

The safeguards against it were formidable, but Willy Ross had figured a way to transmit himself simultaneously to two different destinations. And what better way to establish an iron-clad alibi?

ONE INTO TWO

by J. T. McIntosh

AT SIGHT OF THE COP STANDING right in front of the Transmission Center entrance Ross laughed silently. It couldn't be better if he'd written his own script. Pulling in just ten yards from the cop, directly in front of the swing doors of the TC building, he got out of his car and locked it.

As he expected, the patrolman came steaming up and tapped him on the shoulder. "Hey, you," the cop said. "Just what do you think you're doing?"

"Huh?" said Ross, acting dumb.

"This is a no-parking zone. Can't you read?"

"Sure," said Ross. "No parking till 8 p.m. And it's . . ."

"And there's twenty minutes still to go," retorted the cop. "You just take your jalopy and stash it away in the Transmission Center lot over there."

Ross changed his tactics. "Look, I've got a date at the Moonpool, and I've only just time to make it.

You don't have to see the car for the next twenty minutes, do you? And after that it'll be okay."

"On your way," said the cop inexorably.

"I'm a TC employee," Ross pleaded. "You can check on that if you like. My name's Willie Ross. I—"

"If you're in a hurry, you'd better get that car shifted."

Muttering under his breath, Ross unlocked the car, slid behind the driving wheel and U-turned to get into the TC parking lot. Under his pretense of impatience he was delighted. The cop would remember that Willie Ross, TC employee, had tried to park in front of the TC entrance at 7:40 p.m. He'd had a good look at him too, in front of the brightly lit TC building.

It was the first of many bricks which were going to build a rock-steady, unshakable alibi.

Ross parked his car, locked it,

and walked round to the front of the building. The cop gave him a not unfriendly wave. Ross waved back, just to be quite sure that the cop knew he hadn't made any mistake, that the Willie Ross who tried to park in front of the TC building had actually entered it at 7:43.

Margaret looked up as the swing doors closed behind him. She started to get up from behind her desk—the desk behind which Ross sat most mornings. Then, seeing who it was, she sat down again.

Ross grinned at her. "Moonpool," he said, and entered the nearest cubicle.

If Ross had been anyone but a TC employee she'd have sold him a ticket, taken him to a cubicle and set the controls herself. Since it was Ross she merely noted his name and destination on the pad in front of her.

That was the second brick. It was unnecessary to talk to Margaret, draw her attention to the time and make her remember him. She would automatically write down the time with his name and destination.

This didn't amount to proof, of course, that Ross had actually gone to Luna. All that she could swear to was that Ross had transmitted himself somewhere at 7:44. So there had to be more bricks.

Ross couldn't afford to take

time to check the modified installation in the particular cubicle he had selected. Nothing showed, and it would work exactly the same as usual for everyone but himself.

But when he punched the buttons he knew that something very unusual was going to happen this time.

Thousands of people travelled between Earth, Luna, Mars and Venus every day. But very few ships made the trip, and those that did carried freight, not passengers. Matter transmission was much quicker and safer—so they said—than actual travel.

Of course there were accidents sometimes—just as there were train smashes, plane and ship disasters. These were, however, infrequent, and only individuals were involved. In no TC accident was there ever a deathroll of more than one.

You stood in a cubicle, a hundred thousand inquisitive beams analyzed you to the last atom and sent your complete specification, down to the motes of dust on coins in your pocket, on a carrier wave to your destination. There a receiver duplicated you. You didn't actually move an inch; the installation on Earth dissolved you into water and dust and swept the rubbish away, but not until you were at your destination, complete and in good working order.

You or somebody exceedingly like you.

The designers had been very careful indeed to ensure that people arrived in one piece at one place, and that there was nothing left at the Transmission Center except useless, disorganized atoms. Otherwise certain smart people would get very rich very quickly by duplicating money and jewels and other valuables, and some of them might even devote their agile minds to the possible advantages of being in two places at one time.

All transmission centers were operated under strict government control to ensure that no such things ever happened. It needed a genius to solve the problem of outwitting the machines, and geniuses were never given the chance. Although it wasn't publicized, TC employees were never very bright. No one with an IQ of over 120 was ever allowed near the machines—except the maintenance technicians, who knew before they trained for the job that they were going to be watched very closely for the rest of their lives.

Every safeguard against possible abuse is a challenge. Willie Ross had taken up the challenge. When he had been tested for his TC job (short hours and good pay) he had done exactly the opposite of what more naive candidates did. He aimed for a low IQ—and got it. At that he only just made it. His IQ came out at 119

and he knew that when he was tested again, as he would be soon, he'd never manage to hit the same figure. Next time it would be 108 or 130, and either figure would make the psychologists very suspicious.

Within two minutes of arriving on Luna, forty-five minutes after entering the cubicle at the Transmission Center in New York, Ross was at the Moonpool with Georgette. In another fifteen minutes they were both well on the way to being hilariously drunk.

"You were late, honey," Georgette pouted. "After telling me to be here at 8:15 for sure, too."

"Sorry, baby," said Ross. He had intended to be late—he wanted to be sure that Georgette was there before him, and consequently knew exactly when he arrived.

"And I was here at 8:15, honey."

"Good girl."

She already found some difficulty in focusing her eyes on him. "You won a lottery or something, honey? You seem pretty pleased with yourself."

"You could put it like that, baby. I think I've got some money coming to me. A lot of money."

Georgette surveyed him owlishly for so long that she forgot what they'd been talking about. Obviously, Ross thought, she told the truth in saying that she'd ar-

rived at 8:15. Equally obviously she hadn't waited for him before she began drinking.

She was a tall brunette of eighteen summers but rather more winters. Her arresting figure was exquisitely clad in a silver gown which was completely closed only for a few inches some distance below her tanned navel.

At one time Ross had considered marrying her, but now he wasn't so sure. Beautiful girls were commonplace in his life, and not having married Jill Jirell (now Jill Medner) he saw no overpowering reason why he should marry Georgette, who was only a fuzzy carbon copy of Jill, after all.

Besides, in Ross's book you only married a girl if there was no other way of getting what you wanted, and this hadn't applied in the case of either Jill or Georgette.

The Moonpool was a kind of night club on a lump of rock which never knew anything but night. It was open twenty-four hours a day, three hundred sixty-five and a quarter days a year.

On the Moon there were no vice laws. There was no tax on alcohol, no restriction on gambling, no closing time, no council of public morality or decency. If you didn't like what went on at the Moonpool, all you could do about it was not go there.

On the Moon there was next to

no gravity either, which meant that paunches disappeared, bras-sières and girdles became completely unnecessary, and you could live it up all night without getting tired.

Meals were light and infrequent. You didn't go to the Moon to eat. Many people's digestive systems didn't take too kindly to the virtual absence of gravity. Besides, you didn't feel hungry on Luna, even after hours of exercise which would have been violent on Earth if it had been possible on Earth. On the Moon you got your nourishment out of a bottle.

Drunk as she was, Georgette danced well. You couldn't fall flat on your face on Luna unless you tried hard. You had time to be graceful, spending most of your time floating in the air.

"This is wonderful," Georgette breathed in Ross's ear as they glided across the not too crowded floor. "Why don't we do this more often?"

"Because this evening out is going to set me back something like a hundred dollars," Ross retorted.

"A hundred dollars . . . didn't you say you had a lot of money, honey?"

"No, I said I thought I had a lot of money coming to me. That's not quite the same thing."

A waiter who had threaded his sedate way through the dancers tapped Ross on the shoulder. "Excuse me, sir. Are you the gentle-

man who left his name at the bar because he was expecting a phone call? Mr. Ross?"

"That's me."

"Your call has come through, sir. From Meyrburg, Mars."

"Thank you."

Ross left Georgette and made his way to the booth indicated. The conversation which was about to take place, he knew, was going to be one of the most remarkable conversations of all time.

Willie Ross glanced at the name plate on the inside of the cubicle door just to make quite sure. It read: *Meyrburg, Mars.*

He looked at his watch. The time was 8:29. The transmission had taken the usual forty-five minutes. It varied from individual to individual, the average being about forty minutes, but for Ross it was always forty-five.

So far so good. He was on Mars, in the city in which Herbert and Jill Medner lived.

Jill didn't know he knew she lived here. Probably her second reason for marrying Medner, Ross reflected, was the circumstance that he lived and worked in Meyrburg, a city in which, she must have thought, Willie Ross was unlikely to find her. The first reason, of course, was the fact that Medner was worth at least two million dollars.

Ross left the cubicle, his face turned away from the girl at the

desk. Although it wouldn't be too serious if she got a good enough look at him to be able to identify him as Willie Ross later, it would be better if she didn't.

Ross's plan was foolproof. It wouldn't matter if the police knew what he had done and exactly how he had done it—they still wouldn't be able to do anything about it. But it was naturally preferable not to have them know how it was done.

He didn't see the girl at the desk, so presumably she didn't see him. Meyrburg time being 8:15 a.m., scores of people were leaving the Transmission Center there for Venus, whose morning temporarily coincided with Meyrburg's. Tickets didn't have to be shown on arrival. Everything was settled at the point of departure.

Out in the busy Meyrburg streets he strolled in leisurely fashion. There was no hurry. He had to give the other Willie Ross plenty of time to establish his alibi at the Moonpool.

That was the essence of his plan. One Willie Ross became two—one at the Moonpool with Georgette, one at Meyrburg, Mars, with nobody at all. For the Willie Ross on Mars was not supposed to exist, and would very soon cease to exist.

The modified transmitter back on Earth, if all had gone well, had burned itself out after the double transmission. That happened oc-

asionally under ordinary use, and should cause no suspicion—and all signs of Ross's modifications would now be obliterated.

Meyrburg looked exactly like a Terran city except for the huge dome overhead. The people looked exactly like Terrans. It was impossible to tell which had been born on Mars and which had come from Earth or Venus.

Some twenty minutes after his arrival on Mars, Ross entered a phonebooth and put through a person-to-person call to Willie Ross at the Moonpool. Just to be on the safe side, Ross had to know that the double transmission had gone off without a hitch.

He left the booth satisfied. He had talked to himself, and knew that his plan was going to work. It was now safe to get on with it.

Later he would return to the Meyrburg Transmission Center, buy a ticket to anywhere at all under any name but his own, and transmit himself nowhere.

That was another thing which only Willie Ross could do. There were accidents sometimes. Naturally nobody wanted to be the victim of one of these accidents—as a rule.

But Willie Ross II knew perfectly well that after it was all over there could only be one Willie Ross left. And it was possible to use a TC cubicle to commit the most perfect suicide imaginable—no pain, no mess, no evidence ex-

cept the record of a false name on the Meyrburg departure list.

Ross hugged himself with glee at the perfection of his own plan.

Ross left the booth and stood just outside it for a moment, rather drunkenly marvelling at the wonder of the Moonpool.

There was dancing, drinking, gambling, swimming. The seventeen vast halls opened into each other, except the huge pool itself.

Water was virtually uncontrollable in a low gravity field like that of Luna. If the pool had been like a normal swimming pool, a huge bath open to the air, most of the water would have been in the air most of the time. Any swimmer, still displacing his own weight of water and consequently being as low in the water as on Earth, would be quite capable of sending up huge waves and clouds of spray which would make things extremely uncomfortable for everybody else.

So the pool was a huge sphere, completely filled with water, and swimmers had to put on breathing masks and enter by an air lock.

Ross wondered whether to suggest bathing to Georgette, and decided against it. Swimming in the pool didn't represent a good alibi. Swimmers in an underwater pool didn't watch other swimmers and remember them. It would be much better to continue to drink and dance, talking to waiters and

bartenders, being remembered by other dancers and drinkers.

He noticed a girl he knew slightly, a pretty blonde dancing with a man so fat that even on the Moon he still had a belly. Without pausing to think he cut in.

"Willie Ross!" the girl giggled. "Didn't I see you dancing with somebody else? How's she going to like—"

"The evening wouldn't be complete without one dance with you." He wished he could remember her name. Not that it mattered, as long as she knew his.

The blonde's dress, what there was of it, was held on by a piece of pink tape and a prayer. He pushed the tape off her shoulder, and when she giggled and put it back, pushed it off again.

Suddenly he was whirled away from the blonde. He shot twenty feet through the air before crashing into the bare back of a gigantic white-haired woman. Dazed, he looked back the way he had come.

He had wanted to make a scene, but he had meant Georgette to interfere, not the blonde's erstwhile partner. Weight didn't mean much on the Moon. Mass, however, counted more than ever, and the blonde's beefy escort had plenty of mass. He glared aggressively at Ross, daring him to dispute possession of the blonde.

Ross declined the invitation.

Murmuring apologies to the outraged dowager, he left the blonde to her tubby escort and picked his way back to Georgette.

There was no need to overdo it, he thought, massaging a bruise on his arm. Although it would be a perfect alibi to be in hospital with a broken back while the other Ross did his job, he had no intention of going that far.

"Who was that yellow-haired bitch you were making an exhibition of yourself with?" Georgette demanded sharply.

He devoted all his attention to pacifying her.

At 9:10 p.m. New York time (8:56 a.m. Meyrburg time) Ross was hidden in the plastic bushes beside a garage waiting for Herbert Medner to appear. Medner always opened the garage at 9 a.m. precisely and drove away in his car to his office in the city. And the garage entrance was hidden from the road by artificial plastic bushes and a plastic palm tree.

Ross had never met Medner, but he had seen so many pictures of him that there would be no difficulty in identifying him. He knew Medner's wife very well indeed. She had formerly been a New York showgirl, and the extent of Ross's knowledge of her was one reason for his presence in the bushes outside the Medners' house.

Three years ago Ross and Jill Jirell had collaborated in another scheme of Ross's—only this one hadn't worked. From Ross's angle it hadn't been too disastrous in that after its failure the New York police were interested only in Jill, not in him. In every other way luck had been against him. It seemed particularly unjust that three years later Jill should be married to a Martian millionaire and Ross should have nothing.

But now he had an opportunity to even things up.

Ross heard steps on the concrete walk which ran round the house. He crouched lower in the bushes. Medner appeared round the angle of the house, looking down at the bunch of keys in his hand. He selected one and fitted it into the lock of the garage door.

Ross sprang twenty-five feet from concealment and the half-brick he held crashed on the back of Medner's head. Before he could fall, Ross had hit him again and again, until Medner's head no longer looked like a human head.

There was no need to feel his pulse. The man was dead. Few corpses had ever been deader.

Ross tossed aside the brick, knowing it wouldn't hold fingerprints. He glanced through the trees, out at the road, and could see nothing. There had been very little noise. Medner lay on his face, blood from his head running down inside the back of his collar.

About to walk calmly and casually out of the driveway and away from the house, Ross heard steps again. He gathered himself to jump back in the bushes, but he didn't have time. Round the angle of the house came Jill Medner.

Before she could scream he had jumped the twenty feet between them, spun her round and put his hand over her mouth.

"Don't make a noise," he said softly, "and don't struggle, or I'll have to kill you too."

She seemed to believe him, for her struggles ceased. Ross didn't release her, however.

This was a cruel stroke of bad luck. Jill must certainly have recognized him. He did his best to minimize the misfortune.

"All right, so you know who I am," he murmured, drawing her behind a bush so that they couldn't be seen from the road. "And you can see your husband's dead. I wasn't going to talk to you until much later than this, Jill, and you weren't supposed to know for sure that I was the one who killed your husband. But it doesn't matter—I know far too much about you for you to tell the police the truth."

The girl shuddered convulsively. He was satisfied that she was too scared to tell the police all she knew.

"In a nutshell, Jill," he went on, "you get your husband's money now, and I get a fair share of

it. Is that clear? Otherwise the New York police are going to come looking for you."

He slackened his grasp. Then he said quietly: "I'm going to walk out of here now, and if I were you I'd think things over before I did anything at all. So long, Jill."

He did as he had said, walking away without a glance behind him. There was no outcry. The street was empty.

It was a pity that Jill had seen him, but it didn't really matter. She wouldn't dare talk, he told himself confidently.

It was done. Medner was dead. Now all he had to do was dispose of the only evidence that remained—himself. He died, but what did that matter? The other Willie Ross lived. The beauty of the plan was that the Willie Ross who lived would not only have an unshakable alibi—he would actually be innocent of murder.

But Ross's walk slowed as he considered things from a new and more immediate angle. All this was very well, but if he killed himself now he would be extremely dead, as dead as Medner was. He himself wouldn't benefit—only his twin.

There was another way, he thought. Another ending to the story. Another solution.

He would much rather he lived than his twin. And it wasn't impossible to arrange that. The per-

fect alibi would still stand. He would use it instead of his twin, that was all.

All he had to do was return immediately to Earth and be ready for Willie Ross II when he arrived. Or . . . wait. Suppose he went to the Moon? People often went there masked, for obvious reason. Or . . .

Perhaps the best way of all was to lie low for a day or so before dealing with his twin. Willie Ross II would have no means of knowing that he hadn't destroyed himself as arranged. And it would be days before the Martian and Terran police got together in suspecting either of the Willie Rosses of the murder of Herbert Medner.

Thinking rapidly, he hurried back to the Transmission Center. Speed was essential. Wherever he went, he had to get well clear of Meyrburg before the local police knew that a crime had been committed.

Venus, he decided. After a few hours on Venus he could return to Earth, but not to New York, where all the TC employees knew him.

Entering the Center, he crossed to the desk. "Caribana, Venus," he said. "My name is Henry Morgan."

He gave the name of the famous pirate with a straight face, enjoying the joke.

"No, it's not," said a grim voice behind him. "It's Willie Ross."

The Meyrburg cops put him in a

cell. They didn't question him. They told him they were waiting for Inspector Danely from New York, and that was all.

In his cell Ross tried to be philosophical. After all, the original plan had entailed his annihilation. And all that could happen now was that the police would make him adhere to the original plan. They might burn him. They probably would. But how could they punish the other Ross?

He shrugged his shoulders. It was still a perfect plan. If one twin committed a crime by which both twins stood to benefit, how could the cops execute both twins? One would be unlucky—and it might, by a supreme irony, be the wrong one. But the winner took all. And it looked as if the winner in this case was Willie Ross II.

In a way it was even better this way. Now that he was caught, he was ready to settle the whole affair as quickly as possible. He might as well confess to the murder, sign everything they put in front of him except anything relating to the double-Ross matter. They'd rush through his trial, execute him and draw a neat double line under the case. Case closed.

And then the field would be wide open for Willie Ross II.

Keys rattled and the cell door was opened. Two men entered. One was the local police chief. The other introduced himself as Inspector Danely.

"Glad to know you, Inspector," said Ross, cool and still confident. He held out his hand.

Danely seemed taken aback for a moment. He was a thick man with a perpetual frown, as if he had spent all his life peering through frosted windows. Perhaps he had.

Almost instantly he recovered. "You're a cool customer, Ross," he said. "But it isn't going to do you any good. We know the whole story, you see."

Ross laughed.

"I don't say you weren't clever," Danely admitted. "The safeguards against this sort of thing are pretty tight—tighter than you guess. You were lucky in one or two ways that you don't even know about. But you haven't gotten away with it, any more than anybody ever does get away with it."

He looked reprovingly at Ross, shaking his head like a crook who punishes his son not for stealing, but for being caught. "All the same, you might have come a lot closer, if you hadn't gone and spoiled it."

"Spoiled it?" said Ross, giving nothing away, but touched on the raw nevertheless. How had he spoiled it? Had Jill told the police everything? If so, that was hardly his fault. And anyway, that didn't spoil it. His was a plan that couldn't be spoiled.

"You're literally a man who would doublecross himself," Danely said. "In fact, you did. You

didn't stick to your plan here—did you think you'd do it on the Moon either?"

For the first time Ross felt a stab of apprehension. If Ross II hadn't taken his chance to establish the alibi, the whole plan fell. For both of them.

Danely stared hard at him. "Yes, you doublecrossed yourself, Ross," he said. "A kind of double-Ross, huh? After phoning yourself here, you came straight back from the Moon, went to New York police headquarters and told us all about everything."

"Wait a minute," said Ross angrily. About to say something rash, he thought better of it and grinned instead.

Danely was trying to trap him.

Danely knew what had happened all right, probably in detail. Ross was supposed to say he couldn't have returned from the Moon and told the New York police the whole story, because there hadn't been time. It would have taken forty-five minutes to return from the Moonpool to Earth, and Ross had been on Luna, talking to him on the phone, around 8:50 New York time. At Meyrburg Transmission Center Ross had been arrested just after 9:30 New York time.

It couldn't have happened that way. Allowing for traveling, explanations and radioed instructions, there was at least half an hour too little.

"All right, we'll try it another way," said Danely, unperturbed. "You called us from the Moon. You told us you were on Luna—which we could easily check, and did—and said that if a double of yours showed up at Meyrburg Transmission Center on Mars, we should hold him, because you had reason to believe—"

"Why waste your time, Inspector? Okay, I killed Herbert Medner. That's what you want, isn't it? Write out a confession and I'll sign it."

Danely and the Meyrburg police chief exchanged glances. "We'll do that," said Danely softly.

Ross had a few seconds' uneasiness. Had he been trapped somehow? Had the other Willie Ross also signed a confession? But that was absurd. Ross II only had to maintain all along that he'd been on Luna all the time, and nobody could touch him. Ross II couldn't be trapped. Ross II had done nothing wrong.

He signed the brief statement.

"Not that it really matters," said Danely casually, folding the paper and putting it in his pocket, "for we could make out a good enough case anyway. Mrs. Medner's story, your footprints in the garden . . ."

So Jill had talked. Knowing nothing of Ross's master-plan, she thought her evidence would convict him. She'd get a shock when Ross I was executed and Ross II put the bite on her.

"However smart you were, Ross," Danely sighed, "you could hardly hope to be able to outsmart yourself. And the same applied to the Ross who called us from Luna. You broke your own scheme two ways."

"But why . . ."

"Why did the other Ross call us? You should know. He thinks exactly as you do. He said to himself: 'Now if I carry out this plan I may be safe and I may not. I don't trust that guy—and who knows him better than me? But if I call the police I can make sure they catch my twin and hang him, and I'll be in the clear.'"

Danely peered at Ross again as if suspecting him of having changed into somebody else.

"Technically," he went on, "he was right."

"And he's going to get away with it," said Ross confidently.

"Sorry?" asked Danely curiously.

"No."

Danely nodded. "Okay. Let's go."

"Where?"

"Back to Earth."

"What for?"

"Your twin brought us into this. It's our case. So you're coming back to New York for trial."

Although Ross shrugged his shoulders as if he didn't care, he did. He didn't want to meet his twin. He didn't want to hear his twin condemning him to death. He didn't want the whole scheme

brought into the open. He began to wish he hadn't had any second thoughts and had carried out his own perfect plan without making off-the-cuff changes in it.

But it couldn't be helped now.

He watched the preparations for taking him to New York. As a TC employee he had seen criminals being transported before and knew the routine. Danely and the other cop got into cubicles first. They'd be waiting for him when he arrived in New York. The Meyrburg police chief stayed behind, making sure Ross was properly dispatched.

When Ross arrived at New York Transmission Center he stepped out of his cubicle, saw Danely and the other cop, saw Margaret stare at him in the handcuffs which had been clicked on his wrists back on Mars, and still wasn't too worried.

Then . . .

He swore violently and tried to tear himself loose. Danely shook his head.

"You never had a chance, Ross," he said sympathetically. "You don't think you're the first to try this, do you? We know all the answers. And once you were fool enough to let us in on it we were way ahead of you."

Fear crawled in Ross's guts. He had seen nothing; it was in himself that he felt his doom.

For he was one again. The man who stood in the New York Trans-

mission Center was the man who had killed Medner, and also the man who had been at the Moonpool with Georgette. He could feel in his belly and in his head the raw alcohol which had been consumed at the Moonpool, the bruises he had suffered there. He knew everything he had done at the Moonpool and everything he had done in Meyrburg. The two who had worked against each other were together in one body, one mind.

Knowing both halves of the story now, he knew exactly how they had done it. On the Moon

and on Mars he had been told he was being taken back to Earth. And so he had been—to one receiver.

"I think we'll just forget your alibi," said Danely generously. "It would only confuse the issue. We can prove you killed Medner. You can say at your trial you were at the Moonpool too. It won't do you any good."

He smiled. "Glad we got you together again. There's much more point in burning you now. It's almost—" he grinned more broadly —" like killing two birds with one stone."



Gruesome Discovery at the 242nd St. Feeding Station

Having hopped from one warp to another
In the cubed queues at the algae troughs
And thus split into myself and other,
Although that damned green scum prodded coughs
Of incipient nausea, I still dared
Hope critical detachment on cellular
Levels would cause the thought to be unpaired
From its material doppleganger
And spare me gorge. Unfortunately the crush
Of feeders was such that mirages overlapped
And I found myself tongue deep in green mush
With appetite and aesthetic poles gapped
By hunger's spark and, from that moment, must confess
A swell of liking for the putrid mess.

—Walter H. Kerr