





DEVIOUS BACHELOR

By ROALD DAHL

**I am not a vain man, but I could not overlook
the horrible things Janet had said about me.
So I thought of a delicious way to get revenge**

IT IS nearly midnight, and I can see that if I don't make a start at writing this story down now, I never shall. My idea—and I believe it was a good one—was to try, by a process of confession and analysis, to discover a reason, or at any rate some justification for my outrageous behavior toward Janet de Pelagia. I wanted essentially to address myself to an imaginary and sympathetic listener, a kind of mythical *you*, someone gentle and understanding to whom I might tell unashamedly every detail of this unfortunate episode. I can only hope that I am not too upset to make a go of it.

If I am to be quite honest with myself, I suppose I shall have to admit that what is disturbing me most is not so much the sense of my own shame, or even the hurt that I have inflicted upon poor Janet; it is the knowledge that I have made a monstrous fool of myself and that all my friends—if I can still call them that—all those warm and lovable people who used to come so often to my house, must now be regarding me as nothing but a vicious, vengeful old man. Yes, that surely hurts. When I say to you that my friends were my whole life, then perhaps you will begin to understand.

Will you? I doubt it—unless I digress for a minute to tell you roughly the sort of person I am.

Well, let me see. Now that I come to think of it, I suppose I am, after all, a type; a rare one, mark you, but nevertheless a quite definite type—the well-to-do, leisurely, middle-aged man of culture, adored (I choose the word carefully) by his many friends for his charm, his money, his air of scholarship, his generosity and, I sincerely hope, for himself also.

You will find him (this type) only in the big capitals of culture—London, Paris, New York—of that I am certain. The money he has was earned by his dead father whose memory he is inclined to despise. This is not his fault, for there is something in his make-up that compels him secretly to despise all people who have never had the wit to learn the difference between Rockingham and Spode, Waterford and Venetian, Sheraton and Chippendale, Monet and Manet, or even Pommard and (Continued on page 78)

The man was a bounder. "There's nothing immoral about this," he would say. "Art is only immoral when practiced by amateurs"

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERICK SIEBEL



Will the Fans Go for "One-Platoon"

What effect will the NCAA's limited substitution rule have on the 1953 game? We asked the nation's top gridiron veterans and coaches for their opinions—and got some unexpected answers

By **BILL FAY**

ONE afternoon last April, a Midwestern sports editor stopped off at Michigan State College to watch coach Biggie Munn's Spartans, the national collegiate football champions of 1952, sweat out a two-hour spring-training session. At a far corner of the practice field, the editor encountered Tom Yewcic, Michigan State's No. 1 quarterback, who was engaged in the wearisome task of throwing himself time after time at a heavy canvas tackling dummy.

The sports editor, recalling that Yewcic was re-

nowned as a passing specialist, inquired: "What in the world are you doing?"

"I'm learning to play a new game," Yewcic said wryly. "I understand they call it football."

Football this season won't be a really new game, of course, but it will be a changed game; Yewcic, practicing defensive fundamentals for the first time in his college career, has found that out, and so have hundreds of other college gridgers.

You'll see the difference: it's not a new game, but it may look like one. The big change is the de-