



THE MEN OF THE HOUSE

By ANN CHIDESTER

Harry would talk about the broken dishes and the attic and the money he had lost at poker another time. For tonight none of that was going to exist

THERE were a lot of things that had to be done that day before they went out to the airport to meet Margaret. Harry Morton couldn't help worrying about them. Very early that Sunday morning he got up and, still in his pajamas, went up to the attic and stood in the doorway, surveying the great confusion that came from six years of living in one house. He was a big man with thick, black hair. He was in his early thirties and had a friendly, childlike face which, at the moment, was lined by concern. He did not want to do any of these things. He wanted to go out to the hammock and lie in the sun and wait for Margaret. Still, he had to clean the attic.

Then he had to do something about the mess downstairs, from the poker party of the previous night. He had never realized grown men could make so much mess. And there were all the dishes of six days still in the kitchen. The Judge might be able to do something about that. And, finally, the three of them—the Judge, Bear and himself—ought to get into their Sunday bests and give the ceremony some real class so that Margaret wouldn't be ashamed of them at the airport and want to go back to her aunt's. He didn't really think he could endure another week without her, and he was going to tell her so, too. He rubbed his head with his fist, yawned and, with the air of a martyr, stepped into the attic.

Just then, he heard Bear coming up the stairs. Bear was still wearing his pajamas too. They had *Hopalong Cassidy* written across the chest. Bear was four and he looked like Harry and walked with the same clownish, rolling gait that had made Harry famous at the university as Rollin' Harry Morton, the team's leading ground gainer in 1937. Bear, whose real name was Harrison Charles Avery Morton, stood beside his father and looked into the gloomy cave of the attic with the same worried expression.

"Gotta clean her all up, Bear," Harry said. "A surprise for your mother."

"Yeah," Bear agreed. "She might not speak to us."

"Don't worry. Everything'll be shipshape," Harry promised. Bear was getting to be pretty shrewd about women. He understood almost everything now. Harry had noticed it this past week, while Margaret was away. He felt a sudden sense of desolation, as though Margaret had been gone for over a year and he could scarcely remember her face. Living with the Judge and Bear was fine and friendly and, in a way, like a congenial men's club, but it was good it was over, too.

"Whassat?" Bear asked, pointing to the old football uniform hanging limply over a pair of skis.

Harry took down the uniform and looked at it with affection. "I was quite a man, then," he explained. "Ol' number twelve was famous"

"Wow," Harry said. He took down the uniform and looked at it with affection. Bear watched him, sitting on the trunk and bouncing a little on his fat bottom and making gee-up sounds for a horse. "I was quite a man, then," Harry explained. "Ol' number twelve was famous once, Bear. We couldn't be beaten."

The uniform was too small for him now, and he supposed his reflexes had slowed up, and he knew he didn't have the mind or legs to run any more. It was a wonder Margaret could tolerate the change. What she had married was a smart dresser, a bold dancer and a fairly well-known athlete. What she had now was a broken-down insurance man, a moderately successful salesman with not much chance of being anything more for a number of years.

"Is she comin', Dad?" Bear asked. He looked about ready to cry.

"I hope so. Sure. She said she was. I got the telegram. I showed it to you, remember?"

"I can't read," Bear said tragically.

"Remember what we talked about?" Harry asked. "Remember what you're supposed to forget?" He went over and picked up his old baseball bat. He gave it a little light swing, and Bear found a pillow and threw it, awkwardly, for Harry to hit.

"I remember," Bear said. "The party, and playin' cards, and losin' the money to Uncle Buck."

"Yes. And how you stayed up late every night, and Grandpa gave you coffee with milk in it, and you went to Susie's for television twice? You don't want to get me in bad, do you?"

"I won't tell," Bear said. He threw the pillow again, and Harry leaned into it and sent it up against the attic window with enough force to break the glass.

"Golly," Bear said. "She'll give it to us. She hates broken windows." With this, solemnly, he departed.

"Well—hunh," Harry said. He turned resolutely and picked up the mess of glass and deposited it in a hatbox along with three beautiful hats of Margaret's which had cost him a lot of money but which were now outmoded. He played with the idea of taking them down to the bedroom for Margaret to see. She could make them over—or something, he reasoned. Hats were an awful waste.

He found some old yearbooks and sat down on the trunk and laughed for a long time. Had they looked like that? It was another age, before the war, and no one had even dreamed of Bear, and Margaret's mother had still been alive. He thought of the Judge sleeping in the big back room with his books strewn all around the bed, and thought how lonely the old man must feel.

Harry continued his exploration of the attic, opening the trunk he'd had in prep school and college. On top he found an old Manila folder that had in it some lists of (Continued on page 83)

ILLUSTRATED BY LEONARD STECKLER

“Terrible-tempered JUDGE BARNES”

A bench-pounding U.S. judge in Chicago metes out justice he feels in his heart

THE senior judge of the U.S. District Court for northern Illinois is a seventy-year-old gentleman who administers justice with the flat of his hand, alternating between sweetness-and-light and fire-and-brimstone with the magnificent authority of a man who knows what he wants.

This energetic gentleman is United States Judge John Peter Barnes. He has been on the bench of the federal court on the sixth floor of the old soot-streaked Post Office Building in Chicago for 20 years, and in that time he has been called everything from “a hotheaded old devil” to “a latter-day Solomon with more originality, independence and legal wisdom than any judge in the Union.”

Between the extremes of damnation and high praise, however, Mr. Barnes has built for himself a

By **DUNCAN AIKMAN**

sound reputation based on the solid foundation of the American Bill of Rights. He is one of the foremost guardians of our civil liberties—a man who makes few—if any—compromises with basic justice. But he is also a no-holds-barred fighter about whom there is already forming a wealth of legend.

When the grimy corridors leading to the half-dozen federal courtrooms in the Post Office Building rumble with sounds of argument or laughter—as they often do—likely as not the rumblings are related to the official conduct of the irrepressible Mr. Barnes. For lawyers who have pleaded cases

in the judge's court tell many tales about their adventures in his volatile presence.

One of their favorite stories concerns the wrestler Gorgeous George, who achieved some national attention not long ago by wearing long bleached-blond hair, performing in iridescent trunks and having his flunkies spray the ring with various delicately scented perfumes. At the zenith of his fame, Gorgeous appeared with his attorney before Judge Barnes seeking an injunction to stop another wrestler from using the sacrosanct sobriquet. Gorgeous George, his lawyer proclaimed, was as much a trade name as Midnight Orgy might be for a perfume. The imitation Gorgeous George, therefore, was obviously a subtle enemy of the free-enterprise system and of truth-in-advertising as well.

Judge Barnes—called “the terrible-tempered Judge Barnes” by critics—glared at Gorgeous and his counselor like an enraged puma. Cutting in on the oration abruptly, he snapped, “Do you really mean this seriously?”

“Certainly,” said Gorgeous George's lawyer.

“Case dismissed,” roared the judge. The courts of the United States, he informed the wilting litigants, are not to be used as vehicles for publicity.

For Judge Barnes, the wrestler's petition was touched with humor and His Honor was not seriously outraged. But when a young prisoner was brought before him, he read the youth's record with burning indignation. Finally, he looked up.

“You were only twenty-three years old,” he told the young convict, “when you were given a life sentence as a habitual criminal. At that age you couldn't have been a habitual *anything*. It's an outrage for a prosecutor to present a case of your kind before a grand jury.” Thus relieved, the judge returned to the business at hand.

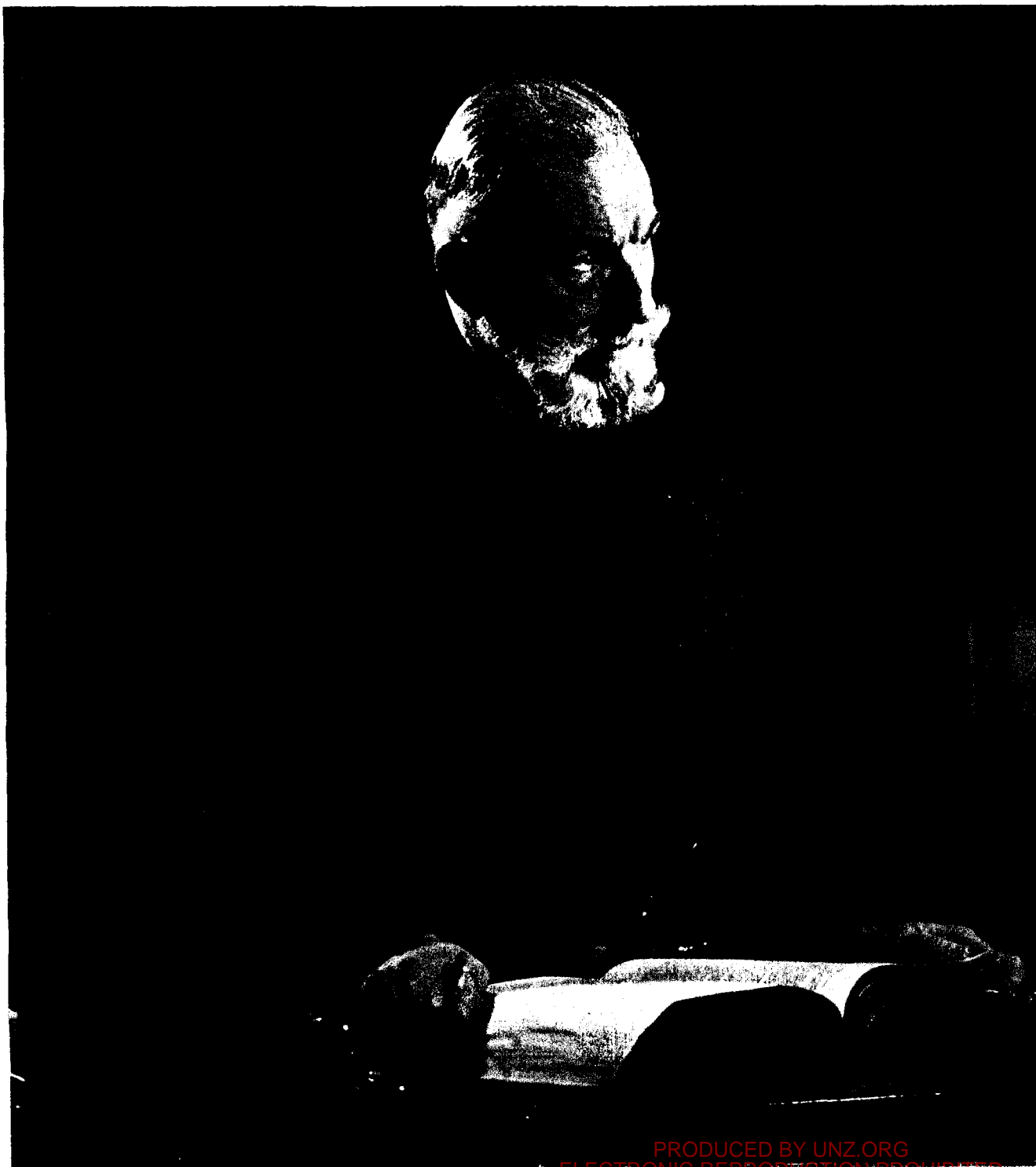
As His Honor Appears on the Bench

The central figure in such episodes of cut-to-the-gizzard justice looks his part. Judge Barnes is a tall, spare, wide-shouldered person, with a full gray beard. This beard juts out abruptly from the judge's chin, looking like the business end of a bulldozer. His Honor passed his seventieth birthday on March 15th, but his trim, hard-muscled body is still driven by the fierce glandular energy of a much younger man. On the bench, Barnes avoids the sleepy composure of more complacent jurists. He shifts frequently and violently in his chair. His eyes, bright and piercing behind spectacles, scan the courtroom avidly as if looking for offside plays.

The normal Barnes courtroom voice, though reasonably soft and courteous, is decisive and easily ruffled with impatience. But when His Honor is aroused by what he considers phony pleading, abuse of a witness or efforts to confuse him with technicalities, it can sustain a bellow of rage for anything from a one-phrase tongue-lashing to a 15-minute peroration. At such times, the Barnes hands and arms often whip the air with angry gestures, and the Barnes head shakes in ferocious rhythm with the Barnes indignation. “When I see something wrong going on, I want to hit it hard, right then and there,” is the judge's favorite off-the-bench opinion on this phase of his temperament.

Barnes does not blow hot and cold on impulse, however. His changing points of view are the result of clear thought processes and perceptive insight. But change he does. As a consequence, he has at one time or another managed alternately to delight and enrage both (Continued on page 79)

His critics claim Judge Barnes is unpredictable; but he's always “on the side of the angels”



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