

ically. And to Louisa: "Are you going to show him to Mrs. Enders?"

"Oh, is she in?" Mrs. Enders was a vice-president of Letterway's, and second in influence to Mr. Letterway himself.

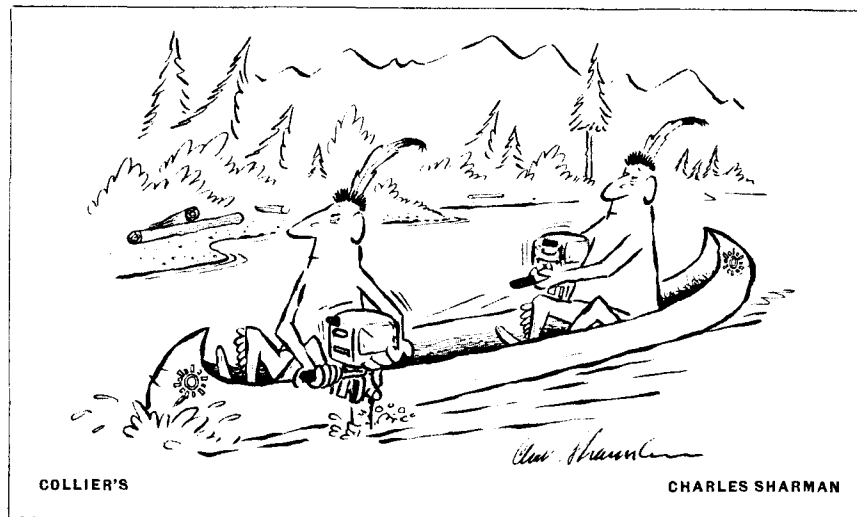
"She's in all the time now," said Katy, with no great enthusiasm. "Has an office to herself and all. She and Mr. Letterway have a sort of armed truce."

**L**OUISA sighed. She had tried to tell herself for a long time that Mrs. Enders was a nice woman, but she had never succeeded in convincing herself. She was so, well—steely: steel-gray hair, steel-gray eyes, and invariably in a steel-gray mood. Still, in the past they had got along well enough, mostly because Louisa had taken great care that Mrs. Enders would have no fault to find with her work.

"Ask Mrs. Enders and Mr. Letterway if they'll see me, Katy, would you? And in the meantime, I'll drop in on the girls." Something in Katy's expression stopped her. "Why, are there new rules that forbid the displaying of babies during office hours?"

"Oh, no, it's not that," said Katy, "but Monica left, you know, and Janet's mother died and she went home to look after her father, and Olive got married . . ."

Louisa stopped dead. Margot Jenner's words rang ominously in her memory; she *had* come back expecting everything to be the same. It was



all rather like arriving at a party on the wrong night. "Goodness," she said, "isn't there anyone left that I know?"

"There's Miss Jenner."

Louisa raised her eyebrows and looked at Katy doubtfully. Katy started laughing. "I know, I think so too," she confessed, "but that's the way it is. There's only Miss Jenner and Mrs. Enders and Mr. Letterway. Who'll you have first?"

Louisa sighed again. "Make it Mrs. Enders then, Katy."

Smiling her sympathy, Katy called Mrs. Enders on the interoffice telephone. Louisa could hear the formidable voice on the other end of the

line: "Mrs. Barrett? I don't know a Mrs. Barrett."

Katy contrived to look apologetic for Louisa and patient for Mrs. Enders while she explained that Mrs. Barrett used to be Miss Thomas, and that she'd brought her baby son into the office. It was a complicated business, and with every second Louisa's spirits sank lower. Her pretty notion of sweeping in—elegantly dressed, impeccably groomed and carrying all before her—now seemed to be the wildest fantasy. Mrs. Enders would probably be no more interested in seeing Fat Joe than she would an appendix scar. And Louisa discovered she did not want to show Fat Joe to Mrs. Enders: she did

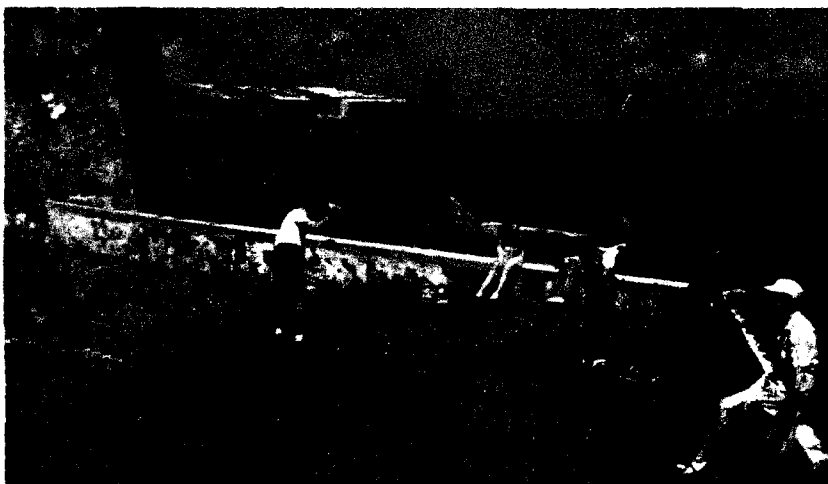
not want the funny, loving, simple little soul to be rebuffed. The time would come, of course, when he would learn that everybody didn't love him the way he loved everybody. But Louisa found she was loath to hurry that time. He's so trusting, she thought, with an unexpected little stab of pain, and so small.

Still, Mrs. Enders was waiting, and Mrs. Enders was the first obstacle on the road that led back to lots of money and a higher standard of living and a good, expensive education for Fat Joe. Louisa tilted her chin, hoisted her son higher in her arms, and advanced with a purposeful tread.

**A**FTER a pause, Mrs. Enders said, "Why, Louisa, you're looking well." She made it sound like a breach of good taste. Her gaze dropped to Louisa's runny stockings, took in her soiled glove, then rose to her hat, which Fat Joe, using all his store of cunning and resource, had just succeeded in pushing to the back of his mother's head. If ever thoughts were written on a human countenance, the phrase "Ah, letting herself go to seed" was etched clearly on Mrs. Enders'.

Louisa marshaled her forces; she even managed a natural-sounding chuckle. "This is my son, Mrs. Enders," she said. "I should have brought him in a strait jacket. He's wrecked my hair, my hat, my gloves and my stockings within the last half hour."

"What a dear little boy!" said Mrs.



The third hole at El Morro is only 126 yards long, but it's a golfer's nightmare. The tee is at top of windy fortification . . .



. . . and the green, at the far end of the deep ditch surrounding fort, must be approached by way of the archway in the foreground

## Crazy Golf Course

San Juan, Puerto Rico

**T**HERE'S a saying among local golfers that the best scores on San Juan's El Morro course are made not by the best golfers but by the best billiard players. That's only a slight exaggeration.

The nine-hole course, one of the world's oddest, is laid out around the El Morro fortifications, built by the Spanish conquistadors 400 years ago. El Morro golfers consider it appropriate that the conquistadors were experts in torture. Three of the holes are within the moats of the fort; getting to the cup usually requires carom shots off the 30-foot-high walls. The number-three hole is a special horror: inside a moat, up against the main fortification, and hemmed in by a bridge.

The golfer must also deal with the winds, which whistle in off the Atlantic to put English on otherwise perfect shots. Furthermore, by long custom, local golfers are as windy as the sea breezes; visitors often are shocked at the chatter that goes on even during a difficult shot. "You'd go crazy here if you couldn't talk," says an old-timer.

Because the course is so small, on crowded weekends the cry of "Fore!" may cause as many as 15 golfers to hit the dirt. Balls may come careening across the course from four directions; caddies have actually appeared wearing steel helmets.

The course traces its beginnings back to 1902, when soldiers stationed at Fort Brooke, which uses El Morro as its base, started hitting golf balls around the parade ground. By World War I, the full 2,467-yard layout was completed. Although it's still on Army property, the course is open to civilian members and their guests. There's even a clubhouse. It's located in what used to be a Spanish guardhouse, and it's decorated in an appropriate motif: on the walls hang cartoons showing golfers either in padded dungeons or with bandaged heads.

—THEODORE TAYLOR

## TIZZY



"I guess I *should* help Mother more, but what with television, telephone calls and other social obligations, I just haven't the time for housework"

COLLIER'S

KATE OSANN

Enders, but she said it as one might say, "What a dear little python!" Louisa tensed, but Fat Joe, it seemed, did not know when he was being snubbed. He leaned forward and looked earnestly at Mrs. Enders for a full minute, and then he smiled straight into her cold eyes. There are very few things in this world as sweet and guileless as the smile of a friendly baby, and for a second the older woman looked embarrassed. "Well, my little man," she said placatingly. "And how are you?"

Fat Joe made a low gurgling statement in a very confidential manner. This, he seemed to say flatteringly, is strictly between you and me. Then he put his head on one side and smiled again. Mrs. Enders said tentatively: "I think he likes me."

"He's very sociable," said Louisa. "As long as he has someone to flirt with, he's quite happy. I'm thinking of starting work again"—she smiled as guilelessly as Fat Joe—"because he doesn't really need me. He'd be in his element in a nursery."

"He certainly seems very independ-

ent," Mrs. Enders agreed. She looked up. "Are you thinking of coming back here?"

Louisa shrugged. "Perhaps," she said cautiously. "I don't really know."

Mrs. Enders hesitated, and then she said crisply, "Well, I can tell you this much: that Jenner girl isn't doing as well as she might in your old job."

So, thought Louisa, there's not much love lost there. Mrs. E. has her knife in Margot, for some reason—probably some trivial, utterly silly reason. She groaned inwardly. She had forgotten the subterranean feuds at Letterway's, and how boring and unpleasant they could be.

"Now if I were you," Mrs. Enders continued eagerly, "I'd drop in and see Letterway while you're here. I'll hold your baby"—she took the unresisting Fat Joe from Louisa's arms—"while you straighten your hat, my dear, and go in and have a word with him."

"I was going to show him Joe," began Louisa.

"The baby? Oh, no!" Mrs. Enders was definite. "I don't think that would



"Jerk!"

COLLIER'S

WILLIAM STEIG

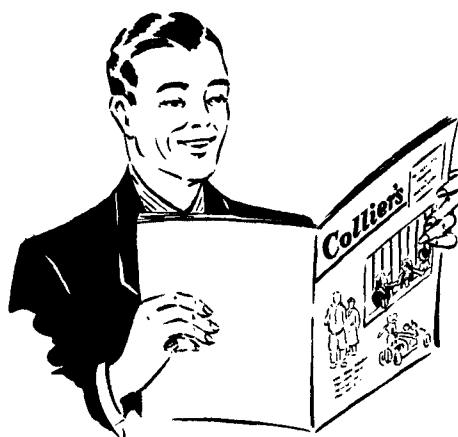
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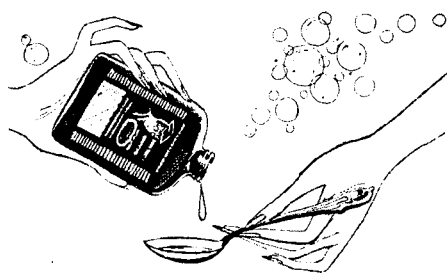
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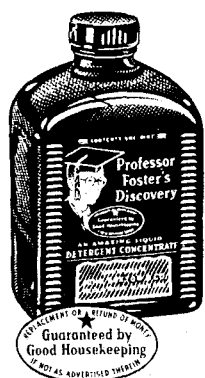
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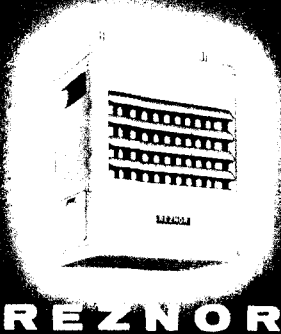
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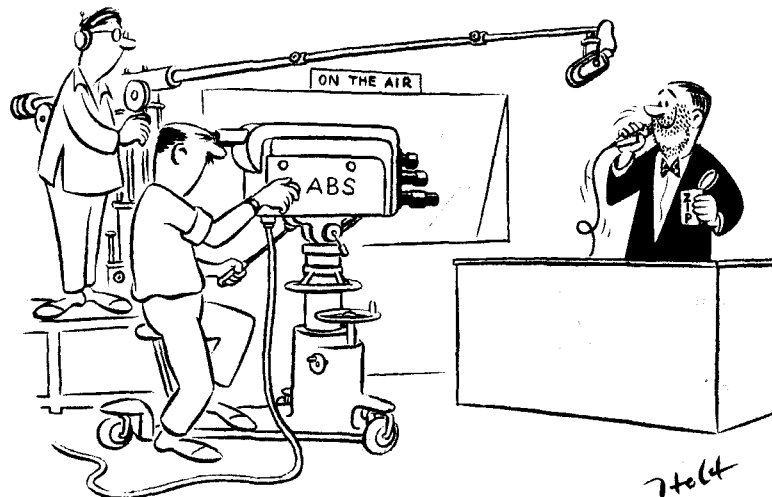
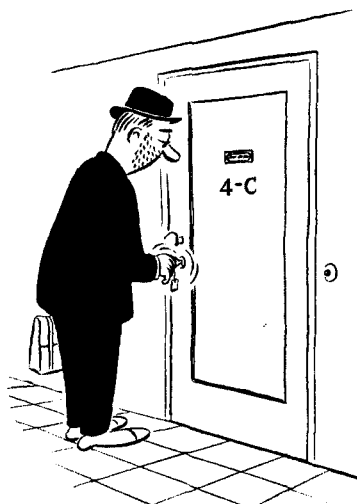
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## Nine O'Clock Shadow

By J. GORDON HOLT



be wise. He wouldn't be interested, Louisa. Why, he might even frighten the little fellow." She joggled Fat Joe ineptly on her knee. "And that would start a crying match, and you couldn't talk business then. Off you go."

Louisa went off. She cast a worried glance at Fat Joe as she went, but he was gazing up at Mrs. Enders as if she were the only girl in the world. That, thought Louisa, was a bit too much. True, she had wanted him to be nice to Mrs. Enders, but modified rapture would have been enough.

And modified rapture was as much as she could feel on seeing Mr. Letterway again, though he greeted her warmly—at least what served as warmly for Mr. Letterway. She experienced something very like claustrophobia on seeing his taut face, his nervous hands, his bobbing Adam's apple. Now that she was standing in his office again, she remembered too clearly the countless times she had had

to save his vanity by giving him the credit for her own ideas, and by assuming responsibility for his errors.

"Between ourselves," he told her, "that Miss Jenner who took over your job is not quite fitted for it. Mrs. Enders thinks she is, but then Mrs. Enders has no idea of how an office should be run."

So, thought Louisa, *that's* how Mrs. E. is playing it! If she says she doesn't like Margot Jenner, Mr. Letterway will keep Margot here for a thousand years. But if she says she likes the girl, out goes Margot Jenner. And I come in. Or do I?

MR. LETTERWAY was pursing his lips, a habit that Louisa had once found maddening, and it was depressing to discover it could still irritate her profoundly. "Your husband wouldn't mind your coming back to work, would he? It would not interfere with your weighty maternal duties?"

This was irony; it was plain that Mr. Letterway thought a thousand infants could not prevent a sensible woman from returning to Letterway's.

Louisa managed an obedient smile. If Fat Joe had clung to her—even a little—when Mrs. Enders had taken him, she might have found it in her heart to snap her fingers at Mr. Letterway and his job. But to Fat Joe, she and Mrs. Enders and every female extant were as one; he hadn't much use for mothers, as a species. "My maternal duties," she began, "are not exactly weighty—"

She was stopped in midsentence by an ear-splitting shriek distinctly reminiscent of a factory whistle in full blast. "What in Heaven's name," said Mr. Letterway, "is that?"

She was tugging at the handle of the door. "My baby—I left him with Mrs. Enders—"

"That was rash of you," said Mr. Letterway. And then he added with