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1956

VOLUME 7
NUMBER 1

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Front cover painting by Lloyd Rognan, suggested by "Secret of the Martians."
Interiors by Lloyd Rognan, and W. E. Terry. Cartoons by Scheffy, and Fine.
Back cover astronomical photo, courtesy Mt. Wilson & Palomar Observatories.

Published bi-monthly by Grosvenor Publishing Company, 1426 Fowler Avenue, Evanston, Illinois. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Evanston, Illinois. Additional entry at Sandusky, Ohio. Address all communications to IMAGINATION, P. O. Box 236, Evanston, Illinois. We do not accept responsibility for unsolicited manuscripts or art work; submissions must be accompanied by stamped, self-addressed return envelopes. Accepted material is subject to whatever revision is necessary to meet requirements, and will be paid for at our current rates. The names of all characters used in stories are fictitious; any resemblance to any person living or dead is coincidental. Copyright 1956 Grosvenor Publishing Company. Subscription rate \$3.00 12 issues. Advertising rates sent upon request. Printed in U.S.A. by Stephens Printing Corp., Sandusky, Ohio.

We developed Cheery Gum by accident. But it was no accident it lived up to its name — you chew it and life is rosy. All fine and dandy, except —

Everybody's Happy But Me!

by

Frederik Pohl

I just sent my secretary out for a container of coffee and she brought me back instead a lemon Coke.

I can't even really blame her. Who in all the world *can* I blame, except myself? Hazel was a fine secretary to me for fifteen years — good at typing, terrific at brushing off people I didn't want to see, and the queen of them all at pumping office gossip out of the ladies' rest room. She's fuzzy-brained most of the time now, sure. But after all!

I can say this in my own defense, I didn't know exactly what I was getting into. You see, no doubt you remember the doctors who—

Well, let me start over again on that question because there is some doubt of course. Let's say *perhaps* you remember the

two doctors and their headline report about cigarettes and lung cancer. It hit us pretty hard at VandenBlumer and Silk, because we've been eating off the Mason-Dixon Tobacco account for twenty years, and once a lot of people began linking "cancer" and "cigarette" in their minds, Mason-Dixon's sales began to look ugly. And we at VB&S didn't like to see sales looking ugly for an account that billed ten million dollars a year.

Of course, what happened first wasn't so bad. Because naturally the first thing the client did was scream like a panther and reach for his checkbook and pour another couple million dollars into special promotions to counteract the bad press. But that couldn't last, and we knew it. VB&S is an advertising agency that takes the



long view. We saw at once that if the client was in serious long-term trouble, no temporary spurt of advertising was going to pull him out of it, and it was time for us to climb up on top of the old mountain and take a good look at what was ahead.

The Chief called a special Plans meeting that morning and laid it on the line for us. "There goes the old fire bell, boys," he said, "and it's up to us to put the fire out. I'm listening."

Baggott cleared his throat and said glumly, "I see by the papers this morning, Chief, that it may

not be so bad after all. Some people say it's just the paper in the cigarettes that's irritating. Maybe if they make them without paper—" Baggott is the account executive for Mason-Dixon, so you can't really blame him for sometimes taking the client's view.

The Chief twinkled. "If they make them without paper, they aren't cigarettes any more, are they? I'm still listening. But let's not wander off into side issues."

None of us wanted to wander off into side issues, so we all looked a little condescendingly at

Baggott for a moment. Finally Ellen Silk raised her hand. "I don't want you to think, Mr. VanderBlumer," she said, "that just because Daddy left me a little stock I'm going to butt in, but — Well, what I want to know is, did you have in mind finding some, uh, new angle to take the public's mind off cancer?"

You have to admire the old man. "Is that your recommendation, my dear?" he inquired fondly, bouncing the ball right back to her.

She said weakly, "I don't know. I'm confused."

"Naturally, my dear," he beamed. "So are we all. Let's see if Charley here can straighten us out a little. Eh?"

He was looking at me. I said at once, "I'm glad you asked me for my opinion, Chief. I've been doing a little thinking, and here's what I've come up with." I ticked the points off on my fingers. "One, tobacco makes you cough and maybe it makes you sick. Two, liquor gives you a hangover and anyway they've got us hamstrung promotionwise—too much regulation. Three, reefers and so on— well, let's just say they're against the law." I slapped the three fingers against the palm of my other hand. "So what's left

for us, Chief? That's my question. Can we come up with something new, something different, something that, one, is not injurious to the health, two, does not give you a hangover, three is not habit-forming and therefore against the law?"

Mr. VandenBlummer said approvingly, "A good piece of thinking, Charley. When you hear that fire bell, you really jump."

Baggott's hand shot up. "Let's get this straight, Chief," he demanded. "Is it Charley's idea that we recommend to Mason-Dixon that they go out of the tobacco business in favor of something else?"

The Chief looked at him thoughtfully for a moment. "Why does it have to be Mason-Dixon?" he asked blandly, and left it at that, while we all thought of the very good reason why it shouldn't be Mason-Dixon. After all, loyalty to a client is one thing, but you've got an obligation to your own people too.

The old man let it sink in, then he turned back to me. "Well, Charley? You've pinpointed what we need. Now do you have any specific suggestions to make?"

They were all looking at me to see if I had anything concrete to offer.

Unfortunately, I had.

I just asked Hazel to bring me the folder on Leslie Clary Cloud, and what she came up with was a copy of my original memo putting him on the payroll, two years back.

"That's all there was in the file, boss-man," she said dreamily, her jaw muscles moving in a slow rhythm. There wasn't any use arguing with her. I just handed her the container of lemon Coke and told her to ditch it and bring me back some coffee, C-O-F-F-E-E, *coffee*. After she was gone I tried looking through the files myself, but *that* was a waste of time.

So I'll have to tell you about Leslie Clary Cloud from memory.

He came into the office, the first time, without an appointment, and why Hazel ever let him get through to see me I'll never know. But she did. He told me right away. "I've been fired, Mr. McGory. Canned. After eleven years with the Wyoming Bureau of Standards as a senior chemist."

"That's too bad, Dr. Cloud," I said, shuffling the papers on my desk. "I'm afraid our staff is pretty well—"

"No, no," he said hastily. "I don't want to join your staff. Organic chemistry's my field. I have a, well, a suggestion for a process that might interest you. I under-

stand you people handle the Mason-Dixon Tobacco advertising, don't you? Well, in my work for my doctorate I —" He drifted off into a fog of long-chain molecules and short-chain molecules and pentose sugars and common garden plants with Latin names. It took me a little while, but as long as I couldn't brush him off I listened patiently. And I began to see what he was driving at.

There was, he was saying, a substance in a common plant, which by cauliflaming the whingdrop and di-tricolating the residual glom, or words something like that, you could convert into another substance entirely, which appeared to have many features in common with what is sometimes called hop, snow or joydust. In other words, dope.

I stared at him aghast. "Doctor Cloud," I demanded, "do you know what you're suggesting? If we added this stuff to our clients' cigarettes we'd be flagrantly violating the law! It's utterly out of the question. Besides, we've already looked into the matter and the cost estimates—"

"No, no!" he said again. "You don't understand, Mr. McCory. This isn't any of the drugs currently available that I'm talking about. It's something brand new and very different."

"Different?"

"Non-habit-forming, for instance."

"Non-habit-forming?"

"Totally. I guarantee that unconditionally. Chemically it is unrelated to any narcotic in the pharmacopeia. Legally,—well, I'm not a lawyer, of course, but I swear, Mr. McGory, this isn't covered by any regulation. There's no reason it should be. It doesn't hurt the user, it doesn't form a habit, it's cheap to manufacture, it—"

"Hold it, Cloud," I interrupted, getting to my feet. "You sit right there for a minute. I want to catch the boss before he goes to lunch."

SO I caught the boss and he twinkled thoughtfully at me for a moment, his arms half into his overcoat.

No, he didn't want to discuss it with Mason-Dixon just yet, and yes, it did seem to have some possibilities, and certainly put this man Cloud on a retainer and see if he turns up with something.

So we did. And he did.

Auditing raised the roof when the vouchers began to come through, but I bucked them up to the Chief and he straightened them out in a hurry. It took a lot of money, though, and it took

nearly six months. But then Leslie Clary Cloud called up one morning and said: "Come on down, Mr. McGory. We're in."

The place we had fixed up for him was down on the lower East Side and it reeked of rotten vegetables. I reminded myself to take a good cold second look at our a d d e-d-chlorophyll copy and climbed the two flights of stairs to Cloud's private room. He was sitting propped against a lab bench beaming at a row of filled test tubes.

"This is it?" I asked, glancing at the test tubes.

"This is it." He smiled dreamily at me and yawned. "Excuse me," he blinked amiably. "I've been sampling the little old product."

I looked him over carefully. He had been sampling something or other all right, that was clear enough. But there wasn't any whiskey breath; there were no dilated pupils, no shakes, no nothing. He was relaxed and cheerful, and that was all you could say.

"Try a little old bit," he invited, waving at the test-tubes.

I swallowed hard. Well, I told myself, there were times when you had to pay your dues in the club. VB&S had been mighty good to me, and if I had to take a dose of that witch's brew Cloud had cooked up in order to justify the

confidence the Chief had placed in me, why then I just had to go ahead and do it — I told myself.

"Aw," said Leslie Clary Cloud, "don't be scared. Look, I'll take another shot myself." He fumbled one of the test tubes out of the rack and, humming to himself, slopped a little of the colorless stuff into a beaker of some other colorless stuff. I suppose it was water. He drank it down and smacked his lips. "Tastes awful," he observed, "but we'll fix that. Whee!"

I looked him over again, and he looked back at me, giggling. "Too strong," he said cheerfully. "Got it too bleeding strong. Wow-ee! We'll fix that too." He rattled beakers and test tubes absent-mindedly while I took a deep breath and nerved myself up to the trial.

"All right," I said.

I took a fresh beaker out of his hand. I swallowed it down almost in one gulp.

It tasted terrible, just as he had said, tasted like the lower floors of his den had smelled, but that was all I noticed right away. Nothing else happened, for a moment. Except that Cloud frowned thoughtfully at the empty beaker in my hand.

"Say," he said, "I guess I should have diluted that."

I guess he should have. Wham.

BUT a couple of hours later I was all right again.

Cloud was plenty apologetic.

"Still," he said consolingly, standing over where I lay on the lab bench, "it proves one thing. An overdose isn't fatal. You had about the equivalent of ten thousand normal shots, and you have to admit it hasn't hurt you."

"I do?" I asked, and squinted at the doctor, who swung his stethoscope by the earpieces and shrugged.

"There's nothing organically wrong with you, Mr. McGory," he conceded. "Not that I can find anyway. Euphoria, yes. Plenty of it. Temporarily high pulse, yes. Delirium there for a little while, yes—though it was pretty mild. But I don't think you even have a headache now."

"I don't," I admitted. I swung my feet down and, rather apprehensively, sat up. But no hammers started in my head. I had to confess it: I felt wonderful.

So we got rid of the doctor and got to work. Between us, we tinkered it into what Cloud decided would be a "normal" dose—just enough to make you feel good—and he saturated some sort of a powder and rolled it into pellets and clamped them into a press and came out with what looked as much like aspirins as anything else: "And

they'd probably work as well too," he said. "At least a psychogenic headache would melt away in five seconds with one of these."

"We'll bear that in mind," I said.

What with one thing and another, I didn't get back to the office before the old man left, and next day was the weekend and you *don't* disturb the Chief's weekends, and it was late Monday before I could get him alone long enough to give him the whole pitch. He was delighted.

"Dear, dear," he twinkled, holding up a couple of the little pills in his hand. "So much out of so little. Why, they hardly look like anything at all."

"Try one, Chief," I suggested.

"Perhaps I will, perhaps I will. You've checked the legal angles?"

"And up and down the line, on the quiet. Absolutely clean."

He nodded, and poked at the pills with his finger. I scratched the back of my neck—as inconspicuously as possible, but the Chief doesn't miss much. He looked at me inquiringly.

"Hives," I explained, unwillingly. "I, uh, got an overdose the first time, like I say. I don't know much about these things, but what they told me at the clinic was I set up an allergy. They said it was a textbook case—sensitization from a

massive initial dose of an unfamiliar allergen and so on."

"Um." He pursed his lips. "Allergy, eh?" That doesn't sound so good, Charley. We don't want to spread allergies with this stuff, do we?"

"Oh, no, no danger of that, Chief," I said hastily. "I checked that too. It's Cloud's fault, in a way. He was load—that is, he was a little excited, and he handed me an undiluted dose of this stuff and I drank it down. The clinic was very positive about that. Even a hundred times the normal dose won't do you any harm."

"Um." He rolled one of the pills between thumb and forefinger and sniffed it thoughtfully. "How about your hives?"

"They'll go away. I just have to keep away from the stuff. I, well, I wouldn't have them now, except that I kind of liked the stuff, and I tried another shot yesterday." I coughed, and added: "It works out pretty well, though. You see how it leaves us, Chief. I *have* to give it up—and I'm here to swear that it isn't any job to do. I got more of it into my system in five minutes than any normal user would in five years, but I can swear there's no craving, no shakes, no kick-off symptoms, no anything like that."

"You don't even miss it?"

I shrugged. "Like any kind of fun, Chief. I'm sorry it's over. But Cloud told the simple truth. It isn't habit-forming."

"Um," he said again, and that was the end of the discussion for then.

Oh, the Chief is a cagey man. He gave me my orders: Keep my face shut about it. I have an idea that he was waiting to see what happened to my hives, and whether any belated craving would develop, and what the test series on Cloud's animals and Bowery-dere-lict volunteers would show. But even more, I think he was waiting until the time was exactly, climatically right.

Like at the Plans meeting, the day after the doctor's report and the panic at Mason-Dixon.

And that's how Cheery-Gum was born.

HAZEL just came in with a cardboard container from the drug store, and I could tell by looking at it (no steam coming out from under the lid, little beads of moisture clinging to the sides) that it wasn't the coffee I had ordered.

"Hey!" I yelled after her as she was dreamily waltzing out of the door. "Come back here!"

"Sure enough, Massa," she said obediently, and two-stepped back. "S'matter?"

I took a firm grip on my temper. I ordered: "Open that up and take a good look at what's inside."

She smiled cheerfully at me and plopped the lid off the container. "Service with a smile," she began, as half the contents spilled across my desk.

"Oh, dear," she said. "Excuse me while I get a cloth and—"

"Never mind the cloth!" I ordered mopping at the mess with my handkerchief. "What's in there?"

She gazed wonderingly into the container for a moment; then she caught her breath. "Oh, honestly, boss," she said, provoked. "I see what you mean. Those idiots in the drug store, they're gummed up morning, noon and night. I always say, if you can't handle it, you shouldn't touch it during working hours. No lemon! How can they call it a lemon Coke when—"

"Hazel," I said forcefully, "what I wanted was coffee."

"Coffee?"

"Coffee!"

"Oh." She looked at me for a moment, frowning. "You mean I got it wrong. I'm awfully sorry, boss. I'll go right down and get it now."

She smiled repentantly and hummed her way out the door. With her hand on the knob, her jaws moving rhythmically, she stopped and

turned to look at me. "All the same, Massa," she said amiably, "that's a funny combination, coffee and Coke. But I'll see what I can do."

And she was gone, to bring me heaven knows what incredible concoction. But what are you going to do?

No, that's no answer. I know it's what you would do, but it makes me break out in hives.

THE first week we were delighted, the second week we were rapidly becoming millionaires.

The sixth week I sulked along the sidewalks, all the way across town and down, on my way to see Leslie Clary Cloud. And even so, I almost got it when a truckdriver piled dreamily into a glass-fronted saloon a couple of yards behind me.

When I saw Cloud sitting at his workbench, feet propped up, hands clasped behind his head, eyes half-closed, I could almost have kissed him. For his jaws were not moving. Alone in New York, except for me.

"Thank heaven," I said sincerely.

He blinked and smiled at me. "Mr. McGory," he said in a thick but pleasant drawl. "Nice of you."

His manner disturbed me, and I looked more closely. "You're not—you're not gummed up, are you?"

He said gently, "I never chew the

stuff."

"Good!" With shaking hands I unfolded the newspaper I had carried all the way from Madison Avenue. I showed him the inside pages—the only ones that were not a mere smear of ink. "See here Cloud! Planes crashing into Radio City. Buses driving off the George Washington Bridge. Ships going aground at the Battery. We did it, Cloud, you and I! It's our fault!"

"Oh, I wouldn't get all in an uproar," he said comfortably. "All local, isn't it?"

"All local! Isn't that bad enough? And besides, how would we know if it was all local or not? There's damn little communication with the rest of the country. The shipments of Cheery-Gum get through and that's about all. Because that's all anybody cares about any more!"

He said with deep sympathy, "That's too bad, Mr. McGory. My goodness, yet."

I shrieked at him, "Curse you, you said it wasn't a drug! You said it wasn't habit-forming, you said—"

"Now, now," he said, gentle and firm. "Chew a stick yourself why don't you?"

"Because I can't!"

"Oh, the hives." He looked self-reproachful. He was silent for a moment, meditative. "Well," he said dreamily at last, "that's about the

size of it, Mr. McGory."

"What is?"

He looked at me "What is what?"

"What's about the size—Oh, the devil with it. Cloud, you got us into this, you'll have to get us out of it. There must be some way of curing this habit!"

"But there isn't any habit to cure, Mr. McGory." he pointed out.

"But there is."

"Temper," he said waggishly, and took a corked test tube out of his workbench. He drank it down, every drop, and tossed the tube in a wastebasket.

I caught his eye, but he hadn't the grace to blush. "You see?" he asked. "I told you I didn't chew Cheery-Gum."

So I appealed to a Higher Authority.

IN the Eighteenth Century I might have gone to a representative of the church. In the Nineteenth, to the State. I went to an office fronting on Central Park where the name on the bronze door plaque was Theodor Yust, Analyst.

It didn't come easy. I almost walked out on him when I saw that his jaws were chewing as rhythmically as his secretary's. But where else was there to go.

Besides Cloud's concoction is not,

as he kept saying, a drug; and though it makes you relaxed and makes you happy and, if you take enough of it, makes you drunk, it does not make you unfit to talk to.

So I took a grip on my temper, the only bad temper left, and told him what I wanted.

He laughed at me—in the friendliest way, of course. "Put a stop to Cheery-Gum?" he echoed. "Mr. McGory."

"But the plane crashes—"

"No more suicides, Mr. McGory."

"The train wrecks—"

"Not a murder or a mugging in the whole city. Not a threat of war!"

I said helplessly, "But it's wrong."

"Ah," he said in the tone of a discoverer, "now we come down to it. Why is it 'wrong', Mr. McGory?"

That was the second time I almost walked out.

But I said, instead: "Let's get something straight. I'm not here to have you dig into my problems. Cheery-Gum is wrong and I am not biased against it. You can take a detached view of accidents and sudden death if you like, but what about slow death? What about the death of the mind? All over the country, people are lousing up on

their jobs. Nobody cares. Nobody does more than go through motions. They're happy. What's going to happen when they begin to starve because the farmers are feeling too good to put in their crops?"

He sighed patiently. "That's not going to happen, Mr. McGory," he said. He took the wad of gum out of his mouth, rolled it neatly into Kleenex and dropped it into the wastebasket. He took a fresh stick out of a drawer and was beginning to unwrap it when he saw me looking at him.

He chuckled. "Rather I didn't? Well, why not oblige you. It's not habit-forming after all." He dropped the gum back into the drawer and said: "Answering your questions, they won't starve. The farmers are farming, the workers are working, the policemen are policing and I'm analyzing. And you're worrying. Why? Maybe nobody's concentrating very hard, but how many jobs need it. Work's getting done."

"But my secretary—" I floundered.

"Forget about your secretary, Mr. McGory. Sure, she's a little fuzzy-brained, a little absent-minded. Who isn't? But she comes to work, doesn't she? Because she kind of likes to—everyone likes to do something."

"Sure she does, but how useful is she at her job?"

He looked at me quietly. "For that matter," he said, "how useful is the job?" He let it sink in for a moment. Then he said: "She's happy. Let her be happy, Mr. McGory."

I looked at him, scandalized. "And you're a doctor! How can you say that? Suppose you were all gummed up and a patient desperately needed—"

He stopped me. "In the past three weeks," he said gently, "you're the first to come in that door."

I changed tack. "All right," I said, "you're a psychoanalyst. But what about GPs and surgeons?"

He shrugged. "Perhaps," he conceded, "perhaps one case out of a thousand—somebody hurt in an accident, say—he'd get to the hospital late, or the surgeon's reflexes would be a fraction too slow. Perhaps. Not even one in a thousand. One in a million, maybe. But Cheery-Gum isn't a drug. A quarter-grain of sodium amytal, and your surgeon's as good as new." Absent mindedly he reached into the drawer for the stick of gum.

"And you say," I accused, "that it isn't habit-forming!"

HE stopped with his hand halfway to his mouth. "Well," he said wryly, "it is a habit, in a way. Don't confuse semantics, Mr. McGory. It is not a narcotic addic-

tion. I can stop it at any moment and go as long as I like, and then take it up again if I wish— under my complete voluntary control. If my supply were cut off this minute, I would be very sorry—as sorry as if, for some reason, I couldn't play bridge any more. And no worse." He put the stick of gum away again and rummaged through the bottom drawers of his desk until he found a dusty pack of cigarettes. He lit one. "Used to smoke three packs a day," he wheezed, choking on the first drag.

He wiped his streaming eyes. "You know, Mr. McGory," he said sharply, "you're a bit of a prig. You don't want people to be happy."

I gasped and exploded, "I—"

"Hold it!" He stopped me before I could work up to critical mass. "Wait. Don't think that you're the only person who cares about what's good for the world. When I first heard of Cheery-Gum, I worried." He stubbed the cigarette out distastefully, still talking. "Euphoria is well and good, I said, but what about emergencies? Just like you. And I looked around and there weren't any emergencies to speak of. Things were getting done. Maybe slowly and erratically, but they were getting done. And then I said, on a plane of high moral integrity, that's all well and good, but what

about the ultimate destiny of man? What about idealism basic values? Should the world be populated by cheerful semi-morons? And that worried me pretty much. Until I began to look at my patients."

He smiled reflectively. "I had 'em all, Mr. McGory. You name it, I had it coming to see me twice a week. The worst wrecks of psyches you ever saw, twisted and warped and destroying themselves with fear and shame. And they stopped. They stopped eating themselves up with worry and tension. And then they weren't my patients any more. And what's more—they weren't morons, either. Give them a stimulus, they repond. Interest them, they react."

He leaned forward, clapping his hands on his desk. He said: "The other night I played bridge with a woman who was catatonic a month ago. She beat the hell out of me. And we had to put the first stick of gum in her mouth for her, and move her jaws. And I had a mathematician coming here who—well, never mind. It was bad enough. He's happy as a clam, and the last time I saw him he had finished a paper he began ten years ago, and wouldn't touch for the last nine. Stimulate them, they repond. When things are dull, Cheery-Gum. What could be better?"

I looked at him dully and said:

"So you can't help me?"

"I didn't say that. Do you want me to help you,"

"Certainly!"

"Then answer my question. Why don't you chew a stick yourself?"

"Because I can't!" It all tumbled out, the Plans meeting and Leslie Clary Cloud and the beaker that hadn't been diluted and the hives. "A *terrific* allergy!" I emphasized. "Anti-histamines don't help. They said at the clinic that the anti-bodies form after a massive initial—"

He said comfortably, "Some over psyche, eh? Well, what would you expect? But believe me, Mr. McGory, the human organism does not split down the middle as neatly as that, and allergies may not be psychogenic, but we can treat them as if they are. Now, if you'll just—"

WELL, if you can't lick 'em, join 'em; that's what the old man used to say. So I guess I shouldn't have walked out.

But I can't join them now. Theodor Yust offered me an invitation, and I guess I was pretty rude to him. And when at last I went back, ready to crawl and apologize, there was a scrawled piece of cardboard over the bronze nameplate. It said: *Gone fishing*.

I tried to lay it on the line with the Chief. I opened the door of the Plans room, and there he was with

Baggott and Wayber, from Mason-Dixon. They were whittling out model ships, and so intent on what they were doing that they hardly noticed me.

After a moment the Chief said idly, "Bankrupt yet?" And moments passed before Wayber absent-mindedly replied:

"Bankrupt. Um, guess so. Have to file some papers, I guess." And they went on with their whittling.

So I spoke to them, rather sharply. And the minute they looked up and saw me there it was like the Rockettes, a precision routine: All three of them synchronized, the hands into the pockets, the gum unwrapped, the gum into the mouth. And I didn't even try to talk to them after that. They were *happy*. They didn't want to be bothered. So what are you going to do?

No! I can't!

Hazel hardly ever comes in to see me any more, even. I bawled her out for it, of course—what, I demanded, would happen if I suddenly had to answer a letter? But she only smiled gently. "There hasn't been a letter in a month," she pointed out.

"But suppose—"

"Aw, don't worry, Marse Charles," she begged amiably. "Happen anything does come up, Hazel's here. Right here. This stuff isn't a habit with me, I can stop it any time, you

just call on me and I'm ready . . ."

And she's right, because that's the trouble.

It isn't a habit. So how can you break it?

I remember a man trying to explain something to a friend, on a street corner in Greenwich Village, a long time ago. He belonged, he was saying, to Alcoholics Anonymous, and it was a wonderful, wonderful feeling. Because if he ever had one drink too many, if he ever felt that he was on the verge of going on a drunk, all he had to do was to pick up the phone and a fellow-member would be at his side to straighten him out. He was in no danger from alcoholism at all, because A. A. would take care of him any old time he needed them; so he didn't have to worry. He was a little annoyed because his friend

just stood there, silent and unmoving; but not annoyed enough to let go of him and walk away. Because his friend was a lamp-post, and if he had let go he would have fallen flat on his face.

I don't suppose he had quite captured the spirit of A. A.; but to him it made The Cure so simple and instant and available that there was no hurry about taking it. Tomorrow would do. Or the next day . . .

Like Cheery-Gum. You can stop it any old time. The easiest thing in the world. Now, who is going to deprive himself of a pleasure just to accomplish the easiest thing in the world?

I sit here, and talk into the telephone, and sometimes I get an answer and sometimes I don't. I wish Theodore Yust would come back. He's got to cure my hives . . .