

Because of the nature of this article, the adjoining picture was not taken in a maternity home. It is a scene from the recent CBS Playhouse 90 telecast, "In Lonely Expectation," which dealt with the same problem discussed here.

close. He had been so proud of her, and he couldn't take the catastrophe which had struck his household. For him she no longer existed.

WHEN GIRLS are first admitted to the home they are inwardly churning with emotion bordering on shock. Within hours, you can see a change. No longer do they feel critical eyes upon them, and they become carefree girls again, giggling over nothing at all.

There are moments of great seriousness, too. One of the first questions a roommate asked me was, "Are you going to see your baby?" and I overheard this question 40 times. Practically all the babies are given up for adoption; most of the girls do not even wish to see them—often on advice from parents.

I was also asked, "Will you tell your future husband?" I was deeply touched by the way they were plagued by this question of gnawing concern. The very young and idealistic blithely say, "Sure, why not? If he loves you he'll understand." The older girls are not so confident; they are more cynical of men's ability to take such revelation.

Anita, a raven-haired 26-year-old, put the question to our psychiatrist at our next meeting with him.

"It's your secret," he told us, and all sighed with relief. I have since learned that many pastors give the girls the same counsel.

One of my strongest beliefs was shaken within 24 hours of admittance. I had assumed these girls would be bitter against the fathers of their unborn children—an impression they often give caseworkers, perhaps to make it appear they were seduced or tricked.

But I found they placed little or no blame on the father. Any animosity they felt was more in the form of annoyance that "he gets off so easily while I have to go through all this."

It is amazing, too, how practical they are regarding the men responsible for their condition. Many of the girls could have married, but refused to do so. Naomi was wild about her fellow but knew he wouldn't do in the long run. "I need a strong man; one who'll make the decisions, and he can't. He'll always be what he is right at this moment—

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Nighttime heightens the girls' pain; they often lie awake, candidly confiding their thoughts of suicide.