

JULY • 1954  
VOL. 103 • NO. 3

# Redbook

THE MAGAZINE  
FOR YOUNG ADULTS

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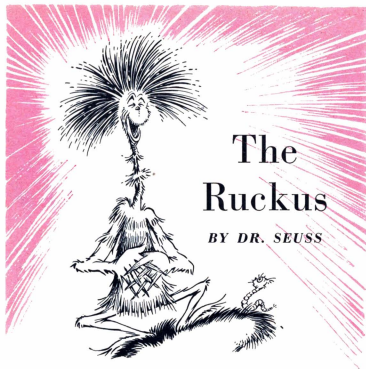
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COVER PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN ENGSTEAD

*The short stories and novel herein are fiction and are intended as such. They do not refer to real characters or actual events. If the name of any living person is used, it is a coincidence.*

REDBOOK MAGAZINE is published each month simultaneously in the United States and Canada by McCall Corporation, Marvin Pierce, President; Lowell Hinesway, Vice-President and Circulation Director; Editors M. Brown, Secretary; William C. Ashe, Treasurer; William E. Terry, Advertising Manager of Redbook, Publications and Subscription Offices, 1230 MacCall Street, Dayton 1, Ohio. Executive and Editorial Offices: 210 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. MANUSCRIPTS and ART MATERIAL will be carefully considered, but will be received only with the understanding that the publisher and editors shall not be responsible for loss or injury. TRUTH IN ADVERTISING: Redbook Magazine will not knowingly insert advertisements from other than reliable firms. SUBSCRIPTION INFORMATION: \$3.00 for one year; \$5.00 for two years; \$7.50 for three years in U. S. and Canada. Add \$1 per year for other countries. Send all notices and correspondence about subscriptions to our Publication Office, McCall Street, Dayton 1, Ohio. IF YOU PLAN TO MOVE SOON please notify us four weeks in advance, because subscription lists are addressed in advance of publication date and extra postage is charged for forwarding. When sending notice of change of address give old address as well as new, preferably clipping name and old address from last copy received. JULY ISSUE, 1954, VOL. CIII, No. 3. Copyright, 1954, by McCall Corporation. Reproduced in any manner in whole or part in English or other languages prohibited. All rights reserved throughout the world. Necessary formalities, including deposit where required, effected in the United States of America, Canada and Great Britain. Protection secured under the International and Pan American copyright conventions. Reprintings not permitted except by special authorization. Entered as second-class matter July 14, 1930, at the Post Office at Dayton, Ohio under the Act of March 3rd, 1879. Printed in U.S.A.



# The Ruckus

BY DR. SEUSS

On the top of a hill on the Island of Zort  
Lived a bird called the Ruckus, whose favorite sport  
Was making loud noises. It gave him a thrill  
To be known as the loudest-mouthed bird on the hill.  
Then, one day, he thought, "I can be louder still!  
"My voice is terrific. It ought to be heard  
"On many more islands than this," said the bird.  
So he made his voice stronger, 'till, one day, he found  
That he'd learned how to make a tremendous big sound  
That shook every island for fifty miles 'round!

"I say!" laughed the Ruckus. "I *am* a great guy!  
"But I can do better than *that* if I try.  
"I'll build up my voice. Why, I'll practice a year!  
"I'll cook up a noise that the *whole world* will hear!"  
And, after he'd practiced for fifty-two weeks,  
The Ruckus let loose with a mouthful of shrieks  
That burst from his throat like the moans and the groans  
Of ten thousand elephants blowing trombones!  
He yapped and he yodeled! He yelped and he yilped!  
He gargled! He snargled! He burped and he bilped!  
And the sound went to China and knocked down three cats.  
And, in England, it blew off eight bus drivers' hats!

"Oh, boy!" bragged the Ruckus. "I'm really some bird!  
"I've opened my mouth and I've made myself heard!"

Then a little old worm crawled up out of the ground.  
"That's true," said the worm. "That was quite a big sound.  
"But I have a question to ask, if I may. . . .  
"You made yourself heard . . . *but just what did you say?*"  
And the worm turned his back and slid softly away.