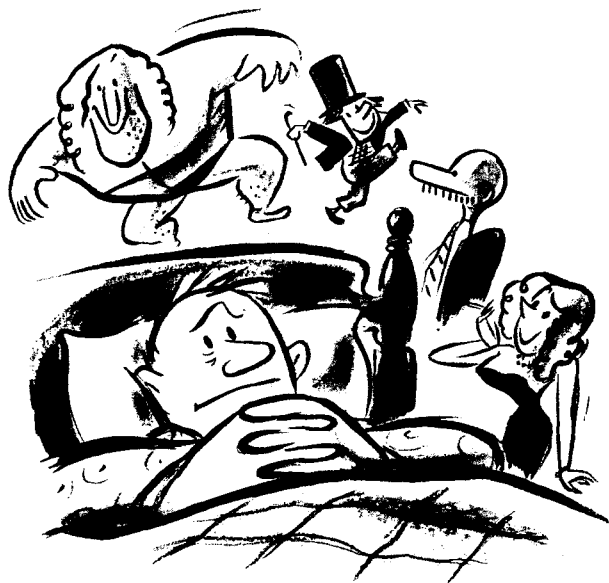


INSOMNIA?

Let Me Tell You!

How to get to sleep, in several confusing lessons

By H. ALLEN SMITH



Think of people whose names start with G



Crackers and coffee often do the trick



Many persons swear by the Prune Pit cure

ON THE eleventh day of December in the year 1950, a new champion was crowned. Up to that moment in history more millions of words had been written on Sex than any other topic. (Abraham Lincoln was running second, slightly ahead of cats.) Then, on that December day Sex, Abraham Lincoln and cats were overpowered by a dark-horse contender—Sleeplessness. A pamphlet titled *The Prune Pit Cure for Insomnia* was published in a suburb of Los Angeles, and Sleeplessness became the most-written-about subject under the moon.

I have read it. I never bothered to read all that stuff about Sex for the reason that I never suffered from it. But over a period of perhaps a dozen years I have been accumulating literature on the subject of insomnia, and the more of it I ingest into my system, the less I sleep.

Yesterday I got out of bed at an early hour of the morning and wandered down to my workroom and dug into a fat filing case labeled *Insomnia Cures*. I hadn't looked in that file since I established it and now I was mildly astonished at the diversity of its contents. There was, for example, an article on *How to Tie a Bow Tie*, with diagrams. I think it must have got in there by mistake, although it's possible I put it there on purpose.

Dozens of reliable insomnia cures were outlined and blueprinted, and most of them brought back memories of the times I had put them to the test. The most sensible one of the lot, I concluded, was a recipe out of the Ozark country which said: "If you can't sleep, stuff your shoes full of Jimsonweed leaves and put the shoes under the bed with the toes pointing to the nearest wall." That's supposed to be as effective as a sharp blow on the head with a ball bat.

And the most interesting character I found mentioned in all that jumble of material was a man who is unable to sleep because he can hear his heart beating and who, on other occasions, is unable to sleep because he *can't* hear his heart beating.

A celebrated actor contributes his cure for sleeplessness. He pulls the covers up to his chin and imagines it is five o'clock of a bitterly cold morning and he has to get up.

A man named Fanning, described as an expert on sleep, came along one day with a series of suggestions for the conquest of insomnia. If you can't go to sleep, he counseled, get out of bed and eat a head of lettuce. If that doesn't work, put on your clothes and go outdoors and run two miles. Returning to your home (provided the police haven't picked you up) try it again and, if sleep still evades you, drink a quart of beer. Finally, if none of these stratagems renders you numb, sit down and stare at some goldfish swimming around in a bowl.

In case the Fanning plan, or some part of it, appeals to you, I hasten to add that Mr. Fanning himself suffers occasionally from insomnia and says he cures it by eating a box of crackers which he washes down with four or five cups of black coffee.

J. P. McEvoy once announced triumphantly that he had found a sovereign cure for the black horror. The McEvoy system is this: You lie in bed and start relaxing, piece by piece. Start with the scalp. Think about the scalp, concentrate on it, dominate it, and

compel it to relax. Then the head part underneath the scalp. Relax that. (I suppose Mr. McEvoy means the skull. I find it difficult to relax my own skull; however, other people may be different.) Next come the forehead, and the ears, and the sideburns, and the eyes, nose, cheeks, mouth, chin, neck. You keep moving southward, taking up each part of the body as you reach it, and concentrating on getting that part relaxed before traveling on to the next.

Let me confess that I tried the McEvoy system one night and nearly went out of my mind. I concentrated so hard on my nose, for example, that my relaxed scalp would forget itself and begin twitching nervously. Then I'd have to go back and re-relax my scalp, leaving my nose half done. And before I could get my scalp settled down again, my ears would start to whirl. Talk about a system for keeping yourself awake!

Every sleep-inducing method I've ever put to the test contributes to the celestial frenzy, the quiet desperation and the passive panic that go with insomnia. Mr. McEvoy's system can keep you squirming for a week, then you can follow the advice of Philadelphia's famous lawyer, George Wharton Pepper. After closing his eyes, he fixes a broad grin on his face and keeps it there. He says it keeps the head muscles relaxed.

The great value of most of these cures is that they take up a lot of time—some of them take up a whole night—and they get your brain so galvanized that even if you should drop off to sleep, you are almost certain to have dreams that would confuse an Arapaho medicine man.

Famous Names Put Editor to Sleep

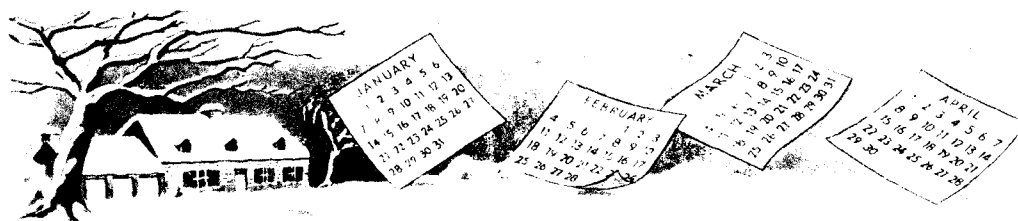
An editor of my acquaintance, named Elder, once gave me his personal prescription for going to sleep. He said he selects a letter out of the alphabet and then begins trying to think of one hundred famous persons whose names begin with that letter. "I've never," he said, "been able to get up to a hundred yet before I'm dead to the world."

I detected a slight flaw in this system at once. It would be good for 26 nights (even if you used X), and then where would you be? But since Mr. Elder swore that it worked unfailingly for him, I decided to give it a try. After getting into bed and writhing around for a while, I settled down to work, having chosen the letter G. This is the way my thoughts ran:

Grant, Ulysses S.—Mary Garden—Horace Greeley—Harry Greb—Garfield, President—What the devil was his first name anyway?—Greer Garson—uh, uh, uh, Gladstone, lawbook man—Godard—Don't tarry there, you twerp, or you'll never get to sleep—Gillette, King C.—Carter Glass—Guardia, La—No, that won't work—George, Senator Walter, foreign relations—George, Henry—George, Gorgeous—Wait a minute!—Can you use the same name more than once?—Maybe that wouldn't be fair—Got to have some rules—Wonder what Elder does about it?

I was stuck on a point of ethics and couldn't get past it, so I crawled out of bed and telephoned Mr. Elder to ask him if it was (Continued on page 77)

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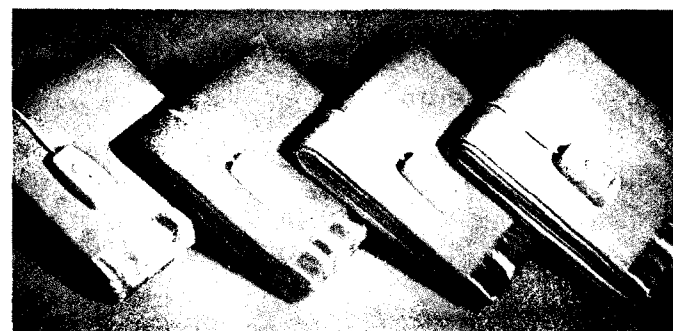
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Revolt of the Triffids

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

"Search me. I thought it must be typhoid, but someone said typhoid takes longer to develop—I don't know. I don't know why I haven't got it myself—except that I've been able to keep away from those who have, and to see that what I was eating was clean. I've stuck to cans I've opened myself, and drunk bottled beer. Anyway, I've been lucky so far, but I don't fancy hanging around here much longer. Where do you go from here?"

I told him of the address chalked on the wall. When he had heard my shot he had been on his way to the University Building, but the sound of it had caused him to scout round with some caution.

"It—" I began, then abruptly I stopped. Somewhere to the west of us came the sound of a car starting up. We both turned our heads in that direction. It ran up its gears quickly, and diminished into the distance.

"Well, there's somebody else left, at least," said Coker. "And whoever wrote up that address. Have you any idea who that would be?"

I shrugged my shoulders. It was a justifiable assumption that it was a returned member of the group that Coker had raided—or possibly some sighted person that his party had failed to catch. There was no telling how long it had been there. He thought it over.

"It'll be better if there's two of us. I'll go along with you and see what's doing. Okay?"

"Okay," I agreed. "I'm for turning in now and an early start tomorrow."

COKER was still asleep when I awoke. I dressed much more comfortably in the ski suit and heavy shoes than in the garments his headquarters had provided for me. By the time I had returned with a bag of assorted cans he was dressed too. We decided over breakfast to improve our welcome at Tynsham by taking a loaded truck each rather than travel together in one.

"And choose one with a closed cab," I suggested. "There are quite a lot of triffid nurseries around London, particularly to the west."

"Yes. I've seen a few of the things about," he said, offhandedly.

"I've seen them in action," I told him.

We broke open a pump and filled up at the first garage we came to. Then, sounding in the silent streets like a convoy of tanks, we set off westward with my truck in the lead. . . .

The sight of the open country gave us hope of a sort. It was true that the young green crops would never be harvested when they had ripened, nor the fruit gathered; that the countryside might never again look as trim and neat as it did that day, but, for all that, it would go on in its own fashion. It had not, as the towns had, stopped forever. It was something one could work with and tend; a place that still offered a future. Even the sight of occasional triffids swaying across the fields usually in little groups, and of others at rest for a while with their roots dug into the soil, held no sense of hostility.

Near Devizes we pulled up to consult the map. A little farther on we turned down a side road to the right, and drove into the village of Tynsham.

There was little likelihood of missing the manor. Beyond the few cottages which constituted the village of Tynsham a high estate wall ran beside the road. We followed it until we came to massive wrought-iron gates. Behind them stood a young woman on whose face the sober seri-

ousness of responsibility suppressed all human expression. She was equipped with a shotgun which she clasped awkwardly. I signaled Coker to stop behind me, and called to her as I drew up. Her mouth moved, but not a word penetrated the clatter of the engine. I switched off.

"This is Tynsham Manor?" I asked.

"Where are you from?" she countered, "And how many of you?"

I could have wished that she did not fiddle about with her gun in just that way she did. Briefly, and keeping an eye on her uneasy fingers, I explained who we were, why we came, roughly what we carried, and guaranteed that there were no more of us hidden in the trucks. I did not think she took it in. Her eyes were fixed on mine with that mournful detachment which bloodhounds manage to show without being in the least reassuring. She came from behind the gates and glanced into the backs of the trucks and verified my statements as correct. Then, with her eyes still wary, she threw the gates wide and signaled us to drive in.

"Take the right fork," she called up to me as I passed, and turned back at once to attend to the security of the gates.

Beyond a short avenue of elms lay a park, well-landscaped and dotted with trees which had had space to expand into full magnificence. The house, when it came into view, was not a stately home in the architectural sense, but there was a lot of it. It was inescapably a funny house, but friendly-funny, and reliable-looking.

The fork led us to a wide courtyard where several trucks already stood. Coach houses and stables extended around it, seemingly over several acres. Coker drew up alongside me, and we climbed down. There was no one about.

We made our way through an open rear

door of the main building, and down a long corridor. At the end of it was a kitchen of baronial capacity where the warmth and smell of cooking lingered. From beyond a door on the far side came a murmur of voices and clatter of plates, but we had to find our way through a further dark passage before we reached them.

THE place we entered had, I imagine, been the servants' hall in the days when staffs were large enough for the term to be no misnomer. It was spacious enough to hold a hundred and more at table without crowding. The present occupants, seated on benches at two long trestles, I guessed to number somewhere between fifty and sixty, and it was clear at a glance that they were blind. While they sat patiently, the few sighted persons were busy. Over at a side table three girls were industriously carving chickens. I went up to one of them.

"We've just come," I said. "What do we do?"

She paused and, still clutching her fork, pushed back a lock of hair with the crook of her wrist.

"It'd help if you'll dish out the vegetables," she said.

Coker took command of the potato tub, and I of the cabbage. In the intervals of doling out I looked over the occupants of the hall. I did not see Josella—nor could I see any of the more notable characters among the group that had put forward its proposals at the University Building, though I fancied that the faces of some of the women were slightly familiar.

The proportion of men was far higher than in the former group, and they were curiously assorted. A few might have been Londoners, or at least town dwellers, but the majority wore countrymen's working clothes.

The women were more diversified. Some wore town clothes, quite unsuited to their surroundings, others were clearly country-women. Among the latter group only one girl was sighted.

Coker, too, had been taking stock of the place.

"Rum sort of setup, this," he whispered to me. "Have you seen her yet?"

I shook my head, desolately aware that I had been pinning more hope on finding Josella there than I would admit.

"Funny thing," he went on, "there's practically none of the lot I took along with you—except that girl that's carrying at the end there."

"Has she recognized you?" I asked.

"I think so. I got a sort of dirty look from her."

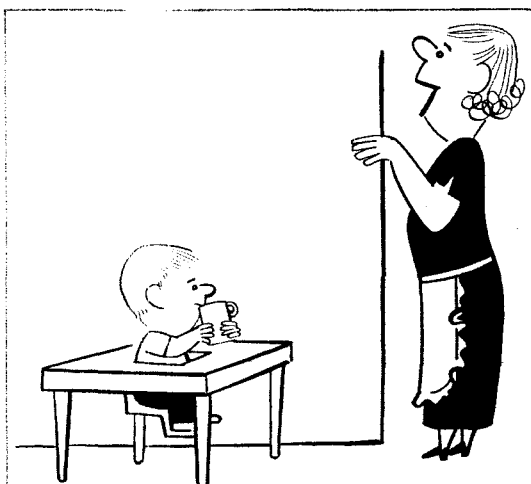
When the serving was complete we took our own plates and found places at the table. There was nothing to complain of in the cooking or the food: living out of cold cans for a week sharpens the appreciation. At the end of the meal, the gathering sorted itself into parties, each keeping in touch with his neighbor, and four of the sighted girls led them out.

I lighted a cigarette. Coker took one absent-mindedly, without making any comment. A girl came across to us. "Will you help to clear up?" she said. "Miss Durrant will be back soon, I expect."

"Miss Durrant?" I asked.

"She does the organizing," she explained. "You'll be able to fix things up with her." . . .

It was an hour later, and almost dark when we heard that Miss Durrant had returned. We found her in a small room that was lighted only by two candles on the desk. I recognized her at once as the dark, thin-



"Dear, come quick, and see how he manages his cup all by himself"



COLLIER'S

STANLEY & JANICE
BERENSTAIN

lipped woman who had spoken for the opposition at the meeting. For the moment all her attention was concentrated on Coker.

"I am told," she said coldly, her eyes still on Coker's, "that you are the man who organized the raid on the University Building?"

Coker agreed, and waited.

"I may as well tell you at once that in this community we have no use for brutal methods, and no intention of tolerating them."

Coker smiled slightly. He answered her in his best middle-class speech: "It is a matter of viewpoint. Who is to judge which were the more brutal? Those who stayed until there was no more that they could do—or those who declined one responsibility for another, and cleared out?"

She looked hard at him. Her expression remained unchanged, but she was evidently forming a different judgment of the type of man she had to deal with. Neither the reply nor its manner had been what she had expected. She turned to me.

"Were you in that, too?" she asked.

I explained my somewhat negative part in the affair, and put my own question: "What happened to Beadley, the colonel, and the rest?"

It was not well received. "They have gone elsewhere," she said, sharply. "This is a clean, decent community with standards—Christian standards—and we intend to uphold them. We have no place here for people of loose views."

She looked at me challengingly.

"So you split, did you?" I said. "Where did they go?"

Stonily she replied, "They moved on, and we remained. That is what matters. So long as they keep their influence away from here they may work their damnation where they please in the way they have chosen. And since they consider themselves superior to both the laws of God and civilized custom, I have no doubt that they will."

She ended this declaration with a snap of the jaw which suggested I would be wasting my time to pursue the question further at the moment. But there was one question I had to ask: I asked about Josella. Miss Durrant frowned.

"Josella Playton? I seem to know that name. Now where—? Did she stand in the Conservative interest last election?"

"I don't think so. She—er—she did write a book," I admitted.

"She—" she began. Then I saw recollection dawn. Miss Durrant must have been horrified by Josella's scarlet little book.

"Oh, that— Well, really, Mr. Masen, I can scarcely think she would be the type of person to care for our community."

I wasn't the type, either; and I let her know by my manner that I was glad of it. I demanded to know where Michael Beadley and his party had gone.

AT FIRST I thought she would refuse to tell me. My preference for other company was not pleasing. Also, it must be, in the circumstances, serious to lose the prospective help of an able-bodied man who could see. Nevertheless, she preferred letting me go to showing the weakness of asking me not to. She said, curtly, "They were making for somewhere near Beaminster in Dorset. But I know positively that Miss Playton was not with them. We never saw her again after Mr. Coker's friends raided the university." She looked at Coker coldly. "I can tell you no more than that." I turned to Coker. "I think I know where to look for Josella," I said. "Will you go with me?"

"No," he said. "I think I'll stay here."

Miss Durrant looked at him oddly; I could not quite tell whether she was pleased or horrified. A little of both, I suspected. Coker wore his usual cocky grin, but he too was divided in his emotions. I saw from the look on his face that he would rather have gone with me. The rigid puritanism of life under the Durrant regime did not by any means appeal to Coker. He was a man who liked his pint and an occasional fling with the girls. On the other hand, Coker

was scared. I don't mean that he was a coward; he was far from that. He had seen enough of horrors in London; and—however reluctantly—he was convinced that simple survival was all that could be looked for in this new and terrifying world.

He knew that, with all of her primness, with all of her insistence on a conventional-ity that was as dead as mutton, Miss Durrant had succeeded in holding this little colony together. And, more than all this, I think Coker was tired. He was willing to stay anywhere, if a bed and a meal were guaranteed from one day to the next.

He looked at me in embarrassed silence for a moment. I laughed and said, "Whatever you like, Coker. I'd appreciate it, Miss Durrant, if I could have a place to sleep the night. I'll take the truck I've been driving. I want to make an early start tomorrow."

She nodded curtly. Coker shook hands with me, smiled warmly, though with some embarrassment, and said, "All the best to you, Bill. I hope you find her." Then Miss Durrant showed me to my room. She didn't bother to say either good night or good luck. I'll say that for her: she wasn't the usual kind of hypocrite.

I WOKE up before dawn and tiptoed my way out of the manor. Courtesies mattered less and less in the England that was left after the debris from the comets fell: I doubted that Miss Durrant would want me to wake her up to say good-by, and I knew that Coker would be grateful to have me slip away without formalities. I climbed into my truck and drove away. I was taking Miss Durrant's word for it that Josella wasn't with the Beadley group. If she was alive at all—I reasoned—she would have tried to reach the farm on the Sussex Downs. She had told me about it the first night we met. It belonged to friends of hers. Near Pulborough, she had said. Well, I would make for Pulborough and hope for the best.

Now I was on my own I could not shut out a sense of loneliness. I missed Coker; and in a sort of way I was even sorry to leave behind the self-righteous Miss Durrant. I had always thought of loneliness as something negative—an absence of company—and, of course, something temporary. But as I drove my truck, I was learning that loneliness was something more. It was something which could press and oppress, could distort the ordinary, play tricks with the mind. Something which lurked inimically all around, stretching the nerves and twanging them with alarms.

Only the conviction that I would find Josella at my journey's end kept me from turning back to find relief from the strain with Coker and the rest.

The sights I saw by the way had nothing to do with my mood. Horrible though they were, I was hardened to them by now. The horror had diminished just as the horror which hangs over great battlefields fades into history. Nor did I view it any longer as a vast, impressive tragedy. My struggle was a personal conflict with the instincts of my mind. An action continually defensive with no victory possible. I knew that I could not sustain myself for long, alone.

To give myself occupation I drove faster than I should and in a matter of a few hours I was guiding the truck into the New Forest. That was when I caught sight of a helicopter cruising low in the sky. It was some way ahead and crossing my course. By bad luck the trees grew close up to the side of the road and must have hidden it almost completely from the air. I put on a spurt, but by the time I reached more open ground the machine was no more than a speck floating away into the distance to the north. But even the sight of it was an encouragement.

A few miles farther on I drove through a small village lying neatly about a triangular green. At first sight it was as charming in its mixture of thatched and red-tiled cottages with their flowering gardens as something out of a picture book. But I did not look too closely into the gardens as I passed: too many of them showed the

Just one question, Mom...



can you afford
not to smoke

Marlboro?

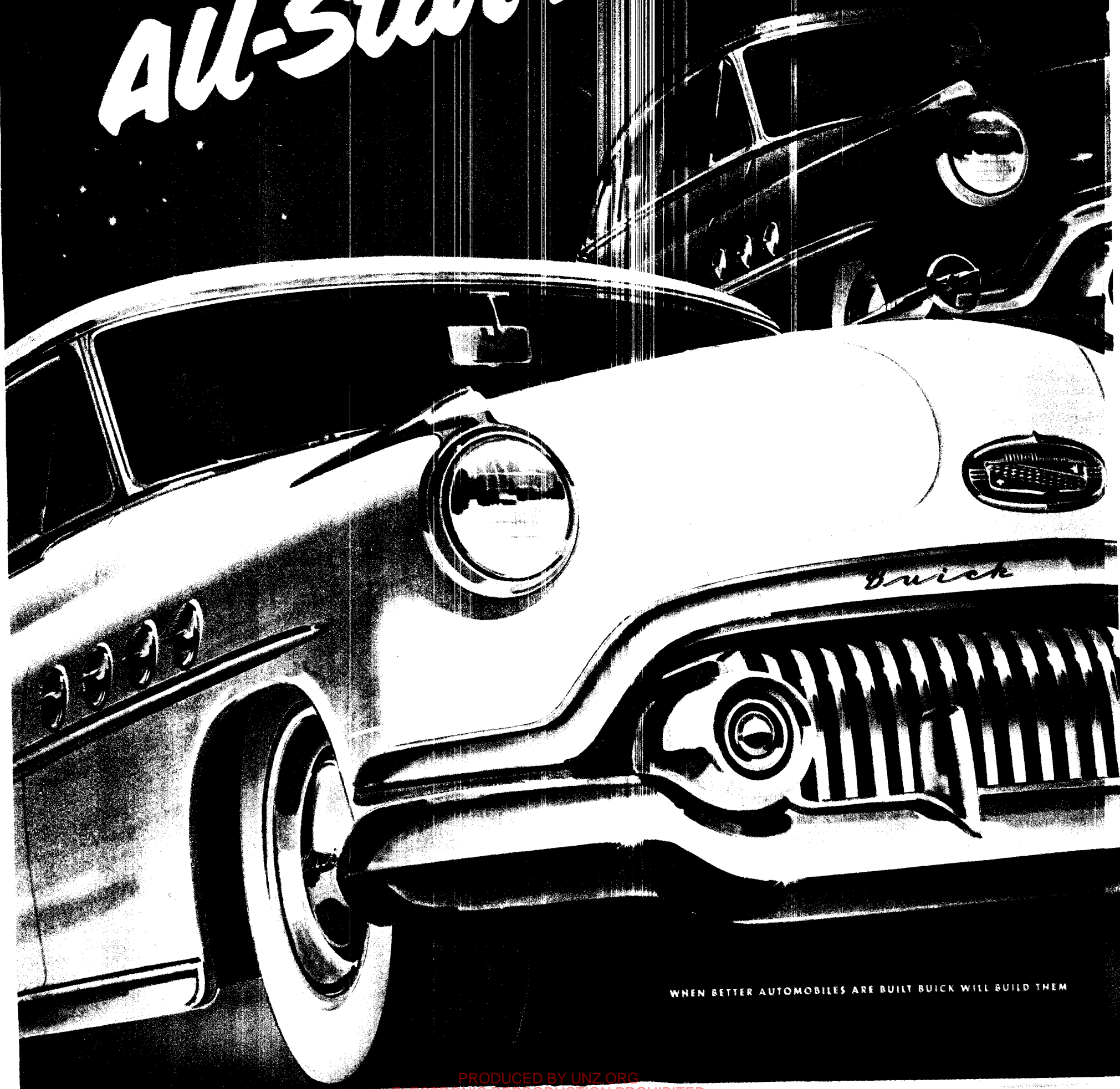


Yes, you need never
feel over-smoked
—that's the Miracle
of Marlboro!

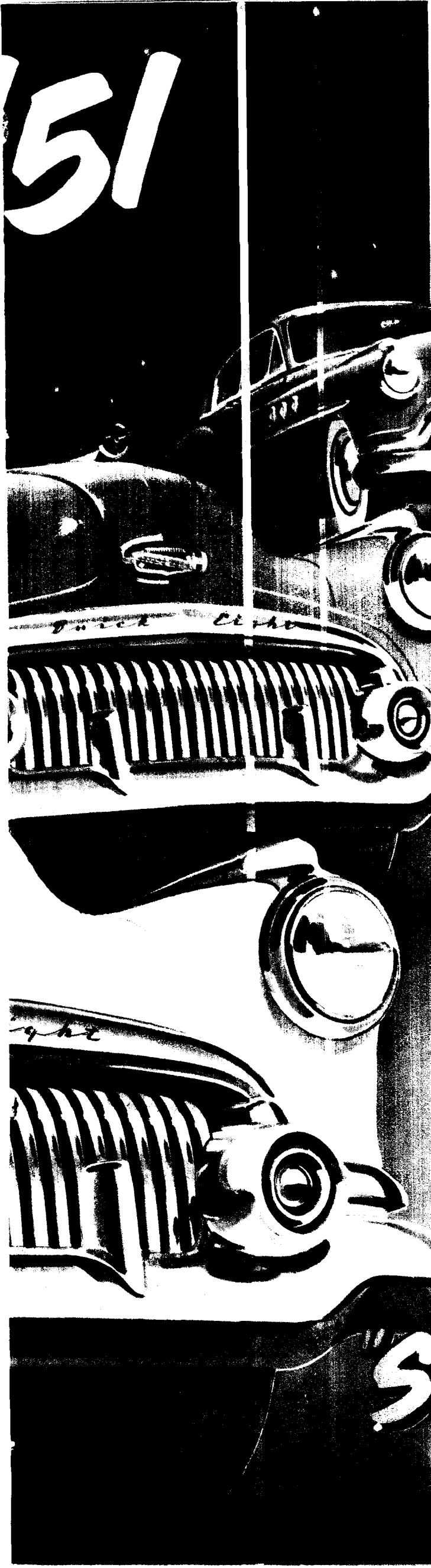


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alien shape of a triffid towering incongruously among the spring flowers. I was almost through the place when a small figure bounded out of one of the last garden gates and came running up the road toward me, waving its arms. I pulled up, looked round for triffids in a way that was becoming instinctive, picked up my gun, and climbed down.

THE child was dressed in a blue cotton frock and socks. She was aged perhaps nine, or ten. She was a pretty little girl—even though her dark brown curls were uncared for, and her face was dirtied with tears. She plucked at my sleeve.

"Please, please," she begged, urgently. "Please come and see what's happened to Tommy."

I stood staring down at her. The awful loneliness of the day was gone. My mind seemed to break out of the case I had made for it. I wanted to pick her up and hold her close to me. I could feel tears close behind my eyes. I held out my hand to her, and she took it. Together we walked back to the gate through which she had come.

"Tommy's there," she said, pointing. A little boy about five years old lay on the small patch of lawn between the flower beds.

"The thing hit him," she said. "It hit him, and he fell down. And it wanted to hit me when I tried to help him. Horrible thing."

I looked up and saw the cup of a triffid just visible over the fence that bordered the garden.

"Put your hands over your ears. I'm going to make a bang," I said.

She did so, and I blasted the top of the triffid.

"Horrible thing!" she repeated. "Is it dead now?"

"Yes," I said. "It's dead now."

We walked over to the little boy. The scarlet slash of the sting was vivid on his pale cheek. It must have happened some hours before. She knelt beside him.

"It isn't any good," I said gently.

She looked up, with fresh tears in her eyes.

"Is Tommy dead, too?"

I squatted down beside her. "I'm afraid so," I said, shaking my head.

After a while she said, "Poor Tommy! Will we bury him?"

"Yes," I said.

In all the overwhelming disaster it was the only grave I dug—and it was a very small one. We drove away and left it with a bunch of flowers she had gathered lying on top of it. . . .

Susan was her name. A long time ago—as it seemed to her—something had happened to her father and mother so that they could not see. Her father had gone out first, and he had not come back. Her mother went out later, leaving them with strict instructions not to leave the house. She had come back crying. The next day she went out again; this time she did not come back. The children ate what they could find, and then grew hungry. At last Susan was hungry enough to disobey instructions and seek help from Mrs. Walton at the shop. The shop was open, but Mrs. Walton was not there. No one came when Susan called, so she decided to take some cake, and biscuits, and sweets, and tell Mrs. Walton about it afterward.

She had seen some of the things hovering near as she came back. One of them had struck at her, but it had misjudged her height, and the sting passed over her head. It frightened her, and she ran home. After that, she had been very careful about the things, and on their further expeditions had taught Tommy to be careful, too. But Tommy had been so little. He hadn't been able to see the one that was hiding behind the hedge when he went out to play in the garden that morning. Susan had tried half a dozen times to get to him, but each time, however careful she was, she had seen the top of the triffid stir or quiver. . . .

An hour or so later I decided it was time to stop for the night. I left Susan in the

truck while I prospected a cottage or two until I found one that was habitable, and we scraped a meal together; it was a good enough meal, and we ate it hungrily. Afterward, I found a bed for her and—feeling rather like a fool—kissed her good night.

But not long after I had seen her to bed and come downstairs, I heard her sobbing again. I went back to her.

"It's all right, Susan," I said. "It's all right. It didn't really hurt poor Tommy, you know." I sat down on the bed beside her, and took her hand.

She stopped crying. "It wasn't just Tommy," she said. "It was after Tommy—when there was nobody. I was so frightened."

"I know," I told her. "I do know. I was frightened, too."

She looked at me. "But you aren't frightened now?"

"No. And you aren't, either. So you see we'll just have to keep together and stop each other from being frightened."

"Yes," she agreed. "That'll be all right. . . ."

So we discussed a number of things until she fell asleep.

AS WE started off the next morning, Susan asked, "Where are we going?" I said that we were looking for a lady. "Where is she?" asked Susan.

I wasn't sure of that. All I had in mind was what Josella had told me about her friends' farmhouse hidden away somewhere in the Sussex Downs—near Pulborough.

"Is she a pretty lady?" asked Susan.

"Yes," said I, glad to be more definite, this time.

"Good," said Susan, with satisfaction, and we passed to other subjects. . . .

By midday the clouds had gathered for a downpour. When we pulled up on the road just short of Pulborough late in the afternoon, it was raining hard.

"Where do we go now?" Susan said.

"That," I said, "is just the trouble. Somewhere over there." I waved my arms towards the misty line of the Downs in the south.

I had been trying hard to recall just what else Josella had said of the place, but I could recall no more than that she had said that the house stood on the north side of the hills, and I had had the impression that it faced across the low marshy country toward Pulborough. Now that I had got there, it seemed a pretty vague instruction: the Downs stretched for miles to the east and the west.

"Maybe the first thing to do is to see if we can find any smoke across there."

"It's awfully difficult to see anything in the rain," Susan said.

Half an hour later the rain obligingly held off for a while. We left the truck, and sat on a wall, side by side. We studied the lower slopes of the hills carefully for some time, but neither Susan's sharp eyes nor my field glasses caught any trace of smoke or signs of activity. Then it started to rain again.

"I'm hungry," said Susan.

Food was a matter of trifling interest to me just then. I was too anxious, now that I was so near, to know whether my guess had been right. While Susan ate I took the truck a little way up the hill behind us to get a more extensive view. In between showers and in a worsening light we scanned the other side of the valley again without result. The whole landscape was without life or movement save for a few cattle and sheep and an occasional lurching triffid in the fields below.

An idea struck me, and I decided to go down to the village. I was reluctant to take Susan, for the place would not be pleasant, but I could not leave her where she was. I found that I need not have worried; the sights affected her less than they did me. Children have a different convention of the fearful until they are taught to be shocked at the proper things. The depression was all mine. Susan found more to interest than to disgust her. My search, too, was rewarding. I returned to the truck laden with a head lamp like a minor searchlight which we had found on an abandoned car.

I rigged the thing up on a kind of pivot beside the cab window, and got it ready to plug in. Then there was nothing to do but wait for darkness, and hope that the rain would let up.

BY THE time it was fully dark there was little more than a spatter of rain. I plugged in, and sent a magnificent beam piercing the night. Slowly I turned the lamp from side to side, keeping its ray leveled toward the opposite hills, and anxiously trying to watch the whole line of them simultaneously for a light in response. A dozen times or more I turned it steadily, switching off for some seconds at the end of each sweep while we sought even a flicker in the darkness. But each time the night on the hills remained pitchy black.

Then the rain came on more heavily. I set the beam full ahead, and sat waiting, listening to the drumming of the rain on the roof of the cab, while Susan fell asleep leaning against my arm. A couple of hours later the drumming dwindled to a patter and ceased. Susan woke up as I started the



"... Reported guerrilla activity near captured Pyongyang, not to be confused with Pyongyang, Pyonggang, Pyongchang, Kyongsong, Chongchong, Changhang, Yonghung, Yongsung, Yangyang, Yangpyong, Sanguyong or . . ."

COLLIER'S

DAVID B. LUCAS

beam raking again. I had completed the sixth travel when she called out:

"Look, Bill! Look! There it is! There's a light!"

She was pointing a few degrees left of our front. I switched off our lamp, and followed the line of her finger. It was difficult to be sure; if it was not a trick of our eyes, it was something as dim as a distant glowworm. And even as we looked at it, it vanished as the rain came on us in sheets. By the time I had my glasses in my hand there was no view at all.

I hesitated to move. It might be that the light, if it had been a light, would not be visible from lower ground. Once more I trained our light forward, and settled down to wait as patiently as I could. Another hour passed before the rain cleared again. The moment it did, I switched off our lamp.

"It is!" Susan said, excitedly. "Look!"

It was. And bright enough now to banish any doubts though the glasses showed me no details.

I switched on again, and gave the V sign in Morse. While we watched, the other light blinked and then began a series of slow, deliberate longs and shorts which unfortunately meant nothing to me. I gave a couple more V's for good measure, drew the approximate line of the far light on the map, and switched on our driving lights.

"Is that the lady?" asked Susan.

"It's got to be," I said. "It's got to be."

That was a poorish trip. To cross the low marshland it was necessary to take a road a little to the west of us and then work back to the east along the foot of the opposite hills. Before we had gone more than a couple of miles something cut off the sight of the light from us altogether, and to add to the difficulties of finding our way in the dark lanes the rain began again in earnest. With no one to care for the marsh sluices some fields were already flooded and the water was over the road in places, so that I had to repress my eagerness and drive with a tedious care.

We had gone some way when Susan caught a glimmer between branches on our right. The next turning was luckier. It took us back at a slant up the side of the hill and clear of the trees until we could see a small, brilliantly lighted square of window perhaps a mile along the slope. Even then, with the map to help, it was not easy to find the lane that led to it. We lurched along, still climbing in low gear with the lighted window growing gradually closer. The lane had not been designed for ponderous trucks; we had to push our way along it between bushes and brambles which scabbled along the painted sides as though trying to clutch us back.

A lantern waved in the road ahead, and moved on, swinging to show us the turn through a gate. Then it was set stationary on the ground. I drove to within a yard or two of it, and pulled up. As I opened the door, a flashlight suddenly shone in my face. I had a glimpse of a figure behind it, glistening in the rain.

A voice spoke with an effort at calm, but with a break in it. "Hullo, Bill. You've been a long time."

I jumped down.

"Oh, Bill. I can't—oh, my dear, I hoped so much—Oh, Bill . . ." said Josella.

I had forgotten all about Susan until a voice came from above. "You are getting wet, you silly. Why don't you kiss her indoors?" it asked.

THE sense with which I arrived at Shirning Farm—that most of my troubles were now over—is interesting only in showing how wide of the mark a sense can be.

Ever since her possible location had occurred to me I had pictured her, in a rather fanciful way, as battling bravely single-handed against all the forces of nature. In a way, I suppose she was, but the setup was a lot different from my imaginings.

Shirning was charming. It was a farm only by courtesy of title; actually it was a country house. Sussex and the neighboring counties were well dotted with such houses and cottages which escaping Londoners had

found adaptable to their needs. Inside, the house was as beautifully modern as any city dwelling. Outside, the yards and sheds had a suburban rather than rural tidiness, and had for years known no form of animal life rougher than a few riding horses and ponies, and several generations of dogs. The farmyard showed no utilitarian sights, and gave no rustic smells; it had been laid over with close green turf like a bowling green. The fields across which the windows of the house gazed from beneath weathered red tiles had long been worked by the occupiers of other and more earthy farmhouses. But the sheds and barns remained in good condition.

It had been an ambition of Josella's friends, the present owners, to restore the place one day to work on a limited scale, to which end they had continually refused tempting offers for it in the hope that at some time and in some manner not clearly perceived they would acquire enough money to start buying back some of the land rightfully belonging to it.

With its own well, and its own power plant the place had plenty to recommend it. I knew nothing of farming, but I felt that if we had to stay there, it was going to take a lot of work to feed six of us.

The other three had been there already when Josella arrived. They were Dennis and Mary Brent, and Joyce Taylor. Dennis was the owner of the house. Joyce had been there on an indefinite visit at first to keep Mary company, and then to keep the house running when the baby Mary was expecting should arrive.

ON THE night of the green flashes—of the comet, you'd say, if you were one of those who still believes in that comet—there had been two other guests, Joan and Ted Danton, spending a week of their holiday there. All five of them had gone out into the garden to watch the display.

In the morning all five woke to a world that was perpetually dark. First they had tried ineffectively to telephone, then they had waited hopefully for the arrival of the daily help. When she failed to arrive, Ted had volunteered to try to find out what had happened. Dennis would have accompanied him but for his wife's almost hysterical state. Ted set out alone, therefore. He did not come back. At some time later in the day, and without saying anything to anyone, Joan had slipped away, presumably to try to find her husband. She, too, disappeared completely.

Dennis kept track of the time by touching the hands of the clock. By late afternoon it was impossible to sit any longer doing nothing. Dennis wanted to try to get down to the village. Both the women objected to that. Because of Mary's condition he yielded, and Joyce determined to go. She went to the door, and began to feel her way with her hands outstretched before her. She was barely beyond the threshold when something fell with a swish across her left hand, burning like a hot wire. She jumped back with a cry, and collapsed in the hall where Dennis found her. Luckily she had been conscious, and able to moan of the pain in her hand.

Dennis, feeling the raised weal, had known it for what it was. In spite of their blindness he and Mary had been able to apply hot fomentations, she heating the kettle while he applied a tourniquet and did his best to suck out some of the poison. After that they carried her up to bed where she had had to stay for several days until the effect of the poison had worn off.

Meanwhile Dennis made tests first at the front, and then at the back of the house. Opening the door slightly, he cautiously thrust out a broom at head level. Each time there was a whistle of a sting, and he felt it tremble in his hands as it was struck. At one of the garden windows the same thing happened: the others appeared to be clear. He would have tried to leave by one of them but for Mary's distress.

She was sure that if there were trifles around the house, there must be others nearby, and she would not let him take the

"I BUY THE

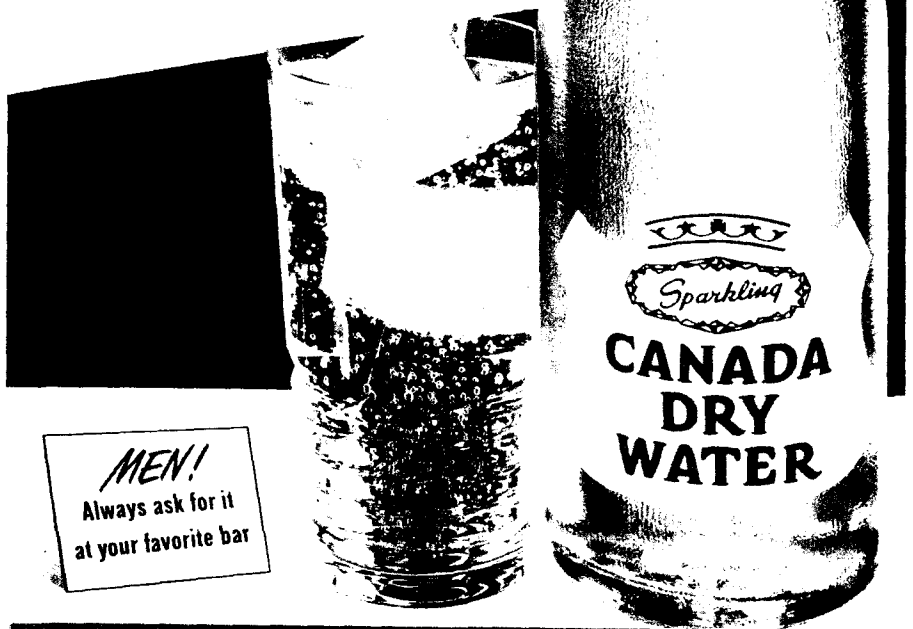
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Makes drinks taste better

risk; luckily they had food enough to last for some time, though it was difficult for them to prepare it. Joyce, in spite of a high temperature, was managing to hold her own against the triffid poison. Most of the next day Dennis devoted to making a kind of helmet for himself. He had wire net only of large mesh so that he had to contrive it of a number of layers overlapped and tied together. Equipped with this and a pair of heavy gauntlet gloves he had started for the village late in the day.

A triffid had struck at him before he was three paces from the house. He groped for it until he found it, and broke its stem. A minute or two later another sting thudded across his helmet. He was not able to grapple with the triffid that time, though it made half a dozen slashes before it gave up. He made his way to the tool shed, and thence across to the lane, encumbered now with three large balls of gardening twine which he played out to guide him back.

Several times in the lane, stings whipped at him. It took an immensely long time for him to cover the mile or so to the village, and before he reached it his supply of twine had given out. And all that time he had walked and stumbled through a silence so complete that it frightened him.

When he reached the village, he soon learned that it was in no better plight than his own household. He sat down to think out what to do.

By the feeling in the air he thought night must have fallen. He had been away three or four hours—and there was nothing to do but go back. All the same, there was no reason why he should go back empty-handed. He picked up a stick and rapped his way along the wall and the fences until it rang on one of the tin advertisements which adorned the entrance to the village shop. Three times in fifty or sixty yards stings slapped on his helmet. Another struck as he opened the gate, and he tripped over a body lying on the path. A man's body, and quite cold.

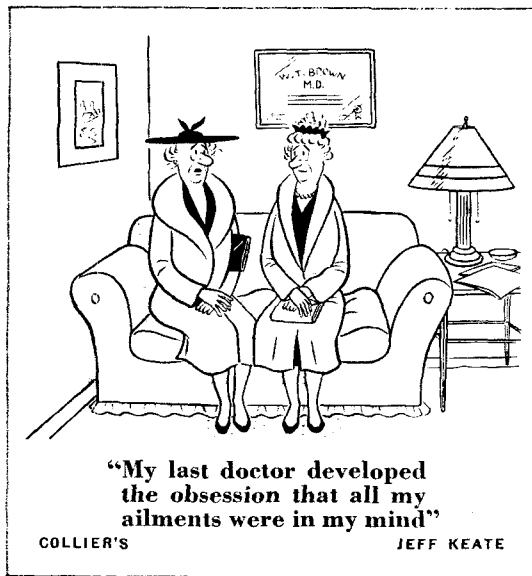
HE HAD an impression that others had been in the shop before him. Nevertheless he found a sizable piece of bacon. He dropped it, along with packets of butter or margarine, biscuits and sugar into a sack and added an assortment of cans which came from shelves which to the best of his recollection held food; certainly the sardine tins were unmistakable. Then he sought for, and found, a dozen or more balls of string, shouldered the sack, and set off home.

He missed his way once, and it had been hard to remain calm while he retraced his steps until he could place himself. But at last he found that he was in the familiar lane. By feeling right across the road he located the twine at last, and tied it to the string. With the twine to guide him, the rest of the journey back had been fairly easy.

Twice more during the following week he had made the journey to the village shop again, and each time the triffids round the house had seemed more numerous. There had been nothing more they could do but wait in hope. And then, like a miracle, Josella had arrived. . . .

It was clear to me at once that the notion of an immediate move to Tynsham was out. For one thing Joyce Taylor was still in an extremely weak state. When I looked at her, I was surprised that she was alive at all. Dennis' promptness had saved her, but their inability to give her proper restoratives or even suitable food during the following week had slowed down her recovery. It would be folly to try to move her a long distance in a truck for a week or two yet. And then, too, Mary's confinement was close enough to make the move inadvisable for her, so that the only course seemed to be to remain where we were until these crises should have passed.

Once more it became my task to scrounge and forage. This time on a more elaborate



COLLIER'S JEFF KEATE

scale, to include not only food, but gas for the lighting system, hens that were laying, two cows that had recently calved (and still survived though they were lean from hunger), medical supplies for Mary, and other necessities.

It was an area more beset with triffids than any I had yet seen. Almost every morning revealed one or two lurking close to the house, and the first task of the day was to shoot the tops off them until I had constructed a netting fence to keep them out of the garden. Even then they would come right up and loiter against it suggestively until something was done about them.

I opened some of the cases of gear and taught small Susan how to use a triffid gun. She rapidly became an expert at disarming the things as she continued to call them. It became her department to work daily vengeance on them.

From Josella I learned what had happened to her after the fire alarm at the University Building.

She had been shipped off with her party much as I had with mine, but her manner of dealing with the two women to whom she was attached had been summary. She had issued a flat ultimatum: Either she became free of all restraints, in which case she would help them as far as she could; or, if they continued to coerce her, they would be likely to find themselves drinking prussic acid or eating cyanide of potassium on her recommendation. They could take their choice. They had chosen sensibly.

There was little difference in what we had to tell one another about the days that followed. When her group had dissolved, she had reasoned much as I had. She took a car to Hampstead, and started looking

for me. She had not encountered any survivors of my group.

She had kept on until almost sunset, and then decided to make for the University Building. Not knowing what to expect, she had cautiously stopped the car a couple of streets away, and approached on foot. She had been still some distance from the gates when she heard a shot fired. Wondering what that might indicate, she had taken cover in the garden that had sheltered us before. From that vantage point she had observed Coker also making a circumspect advance. Without knowing that I had fired at the triffid in the Square, and that the sound of the shot was the cause of Coker's caution, she had suspected a trap.

Determined not to fall in with Coker again, she had gone back to her car. She had no idea where the rest had gone—if they had gone at all. The only place of refuge she could think of that would be known to anyone else was the one she had mentioned almost casually to me. She had decided to make for it, hoping that I, if I were still in existence, would remember, and make for it, too.

"I curled up and slept in the back of the car once I was clear of London," she said. "It was still quite early when I got here the next morning. The sound of the car must have waked Dennis because before I could get out of it he was calling from an upstairs window warning me to look out for triffids. Then I saw that there were half a dozen or more of them about the house for all the world as if they were waiting for someone to come out of it. Dennis and I shouted back and forth. The triffids stirred, and one of them began to move toward me, so I nipped back into the car for safety. When it came closer, I started up the car, and deliberately ran it down. But there were still the others, and I had no kind of weapon but my knife. It was Dennis who solved it."

"If you've got a can of gas to spare, throw some of it their way—and follow it up with a bit of burning rag. That ought to shift 'em," he suggested.

"It did. Since then I've used a garden syringe. The wonder is that I haven't set the place on fire."

Inexperienced though she was, Josella had managed to set up a routine of decent meals, and get the place more or less to rights. Working, learning, and improvising had kept her too busy to worry about a future that lay beyond the next few weeks. She had seen no one during those days, but certain that there must be others somewhere she had scanned the valley at inter-

vals by day for signs of smoke, and in the evenings in search of lights. There had been no smoke, and not a gleam in all the miles of countryside within her view until the evening I came.

Worst affected of the original trio was Dennis. Joyce was in a semi-invalid condition still. Mary held herself withdrawn and seemed to be capable of finding endless mental occupation in the contemplation of prospective motherhood. But Dennis was like an animal in a trap. He did not resent his blindness with futile cursing, but viciously as though it had put him in a cage where he did not intend to stay.

Already, before I had arrived, he had prevailed upon Josella to find the Braille system in the encyclopedia, and make an indented copy of the alphabet for him to learn. He spent dogged hours each day making notes in it, and attempting to read them back. Most of the rest of the time he fretted over his own uselessness, though he did not mention it. He would keep on trying to do this or that with a grim persistence that was painful to watch, and it required all my self-control to stop me offering him help—one experience of the bitterness which unasked help could arouse in him was enough. I began to be astonished at the things he was painfully teaching himself to do. But the most impressive still was his construction of an efficient mesh helmet on the second day of his blindness.

THE days began to pass more quickly—certainly for the three of us who could see. Josella was kept busy mostly in the house, and Susan was learning to help her. And there were plenty of jobs waiting to be done by me when I was not away on some expedition. Joyce recovered sufficiently to make a shaky first appearance, and then began to pick up more rapidly. Soon after that Mary's pains began.

It was a bad night for everyone. Worst for Dennis in knowing that everything depended on the care of two willing but inexperienced girls. His control roused my helpless admiration.

In the early hours of the morning Josella came down to us, looking very tired. "It's a girl. They're both all right," she said, and took Dennis upstairs.

She returned a few moments later, and took the drink I handed her.

"It was quite simple, thank Heaven," she said. "Poor Mary was horribly afraid it might be blind, but it isn't. Now she's crying dreadfully because she can't see it."

Josella put her face in her hands. "Oh, God! Bill. Has it got to go on being like this? On—and on—and on—?"

And she, too, collapsed in tears.

Even when I had left Tynsham in search of Josella, it had been at the back of my mind that sooner or later I would return there. The formidable Miss Durrant was not my idea of a leader in whom one could have much trust; but the practical-minded Coker was with her now. And I was convinced from what I had seen at Shiring Farm that seven people—of whom one was a small girl and one a newborn baby—could not hope to survive all by themselves. In her dogmatic way, Miss Durrant had the right idea: it would take a colony of people, a miniature of society, to stand up, against the triffids and all the horrors that disease almost certainly would bring in its wake.

And three weeks after the birth of Mary's baby, I drove over to Tynsham. I wanted especially to see Coker, for I knew he would be sympathetic to my plan for joining the colony. I took an ordinary car so that I could cover the double journey in one day.

When I got back, Josella met me at the door of Shiring Farm. "What's the matter?" she said, after one look at my face.

"I think we won't be going to Tynsham after all," I said.

She stared at me. "Don't they want us?" "I don't know," I said. "There's nobody there."

"Nobody—?"

"Not a single living soul. Only triffids." (To be concluded next week)

Collier's for January 27, 1951

Christine Bruning was a shy, lonely girl, dedicated to her painting and to a life without love. But that was before Mark entered her life—Mark Seville, the tall, handsome Army captain who was to bring her a happiness greater than any she had ever known. He brought tragedy, too—tragedy almost overpowering, which demanded all the courage Christine could muster, and all the determination and all the faith.

Letter to a Child

By KAREN MCKINLEY

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—the story of a woman who dared to re-
spond to the dictates of her heart and
bring her love to its noble fulfillment

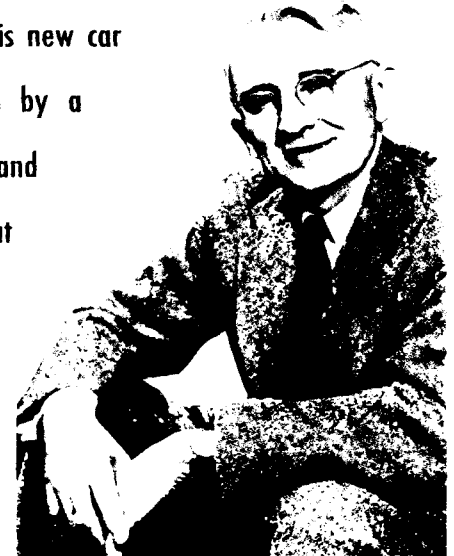
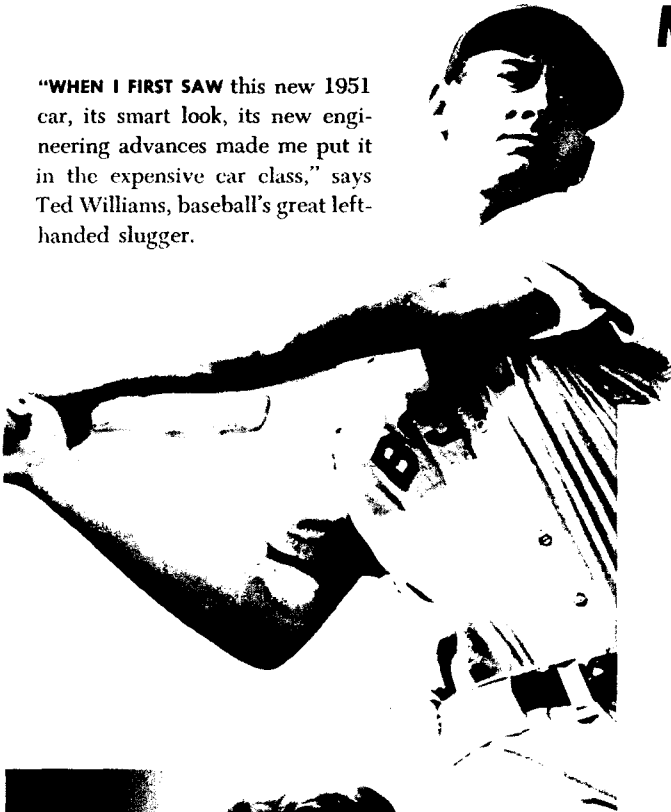
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"WHEN I FIRST SAW this new 1951 car, its smart look, its new engineering advances made me put it in the expensive car class," says Ted Williams, baseball's great left-handed slugger.



"I THINK I KNOW what influences people, and this new car will do it," says Dale Carnegie, famous author of "How to Win Friends and Influence People" and "How to Stop Worrying and Start Living."



"IT'S SO BIG, SO ROOMY and with greater visibility for every passenger," says Betty Hutton,* famous for her own exuberant way of putting over a song, "and so luxuriously appointed inside and out."

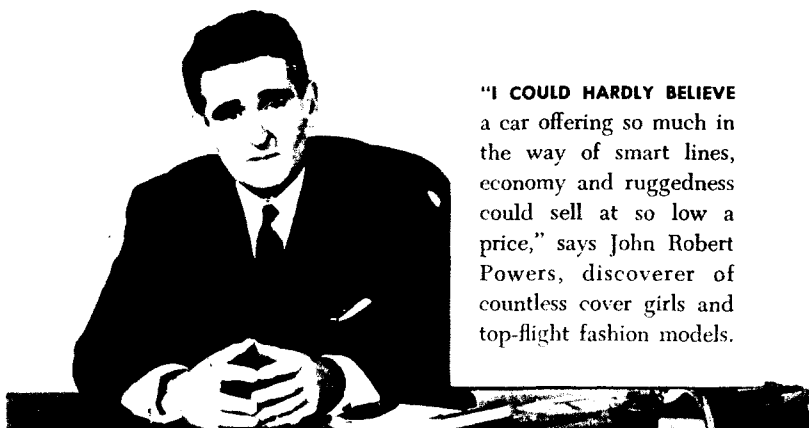


"IT'S EXCITING TO LOOK AT and exciting to drive," says the beautiful young movie star, Joan Evans. "A car certain to win the hearts of young America." Miss Evans stars in the SAMUEL GOLDWYN production "EDGE OF DOOM."

"HERE'S FRESH YOUTHFUL STYLING that's bound to set a fashion trend," says Dorothy Lamour,* famous screen star noted for her keen appreciation of beauty. "It's so sleek, so good-looking outside, so smartly styled inside."



BIG, HUSKY LEON HART, famous All-American football star, says, "This car will score big! It has the extra room a fellow my size needs. I can ride without feeling crowded." Hart overestimated its price by hundreds of dollars.



"I COULD HARDLY BELIEVE a car offering so much in the way of smart lines, economy and ruggedness could sell at so low a price," says John Robert Powers, discoverer of countless cover girls and top-flight fashion models.

*Soon to be seen in Cecil B. DeMille's "The Greatest Show on Earth," a Paramount Release Color by Technicolor



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overestimated its price
by many hundreds of dollars...*

*The New
1951 DODGE*



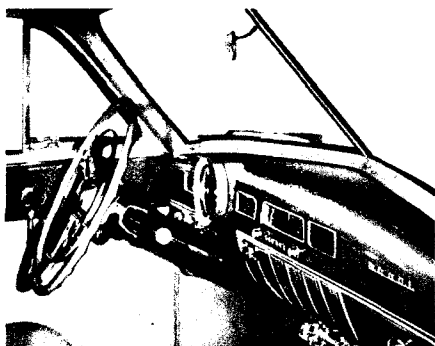


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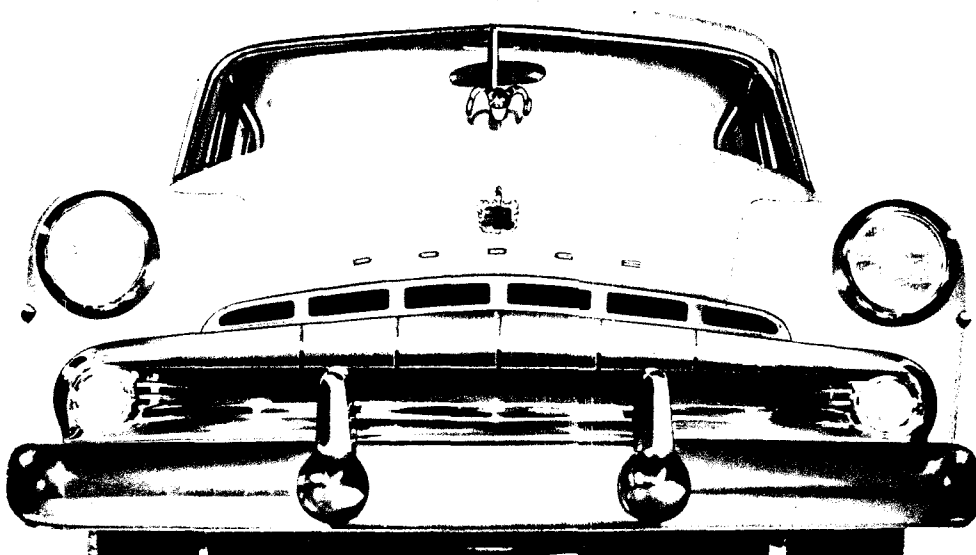
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*The New
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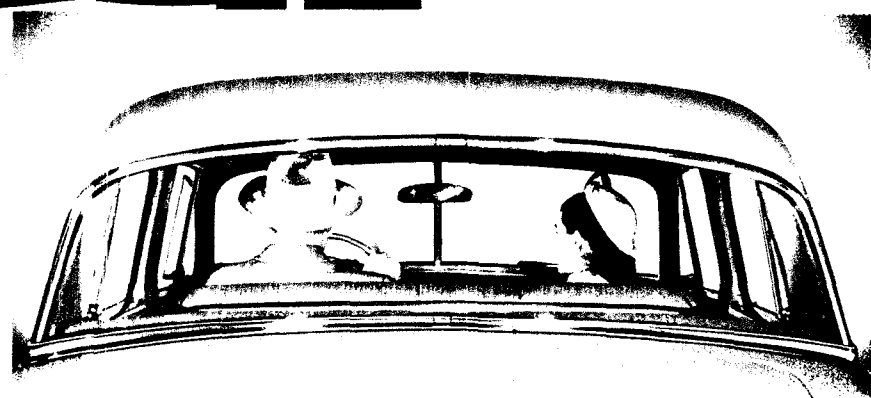
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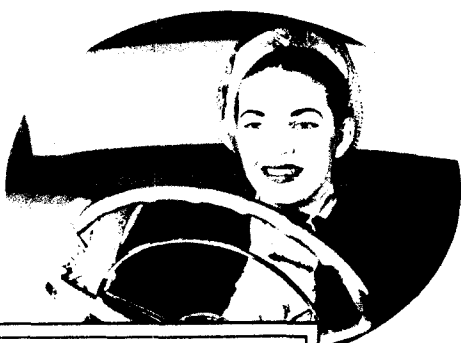


FEATHER-TOUCH PARKING BRAKE. Women especially will be delighted by the latest development in the famous Dodge braking system! New type "feather-touch" parking brake locks in position when you pull it... stays on until released by a flick of the wrist. So easy, so convenient!



WATCH-TOWER VISIBILITY in any direction, for every passenger! Wider windshield—with narrower corner posts. You can't miss a trick on the road ahead or beside you! And the new wider rear view mirror lets you take full advantage of the tremendous new "wrap-around" rear window—for safer driving!

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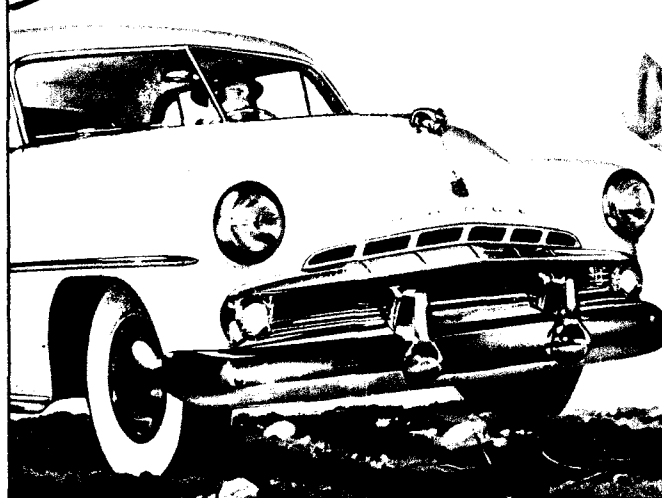


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STOP
NOW TURN BACK
ONE PAGE
AND LOOK AGAIN!



"Good heavens, Paul," she said. "An anonymous letter! Now who on earth could have sent that?"

The Professor Awakes

ILLUSTRATED BY AL BRULE

WHEN Professor Stedman came home at three o'clock in the afternoon instead of going to class, his young wife, Sally, knew immediately what was up. This is it, she told herself when she heard his key in the front door. She glanced in the mirror, pulled her mouth down at the corners becomingly, and went forth to play her part.

"Darling," she cried, hurrying down the stairs, "you home at this hour?" She hugged him because, even though he was the most absent-minded husband in the world, she loved him. "What a wonderful surprise! I haven't seen you to speak to since last Tuesday. I was going to send out Boy Scouts."

"Now, now, I've been home since then," Professor Stedman said mildly, but he sounded doubtful. He was a scholarly, serious-looking chap, and at the moment he looked older than his thirty-seven years. Reaching into his pocket, he drew out an envelope, which he handed to her. It was a pink envelope with his name and box number at the college typed on it. Oh, darn, Sally thought. I shouldn't have used my own typewriter—he's sure to recognize that light c.

"Bad news?" she asked, looking blandly innocent; with her blond curls and big eyes, that wasn't difficult.

Professor Stedman continued to look solemn and long-faced. They went into the living room; he sat down on the divan, she at her writing desk in the window. He said in a tragic voice, "Read it."

Sally opened the envelope and took out the letter. Oh, he'd never notice a little thing like that light c. And he certainly wouldn't recognize the paper. Even she couldn't remember where she'd bought it or how long ago.

"Professor," she read aloud, "are you keeping an eye on your wife?"

For a second she stared at the paper, looking as bewildered as possible and collecting her forces for the histrionics ahead. Go to it, she told herself firmly, remember how you wowed 'em as Portia in high school.

"Good heavens, Paul," she said. "An anonymous letter! Now who on earth could have sent that?"

Why, if that isn't the silliest thing you ever heard of! Who could think I need watching? Me, of all people! Who could lead a duller, a more exemplary life?"

"I simply can't understand it," Stedman said. "We are happy, aren't we? It hasn't been a bad three years, has it?"

"Darling, a wonderful three years!" she cried, hurrying to sit beside him on the divan. "Such a silly question! A perfect three years! Why, I've done all the things I always wanted to. Before I married you, I never even had time to get my breath, what with my job and all—"

"And all the men who were running after you," Stedman said with a hollow chuckle.

"Oh, there weren't so many," she said modestly. "What a lighthead I was then, dancing and dashing around. And now—think of it. I've finished that braided rug for the dining room. That's how domestic I am. I love to make rugs. They're company for me when you're out so much in the evening. I've been thinking of taking up weaving this winter. But goodness," she cried, "you didn't come home to hear about all those dull details. Now, I think we should just forget all about that nasty letter."

He nodded, still glum. Sally, afraid he might be taking her at her word, plunged on. "Probably somebody saw me off in a corner with Freddy Phelps at some faculty party. You know how those things are." She permitted herself one wistful sigh. "I always get Freddy."

He looked at her as though she had said she always got chicken pox. "You do? I never noticed."

Sally bit her lip. "The minute we get in the door, somebody always buttonholes you to talk about your doctorate thesis. I suppose Freddy thinks he's rescuing me."

"Rescuing you? From what?"

"From being alone," she explained with what she felt was magnificent patience. "You can't help being so popular. Of course, Freddy's a lamb, and he's doing a study of yak breeding in Tibet which is probably fascinating, but—"

"But what?"

This time Sally's sigh was genuine. He was unusually dense today. She had long since discovered that, like Mount Everest, his summit was enveloped in a plume of fog.

"I just don't seem to care for yaks," she said.

"Oh, sometimes I get Dr. Parkhurst. He's a dear, too, but hardly the type one would write an anonymous letter about. After all, he is over eighty. It's simply amazing how much he knows about deep-sea vegetation. Of course, he's a nice dancer."

"Old Iggy?" Stedman asked unbelievably. "You're a beautiful dancer."

"Thank you," Sally said demurely. "As I remember, you are, too. But, of course, Dr. Parkhurst and I only do the two-step. I suppose he feels he's rescuing me, too."

"Gosh," Professor Stedman muttered. "Why, it's a wonder you aren't bored to death at those parties."

AT LAST the fog was beginning to lift! Sally pounced. "Bored?" she cried. "Why, of course not! That's practically the only time I get to see you—even if it is from a distance. You're *such* a busy man, dear."

Again his face took on that vaguely puzzled look, and she wondered anxiously if the cloud had descended again. He said, "Well, yes, I've been away a lot of evenings, now that I think of it."

"Oh, I don't mind," Sally protested warmly. "I've read War and Peace three times since we've been married. And sometimes I go to the movies with the girls—when they aren't off someplace with their husbands, of course. It's not as if it were dull or anything." She leaned over and kissed his cheek.

For a time Professor Stedman was silent, and his wife stayed quietly beside him, her fingers crossed to the elbows. Finally he said in a ringing voice, "By golly, it *is* dull! It must be! I haven't even been home to dinner since last Wednesday—"

"Tuesday," she corrected.

"Sally, that letter has waked me up. I've been neglecting you!"

Sally opened her eyes wide. "Paul Stedman, what in the world put that idea in your head?"

"It's absolutely true," he cried, giving the coffee table a whack. "You're young, pretty—you shouldn't be braiding rugs, letting old Freddy Phelps talk your arm off. Good grief, what have I been thinking of? What a selfish—"

"Paul!" She put her arm around him. "Of all the nonsense. Why, a teacher's wife doesn't expect to go anywhere—"

"What a sport you are!" he marveled. "What a loyal, sweet—and what a lout I am!"

"Now, dear," she soothed him. "You've been busy. I understood. And you've been wonderful about birthdays and anniversaries. Why, only last year on our anniversary you took me to a delightful lecture—on the problems of town management in central Tasmania, I believe."

"A lecture," Stedman groaned. "What did we do *this* year?"

"Oh, goodness, what does it matter?" Sally protested hastily. "You can't think of everything, with all you have on your mind. Why, we went to the theater only last month. No, it was the month before, and it was the faculty children's dance recital—"

"Gad, I'm going to miss my four-o'clock," Stedman exclaimed, rising. "Mrs. S., what are you doing tonight?"

"I was planning to polish the silver," Sally said eagerly. "I polish it every Friday night. Did you have something in mind?"

"Dinner at the Blue Door. Steak. A Manhattan or two. Maybe a two-step. Yes?"

"Yes, yes, and more yes," Sally said, her eyes dancing. She walked to the door with him.

He bent and kissed her. "Maybe this letter was a good idea. Whoever wrote it did us a favor."

Conscience was prodding at Sally. "Paul," she said in a small voice, "I know who wrote the letter."

Her absent-minded professor grinned. "Sure. So do I. I knew *who*, I wanted to find out *why*. You see, I gave you that pink stationery last Christmas, dear."

Sally's mouth fell open. "You—I—you knew? But I—how could you pretend—"

"You are a fair actress," the professor said loftily. "But in my senior year of high school, I played Hamlet!"

THE END