

The BERMUDA SHORTS

By AL HINE

The other house guest that week end was a model, and she was so sophisticated that most of the time Ted Morrow didn't even know what she was trying to say

TED MORROW cleared his throat slightly as he came into the living room, and Helen Boyer looked up from the frame on which she was hooking a rug.

"Heaven preserve us!" she cried. "Gracious heaven preserve us! Look at him, Jeff! Whatever has the boy got on?"

Her husband came in from the pantry, balancing three coffee cups.

"The aurora borealis?" Jeff suggested. "Or sunrise over the Grand Canyon? Effective, but it will take a little getting used to."

"They're very colorful," said Mary Lee Tate, the baby sitter, doubtfully but helpfully.

"Funny man," six-year-old Kristi Boyer said from the floor.

"Fuddy mad," echoed Michael, her four-year-old brother.

"They're Bermuda shorts," Ted said defensively. "That's what they are."

"Bermuda shorts, darling," said Linda Urban, his fellow week-end guest, "are really rather long. And usually monotone. And smart."

"Well, I got these in Bermuda, anyway," Ted said. "Last winter. This is the first time I ever wore them."

"I'd call them Hollywood trunks," Helen Boyer said. "Anyway, you can say they're colorful."

"That's what I did say," Mary Lee Tate said. "I think I like them."

The baby sitter's unemphatic approval seemed the kindest, least contrived speech Ted had heard in some time.

"Trunks, shorts—what's the difference," Jeff said. "You want some more coffee, Ted?"

Ted mumbled, "No, thanks," and settled uncomfortably on the sofa next to Linda. A fine week end it was turning out to be. A casual invitation from the Boyers at a cocktail party, a beautiful break in the midsummer monotony of Manhattan, and everything went wrong with it. The varicolored shorts which had appealed to him in the store window had confounded him in the living room of his new friends and in front of Linda, the most beautiful girl he was likely to meet in a long time. Mary Lee was a beautiful girl, too, he realized with a start watching the grace with which she was helping the Boyer children build a block house. And, remembering her sympathetic speech, he felt even worse and more on the defensive.

THE feeling had been going on ever since he had arrived at the Boyers', the night before. Or even earlier. He had felt defensive in Grand Central when he had accidentally knocked over the bags of the girl who was standing next to him waiting for the 4:30. He had felt even more defensive when he had got off at Westport-Saugatuck and found that the girl was his fellow guest at the Boyers', that her name was Linda, and that he was supposed to know her by reputation.

For Helen Boyer had cooed: "And this is Linda Urban, the Florentine Blouse ads. Linda—Ted Morrow. He's in publishing."

Helen and Jeff Boyer lived in a beautifully remodeled barn in lower Connecticut and devoted their spare time to getting their bachelor and maiden friends married. Jeff designed furniture, and Helen helped Jeff. They were considered a charming couple, and they were generally pardoned for trying to make over their single friends in their own image.

Ted, only six months a New Yorker, only recently removed from the Y.M.C.A. to a two-by-four apartment of his own, was their most recent acquisition.

He was an acceptable-appearing young man and he had once helped Helen and Jeff steer an incapacitated friend home from a disharmonious brawl somewhere in Beekman Place. He was single and he didn't eat with his fingers. He was invited to the Boyers' for the week end.

So, at the Westport station, Ted smiled at Linda (Continued on page 62)

"But really," Ted said to Mary Lee, "what you're missing is the difference between family life in the city and in the suburbs—" "Come along, professor," Linda said

ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL G. BURNS



Wisconsin Welcomes the WANDERERS

Fugitives from dictatorship, the Displaced Persons who seek refuge in the U.S. are making a real contribution to democracy—and so are those who help them. Here's a glowing example

By ROGER BUTTERFIELD



Almost all the DPs are anxious to adopt American ways and citizenship, and they start young. Gunta Lacis, 5, the little girl in pigtails, joins her kindergarten mates in saluting the flag

THE two men who had come to see Miss Ethel Bryan in her big sunny front parlor in Ripon, Wisconsin, seemed embarrassed as they explained their errand. One of them was about thirty-five, strongly built and sunburned, with the rough hands of a working farmer. The other, gaunt and even more weather-beaten, was in his sixties. He wore a vest with plenty of slack in it.

The younger man was the spokesman. "It's like this," he said. "My father and I have farms right next to each other up in Wood County. My mother died last fall and it hasn't been so good with us since. We work hard all day and then we have to eat out of cans at night.

"I thought maybe you could get us one of those DP women from Europe to do the housework and cook our meals. She wouldn't have to know much English, because we speak German. But she ought to be a widow or a single woman, because we can't afford to pay a man too."

"How much can you pay?" asked Miss Bryan, who is Wisconsin's unofficial "do-something lady" for displaced persons.

"Well, not much to start with," mumbled the visitor, his face getting redder. "What I figured is that you could send us a good hard-working widow, not too bad-looking, who would be glad to have a home. Then if we get along all right I'd be willing to marry her—that is, if she would have me."

The old man nodded sadly and touched his flattened stomach. "Oh, what I'd give for a good hot meal every day," he groaned.

The plea was pathetic, but unsuccessful. DPs are not coming to the United States to be married off for their labor. They are coming to fill honest jobs and become self-respecting Americans. That isn't easy, especially after you have spent the last 10 years dodging bombs and living in barracks, and have lost all the material things you ever owned. But in Ripon the DPs are succeeding, in a variety of ways. What is more, their courage, willingness to work, and the joy they find in being free again, have made a deep impression on their neighbors.

"This town is a more interesting place to live in since the DPs came," one of Ripon's prominent citizens told me.

A DP, by definition, is a person who was displaced from his or her home during the war and has a good reason for not going back. In almost every case the reason is Communism. Most DPs come from Latvia, Lithuania, Estonia, Poland, eastern Germany and Hungary, which are now under Communist governments.

Of course, most of them *could* have returned home instead of coming to America. The Reverend Edward Lamberts, who is one of 68 former DPs who reached Ripon, told me about a letter from Latvia that a DP friend of his received.

"You must come back soon," the letter read. "We have no housing shortage here and you can have a room in the same place where Karlis and Andrew and Guntis are living."

Karlis and Andrew and Guntis had been shot by Communists before (Continued on page 44)

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