was read at all masses in St. Patrick's Cathedral, directing Catholics not to see the film or to patronize any theater showing it. Pickets representing the Catholic War Veterans began to appear regularly in front of the Paris Theater with placards saying, among other things, that the picture was blasphemous. It could not be described as an orderly picket line. People who had lined up to buy tickets were pointed out as "Communists" for attending the showing. There were several scuffles and several arrests for disorderly conduct.

There were two bomb scares when anonymous persons called the theater and announced impending blasts, but nothing drastic happened. An organization of New York film critics, who had already voted "Ways of Love" the best foreign-language picture of the year, prepared to give it an award at the Radio City Music Hall. Nine days before the scheduled ceremony, Martin Quigley, an influential Catholic layman and publisher of a film trade paper, called the Music Hall to advise that the theater was apt to be boycotted if it allowed its stage to be used for presentation of the award. As a result, the critics withdrew from the Music Hall.

Finally, the pressure became too great even for the Board of Regents of New York State. On February 15, the board revoked the film's license on grounds that it was "sacrilegious." "The Miracle" was again withdrawn by the management of the Paris Theater, and the battle swept back into the courts, where, at this writing, it still rages.

The issue, of course, was a fundamental one. It was not whether Cardinal Spellman had the right to urge Catholics to stay away from "The Miracle"; there was no problem there. The issue was simply whether the members of one religion had the right to exert pressure to the point where members of other religions who wanted to see the film were not permitted to do so. It was also pointed out by a number of observers that what is sacrilege or blasphemy to one person or sect is not necessarily sacrilege or blasphemy to another.

In any event, many Catholics were as dismayed by the "Miracle" situation as were non-Catholics. Otto Spaeth, writer, art critic and prominent Catholic layman, was especially critical of Commissioner McCaffrey's action in summarily ordering the Paris Theater to remove a film because he found it "personally"

Mary's DULL

PERIODIC PAIN

Menstrual pain had Mary down but Midol brought quick comfort. Midol acts three ways to bring faster relief from menstrual distress. It relieves cramps, eases headache and chases "blues".

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blasphemous. Writing in the *Magazine of Art*, Spaeth noted that McCaffrey had "again left a prominent Catholic in the exposed public position of attempting to . . . enforce his private views on the community, and limit the liberties of all. . . . There are great sections of the adult American public entitled and equipped to make the decision that the commissioner attempted to reserve for himself. Neither opinion of the film should color one's view of the commissioner's action. I would oppose it even if I happened to share his views."

Another Catholic reacted in much the same way. Writing in the *Commonweal*, a Catholic publication, William P. Clancy, of the Department of English at Notre Dame, observed that "the pattern of these campaigns has shocked thousands of non-Catholic Americans, and this shock is shared by many loyal Catholics. . . . We are profoundly disturbed to see certain of our coreligionists embarked upon crusades which we feel can result only in great harm to the cause of religion, of art, and of intelligence. . . . It is a spectacle which many of us, as Catholics, can view only with shame and repulsion, for we know that neither art nor prudence, religion nor country, intelligence nor morality, can be served by such means."

Because of the hue and cry raised over "The Miracle," it is now an almost foregone conclusion that even tighter censorship will result. If past experience is any example, those with the power to censor will be stricter than ever in the future in order to avoid stirring up any more tempests like the one brought on by "The Miracle."

The case of "Oliver Twist" presents a similar situation. Not long ago, a taxpayer's suit was brought in New York to force the New York City Board of Education to remove "Oliver Twist" from school libraries. It was unsuccessful, but the movie "Oliver Twist" ran into comparable minority difficulties and wound up with some 800 feet of film missing because the characterization of *Fagin* was deemed offensive by certain Jewish groups. The questions pose themselves automatically: Is one "Oliver Twist" right and the other "Oliver Twist" wrong? Are both of them objectionable? Or is neither one objectionable? Whatever the answer, hiding "Oliver Twist" from the public will not provide it.

**The advocates** of censorship argue that it exists primarily to protect the immature, and anything which is designed to shield young people from improper influences is difficult to criticize. Unfortunately, however, the problem is not that simple. A great many men have wrestled with it, and most of them have arrived at the same conclusion drawn by Benjamin Franklin: "Of course the abuses of free speech should be suppressed, but to whom dare we entrust the power of doing it?"

One difficulty is that censorship advertises that which is supposed to be immoral and sends untold numbers of people scuttling to see or read or hear what all the shouting is about. A book banned in Boston is practically assured of success elsewhere, for example, and a play banned in Chicago will attract great crowds in other cities.

The law does not define obscenity, and the censors themselves have no common rule of thumb. Although it is thoroughly illogical, many operas which have been seen for centuries may not be dramatized for motion pictures. Customs officers frequently approve books for importations, only to find that the Post Office Department will not allow them to be sent through the mails.

Who is right? Who can say that the appointment last year by the mayor of Providence, Rhode Island, of a committee of private citizens to rid newsstands of what they—but not necessarily the public—considered "objectionable" books was in the best interest of the community?

In Bartlesville, Oklahoma, last year, a so-called "vigilante committee" barred publications it considered subversive from the public library. Those included the *Nation*, the *New Republic*, *Negro Digest* and *Consumer Reports*. The cities of Macon, Georgia, Atlanta, Providence and Milwaukee, to mention four, have all banned official publications of the Russian Government from school libraries and classrooms. There is a ban on the *Nation* in school libraries in New York. In Detroit, the Common Council approved an ordinance banning the newsstand sale of subversive literature and then closed down one stand that sold a periodical the council deemed subversive.

One answer to the proponents of this form of censorship was supplied by the Scarsdale, New York, Board of Education. In rejecting the demands of a small group of residents that books written by alleged Communists be taken off the shelves of school libraries, the board said that "protection against subversive influences can best be achieved by the positive approach of vigorous teaching, rather than by the negative methods of repressive censorship." A great many people who despise Communism applauded the board's action.

**The next** victim to fall under the sharp ax of censorship will undoubtedly be television. Radio has already succumbed to self-censorship, although it might reasonably have been expected to conduct itself with decorum all along, since the Federal Communications Commission has the authority to take appropriate action if networks and stations "are not operating in the public interest." So far, the television industry has tried to resist self-censorship, but not with any great conviction that it can continue to resist.

Film exhibitors have brought pressure with their complaints of unfair competition, since motion pictures are censored and television programs are not. It has also been reported recently that certain churchmen in New York have been advising congregations on the television shows they consider acceptable and unacceptable, a practice which can hardly be condemned if it stops there. But it is apt to go farther; already there is talk of a Federal censorship board to screen material before it goes on the air.

The advocates of censorship, with

TV TIPS (TRY VICEROYS)

**DOCTOR:** Remember, filtered cigarette smoke is better for your health.*

VICEROY
Filter Tip
CIGARETTES

**DOCTOR:** That's why I advise my patients to smoke Viceroy Cigarettes. Because Viceroys filter the smoke.

VICEROY
FILTER

**DOCTOR:** The nicotine and tars trapped by this Viceroy filter cannot reach your mouth, throat or lungs.

VICEROY
Filter Tip
CIGARETTES

**DOCTOR:** Smoke Viceroy Cigarettes because Viceroys filter your smoke!

Viceroys cost only a penny per pack more than ordinary cigarettes.

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their special prejudices, are also on the march in the United Nations. A strong bloc, led by the Soviet Union, would restrict the free exchange of information by imposing regulations prohibiting the publication of anything considered likely to "injure the feelings of nationals of a state."

If the Soviet Union should be successful, we will have to reconcile ourselves to being thoroughly misinformed on virtually everything that happens outside of the United States. We will be told only what other nations want us to be told.

The recent government seizure in Argentina of the newspaper *La Prensa* caused great concern wherever there is a free press. Censorship and suppression have a way of growing and spreading, and there is no assurance whatever that they can be controlled. And that is pretty much the whole dilemma. If censorship is desirable, as some contend, who should be given the authority to decide what is right and what is wrong?

The only conclusion which can be drawn safely is that it is fatal to delegate to anyone that much power. Several weeks ago, the same dangerous question popped up in Dubuque, Iowa, when police seized a number of books which were allegedly "obscene" because of the illustrations on the dust jackets, and then dismissed a charge against the distributor on the advice of the county attorney, who failed to find evidence of what he considered obscenity.

**A group** of churchwomen protested immediately that the books should be kept off the newsstands. Mrs. Anthony Eberhardt, spokesman for the group, displayed, however, a rare appreciation of the crux of the problem. "We are not trying to influence adult reading or adult thinking," she said. "We are merely trying to remove what is objectionable to children. Of course, if this restriction is incompatible with freedom, then we agree that freedom is more important."

Despite such enlightened outlooks as that of Mrs. Eberhardt, we are still in peril. The censors are taking over more and more. The answer to this menace is not easy to find, but the freedom that gave us a Constitution and a Bill of Rights was not easy to find, either. The immediate answer to the problem of censorship is a willingness to discuss it, to protest it, and to fight it when it seems to intrude on our rights as citizens.

There are certain practical steps any young American can take. As an individual, you can support organizations designed to protect the essential American liberties—such organizations as the Civil Liberties Union. Of equal importance, you can match protest with protest; when censorship strikes because of the activities of a pressure group, you can add to the weight of opposing opinion by writing a letter or sending a wire. You can interest local groups—your PTA, your club, your community discussion group—in free and open media of expression.

And, most important of all, you can remember at all times that freedom of expression is the kind of freedom that's everyone's job. . . . THE END

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# A Double Surprise

(Continued from page 23)

like this. I still have nightmares when I remember my last visit, and Bobby was only three then. Poor Bill.

Janis finished rouging her lips and stared thoughtfully into her own velvety-soft brown eyes. No, not "poor Bill." In all fairness she couldn't say that. He was worse than Sally when it came to turning himself inside out to give Bobby the sun, the moon and the stars, but in a way it was understandable. . . .

Bill had been close to forty when Bobby was born. He had almost given up hope of having the son he wanted more than anything else in the world, and Jan knew that even now, after five years, every time he looked at the little boy, miracle dust obscured his vision. He loved his son to the point of foolishness. If you could call it love—

That wouldn't be the way I would show my love, she thought suddenly. If I ever have a son, he won't be raised like Bobby! Surrounded with that sticky, icky endless patience—a marshmallow world that would make any child sick. My son will know I'm a human being, too; that I can get angry, or cry, or refuse to put up with completely selfish behavior, or warm his bottom if necessary . . . and when I find a man who feels the same way about that and a lot of other important things, I'll know he's right for me.

Her eyes filled with tears, but she brushed them away impatiently. Stop feeling sorry for yourself. You could have married any number of times, but you wouldn't take second-best. And you never will. She sighed and continued to dawdle over her dressing; she was in no hurry to expose herself to the little tyrant downstairs. Who ever heard of a happy tyrant?

Janis brought her thoughts up short. She wasn't going to think about her nephew or start feeling sorry for him. All she wanted to do was go home, and that, thank heaven, was the deliriously delicious prospect for tomorrow.

"Just give me strength," she prayed as she slipped a green linen sport dress over her shining head. "Please, *please* don't let me say anything mean or nasty before I leave—"

**While Janis** was busy addressing a deity with whom she occasionally felt on good terms, Sally Stratford was grinning mischievously at her husband sprawled on their bed with Bobby bouncing painfully on his stomach. Neither one of them would have dreamed of asking the child to stop it. "It's perfect!" Sally crowed. "Simply perfect! You'll see—"

Bill grunted. "I hope you know what you're doing. I don't like it."

"Of course I do!" Sally cried. She was a warm person—generous, kind-hearted, sentimental. And if she wasn't overburdened with gray matter, Bill didn't care; he found it restful. "Bill, listen—Jan is simply starved for affection; that's all that's the matter with her. That's why I was so anxious to get her down here for a taste of real family life. How would you like to be thirty-two and live all alone in a stuffy apartment in Chicago?"

"It isn't stuffy," Bill said mildly, "and Jan lives alone because she can afford to indulge her passion for privacy. You'd be surprised at the wolves she's always sweeping off her doorstep."

"I just can't understand it. She's *so* attractive. She's more than attractive; I think Jan's really beautiful, don't you?"

"Yes," Bill frowned, "and that's part of the trouble. She'll probably never get married."

"Oh, Bill. Don't sav that! Why not?"

"Well . . . she once told me she wouldn't marry any man who couldn't dominate her intellectually." He grinned. "I don't know any men who can dominate Jan intellectually, do you? I don't think there are any."

"**She can't** be serious!"

"She's serious, all right. And look at her! With that face and hair and—well, I mean Jan's really *stacked*. Why, she attracts men by the dozen. Always the kind she doesn't want. And the shy intellectual guys are scared off; they don't hang around long enough to find out she's a brain, not a body."

Bill rolled over on his stomach, and the little boy climbed his back, slamming his heels against his father's ribs and screaming *Giddap!* "It's no—ouch!—use, honey. Jan'll never find what she's waiting for."

"But, Bill . . . did you notice how she looked at you-know-who last night when he tipped his cereal over in my lap? Starved. She was just dying to take him in her arms. I could tell—a mother can tell those things. It's frustrated mother-love, that's what it is; and that's why my scheme is so perfect."

Bill looked doubtful. "It's a dirty trick. I'll have no part of it."

Sally flung herself down on the bed beside him. "Bill, please, it's the least you can do for your own sister. Jan might change some of those funny ideas of hers if she ever held a child in her arms. Now, stop teasing and listen. The telegram calling us to Asheville will come this afternoon. I've already phoned Mother to send it. We'll pretend it's an emergency—just a few days. And once we've gone, once Jan is alone with you-know-who, she'll open up like—like a rose!"

"Or a thistle. I didn't think you'd ever leave him alone with anybody, Sal. I don't like the idea. Something might happen to him."

Sally hesitated. "Well, I wouldn't under ordinary circumstances, but I feel so sorry for Jan and somehow I know we can count on her. She's the kind of a person who'd be boiled in oil before she'd betray a trust. I'll admit she scares me half to death sometimes, she's so *terribly* intelligent and so impatient . . . but she'll take good care of him; I know she will."

"But does she know how?"

"She'll learn." Sally smiled complacently. "It will be a wonderful experience for her."

"Holy tomato!"

**The bombshell** was exploded under Janis at 4:45 P.M., when the telegram arrived. All things considered, she seemed to take it rather well. On the surface. Actually her despair was abysmal, her feeling of being trapped so acute that her docile paralysis was misinterpreted by both Bill and a jubilant Sally, whose last words, suitably muted for the mythical emergency were: "You're an angel to do this for us, Jan; we'll get back as soon as we can. I left a list of instructions in the kitchen covering everything, but you won't need them, darling. You're so *smart*."

Smart. Janis looked at the clock. It was now ten minutes after six. Bobby had maintained an angelic calm until his parents were out of sight (they must have promised to bring him back a mountain!) and then, seeing his aunt settle down with a book, had promptly started to howl.

In two more seconds he would have howled for five minutes straight, turning various shades of purple in the process and pausing only for breath. Janis ignored him. She felt a small surge of admiration for his stamina, but otherwise nothing. When the noise reached full volume again, she got up and mixed herself a stiff Scotch-and-soda, then resumed her seat and her book.

A puzzled note was beginning to creep into the howls. For the first time in his short life, they had not brought the little boy the instant attention and concern he was used to. And Janis did not intend that they should—not if her eardrums burst or he yelled himself into a fit.

During the hour it had taken Bill and Sally to get ready to leave, she had fled to her room and given the impossible situation in which she found herself deep thought. She knew her own limitations and had no intention of trying to exceed them.

Janis was not a misogynist; she liked a great many people. But spoiled children were simply too much for her. Their fragrant smallness, to which she reacted as she did to all lovely things, could not compensate for the strain on her nerves and her sensibilities.

She believed in a maximum of self-expression for adults and a minimum of self-expression for children, who started life as nothing more than bundles of selfish atavistic drives. How were they ever to grow into tolerable human beings if nobody stronger or wise showed them the way?

Thus, shaken as she was, she had emerged from her room with a definite plan, not because she expected or cared about any permanent results but only as a means of keeping her sanity. It would, she knew, be a real survival of the fittest—and she intended the fittest to be Janis Stratford and not her hopelessly spoiled five-year-old nephew.

Being Jan, she gave no thought to the possibility that the firm hand she intended to employ might seriously injure Bobby's delicate little psyche. Had anyone told her so, she would have said with characteristic frankness that in her opinion the psyche of the modern youngster was tougher than the hide of a rhinoceros, and if anybody needed considerate handling it wasn't Bobby but his shattered adult victims.

Jan took an appreciative sip of her drink and turned a page. The howls had temporarily subsided, and she said, "Is there anything you want, precious lamb?"

"I hate you. I want my mommy! Where's my mommy?"

"She'll be back in a few days. Why don't you play with those nice new blocks she left you?"

With a clatter he spilled them out on the floor. "You come and build me a house."

Janis turned another page. "Not now. I'm reading. You build your own house, and when it's all done I'll be the building inspector."

**When down in the mouth, remember that Jonah came out all right.**

"My mommy always builds me a house!"

"That's no fun, is it? Then it's *her* house, not yours. Build your own house; make it as tall as you can—"

"I can't; I don't know how."

"Wouldn't you like to learn how? Go on—try it."

"Aunt Jan," he whined, "you're supposed to do it for me—"

Janis put down her book and glared at him until he dropped his eyes and began to make aimless circles with his fingers on the rug. "Do you know what you're doing, Bobby?"

He shook his head, and one of the fingers found its way into his mouth.

"You're interrupting me. I know no one has ever told you what that means, so I will."

Janis took a deep breath and waited until she had her nephew's undivided if sullen attention. "When grownups are reading or talking or busy doing special grown-up things, you have to wait until it's your turn again. They give you lots and lots of time during the day and at night, too, if you're sick or really need them; so you must give *them* some time, too. Now, this is Aunt Jan's time all for herself, and you're not supposed to bother me. Pretty soon it will be your turn again and then we'll do something nice together." (I sound like an imbecile and I'll surely be one before Bill and Sally get back.)

Bobby looked unimpressed, but he was obviously trying to digest the entirely new idea that other people had rights and privileges, too. He's smart, Janis thought, with a little lift. If he weren't, this would be hopeless. It probably is, anyway.

With a last consciously pitiful hiccough, Bobby began to pile the blocks one on top of the other.

Janis lit a cigarette and watched him out of the corner of her eye. No foundation. The house would tumble soon.

She tried to concentrate on her book, but the words kept running through her head. No foundation . . . no foundation. . . . That was why, bored as she already was, she couldn't help feeling sorry for the unhappy little boy whose house was going to fall. He had no foundation, either. His loving parents had made him practically helpless, unable to fit himself into any scheme of things that actually existed. Grown-up slaves to do his bidding; immediate attention whenever he wanted it; and the sure conviction that he was the center of the universe.

Janis felt a little sick inside when she thought of what awaited him if he went to public school. His only way of dealing with disappointment was to howl; he had never paid the slightest penalty for rude or destructive behavior; the world of give-and-take was a closed book to him.

Her nephew was in for a painful wakening, and it would be dreadful when it came. No more false sweetness and light. The real world would be a cruel place for this Bobby and the countless other Bobbys who would enter it emotionally crippled by parents too soft or too stupid to accept their responsibilities.

It's no concern of yours, Jan told herself wearily, and you're probably all wrong, anyway. You've never had a child, and at the rate you're going, you'll never have a husband, either. You certainly don't qualify as an expert. . . .

But her brain kept clicking on like the fine precision instrument it was. I'm not wrong. And when I have a child he'll be taught the difficult and painful lessons of life by people who love him—not thrust into the real world, unfit and vulnerable, to have those bitter lessons crammed down his throat by strangers!

"**Look!** Aunt Jan, look how tall it is—"

Janis rose to see better, and there was a crash.

Bobby stood mute, staring down at the remains of the first house he had ever built all by himself; then he turned furiously on Janis. "You knocked my house down—you knocked it down!"

"I didn't knock it down, Bobby; you didn't build it right. Put more blocks at the bottom—"

"You did! You did! I built it fine!" Sobbing with rage, he flung himself at Jan, slamming both of his clenched fists against her face.

Without a moment's hesitation, Janis slapped him—a hard stinging blow across the mouth.

He fell back, too shocked to cry. "You—you hit me!"

"Of course. You hit me."

"My mommy never hits me; my daddy never hits me; nobody's *'lowed* to hit me—"

"I'm sure not," Jan said dryly. "Did it hurt?"

Silence.

"Did you like it?"

More silence.

"Well, it's a funny thing—neither did Aunt Jan. The same things that hurt you hurt me, and everybody else, too. Would you like to hit me again? You can if you want to."

*"Yes!"*