

At 5:46 Max Bruno got off the bus at 27th & Shady Vista and shuffled the two hot dusty blocks to his home at 2907 Shady Vista. He kissed his wife, gave his 3-year old son a friendly cuff on the ear, grabbed the evening paper and went into the bathroom and drew a tubful of lukewarm water. While the tub was filling, he glanced at the headlines, noting with some relief that ~~Khrushchev~~ Khrushchev was still bullying but not actually making any threatening gestures ~~yet~~. He then turned to the comics, rereading two of his favorite strips with brow-furrowed thoughtfulness. He ~~then~~ ignored the sport ~~pages~~ pages having ~~checked~~ checked the baseball box scores in the morning paper at work.

It was not until he was in the tub that he turned to his favorite columnist, Angela ~~Mentor~~ Mentor, to see what problems had been brought forth for "Angie's Advice". There were four letters, but Max ~~realized~~ realized with disappointment that none of the problems involved spice, and ~~Angie's~~ Angie's responses contained little wit. However, one letter commanded his attention because it paralleled a situation involving his best friend:

~~The letter~~

"Dear Angie" the letter began, "There is this couple in our gang of young married people who won't talk to anybody now because a rumor got started that they were on the verge of divorce. There is little wonder that this rumor got started because he hired a very flashy looking girl ~~in~~ as his secretary and then she began trading at a store where they have the best

looking clerk. Of course the store is very close to her house, but everyone else in our crowd trades at another store. Besides, it seems to me that it's just too handy to have the store so close to the house with a handsome clerk and all if you know what I mean. Well anyway, they aren't getting a divorce but they won't talk to any of our gang because no one will admit they started the rumor. Don't you think it's kind of petty? They could have just laughed it off." Puzzled."

Angie's reply was to the effect that if ~~the rumor~~ a ~~xxxx~~ false rumor were to be started that "Puzzled" had embezzled a large fortune, she would probably not much feel like laughing it off. She added that people who repeated rumors were as bad as the ones who start them.

Max finished his bath, dressed ~~in~~ and strode into his den with determination. ^{and got out pen and paper} When his wife called him to dinner, he said, "Later, Marge." When she called him again more impatiently, he took time out to explain. "You know how everyone is saying that the Morrums are heading for a bust-up. Read this column of Angie's. There may be nothing in the rumor and it's bad to let it go on."

"But what has that got to do with you not coming to supper? There's nothing in the column that says how a thing like that should be handled. All it says is 'don't spread rumors.'"
"Exactly - that's why I'm writing Angie -"