



I was just thinking...

CHRIS was tired. He and Hulda sat on the front porch looking out over the cows in the meadow, the corn in the field, the red clover across the road. And all of them needed Chris and Hulda from 5 o'clock in the morning to 10 o'clock at night.

For 50 years the farm had needed Chris. Now he was through.

"Let's put the farm up for sale and move to town, Hulda," he said. "Let's enjoy life a little before we die. I'd like to be some place where the neighbors are close by, where I can walk downtown, where we don't have to do a thing but move into an apartment and take it easy."

"That suits me fine," said Hulda.

J. W. Renfrow was tired, too. For all of his 65 years he'd been working in the heat and cold of the city, fighting the traffic, fighting to keep on top. On impulse, he picked up the phone on his massive desk and called Helen.

"Let's move to the country and relax," he said.

"I'm sick of the city and tired of working, Helen. I want to be out in the fresh country air where a man can hear the cows mooing."

Helen's voice was ecstatic.

"Wonderful, J. W.!"

That's how Chris sold his farm, though he couldn't afford J. W.'s apartment in trade. He moved into rooms in the heart of the city. And J. W. hired a neighbor to operate the farm.

Then every evening Chris and Hulda sat in the city apartment and looked out the window, waiting for the traffic to quiet a little so they could sleep. But they awoke at 5 as always and there was nothing to do.

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And J. W. and Helen sat on the front porch at the farm and tried to relax, but the quiet was deafening except for the mooing of the cows, which was equally deafening. J. W.'s ulcer, now fed on the fare of the farm, was kicking like a mule.

So pretty soon Chris and Hulda passed away from loneliness and so did J. W. and Helen. They were all buried in the same cemetery.

There, if they'd known it, was the only place the grass was greener.

Patty Johnson

THEY CALLED ME A "PENTAGON SPY" (Continued)

clandestine meeting.

"They warned me not to meet you again," he said slowly.

"Aren't you afraid somebody will see us?" I asked fearfully.

"I don't care," he shrugged.

Suddenly, half turning, he grinned.

"You're not really a spy, are you?"

"A spy!" I gasped.

"That's what they said you were. A 'Pentagon spy.' And your camera," he gestured, "a spy camera."

Anywhere else, it would have been a joke. But not in the U.S.S.R., just three months after the U-2 incident.

"Schoolteachers come here as tourists," the police had warned Dimitri. "They fool the foolish among our youth. They are not tourists but spies."

The Secret Police captain had jabbed a thumb in Dimitri's face. "Look at that camera the American girl-spy carries," he sneered. "She will take your photo back to the

Pentagon, and they will superimpose a Russian uniform on you, put you next to the President or some general, and say you defected to the West."

"They know I phoned Ivan," I said.

Dimitri nodded. "They know."

"And what if they see us together—after warning you?"

Dimitri shrugged, his lips tight, and then he gestured. Twice I'd noticed a woman in a loose-fitting red sweater who seemed forever to be crossing our path.

"She knows," he said with finality. "She's one of them."

Suddenly, I was ashamed. I was scheduled to leave Leningrad for Moscow at midnight and from there to return home. But Dimitri, our tête-à-tête already discovered, would remain to face the consequences.

It was nearly 9 p.m. but still light when once again we stood by the fountain where we'd met.

"You'll write to me, Betty?" Dimitri pleaded.

"I promise," I said. I repeated the promise as he let me off in front of my hotel. The promise was still on my lips as I turned toward the entrance—and recoiled with a start. Half-hidden in the gathering shadows was the peach-shirted man.

In Moscow, the American attaché heard my story.

"Don't write him," he cautioned sternly. "My advice is to get out of the Soviet Union as quickly as possible—and forget him. There's nothing you or anybody else can do for him now, Miss Koferts."

And for brave young Russians like Dimitri, there isn't.

(Because of the warning she received from the American attaché Miss Koferts never wrote to Dimitri, and her indirect efforts to learn of his fate have been fruitless thus far.)

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