Ladies' Home JOURNAL

May
1958~35¢

The Magazine Women Believe In

WHAT MUST BE DONE WITH OUR HIGH SCHOOLS — By A. WHITNEY GRISWOLD

COMPLETE NOVEL JONATHAN FOUND [redacted] SSUE

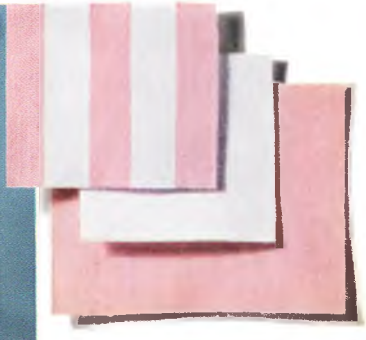
2-ROOM-AND-BATH VACATION COTTAGES FROM $2300 TO $3900

JOURNAL READERS REPORT SADISTIC PRACTICES
CRUELTY IN MATERNITY WARDS

"CANNON COMBSPUN PERCALES FIT MY WAY OF LIVING

they go on so easily, wear so well, look so lovely!"

It's child's play to make the beds—with Cannon's Ezy-Matic Corners. My fitted percales slip on without mattress lifting, stay tucked and smooth. Sturdy bias tape goes all the way around, for snug fit and long wear. Size is marked in several places, so I find it without unfolding the sheet. And they need never be ironed.



Gay stripes give white sheets a lift—so economically! Cannon Combspun Percales wear extra long, too. They are 186 count—certified colorfast by the American Institute of Laundering. I love their beauty, their smooth touch. And they are cool to sleep on in summertime. I use them to brighten all of our bedrooms.

CANNON

Only Cannon Combspun Percales give you so much beauty, so much comfort, so much wear

CANNON MILLS, INC., 70 Worth Street, New York 13, N. Y. · Towels · Sheets · Bedspreads · Draperies · Stockings · Terry Cloth


NOT A
WHISPER OF
BAD BREATH
WITH NEW IPANA
...its distinct taste tells you so
• New Ipana® Tooth Paste with germ-killing WD-9 prevents bad breath. Use it regularly. Ipana's distinct taste and refreshing after-taste tell you it cleans your entire mouth.
• Ipana with WD-9 actually has twice the decay-germ killing power of any other leading tooth paste. So it can help your children fight tooth decay effectively, too.
ipana®
TOOTH PASTE
Look for the BIG cap— only on NEW Ipana
Another fine product of Bristol-Myers

PIER ANGELI co-starring in "MERRY ANDREW"

A Sol C. Siegel Production—MGM Release, in CinemaScope and Metrocolor

a beautiful example of a Lux Complexion

"... soft pastels and white ... the rich lather ...
most of all, the gentleness, the mildness ..."

THAT'S THE BEAUTY OF LUX

That's Pier Angeli speaking about Lux—and she should know. Her complexion is a beautiful example of what gentle care every day with *naturally gentle* Lux can do for a girl's skin!

Put *your* trust in Lux, too. Its rich Cosmetic lather cleanses thoroughly yet is so mild. The Lux fragrance is delightful—a blend of several costly perfumes. And now both complexion and bath size Lux come in four soft, lovely pastels as well as white.

Lux is the proven beauty care ... used by more beautiful women all over the world than any other soap. Try it soon, won't you. Lever Brothers unconditionally guarantees complete satisfaction with Lux Soap or your money back.

9 out of 10 Hollywood Stars depend on Lux

Ladies' Home Journal

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VOL. LXXV NO. 5

May, 1958

JOURNALITIES

Cecil Maiden

One of our editors said of CECIL MAIDEN'S *Jonathan Found* (page 40): "If there's a likeness to Little Lord Fauntleroy, let the hard-boiled gender make the most of it. I *liked* Little Lord Fauntleroy—and so, if they'll remember and be honest, did they!" We never knew his young lordship, but we like Jonathan Found strictly on his own merits. The author was born in Southport, Lancashire, and educated at Merchant Taylors School and Reading University. He started writing articles and short stories for magazines in his school days and has been writing ever since. During World War II he served as a flight lieutenant in one of the film production units of the R. A. F., making documentary and news coverage of events in the air war. He has written film scripts for Walt Disney and Universal Studios. Although engaged in various film and television assignments at the present time, he says he prefers "straight writing."

Neal Stuart

NEAL GILKYSON STUART came to the JOURNAL after being woman's page editor for an evening paper in Portland, Oregon. "Documenting the human beings I meet on JOURNAL assignments," she says, "is to me the happiest work in the world. At home I have three children, ages six, nine and ten, whom I have given up trying to document. On weekends we fly kites in Valley Forge Park, which is fine exercise if you stick, as we do, to temperamental kites of unusual design that keep falling. We live in a house that is 117 years old, with a fort in every dark corner, and cracker crumbs under most of our living-room cushions. A How America Lives story right in Philadelphia (*Mother is a Doctor Now!*, page 131) was an occasion for rejoicing, but the children said, 'What, no present for us when you come home this time?'"

Nathaniel Benchley

NATHANIEL BENCHLEY reports: "I graduated from Harvard in 1938, and worked as a city reporter on the New York Herald Tribune until 1941, when I embarked on what turned out to be four and a half years in the Navy. There followed a brief stint as assistant entertainment editor on Newsweek, and for the last ten years I have been free-lancing, doing mostly fiction. I have written one short-lived Broadway play, one motion picture, a couple of television shows and three books. In the summer of 1938, my college roommate and I had an experience startlingly similar to the one in *Anything You Can Climb* (page 42)—so similar, in fact, that the only difference is that we were not husband and wife."

Condensed Novel Complete in This Issue

Stories

Special Features

General Features

Fashion and Beauty

Food and Homemaking

Architecture and Interior Decoration

Poems

Cover by Frances Pelligrini

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

At least 30 days before a change is to take effect please send your complete name, new address and a mailing label from a recent issue. If this is not possible, write out your old address and send it with the new one, including zone number. Address the Ladies' Home Journal, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pa. The post office will not forward copies unless you provide necessary postage. Duplicate copies cannot be sent.

OUR READERS WRITE US

A Father's Place . . . is in the Home?

Burlingame, California

Dear Editors: For almost one full year, *I* was the housewife in our domicile. A male, six-foot-two, 200-pound housewife.

Admittedly, it made a few door-to-door salesmen nervous; and the neighbors, also, were a bit unsettled at the sight of me—each weekday morning—standing in the doorway and waving to Joanne as she left for work. But it worked out wonderfully well for my family.

Our difficulties started when our two children arrived. At her heftiest, Joanne weighs a paltry 115 pounds; our daughter now weighs 60 pounds; our son, a mulish 45 pounds. By simple calculation, the lifting and pulling of two such children—on a conservative average of between fifteen and twenty-five times a day—involves lifting approximately 2300 pounds a day. That's over a "long ton" of weight.

Anyway, as a consequence of all the lifting, tugging, dressing, Joanne developed bursitis in both shoulders. Treatments and a painful operation were unsuccessful. So there we were. Two children and a mother who couldn't "mother" them. A father whose sales duties seldom permitted him to be home before nine at night. The nearest relative over a thousand miles away.

I blithely went out to hire domestic help. A staggering jolt: we simply could not afford such help. Nor did we want to leave the children in a nursery school every day.

Before we were married, Joanne had been an accountant and office manager. Now she made inquiries and was offered immediate jobs, with salaries in the neighborhood of $350 a month. The doctor said she would have no physical difficulties working at a desk.

We could do it—if I would stay home and run the house. Joanne and I reversed roles—and our solution was successful.

First, I came to know my two children in a way that most fathers seldom have an opportunity to. They were no longer little semisavages who had to be tolerated while my mind plotted a business deal; instead, they were *individuals* on a smaller scale, with loves, hopes, fears, talents and sensitivities which I had not suspected.

In turn, my growing awareness of my children had a beneficial effect on them. True, in my first days they had difficulty acquainting me with the ground rules (such as: I was to be *on call*, all day), but I soon learned. And as a result of my masculine approach to their problems, they became more self-reliant and resourceful. For example: a ball was thrown through the living-room window. It was *not* a catastrophe, as they clearly feared. It was something to be fixed. Of course they're not capable of installing a window themselves (as I did), but I hope they've begun to learn that just about any problem can be solved, once you tackle it and leave off the hand wringing.

The running of the house was also more efficient when I was doing it. With the greater strength and endurance which God gave to male bodies, I was able to start cleaning house first thing in the morning and work straight through without stopping. Outside, the lawn and gardens were in tiptop shape. And there were no more hurried calls to plumbers, electricians or repair men. That went for minor TV repairs too.

There was *no* physical drudgery in or around the house which overtaxed my strength, whereas Joanne had often been in a state of exhaustion by the time the children were bedded for the night. This is the ludicrous incongruity of our society: the male was given physical strength to survive and to provide for his family. But today, with the exception of laborers, farmers or athletes, the average man keeps "in shape" at golf, tennis or in gyms. All the while, his delicate mate is generally outworking him.

Mentally, my own "turnabout" was quite radical, in that, for the first time, I came to appreciate the feminine role in this world. My life had previously been—like that of most men—*compartmentalized* into business, travel and entertainment, and lastly (I'm afraid) home. I began to realize what women seem to have always known: the family is our reason for being. All other considerations are secondary. And I venture to suggest that a large portion of American males would do well to relearn this basic truth—and thereby eliminate some of their anxieties and tensions.

At last, Joanne's bursitis disappeared and I went back to work.

Naturally, I have tried to alter my previous habits; but despite my efforts, I again begin to spend increasing amounts of time and thought in the world of business. And as meetings last far into the night, my wife waits at home, alone with two sleeping children, and hungry for the sound of an adult voice. (A TV personality is *no* substitute—I know now.)

I'm on the way to business success, all right—I'm told that nothing can stop me.

Nothing, perhaps, except that niggling doubt: weren't we really better off, reduced income and all, when I stayed at home and Joanne was working? Or am I just being selfish because I'd like to be with my children more than twenty hours a week?

Sincerely,

B. T. MILAN

Latin Up-to-Date

She came. . . .

He saw. . . .

She conquered.

RUTH WATKINS

Ageless Journal

Dallas, Oregon

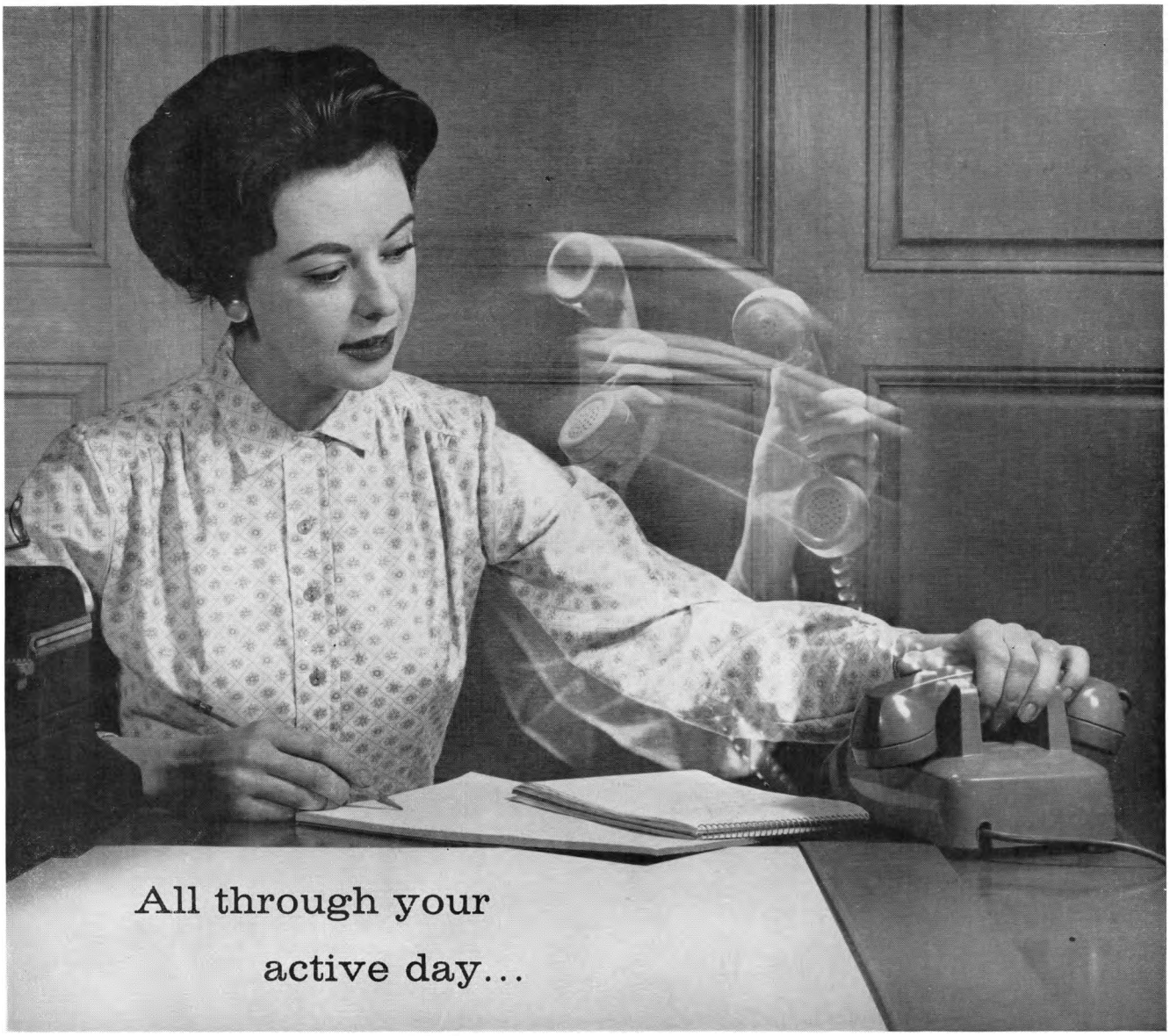
Dear Editors: I've read LADIES' HOME JOURNAL since I was a girl some 35 years ago, and this magazine is like a group of good friends who might come each month

CONTINUED ON PAGE 36

Got designs on a man? Then this is for you: The soft flattery of pink plus the brilliant excitement of orange —all in one shade. It's bold. It's feminine. It's the shade Paris says will make him yours, and the one shade daring enough to flatter you in all your new bright fashion colors. Max Factor brings you this different, delicious lipstick color! In his creamy, rich Hi-Fi formula that stays on...stays lovely 'til you take it off.

$1.25
PLUS TAX

only in Max Factor's new hi-fi Lipstick



new MUM® stops odor without irritation

So gentle for any normal skin you can use it freely every day

If you've ever worried about your deodorant failing . . . or about underarm stinging or burning from using a deodorant daily—now you can set your mind at ease.

New Mum Cream will stop odor right through the day and evening. And new Mum is so gentle for normal skin you can use it whenever you please. Even right after shaving, or a hot bath.

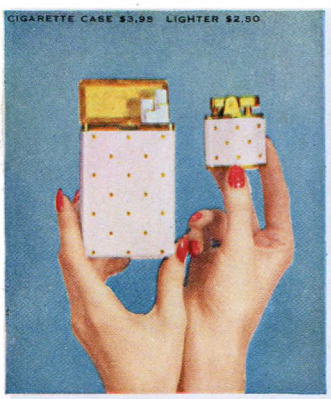
Contains no aluminum salts

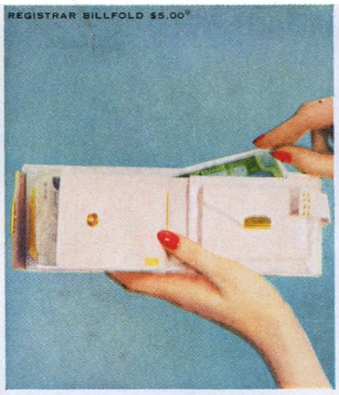
Mum Cream gives you the kind of protection you can't possibly get from any other leading deodorant—because it works a completely different way.

Mum Cream is the only leading deodorant that works entirely by stopping odor. Mum contains no astringent aluminum salts (often the *villain* when it comes to irritation). It keeps on working actively to stop odor 24 hours a day with M-3—Mum's wonderful hexachlorophene that destroys *both odor* and *odor-causing* bacteria!

When Mum is so effective—yet so gentle—isn't it the deodorant for *you?*

MUM contains M-3 (bacteria-destroying hexachlorophene) ... stops odor 24 hours a day. Won't damage clothes.





Start her Persian Princess set with a French Purse...in her favorite size!

Now you can pick the French Purse that *custom-fits* her taste and needs! Newest, the dainty, demi-size "Demoiselle," with leather-lined change-purse; compartmented billfold luxury-lined in rich rayon faille. All three French Purse sizes shown, in glamorous Persian Princess style—twinkling "jewel"-studded polished Gahna cowhide in exciting exotic colors.

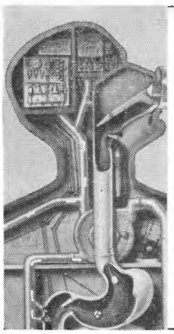
get your
money's worth
for your money... give

PRINCESS GARDNER® Persian Princess accessories

PRINCE GARDNER COMPANY, 1234 S. KINGSHIGHWAY, ST. LOUIS 10, MISSOURI AT FINE STORES EVERYWHERE *PLUS TAX

Bufferin® relieves pain twice as fast!

Di-Alminate makes the difference



Medical science knows that a pain reliever must get into the blood stream to relieve pain.

Bufferin combines aspirin with an exclusive combination of two antacid ingredients called Di-Alminate. These speed the pain reliever into the blood stream *twice as fast*. So .

Bufferin relieves pain *twice as fast*. And it won't upset your stomach as aspirin often does.

1. All leading pain remedies, including other compounds, rely on aspirin! But...

2. Aspirin without antacid is relatively slow-acting. It is acid and can irritate your stomach.

3. Only Bufferin adds to aspirin an exclusive combination of antacids called Di-Alminate. So Bufferin relieves pain twice as fast as aspirin—won't upset your stomach!

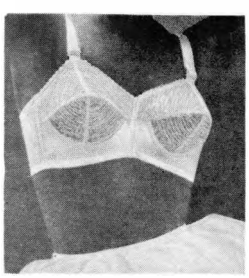
ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

Won't upset your stomach as aspirin often does!

"Goodness! So many elastic bras to choose from!"

"Yes, but this one is satin elastic – A'Lure by Warner's"

Here, the famous A'Lure. Rayon satin elastic; embroidered nylon marquisette cup tops. #1045. White or black. $3.95. For extra help, the foam-lined version. #1049. In white, $5.00.



Circular-stitched A'Lure – for high firmness. Embroidered and plain nylon marquisette and satin elastic. #1047. White. $5.00.

For added support this A'Lure has special cups, a softly-lined 2-inch band. Nylon lace cup tops. #1075. White. $5.00.

As you live and breathe, darling– so does your satin elastic A'Lure

Did you know that every time you breathe, your bra size changes? Does *your* bra change with you? Does it *move* with you–through one of your bending-lifting-on-the-run days? Chances are the answer is *no*. So why not wear an elastic bra? (Especially if you're an in-between size, which half the women are.)

And be sure it's A'Lure®–for all elastic bras are *not* alike. Others are woven with cotton–tend to be hard-stretching, even stiff. But Warner's® A'Lure is made with soft, pliable-as-you satin elastic. That's why it fits, feels, *wears* so wonderfully. Just *look* at A'Lure. You'll see what we mean. At your nicest stores.

NEW TIDE

with RESERVE CLEANING POWER

...wonderful **extra** cleaning power to get your whole wash clean and fresh as an ocean breeze. What a beautiful sight when your wash is done! Everything, even problem wash comes out more than bright, more than white... really clean! So clean smelling, too...with a fresh air and sunshine cleanness you'll love. **Yes, the cleanest clean possible is new Tide clean!**

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL
BRUCE GOULD
BEATRICE BLACKMAR GOULD
EDITORS

COLIN SIMKIN COLLECTION

LANDSCAPE, FRUIT AND FLOWERS. Fruit or flowers were quite the vogue in the mid-nineteenth century. Currier & Ives produced many such prints. This composition was created by Fanny Palmer in 1862.

WHAT PRICE LIBERTY?

By DOROTHY THOMPSON

The most dangerous illusion from which free men suffer is the widely held idea that freedom maintains itself by the mere fact of its being.

Government of, by and for the people through freely elected representatives; impartial courts to judge under laws made by such representatives; constitutional protection of life, liberty and legally acquired property; freedom of individuals and of voluntarily organized groups to express and pursue their interests and ideas without interference by the police power—these, common to all the more advanced and civilized societies, seem to us to constitute a form of government conducive to the greatest happiness, material prosperity and human creativeness, and one that will, therefore, sustain and spread itself by sheer force of example.

But civilizations are not so sustained or furthered. Their survival, as Arnold Toynbee makes clear in his monumental work, A Study of History, depends upon their capacity to respond to challenge. Abraham Lincoln, one of the greatest of our Presidents, was also one of the most somber. He knew that human societies as great as or greater than ours had, in the past, declined and eventually perished if only to rise again, centuries later in greatly modified forms, in places far from their points of origin.

Of all forms of government and society, those of free men and women are in many respects the most brittle. They give the fullest freedom for activities of private persons and groups who often identify their own interests, essentially selfish, with the general welfare. They tend to reduce the function of legislators to rubber-stamping popular demands or steering a course of uncertain compromise between them. They diffuse, and thereby dissipate, responsibility. They offer the people the widest possible range of choice.

But freedom of choice does not obviate the necessity to choose well.

It does not guarantee that any choice, or any choices, will prove compatible with survival. It often leads to such paralysis of decision that a leader arises to "take matters into his own hands," a step which is all too often welcomed by the masses of the people, ready to relinquish responsibilities that have become onerous and confused in exchange for their liberties. History, from antique times to the modern present, is replete with such examples.

It is not the fact of liberty but the way in which liberty is exercised that ultimately determines whether liberty itself survives.

The West today—the civilization out of which America was born and of which it has become the leader—is as challenged as was the great civilization of Rome immediately before its decline and fall. But our response to that challenge is feeble, contradictory and confused.

One reason is that neither our leaders nor our people have clearly analyzed the challenge. They have thought it sufficient to extol the virtues of liberty, the superiority of the American and Western standard of living, to point out the vices and failures of the Communist regimes, and to keep this country and the West in a formidable military posture.

For the last, Congress, backed by the American people, has always been willing to appropriate whatever moneys were required, sometimes, even, in excess of Administration requests. But the challenge in other sectors has gone largely unheeded.

Until Russia put the first Sputnik into orbit, it was almost tantamount to treason to point out any *virtues* in Communist regimes from the viewpoint of their possible superiority in the race for the survival of their civilization over our own. To do so meant to be called "pro-Communist." That is as silly as it would be to call a person who puts in a fire alarm "pro-fire."

Nor is it basically relevant to count the costs in human suffering that Russians have paid for their indubitable achievements. No Westerner is, or should be, willing to pay such costs, nor could our civilization permit them and remain free. To do so would be to throw in the sponge and admit surrender. But the problem still remains: What are these achievements, and what are we, as free men and women, prepared to do, and to sacrifice, to meet the challenge the achievements present?

CONTINUED ON PAGE 14

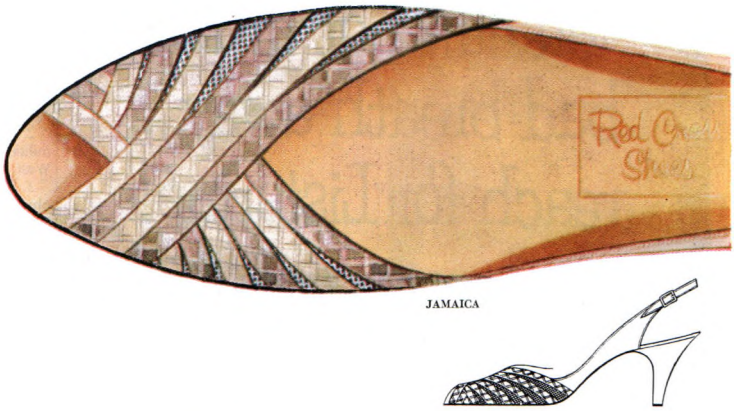
EVENING ENSEMBLE BY SCAASI

I dreamed I made an impression in my maidenform bra!

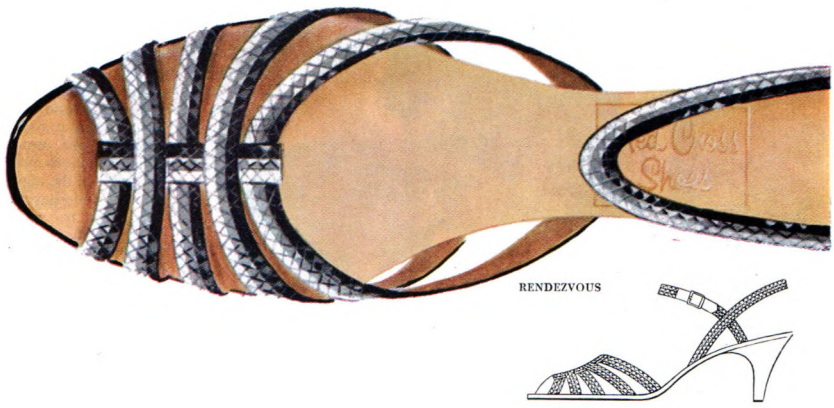
Lights, camera, action—*I'm* the center of attraction in my new Twice-Over** Long-Line bra! Here's terrific Twice-Over styling with airy elastic cut criss-cross under the arms—and double-stitched circles on the broadcloth cups. *Now* it's yours in a *long* version that makes you seem *sizes* slimmer! *Hurry!* Try Twice-Over Long-Line by Maidenform! A, B, C and D cups. Full and ¾ lengths. from 3.95

And ask for a Maidenform girdle, too!

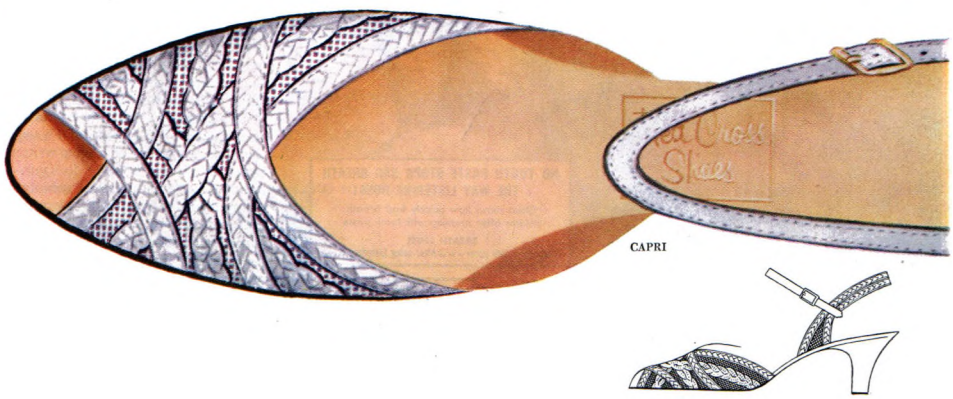
Look for this colorful package everywhere!



JAMAICA



RENDEZVOUS



CAPRI

Red Cross Shoes

FEATURED IN CANADA AS GOLD CROSS SHOES

Trade wind straws:
Summer's most refreshing fashion

Glossy and glistening . . . looking serenely lovely anywhere at all in your summertime world. Picture these polished styles with your floating skirts . . . your pretty cotton separates. So beautiful . . . and so *beautifully fitting* that you know the minute you take a step . . . *these* are Red Cross Shoes. And you love them.

Largest selling brand of fine footwear in the world. Styles from 10^{95} *to* 13^{95}

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

As for the achievements:

1. The Soviet Union in forty years, starting in a primitive, largely agricultural, precapitalist and illiterate nation, ravaged by war and civil war, and interrupted, again, by four years of war fought on her soil, has become the second industrial state of the world, at a rate of expansion exceeding our own, without the investment of foreign capital from more advanced nations.

2. She is equal, and perhaps superior, in military power and modern weapons to the West.

3. She has produced a population of great physical hardihood and endurance that is now leading the world in many forms of sport.

4. She has produced a very large intellectual elite in all fields except the humanities, and has a seemingly inexhaustible reserve of scientists, engineers and technicians, and (quite as important) enormous cadres of linguists who among them command all the world's languages.

5. Her people, as a whole, are imbued with a fierce patriotism and sense of mission that, whatever their sufferings, make them convinced that Russia represents "the wave of the future."

6. During the past four years, she has been entering, in Asia and Africa, the field of foreign aid and investment, also at a rate exceeding our own, setting conditions more favorable in the minds of most underdeveloped countries than we do.

7. Economically the Communist bloc proceeds with a higher degree of integration than does the West.

This seven-point challenge demands a re-evaluation in many sectors of action. I do not believe that American industrial productivity need be overreached, but the challenge requires fresh methods to deal with stagnation, no matter upon whose selfish interests the methods may tread. Nor do I fear that the Soviets, now that we are aware of the challenge, will overcome us in the military field.

The challenge certainly requires a radical re-evaluation of educational purposes and methods, about which I have written in these pages before and hope to do again—with the aid of volumes of material voluntarily placed at my disposal by teachers, parents, and men and women who have been intelligently concerned with the course of American education for a decade or more and have devoted deep research to it.

Here I shall confine myself to the challenges of points 6 and 7.

"Foreign aid," or what the President now chooses to call "mutual security," has to fight its way annually through Congress against the jeers of opponents who call it "giveaway." This makes it impossible to lay down any consistent strategy. Despite the fact that the economic future of the advanced industrial nations lies in access, at least on equal terms, to the enormous resources and markets of Asia and Africa, Congress seems relatively indifferent to Communist economic penetration which could take over these areas without firing a single gun, and make it impossible, even, ever to fire one!

We may assume that Soviet leaders, not being crazy, will not launch a great war in the age of thermonuclear weapons. But we may equally well assume that they have not abandoned their well-publicized intention to become the dominant and controlling civilization of the world.

In this struggle for control they have many advantages. Afro-Asian nations still cherish resentments left over from previous colonial rule, resparked by the Suez venture of 1956. But it is an error to believe that these nations, most of them politically "uncommitted" to either power bloc, have no apprehensions about Soviet imperialism. They wish to be helped to their feet, in order to create and maintain independence, and they know the danger of having all their eggs in one basket that can be withdrawn by the pull of a string in Moscow.

Yet "the people who walked in darkness have seen a great light."

It lights up their backwardness, their squalid poverty and the listlessness born of disease. With natural resources of many kinds at their disposal, they are no longer willing to live on the brink of starvation with incomes often as low as $50 per year. Few of them are interested in "democracy" or any other secular "ideology," nor can they be wooed by or bribed into military alliances. They want food, clothing, shoes, medicines, schools, industries, know-how.

Few if any of them can, as Russia did, lift themselves by their own bootstraps, for Russia, a vast and not overpopulated country when the Communists took over, had within her borders resources that, in Asia and Africa, only China possesses. They must, therefore, have foreign capital until via industry they can develop their own.

Russia started exporting capital and capital goods only four years ago. In Middle Eastern and Asian countries neighboring on her own, Russia has already outstripped in capital assistance American efforts of a decade, and over all is only two years behind the U.S.A. In short, as an investor of capital abroad, Russia is on the way to outinvesting the capitalist countries. Furthermore, Russia is stepping in at a time when world prices for primary producers, which the Asians are—metals, rubber, rice, cotton—have been falling, wiping out by approximately one half what American aid has given since 1949.

Only under a sustained, long-term plan, foreseen for a decade at least, and not subject to annual congressional debates and whims, can the West build up its influence in Asia and Africa.

The price would not be at all high in comparison with what we presently spend for arms. Four or five billions a year, made available by increasing the resources of the World Bank and Monetary Fund, would put nation after nation on their economic feet and keep them free of dependency on the Communist bloc.

But it requires decision, long-term planning, and integration of Western efforts.

The foreign investments of the Communist bloc are completely integrated. The U.S.S.R., Red China, Czechoslovakia, Poland, East Germany are all sending capital goods and making loans in Asia and Africa under a common plan. But the advanced countries of Western Europe and America have no common plan or division of labor and effort at all.

In a contest between integrated and disintegrated effort the former cannot fail to win. It would be history's most ironic jest if the Communists proved themselves abler capitalists and traders than capitalist lands!

There is no reason why it should be so, except for public and congressional apathy, indolence and indecision.

And there is not unlimited time—not one year, or five, or ten. The issue must be settled in the present Congress, on a bipartisan basis. Otherwise we may lose the world of freedom, not by battle but by default—default of intelligence and of will. Not *some* time, but in this generation. END

OUT OF SIGHT...

By ELEANOR AVERITT

Praise God for "busy work"
For idle hands to do—
To keep from thinking
"Why do I . . ." and
"Darling, where are you?"

Praise God for floors to sweep
And clothes that won't stay clean—
And yet the broom says,
"Why did you . . ." the tub,
"Where have you been?"

Wonderful Dial Soap!

Real mildness. Rich lather. Colors, too. But Dial

gives you more. Much more. Dial gets rid of skin bacteria, protects your complexion all day—even under make-up. Wonderful Dial!

"*We only compel students to fail if we make them take courses beyond their abilities.*"

DR. SPOCK TALKS WITH MOTHERS

ABBOT MILLS

The American people believe all children should have the benefit of a high-school education.

Forcing children beyond their abilities in school

By BENJAMIN SPOCK, M. D.

I worry that the criticism of our high schools that has been provoked by the launching of the Soviet Sputniks will persuade our citizens that we ought to throw away some of the educational aims and methods we have developed instead of strengthening them.

I know that there are serious deficiencies in many of our schools. Our educators have not been complacent about them. They have been imploring us to correct them for two decades now. In many parts of the country we have paid little attention.

We, the richest nation in the world, have spent proportionately less on public education than Russia or England. We spend infinitely more on cars and household appliances, more on tobacco, more on liquor, more on cosmetics than we spend on education. We have let school building fall far behind our requirements. We aren't offering sufficient salaries or prestige to recruit anywhere near the number of teachers we need. Many whom we are using are only partly trained. Two thirds of our brightest high-school graduates fail to go to college, most commonly for financial reasons.

The reasoning of many critics has been as follows:

Our schools give too many "soft" courses and do not require a lot of mathematics and science as Soviet schools do. That must be the reason why we have fallen behind in the scientific field of missiles and satellites. Therefore we should get rid of "soft" courses and teach much more science.

There are serious gaps in this reasoning. It is true that the Soviets have developed scientists by giving their brightest children an intensive schooling, providing them with full scholarships in college, rewarding them with high salaries and prestige. But there is no evidence that America is behind the Soviets in *most* aspects of science and technology—far from it—so there is no proof here that our educational system, with all its insufficiencies, is not working at least as well as theirs.

The people in charge of our satellite programs have complained so far as I have heard, not that they were unable to find scientists but that they were not granted sufficient funds. For a number of years we have been cutting our defense budgets, to the point where skilled workers and engineers in defense industries have recently been unemployed. Under such circumstances it seems farfetched and unfair to jump on educators first of all, at least until there is more evidence.

Before we discuss further our own schools, I'd like to clarify some points about Soviet education, so far as I am able. The most startling statement we have all heard is that the youth who graduate from Russian high schools (at the end of the tenth grade) have had four years of chemistry, five years of physics, advanced algebra, geometry, trigonometry and elementary calculus. We should realize, however, that in the past only a minority went through ten grades. The rest stopped after seven grades. It was in 1951 that the Soviets decided that they would make ten grades compulsory for all students, and they set 1960 as the date. By 1955 about a third of their students were getting that far. But according to the bulletin of our Department of Health, Education, and Welfare, the Soviet press reported at that time that "in many cases from 30 to 50 per cent of the children were failing in grades 8, 9 and 10." As a result, "the material was simplified and condensed," and more time was allotted to practical experience in the sciences. I feel sure that by the time all the rest of their youth (including the less bright and less ambitious ones) are going through tenth grade, they will have to make still-greater "simplification." This is no reflection on the Russians. A majority of American high-school students could not take courses in advanced algebra, geometry, trigonometry either, nor traditional academic courses in chemistry and physics. It requires an I.Q. of more than 100 to understand such subjects, yet in the population as a whole there are as many with I.Q.'s below 100 as above.

To be sure, there are aspects of chemistry, physics, geology, biology which can be successfully taught at any level of age and intelligence. They are taught in many American elementary as well as high schools. My own opinion is that these are excellent subjects for *all* students to take in reasonable amounts because they both train the child's mind and give him an understanding of the real world around him. (I think mathematics is fine training, too, so long as we recognize that when it gets to algebra and beyond, it can't be simplified much.)

The main point I'm making, though, is that it's impossible that the Soviets have found a magic educational system that enables average and below-average pupils to absorb stiff academic subjects, as some of the critics seem to assume. We should realize that only a small proportion of the youth of any country can be

CONTINUED ON PAGE 18

You get a Cleaner Wash with CLOROX®

Whitest and Brightest!

Add Clorox to your washday suds ... *every time*... and you add *extra* cleanliness to your laundry. White cotton, linen, nylon and rayon come out *extra* white—*extra* clean. Colorfast cotton and linen come out *extra* bright—*extra* clean.

Clorox does a better job of bleaching and stain removing than any other type of laundering product. So, if you want the cleanest wash you can get... you want a wash that's *Clorox-clean!*

Safest for Health!

Clorox gives you added health protection, too! No other bleach, no other laundering product, equals Clorox in germ-killing efficiency.

To safeguard your family's health, wash your clothes sanitary-clean with Clorox...*every time!*

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

trained to be scientists. There wouldn't be jobs for a lot more even if they could be trained. We only compel students to fail if we make them take courses beyond their abilities.

Incidentally, it is good to know that we do not have to depend only on parents with superior intelligence for our crop of superior children. Though parents of average intelligence produce an intellectually superior child only occasionally, nevertheless there are so many more such parents, altogether, that they contribute more of the superior children in the final count.

Next I want to take up the complaint of many critics (especially the older ones) that American high schools today allow students to take all kinds of easy and practical and "life adjustment" courses, instead of sticking to the stiff academic curriculum they remember from their own school days.

The composition of the student body of our high schools has changed enormously. A century and a quarter ago there were no public high schools. There were private academies where a few sons of educated parents who expected to be ministers, doctors and lawyers were prepared for college. In 1870 there were 80,000 high-school students, in 1900 there were 500,000, and in 1940 there were 6,600,000. This extraordinary change took place because the American people came to believe that all children should have the benefit of a high-school education and passed laws making it compulsory.

An Arabian sheik needed one more horse for his entourage before setting off on a trip to the desert. Two horses from a village nearby were brought to him, but the owner of each horse, not wanting to give up his animal, insisted his horse was worthless, broken-winded, crippled, and so on. "It's a simple thing to settle," said the sheik. "We will stage a race between the horses. The winning horse will be taken."

An adviser stepped forward and whispered, "It won't work, Your Highness. Neither man will let his horse ride fast."

"They will," said the sheik. "Let each man ride the other's horse."

Ken Murray's Giant Joke Book
Published by Ace Books, Inc.

Every Western nation has wrestled with the problem of how to draw the lines between different categories of students and different types of education, when *all* youths are required to attend. The tendency in Europe, where schools are run by the central government, has been to select by about the time they reach eleven years of age the small minority of the students who show particular aptitude for academic work and to give them an intensive academic high-school course which prepares them excellently (in intellect, anyway) for a university. The rest are given a shorter, less demanding course, with the opportunity to learn a vocation.

In America, of course, educational policy is decided in each school district, under some supervision from the state. In effect, our citizens have declared: "We don't want our schools to select, before the seventh grade, the minority of students they think should be prepared for college, and to give all the rest a vocational training. We want the door left open for each pupil to choose the kind of education he thinks he can profit from." This is fine in theory and works out quite well in large prosperous cities, where every type of high-school curriculum is available, including a wide variety of vocational and general courses for average students, intensive college preparation for the brightest ones. But in smaller and poorer cities and towns, which cannot afford as much variety, the tendency has been to concentrate on a general high-school curriculum,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 23

A telephone call from out of town

takes the blues out of the night

Talking over the telephone with someone who's out of town can brighten the evening at *both* ends of the line.

So much can be said in a telephone call. Why not call right now?

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM
Call by Number. It's Twice as Fast.

You save money when you call Station-to-Station
instead of Person-to-Person

For example:	First 3 Minutes Person-to-Person	First 3 Minutes Station-to-Station	Each Added Minute (applies to all calls)
New York to Baltimore	85¢	55¢	15¢
Cleveland to Chicago	$1.15	75¢	20¢
St. Louis to Omaha	$1.30	85¢	25¢
Albuquerque to Los Angeles	$1.65	$1.10	30¢
Boston to Miami	$2.25	$1.50	40¢

These rates apply nights after 6 o'clock and all day Sunday. Add the 10% federal excise tax.

How scientists scored a major victory in the fight against one of our most stubborn diseases

The Mysterious Quonset Hut That Made Dental History

BY MARGUERITE HIGGINS
Noted Journalist and Pulitzer Prize Winner

"What in the world can they be doing inside that Quonset hut?"

Since 1952, many a perplexed citizen of the Midwestern town of Bloomington has asked that question. Day after day, a stream of people passed through the doors of the hut—yet the purpose of the "dental study unit" there remained largely a mystery.

Today, the mystery of the Quonset hut is gone. As all of Bloomington knows, the hut was headquarters for America's newest weapon against tooth decay—a stannous fluoride toothpaste now called Crest.

And the thousands of grownups and children who came to the hut for four years? They were taking part in tests on Crest—**the greatest series of "in-use" tests ever made on a toothpaste.**

I think you'll agree that these tests made dental history when you look at these results—

In one test with adults, those who brushed with Crest had 42% fewer new cavities than those who used ordinary toothpaste.

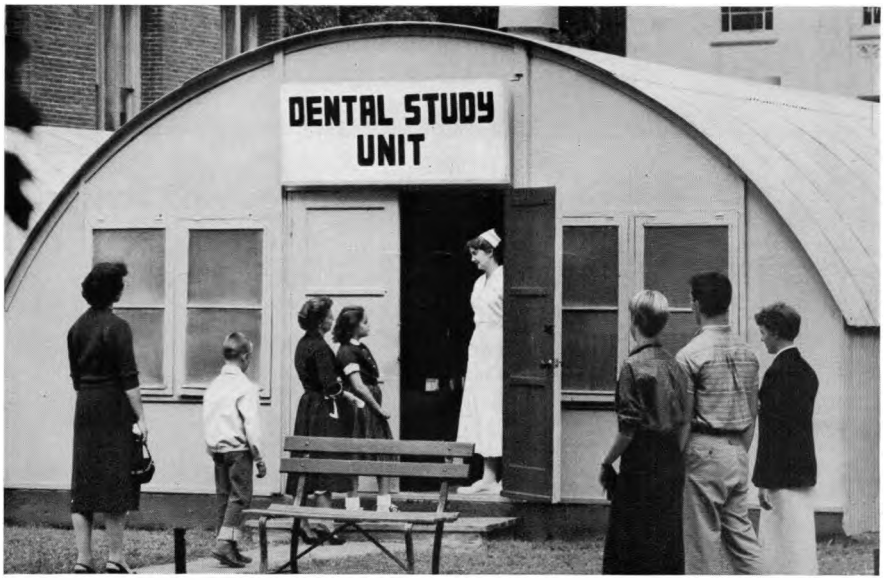
In another test, this one with children, those who used Crest had 49% fewer new cavities.

On the average, including both grownups and children, Crest cut decay almost in half.

Norman Rockwell has dramatized on the opposite page a happy youngster who had **no new cavities at all** between dental checkups. This exciting result of using Crest with Fluoristan took place frequently in the Bloomington tests.

How does Crest work? **Scientists explained to me that virtually all of us have "soft spots" on our teeth**—weak places where cavities usually start. Crest, with its special fluoride formula called Fluoristan, strengthens those soft spots against decay.

Yes, the Quonset hut at Bloomington was a mystery—but a mystery with a "happy ending" for all of us!



GROWNUPS AND CHILDREN REPORT to the Quonset hut in Bloomington to take part in the most extensive toothpaste tests ever made. A series of dental examinations showed that those who brushed with Crest Toothpaste had far fewer new cavities, compared with those who used ordinary toothpaste.

"Look, Mom—no cavities!"

Crest Toothpaste stops soft spots from turning into cavities—means far less decay for grownups and children. And Crest freshens your mouth—sweetens your breath.

COMMENDED BY PARENTS' MAGAZINE

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

BRINGING UP BABY®

HINTS COLLECTED
BY MRS. DAN GERBER
MOTHER OF 5

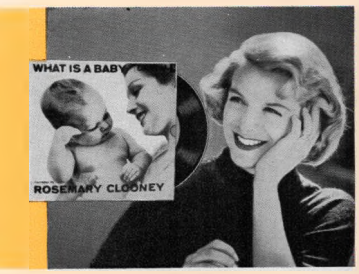
the spotlight's on baby

Reserved for the most important people: National Baby Week—April 26 to May 3. Food for thought on this special occasion: In the hustle-bustle of doing things for baby, few of us stop to think what baby does for us. I like this mother's interpretation:

"The most wonderful thing about babies is that they enrich your life, give direction to your dreams and provide a reason for rising above the humdrum."

feature of the month

Exclusive Gerber Offer ✓ ✓ ✓ Starring Rosemary Clooney



For mothers of lovely babies everywhere: Gerber offers an original recording called "What is a Baby," narrated by Rosemary Clooney . . . charming TV star and mother of 3. It's an irresistible biography of your baby and all babies, told with the tenderness, humor and insight all mothers will understand and cherish. On the other side of the record, Miss Clooney sings two favorite lullabies: "Close Your Eyes," and "All the Pretty Little Horses." Both are sure to delight you and your family. For your copy of this 7 inch, 33⅓ Lp Columbia record of "What is a Baby," just send 50¢ and 6 labels or boxtops to Dept. 85-8, Gerber Baby Foods, Fremont, Mich. In Canada, send to: Gerber Baby Foods, Niagara Falls, Canada. Offer expires Dec. 31, 1958.

tuned to baby's taste

5 inviting ways to make your tyke like to eat. Gerber Baby Cereals are prepared to please your baby's uneducated palate . . . both from the standpoint of taste and texture. Each has its own interesting but delicate flavor—all have the good-feeling texture babies like. Gerber Baby Cereals are prepared in the nutritional interests of little ones. All 5—Rice Cereal, Barley, Oatmeal, Mixed Cereal and High Protein Cereal are fortified with iron, calcium and B-vitamins. The High Protein Cereal has a 35% protein content. Ready to serve, too! Just add formula or milk.

quality first

Every week is baby week at Gerber, so far as your baby's well-being is concerned. As a mother who wants the most nutritious food for her baby, you'll be pleased to know that all Gerber Baby Foods are quality-tested in 28 ways to insure absolute purity, true flavors, appealing colors and the highest possible nutritive value. For when it comes to babies . . . mothers and Gerber agree, it's quality first.

rugged individualism . . . baby style

All parents feel the need to be reassured that baby is developing normally. So they often compare baby's achievements with those of other children . . . sometimes to their delight, more often to their disappointment. Comforting findings from a survey on child behavior: (1) No two babies develop in the same way at the same time. (2) There are approximate times when some babies do certain things, but behavior patterns vary so widely, few comparisons can be made. (3) No matter what they do when, most babies catch up with each other in the end.

dinners to invite delight

All savory goodness and substantial nourishment—that's the story on Gerber's Strained High Meat Dinners. For they have 3 times as much meat and much more protein than regular vegetable and meat combinations. Selected vegetables and cereal are blended with this extra meat for exceptional flavor and excellent nutritive value. 3 Strained varieties: Beef, Chicken or Veal. Also in the Junior minced texture for tots who enjoy chewing.

Babies are our business...our only business!

NATIONAL BABY WEEK

Gerber baby foods

FREMONT, MICHIGAN

5 CEREALS • OVER 80 STRAINED & JUNIOR FOODS, INCLUDING MEATS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18

designed for the average student, which is not very specialized in any direction. A small high school has often been unable to offer advanced mathematics and science for several reasons. There may not be enough students with the aptitude and desire for such courses to justify the cost. Even if the school wants instructors, it will have difficulty today finding people in these fields who will work for a schoolteacher's salary. Furthermore the sciences can't be taught without expensive, space-consuming laboratories.

What can America do, then, to bring more students to college and through college with a strong background in mathematics and science? We'll need to use all possible approaches. I myself don't see how we can get along without a very broad scholarship program, to make it possible for every superior student who wants to go to college to go. It would be quite unfair to restrict it to students heading for scientific careers. Our country is entitled to all the bright educated people it can develop, in all fields. Who knows whether it might not be a statesman or a minister of the gospel who will someday show the way out of the senseless rivalry between the Soviets and ourselves?

There will probably be further consolidation of schools. The larger the school, within sensible limits, the wider the range of classes it can provide in any one subject, in order to adapt the instruction to the aptitudes of different pupils.

There may be ways developed to utilize more widely the science instructors we do have, through television, for instance, or by loaning to schools which lack them the part-time services of those who can be spared from other schools, colleges and industries.

The modern minds in each generation are the critics who preserve us from a petrifying world, who will not leave us to walk undisturbed in the ways of our fathers. EDITH HAMILTON
The Greek Way
Published by
W. W. Norton & Company, Inc.

Even so, we shall need many more instructors, and the essential first step in getting them will be through substantial salary increases. Since some states and districts are much poorer than others and since the Federal Government collects three quarters of the taxes, a majority of educators believe that there will have to be Federal subsidy. That's my personal opinion too.

The point I feel most sure about myself is that, in belatedly trying to improve our science and mathematics, we must not do it at the expense of other aspects of our educational system which are developing other potentialities in our children. It would be tragic if, in a panic in one respect, we jumped to the thoughtless assumption that the Soviets are wiser than we in all respects, and that our only solution is to ape them. They have made colossal blunders in the past and are having many kinds of trouble at the present time—with their satellite countries as well as with their own citizens. Their university students are said to be impatient with endless propaganda and resentful of some of the inequalities in the system. An interesting detail in the survey of their schools made by our Department of Health, Education, and Welfare was that a committee of Soviet physicians had complained to the government that the intense pressure put on the academic pupils (four hours of homework in the high-school grades) was undermining their health.

I think we'll do all right if we can ever take full advantage of the political, social and educational systems we possess.

In another article I want to talk more about those aspects of American education which are being called "soft."

Dr. Spock regrets that it is impossible for him to answer letters personally. However, he is delighted to receive suggestions of topics of truly general interest.—Ed.

UNDER COVER

By Bernardine Kielty

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"She had it gold-plated—it's the millionth dish she washed."

In years gone by but not forgotten, the Hippodrome used to stand at 44th Street and 6th Avenue, New York, and opposite it the office of Vanity Fair. Robert Sherwood, playwright-to-be, worked on the magazine, and a troupe of midgets worked at the Hippodrome. Sherwood, nearly seven feet tall, was afraid of the midgets, who would sneak up behind him and ask how the weather was up there. "Walk down the street with me," he used to ask his friends.

His friends were Dorothy Parker and Bob Benchley, who worked in the same office; and in an interview, Dorothy Parker now tells considerable about them and about her other old friends.

Of the late editor of The New Yorker she says, "Harold Ross had a profound ignorance. On one of Mr. Benchley's manuscripts he wrote in the margin opposite 'Andromache,' 'Who he?' Mr. Benchley wrote back, 'You keep out of this.'"

Her interview appears in a collection of particularly good interviews from The Paris Review: **WRITERS AT WORK**, edited by ***Malcolm Cowley*** (Viking), and including E. M. Forster, Thurber, Sagan, Wilder, Faulkner, Capote.

●

***Victoria Sackville-West** was always a figure in literary England, author of* All Passion Spent, Family History, Pepita *and many other fascinating pictures of top-drawer English life. She was born at Knole Castle, the famous old house given by Queen Elizabeth I to her cousin, Lord Treasurer Thomas Sackville. She became one of the "Bloomsberries," along with Lytton Strachey, Virginia Woolf, Bertrand Russell, the Sitwells. She married Sir Harold Nicolson, author and diplomat, and with him now lives in Sissinghurst Castle in Kent. There she has a garden which she works, and about which she writes. (As Tagore said, "God grows weary of great kingdoms, but not of little flowers.") **A JOY OF GARDENING** (Harper) is her latest book, a practical notebook filled with pretty notions—like a hedge of grapevines, a patch of Alpine meadow in the back field, scented flowers, advice on a very small garden. A good book for May.*

In **THE STEADFAST MAN**, by ***Paul Gallico***, St. Patrick slips out of the cloud of hazy glory with which legends and myths have surrounded him for sixteen centuries, and appears in person.

This is beyond any doubt the most authentic portrait of him we shall ever get. Gallico has based it on the only two undisputed documents from the saint's own pen; he has studied the history of the Ireland and Britain and Gaul that Patricius knew in the fourth century; he has himself walked over the hills of Ireland and along the brooks where St. Patrick walked. Out of this research he has made clever and reasonable deductions. The Irish among us may be disappointed to learn that Patrick was not Irish but a Romanized Briton, and that during his forty years' sojourn in Ireland, he never ceased to long for home; also that there is no record whatsoever of ousting the snakes. But St. Patrick remains one of the most truly religious men of all time, and a superb organizer. Singlehanded he converted an island of untamed tribesmen into one of the most Christian countries of all Europe. This is a rewarding biography in the best tradition. (Doubleday.)

●

A novel which men will undoubtedly like, **THEY CAME TO CORDURA**, by ***Glendon Swarthout*** (Random House), is set during the punitive expedition into Mexico after Pancho Villa. It is the story of a formidable trek by five cavalrymen under a courageous leader, who had to cross the whole state of Chihuahua to reach Cordura and safety—a dramatic story of thirst, hunger, brutality, lust and the will to live.

●

For pure entertainment I nominate THE OLDEST CONFESSION, by *Richard Condon* (Appleton-Century-Crofts), one of the most exciting thrillers I have come across in years. Set in modern Madrid, among vodka martinis and art experts, a *duquesa* and a bullfighter, and a trio of the slickest and most likeable criminals you could ever want to meet, this is humorous, sophisticated, clever as to plot, bristling with action and suspense.

Many of us have the dream, but here's a woman who stepped right off the porch of domesticity—farm, household responsibilities, two children, dog—hoisted her pack and bedroll onto her back, and hitchhiked alone to the Yukon. **AS FAR AS YOU'LL TAKE ME**, *by* ***Lorna Wishaw*** *(Dodd, Mead), is high-spirited, good-humored and* astounding.

On the other hand, HEAVEN ON THE DOORSTEP, by *Charlotte Edwards* (Hawthorn), will appeal to the women who prefer to stay home, a story of spiritual faith, simple and personal, told in the vernacular. Never ponderous or preachy.

●

THE TEN THOUSAND THINGS, *by Maria Dermout, is a timeless novel, a book whose beauty lingers. The author is a Dutchwoman, now seventy, who has lived all her life in the spice islands of the East Indies, and here mirrors that distant paradise in limpid, beautiful writing.* (Simon & Schuster.)

●

By far the best factual book about India (in my reading) is **THE HEART OF INDIA**, *by* ***Alexander Campbell***, *a Scot who works for Time, Inc., and knows how to tell what he sees. It is specific, not generalized. It covers the country, is close to the soil, and steps also into high places. I am convinced that this is* the *book for all who want to understand the people and problems of that strange land. (Knopf.)*

●

***P. S. Look for a very important and highly readable book coming along, called* SCHOOLS WITHOUT SCHOLARS,** *which lays bare the conditions in our schools, with emphasis on curriculum and on higher-up mistaken educational policies. Author is John Keats, who wrote* The Crack in the Picture Window. *(Both books, Houghton, Mifflin.)*

AMERICAN MAGAZINE

JOE CAMPBELL

"The title of my composition is 'More Pay for Teachers'!"

Also for a remarkable life story, **THE BRIDGE IS LOVE** by ***Alma Mahler Werfel*** (Harcourt Brace). More of this later.

And take note that ***Rumer Godden's*** *captivating* **GREENGAGE SUMMER** *is now out in book form. (Viking.)*

New BRILLO soap pads

shine aluminum fast—
give you more free time!

Speed through pot and pan clean-ups, have more time for family fun

For faster cleaning, instant shine...
there's special soap with
Jeweler's Polish *in every pad!*

No other cleaning product lifts off burned-on grease and scorchy stains faster. And only Brillo contains special soap with Jeweler's Polish . . . to bring back like-new shine at the same time! Results are guaranteed. You get a new utensil free if Brillo fails to clean! Nothing cleans and shines aluminum like New Brillo Soap Pads.

Brillo Soap Pads (red box) . . . soap-filled metal fiber pads
Brillo Cleanser (green box) . . . pads plus cake of soap

Note to husbands

Brillo does your clean-up jobs faster!

EXTRA VALUE! EXTRA PADS!
Only BRILLO gives you Jeweler's Polish and extra pads in every box

Big 5, 12 & 20 pad boxes Brillo Mfg. Co., Inc., Brooklyn, N.Y.

Refreshment Time!

New ideas from Betty Crocker

"Desserts—for 'C'mon over for dessert' time. Snacks—for neighborly TV watching. That little 'something extra' to share at coffee time. Our Betty Crocker Cake Mixes were born to make refreshments easy, to make entertaining something you'll want to do often. Bake one up, why don't you, for refreshments . . . and the family . . . today!

"I guarantee a perfect* cake—homemade-perfect—*cake . . . after cake . . . after cake*"!

Betty Crocker General Mills

Second breakfast — Hot Buttered Cake! Use 1 extra egg yolk in Betty Crocker Honey Spice Cake Mix batter. Bake in two 8½x4½x2¾" loaf pans 35 to 45 min. at 350°. Serve hot with butter and jelly. Mmm!

Afternoon coffee break—Upside-Downies! Follow cupcake directions on Yellow Cake Mix pkg. Place ½ tsp. butter, 1 tsp. brown sugar (packed), and 1 peach half in each of 14 custard cups before adding batter.

Teatime treat—Loaf Cake Sandwiches! Use Betty Crocker Marble Cake. Bake batter in two 8½x4½x2¾" loaf pans 35 to 45 min. at 350°. Put slices together with Betty Crocker Chocolate Fudge Frosting Mix. Cut in party shapes.

*PERFECT! Yes, every mix we make for you is guaranteed to come out perfect, or send the box top to Betty Crocker, Box 200, Minneapolis, Minn., and General Mills will send your money back.

WHERE CHILDREN FIND UNDERSTANDING

. . . Utah Child Guidance Clinic

JOHN REES

When you're only eight, it's important to have an understanding adult to talk to. Dr. Marlow R. Harston, of the Utah County Child Guidance Clinic, shown posing with his son Myles, fills that need for many youngsters.

Help for the Teacher

By MARGARET HICKEY

Behind newspaper headlines of violence and brutality often is a story of failure to treat emotional problems early in childhood. Every teacher knows that a child in emotional difficulty cannot learn well or develop a healthy personality. Teachers' estimates of the number of children with emotional problems range from 5 to 15 per cent of the total class. The question "How can I help this child?" often goes unanswered because there is no one to advise and guide the teacher.

In Utah County, Utah, where everyone pitched in to establish a child-guidance clinic, teachers frequently sit down with the clinic staff to study a child's particular problems. There are only about 760 such clinics in the country—not nearly enough for all children who need this service—and only about 2300 school psychologists. However, many other communities also are working to develop sound mental-health programs.

In Iowa, with its large rural population, schools needing consultation can call upon one of three regional public-school psychologists employed by the Department of Public Instruction. A number of local school systems—sometimes working jointly—have, with financial aid from the state, hired their own psychologists to give counseling to children who need it. Many systems also employ supervisors of special education, experienced in finding and helping children with problems.

In Mississippi, traveling mental-health clinics are reaching many children, especially in rural areas. Once, sometimes twice, a month the county health department invites youngsters recommended by their teachers to be interviewed by the traveling clinic team. Afterward, the team confers with the teacher, suggests ways to work with the child.

Schools in 149 Massachusetts cities and towns may call upon area mental-health centers for consultation about pupils' problems, and parents may request diagnostic and treatment services whenever they are needed. There are now thirteen of these centers, developed by the Department of Mental Health in partnership with local groups.

In New York City, schools have suffered a series of tragic incidents, but are constantly pushing mental-health programs. At eight elementary schools, most of them located in racially mixed, low-income neighborhoods, teachers may send disturbed children to a therapeutic play group held in the school building. These weekly one-hour sessions have helped many to the extent that their behavior changed noticeably for the better in their regular classes and at home. A number of boards of education now are beginning to experiment with special classes for children with emotional problems. Among those that have already reported a degree of success are Milwaukee, Wisconsin; Montgomery County, Maryland; Clark County, Nevada. END

The boy who waited outside the principal's office kicked impatiently at the corner of the rug. Freddy, no higher than your elbow, was dressed neatly for an eight-year-old—trim haircut, creased brown trousers, polished oxfords—but his record at elementary school in Provo, Utah, showed that he had a temper tantrum almost every day, bullied other children, and there was no one he could call a friend.

On the other side of the door his teacher, her eyes smarting with tears, was saying to the principal, "I simply can't take any more. You don't *know* that child!"

The principal answered quietly and thoughtfully, "Indeed I do know the boy. At recess today he gave me a good swift kick in the shin."

The principal then hit upon what he must do. Summoning Freddy's mother, whom we shall call Mrs. Wells, that very afternoon, he told her that Freddy needed help immediately—and that Freddy was a lucky boy because help was available at a clinic right in Utah County.

"Child Guidance Clinic?" Mrs. Wells echoed. "Of course I've heard of it. Why, I even contributed to the fund drive last fall." She was a slender, attractive woman whose face showed concern for her son. Then she paused uncertainly. "But I never thought of it in connection with my own family. I've always *insisted* that Freddy be at the top of the class. Isn't the clinic for children who are . . . well, a bit crazy?"

"No, that's not the word," the principal corrected her. "I like to think of it as a place where children who don't get along well with other children, or with their parents or teachers, or even with themselves, can be helped."

The tenseness in Mrs. Wells' face eased. "How soon can I get an appointment?" she asked.

Before January, 1955, when the clinic opened, Freddy's future might have been no brighter than that of the little ten-year-old boy packed off to the state mental hospital—which has no facilities for children—simply because there was no other place that could treat him. The only child-guidance clinic in Utah at that time was in Salt Lake City, 45 miles away, and it already had far more patients than it could handle—from eleven Western states.

But just by coming to the clinic and talking about herself and her family, Mrs. Wells soon began to learn how she herself was responsible for Freddy's problems and how she could help resolve them. "My husband and I loved Freddy very much, but we made him feel unsure of our love because we expected too much of him," Mrs. Wells came to understand with the help of Dr. Marlow R. Harston, the clinic director. "There was always hanging over Freddy the threat that we wouldn't love him any more if he didn't measure up—so he let go his frightened, angry feelings at school. But luckily we discovered this in time. Now that we can accept him as an 'average' boy, he no longer acts as though he hates the world, and has more young friends than ever before in his life."

The Utah County Child Guidance Clinic is a comfortable place to be—from the moment a child and his parent step into the cozily furnished reception room and are greeted by smiling Mrs. Shanna Reece, the receptionist and secretary. Mrs. Reece was one of the many mother volunteers in Utah County who worked with the Welfare Department, Juvenile Court and public schools to bring this psychiatric service to Utah County. On an average day she may make an appointment for a little girl long neglected and finally abandoned by her parents. The welfare worker, now responsible for her care, has brought her to the clinic to find out something about her I.Q., her personality and her emotional stability—all of which will help decide what kind of foster home she will best fit into. Or there may be a little boy who thinks he must act like a girl in order to please his mother who had so much wanted a daughter. And there is frequently a child who, like Freddy, "acts out" his feelings about his parents against teachers and other children.

Until the clinic opened, a question frequently asked in Utah County schools was, "What do you do about these disturbed children who need help so badly?" One teacher at Joaquin School insisted on a rocking chair in her classroom to be used for cuddling and soothing troubled children. Today there is more effective treatment. Schoolteachers frequently are invited to sit in on conferences with Doctor CONTINUED ON PAGE 29

so good in glass

. . . because soft drinks just naturally taste "extra special" when you enjoy them in clean, sparkling bottles. Because pure glass can't take away any of the original refreshing flavor. That's why all your favorite soft drinks come in shining glass bottles.

GLASS CONTAINER MANUFACTURERS INSTITUTE, 99 PARK AVE., NEW YORK

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

Harston and Miss Bonnie Wilson and Wayne DuBois, the clinic's two psychiatric social workers, so that they can better understand a child's problem and help whenever they can in the classroom. Often there's lack of love and attention in the home of a youngster who comes to the clinic. If the teacher knows about it, the staff feels, she can create little experiences in school to make the child feel important. One teacher reported that little Winthrop has been standing up straighter and even taking pride in doing homework since she asked him to take care of the classroom parakeet. Or if the child is too strictly disciplined at home, the teacher can give him more "free rein" than she might otherwise. "I still get angry at Billy," one teacher says of a boisterous little boy, "but I understand now what makes him angry and can control my feelings better." The clinic always backs up the teacher in matters of discipline. Set limits, the staff urges, since many children have none at home. If a youngster finds he suffers consequences for his actions, it's likely he will start to conform.

The idea for such a clinic in Utah County began to take shape one evening in 1952 when a group of Provo High School students met with adult community leaders to plan a recreation program for teen-agers. The committee of twenty had practically decided on an after-school canteen when someone casually remarked that the same young people seemed to come to all the dances—that there were many "on the fringes" who never seemed to take part in any school activities. Why was that, and how could they be included too?

"You have a pound, I have a pound," said one man to another. "We swap. You have my pound and I have yours. We are not better off. But suppose you have an idea and I have an idea. We swap. Now you have two ideas and I have two ideas."

One of the best ways to keep your faith is to give it away. One of the quickest ways to lose it is to keep it to yourself.

If you try to share with others the best that is in you, you strengthen yourself. The more a tree branches out, the deeper the roots sink.

ST. THÉRÈSE DE L'ENFANT JÉSUS
Just for Today
Published by
Burns, Oates & Washbourne, Ltd., London

"In my counseling," Mrs. Stella Oaks, guidance director for Provo schools, said, "I've always met children who don't mix well with the crowd. Sometimes they 'act up' to get attention; sometimes they just withdraw into themselves. I wish we could do something for them."

"What we really need more than a canteen in this town," Mrs. Elsa Harris, child-welfare worker, spoke up, "is a professional guidance center to help these youngsters. In the whole county there's not a single private social agency, such as Family Service or Children's Aid Society, for people with problems."

Within the next few weeks batches of letters went into the mails under the signature of a newly created board of directors (among them Judge Monroe J. Paxman, of Juvenile Court, eager to save youngsters from the state industrial school; Mrs. Oaks, Mrs. Harris, representatives from the county medical association, civic clubs and P.T.A.) for a proposed clinic. Some went to national agencies, some to state officials, others to directors of foundations—all asking, "Can we get any financial help?"

The advice of Dr. C. Hardin Branch, head of the department of psychiatry at the University of Utah School of Medicine (when asked if his staff could help out part-time), was: raise the money and get your own clinic. As prospective director he suggested Dr. Marlow R. Harston, of Warmsprings, Montana, who wanted to bring his family of six children (including a thirteen-year-old Navaho

foster daughter) to the beautiful Wasatch Mountain valley, with its rich farmlands, plenty of living space and Mormon tradition, to make their home. That was in June, 1953. Mrs. Harris wrote Dr. Harston right away: "We don't have any money to offer you at this time—all we have is an idea, but you'll hear from us."

He did—a year and a half later. Since no offers of financial support came from outside Utah County, board members and interested parent volunteers took Dr. Branch's advice and appealed to local school boards, mayors of local towns, county commissioners, welfare officials, businessmen and civic leaders. Their efforts brought pledges of $17,000—enough to carry the clinic through a full year—plus twelve months' free rent in five-room quarters on the second floor of a business building in Springville. On January 1, 1955, the Harstons, bundled into two automobiles and towing two small trailers, headed over icy roads and through blizzards toward Utah County.

Within a month after it opened, the clinic had a waiting list nine months long. And the demand for clinic services continued to grow so that despite the steady income from fees (paid by patients themselves or by Juvenile Court or the Welfare Department for their clients) the total amount wasn't enough to cover expenses for the next year. Since there was no United Fund in the county to help the struggling clinic, the only answer seemed to be a public subscription of $9000.

In August, board members began telephoning civic leaders in each of the county's towns. They in turn mobilized 1500 house-to-house canvassers.

In Provo, Mrs. Carlyle Lambert, president of Wasatch P.T.A., made her kitchen telephone headquarters for workers in her neighborhood. Committee members took turns rocking her new baby while she assigned blocks for canvassing. Among the doorbell ringers was Steven Allen, a round-faced fourteen-year-old, whose mother considered him too young to go to school dances, but who lined up $8.23 from his friends. Other donations came from Central Junior High School, which sold $88 worth of cookies and cakes they made themselves. The Cadmus Women's Club in Pleasant Grove gave $25 from its welfare fund. In Orem, a housewife who had a hard time getting prospective workers hopped on her bicycle and made the rounds of the neighborhood herself.

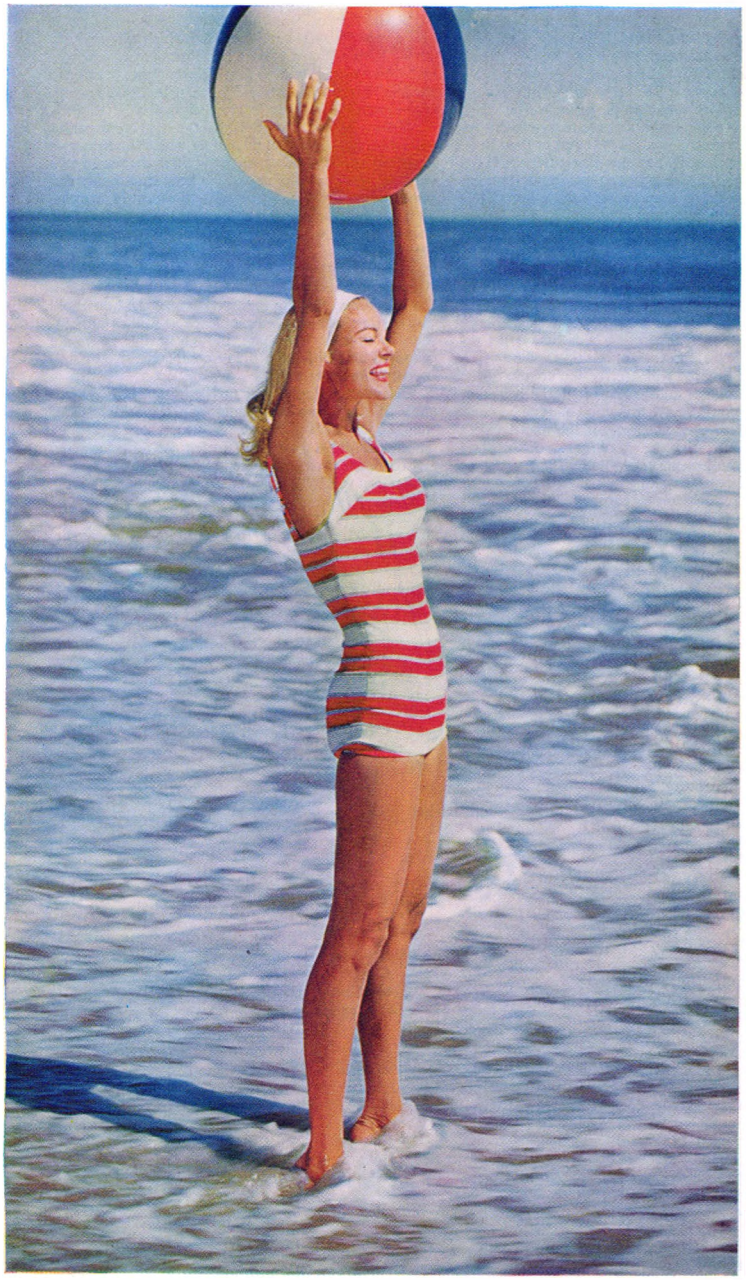
Never tell evil of a man, if you do not know it for a certainty, and if you do know it for a certainty, then ask yourself, "Why should I tell it?" LAVATER

Keeping tabs on each town's campaign leaders and handling publicity took every spare minute of Lawyer Ted Bullock's time as chairman. Mr. Bullock also happened to be running for district attorney. It was late at night on October 25 when all the tallies were in and Mr. Bullock announced the total to his workers: $11,098.39. His smile was jubilant even after the November election returns came in. "Well, I lost the election, but won the fund campaign," he grinned.

The struggling clinic is continuing to rely on the community's annual contributions to help all the children who need psychiatric counseling—more than 200 of them every year. There is one campaign contribution, however, which will never be spent. It came from a tousle-haired boy of six who knocked at the door of Mrs. Jerry Hill, a member of the clinic board of directors, in Pleasant Grove. Mrs. Hill recognized him as a little neighborhood mischief-maker who had been going to the clinic for some time. He stretched out a fist to her, opened it and showed her seven pennies.

"I want you to give this to the 'guided' place," he said. "I got guided and I want to help another kid."

These seven pennies are now enshrined on a velvet plaque—a symbol of what the clinic did and can do for a youngster. END



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See Libby's Tomato Juice label for special offer on Slimdown Cocktail Glasses

Parents *may* know what they're talking about

By CLIFFORD R. ADAMS, Ph.D.
Pennsylvania State University, Department of Psychology

WHY MARRY IN A HURRY?

"I was sick and tired of being treated like a child by my parents. I fell in love with Bill on our second date, and we ran off and got married six weeks later. I was only seventeen. I don't know why I thought I loved him, but I knew I didn't before our honeymoon was over."

"After Henry got his draft notice, we decided to get married. We had been dating only three months, but I was so infatuated I thought I was in love. Then he was sent overseas, leaving me pregnant and trapped into living with his parents, whom I had never met. We don't get along at all, and I'm miserable, but there's no way out."

"My parents begged me not to marry John, but I wouldn't listen. In the six months we've been married, he's been fired from three different jobs. He isn't working now, and he's heavily in debt because he spends all the money he can get his hands on drinking and gambling. Although I'm pregnant, I have to agree with my parents that divorce is the only way out."

These letters are fairly typical of many that come to me, telling of disappointment and disillusion following a hasty, impulsive marriage. Though details vary widely, they are alike in revealing the immaturity of the couple, their unwillingness to seek or heed the advice of older, wiser heads, their disregard of unfavorable circumstances that warn of probable future trouble.

Though happiness in marriage is always a matter of the personal adjustment of the individual husband and wife, it is also true that certain factors always create a handicap. They should be recognized as genuine hazards, and the marriage should be postponed until they can be eliminated or minimized, or, at the very least, realistically faced. What are some of these hazards?

Inadequate acquaintance and association. Obviously a man and woman (or boy and girl) need ample opportunity to get to know each other before committing themselves to a lifetime together. A "whirlwind courtship" seldom provides this opportunity, especially at age seventeen.

Each should know the main facts of the other's previous life, background and present situation. They need to explore the differences and similarities in their hopes, ideals and goals for the future. They need to test their capacity for companionship in a variety of situations and under different circumstances. The couple whose time together has been mostly spent in going dancing, to parties or the theater, may find after marriage that they share few other tastes and interests.

Above all, they need time to test the depth of their love. A relationship that cannot stand the test of time before marriage is unlikely to endure afterward.

Defects of character. Every wife discovers and tolerates minor weaknesses in her husband which weren't apparent before marriage—as he does in her. But such flaws as excessive drinking, habitual gambling, violent temper, promiscuity, dishonesty are not minor. Any one of them is a serious threat to happiness in marriage. They can be concealed or suppressed temporarily, but are likely to be discovered over a period of time, if not by the girl, then by her parents. If he can't control his weakness before marriage, let her not delude herself that she can reform him afterward.

Inappropriate motives. The trustworthy motives for marrying are the love of two people for each other, their wish to establish a home, the desire to live and work together toward common goals for the rest of their lives. But a marriage primarily prompted by extraneous considerations—the desire to escape from parents' domination, to quit work, to keep up with the other girls—rests on a flimsy foundation.

Parental disapproval, though not always conclusive, should always be seriously considered, and regarded as a hazard. Strong parental opposition is usually based on one or more factors which research shows to be commonly associated with divorce. Parents' judgment is worth heeding, for it is based on wider experience and observation than the young couple have yet accumulated. In any event, their opposition will be a serious hindrance, since it will deprive the couple of the co-operation, counsel and perhaps material help that would get the marriage off to a good start.

Lack of resources or readiness. If the man has not completed his education, he should make definite and dependable arrangements to do so (perhaps with the girl's help) before undertaking marriage. Otherwise he may be forced to abandon his chosen field, with resulting resentment and frustration. There should be evidence (his job record) or sound reason to believe that he will be able to earn a living. A girl should have, or be willing to acquire, at least rudimentary housekeeping skills. Deficiencies in these respects create practical problems that even love may not surmount.

Profound differences in background, education, religion. Though none of these presents an insurmountable obstacle to married happiness, each is a handicap which should be faced and evaluated before marriage. It should be noted that these differences, along with extreme youth, are among the commonest grounds for parental opposition.

Unfavorable circumstances. Marriage gets off to a poor start if the couple must live with in-laws or be separated by the husband's military service or job requirements. Why not wait until the situation can be corrected?

If you are considering marriage, ask yourself if any of these hazards confronts you. And remember, the younger you are, the greater the risk.

GROWN UP, BUT NOT ADULT

As we all know, the early years of adolescence are a period of dramatic growth and change, a time of storm and stress for parents as well as child. But by the sixteenth birthday, the worst may appear to be over.

The boy (or girl) has probably attained full growth, or nearly so; much of the time he looks and behaves like an adult. He has attained some adult privileges (such as the right to a driver's license in most states) and he feels that he is grown up. He is in fact approaching maturity, but he has not yet reached it.

The five-year span sixteen through twenty is in my opinion one of the two most crucial periods in life. In the first, the preschool years, a child's attitudes are formed. These will affect his personality and character through all the years ahead. During this period, his parents are by far the most important influence.

In the age span sixteen through twenty, the parents' influence will be comparatively less. The "pre-adult" will be eager to assert his independence of the family, and will at the same time be highly receptive to the opinions, standards and behavior of his friends, his school and the community in general.

Yet he is called upon to make crucial decisions which will affect his entire future. Shall he continue his education? Shall he take a job? What field will he enter, whether in training or as a worker? Shall he become engaged, married? And if so, is his choice of partner a suitable one? In these vital decisions, and in lesser ones (going steady, dating hours, use of spending money, manners and deportment), his parents wish to share. But they cannot do so with the absolute authority of earlier years. If their opinions and standards are to be heeded, they in turn must respect the beliefs of their child and his society.

Much of the trouble between parents and their teenage children results from the failure of either or both to recognize and respect the rights of the other. The "pre-adult" has a right to a growing measure of independence; the parents have a right to demand in return a measure of responsibility, of observance of agreed standards of conduct

No specific rules can be offered which will apply to every family. But if certain principles are observed, a relationship will develop in which the "pre-adult" can benefit from his parents' guidance, without being compelled either to bow to it, or rebel against it.

Define rights. For example, it is the right of the parent to determine the conditions under which the teen-ager may use the family car, but only after the teen-ager's wishes, needs and opinions have been thoroughly discussed. It is the teen-ager's right to expect his parents to feed, clothe and educate him, within the limits of the family budget, without taking the position that he is in their debt.

Define privileges. Latitude in hours, freedom in bringing friends home, amount of allowance and similar questions affecting the operation of the household are matters of mutual convenience as well as of manners or morals. If definite, though flexible, rules are adopted and observed, many conflicts will be eliminated before they arise.

Define obligations. Every privilege implies an obligation. If the teen-ager assumes the responsibility for tending the lawn in return for the use of the car, he should fulfill his promise or forfeit the use of the car. By the same token, the parents should live up to their obligation to let him use the car as specified

Define standards of behavior. Conduct considered outrageous in one generation may be commonplace in the next. Through calm, thoughtful and frequent discussion, differences in point of view can be better understood, if not reconciled. And when understanding is reached, compromise becomes possible—on both sides.

Every human being must have a philosophy of life, a notion of how and why he wants to live, whether or not he can put it in words. Your teen-ager will develop his philosophy through the example you set and the guidance you offer (not the demands you make). If you can share decisions with him rather than decide for him, you can trust him to seek your goals. In fact, you can't afford to do otherwise.

DO YOU AGREE?

Can two people be in love without being companionable?

Yes; but married love rarely grows or endures unless companionship is present or can be developed.

ASK YOURSELF:

Are There Danger Signals Ahead? Should We Wait to Make Sure?

If you are thinking of early marriage, or about to become engaged, this brief inventory may help you recognize some of the factors that will affect your happiness. Answer each question with an honest *Yes* or *No*.

Have You and He:

1. Gone steady for eighteen months or longer?
2. Completed your education?
3. Had a courtship free from serious conflicts?
4. Come from happily married homes?
5. The same standards, ideals and religious beliefs?
6. Won the approval of both sets of parents?

Is He:

7. As well educated as you are?
8. Regularly employed in work he likes?
9. Earning at least $250 a month?
10. Free from any serious defects or habits?

Are You:

11. At least eighteen (twenty if college girl)?
12. Willing to forgo a career if necessary?
13. A fairly competent cook and housekeeper?
14. Fond of his friends and relatives?

The average happily engaged couple answers "Yes" to 12 of these questions or, if in college, expects to earn the same score before setting the wedding date. Any "No" answer should be interpreted as a danger signal and should be sensibly handled before making a final commitment for either engagement or marriage. (Note: If you are unhappily married, the "No" answers that you would have given on your wedding day will probably explain why.)

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New Palmolive's rich, mild lather lets you cleanse far more thoroughly than you'd dare to do with harsher soaps. Palmolive contains no drying detergents, no strong perfumes, no irritating deodorants—just the gentlest of natural cleansing ingredients. So get that "new life" look with gentle New Palmolive Soap!

All New! lather fragrance color wrapper

THERE'S A MAN IN THE HOUSE

By HARLAN MILLER

"Offhand, I'd say it's a money tree."

A better way to make a man diet: Arrange a bathroom with a big mirror so he can see himself naked in his tub or shower bath. His reactions change rapidly from sheer disbelief to grim resolve.

Three of us ordered three different omelets at brunch: Spanish, herb and Denver. Picture our confusion when all three reached our table exactly alike: each with a little ham and onion.

"I pass for a highbrow," confides Peter Comfort, trying to catch that mole with a lethal three-pronged contraption, "yet I have a tricky time remembering which is the old gent in Hamlet—Polonius or Laertes."

You can now buy for $10 an airplane insurance policy that'll pay your heirs $125,000 if anything unpleasant happens to you flying around the world. The premium has gone down since I paid $40 for $125,000 when I flew to Russia two years ago.

Proudest mother in our town: one whose son (a biggie in the big city) arranged to have a bunch of violets delivered to her each week. Unless other sons top this, other mothers may feel envy pangs.

Ha, a valuable truth: Before you go on a trip people listen tolerantly to talk about your trip, even urge and question you. But when you return they won't hear a word of it.

I'm waiting for the new U.S. Dept. of Welfare to tackle the marriage snarl. Only two thirds of the people ever get married! What's better for the republic's welfare than 1,000,000 extra marriages sparked by those blessed doting bureaucrats?

My dad was stunned when his father died. After a time he invented a bitter little joke to cover the pain. "You children can't do this to me!" he would say. "I'm an orphan. I haven't any father or mother." (Eventually, aren't we all?)

When my daughter-in-law in Japan bought a can opener at Yakota, she bulletined a coincidence: The frugal hardware merchant had wrapped her purchase in this page from an old Ladies' Home Journal.

When I bought a girl a malted milk as a boy, I never ordered the same flavor she did. Otherwise I'd get the thin dregs from her chocolate shaker. If I ordered vanilla I'd get a shaker of my own, thick.

At our luncheon table downtown somebody said a smart young fella has started trip insurance for automobiles, like airplane-trip insurance.
"He'll lose his shirt," says our moderator, spooning ice cream with his pecan pie.

Our new bathroom (the ex-pantry) has eleven strangely assorted tiles imbedded in its walls—from Amalfi, from Helsinki, from Lima, from the Taj Mahal. (Best of all I like one of three fish kilned by my red-haired daughter.)

Recently I happened to overhear Harry Truman call his wife, Bess, "the madame." I've tried it on my Dream Girl and she says, "Better wait till you are an ex-President."

When we took off on our trip around the world our youngest said earnestly, "Dad, when you get to India will you do something for me?"
"Certainly, son," I said. "What?"
"Please touch an untouchable."

Late bulletins signify that Harlan III can now walk, at the age of eleven months, heavily across an ordinary room, shaky, determined and proud. (This we must travel halfway around the world to see.)

At the bridge table I learn another grievance that makes a wife indignant: a husband's refusal to praise a dress which she herself suspects is a mistake. (Petty of him.)

All the way around the world you encounter young sons and daughters of your home-town friends involved in farflung American activities. As an airline pilot put it, "You can baby-sit your way around the world."

I suspect this new hi-fi passion for serious music among our young is linked to this era's uncertainties. They like to climb a remote peak away from the quibbles.

We enjoyed a laugh when the plumber finished our new bathroom in triumph with the hot water squirting out of the cold-water faucet. But I deduce it's standard practice, a holy tradition.

Whenever my family reads a short poem at the breakfast table three days in a row, I stand ready to take 'em out to dinner. They love to dine out, yet how often they forget!

My Dream Girl and I have agreed never again to be away from home in May, when the green shoots spear up through the sweet black earth. Then no place on earth is more fascinating than your own back yard.

You should see the remodeled Kappa Alpha Theta house in our town. Once an old mansion, it's now as modern as next year's sophomores, and no matter what the Kappas and Tri Delts say, I congratulate their architect.

An old collie in our neighborhood looks so wise and patient that the kids call him "The Thinker." Actually I'm not sure he's bright; he yearns to curl up under your wheels if you're going less than 25 m.p.h.

Since our neighbor the retired general showed us his new house, what we really want is a rheostat for every room, to brighten and dim the lights. But so far we can't find one that'll perform its marvels with anything over 60 watts.

Before we took off around the world my Princess of Sheer Delight insisted on a roast turkey over a weekend. "When I'm in India," she said, "I'd like to remember the American way of life."

Maybe you don't need to remodel, but it's a wonderful chance to get acquainted with the American workman. Carpenters, plumbers, painters, electricians and tilemen are a saltier lot than the white-collar worker. (One even gave us some elk meat.)

When the Russians reach the moon they might find it knee-deep in empty beer cans.

. . . When our youngest valiantly signs up for trigonometry just out of curiosity,
. . . Or our daughter telephones across the continent twice in a row, not collect,
. . . And Junior sends us by airmail an hour-by-hour schedule for our exploration of Japan,
. . . And my Lady Love turns out under pressure to be the equivalent of any $9000-a-year secretary,
Then I try to wipe that complacent smile off my face for fear they'll think I'm oversold on the joys of family life.

Art Linkletter and his daughters, Dawn and Sharon—three happy "Links" in a closely knit family of seven. "We even read one another's minds," said Dawn. "Dad guessed I was longing for my own sterling and we both fell for the same pattern. It's new 'Young Love' in Heirloom* Sterling—sheer inspiration in design. Then Sharon got so dreamy-eyed over my set of sterling, Dad gave her a place setting to start her own!"

Momentous father-daughter occasion—Mr. Linkletter takes Dawn and Sharon to a gala première. Momentous father-daughter gift—beautiful new "Young Love" in Heirloom Sterling

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NEW! A BREATH-TAKING ORIGINAL IN SILVER DESIGN . . . Never, never until "Young Love," could you see so much new excitement in a silver pattern! The delicate flower stems are deeply *engraved*... the full-bloom roses richly *sculptured*. You've never seen a lovelier pattern—or such wonderful introductory prices! "Young Love" place settings: 6-piece, regularly $34.75 now $24.75—4-piece, regularly $24 now $17.50. Limited time only! *And* with Federal Tax included.

Young Love* in HEIRLOOM STERLING

CREATED IN THE DESIGN STUDIOS OF ONEIDA SILVERSMITHS

OUR READERS WRITE US

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

to help me to have more tolerance, more humanness, and a real sense of humor. In the pages of this magazine are the very latest ideas for better living.

NAME WITHHELD

▶ *We're curious. Has anyone read the Journal since 1883 or 1884? Will you write us? ED.*

To Assure Pure Foods

Washington, D.C.

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Gould: The LADIES' HOME JOURNAL is to be congratulated for the February editorial which encourages readers to take an interest in the problem of adequate regulation of chemical additives to food. This editorial carries on the historic policy of the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL in supporting pure food and drug laws and their enforcement. We are happy to know that this tradition is being maintained because in our increasingly complex society both consumers and honest business are protected by intelligent scrutiny of our food and drug supply.

Sincerely,

GEORGE P. LARRICK
Commissioner of Food and Drugs
Department of Health, Education, and Welfare

Lost Their Buttons?

Staten Island, New York

Sir: May a mere man have a word? *Why* do makers of imitation fur coats, and many cloth coats as well, insist on forcing "clutch" type models on the long-suffering public? Have these office strategists ever seen a woman struggle with packages, trying at the same time to keep a clutch coat closed? Is a coat for protection of its wearer or for the benefit of its seller only?

Sincerely,

KNUT HALLE, D.D.

Letter from Holland

Wassenaar, Netherlands

Dear Sirs: I wish to tell you how much I always have—and shall—enjoy your magazine. I almost read it from cover to cover.

In particular I like your special features and the pages on fashion and beauty. I

Happy readers.

learn a lot about it! My two children—aged six and three years, both girls—also enjoy many beautiful pictures about America. We've many happy hours together reading and reading about it all!

We live very near the beach where this picture was taken. Yours sincerely,

LILIAN BOOT

Prayer as a Guided Missile

Tampa, Florida

Dear Editors: Lately a guided-missile project was built in Florida. I was helping my daughter with geography, and as we studied a world map I thought: *Prayer* as a guided missile. Here was the answer to the aching need to *do* something about that uneasiness that comes with frenzied world-wide war preparedness.

I have always found strength in having Biblical verses and brief prayers over my kitchen sink. Now there is also a small world map, and as I do the dishes or prepare meals, I pray—sending guided missiles of prayer to *all* corners of the world: Africa, Russia, Israel, China.

This, I am sure, is *creative* prayer—and as such can build peace faster than any master plan of military experts. It takes no time from daily duties. You need not kneel, pause, or even seem to be praying. As the Stoic, Epictetus, said: "More often than you breathe, think of God." That is prayer.

This project needs a million volunteers. Will you join? Sincerely,

RUTH HAYWARD

Not a Racial Religion

Buffalo, New York

Dear Editors: So, the Moslems "reject Judaism as a racial religion"! (Dorothy Thompson, December JOURNAL.) Maybe they do, but no American magazine should print such a statement without refuting it as patent untruth.

As an "Aryan" convert to Judaism I must take strong exception to the statement and feel peculiarly qualified to witness against it. Though I was born of a German family of loosely Protestant affiliation (thus neither racially nor ethnically Semitic or Jewish), I became a Jew a few years ago in a ceremony which involved declaring myself willing to enter into "the Covenant of Israel" and to fulfill all the commandments incumbent upon a "daughter of the Covenant." I have been a full-fledged Jew ever since, fully accepted as such in the Jewish community.

Then what can be the meaning of Judaism as a "racial religion"? Haven't you ever heard of the Negro Jewish Community in Harlem?—of the Falasha Jews in Abyssinia?—or seen pictures of people walking down the street in modern Tel Aviv, Israel—verily a United Nations as far as races are concerned. And all of them Jews.

And it has always been so. Doesn't the Bible itself tell of Ruth, the Moabitess (of a completely different racial and ethnic stock), who became a Jew, and so great was her simple faith and loyalty that she was chosen to become the great-grandmother of King David, of whose lineage the future Messiah was to be born?

One argument that might be advanced is: Why don't the Jews have a missionary movement? Doesn't that look as though they wanted the truth only for themselves? Quite aside from the fact that both Christianity and Islam have been great world powers in recent history and have had the means to make forced converts, while Judaism was practiced by a small minority living in ghettos, barely tolerated by the powers that be—there is an *inner* reason why Judaism in the last 2000 years has not actively gone out to make converts. And that reason is that in order to fulfill its mission in history, to witness to the living God, the Jewish people must remain true to itself and to its sacred tradition. It dare not compromise in order to make it easier for converts to embrace it. *But*, it does not believe that being a Jew is a necessary condition for salvation. "All the righteous of the world have a special part in the world to come" the Talmud says. Judaism is the special vocation of the Jewish people and of those gentiles who feel called to it. But the Jewish God (the one God we Jews believe in and were the first to proclaim) is the God of all the world, the creator and redeemer of the whole universe and Father of all mankind.

Moslems, and Christians as well, may reject Judaism, but if they do, let there be a truer basis for their rejection than the fairy tale of a "racial religion."

ELSA DORAN

Diet for Happiness

Tokyo, Japan

Dear Editors: Sometimes I go on a "mental diet." The symptoms of over-indulgence are self-pity and faultfinding with other people.

The diet begins by planning something nice for those I find fault with. Sometimes I take them something—a cake I baked, flowers from my garden—or I telephone or write a note with an offer to help them in some way.

By becoming interested in others there is no time for self-pity and very soon I return to normal!

With best wishes to you and the JOURNAL, BEVERLY MUIR

Convenient Pure-Pak cartons help make life more fun!

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It tastes just heavenly, thanks to Kraft's touch with seasonings. And it's *gloriously* smooth, because of the way Kraft Mayonnaise blends. Kraft's is true mayonnaise—made with lots of eggs and extra egg yolks, too—but **it takes more than eggs to make mayonnaise mix like this.** Only Kraft's blend of oils and special beating process can give such velvet texture.

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JOURNAL
EDITED BY: JEAN ANDERSON · ABBOT MILLS · EILEEN SHARPE · GLENN MATTHEW WHITE

ABOUT TOWN

50 years ago in the Journal

In May, 1908, the Senate debated and rejected a resolution making Mother's Day an official holiday, to be observed by wearing white carnations. A subsidiary of U.S. Steel, the Henry Frick Company, ordered its employees not to use liquor on or off duty. Bessie McCoy, who married dashing correspondent Richard Harding Davis, was singing The Yama Yama Girl. Take Me Out to the Ball Game was a hit tune, and Trail of the Lonesome Pine was written.

In the May, 1908, JOURNAL the author of Six Weeks in Europe With One Suitcase adds: "For the steamer trip, take an extra canvas carryall with a steamer rug, a pillow, a worsted suit, a sweater, a warm waist of flannel, a pair of woolen tights, thick wool gloves and a hot-water bag."

"Is it customary at a church wedding for the bridegroom to kiss the bride?" a reader wants to know. "No," answers the Good Manners expert. "The custom has not been observed for many years. Modern brides are spared that ordeal."

"A brassière is an idea from Paris which combines the prettiness of a corset cover with the support of a corselet vest," writes the Fashion Editor. "For morning wear under a loose-fitting dress or for an invalid, the garment suggests real comfort."

"When meeting first at the breakfast table, should the parents or children say good morning?" asks Perplexed. Answer: "As a mark of respect, the children should say it first."

"When a Girl Travels Alone: If you get an upper berth, do not mind, as the air circulates more freely up there. But carry a scarf or thick veil to protect your head from drafts and your hair from cinders. Wear a black silk kimono, and in the morning the porter will help you down, holding the curtains to shield you."

"A good vegetable cook never needs a garbage bucket," believes Food Expert Mrs. Rorer, who calls cabbage "my best winter friend."

"In any park where babies are airing, two thirds of them will be seen sucking away on a 'pacifier,'" writes Doctor Coolidge, formerly of Babies Hospital. "Tonsillitis, diphtheria, tuberculosis and other diseases may be easily started this way."

WHAT WE DO
WHERE WE GO
WHOM WE MEET

Associate Editor Mary Lea Page with grandchildren Jamie and Winkie.

After her daily bouts with publishers, agents and cartoonists in New York—a twelve-hour-a-day schedule including commuting from Paoli, Pennsylvania—***Mary Lea (Biffie) Page*** remains so peppy she is the wonder of the Workshop. How, we asked her, do you maintain such high vitality? "It's how you relax," she said. "Come out to my house and I'll show you." We did—and there was Biffie in blue jeans. She pointed to her stone house. (Lesson 1) "My husband, Tim, and I selected every one of those stones individually—forty tons." (Lesson 2) "We cleared these thirty-five acres—it was a jungle." (Lesson 3) "We built this do-it-yourself log cabin—all you need is trees." (Lesson 4) "We planted five thousand tulip bulbs, the shrubbery and the grass."

On the warranted assumption that anyone on the JOURNAL staff is a success, we asked a half dozen their formula. Guess what Glenn White said—diligence, hard work, regular hours! Margaret Parton named curiosity, plus a continuing education. Jean Freeman recommended perseverance and "liking what you do." Laura Lou Brookman said it differently: "Do as little work as possible (if what you are doing is work, you're on the wrong track)." And Mary Bass, enigmatically: "To be a success with one's husband, family, or in any personal relationship, be absolutely uncritical at all times!" We like also to ponder the words of Herbert Bayard Swope: "I don't have a formula for success, but I know a sure formula for failure—try to please everybody."

Letters editor JOYCE POSSON has a habit of drawing tiny faces on everything she writes, as: ☺ which means what that means, or this: ☹ which means what that obviously means. A typical Posson memo: "I am so ☹ that I don't have anything 😐 for your column this month—my mind is a perfect ○."

Back to the house we came panting and collapsed in a chair. Biffie went off wagon-riding with her grandchildren, Winkie and Jamie. When we left she was doing a headstand for them (Lesson 5).

Picture a young Moslem mother, swathed in her sari, possibly veiled, so completely engrossed in a book she is oblivious of the clusters of children playing about her. What would you guess is the title of the book? ***William Spaulding***, chairman of Franklin Publications, an organization that arranges for the translation and distribution of American books abroad, told ***Mary Bass*** it is probably **BABY AND CHILD CARE**, by ***Benjamin Spock***. That title heads the list of popular books among Moslem women.

BEATRICE GOULD has the ability to seem self-effacing while placing an unerring pencil on what's wrong with a writer's efforts. "Doesn't anything ever please her altogether?" one writer asked her husband. "Why, almost everything pleases her," BRUCE GOULD assured him. "That's why she has to be so careful."

*While helping a friend clean out an attic, **Elizabeth Gaetsch**, who helps plan our kitchens each month, found some old phonograph records and was told to help herself. She picked out several of **Irving Berlin's** early hits—"I Want to Go Back to Michigan," "My Bird of Paradise" and "When It's Night Time in Dixie Land"—and took them home to show her neighbor—Irving Berlin. "Belle Baker introduced 'Michigan' at the Palace," he told her. "'Dixie' was done for a play called 'Watch Your Step.' It was dropped from the play, though."*

New appliance in the Workshop kitchen is a range with a song in its heart—or someplace. Put a roast in the oven; set the timer. When it's done, chimes sound, "Tenderly . . . tenderly . . ."

When associate editor ***Glenn White***, with his wife and two young sons, set out on a 10,000-mile Volkswagen tour of Europe last year, ***Margaret Hickey*** gave him the names of a few people she knew in Paris, London, Rome and several other places. The Whites were thus assured of pleasant chats with people who knew these cities. But it didn't work out. "We tried it in Paris and London," Glenn reports, "and were treated so hospitably we were tempted to stay indefinitely. I thought it better not to phone any more of Margaret's friends." At a remote beach on the southern tip of Spain, below Malaga and not far from the Rock of Gibraltar, the travelers settled down for a few weeks in the sun. Trudging out of the Mediterranean Sea came a huge man with a red beard. Neptune, perhaps? No. It turned out to be an Australian journalist—and after asking Glenn what he did, his next question was: "Do you know ***Margaret Hickey?***"

You'll soon be seeing ***Maria Schell*** in 2½-hour "Brothers Karamazov." It was only one of the movies she made last year, her first in America. For the others—Dostoevski's "White Nights" in Italy, de Maupassant's "Une Vie" in France—she dubbed in three extra languages, no chore because she speaks French, German, Italian and English fluently. "They say I do not dress well, out of my roles," said Maria, troubled by criticism. "That would be a fourth profession—I already have three professions: actress, wife, housewife: and I travel with only two suitcases." For an intense 56-day shooting on Karamazov, Maria learned ice skating, "and only three steps of dancing—so I will dance like a woman in love, not like a dancer." To critics who call her incandescent, Maria is grateful. "Acting is my work—I must do it well. Sometimes I care too much and make people angry. But I must try to portray what is genuine and lasting—woman, she is helpless, but she is hardy too."

Actress Maria Schell—"incandescent" is the word for her.

The shooting had stopped. Now there was only the sound of the wind in the grass

Jonathan Found

By CECIL MAIDEN

They were talking in whispers again. Every now and then the two of them would pause to listen—with strange, afraid expressions on their faces. Jonathan did not know why they were whispering. Had they been talking in English, there might have been good reason for it, but both Sala and Mrs. Ho knew very well that he did not understand much Chinese, especially when it was spoken so quickly. Perhaps it had something to do with the strange remark his mother had made yesterday—that there were things happening in Taishun these days that a boy of seven could not know about.

The door to the kitchen was not quite closed, and it was on the living-room side of it that Jonathan was standing, still as the door itself, peering through the long, thin crack. He could see across the kitchen to the open door and past Mrs. Ho, to the yard beyond and the church schoolroom. For several days none of the mission children had come up the hill to school.

Sala was on her hands and knees, polishing the floor. Sala was old and yellow, and in her black cotton work trousers and the black jacket she seemed very thin these days. Now and then she would sit up and rest, and cough a little. It seemed hard for her to breathe sometimes, but she could still smile. She smiled, he thought, like a kindly and lovable dragon.

In one of her sitting-up moments, Sala turned her head and looked directly through the crack of the open door at him. For a moment she was startled, but as she recognized him a smile came to her face.

"Jonny!" she said. "Why you stand there like that? What you so quiet for?"

He opened the door and took a step into the kitchen. The room was bright and clean, and there was a wonderful salty-meat-and-pepper smell from the soup on the stove.

"When is mother coming back?" he asked. "And father? And Bozzy?"

The smile on Sala's face was suddenly different. "I wait for them, Jonny," said Sala. "Think they come back very soon now."

"Why did they take Bozzy, Sala? I heard Mr. Ho tell one of those men it wasn't safe for dogs to be in Taishun any more. He said they were shooting them. Father wouldn't let them shoot Bozzy, would he?"

"No. He watch over Bozzy, I think."

"But they went long ago this morning. They never even came back to eat."

On the ground out in the small yard, Jonathan suddenly saw Bozzy's empty food tin. It looked terribly by itself out there. He glanced away, turning his back also on Mrs. Ho. Mrs. Ho must think him very rude because of that. His mother had said last week, "You must remember Mrs. Ho is the gardener's wife, Jonny. You must be specially good to Mr. and Mrs. Ho. Between them they keep the mission looking beautiful—and that's about as important as father preaching on a Sunday!"

Sala said, "Come and help me polish the floor, Jonny."

Mrs. Ho picked up her broom and went off across the yard. She was like a brown old leaf, and though there was not any wind, it almost looked as if she were slowly blown into the schoolroom on the other side.

"Kneel on this," said Sala, and Jonathan knelt with his bare knees on the scratchy brown mat.

She gave him a rag that already had a big flat smudge of the goldeny-brown floor polish on it. He liked the way it slithered about on the linoleum. While Sala worked nearby with another polishing rag, he swirled his own rag round and round on the floor, and when he had polished a complete circle he leaned over and saw his own reflection.

THE JOURNAL'S
COMPLETE IN-ONE-ISSUE CONDENSED NOVEL

JONATHAN FOUND
will soon be published in book form by
Thomas Y. Crowell Co.

and the two of them breathing—but in Jonathan's ears
the sound of the shooting went on . . .
and on . . .
and on . . .

"So you're home at last!"
she cried,
and held him very tightly.
Yet something inside Jonathan
was still afraid.

His open-necked white shirt and his gray shorts looked blurred, and so did his face. Tomorrow his reflection would be different, because tomorrow would be Sunday, and he would be wearing the new blue suit his mother had sent all the way to Shanghai for. He sat up and glowed inside about it.

"Did mother get one, too, Sala?" he asked.

"Get what, Jonny?"

"A new suit. From Shanghai. Like mine."

"New *dress*," said Sala. "Yes. I think new dress. Blue one. Very pretty."

"Will she play the piano in it, in church tomorrow?"

"If people come ——" Sala began, but she did not finish what she was going to say.

He looked down at the reflection in the floor again, and began to think about tomorrow, and his mother's new dress, and Sunday dinner. And he thought about going out, after the mission people had gone home, through the gap in the fence with Bozzy, looking for wild creatures. Only Bozzy was a bulldog, and snuffled so loudly that everything always heard him coming, and ran or flew away.

It was while Jonathan was wondering if there might be any way of putting a silencer on Bozzy, as father said there was on the car, that the noises began in the distance.

At first it sounded like firecrackers, and he listened excitedly. But it was louder than firecrackers. Sala got quickly to her feet and came over and grabbed his hand.

Before she could say or do anything, Mrs. Ho was there at the door again. Things began to happen quickly. Still clutching his hand, Sala ran out into the hallway. There she opened a drawer and took out some keys. Back they went with the keys to Mrs. Ho, and all of them ran across the yard to the church room, and locked the door.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 100

ANYTHING YOU CAN CLIMB

What does a man do when he finds his wife has strength greater than his own?

By NATHANIEL BENCHLEY

The road from Interlaken to Grindelwald becomes narrower as it winds its way up through the pine forests, and the dark branches that close in above it give a feeling of oncoming night, even when the distant mountain peaks are sparkling in the sunlight. Rough wooden bridges cross and recross a tumbling glacial stream, and a blast of cold air makes a wintry wall that rises from the white water.

Norton Stanley gunned his Citroën roadster around a turn, thundered over a bridge, and swung up the road along the other side of the stream. Beside him, Elizabeth, his wife, closed her eyes and breathed deeply. "Just smell that!" she exclaimed. "It smells like everything cool and fresh in the world!"

"Uh-huh," said Stanley. He kept his eyes on the winding road, which disappeared into the darkness of the forest ahead.

"It's such a relief after the heat," Elizabeth said. "I thought I was going to die there, in Rome." Stanley said nothing, and she went on, "We've covered a great deal of territory in the last three weeks, do you realize that?"

"That's what we're here for," he replied.

"Yes, but I'd like to relax a little. I'd like to take a day off every now and then." She listened to the roaring of the stream, which filled the woods and seemed to come from all around them, and then she said, "You know what I'd like to do? I'd like to take tomorrow off, and just walk. There must be lots of trails around here where we could walk, and I think the exercise would do us both good. I know it would me."

"I get all the exercise I need behind this wheel," he replied. "I'll bet I've added two inches to my biceps in the last month."

"You don't get all the exercise you need," she said. "You don't *ever* get enough exercise."

"What do you mean? I get as much exercise as anybody else we know."

"Look at George Walters. He plays squash at least twice a week, he plays at least thirty-six holes of golf over the weekends, and he walks to the station every morning."

"All right, you look at George Walters. He is a head-crushing, card-carrying bore."

"At least he's healthy. He's hard and lean, and he does not, if you will pardon the expression, sag in certain places, the way you do."

"I do not sag. That is simply muscle that has gone a little soft, that's all." Stanley drew in his stomach, and sat straighter in the seat. "And furthermore, I'll bet that by the time I'm forty, I'll be in a great deal better shape than George Walters. If ever there was a man who is asking for a coronary, he is it."

"Anyone who keeps himself in shape has no need to fear a coronary," said Elizabeth.

"And furthermore, how do you know where George Walters sags?" Stanley asked. "How do you know he isn't corseted from here to there?"

"A girl can tell," Elizabeth said quietly. There was a long silence, and then she said, "Anyway, is it so terribly much to ask that we take a day off and just walk? Are we going to lose anything important by altering our schedule by one single day?"

Stanley took a deep breath. "No, I guess not," he said.

"I'm sure the man at the hotel will be able to tell us," she said. "There must be lots of wonderful trails all through here."

"All right," he said. "I'll ask about it."

It was late afternoon when they reached Grindelwald, a post-card-type Swiss town hemmed in by towering, snow-covered mountains. The sky was clear and blue-green, the afternoon sun splashed the mountaintops with orange, and everything else was in soft shadow. There was a pastel quality to the shadow, but the snow-covered crags blazed as though painted in oils. The air was thin and cool, and it smelled of pine needles and hay. Somewhere, on the other side of the town, a dog was barking.

"My, but this is beautiful," Elizabeth said softly. "This is where I could stay forever. Right here."

They found the hotel with no trouble. It had dark wooden beams and a peaked, overhanging roof, and it was the first big building they came to. Stanley had no sooner stopped the car than a boy darted out of the hotel and down the steps, opened the door for Elizabeth and then scrambled around among their bags, trying to pick them all up at once. Somehow he managed to get every loose piece of luggage, and he tottered back up the steps, grunting and giggling. Inside the hotel were the same heavy beams that decorated the exterior, and the desk was dark and massive. Heads and skulls of chamois, deer and steinbok peered down dimly from above.

As Stanley was registering, Elizabeth came up beside him and said, "Remember to ask him about walking."

"Oh, yes," he said. He turned to the clerk, a thin man with wispy, drooping mustaches. "Are there any trails around here where we can walk?" he asked.

The clerk stared at him, and his eyes clouded. "Trails?" he said.

"Yes." said Stanley. "You know"—he reached back CONTINUED ON PAGE 158

"Boy, this is the life," he said.
"This is the best idea you ever had."

ILLUSTRATED BY TOM LOVELL

JOURNAL MOTHERS REPORT ON Cruelty in

Motherhood should be a happy and reassuring experience, yet it is questionable whether all modern hospitals make it so. Last November, the reader-mail column of the Journal contained a brief letter from a registered nurse asking for an investigation of "the tortures that go on in modern delivery rooms." Few full-length articles have elicited such a flood of letters from Journal readers. Many relate childbirth experiences which are so shocking that Journal editors feel, after consulting leading obstetricians, that national attention should be focused on such conditions wherever they exist in order that they may be ended—since the Journal does not question that the overwhelming majority of both obstetricians and maternity hospitals resent such practices as much as the victimized mothers.

"Recently I had the most delightful time giving birth to a son with the aid of natural childbirth. My husband was allowed to be with me during labor and was made to feel a part of the whole process."
R. N., URBANA, ILLINOIS

"So many women, especially first mothers, who are frightened to start out with, receive such brutal inconsiderate treatment that the whole thing is a horrible nightmare. They give you drugs, whether you want them or not, strap you down like an animal. Many times the doctor feels too much time is being taken up and he either forces the baby with forceps or slows things up. I know, because the former happened in my own case. Please, can't something be done?"
ELKHART, INDIANA

SHELLY GROSSMAN

"THE CRUELEST PART OF CHILDBIRTH IS BEING ALONE AMONG STRANGERS." BOZEMAN, MONTANA.

"*Just let a few husbands into the delivery rooms and let them watch what goes on there. That's all it will take—they'll change it!*"
FORMER TEACHER, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

HOW TO MAKE CHILDBIRTH A JOY

"My first two deliveries were pure torture; the third had unnecessary unpleasantness. But the fourth was all that the joyful ushering of a child into the world should be—a wonderful experience in every way. I had the best prenatal care and was treated like a human being—not a cog on an assembly line. During labor my husband was allowed to be with me constantly until the moment of delivery. A cheerful nurse came in often to check my progress. I had pain, but it was bearable in such sympathetic surroundings. The delivery went off smoothly. I had no anesthesia and needed none—I was given a rubber apparatus to hold in my hand and to take a whiff of when I was too uncomfortable. To my amazement I even carried on a conversation during the delivery and never lost control of myself. I felt my baby being born and then the world became radiant and I felt like singing! My baby was brought to me whenever he was hungry and we all got along fine. My stay in that hospital was like a lovely vacation. I even had meals served to me in front of the television in the lovely modern sitting room and also received visitors there as though I were a hostess in my own living room. The doctors and nurses there acted as though they actually liked babies!" JEFFERSONVILLE, N. Y.

"We do not believe that mothers should be strapped to the delivery table, except as is necessary to keep the patient from contaminating the sterile area. Further, we do not believe that the mother's legs should be strapped together to keep the baby from delivering, nor do we believe that general anesthesia should be used to prevent the patient from delivering. To my knowledge these practices do not occur in hospitals under the jurisdiction of the Chicago Board of Health. If they occur in any hospital anywhere, the patient should lodge a complaint with the head of her local Board of Health, or the hospital head or other responsible medical authority so that disciplinary action can be taken.

"According to the rules and regulations of the Chicago Board of Health all procedures in the delivery room shall be in accordance with generally accepted principles. We in Chicago interpret these to mean that medical care, personnel and facilities must be of the highest type, as well as that no mother shall be treated with brusqueness or indifference.

"You are to be commended for your desire to improve maternity care to patients throughout the country and have our best wishes for success in your endeavors."
DR. HERMAN N. BUNDESEN, PRESIDENT, BOARD OF HEALTH, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

"I've seen patients with no skin on their wrists from fighting the straps. As a nurse of thirty years' standing in both Canada and the U.S., I can surely testify to real cruelty in the delivery room."
ONTARIO, CANADA

Maternity Wards

By GLADYS DENNY SHULTZ

Few full-length articles have elicited such a flood of letters as this brief plea, published in the mail column of the JOURNAL *in November, 1957.*

Chicago, Illinois

Dear Editor: I feel compelled to write you this letter asking you to investigate the tortures that go on in modern delivery rooms.

When I first started in my profession, I thought it would be wonderful to help bring a new life into this world. I was and am still shocked at the manner in which a mother-to-be is rushed into the delivery room and strapped down with cuffs around her arms and legs and steel clamps over her shoulders and chest.

At one hospital I know of it is common practice to take the mother right into the delivery room as soon as she is "prepared." Often she is strapped in the lithotomy position, with knees pulled far apart, for as long as eight hours. On one occasion, an obstetrician informed the nurses on duty that he was going to a dinner and that they should slow up things. The young mother was taken into the delivery room and strapped down hand and foot with her legs tied together.

I have seen doctors who have charming examination-table manners show traces of sadism in the delivery room. One I know does cutting and suturing operations without anesthetic because he almost lost a patient from an overdose some years ago. He has nurses use a mask to stifle the patient's outcry.

Great strides have been made in maternal care, but some doctors still say, "Tie them down so they won't give us any trouble." I know that thousands of women are expertly and considerately treated during childbirth for every one that endures cruel treatment. But that one is too many. You of the JOURNAL have long been a champion of women's rights. I feel that an exposé of this type of medical practice would go a long way to aiding child-bearing women.

REGISTERED NURSE

▶ *We occasionally hear of discourteous, inconsiderate or, as in this case, downright inhumane treatment of young mothers and others in hospitals. We hopefully assume it is extremely rare. Would other readers care to report? ED.*

"Childbirth at best is not pleasant. But there is no reason to make it a hell on earth."

This statement from an Overland Park, Kansas, woman summarizes the feeling expressed to us by hundreds of Journal mothers. They wrote us—from east coast and west coast and all the states in between—commenting on the letter we printed from Registered Nurse.

A number of nurses and doctors deny indignantly that any tortures ever take place in modern delivery rooms, and attack Registered Nurse for having written to us. An equal number of nurses confirm that they do take place, and applaud us for bringing the facts to public attention.

A doctor's wife in San Marino, California, stands up for her husband and his colleagues: "I have broken many an engagement, kept many dinners warm, and cut vacations short because of my husband's concern for his patients. The first thing a doctor guest does when he enters our home is to go to the phone to 'see how everything is.'"

But a registered nurse in a Hudson River town tells us: "Because of what is politely termed 'medical ethics,' the truth of much bad practice is kept from the public. Personally I feel it is comparable to the 'ethics' which keeps criminals from telling on their accomplices. I know from personal experience that a great majority of doctors, nurses and hospital personnel are good and devoted people who are doing their best under difficult conditions. What makes me angry is that the incompetent and unscrupulous people get away with so much."

There were the same contrasts in the letters from mothers. A number spoke in glowing terms of the kindness and sympathy, the consideration for their comfort, that they had encountered in maternity wards.

A woman formerly from Chicago felt that Registered Nurse should have named the Chicago hospital where she had witnessed cruel treatment of mothers, in fairness to other hospitals in the city. "I have had four babies delivered at Presbyterian Hospital. I was treated like a queen, never shown any impatience. I had all births without anesthetic, watched the birth of my twins, and those residents really worked for me. I could *never* repay in money the courtesy and kindness extended in the delivery room. Dr. Bundesen is a great and good man and a fair man. He would rapidly change any wrong treatment of patients in a hospital if he were told about it." St. Luke's Hospital in Chicago was commended by another mother.

Women in several parts of the country came with militant loyalty to the defense of doctors, hospitals and all hospital practices because their own doctors had been men of high humanity and sensitive understanding.

"My doctor allowed my husband to stay in the delivery room, in violation of the hospital rules," wrote a woman from The Dalles, Oregon. "He had tears in his eyes when he told us that he feared our baby, as yet unborn, was dead. Because he thought enough of me as a patient to prepare me *before* the delivery of my stillborn baby, I was able to stay in the maternity ward, see the babies every day, and leave the hospital with plans to return as soon as possible for another baby."

However, the majority confirmed one or more of the charges, and added others. Of these mothers, a significant number had had several babies, in different hospitals and under the charge of different doctors. Many reported fine treatment on one or more occasions, as against coldness or actual brutality on others. These mothers were not complaining because it is the lot of womankind to endure pain in bringing forth a child. They asked only that the inescapable suffering should not be made worse.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 152

"My baby arrived after I had lain on the table in delivery position nearly four hours. When I asked why I couldn't be put into a bed the nurse told me to quit bothering her so much."

WEST COVINA, CALIFORNIA

"Medical students, interns and nurses should note especially that the morale of women in labor is sometimes shattered by careless remarks. Thus, comments outside the rooms of patients are often overheard to their discomposure. Laughter in the environs of the patient (about some entirely different matter) is inevitably interpreted by the patient in the light that it is she who is being laughed at. For some fifteen years the famous lines of Oliver Wendell Holmes have had a prominent place on the wall of the doctors' office on our delivery floor. Medical students and interns would do well to memorize these words and take them to heart:

"'The woman about to become a mother, or with her newborn infant upon her bosom, should be the object of trembling care and sympathy, wherever she bears her tender burden or stretches her aching limbs. God forbid that a member of the profession to which she trusts her life, doubly precious at that period, should hazard it negligently, unadvisedly or selfishly.'"

DR. NICHOLSON J. EASTMAN,
PROFESSOR OF OBSTETRICS, JOHNS HOPKINS UNIVERSITY,
AND OBSTETRICIAN-IN-CHIEF
TO THE JOHNS HOPKINS HOSPITAL

HOW TO MAKE CHILDBIRTH A NIGHTMARE

"I have had three children and three different doctors who delivered my children in three different hospitals.

"The practice of obstetrics is the most modern and medieval, the kindest to mothers and the cruelest. I know of many instances of cruelty, stupidity and harm done to mothers by obstetricians who are callous or completely indifferent to the welfare of their patients. Women are herded like sheep through an obstetrical assembly line, are drugged and strapped on tables while their babies are forceps-delivered. Obstetricians today are businessmen who run baby factories. Modern painkillers and methods are used for the convenience of the doctor, not to spare the mother. There is so much that can be done to make childbirth the easy natural thing it should be, but most of the time the mother is terrified, unhappy, and foiled in every attempt to follow her own wishes about having the baby or breast feeding (most hospitals consider this an unusual quirk on the part of the mother which should be squelched at once)."

COLUMBUS, OHIO

"If I have another baby, I would rather have my husband with me than any specialist. A loving husband's hand in yours is by far the best sedative in the world."

MARIETTA, GEORGIA

Once Brud had been certain there were things nothing in the world could make him do.

The Knife the Chain Schoolyard

By JOHN D. MacDONALD

It took a long time for dad to build that dam. All the time from when I was in the second grade until I was twelve years old and in the sixth grade. It was high there, and all mountains, with the air clear and fine in the morning when the big yellow bus would come and take me and Bingo miles away to the central school. Bingo is three years behind me. I can remember a little bit about the road job dad was super on before he got to build the dam.

During the last part of the sixth grade, when the dam was almost done, I would hear dad and mom talking about where we might go next. Dad knew what jobs the company was bidding on, and I could tell that he was most interested in how tough the job would be, while mom wondered about whether it would be a nice place to live.

Bingo was pretty stupid about it. He couldn't understand why we had to leave the mountains. He liked it there. We all did. But when the job is done you go to a new job and build something else. That's the way it is when you're a super.

Anyway, just before school was over, one of the company planes picked dad up and he was gone four days and when he came back he had a big roll of prints with him, and he would sit up late in the kitchen, drinking coffee and smoking his pipe and using his slide rule and making big long columns of figures. Mom acted kind of low about the whole thing. Dad showed me the job. It was a map of a big city named Athenia more than a thousand miles away.

"This is the new job, Brud." My right name is Lyle Baker, but it got to be Brud when Bingo first started to talk because he called me that, and I don't mind it. "These people got themselves all choked up with too many cars and too narrow streets. So I have to build them six miles of highway. It starts here and goes to here. Three miles of it will be up in the air, and then we bridge the railroad yards and the river and come out at a traffic interchange at this turnpike."

So we went to Athenia, and it was a kind of a funny lonesome summer. Mom found us a house on a narrow shady street not far from downtown. The house was old and, because of the trees and because the other houses were so close, it was always kind of gloomy in the house. And it had a stale smell that never went away. And it was an awful hot sticky summer. Dad would come home kind of cross, and mom looked wilted like.

Where we used to live Bingo had his crowd and I had mine, but we were back to playing together that summer in Athenia. There was a funny bunch of kids around that neighborhood. They went around in gangs dressed alike, and even the little bits of ones smoked. They had names, like the Sportsters—they were one of the clubs that used brass chains for belts on their blue jeans—and the Playboys with red baseball hats, and so on. They didn't have time for anybody. A few blocks away there were foreign kids and beyond them there were colored kids and they had their own gangs too. At night you could nearly always hear sirens.

Bingo likes to wander around by himself, but he gave that up the first week when he came back to the house so mad he couldn't talk, and so pale his freckles stood out. And all bloody. Somebody had chunked a rock at him and it took three stitches to close up his forehead and the scar is still there. He'd seen some kids down a street playing a game where they whanged a tin can around with sticks and he'd gone down there and they'd chunked rocks at him, so many he couldn't duck them all, and hit him a couple of times in the back end when he was running. It was the running that made him so mad. I was for going back there after he was sewed up so he could show me the street and the kids. He didn't know the name of the street. But mom said no, wait until your father comes home.

When he came home she talked to him and then he talked to us. And he made it sound pretty stupid to go looking for trouble. We agreed to stick pretty close to the street we lived on. Dad is a big man, and there's nothing chicken about him. I remember one time when he let me come out on the job with him when he was building the dam. And a man driving a Euclid talked nasty to him. The driver was big. My dad jumped up onto the bracket thing you step on to climb into the cab and grabbed the man and pulled him out and down onto the ground and picked him up by one leg and the back of his neck and heaved him all the way up onto his own load of fill. The man decided he would rather lie still up there than climb down. Dad acted real calm, but when he loaded his pipe I saw how bad his hands were shaking. It was a thing they talked about on that job a long time. So when dad said it would be stupid to try to go after those kids, it made it all right for us not to.

There wasn't any trouble during the summer, but I felt kind of uneasy about how school would be. Then school started and it was ten times as bad as I could have imagined. Bingo went to the grade school about ten blocks away, and, being in the seventh grade, I had to go to the junior high, about seven blocks in the other direction. It was a great big brick building, and the schoolyard was fenced with wire and paved with bricks, and there were a lot of broken swings. The classes were real big, with extra chairs along the sides and in the back so that there could be forty or fifty kids. Half the time you couldn't hardly hear the teacher. Kids threw stuff and made weird noises and nobody seemed to be able to do anything about it. The whole school had a funny smell, like acid and sweat and something perfumy, and after classes it had the loudest bells I ever heard.

Back home—I mean back in the mountains—they'd called me Brud in school, but here the teachers CONTINUED ON PAGE 150

But in this new world were the Black Dukes and the Sportsters.

EDNA FERBER'S ICE

SYNOPSIS OF PART I Aboard the morning plane from Seattle were influential businessman and politician Dave Husack, with his son Bayard, his "shadow" Sid Kleet, his secretary Dina Drake; Wilbur K. Distelhorst, of the Department of the Interior; a retired general now head of the National Fish Pack Company. Ordinarily, distinguished visitors were met at the Baranof, Alaska, airport by Secretary of the Chamber of Commerce Ott Decker, and his self-appointed helper, Bridie Ballantyne. But today the welcoming committee included Mayor Bogard, legendary Czar Kennedy and dazzling Chris Storm. Born in Alaska, tragically orphaned in infancy, and brought up by her powerful and mutually antagonistic grandfathers, Czar Kennedy and Thor Storm, Chris was as beloved in Baranof as the fantastic Ice Palace, built by Kennedy as a symbol of the city's great future. It was said Chris had broken many hearts—her own belonged to Alaska.

Young Bayard Husack, though supposedly engaged to Dina Drake, still loved Chris. Hoping to see her, he had fallen in with his father's ambitious plan of grooming him for the governorship of Alaska. He did not know that his father and Czar Kennedy also conspired to further their political ambitions by marrying him to Chris. They had insisted that Dina accompany Bayard on his tour of Alaska in the hopes of rousing Chris' jealousy—and had paid her well for her role. But Dina had plans of her own. She intended to marry Bayard—and, eventually, to be First Lady of the United States.

PART II

From the beginning no two men could have been more unlike than Thor Storm and Czar Kennedy. Together they had come to this weird, wild land. They had planned and worked and fought together, each had been left wifeless and childless in young manhood, neither had remarried, each waged a silent persistent battle for the welfare—as they saw it—of the girl Christine. Each loved Alaska in his own way.

Thor Storm still lived in a log cabin as he had in his twenties. It boasted electricity and plumbing of a sort now, but structurally it was basically unchanged. Baranof and the whole territory respected him, admired him, were baffled by his way of life.

But Czar Kennedy—there was a man they could understand. A picturesque and romantic figure, he had a quiet word and a smile for everyone. You sometimes saw him eating his breakfast at the drugstore soda counter; you'd never know he owned the building, lived in the best house in town. Sometimes he secretly paid for the breakfast of a boy or girl there at the counter, and he would vanish before they had finished their meal.

"No charge," the counterman would say to this one.

"What do you mean, no charge!"

"Party paid for your breakfast. Told me to say you're his guest this morning."

This pleased and impressed some, but it rather annoyed others. One morning at eight o'clock Addie Barnett caught him at the coffee counter. It was Northern Light weekly press day, and she had been at the office since five A.M. In a spirit of pure mischief she had quietly paid the counterman for Czar's breakfast and slipped away to station herself, unseen, behind the revolving bookrack. The counterman rather enjoyed going into the customary routine. In reverse, this time.

"No charge, Mr. Kennedy."

"How's that?" sharply.

"Party paid for your breakfast. Said you're their guest this morning."

Rarely caught off guard, Czar now was in a temper. "You can't do that. I don't like it, understand!"

"Oh? Well, *you* do it."

"That's different."

Addie Barnett ran the story in next week's Northern Light.

Shuttled back and forth from the cushioned comfort of Czar's house to Thor's neat little log cabin—three months with Czar, three months with Thor—even an adult might have been shredded by this split existence. That Chris survived as a whole human being, though scarred, was miraculous. Oddly, she was happier in the three-room shack at the water's edge than in Czar's ample house with its bouncy mattresses, its thick carpets, its plate-glass windows. Through the protective panes she could see the splendid panorama of sky and water and mountains, yet here the child never had the feeling of security, of belonging. The world looked unreal and distant, somehow, viewed through all that glass. At Thor's cabin the mountains and the water and the land were part of her daily life.

Together she and Thor trudged the hills, fished the waters, slogged through the tundra gathering the delicate low-growing wild flowers, picking the low-bush wild cranberries for jelly. There were blueberries, too, and salmonberries. Thor held forth in terms of philosophy and economics and history. She was too young to understand it all, but much of this must have stuck in her memory and been preserved in her emotional storehouse. Years later she brought it forth, undimmed, like golden coins retrieved from a buried treasure chest. Not only Thor, but often Czar and Bridie, spoke to her in adult terms, and though she often was confused by this she thrived on their competitive affection.

With Czar Kennedy she lived in the finest house in Baranof, she wore dresses bought in Seattle, she ate the best the town afforded. On one of his rare trips to Seattle, Czar even took Christine with him.

Most Alaskans did not dream of staying at the Olympic Hotel when they visited Seattle. It was too grand, too costly. With or without Christine, Czar stayed at the Olympic.

This glimpse of the Northwest metropolis had dazzled the child, and puzzled her. Like an Alice in Wonderland she stared, confused and sometimes unbelieving, at the hotel's luxurious appointments, at the wide streets, the shopwindows, the handsome houses.

"Baranof doesn't look like this," the child said. "Why doesn't it?"

"No money."

"Then why doesn't Seattle give them some money?"

He stared at her, startled. He had been hearing this question lately, from other sources. Then he laughed. "No, that wouldn't do. That's the wrong way round."

Not wishing to leave her alone in the hotel, he took her with him when he had a business conference with Dave Husack or Sid Kleet or any one of a half dozen other Northwest nabobs.

Sunk in the depths of a vast armchair, a book in her lap, the child was so quiet that the men actually forgot her presence. She heard every word the men said. It did not interest her, she understood none of it, she merely retained it. They CONTINUED ON PAGE 70

The complete novel is being published in book form by Doubleday & Company, Inc.

This was a part of Alaska she had never seen;

a side to Ross's character she had not guessed.

PALACE

"I've made up my mind
I'm going to show you Oogruk today,"
Ross said.
"I'll do it if it costs me my job."

HIGH SCHOOL TO COLLEGE:

TIME TO REPAIR THE BRIDGE

By A. WHITNEY GRISWOLD,
PRESIDENT OF YALE UNIVERSITY

It is now generally recognized throughout the United States that our high schools are not performing adequately one of the two main functions they are supposed to perform in our educational system. This is the function of a bridge between elementary school and college. Whatever they may be accomplishing in the preparation for citizenship of students who do not go on to college—and there is widespread dissatisfaction with that, too—as bridges to higher education they are buckling in the middle.

Less than half of the top quarter of our high-school graduates, the group best qualified for college education, move on into it. The rest drop out of the procession largely for sheer lack of motive: they fail to see the purpose of an education commensurate with their native talents and ability. Others of the same academic potential follow lines of least resistance and do not make their way to the top of their high-school classes. Still others, of less ability and lower potential, drift into public institutions obliged to admit them, only to fall by the wayside as soon as they encounter bona fide university standards. Even among the top quarter of high-school graduates there are too many instances of ground lost to inadequate preparation in particular subjects that has to be made up in the freshman year of college at the cost of more valuable educational opportunities.

Sometimes this ground is not regained until much later, if ever. Witness the recent recommendation of the Association of Graduate Schools that an examination in basic command of the English language be required for admission to those schools. That the graduate schools of our universities should find such a requirement necessary for candidates for the Ph.D., the highest earned academic degree awarded in the United States, is striking evidence of shortcomings farther down the educational line. The foundations of basic command of our native language, the essential tool for all learning, should be laid in grammar school and completed in high school. The time for this test is at the beginning of college, not the end of it.

All this constitutes a waste of the most precious of all our natural resources—our human resources—and this at a time when we are wondering how, or even whether, we can keep up with the Russians and are calling for "talent hunts" and "brain-power quests" to assist us. Meanwhile we are informed by such authorities as the United States Office of Education and the Educational Policies Commission of the National Education Association and the American Association of School Administrators that ***the Russians are investing substantially more time, money and energy in grammar and high schools as a preparation for college education than we are. Their students complete in ten years what ours do in twelve (spending an average of 1234 hours in school in each of their last four years, compared with our average of 895). A considerably larger proportion of them are enrolled in the academic curriculum than is the case with us; and what is more to the point, within their academic curriculum, such basic subjects as language, literature, mathematics and the natural sciences receive much greater emphasis and attention than they do in our own.*** Russian language and literature occupy 28 per cent of that curriculum; history, nearly 7 per cent; geography, 5 per cent; foreign language, 7 per cent; mathematics, 20 per cent; biology, physics and chemistry together, 13 per cent.

"The emphasis on science in Soviet schools contrasts sharply with the situation in the United States," says the United States Office of Education in its report, Education in the U.S.S.R.

"Whereas the Soviet students graduating from secondary schools in June 1955 had taken courses in physics for five years, astronomy for one year, chemistry for four years, biology for five years and mathematics, algebra, geometry and trigonometry for ten years, less than a third of the American high-school graduates had taken a year of chemistry, about a fourth had had a year of physics, and less than a seventh had taken advanced mathematics."

Although the Russian science courses are not, in all cases, full-year courses, it is nevertheless true that every Russian ten-year-school graduate will have had 4.4 full years of mathematics and 5.9 full years of science. The Office of Education also reports that in Russia all students in the ten-year schools (whose last three years roughly equate with our four-year high schools) are required to study foreign languages for six years, in the last two of which instruction is conducted in the foreign language; whereas less than 15 per cent of our high-school students study any foreign language and most of these for not more than a year.

We may draw various conclusions from the Russian system of grammar- and high-school education. The almost complete repression of freedom that accompanies it undoubtedly limits the ultimate benefits it might confer upon Russian society, especially in the fields of the humanities and the social sciences, where freedom of thought is of the essence. We may question the distribution of emphasis in the curriculum and ask whether such a stiff dose of science in secondary school will yield all the results that are expected of it. Nevertheless, we may safely conclude two things. The first is that any student who completes satisfactorily as much mathematics and foreign-language study as the Russian academic curriculum requires should have a better-disciplined mind than his American counterpart, whatever he may do with it. The second is that any student who has completed as much foreign-language study together with the study of his own language and literature as the Russian curriculum requires should have a better mastery of both than does his American counterpart. These facts, added to the obviously stronger foundation for proficiency in science and technology afforded by the Russian curriculum, make the weaknesses in our own curriculum seem all the more glaring.

For more than a decade critics of American education have been trying in vain to open our eyes to the existence of these weaknesses. The Russian deus ex machina has succeeded in accomplishing what they could not accomplish. Like the great depression that shocked us out of the illusions we held with respect to our economy in 1930, and the bombing of Pearl Harbor that shocked us out of illusions regarding our military security and our position in world affairs in 1941, the sudden revelation of Russia's scientific advance has at last shocked us out of our educational illusions. Though scarcely visible to the human eye, the two Sputniks have bathed our high-school curriculum in a flood of light and magnified the voice of its critics into a national chorus.

This is not a wholly unmixed blessing. To be sure, the first step toward correcting any fault is to recognize it. But there is now so much criticism of our high schools from so many points of view, surcharged with so much wounded pride, that there is danger that constructive criticism may be drowned out and the initiative necessary to put things to rights lost in the shuffle. ***No citizen has***

to look very far to discover evidence of trouble in our high schools. If he is fortunate enough to find none in his own school he need look no farther than Little Rock or New York, where the mere preservation of law and order has required the occupation of schools by the Army and the police. If these are extreme cases, representing social more than educational problems, they are nonetheless symbolic of cases in many other communities, where amid classrooms crowded to suffocation and double—sometimes triple—sessions, overworked teachers exhaust themselves trying to maintain elementary discipline. Some of this trouble is symptomatic of a teen-age bravado and defiance of authority which, though apparently worldwide in scope, seems to have reached its peak under the auspices of permissive parenthood in the United States. It is symptomatic, too, of teacher shortages, cramped quarters and lack of essential equipment caused by ignoring our population curve and failing to read its plain educational implications.

Economic reports of these conditions have been given almost continuous publicity, but they have not produced a remedy, for these are not economic phenomena. A nation's schools are part of its culture, and the indifference with which ours have been treated bespeaks a cultural rather than an economic failing. We have always had the money to provide for their needs and provide for them liberally. We have it today. Last year we spent more on tobacco and liquor; more on new and used cars; more on recreation than we spent on our entire system of education, including all our elementary and secondary schools as well as our colleges and universities, public and private. Once the need for more intensive research in intercontinental and space missiles, costly as it is, is borne in upon us we have little difficulty in providing the funds for it. Our failure to support our schools in similar fashion is fundamentally a failure to see their purpose in our civilization.

Such a failure could lead to disaster. The pages of history are full of instances of the collapse of nations and the decline and disappearance of civilizations that began with cultural decay and were accompanied and hastened by it. Failure of the United States today to live up to the ideals and fulfill the promise of its own civilization could have similar results. We are engaged in something more than a race into space. The prospect is that, although we may soon go voyaging among the planets, we shall have to return from our travels and continue to dwell upon the earth. Our ability to do so successfully—that is to say, more successfully than other animals and civilizations that have become extinct—will depend upon two things. We shall have to produce not only a scientific competence but also a political and a social competence equal to the task. Both of these responsibilities devolve upon our educational system, particularly upon our high schools. Their capacity to discharge them depends, in turn, upon what value we attach to our way of life.

One thing is certain. We shall not achieve the minimum military security essential to the continuance and further development of that way of life unless we improve upon one particular kind of education. This is the kind that culminates in mastery of the basic sciences, the humanities and the social sciences, that produces through its followers the scientific discoveries upon which our technology is founded and so much of our physical welfare and our military security depends; the knowledge and wisdom that shape our laws and social institutions CONTINUED ON PAGE 144

HOW ONE SCHOOL SYSTEM IS MEETING

THE CHALLENGE OF THIS CENTURY

By GLENN MATTHEW WHITE

When one considers in its length and in its breadth the importance of this question of the education of a nation's young, the broken lives, the defeated hopes, the national failures which result from the frivolous inertia with which it is treated, it is difficult to restrain within oneself a savage rage.

In the conditions of modern life the rule is absolute, the race which does not value trained intelligence is doomed. Not all your heroism, not all your social charm, not all your wit, not all your victories on land or at sea, can move back the finger of fate. Today we maintain ourselves. Tomorrow science will have moved forward yet one more step, and there will be no appeal from the judgment which will then be pronounced on the uneducated.

—ALFRED NORTH WHITEHEAD
Presidential address to the Mathematical Association in England, 1916

I feel very strongly that we need to gain acceptance in this country of the importance of differentiation by intellectual standards throughout our whole educational system. . . . To recognize the comprehensive tasks of the high schools and in addition to give adequate opportunity to the gifted—this is the big problem. This is where the next great push ought to be, to provide for this quality group.

—JAMES R. KILLIAN, JR.,
"Are High School Standards Too Low?", Ladies' Home Journal, September, 1956

The danger that confronts this country . . . lies in the cult of mediocrity. No country has a stronger tradition of faith in education than the United States; in no country is there more information available on differences of ability than in the United States; and yet with all the faith and with all the knowledge less is being done than elsewhere to give the best education to those who might do the most with it. A fallacious interpretation of democracy has tended to reduce equality of opportunity to identity of education. . . .

—I. L. KANDEL,
"Leadership and Education in Other Times and Other Lands," Teachers College Record, (April, 1939).

"What am I to do with Johnny?" a teacher asked. "All he wants to do is read the college textbooks his father wrote." "Should Sally spend all her time reading Shakespeare?" another wanted to know. "She's only nine!"

What to do with unusually intelligent children in public-school classrooms has always been a puzzle for teachers. They are not always the best-behaved, nor do they do consistently superior work. There is a legend among teachers of gifted children that one bright child on his very first day in school turned on his teacher and snarled, "Get away from me with that pusillanimous primer!" Probably no child ever said it in quite that way, but every teacher knows a book that might hold the interest of average children in a classroom is a bore to some and impenetrable to others in the same classroom. What is one to do with the child who can read well but is just too bored to do so?

In 1953, Lucille Nixon, a consultant in elementary education for the Palo Alto (California) public schools, found herself swamped with such questions. She took them to the superintendent, Dr. Henry M. Gunn. "We should have a program," she said, "for exceptionally able children throughout our entire school system." He agreed. He appointed a committee to plan such a program; two years later it was approved by the school board and put into action. Since its inception, every possible evaluation, study and test of the Palo Alto program shows that—

▶ The creation of a "snob" or "elite" group of children—a fear often mentioned when any proposal is made to single out those with high I.Q.'s for special attention—did not occur in practice. Children can be grouped in special classes for a portion of the day, or offered special opportunities in other ways, without the slightest damage to their relationships with others.

▶ Children not included in the program are generally not jealous or envious of those who are. (This finding is based not merely upon expressed opinions, but upon special "social distance" tests.)

▶ Many more children than previously supposed can profitably skip a grade in elementary school. They compete successfully with older children without developing social or emotional problems.

▶ When exceptionally able children are grouped in a special class for only one subject, their work improves, not only in that class but in all their regular classes as well.

▶ The community generally approves of special provisions for CONTINUED ON PAGE 88

Universal suit (left) is lightweight pale beige tweed for planes, cool-weather cities, taking on summer personality with a water-color printed silk blouse. soft straw cloche. red calfskin bag. The skirt becomes a separate combined with sweaters, knitted overblouses. By Philippe Tournay. The hat by Francis Nelkin, blouse by Lloyd. The ravishing, pink-of-fashion coat (below) knocks convention into a cocked hat but is positively earthbound and purposeful. What could be better over black, white or beige. linen. tweed or chiffon? By George Carmel. The white low-waisted dress in Arnel crepe. an extra or alternate, by Julia Richards.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILHELA CUSHMAN

SEVEN WONDERS OF WORLD TRAVEL

Universal suit, a coat in color, a black dress, one jacket dress, a casual globe-trotter, something beige or white, one "divine" for evening.

By WILHELA CUSHMAN *Fashion Editor*

Defining a fashion travel wonder, we say it means: vitally current but enduring as the Sphinx, basic and beautiful in the same breath, and a pure phenomenon of adaptability. The total seven must include something wool to face the facts of weather, summer silks, linens and prints, a gadabout dress easy as a slip, a printed chiffon for evening. intensely feminine, with the grace to look lovely at the very last stop. Any woman well tuned in will travel as weightlessly as possible—hence the strict selectivity. She will take black, white and beige—simple as one, two, three. Then add smashing color—the new pink of fashion or her own favorite shade, both for the sake of fashion and her own pleasure. Accessories that point up tomorrow and give simplicity the spark it needs: printed cotton hats and bags for plain-color dresses, brilliant collapsible silk turbans, bright polka-dot bags or slippers, crystal beads in rainbow colors.

Beginning with the gadabout (right): the chemise has made its reputation on two continents (let it be no shorter than looks well sitting as well as standing), a nothing of a dress that can mean everything in comfort and usefulness. This one is black silk-and-rayon shantung with brass buttons by Robert Crystal, worn with a young, young breton of glossy black straw by Adolfo of Emme, white gloves; patent leathers by Jean Bandler.

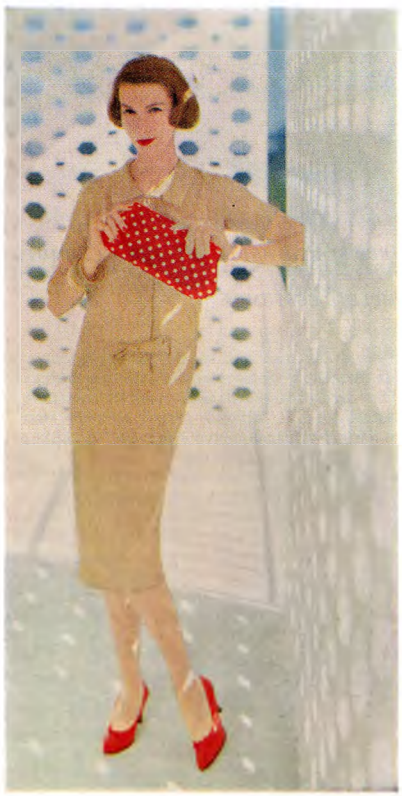
SEVEN WONDERS OF WORLD TRAVEL

WILHELA CUSHMAN

The dress with a jacket is a convincing fashion witness to the fact that the best world travelers are also many times the best for any cosmopolite at home. The pink tweedy silk-and-cotton (above) is prepared for town with a soft lattice-top cloche from Mr. John's Junior collection, and a leather bag. Slip off the jacket as the Fahrenheit rises. By Andrew Arkin. The pink-and-red silky cotton print by Leonard Arkin (right) has the endearing kind of dress underneath that you can snatch out of the suitcase for dinner in split seconds. A bit of veiling and roses by Francis Nelkin. Basic red pumps by Rangoni.

The quiet, mannerly little beige shantung chemise dress (below). 100-carat strong for pure usefulness and for any spike of color you like. By Robert Crystal. A polka-dot silk bag to match red pumps is a good thought, plus a bow-veil. Proof that a fashion that travels as effortlessly as your lingerie can be cause for ovation is the printed chiffon evening dress with the jeweled midriff at the right by Frank Starr. Fresh flowers around the chignon.

NATURALLY . . . THERE WILL BE ALTERNATES: These seven costumes are cosmopolitan world travelers. Depending on your timetables and destinations, you will add and take away. Museum lovers need the comfort and the rightness of a little shirtwaist dress and low heels, whereas more for evening is indicated for the music festivals. Seashore and shipboard call for play clothes, mountains for more casual wools. The forever rule: take one thing that leads to the where-did-you-get-it questions—a dress in a crazy color, a silhouette that you but not everyone could wear.



The fashions on all these pages are presented to you because they show you the trends of the season and serve as a guide as you shop. You will find many of them in stores throughout the nation. However, if you do not find identical styles in your local shops, we believe similar ones will be available.

Capsule Wardrobes...

IN SYNTHETIC FABRICS

This capsule wardrobe started with a crisp white Arnel sharkskin. We combined a sleeveless blouse and a skirt with unpressed pleats. The printed long skirt in the same fabric combines with the original blouse. The blue Orlon-and-wool jersey overblouse goes with the white skirt as well as with the red Dacron-and-linen slacks. The sweater is white ribbed Orlon with an all over flower print in shades of blue.

The blouse, Vogue Design No. 9505.
The long skirt, Design No. 9504.
The overblouse and skirt, Design No. 9503.
The slacks, Design No. 9494.

SHOES—JEAN BANDLER
SWEATER—HANS HOEPPLE
CHALK BEADS—DOROTHY ADAMS

CRISP WHITE SHARKSKIN + BLUE JERSEY OVERBLOUSE + RED SLACKS AND A SWEATER = A SUMMER'S WEEKEND.

A TWO-PIECE PLAID DRESS + A TWO-PIECE BUTTON-FRONT GREEN RAYON LINEN = FOUR COMPLETE COSTUMES.

This gay Dacron-and-cotton plaid in shades of pinks, yellows and greens is a cool summer fabric that washes with ease and needs little ironing. The two-piece shirtwaist dress has a green cummerbund. The shirt combines with the green rayon-linen skirt for sports wear. The plaid skirt combines with the green sleeveless top for dressier occasions. With the two-piece green dress we have added accents of turquoise.

Plaid dress,
Vogue Design No. 9490.
Green dress,
Vogue Design No. 9502.

COLORED BEADS—EDGAR ROEDELHEIMER
GOLD CLIP BRACELETS—STEVE CADORO
STRAW HAT—GOBBI

SUMMER USUALLY MEANS A SERIES OF EXCITING WEEKENDS — SHORT WEEKENDS WHEN YOU WANT TO TRAVEL LIGHT BUT DRESS PRETTILY. WE HAVE WORKED OUT FOUR COMBINATIONS THAT COULD TAKE YOU TO THE COUNTRY, TO THE CITY OR TO THE BEACH. WITH ANY ONE GROUP, YOU WILL HAVE AT LEAST FOUR COSTUMES . . . IN SOME CASES EVEN MORE.

By NORA O'LEARY
Pattern Editor

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LEOMBRUNO-BODI

A print coat is one of the gayest summer fashions. Ours, an all-over rose print on Arnel sharkskin. The red Dacron-and-cotton linen-weave sheath is the basic part of this wardrobe and looks equally well with a printed overblouse or the short pink jacket. The pink jacket matches a pair of shorts (to wear only if you are young and slim; otherwise, make a matching pink skirt) and is Chinese in effect, fastening with braid frogs. Another combination would be the pink shorts with the overblouse.

Printed coat, Vogue Design No. S-4871.
Red sheath, Design No. 9382.
Pink jacket and shorts, No. 9494.
Printed overblouse, No. 9506.

RED AND WHITE CHAIN BAGS—RICHARD KORET
PINK BEADS—BRIAN BISHOP

A PRINT COAT + A SHEATH + A PINK SHORTS COSTUME AND AN OVERBLOUSE = A "GO ANYWHERE" WARDROBE.

A TURQUOISE SHEATH + NYLON-CHIFFON SEPARATES + A GLEN-PLAID TWOSOME = A YOUNG, PRETTY LOOK.

Turquoise, a favorite summer color (so pretty with a tan), is the key color in this wardrobe. The nylon-chiffon separates combine to look like a one-piece dress, but the skirt can also be worn over a turquoise rayon-linen sheath for dancing. The two-piece glen-plaid acetate-and-rayon costume is a true "go everywhere" dress and the top does double duty worn over the sheath dress.

Nylon blouse, Vogue Design No. 9506
Nylon-chiffon skirt, Design No. 9210.
Two-piece plaid, Design No. S-4878.
Turquoise sheath, Design No. 9429.

BLUE SATIN BELT—BEN KING
YELLOW BAG—ELIZABETH STRAUSS

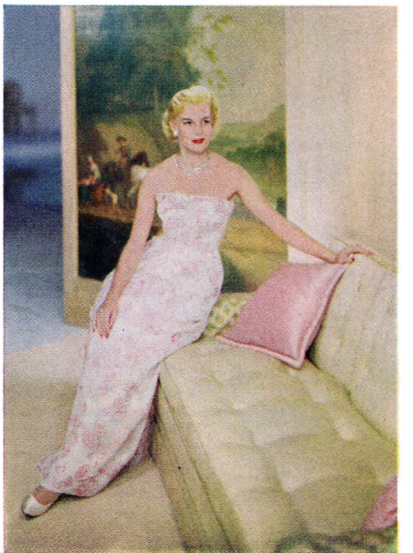
For back and other views, sizes and prices of Vogue Patterns, see page 149.

THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT HER

Mrs. Stroud thinks a bright coat both a luxury and a necessity. Brilliant example — this red rajah-textured many season style worn over a perfect little black dress is for important luncheons or a meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Dallas Museum of Contemporary Art.

"I like this white dinner dress because I can wear it so many places."

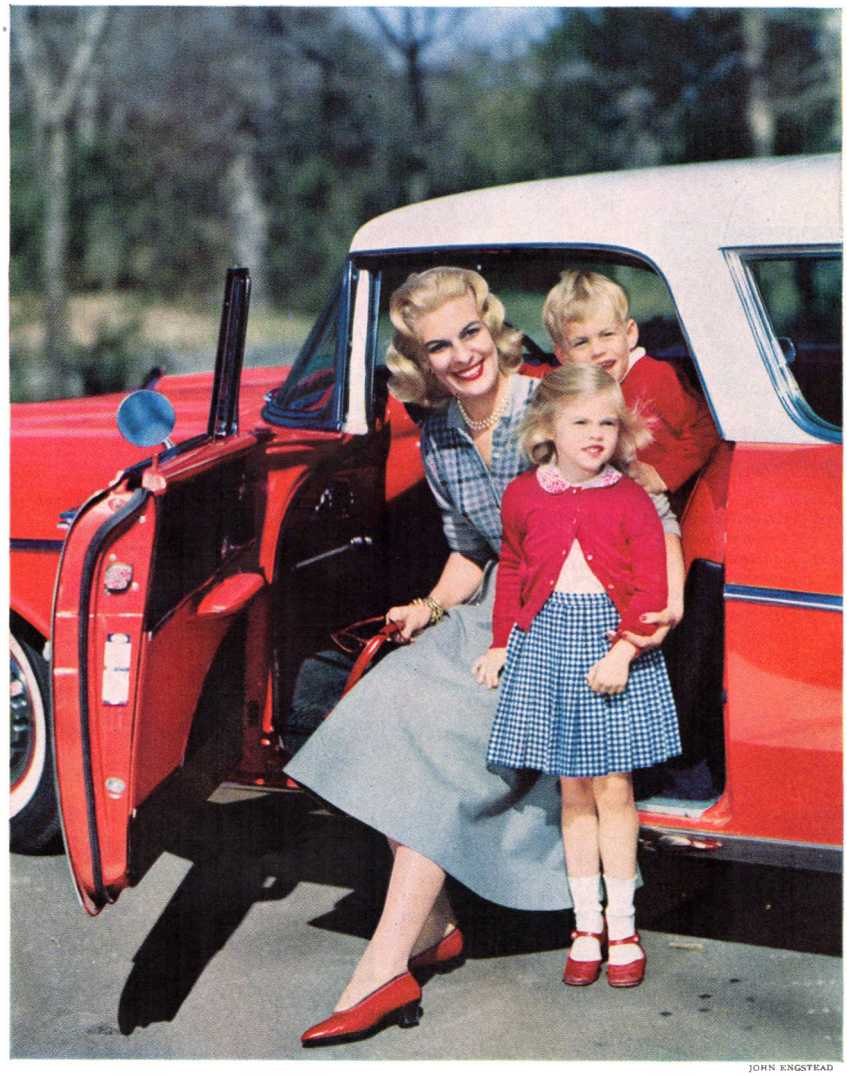
Early spring in Texas. A short silk-and-wool coat over a matching dress.



Mrs. Ethan B. Stroud II, of Dallas, Texas, is a blond, blue-eyed, soft-spoken native Texan of many interests. Color is her first thought in planning her clothes. "I love and wear almost every color. . . . I never like anything that is too much of a fashion, but I do like soft, feminine things that last a long time." She looks for new ideas but always prefers the "modified version" to any exaggerated fashion. She narrows down essentials to a "bright coat, black dress, pretty sweaters and skirts, evening clothes." At home she enjoys slacks combined with sweaters and blouses. Her days are filled with variety—from driving the children to school to civic activities as director of the Dallas Council of World Affairs.

By WILHELA CUSHMAN *Fashion Editor*

"A suit with a soft easy look." The pleats are made for walking. The intense blue, a color she adores.



JOHN ENGSTEAD

Sweater and skirt for busy mornings. Mrs. Stroud drives off to school with daughter Joyce and son Ethan, gathering up neighbor children on the way. Her skirt is felt, the sweater plaid cashmere. Her shoes, low-heeled red leather pumps.

Cotton print, young and simple—"the kind of dress I wear so much all summer."

Left—fabulous white organdy with embroidered appliquéd pink roses for the most beautiful ball, worn with her favorite necklace.

"I practically live in slacks at home with a fun sweater or blouse." Mrs. Stroud loves to combine colors—violet mohair sweater and lemon-yellow cotton at-home slacks.

High-school graduation day. I was 18 years old and weighed 225 pounds. All the other members of the school band wore ready-made uniforms. Yards and yards of extra material had to be bought so that mine could be made to order. I'll never forget our senior-year band contest. Proudly we marched onto the stage in front of teachers, judges and audience and sat down to play. Suddenly there was a thunderous crash — and there was old Marge in a heap on the floor, chair splintered under her! Even the drums couldn't drown out the sound of the laughter. Another time I was equally chagrined was the Sunday I led a line of folks into a pew of our church. I came to a pillar I couldn't squeeze past. The only solution was for all the people behind me to back out to the tune of the organ music so that I could sit elsewhere. Telephone booths were a problem too. And driving. As a fatty, I'd have to push the car seat back as far as it would go. Later, as I dieted, I'd slip the seat forward a notch. Since my stomach seemed always to be pushing the wheel, it took quite a while before fellow passengers discovered I was losing weight.

You'd think a girl wearing a cap and gown could manage to hide a figure problem—but not a girl weighing over 275 pounds! Here I am with my mother, niece, brother and father on the day I graduated from college. As you can see, I was the only fatty in the family. This was the year I was asked to sing comedy songs in our senior-class show. One of the songs was called, When Francis Dances With Me. Was I a hit when I came to the line "I fit in his arms like a motorman's glove!"

This was considered a very flattering picture of me in 1952 at 275 pounds plus. Even though the photographer kindly retouched away my extra chins (left), you can compare these pictures and see that I am now less than half the woman I once was. It's no wonder some of my long-time acquaintances have failed to recognize me. At our college-class reunion last year I caused a near riot showing up in a slinky sheath dress (size 14). I actually had to introduce myself to girls I had known for four years!

"I lost

Here is Marjorie Tubbs' photo album to diet and reduce from a mountainous 294 pounds

BEFORE AND AFTER MEASUREMENTS

	HEIGHT	WEIGHT	BUST	WAIST	HIPS	UPPER ARM	THIGHS	DRESS SIZE
BEFORE	5'8"	294 pounds	50"	44"	59"	19½"	30"	42 pattern size. (With inches added!)
AFTER	5'8"	148 pounds	35"	27"	39"	11½"	20½"	14 or 16

Look again—it isn't a trick of the camera that makes me appear twice the size of my friend. I was more than twice her size. By now there were doorways I couldn't squeeze through, store aisles I had to walk along sideways, stairs I had to huff and puff to climb. But I could always make it out to the kitchen to while away the afternoon with sandwiches, cookies and hot chocolate until dinner was ready. Next to eating, I was best at cooking. Even won a county baking contest.

Here I look like the original model for "They laughed when I sat down at the piano!" This was taken in 1953 during my first year of teaching. Weight: approximately 290 pounds! In those days the only compliments I ever received centered on a new scarf or bracelet. Nowadays friends exclaim enthusiastically over my pretty dresses or my figure. When I was whistled at as a fatty, I wanted to sink into the sidewalk, knowing it was my hideous appearance that prompted the attention. Today I am secretly thrilled that the occasional whistles and "Wow!"s are meant to compliment instead of condemn.

Me in my very first sports outfit which I got just last spring. I've always loved sports, but until I reduced, my enjoyment of them was limited. I did make the high-school tumbling team. As "low man," that is, sometimes supporting as many as nine of my classmates piled on top of me to build a pyramid. During my diet I did daily exercises—fifteen minutes each morning and afternoon. There were times when my folks thought our house might fall apart—but those exercises, which I still do, keep my body firm.

146 pounds"

with notes telling what it looks and feels like to a trim-figured 148.

By DAWN CROWELL NORMAN
Beauty Editor

"As a youngster my weight was normal, but when I reached my teens I developed an enormous appetite and proceeded to accumulate the pounds that went with it," says Marjorie Tubbs, Chenoa, Illinois, high-school music teacher. "When my family and friends tried to persuade me to reduce, I'd pause in eating long enough to answer, 'Tomorrow.' When I was teased about my weight, I'd laugh it off—the teasing, that is. When I wasn't invited to dances, I went to them anyway—as saxophonist in my family's orchestra. It wasn't until the fall of 1954, when I got tonsillitis, that I came to my senses. My doctor looked at me in dismay and warned, 'It isn't the size of your *tonsils* I'm worried about.' I started dieting that day and in two years I lost 146 pounds. I had two short giving-up periods when I regained some weight, but otherwise it was approximately 1000 calories a day for me. Happily, I had very few hungry days. I ate three well-balanced meals each day, cut out between-meal eating and substituted fruit desserts for the rich, fattening things I had been eating. Though I often yearned for a hot-fudge sundae or chocolate cake, I never really felt starved; never felt weak with hunger. I've maintained my reduced weight of 148 pounds for a year and a half now and continue to feel as marvelous as friends say I look. This spring one of my fourteen-year-old students confided in a boyish, blushing stammer, 'Miss Tubbs—er—ah, you'll make some man a pretty nice wife; I mean a nice *pretty* wife.' And one of my young girl students exclaimed at our senior prom, 'Gosh, you're as glamorous as Marilyn Monroe!' Maybe some women would fluff off such compliments as teen-age nonsense, but to this ex-fatty those words are music (and I know music) to my ears!"

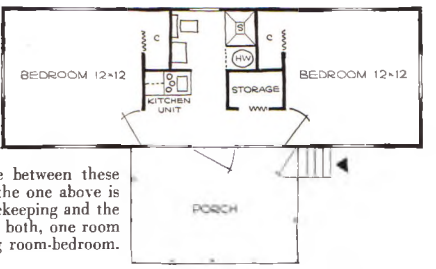
Marjorie's diet outline and tips on how to diet while eating out appear on page 148.

ROGER PRIGENT

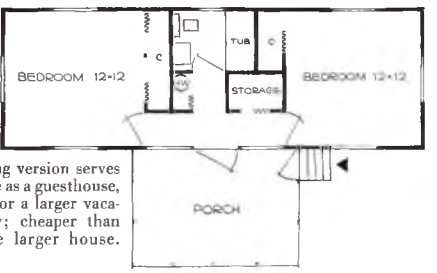
Isn't this a grand finale—a really happy ending to a fatty's story? Imagine me in a flower print, size 14! Until I dieted I never had a chance to dress in bright colors. When the JOURNAL *took this picture of me I felt as glamorous as a model. The photographer told me I moved as gracefully as a model too. All members of the Beauty Department just kept ooh-ing and ah-ing and saying, "Readers will find this hard to believe—we can hardly believe it ourselves." I'm thrilled. Cinderella has nothing on me!*

STOLLER

Here you see the version with the low-pitched gable roof and the screened-in flat-roof porch. Note the textured attractiveness of the solid wall panels of plywood with vertical grooves; window panels of a plain-surface plywood with sash openings cut out for chosen type of window—in this case, adjustable jalousie glass-louver sash with aluminum frame and fitted screens. As in all versions, this cottage is supported off the ground on posts, thus preserving the site.



The main difference between these two layouts is that the one above is fitted for light housekeeping and the one below is not. In both, one room can double as living room-bedroom.



The nonhousekeeping version serves a very useful purpose as a guesthouse, or overflow house, for a larger vacation home close by; cheaper than an addition to the larger house.

VACATION COTTAGES THAT COST FROM $2300 TO $3900

And with more strength and style than most everyday houses, these JOURNAL holiday homes go up in two weeks or less, depending on how you do them.

By RICHARD PRATT

I think you will agree that comfortable, attractive and inexpensive vacation cottages are relatively rare. And I'm sure it's not because people don't want them to be better, but because really good vacation cottages are deceptively difficult to design. So small, so simple, so unassuming, you say—why, anybody should be able to do one! I used to think so myself; but I know differently now.

A good stock vacation-cottage design that anybody can build from should adapt equally well to a lot of different locales: lake shores, mountaintops, seasides. It should adapt to all different types of terrain: smooth, rough, hilly, flat, hard, soft. It should be safe, sound and dry in all conditions of wind and rain; cool and airy in the heat; cozy on nippy nights and dismal days. In its parts and pieces and the way it is put together, it should take advantage of today's efficiencies and economies. Most of all, it should please a wide variety of likes, and satisfy a wide variety of needs. I'll come later to the question of how little it needs to cost.

The version of our vacation-cottage design pictured here on these first two pages is identical in its dimensions and structural scheme with the version on the third page. Yet observe how unalike are their looks and their layouts. These two cottages happen both to be 12′ wide and 36′ long. Two plan possibilities are illustrated for each cottage. But the pattern from which you build shows still further possibilities, and shows how you may build a longer cottage from the same pattern, or a shorter one. Only the 12′ width must remain fixed; a very human and livable width, as you can see.

The design idea permits the placement of windows, doors and partitions pretty much where you want them, though you will be wise to follow our recommendations. It also CONTINUED ON PAGE 64

FOWLER

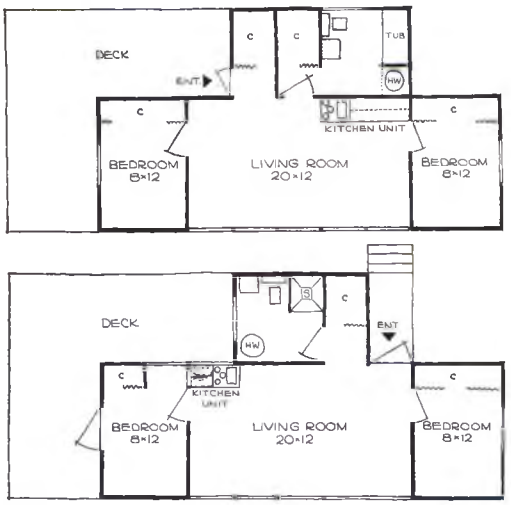
A yellow cotton rug, eminently washable, brings the sunlight into this room with its neat, washable corduroy bedspreads and pillow shams. Gay striped curtains made of toweling and pillows which pick up the colors of the curtain stripes add to the general air of carefree brightness. One of the nicest things about the room is the sturdy knock-down chest which takes only minutes to put together.

FOWLER

INTERIOR DECORATION ON THESE PAGES BY CYNTHIA MCADOO WHEATLAND, INTERIOR DECORATION EDITOR

This porch, open to the sun, sea breezes and sound of pines, might easily become the favorite spot in the house on the strength of the wonderful view alone, but a bright red, white and blue color scheme used with attractive and comfortable rattan and iron furniture—happily resistant to the ill effects of sea air—and gay red-and-white director's chairs set around the table makes this porch, with its screen that cuts the sun, the ideal place for leisurely breakfast, after-swim gatherings, or relaxing at any time.

Here again a pretty bedroom—this time in cool tones of blue and green—takes on a practical nature. Everything in the room is geared to making summer housekeeping as easy as it can possibly be, from the pressed-wood-chip wall panels and towel curtains with rust-proof plastic clip-on rings to the painted floor which makes no problem of sand tracked in from the beach.



The versatility of these JOURNAL vacation cottages is indicated in the two layouts for the version here, which substitutes a bathroom, storage, entrance lean-to in the rear for the covered screened-in front porch of the version on the preceding pages; both plans show two bedrooms fully partitioned from the living room.

The vizor-cap roof projects just far enough over the sunny southern facade to shade the windows from the summer sun; the lower sun of spring, fall and winter shines in, providing pleasant solar warmth. This version demonstrates how easily the steel-post supports adapt to the roughest, rockiest sites without any alterations to the terrain, which would be prohibitive. Another demonstration here is the attractiveness of the exterior walls faced with grooved plywood panels.

VACATION COTTAGES THAT COST FROM $2300 TO $3900

CONTINUED

This interior is the version with the low plastic divider between living room and one bedroom, where the layout is planned primarily for vacationing couples; the great thing here being the twenty feet of windows facing the view. The sash are all fixed in place; a plentiful supply of fresh air being available through screened-louvered openings under two of the sash. The seine-net ceiling creates a cozy effect with overhead airiness.

FOWLER

gives you a choice among various specified types of doors, windows and other fittings, likewise with recommendations. Planned appendages attach easily and optionally. For instance, the first cottage here has a built-on screened-in porch; the second cottage has its bath built *on* instead of built *in*.

The design does even more in this direction. It takes the point of view that a roof is really no more than a hat, and that, as such, you choose the type that suits you best. The first cottage here likes a low gable for the main structure, a flat roof for the porch. The second cottage, with its back to the woods and its face to the view, finds a visor-cap roof a little more to its liking. Practically, roof differences almost don't matter. Their cost differences are likewise inconsequential. The pattern impartially lets you decide which type you want; describing when one might be more desirable than another.

A most important feature of the design is that the cottages are supported off the ground on piers or posts. This means several things, all good: the cottage draws no dampness from the ground; tempts no termites; discourages rodents; but most of all, the cottage keeps dry. Furthermore, the pier or post supports make it possible for the cottage to stand on any site, however uneven, without a lot of costly grading that can create a permanent scar, and be a waste of money. Conventional foundations can be an extravagance in a vacation environment, risk danger of dampness, and be structurally less strong.

The secret of the style, strength, flexibility of layout, and low cost above all, in these cottages, if you can call it a secret, lies in the building materials and building methods involved. The frame is the simplest, the strongest: post-and-beam. The walls, the floor, the roof are plywood panels, 4′ wide and 8′ long, which determine the disciplined modular dimensions of these cottages by making 4′ the unit of measurement. Fortunately for the general attractiveness, there is a fairly new plywood panel with vertical scorings, giving great style to the exterior. This can be stained the color of your choice. The roll roofing has a fine gravelly surface, pure white for heat reflection.

Here's the cost story in a nutshell. The materials to make the complete 12′ x 36′ main structure of four walls, roof, floor, windows, including doors, posts, hardware, roll roofing, nails, screws, bolts, exterior stain, and either the 12′ x 12′ screened-in porch of cottage No. 1 or the closed-in lean-to of No. 2, will cost $1300 at the building-supply yard; a few dollars more or less, depending on local prices and what types of windows and doors you choose.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 148

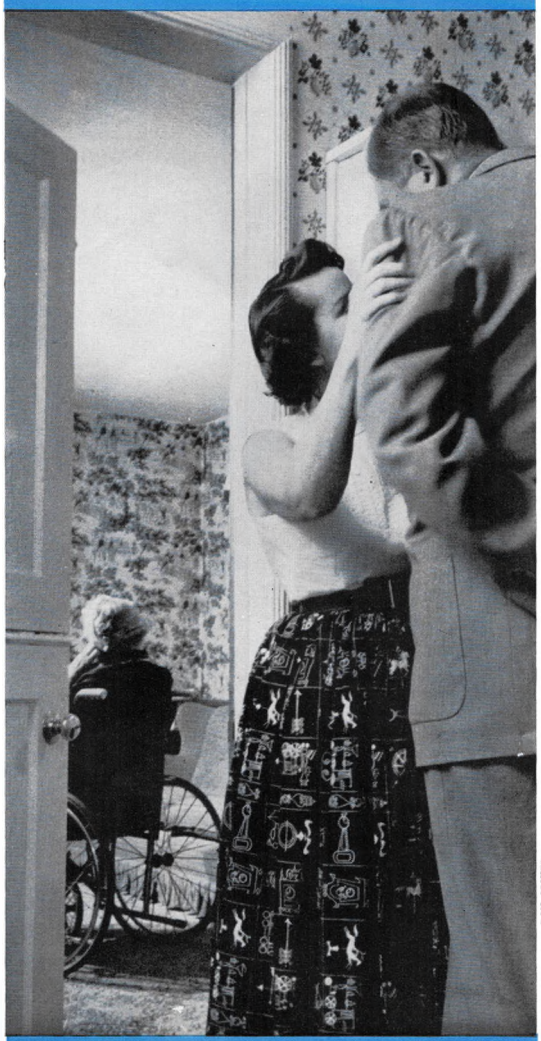
Can this Marriage be Saved?

Many millions of young families have an elderly parent living with them. Only once in each hundred cases is the arrangement completely satisfactory to both generations—so said a sociologist recently. His estimate may be far too pessimistic. The arrangement sometimes works well on a farm, where there is more space and more for old people to do, than in a city apartment or duplex. But at best there is much unnecessary unhappiness. Negotiations between close relatives are often delicate and difficult, and the intermediation of a neutral third party may often be needed. The American Institute of Family Relations, Los Angeles 27, California, is a national nonprofit educational agency which is always ready to put readers in touch with the most reliable help in their own neighborhoods. . . . The case here described originated in our Los Angeles office and the counselor was Dr. William O. Walcott.

PAUL POPENOE, Sc.D., *General Director*

SHE: "Dick's callous attitude toward mother is wrecking my nervous system and making me hate him. He and I can no longer discuss the subject sensibly. Whenever I speak of our obligations to her, he stalks out of the room and often leaves the house."

HE: "Joan has made our home, literally, a hospital. I feel like an interloper, somebody whose sole function is to pay the bills. Her mother is jealous and possessive and so demanding that no amount of service will ever satisfy her."



DON ORNITZ

"According to the doctor,
my mother-in-law doesn't need a wheel chair
and shouldn't be dependent on one."

JOAN TELLS HER SIDE: "Last night I had a terrible dream," said thirty-four-year-old Joan, married seventeen years and the mother of three. A tall woman, slender to the point of emaciation, she lighted a cigarette with shaky fingers. "I dreamed I was lying on a bed of smoldering coals in my girlhood home—I was in my mother's old room—and that Dick, my husband, was shoveling fuel to feed the fire. I awoke screaming.

"Dick wasn't in the house. We had quarreled several hours earlier and he'd gone to the apartment of a bachelor crony to watch the late show on TV. My eldest daughter and my mother, who has been visiting us the last three months, heard me scream and came into the bedroom almost immediately.

"Of course mother saw that Dick was gone and probably guessed we had quarreled about her again. Dick doesn't criticize mother in her presence, but I know she is aware of his complaints to me. Yet I've never heard her say a word against him, although there must have been times when the temptation was great. Both Dick and I are indebted to her for assistance in the early years of our marriage.

"Jenny is sixteen years old and at a noticing age, but mother's matter-of-fact manner seemed to convince her there was nothing odd about Dick's absence. Finally the two of them went off to bed. I took a sleeping pill—lately I've suffered dreadfully from insomnia—but I couldn't close an eye. I walked the floor until almost dawn, sick with nerves and worry.

"Dick's callous attitude toward mother is wrecking my nervous system and making me hate him. He and I can no longer discuss the subject sensibly. Whenever I speak of our obligations to her, he stalks out of the room and often leaves the house. Then, more than likely, I burst into tears or have hysterics.

"I'm losing all control of myself, and my health is being undermined; in the past three months my weight has dropped twenty pounds. My doctor has prescribed sedatives for me, but he says I am really in need of psychological advice. All I know is that I'm desperate.

"My mother is sixty-seven years old and a semi-invalid; she is diabetic and her eyesight is failing. Until three months ago she was shuttling back and forth between her ten-acre ranch miles outside the city and my sister Ella's home. But then in April she got an infected finger and telephoned me from the ranch in mortal terror; even a minor infection, as you probably know, can be fatal to diabetics. Fortunately the infection cleared up quickly, but I decided to bring mother in to stay with us. Ella had had her turn. I thought it was mine.

"Mother used to be highly independent, a beautiful and a brilliant woman, but with age and illness she has changed. She is now inclined to be impatient and querulous, and there is no denying she needs a lot of care. She likes to be 'babied,' as she expresses it. Who can blame her? She can't put on her clothes without my assistance. Her hair is long and thick and she refuses to have it cut; it takes me a good half hour to dress it to her satisfaction. It takes considerably longer to prepare her meals. Every ingredient has to be weighed and measured to make sure she gets a well-balanced, nourishing diet with an absolute minimum of sugar. Nor is giving mother her daily insulin injections easy for me.

"However, I don't complain. But I feel that Dick, who escapes the worry and the work, should stand back of me in my trouble instead of adding to my burdens with his nasty temper and his grumbling.

"Dick has always been quick-tempered, but he used to be gentle with our three daughters and me. You would never guess it now. He makes dinner a misery by picking on the two little girls about their table manners and choosy appetites.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 94

Boned stuffed leg of lamb, roasted tender and juicy; young shoots of fresh asparagus, creamed with

mushrooms; a daffodil birthday cake.

STUART-FOWLER

The trees are rehearsing their spring colors, the grass has started to grow, the world has an expectant, spacious air.

Appleyard Birthday Party

By ELIZABETH KENT GAY

My mother, Mrs. Appleyard, has her birthday in May. It comes at the end of the month, along with apple blossoms, bluebirds, lilacs, Memorial Day, and all the other signs of New England's slow-stepping spring.

No matter how marvelous a cook she is, no lady should be allowed to prepare her own birthday dinner, so my hazel-eyed daughters and I turn out a dinner fit for a queen—well, anyway, queen of our own Appleyard Center!

Such an important, full-scale birthday dinner must be planned well in advance. We're going to start with a smooth, rich *pâté* of duck, ham and chicken livers (mother's recipe); then we'll have a roast of lamb, boned and stuffed with a savory rice, raisin and bacon dressing. There will be velvety brown gravy, and a big bowl of creamed asparagus and mushrooms. Cynthia, my eldest daughter, being in an experimental mood, has planned a tossed green salad with fresh pear chunks and little sections of bright-colored mandarin orange. The crowning event of any birthday party is, of course, the ice cream and birthday cake. We're having mother's favorites—smooth, delicious strawberry-rhubarb ice cream, and a yellow-and-white daffodil cake with a lemony icing swirling around it.

Mother's *pâté* is an invention of several years back, the aftermath of one of her party suppers of roast spring duckling. She says, however, that one can start from scratch with a seven-pound duckling, and gently simmer it till the meat falls from the bones. Here's how she makes

PÂTÉ MAISON APPLEYARD

Place one 7-pound duck, singed and ready to cook, on a rack in a large Dutch-oven-type kettle. Pour 1½ cups cold water into the pan, cover and simmer gently until the duck is tender (the leg joints will move easily). Remove the duck, cool and then chill well (save stock). Skin the duck, then cut most of the meat from the bones (don't worry about stripping the bones of all the meat—they'll be cooked longer). Set the duck meat aside and keep refrigerated. Now simmer the duck bones in 3 cups water (or use leftover stock and add enough water to make 3 cups). Add 2 peeled onions, 1 stalk celery, 1 carrot, the duck liver and gizzard. Season with 3 whole cloves, 3 small dried red chilies, 1 small bay leaf and ⅛ teaspoon each cinnamon, nutmeg, allspice, oregano, rosemary and marjoram. Cook all together, covered, until the duck meat falls from the bones. Add 3 peppercorns and cook 10 minutes longer. Strain the stock, saving the gizzard, liver and remaining meat. Cool the meat and chill the stock until it jells. Skim the fat from the top. Save some for greasing the pan for baking. Grind together the cooled, cooked gizzard and liver and enough of the duck meat to make 1 cup. Grind also 2 raw chicken livers and mix with the ground duck. Finely dice enough of the refrigerated cooked duck meat to make ½ cup. Meanwhile, dry out about 10 to 12 slices of bread in a very slow, 250° F., oven. Roll to fine crumbs—there should be about 1¼ cups. Now mix together the ground duck meat and chicken livers with 1 pound of your favorite uncooked sausage (it should be lightly seasoned). Add ¾ cup fine bread crumbs, 2 cups jellied stock, 2 eggs, well beaten, and 1 small onion, minced. Mix well. Last, add the ½ cup finely diced duck meat along with ½ cup finely diced, cooked ham. Blend in well. Lightly grease a 1-quart glass loaf pan with a little duck fat and spread ¼ cup fine bread crumbs over the bottom. Put the meat mixture into the pan, packing well into the corners. Top with ¼ cup bread crumbs, cover with heavy aluminum foil and set the loaf pan in a pan of hot water. Bake for 3 hours in a very slow, 250° F., oven. Cool the *pâté* well in the pan, then chill for several hours before serving. Unmold and use as a spread for crackers. Makes 1 loaf.

At the present moment we have three ewes and three lambs munching their way around our property. They CONTINUED ON PAGE 141

COLLECTOR'S Salad ITEMS from the Journal Kitchen

A classic with new flavor: greens tossed with anchovies, bacon, garlic-buttered croutons

Traditionally, greens make the salad. Certainly they do in Italy, where a caress of dressing leaves each leaf succulent and aromatic.

Not every good salad, however, is a green one. Scandinavians like "fishier" salads. Their favorite is a colorful combination: chopped herring and boiled potatoes with diced beets and dill pickle made tart from a tossing in vinegar dressing. In Indonesia, chilled shrimp nestle in a garland of greens beneath a golden dressing, pungent with curry. Armenians like their salad vegetables cooked, then chilled. Native to Hawaii: fruits. So for a Hawaiian specialty, the islands' bounty, fresh and luscious in a sour-cream dressing.

Whether domestic or foreign, simple or sophisticated, every proper salad has identity in a menu. It is carefully, artfully planned with the whole meal in mind. And so is its dressing.

Perfect for summer-long salad days is this round-the-world collection: unpronounceable salads full of foreign intrigue. Continental classics too. Each a collector's item from the JOURNAL Kitchen and from New York restaurants where dining is excitingly international.

ABBOT MILLS

Salad sampling at East of Suez: Kathy McDonald chats with Carl Henderson and Chef Dick Wu.

To begin with, a Javanese favorite served at East of Suez, a dimly lit brownstone where Oriental rugs drape the walls, tropical plants grow out of elephants' feet and where Mr. and Mrs. Carl Henderson serve Indian and Indonesian dishes collected on their world travels. "It's wonderfully good," said Mr. Henderson, "this shrimp salad topped with our own curry dressing."

Javanese Shrimp Salad: Simmer 1½ pounds fresh shrimp in water with 1 parsley sprig, 1 stalk celery, 1 lemon, sliced, 2 peppercorns and 1 tablespoon salt for 10 minutes. Shuck and devein the shrimp, then cool and chill until salad-making time. For the curry dressing, brown together 1 onion, chopped, 2 celery-stalk tops and ½ green pepper, sliced, in 1 tablespoon salad oil. Add 2 cups water and 2 chicken-bouillon cubes and simmer until vegetables are tender. Remove sauce from the heat and puree. Now add 1½ tablespoons curry powder (less if you don't like "hot" dishes) and simmer the sauce 10 minutes more. Remove from heat and cool. Blend ¼ cup of the curry sauce with ½ cup mayonnaise. Mound chilled shrimp on a bed of greens and top with curry dressing. Makes 4 servings.

Sardi's, eating place of the theatrically famous, has come up with a salad classic for the calorie-conscious. "We call it Hollywood Salad," said Mr. Sardi, Jr. Tossed with crisp bacon, anchovies and croutons in a lemony egg dressing, this green salad (375 calories per hearty serving) is nearly a meal in itself.

Hollywood Salad: Cut up enough day-old bread or rolls to make a cup of 1" cubes. Warm 2 tablespoons each butter and olive oil in a skillet with 1 clove garlic, minced, and brown the croutons. Then dry out in a slow oven, 275°F., and drain on paper toweling. Break 1½ heads romaine into a salad bowl, making sure pieces are bite-sized. Add ½ cup cooked, crumbled bacon and 8 anchovy fillets, diced. For the dressing: Beat 2 eggs well, then blend in 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1½ teaspoons salt and ¼ teaspoon pepper. Add ⅓ cup olive oil, stirring constantly, ¼ cup grated Parmesan cheese and ¼ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce. Dress the salad and toss lightly. For the final touch, top with crumbled garlic croutons. Makes 4 servings.

Down on 14th Street is Luchow's German restaurant. Built 75 years ago when this area was the hub of cultural activity, its mahogany-paneled rooms and hearty food continue to draw famous faces. The specialty is German potato salad. Chilled for summer eating, Chef Emile Zahn's recipe is tartly invigorating.

Specksalat: Wash and boil 7 medium potatoes in their jackets until tender. Peel, cut in half lengthwise and slice while hot. Dissolve 1 chicken-bouillon cube in 1¼ cups boiling water and pour over the potatoes. Add 1 tablespoon finely chopped onion. Mix together 1 beaten egg, ¼ cup white vinegar, 1½ tablespoons sugar, 1 tablespoon bacon drippings, 1½ teaspoons salt and ⅛ teaspoon white pepper. Pour over potatoes. Finally, add 1 tablespoon each chopped parsley and cooked, crumbled bacon. Mix all together and serve hot or cold. Makes 4 good servings.

In Greenwich Village is a new Armenian restaurant called Sayat Nova. In this cozy basement dining room shish kebabs come sizzling to your table, feathery freshly baked Paklava pastries perfume the air. Popular here among salads is Iman Bayeldi, chilled, baked eggplant stuffed with a mellow mixture of tomato, onion and parsley.

Iman Bayeldi: Wash 1 medium-sized eggplant; remove stem and quarter as you would a melon. Now, make a deep slit on either side of each wedge—cutting down into the flesh. Mix together 2 thinly sliced onions, 2 chopped tomatoes, ½ cup chopped parsley, 4 minced garlic cloves, 2 teaspoons paprika, 1 teaspoon salt and ¼ teaspoon pepper. Stuff each pocket with the mixture. Put eggplant in a baking pan, add 1 cup olive oil and 1½ cups water. Spoon any leftover stuffing over the top of the eggplant. Cover pan with aluminum foil and bake in a moderate—350° F.—oven for 2½ hours or until eggplant is tender. Baste occasionally with drippings. Before serving, cool and chill eggplant. Serve on lettuce cups. Makes 4 servings.

Uptown and on the East Side is the Gripsholm Swedish restaurant where the long smorgasbord table is jeweled with ice and crowned with flowers. The décor is classical Empire, the food classically Swedish—meat balls, pancakes with lingonberries, herring salad. Beautifully pink with accents of red, this hearty seafood salad makes cool summer lunching.

Swedish Herring Salad: Soak 2 salt-herring fillets overnight in cold water. Drain, rinse and dice, removing all bones. Meanwhile, boil 3 medium potatoes in their jackets until tender. Cool, chill, then peel and dice. Also dice enough pickled beets to make 1 cup; 1 red apple, leaving the skin on; and 1½ dill pickles. Mix together ½ cup vinegar, 1½ tablespoons sugar, ½ teaspoon salt and ¼ teaspoon each dry mustard and pepper. Combine the herring, potatoes, diced apple, beets and pickle, top with dressing and toss lightly. Chill and serve on lettuce. Makes 4 to 6 servings.

A block east of the Gripsholm is the Luau 400, new Hawaiian room complete with trickling stream and bamboo bridge. Here under the shade of palms you can roast shrimp at your own table. Salads are fragrant garlands of pineapple, mango, bananas, melon. For a salad surprise, try this fruit-ginger sherbet combination topped with Chef Paul Gredig's special sour-cream dressing.

Hawaiian Salad: Combine 1 cup sour cream, ½ eight-ounce can frozen limeade concentrate, 2 egg whites, stiffly beaten, 3 tablespoons each finely grated preserved ginger and syrup from the bottle. Tint pale green, using vegetable coloring, and freeze. Meanwhile, cut up enough fresh fruits to make 4 salads (melon, watermelon, bananas, pineapple, mango, grapes, and so on). Cut melons into slim, peeled slices, the bananas in half lengthwise, and sprinkle with lemon juice. Halve and seed the grapes, cube the pineapple. Make a pin-wheel arrangement—or experiment with design, using alternating slices of fruit. Add an artistic cluster of grapes and pineapple cubes. Sprinkle with toasted chipped coconut. With a ball scoop, make balls of the sherbet and arrange in and around the grapes. The dressing comes to the table in its own dish. Combine ¼ cup mixed fruit juices (any combination), 2 tablespoons each vinegar and sugar and ½ cup salad oil. Now mix ¾ cup fruit dressing with ¾ cup sour cream. Makes 4 servings.

The unexpected element makes these salads collector's items. Each, different from the others, shares a common rule, the secret of successful salads: suit the salad to the menu, handle it lightly, arrange it artfully, dress it in good taste.

Tomato-Ham Loaf. Combine 1 can Campbell's Tomato Soup with 1 lb. each ground lean ham and pork. Add 1 cup dry bread crumbs, ½ c. chopped celery, ¼ c. minced onion, 2 beaten eggs, and a dash black pepper. Pack lightly into greased loaf pan. Bake at 350° F. about 1½ hours or until done. For sauce, heat 1 can Tomato Soup with 1 to 2 tbsp. horseradish. 8-10 servings.

Celery-Salmon Loaf. Drain 1 lb. can salmon; keep ¼ c. liquid; mix with 1 can Campbell's Cream of Celery Soup, 1 cup dry bread crumbs, 2 beaten eggs, ½ c. chopped onion, 1 tbsp. lemon juice. Pack into greased loaf pan. Bake at 375° F. about 1 hr.; cool 10 min. Turn onto platter. For sauce, heat 1 can Cream of Celery Soup mixed with ½ c. milk, 1 tbsp. minced parsley. 6 servings.

3 SOUPER SUPPER LOAVES

Make it different, make it delicious, make it with Campbell's Soups. Here are three suggestions for souper supper loaves, but why stop here? Try your own creative combinations. Campbell's Soups will make them "something extra," timesaving, too!

Mushroom-Meat Loaf. Combine ½ cup Campbell's Cream of Mushroom Soup with 1½ lb. ground beef, ½ c. dry bread crumbs, ¼ c. chopped onion, 2 tbsp. chopped parsley, 1 beaten egg, ½ tsp. salt, dash black pepper. Shape into loaf or pack lightly in greased pan. Bake at 350° F. about 1 hr. For sauce, blend rest of soup with ¼ c. pan drippings; heat. Serve with loaf. 6-8 servings.

Good cooks cook with *Campbell's Soups*

The strange case of the shark's teeth

. . . and some important facts about yours

Had Mother Nature made the same provisions for our teeth as she did for the shark's, good dental health would be no problem at all.

For when a shark loses a tooth, a new one soon grows in its place. Once we lose a tooth, however, it is gone . . . and gone for good.

Yet, the second set of teeth which Mother Nature gives us is strong and durable enough to last a lifetime . . . if given proper care. Unfortunately, too few of us give our teeth the care they need.

Proof of our neglect comes from some of the findings of the American Dental Association. It reports that only 40 percent of all Americans get reasonably adequate and regular dental care.

The rest get emergency care or none. Moreover, one out of 7 adults has never been to a dentist.

There is more to be gained from regular dental care than simply keeping the teeth clean, bright and healthy.

For instance, proper care helps prevent tooth and gum infections which may play a part in arthritis, kidney disorders and other conditions affecting general health.

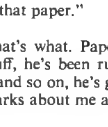
When teeth are neglected . . . when decay strikes, when gums become diseased, when abscesses form at the roots of teeth . . . a center of infection is established from which germs may enter the blood stream and cause disease in other parts of the body.

Even the smallest break in the enamel can pave the way for infection in the interior of a tooth. In fact, infection may exist at the roots of an apparently healthy tooth. The dentist can usually detect such trouble by X-ray examination and check it before serious damage occurs.

Healthy teeth . . . for children as well as adults . . . depend upon three things:

1. *Diet*—which should supply all the elements for good teeth, especially calcium and vitamins C and D.
2. *Cleanliness*—or proper brushing, which should be done after meals and always before retiring.
3. *Check-ups*—which should be made every six months or as often as your dentist recommends.

If you see your dentist regularly, he will get to know your individual dental requirements and how they can be met to your best advantage. If you cooperate with him, your chances will be far better to keep most of your teeth most of your life.



ICE PALACE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 48

talked quietly. One would have thought, from their manner, that their subject was, perhaps, philanthropy.

"Thing to do is put pressure on him, give him the screws."

"Lubbock says he wants to see the situation from every angle before he makes his report."

"Lubbock wouldn't know a salmon from a herring if he ate it."

Sid Kleet's dry nasal voice: "Gentlemen, I would like you to give me authority to bypass fisheries commissioners and directors and little stuff like that."

"What have you in mind, Sid?" It was Czar's question. He knew the answer, he wanted it stated in words uttered by the group's legal representative.

"Go over their heads," Kleet barked.

"What'll you do with Lubbock?"

"Same as we did with Diener. Get him."

"Yeh, but how about old Storm?" Dave Husack demanded. His voice, booming from that barrel chest, had the effect of a bellow in the quiet, almost somnolent room. Czar waved a cautioning hand toward the child.

Very early in her childhood Bridie had impressed upon her the vileness of tattling. "Now don't you go tattling to Czar about Thor, or Thor about Czar. You got anything about either of your grampas, just tell me."

"Wouldn't that be tattling?"

"No. I'd be kind of a judge, like Judge Gaylord here. I'd think about it, not leaning to one or the other, and then decide about it and try to fix whatever is wrong. I'd do the best I could for all three."

As Chris' keen mind missed practically nothing, and as she had almost total recall, the plums that fell into Bridie's lap were rich and juicy. This office conference, for example, conveyed quite innocently in Christine's childish terms, sent Bridie scurrying to the office of the Northern Light. She was discreet, she did not give her source, she merely hinted.

"We'll be able to block that plan. We'll merely print it in full," Paul Barnett said. "Each one will think the other blabbed. And they'll all probably blame old Einar."

Thor said, almost sadly, "It's like that old cartoon of Nast's—the famous one—of the circle of political thieves each pointing to the man next him and saying, 'He did it.' They're old-fashioned plunderers, but it still seems to work."

Now, in the big luxurious Seattle office, as Czar cautiously indicated the child at the far end of the room, some atavistic instinct told Christine to shut her eyes. Snuggled in the engulfing depths of the chair by the window, the men saw the golden head touchingly cushioned against the plump tufted leather.

Czar relaxed. "She's asleep."

Dave Husack did not relish this cozy interlude in the battle of big business. "You shouldn't of brought her here in the first place."

Czar's tone was mild, paternal. "I make it a rule never to go anyplace I couldn't bring her if I was so minded." His eyes were cobalt.

"How's that again about who was it?" old Einar Wendt asked. Czar's father-in-law was over eighty now. He cupped his right ear with his hand, he spoke in the high monotonous voice of the deaf.

"Storm!" Husack bellowed. "Thor Storm, the old crackpot who runs that paper."

"What about him?"

"He's raising a stink, that's what. Papers outside are copying his stuff, he's been running articles and editorials and so on, he's got a column full of snide remarks about me and Kleet and the whole cannery crowd. He comes right out with names in Washington, it's libel, we could sue him for a million dollars only the poor old moosehead ——"

"No libel suits," Sid Kleet snapped. "Too much publicity. There's other ways."

"Such as what?" Mort Caswell demanded.

"When the lifeblood stops flowing to your heart, what happens?" Kleet asked.

"I bite," young Mort said. "And I'll save time by answering. The heart stops beating and you die. R-r-right?"

Sid Kleet scarcely unclenched his teeth to say, "Right. So what is the lifeblood of a newspaper? Advertising. And when the advertising stops, what happens? The newspaper dies. So, gentlemen, if we tactfully convey to the Baranof businessmen that they'd better quit advertising in Storm's Weekly Northern Light, or else their business might fall off, why, in practically no time that stink you spoke about will kind of evaporate away."

"No," said Czar Kennedy mildly.

"What's the objection?"

"No objection, Sid boy—that is, no objection to the plan as a plan. It's workable, I'd say. But I believe in competition. Now, you say advertising is the lifeblood of the newspaper-publishing business, and so it is. But competition makes a horse race, as the fella says. I've always been a great believer in competition. Thor moves out with his weekly, why, some other fella moves in with a weekly, some new crackpot. Now, Thor, we know his gait and speed and staying power. But you get a dark horse in there, he's anybody's guess."

"You mean you won't go along with this?" Dave Husack demanded of Czar.

"Not for the present," Czar said gently. "Not for the present, Dave boy."

Mort Caswell shuffled the papers on his desk. He pushed back his chair. "Well, gentlemen, I don't believe there's anything more just now. We'll be meeting again tomorrow. I hate to be the one to break this up, but I have a luncheon appointment at one ——"

Dave Husack stood up, a towering figure. "Anyway, that advertising idea is kid stuff." Belligerently he turned toward Sid Kleet. "Tell Baranof businessmen to take their advertising away from Storm and they'll feel he's getting a tough deal, they'll stick by him, that's the way those crazy Alaska people do. There's other ways, better. When the time comes, stop his print-paper supply."

Three now were standing. Only Czar remained seated. "Thor Storm," he said, as though ruminating, "has got a young fella there in the Northern Light, working for him, he's got a little bit of money in the paper too. Barnett his name is. Paul Barnett. He's a Harvard boy, but smart, you've got to hand it to him. Real smart."

"What's that got to do with it?" Sid Kleet snapped.

"Nothing. Maybe nothing. Only when you talk about taking away the Northern Light's advertising and stopping the print paper and so on, why, you don't know Thor and you don't know Barnett. Boys, Thor would get that weekly out if he had to print it on toilet paper with a lead pencil."

He rose leisurely, and walked the length of the room to where the child sat. He placed a hand tenderly on her shoulder. "Christine. Christine child."

She opened her eyes, she looked up at him. "Grampa Czar, I'm hungry."

"Well, sure. So am I. We'll go back to the hotel and have a fine lunch. Rock crab and ice cream."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 72

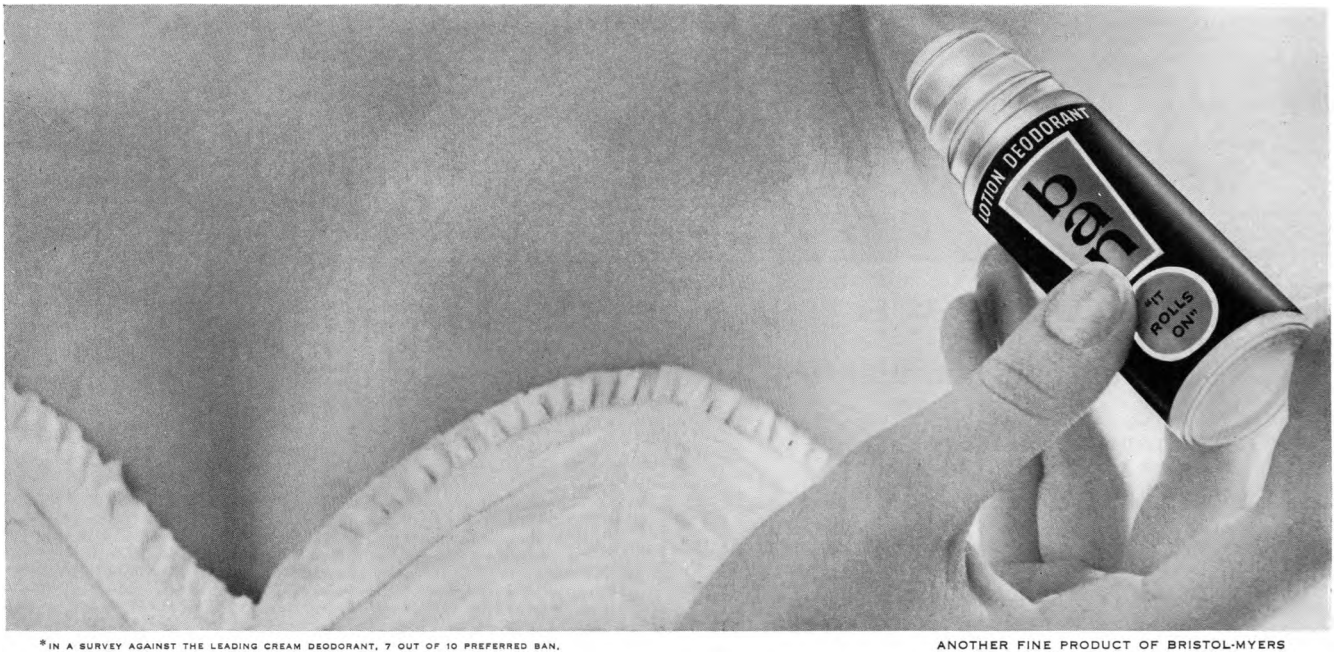
New deodorant preferred by 7 out of 10 women!

ban® rolls on protection that stays on!

More effective than messy creams*, easier to apply than drippy sprays! Not a crumbly stick!

Stops odor—checks perspiration round the clock!

- ✓ Won't irritate normal skin!
- ✓ Won't harm delicate fabrics!
- ✓ No mess, no drip, no waste!
- ✓ Exclusive patented applicator can't clog or freeze!
- ✓ Rolls on just the right amount!



*IN A SURVEY AGAINST THE LEADING CREAM DEODORANT, 7 OUT OF 10 PREFERRED BAN.

ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 70

She jumped from the chair, shook herself like a puppy. "I don't want to have lunch at the hotel. I want to have lunch down by the water at that place where the vegetables are all spread out, like a garden. And the Japanese sprinkle them with watering cans. And we can eat those tiny shrimps out of a paper bag."

She was startled by the whoop of laughter from the men. "Czar, you sure picked yourself a girl won't break you," Dave Husack shouted.

Her hand in Czar's, they walked down to the water front, and to the color and sound and delicious smells of mingled fruits and vegetables and berries and coffee and crullers and cheese and fish and apple pie and flowers of the Farmers' Market.

"I didn't like those men," she said. "Where we were."

"Why not?"

Something warned her not to reveal what she had heard. "They aren't like the people in Baranof."

Triumphantly he said, "That's just it. That's why I brought you with me to Seattle. I want you to get used to the way people act Outside. When you get older you're going to school Outside. Here, maybe. Listen to me, Christine. You're going to come into money someday. Big money. People are going to try to take it away from you, but you'll be too smart for them. I want you to know what it's good for and how to handle it."

"I know what it's good for and how to handle it, too," the child announced, with pride. "When I go to the Nugget Drugstore for a chocolate-nut bar I give the man ten cents and then he gives me a chocolate bar."

"Chocolate bars!" But then he reflected aloud, cannily, "Well, thank God, everything'll be in trust."

The United States Army bases sprang up, and the crystal Alaska air was torn by the screeching and thundering of fighter and bomber planes. Young men wrapped in white like pranksters on Halloween stepped forward to the open doorway of a plane high in the sky, and at a given word they stepped out into nothing, knowing that life depended on the jerking of a cord that might whimsically refuse to respond to the pull. Like great snowflakes, they drifted down out of the sky. Beneath the white covering they bore lethal weapons that were no part of a prankster's equipment, and in their heads was knowledge of how one might survive for a brief time on a terrain which ordinarily did not warrant human survival.

One would have thought that experience such as this would have bred in these men a deep distaste for the wild, relentless north country. A curious thing happened. Scores of them who had frozen and sweated in the numbing cold and the clammy heat of the Arctic mountains and tundras and forests and waters now, with their G.I. college rights in their pockets, elected to come back to gain an education at Baranof College.

They added fresh life to the town of Baranof. Some of them stayed and became Alaskans. Army bases ringed the town. Gay-hued private cars and drab Army cars and trucks swarmed the pavements and pretty young mothers and vigorous young men and perambulators and strollers and toddlers imparted to Gold Street a virility that hit you with the impact of a blow.

Girls began to arrive from everywhere. Again they were following the men into Alaska, but they were not at all like those girls who had come at the turn of the century. They looked terribly young as they stepped off the plane into the icy airport in the inadequate pale blue coat and the little high-heeled pumps, hatless, the pretty dress belling out over the bouffant nylon petticoat.

No one in Baranof quite knew how Bridie Ballantyne had become unofficial welcomer, chaperon, witness, arranger and matron of honor for all these girls. Perhaps, in the beginning, one of the Air Force men or one of the construction workers had said, "Uh, Mrs. Ballantyne, I'm going to be married day after tomorrow, I thought you'd like to know, you been mighty nice to me getting me acquainted round. I'm having some trouble getting her a place to stay overnight, she's coming in on the noon plane from Seattle tomorrow."

The girl on the plane had kept her hair in pins until the last possible moment and had then rushed to the lavatory to unpin the curls that sprang in lovely tendrils to frame the flushed or pale face, the heart hammering so that it was hard to tell which was heartbeat and which the throbbing of the great plane's engines. She put her hand to her breast where his Air Force ring hung suspended by a slender gold chain. Her face was pressed against the window; as the plane taxied in, her eyes searched the figures at the airport gate. There he was, and beside him a white-haired woman who looked a little like her mother, only more smartly dressed.

There had arrived dozens—scores—hundreds of these in Baranof in the past few years. Now Bridie met the

plane whenever asked. It became one of her many projects and, urged by Thor Storm and the Barnetts, the town finally voted her a tiny salary for the work.

Now she had an impromptu sort of office in a remote corner of the Ice Palace lobby. Her desk was a ramshackle affair salvaged when the Miners' National Bank next door went in for modern decoration. Daily Bridie sat at this desk for hours, while over its time-scarred top passed such tales of romance, failure, nostalgia, love unrequited, love fulfilled, hopes, despair as would have staggered any recipient less sturdy than Bridie.

Inevitably Chris Storm was drawn into this haphazard project. She found herself repeatedly acting the role of bridesmaid at the wedding of two people she never before had laid eyes on. Chris' first wedding was that of Paul Barnett and Addie. Addie was twenty-six when she arrived in Baranof for her wedding, and to the seventeen-year-old Christine she seemed middle-aged, or almost. A college girl. Majored in journalism, had run the college paper, and had even had a year of general reporting on a Boston daily.

It was at the Barnett wedding that Christine Storm met Ross Guildenstern for the first time. It might have been considered a rather odd little wedding party in any place but Alaska. Besides the bridegroom there were Bridie Ballantyne, matron of honor; Thor Storm, Barnett's boss; Christine Storm, bridesmaid; Ross Guildenstern, groomsman.

Chris looked at the young half-breed Eskimo without designating him as a young half-breed Eskimo. She merely thought that he was enormously attractive and that this might be only in contrast with the other males of the wedding party. Paul Barnett, tall, loose-jointed. Grampa Thor Storm, impressive but an ancient in the eyes of the girl of seventeen.

When the energetic, red-haired Addie descended the plane steps Chris thought her rather plain and old for a bride. Then Addie had smiled and called out, "I never saw anything so dazzling in my life!"

"Who? Me?" Paul Barnett asked.

"Certainly not. The scenery between Juneau and here."

She stood looking up at him a moment, he down at her, with a sudden terrible shyness. Then she stood on tiptoe, he bent to her, his arms went round her.

"Scenery!" Bridie said. "Well, that's more like it."

The young bride seemed to find nothing extraordinary in the wedding attendants: the elderly man and woman, the girl of seventeen, the handsome olive-skinned young man. An hour later she was Mrs. Paul Barnett, properly married in church by the Reverend (Flying Missionary) Mead Haskell. The little group had scarcely reached the vestibule when Addie said, "I'd like to see the Northern Light office."

"Not now, for the love of heaven, girl!" Bridie, the romantic, was outraged. "We're having the wedding lunch at Nick's Caribou. Thor here is giving it, wine and all."

"Afterward then?"

Gently Thor said, "Perhaps lunch first would be the thing. And then the office. Don't expect anything like your Boston plant."

Christine thought this was not at all the way a new bride should behave, but the bridegroom was grinning and shaking his head waggishly.

"Remember what I told you yesterday, Thor? I said you and I would be lucky if we could keep our jobs after Addie came in."

It was not that Addie Barnett lacked the qualities of warmth and affection. Paul Barnett knew this and the others soon learned it. She became a fond and capable wife and mother, but she was a born newspaperwoman. Before the day was finished Addie knew almost as much about Baranof as many others who had lived a full year there. The red hair seemed to send out sparks, the face, plain in repose, was brilliant with animation.

On the drive from the church to the restaurant she sat between her husband and the Reverend Mead Haskell.

"Just Mr. Haskell," he said, in answer to her first question. "Or Mead. We don't do much about titles and forms and ceremony in Alaska. I suppose it's because everybody's working so hard."

Nick had arranged a corner in the vast private banquet room. "It looks like a barn in here, one table. But you don't want 'em all crowding in on you, day like this."

"I'm going to like it here," Addie said. She looked around the table. "I like it already."

"Wait," Ross Guildenstern said, "until the Eskimos boil you in seal oil, and the polar bears gobble you up, and the snow is over the rooftop, and there's nothing to eat but caviar and champagne and Persian melon and tenderloin of beef."

"Are all Eskimo men as handsome as you are?" Addie asked.

"My bride," Paul Barnett said plaintively, "on her wedding day."

The others laughed, but Ross said gravely, "Wait till you see me in my pilot's uniform. Kill you."

It was then that Chris, delighted, said, "I didn't know you were a pilot, Mr. Guildenstern." Suddenly she felt very adult.

"I only fly a freight crate. Maybe someday they'll give me a passenger plane."

"Why not now?" Addie demanded.

He shrugged. "Eskimo, I guess."

"But Guildenstern?" Addie pressed on.

"My father was Danish. But no relation to the gentleman you've met in the book."

On Ross Guildenstern's left temple, just below the hairline, there was a scar. It showed a thin white tracing against the darker skin. Chris looked at it, fascinated. She must ask her grandfather or perhaps Paul Barnett about that scar.

Addie Barnett saved her the trouble. "Is that scar on your temple a war memento?"

"Not really."

Mead Haskell took over. "He's war shy." He glanced round the table. "Tell them the story, Ross."

But he would not. Christine heard it later and remembered it always. So did the others, including Addie. But by that time World War stories were not even back-page news.

It looked almost like a toy, a silver-and-scarlet toy, standing there on the runway, if any unknowing eye had seen it. But it was Alaska winter night. There in the tiny cockpit Ross Guildenstern took it up thirty-two thousand feet, at which point the plastic top blew off as completely as you would chip the top off a soft-boiled egg. With it went his oxygen headpiece and that was his only connection with the mechanical reception of the world below him. But almost before that thought could form he had lost consciousness in the rarefied atmosphere. Consciousness returned as the plane nose-dived toward the earth. Instinctively he knew he must pull the ship up again. The toy was not planned for cruising in a low altitude, the fuel would not last down there. He was safe as long as he could stay high, high.

He pulled the plane up. There. Twenty-five thousand. Now again he lost consciousness. Again he awoke as the plane dived. Now, miraculously, below him in the darkness was the almost imperceptible suggestion of what might be Kinkaid Field. No headphone. No connection. Helpless, he looked down at what might be Kinkaid Field, no gas; helpless, the

NEXT MONTH

HOW TO BECOME A BEAUTY—IN EASY LESSONS

Five young women—career girls and mothers—blossomed from demureness to radiance. Dawn Crowell Norman tells you how, with make-up used correctly, a new hairdo and flattering colors near the face, it was done. "Beauty Workshop Lessons in Make-up."

WHAT DOES QUEEN ELIZABETH SEEK FOR HER SON?

The noisy little nine-year-old who is heir to the British throne has learned to make his own bed, shares a room with eight other boys at Cheam School. He gets 30 cents (2 shillings) spending money weekly and last winter had Asian flu. The queen, never allowed to go to school, wants Prince Charles' education to be quite different from her own. James Brough tells about opposition—within the palace and outside—which she is facing: "Can Queen Elizabeth Protect Her Son's Happiness?"

HOLLYWOOD ISN'T THE WAY YOU THINK IT IS

. . . not for the Beaumonts, at least. Hugh ("Leave It to Beaver") and Kathy, his wife, have three children. Starlet Kathy gave up acting when the first child was born. Hugh, a minister for four years, sometimes substitutes in local pulpits. He starred in 25 films before his current TV role. Meet them at home in "How America Lives."

WHEN MOTHERS HURT A DAUGHTER'S MARRIAGE

Is it interference or helpfulness when mothers listen to their married daughters' problems and give advice? Dr. Clifford Adams offers fourteen questions which will tell you, if you have a married daughter, whether you rate as menace or aid in her life. "Making Marriage Work."

ON DIET? DON'T DREAM OF HEARTY DESSERTS. YOU CAN ENJOY THEM.

Actresses, singers, models know how to lose weight but not their dispositions. Peggy Lee, Diana Lynn, Jayne Meadows and others share recipes for delicious beef Stroganoff, Nesselrode parfait and more prize dishes in "Low-Calorie Collector's Items."

THE NIGHT WAS HOLDING ITS BREATH . . .

They walked rapidly. This, Lou realized, was how she had been intended to feel—stared at, recognized, recoiled from. "You're Louise Royce," Sam Ingalls said. "Yes." She looked directly into his grayish eyes. "Is it all coming back to you, Mr. Ingalls?" The new mystery-love story, "The Face of the Tiger," by Ursula Curtis, is complete, condensed, in this issue.

Also "Can This Marriage Be Saved?"; the prettiest dresses and accessories for the summer wardrobe: Dr. Spock's page for mothers: recipes for delicious party dishes to cook, freeze and then serve, and many, many other features, all coming

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unseen faces must be turned up toward him, up there dead or alive in the little silver-and-scarlet toy that was dropping so swiftly toward the earth.

In the small hut near the runway, Ground Approval Control repeated, "You're too low! You're too low!" though Ross could not hear him. Ground Control forced himself to resist the impulse to crouch and hug the floor as the toy seemed to skim the hair of his head.

Ross came down almost gently, he put the plane down on the field in the darkness and they came running toward him. He was a bundle, limp but living, as they lifted his body in the clumsy straps and trappings, the face battered and bloody. "Nice work," they said to the unconscious form. "Nothing like a little fresh air while you're working," they said. A month later he was out of the hospital and flying another dainty silver-and-scarlet toy.

Now the real battle for Christine began. She was seventeen; no longer a child, not yet a woman.

"Washington State University is the place for her," Czar said. "I don't want her to go east to school, the way my—the way her mother did."

"What's wrong with Baranof College?" Thor argued.

Bridie, distracted as a hen whose lone chick is being swooped upon by hawks, entered the fray. "Why don't you let the child decide for herself?"

"She hasn't had the experience to decide a thing as important as this," Czar said.

"But she's experienced enough to live in Seattle alone?"

"She won't be alone. Mrs. Husack and Dave and the Caswells and Kleet will be looking after her. By the time she's finished she'll be twenty-one, a woman grown, she'll know how to behave in decent society."

Thor stood up now, the towering frame seemed to take on even greater dimensions, the blue eyes turned strangely dark, but the rosy face was mild, the tone reasoning.

"I'm as much Christine's guardian as you are. You know that. Until she comes of age."

"She's going to Seattle and civilization. She's going around with a lot of mongrels here. And people too old for her. That Guildenstern I hear he's been taking some G.I. course at Baranof, and flying a bush crate."

"That young man," Thor said, "could make a plane singlehanded if he had to, out of oil drums and a T-model Ford."

"They're all natural-born mechanics, I'll say that for them. But that's not saying I'm going to allow my granddaughter to run around with one of them."

Cheerfully Thor chided him. "Are you pretending you've forgotten Christine is part Eskimo herself?"

Always ivory pale, Czar's skin now took on a curious clay color like the waxen skin of the dead. "I know that my daughter married your son. I suppose he was your son. I wish she had died first."

Bridie flung out her arm as though she had been physically struck. "You can't say that in front of me, Czar Kennedy. You're wishing Chris herself dead when you say that, or never born at all. Shame to you!"

Czar ignored her. He was looking at Thor. "I don't know who you are. Fifty years, and I don't know anything about you. Nobody in Alaska does."

"There's nothing to know, Czar."

"Uh-huh. That's why you've kept your life a secret. I'll tell you what I think. You're a criminal. No man hides out unless he's got a good reason for not wanting his face where it can be seen and traced."

"Let me tell you," Thor remarked cheerfully, "hiding is a difficult feat for a man who is six feet four."

A grayish film seemed to come down over Czar Kennedy's eyes. "I'll get detectives. Private detectives. They'll trace you right back if it takes years."

God is love; and the love of husband and wife brings us nearer to the heart of reality, the knowledge of God, than any other experience.

DEAN WILLIAM RALPH INGE

The ruddy giant shook his head sadly. "I wish I could make you understand why you want to destroy me. I know. Your hatred is understandable to me."

"I don't hate you. Though I know, if it wasn't for you, my wife would likely be alive today and my daughter, too, and I'd probably have other grandchildren. Now listen. I'm going to make it impossible for you to have anything to say about my daughter's child. Next week I've a man going over to Norway, he'll track you, fifty years is nothing to him."

Bridie looked at him and saw danger in the face, now flushed, that habitually was so colorless. "Now Czar, you'll be sick, a man of your age. A stroke, if you're not careful."

He glared at her. "Get out of this, Bridie. This is between the two of us."

Thor had been silent, his clear blue eyes fixed on Czar speculatively. Thor said, "You win, Czar. I'll make a bargain with you. If I tell the truth about myself—and you can prove it easily—will you credit ten thousand dollars to Christine's account in the Miners' National Bank?"

"Take me for a fool?"

"It costs money to send men to Copenhagen and Stockholm and Oslo. Cheaper to give it to Christine and let me tell you."

"How will I know you're telling the truth?"

"You will know. From past experience. But I will warn you it will sound ridiculous."

"How do you mean—ridiculous?"

"I'll make it brief as possible. You'll write a check now, made out to Christine for ten thousand dollars. Bridie will hold the check until I've said what I have to say. If either of you feels that I'm a possible disgrace to Christine ——"

"—— then I'll be sole guardian," Czar finished for him.

Thor considered this a moment in silence. "Yes. With this second provision: neither of you will ever speak of what I'm going to tell you, to Christine, to anyone else." He smiled at Bridie. "That's going to be harder for you than for Czar here."

"I promise." She raised her right hand.

Czar had taken a checkbook from an inner pocket, his pen from another. He wrote swiftly. He looked at Thor. "I'll promise, but it's for Christine."

Thor said, "The truth is, Czar, I come of a stock and class that would be called old-fashioned now, here in modern American Alaska. I come of the Scandinavian nobility—Norwegian as you know; but the Norwegian royal family is all mixed up in its history and its politics with the Swedish nobility, and the Danish especially."

"Nobility?" Czar repeated the word as though not quite hearing.

"I was nowhere in line for the crown, I don't mean that. But I was a student. I wanted only to study and know. Everyone knew that Oscar would resign in time ——"

"Oscar?"

"The king. But of course he wasn't a Norwegian, he was a Dane, and then when he gave up the crown, Haakon came in—another Dane—and his wife, Queen Maud, was English, the youngest daughter of Edward of England. By that time I had gone, and well out of it. I was to have married a Danish ——"

"—— princess!" Bridie yelped.

"I don't believe a word of it," Czar said.

Thor said, "My papers are in the bank box in Seattle. They've been there for years and years. You can see them. I want you to." Smiling, he turned to Bridie. "No, Bridie my dear, she wasn't a princess, though she's a princess now, if she's still alive, which I think she isn't."

Almost—but not quite—defeated, Czar put a last question. "If it's true—and I don't swallow it—what do you want here? What are you doing here?"

"I've lived the life I wanted to live. I've earned my living as you know, fishing in the summer season, trapping in the winter; I've read and learned. And I've written. I've put it

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New... and softly pink

Serena® by Modess®

The luxury sanitary napkin... gossamer-soft to pamper you... contains a deodorant

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74

all down, year after year. Maybe no one will ever read it. The history of this Alaska."

Czar stood up, his hands in his pockets, he began to pace the room. Suddenly: "Christine know this? Any of it?"

"No, no! I told you that. That's the bargain."

"What would her—uh—her title be?"

"Nothing."

"She's the daughter of a fella whose father is supposed to be a—well, anyway, was ——"

"You see how foolish it sounds! Counts are passé and barons and kings and queens and princesses."

But Czar was not listening. Almost wistfully he mused aloud, "I'd have liked Christine to be a—what was it?—a ——"

"She isn't. If you repeat any of this I'll deny it. What a snob you are, Czar! You pretend to be plain and simple. You love power and position."

"You two," Bridie commanded, "stop calling each other names and get practical. It was Chris' schooling started this, so let's go back to it. I'm holding this check for ten thousand, Czar. I guess you don't think what Thor's been telling us is a disgrace, exactly. Well, then?"

"Let's have her in," Thor said. "It's her education, it's her life."

When the girl came in she looked from one to the other. "I decided long ago. I'm going to Baranof two years and then to the University of Washington two years. I put in my application long ago, Ross told me you have to, with all those G.I. rights ——"

"Learn you, I hope," Bridie said to the two silent men. "She's grown up."

She was seventeen. It was June. Three months of Arctic summer, three months of daylight twenty-four hours around the clock before the wintry autumn came; the autumn of her freshman year at Baranof College. The rapier rays of the constant sun forced every growing thing into fabulous maturity. A month ago there was ice on the rivers and lakes and inlets. Now they were merry with the shouts of swimmers. The cabbages, the roses, the rhubarb, the delphinium seemed to spring overnight (or overday) from seed or bulb to full-grown product. Christine Storm, too, in those blindingly brilliant months, emerged from the chrysalis of girlhood into womanhood.

"In a way," Thor had said that first week in June, "these next two years belong to me, so far as Chris' education is concerned. In a way."

A strange pair—the massive old man and the lovely young girl—as they traveled the next two years up and down this glittering almost mythical world of the Arctic. Sometimes Bridie joined them, a vivacious and gallant third in her modish clothes that defied cold, discomfort and occasional danger.

Chris was as stuffed with Alaska lore as a Strasbourg goose is with grain. They traveled by plane—single-, twin- and four-engine planes. They traveled by dog sled. They even used trains once or twice.

At the close of the first college year her friends said, "What are you going to do this summer, Chris?" They had plans for a summer at the lake cottage, a trip to McKinley Park, a job at Cramer's Curio Mart.

"I'm going salmon fishing with my Grampa Storm."

"Just you and your grandfather?" they asked incredulously. They felt sorry for her.

Out with Thor on his boat, she felt sorry for them. Here she was, gay and yet relaxed. She could not account for it, she did not try. She would turn on the radio and now and then something would come through—a squawk of news, a crooner's whine. She was in and out, buffeted by the cold wind, soothed by the cabin's coffee-scented warmth.

"I feel as if I were floating in a vacuum," she said.

"You're afloat all right," Thor said. "I hope."

"Are we going to Oogruk this summer?"

"Depends."

"Ross Guildenstern said that if he knew the date ahead of time he might wangle things so as to pilot us."

He looked at her thoughtfully. "Perhaps we'll put it off until next year."

"Oh, no!"

"Why are you so crazy about Oogruk all of a sudden?"

"I've always wanted to see it. It sounds fascinating." Then, naïvely, "Ross Guildenstern was born there. He knows everybody in Oogruk."

"That would make it more interesting," he said rather flatly. "Of course I know Oogruk pretty well." He was silent. She waited. "We'll see."

Seattle said that Bayard Husack hadn't adjusted. They did not phrase it that way. As Seattle put it, "That young Husack—Bay, they call him—hasn't taken hold since he came home."

He had returned from the war in late 1945, handsomer than ever, feminine Seattle agreed. And not a scratch on him, male Seattle added. But six years had gone by, he was thirty-one, and whatever it was that he had been supposed to take hold of had eluded him.

Bay's mother said to Dave Husack, in defense of their son, "He'll take hold in time."

Louise Husack loved her son blindly, and believed this. Dave Husack loved his son, with reservations, and rejected this.

"Time! He's been playing around for six years now."

"He's at the office every day."

"Two hours for lunch. When I say I want him to go to Alaska for a few weeks, learn something about where all that dough comes from he spends on cars and boats and stuff, he says, 'No, thank you very much,' as if I'd made a joke."

Whenever Dave took these matters up with his son, Bay listened in a polite but detached way which infuriated the older man. Dave, seated at his office desk, at the end of the day glared at his son.

"What do you want, anyway?"

"Not a thing, dad."

"You ought to be married by now and have two or three kids and be in shape to run the business—if necessary. Which," he added hastily, glancing down at himself, "it isn't. But if this doesn't interest you, as a job, what does? Name it. What would you like to do?"

The handsome head did not turn away from the window. "I just told you. Not a thing. I know I ought to say I've been wanting to write a book, or go into politics, or take up ranching. This business is all right; it's legitimate and successful, but there's no gamble in it, no margin for error. It's like a bullfight. No matter how much he paws the ground and bellows, he's a dead bull before he sets foot in the ring. There's all that fish and timber and metal and stuff in Alaska, but no matter how much Gruening and the rest of them roar, it's all yours. I guess I'm just not interested in being a bullfighter. I'm more the audience type."

Dave Husack's face was dangerously empurpled. "If you don't like money ——"

"I do. I haven't said I didn't. I think it's great. I'm just not interested in the art of getting it. I don't even feel guilty about it, the way a lot of rich men's sons do. I'm no second or third generation Rockefeller or Lamont or Marshall Field. I think money's fine."

Dave Husack's voice started low because he felt as if he were choking, but it rose triumphantly in volume. "Why, you skunk, I've a good notion to sock you, big as you are. You crazy contemptible ——"

There was a sharp rap at the door. It opened.

"Come in," Bay called.

"Stay out!" Dave yelled. The door opened wider now, and Dina Drake entered.

"They can hear you down as far as the fourth floor. There's quite a crowd in the hall, standing there letting the elevators go by."

"You keep out of this, will you!" Dave roared.

She ignored this. "Will one of you battlers drive me home? I mean home to your house. My car is busted and I promised Aunt Louise I'd do the place cards and the flowers for the dinner party."

Dave's face was contorted with inner conflict. "Dinner party. I'm not going to any dinner party."

"Yes you are, Uncle Dave." She placed a sheaf of papers on his desk. "And sign these." She placed a pen beside the papers. He seated himself heavily, he began to scrawl his signature as she picked up each sheet. "Drive me home, Bay?"

"Why not?" Bay said.

"Don't gush," she retorted.

Dave Husack did not look up as his hand moved jerkily across paper after paper. "I'll go along with you. Call Emilio and tell him not to come for me."

Ten minutes later the three were seated side by side in Bay's car. Any casual observer would have seen three extraordinarily handsome people, relaxed, pleasure-bound. The girl sat between the two men, her knee pressed Bay's lightly, Dave's knee pressed hers heavily, the three had in common one thing. Seething frustration.

Too much idleness, I have observed, fills up a man's time much more completely, and leaves him less his own master, than any sort of employment whatsoever. EDMUND BURKE

Dina Drake was the Husacks' official protégée, everyone in Seattle knew this. "She's like a daughter to them," they had said in the beginning, because this was Louise Husack's repeated phrase. "She's like a daughter to us, she couldn't be dearer if she was our own. Of course her mother and I were brought up almost like sisters in Kansas City. She married Ed Bienenhauer and they stayed right there in Kansas City to the day they died in that awful crash. Dina was in Hollywood—her real name was Dorothy Bienenhauer but she changed it to Dina Drake when she wanted to get into pictures. They didn't appreciate her in pictures, I don't know why, with her lovely looks and all, but I guess it's all having pull, or worse. We kept in touch after the tragedy, she always called me Aunt Louise when she wrote. Then when she kept writing how tired she was, and lonely, I asked her to come here and pay us a visit. And now I don't know what we'd do without her. We fixed her up with a little apartment of her own and Dave got her to take a kind of secretarial course, and then after my little illness—it wasn't really a stroke—Dina began to kind of help out—pinch hitting, Dave calls it—for me as hostess here at the house. She's like a social secretary and a business secretary and a daughter all rolled into one. She's always there ready to pitch in and help. Dina's close-mouthed too. Sometimes I think maybe too close-mouthed. She never told me she'd been married in Hollywood, it only came out when the fellow was killed in a car crash just like her mother and father's, it's as if she was haunted by tragedy. I hope not. She doesn't complain. Dina's no relation, but I always say she's like a daughter to us."

In the past year Louise Husack had ceased to repeat this oft-told tale. In the past year or two Seattle's eyebrows had gone higher and higher until they threatened the very hairline. Bay Husack was the most eligible bachelor in Seattle. Dina Drake may have been sweetness and light to the Husack household, but she rather antagonized the matrons and daughters and even the sons of the Husacks' social set.

She was, they admitted, lovely-looking. She had enormous natural style. She did not make an effort to be more than barely polite to them. For this she had two reasons. She was concentrating with all her charm, energy, intelligence and ambition on Bay Husack. And she was scared to death of the memory of those months in Hollywood when she had known such insecurity and fear and cruelty as to mark her for life.

So now she spent some hours weekly at the Husack offices. She was on hand to take visiting big-business wives shopping or touring the city. She supervised Louise Husack's dinner and luncheon parties. Sometimes Dina even accompanied Dave on his business trips, now that Louise was more or less incapacitated. No one but Dina and Dave knew how pure in deed, at least, these business trips were. Dina was completely determined and relentless. Security was what she wanted and would have; she wanted no frolic in a big, uninquisitive, luxurious chain-hotel suite.

If Dina, in her secretarial capacity, accompanied Dave on one of these west-east business trips, Dave always returned with a lavish gift for his semi-invalid wife.

"Brought you a little trinket, Lou," he would say. "Dina helped me pick it out. I'm scared of those salesladies; they could sell me anything, but not Dina. She knows."

The gift might be jewelry, a mink wrap, a cashmere coat soft as cream, lingerie, even occasionally a dress.

"Why, Dave!" Louise would exclaim as she lifted the treasure from its velvet or satin or tissue cocoon. "It's lovely, just perfectly exquisite!" A week, two weeks, perhaps a month would go by. There would be a secret session between Louise and her protégée. "Dina dear, I don't want to hurt Mr. Husack's feelings," she said then, "or yours either, goodness knows, because you helped him pick it out, but I've got no use for these things. White mink." She held it up, she shook it smartly so that the glistening hairs sprang to still more luxuriant profusion. "How would I look in a white mink cape!"

"Why, Aunt Louise, that fur looks lovely against your skin."

She was not altogether without humor, Louise. "Thanks, dear, but the important thing is, how does my skin look against that fur?" She laughed ruefully at her own joke.

In another week or thereabouts, Louise would venture, tentatively, to shift the gift to a more vernal background.

"David, I just love that mink stole"—or sapphire-and-diamond clip, or alligator bag or French lingerie—"but honestly, maybe it's my imagination, but I think it isn't right for me, beautiful as it is. Maybe Dina could wear them or exchange them . . . white mink with her black hair . . . all that jewelry in the bank vault. I don't wear half of it, it just stays there . . . Dina wears those slinky black dresses so much, a good clip just sets the whole thing off."

To her friends Louise would say, "David brings me the craziest extravagant presents, I can't make him stop. . . . Dina dear, show Mrs. Ballinger the new fur piece. . . . There, doesn't she look lovely! I tell David he can imagine I'm wearing it, kind of by proxy."

"And what does he say?" Mrs. Ballinger asked with awful composure.

"Oh, he laughs."

"I bet," said Mrs. Ballinger, biting off the two words, with a look at Dina.

It was the growing opinion that somebody ought to wise up Louise. No one cared to assume this delicate mission.

"Hard as nails, that girl," they said. "But Joe says there's absolutely nothing between her and old Dave. Joe as good as put it to him. Not in so many words, I don't mean. But roundabout, and Dave told him confidentially that Bay and the girl were practically engaged. He said nothing could make him and Louise happier, Dina was like a daughter to them and had been ever since she came. Well, figure it out. I can't."

Sometimes the quietly cynical and observant Bayard Husack thought he, too, could not figure it out. Dina pursued him with the relentlessness of a prey-stalking tigress. Her little apartment was the convenient background for their occasional love-making, but Bay never had said to her, "I love you."

Now Dave Husack and Bayard, his son, and Dina Drake sat in the oversized sports car. The Husacks had stayed up on the Hill overlooking the bay and Puget Sound. Family after family moved to outlying districts, but Dave's house had been his first substantial proof of stupendous financial success. It was a beloved symbol necessary to his self-sustenance. Of its ugly old-fashioned, comfortable and overstuffed kind, it was perfection.

Louise Husack came toward them as the three entered the hallway that had the dimensions of an assembly room. Her face was alight and eager like that of a child or a lonely woman.

"Well, I didn't know what had happened to you. I want to show you something, David; you too, Bay. Guess who's coming here to school at Washington U. next autumn: Czar Kennedy's granddaughter! Here's his letter. I'd like to write him I'd just as soon she'd come and stay right here with us. It certainly would be lovely to have a young girl around the house."

"Hey, mom," Bay said. "Just hold everything. We don't want a kid around the house."

"He sent a picture of her. Look. She isn't a kid. She's grown up."

Dina Drake, on her way to the dining room, turned and joined the three. "In a parka, I'll bet."

But she wasn't. "Say!" Bay exclaimed.

"I remember," Dave said. "Nice little kid. I saw her once when Czar brought her along for a meeting or something. Bright yellow hair. And the blackest eyes."

Dina said, "Do you think she'll stay with you?"

Louise Husack referred again to the letter in her hand. "It says here, no. Czar's letter says in the college dormitory—college rules—and she likes to be independent."

As she and Thor stood at the Baranof airport awaiting their plane's flight announcement, Chris saw him as he swiftly crossed the strip and ran up the loading stairway.

"There's Ross," she exclaimed. "He did get the run." She turned to Bridie, who had just bustled up to join them. "Ross is going to pilot us as far as Oogruk. Isn't it wonderful!"

Bridie Ballantyne jerked her hat forward and settled her shoulders. "Maybe, if he keeps on flying. When I'm on a plane I don't want any pilot to be giving a floor show, visiting around and explaining the scenery. Let them fly the plane and I'll find my own scenery."

The twin-engine plane was an ancient but respectable DC-3. As Thor and Bridie and Chris entered they saw, without thinking it at all remarkable, that the seats had been removed along one entire side. This space was packed with the frozen skinned carcasses of moose mingling affably with the chilled passengers across the aisle.

To offset this slight informality, the old plane asserted her social position by equipping herself with the young and pretty stewardess Gerda Lindstrom, garnished with a manicure, a recent coiffure and a figure-following blue uniform; a pilot and a copilot; snacks served at practically all hours; somewhat cracked loud-speaker dissertations on the weather.

It was too early for the tourist tide. The plane was less than half filled. There were a handful of construction workers, a half dozen young men in Army uniform, and a middle-aged couple with apprehensive faces.

"I'm going to help Gerda with the coffee," Bridie announced and bustled off. "She never gets it hot enough, anyway."

Two of the young Army men were already asleep. While the plane soared over the wastes of this incredible landscape their faces in repose under the pitiless scrutiny of the brilliant Arctic light were as unmarked, as defenseless as the faces of children.

The middle-aged man in the eyeglasses and the Basque beret had been padding up and down the aisle peering through every window except that which belonged to his own seat. He now stopped beside Chris and Thor.

"How do you do, sir," he said.

Thor cheerfully returned the greeting as one who, for fifty years, has been addressed by strangers.

"You made this trip before?" the man asked.

"Yes. Many times."

"Is that right!" He seemed relieved. He raised his voice to address the woman of the flowered hat. "Irma, this gentleman has made this trip a lot of times." He turned again to Thor. "All right, is it? I mean, this plane ——"

"You can relax and enjoy every minute of the trip," Thor assured him. "The record of this line is just about perfect. And the land around here is what they call permafrost ground. It's frozen all the year round. You can put a plane down on it anywhere, any time."

"Say! I wouldn't want to do that." Uneasily he looked out at the formidable landscape. "You live around here?"

"I live in Baranof."

The man extended his hand. "Polar is my name. Alwin Polar. My wife Irma back of you there."

"Storm. Thor Storm. This is my granddaughter, Christine Storm."

"Happy to make your acquaintance," the man said. "We played Juneau, Anchorage and Baranof, so that makes us old sourdoughs, I tell Irma. The Roller Polars, our act is called. We do an act on roller skates, so the title isn't only catchy, it describes the act."

"No!" Thor exclaimed, stunned.

"We've toned it down a little the last few years. I don't whirl Irma by the heels any more like I used to; you could do that those days when you had a real stage you could work on. Nowadays those night-club little stages, they're like a postage stamp."

Bridie minced precariously up the aisle, a laden paper plate in either hand. Thor stood up. "Bridie, give one of those to Mrs. Polar there, will you? And you keep the other and sit down beside her. She's never taken this trip before. Mr. Polar and I are going to have a chat in one of those vacant seats."

For the first time in her life, perhaps, Christine felt deserted. She stared out the window at the blue-and-crystal universe. Bridie's voice chattering through the beat of the engines was like a piccolo note through drumbeats. Christine closed her eyes. She must have slept a little. Someone sat in the seat beside her, she opened her eyes instantly. It was only Bridie.

"Those two," she confided. "They've lived the most interesting life. They're theatrical people, would you think to look at them? They used to be in vaudeville."

The forward door opened, Ross Guildenstern came through. "Hi, Mr. Storm, hi, Mrs. Ballantyne." He looked at Christine. "You want to come up front, take over the controls for a while?"

"No, she don't!" Bridie trumpeted. "I'll get off if she does." They laughed agreeably at this timeworn joke. Bridie went on. "You want to chat with us, wait till we all get to Oogruk."

"That's what I wanted to know." He was still looking at Chris. "Where you going to be?"

"The Trading Post," Chris said. "Is that right, grampa?"

"Yes," Thor said. "Raffsky's Trading Post."

"It sounds rough," Chris said happily, "and like old sourdough days."

Thor and Ross broke into shouts of laughter.

"What's so funny?" Chris demanded.

You'll see," Ross said. "Look. After I drop you people at Oogruk I have to take these boys on up. I'll be back tomorrow morning, or maybe even late tonight. I've wangled it so I can stay a day and another night and fly you up to Barrow on the Wednesday run. I'd love to show you Oogruk and Barrow too. I've got cousins all over the place, my grandmother lives in Oogruk. Of course if you've got other plans ——"

"I just want Christine to see something of this part of Alaska," Thor was saying. "September will be the end of it for two years, for Christine."

Bridie began to fidget, she tucked her blanket tighter and, leaning back, shut her eyes.

Ross grinned. "I'm going, Mrs. Ballantyne. But everything's under control, really. The copilot's up front."

Bridie's eyes flashed open a second, closed again. "If he was as good as you are he'd be pilot. Nobody ever sold me a substitute. Look at those peaks; we just missed that one."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 81

"Fifteen years we've been married and suddenly I realize I don't know you at all."

Maybe that's how you know it's real...

I was in and out of love a couple of times before I met Jim . . . at least I thought I was.

But this time everything is different. Poems about love don't seem silly anymore, and songs I've known and sung all my life suddenly have new meaning for me.

From the moment I met Jim, I found myself wanting to make *him* happy...to do the things *he* enjoyed. Then, before we knew it, we were adding up our dreams of what a home should be like.

Oh, we didn't always agree on little things. But on important things we saw eye to eye. Nothing second best. A few good pieces of furniture. Real, solid silver—International Sterling, because we believe every home should start with a possession that is precious and imperishable.

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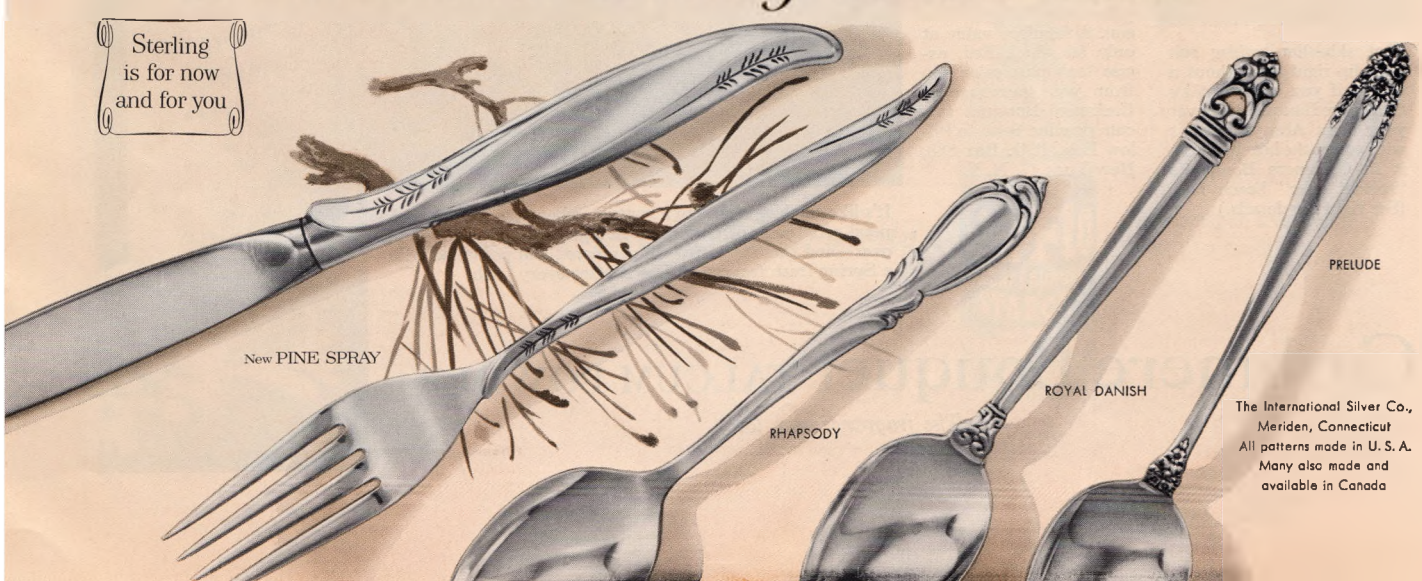

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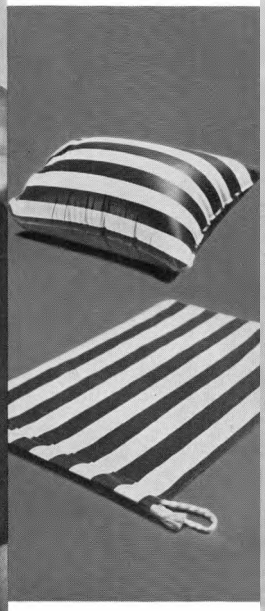
Cashmere Bouquet Talcum Powder does such lovely things for you!

That skin-slim bathing suit will slip right on without a wiggle if you smooth silky Cashmere Bouquet talc over your skin. Always have it with you at the beach! Carry it in Cashmere Bouquet's "special offer" beach bag. (See right for details.)



Send for your double-duty beach bag! A waterproof bag to carry your suit, towel and talc! And you can blow it up to make a pillow for lazing in the sun. A fabulous value at only 50¢ (incl. Fed. excise tax) plus sales slip from your purchase of Cashmere Bouquet talcum powder. Send to Pillow Bag, P. O. Box 888, New York 17, N. Y.

It's like climbing right into a bouquet, when you feel the cool, petal-soft touch of Cashmere Bouquet talc! Smooth it all over—and there you are—all pampered and perfumed with a Spring-fresh fragrance! Use it after every bath.

Give your face powder a luminous look! Sprinkle a little Cashmere Bouquet talc right into your powder. The imported talc in Cashmere Bouquet is extra-silky and has a lovely luminosity—gives your powder a sparkling lift!

Cashmere Bouquet TALCUM POWDER

The fragrance men love

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 78

"Watch for the sea," he said. He was off, he shut the cockpit door, disappeared.

The interior of the plane was colder now. The cold seemed to cut through the closed door, the windows, the floor boards. "Might as well be flying in a sieve," Bridie said.

Gerda Lindstrom was entertaining the night-club entertainers. "—— and the word Eskimo means Man Who Eats Sea Animals, they say. . . . Oh, yes, they still go whaling in skin boats, but things have changed, nowadays sometimes they just step into a little bush plane, set it down on an ice floe, harpoon a whale and fly back the same day. . . . No, we don't fly over the North Pole ——"

Christine touched Bridie's arm. "Bridie, I think we're beginning to come down. My ears."

Gerda Lindstrom ceased being the hostess. Her voice took on the tone of stewardess authority: "Fasten your seat belts, please, we will be in Oogruk in about ten minutes. Fasten your seat belts, please."

There were a few young Eskimo loungers at the airstrip waiting to see the plane from Baranof come in. Oogruk did not boast an airport building. The little one-street Eskimo village squatted on the shores of Bering Strait. Oogruk never had seen a train. Oogruk boasted one automobile only. Oogruk traveled by dog sled or by airplane.

In the clear air the little wooden houses a mile distant were dark dots on the gray of ice and land. A station wagon awaited the passengers.

Standing apart with two local airplane-company employees, Ross Guildenstern was checking his papers. Luggage was being unloaded. A slim young man stepped out of the decrepit station wagon.

Ross, glancing up, saw him. "Hi, Norman! Here, let me help with those." Wordless, the young man lifted a palm in greeting. "Mrs. Ballantyne, this is Norman Raffsky—Mrs. Bridie Ballantyne . . . Miss Christine Storm."

Thor Storm joined the group. "Hello, Norman, my boy. There are two more passengers; they're not staying at your place, they're going to the Airline House."

Norman transferred himself to the driver's seat. The Roller Polars, breathless, scrambled into the back. Bridie and Christine already were seated. Thor climbed in beside Norman Raffsky.

Ross stuck his head in at the window at which Chris sat. "I'll be back tomorrow, sure, and maybe late today if I push it."

The car started with a series of convulsive jerks, then they were off in a roar that subsided into a succession of snorts.

They were nearing the huddle of houses and shacks, they skirted the shore. "Say," Alwin Polar quavered from the rear seat, "this sure looks like the end of the world."

"Wait till you see Barrow," Thor shouted back, "you'll think this is Chicago."

But the others were not listening. Their faces were stamped with a look of bewilderment. The station wagon seemed to be standing still. The world was rushing by. "Wait a minute!" Bridie yelled. "What's happening?"

Gently Thor said, "Stop a minute, Norman, will you?" The station wagon shivered to a standstill. The world rushed by even faster than before. They were on the beach path, and Thor pointed toward the ice-packed water.

"Why, Bridie! And you, too, Chris. You ought to know. You've seen the spring breakup often enough. Here it's later and bigger and swifter. That's the ice going out. It's rushing down from the Arctic to the Bering Sea. Did you ever see a current like that? If you were to hop one of those big ice plateaus whirling past us there, you'd get a free ride to Nome in no time—if you stayed on."

Norman Raffsky started the car again, it leaped into the air like a bronco spurred. The car rounded a slight curve and stopped before a neat white-painted two-story building. In large black letters the sign on the front read:

RAFFSKY'S HOTEL
AND
TRADING POST

"But it isn't a trading post at all!" Chris protested. "It's as big as the Pole Star Hotel back home and better-looking."

"You sound like a tourist, Christine," Thor said almost crossly.

Bridie stepped out into the blinding late-June sunshine, the icy late-June air. She straightened her hat, wrapped her coat more firmly about her.

The Roller Polars peered through the car window. "I wish we were staying here at this place. We'd rather stay here with you folks."

Norman threw the car into gear. "No room." Then, over his shoulder to Thor, "Back with your bags in a minute." He drove on.

In the doorway of his vast store stood Isador Raffsky, trapper, fur trader, merchant. He had come from his native Poland at seventeen. He knew every infinitesimal Eskimo village in the Arctic. His credit was sound from Point Barrow to New York.

"Thor, my boy!" He, not Thor, the older man, became the patriarch. "Mrs. Ballantyne! After all these years you are here."

Thor spoke with serious formality. "Christine, this is my old friend Isador Raffsky. . . . My granddaughter, Christine Storm. I've brought her up here at last."

Isador Raffsky clasped his hands behind his back, he stood looking at Christine as one would survey critically a painting in a gallery.

Bridie had had enough of this drama. "Now Isador, this isn't the Fourth of July. I want Chris to meet Mrs. Raffsky." She raised her voice to reach a woman who was standing behind the counter in a corner across the store. "Leah, you being high and mighty with me?"

The common people—the toilers, the men of uncommon sense—these have been responsible for nearly all the social-reform measures which the world accepts today. W. E. GLADSTONE

Mrs. Isador Raffsky was wrapping a hunk of cheddar cheese, two cans of cream-of-mushroom soup, a pound of hamburger and a cellophane sack of hard candies. An Eskimo woman in a red calico baglike garment over her long fur parka picked up the paper sack. An infant was pouched on her back, inside the parka. A boy of two or three walked at her side, another child was palpably on the way. Mrs. Raffsky manipulated the cash register, nodded to the woman with as much manner as she now displayed in greeting Bridie. Bridie seemed more voluble than ever, in contrast.

"My, you haven't changed a bit, Leah. . . . Chris, here's Mrs. Raffsky, wants to say hello to you."

Christine stared, unaware that she was staring. By some inexplicable alchemy of the centuries Leah Raffsky's luminous slanting eyes, her high cheekbones curving down to the delicately sensuous mouth, the carriage, the manner all might have been copied complete from ancient Egyptian royalty. Mrs. Raffsky was totally unaware of this resemblance. Amidst the cheeses, the canned goods, the housewares Mrs. Raffsky was wearing a short boxy lemon-yellow jacket with a small standing collar—it was cut with reticent elegance like a Chinese woman's coat—fine black wool trousers and tiny black flat slippers. Her skin was somewhat warmer than ivory, her black hair was pulled back tightly in a knot at the nape of the neck.

Now she inclined her head and smiled in acknowledgment of the introduction. Christine, to her own discomfiture, found herself babbling a bit. "Mrs. Raffsky, what a wonderful store! I thought it would be wolfskins and mukluks and bacon."

With a gesture Leah Raffsky indicated that they were to follow her. As they ascended the stairs their bags awaited them in a neat row on the landing.

Christine had visualized bunks, prickly gray blankets and oil lamps. The walls of this upper hall, wide and bright, were painted pink. On either side the open doors revealed the neat bedrooms furnished in modern light wood, you glimpsed bedside lamps and pale blue coverlets and flowered chintz.

Leah Raffsky made a little gesture toward this room and that. Bridie took over. "Now, Chris, if you want to take this one—it's the cutest—I'll take that one on the other side. Thor, which one you having?"

Thor was enjoying the look of incredulity on Chris' face. "Any one. They're all too luxurious for me, I'm not used to all this roughing it in the wilds of Alaska." He swung the bags into the bedrooms and clumped down the stairs. When Bridie and Chris turned to speak to Leah Raffsky she had disappeared.

"What goes on here?" Chris demanded.

From the far end of the long bright hall came giggles and high young voices.

"It's the Raffsky girls!" Bridie said. "Come along, Chris." She rushed down the hall; Chris, following, saw her throw her arms about two girls in the doorway at the far end. "Chris, meet the two Raffsky girls, this one's Elinor and this one's Nancy. Whyn't you girls meet us at the airport?"

The Raffsky girls, in features, manner and deportment, were like two nice plump upper Bronx girls you might see having an ice-cream soda at Schrafft's.

"Mamma doesn't like us to go down in the store much, except to help out, of course, when they're busy." Elinor's tone made plain that this arrangement was family battleground. "Or the airport either."

"Something smells elegant!" Bridie called out. She had sauntered into the dining room and then vanished into the kitchen.

"Come on," the two Raffskys said happily, and linked arms with Chris. Friendly, outgoing as they were, Chris decided for a question or two even on such short acquaintance.

"Were you born here—I mean, have you always lived here? . . . Where do you go to school?"

The Misses Raffsky had no secrets from the world. "We're going to school in Baranof next year. . . . I love your dress, did you get it in Baranof or send to Seattle? . . . We've invited some people for dinner tonight to meet you, we love company."

"Tonight!" Chris said doubtfully.

"Ross can't make it back by dinnertime," Nancy said with the aplomb of a mind reader.

"How did you know he had planned to get back?" Startled.

"Oh, everybody in Oogruk knows everything about everybody, it's the mukluk grapevine. There's two girls here from Philadelphia, they're coming for dinner, and their husbands are schoolteachers here. Lowell Aragrook is coming, too, he and his wife. He's in charge of all the Alaska reindeer herds, but he's been fishing for beluga ——"

"Chris!" Bridie called from the kitchen. "Come and see this."

The Raffsky girls propelled her into the kitchen—a kitchen that was modern, metallic and pastel as a Ladies' Home Journal double-page ad.

"Just throw your eye over that, would you," Bridie said. Her gesture, as she indicated a mammoth cake—a Mount McKinley of a cake—amounted to a formal introduction. Iced in pink, with chocolate arabesques and pink flutings, it bore a message, "Welcome Thor and Christine."

"There wasn't room for another name," Nancy explained. "We'll bake another cake tomorrow just for you."

"Tomorrow! There's food enough here to last fifty people a week. You must have every room filled and everybody coming for dinner."

"Roomers! We don't cook for roomers. This is a dinner party for our friends to meet you," Elinor said.

Nancy said, "If there's anything you want, just ask Elinor or me, but now I've got to go and set the table."

Chris said, "Let me help you—that is, I'd like to in just a minute, but first I want to say something to grampa."

She was off down the hall to the stairway. The Tanagralike figure of Leah Raffsky was there at the store counter. She was wrapping a large club of bologna sausage for a waiting Eskimo boy. Male voices and the scent of cigars led Chris to the open door of Isador

Raffsky's office. The two men sat smoking, talking.

Thor looked at the girl's puzzled face. "Something you want to know, Christine?"

"Well, you're busy—I thought maybe you'd be just walking around ——"

"If it's about the Raffskys, just ask. Isador'll tell you anything you want to know."

Chris was genuinely embarrassed. "Another time will do."

"Sit down, sit down." Isador indicated a chair by throwing its burden of papers to the floor. "So what you want to know? I came a boy here from Poland, I didn't have a zloty. I ran around on a dog sled, buying the stinking skins from the Eskimos. When I think what I paid them—well, those days it was different in Alaska. But it's over now. My children are going to get an education because it's going to be different. Not like me and Leah had it."

Chris made up her mind to stop this foray into the future. "Mrs. Raffsky?" she ventured.

"What you want to know about Leah?"

"I mean—she's so lovely-looking and—and young—and kind of—well—mysterious."

"Sure she's young. Leah was twenty years younger than me when we were married. Leah's mother was half Eskimo, her father was a missionary. And what do you think he was? A rabbi! Did you ever hear before of such a thing! From Russia. It's a story."

"I've always wondered why they didn't do more proselytizing," Thor mused. "They're so stiff-necked about their religion. Leah's father is the only Jewish missionary I've heard of since Jesus."

Ross Guildenstern had not appeared at dinner. The evening lengthened to nine, to ten o'clock. Dinner finished, the women sat in the big pink sitting room. The men had remained in the dining room.

Chris drifted over to Bridie on the couch. She pitched her voice low for Bridie's ear, but not so low as to be drowned by the constant music of the phonograph.

"What do you suppose they're talking about in there?"

"Alaska."

"Such old-fashioned behavior. I feel like a harem inmate."

Lowell Aragrook, the reindeer herder, was speaking as she glanced again toward the quietly conversational dining room. He was wearing a good navy-blue suit and a bow tie. On entering before dinner Chris had seen his parka just before he took it off. It was of finest seal, bordered with an intricate design in white ermine. She knew the value of these things, the time and labor that went into their making. This was, she knew, a museum piece. Mrs. Aragrook, in the sitting room, was taking absolutely no part in the women's conversation. Amiable, half smiling, she simply sat like a good-natured bronze idol in a good black crepe dress and a good gold brooch and pince-nez.

Oh, dear, what are they talking about in there? Chris wondered. Impulsively she walked into the dining room, pulled up a vacant chair and sat there.

The men stopped talking. "Something you want, Christine?" Thor asked.

"Yes. I want to know what you're talking about."

Only Thor appeared not to be startled by this statement. Bob Shelikov, territorial senator up from Wolverene, became jocular in the political tradition. "You fixing to run for territorial congresswoman, Miss Christine?"

"Not just yet," Chris said, as determinedly jocular as he. "But maybe by the time I'm old enough and know enough it'll be United States congresswoman I can try for."

Bob Shelikov was one of the conservatives who contended that Alaska wasn't ready for statehood. "M'm-m, pretty girl like you will get married and have a family long before that, Miss Christine."

She sensed that Thor was displeased with her. But he answered her question briefly.

"We were talking about something that wouldn't interest women. You've heard it all a hundred times." He turned to the men. "You know Christine was raised by newspaper-publishing grandfathers. So political talk and territorial arguments were her Mother Goose. Uh, let's see. We were talking about Outside labor—you know, you've heard it all. From way up here, Seattle and San Francisco seem far away and not very important. Up here, if you can get a whale or a seal or two, or enough moose or reindeer meat, you're set for the winter. Or it used to be true. So it didn't matter if the big union heads in Seattle wouldn't allow Alaska labor to do Alaska work, and brought in seasonal Outside labor instead, boatloads of them and now planeloads of them. Thousands. And paid them in one lump after they got back Outside at the end of the season. But now it has begun to matter, even up here, and it's going to be more and more important. I've been trying to tell these young men here"—he indicated the two schoolteachers—"that maybe the time has come for a Boston Tea Party right here in Alaska."

A hubbub in the sitting room. "Ross!" shouted the Raffsky girls. He stood in the doorway, he was still in his pilot's uniform.

"Anybody want to see the Eskimo dances?"

Bridie had had enough of the pink sitting room. "Sure do. Where?"

"At the Company Hall down the beach. In about half an hour. I brought some passengers down from Barrow. Look, I've got to change, I'll see you there." He was off down the hall.

EASY DOES IT... OR DOES IT?

By GEORGIE STARBUCK GALBRAITH

Housekeeping is, say many men,
A snap. There's nothing to it!
They mean, of course,
housekeeping when
Some woman's there to do it.

Half the company decided against joining in this festivity. Bob Shelikov wrapped it up neatly for the negative side when he said, "Anyway, if you've seen one Eskimo dance you've seen 'em all."

Certainly Bridie and Thor had seen these ceremonies countless times.

Thor said now, "Doctor Kramer's showing us through the hospital tomorrow, and you'll want to see the schools, and Father Gilhooley has some magnificent ivory and wood carvings and altar pieces. Then there's the dental clinic too."

"Oh, grampa, let's not be so worthy tomorrow. First thing in the morning, I mean."

"What do you want to do?"

"Just wander around and look at things and talk to people on the beach."

"She means, I suppose," Bridie explained, "that Ross Guildenstern's got some plan to show her around Oogruk. I can't see that it's any different from other Eskimo villages, only bigger."

"He was born here," Chris said defensively. "His grandmother lives here and the aunt and uncle who brought him up after his parents died. He said he wants to show us around tomorrow morning. I don't know why he made such a point of it."

"I do," Bridie said grimly.

"Evidently you two are carrying on some kind of woman warfare that I don't understand. We'll see about half an hour of the dancing. You do exactly what you want to do in the morning."

They were walking down the beach path. They could hear the Eskimo drums now. The door of the Company Hall was open. A group whose ages ranged from six to sixty clustered there. Periodically they were shooed away by someone inside.

"Why don't they let them come in?" Chris wondered.

"Costs a dollar," Thor said, "each. Eskimos don't dance for nothing in the tourist season. They've caught on to civilization, right enough. After the dance has really started they'll let these neighbors slip in free."

Arctic daylight at night streaming through the unshaded windows, combined with the artificial glare of electric bulbs overhead, gave to the room an effect half eerie, half sordid. At the far end of the long room the Eskimo drummers sat cross-legged on the floor, the great flat circles of their walrus-tissue drums spread before them. Their voices rose and fell in a chant timed to the beat of the drums. In the center of the floor a group of men and women—twelve or more—were moving together in a slow mystic dance which each individual dancer seemed, nevertheless, to be performing solo. Though the air of the room was close, the dancers wore fur and hooded parkas ornamented with intricate designs, and on their shifting feet were mukluks. The dancers were not, for the most part, young. A few perhaps were thirty or forty. Others looked seventy or more. Now and then a child would step into the rhythmically moving group.

"Hi!" There to greet them was Ross Guildenstern. He had changed from his pilot's uniform to khaki pants and leather jacket. "How about these seats? All right?"

"Well, say!" boomed a familiar voice. "This is great! How you making out?" It was Alwin Polar of the Roller Polars, with his partner, still in the beflowered hat. She and Bridie greeted each other like long-lost sisters.

Thor took up the impromptu explanation. "Eskimos never used to dance for money. It started as a ceremony, they danced to express themselves. These dances act out a story. Every gesture follows the story the drummers are chanting."

"You mean they're saying something—those men there with the drums?" Polar turned to Ross. "You understand what they're saying? What's it mean?"

Ross was silent a moment. His attention concentrated on the drummers and on the women's chorus seated on the floor behind them; on the stylized postures of the dancers.

Now Ross turned back to the tourists. "It sounds kind of foolish when you tell it, a literal translation. Well, this hunter went out to get food for his wife and his children, they had had no food for days because the man had been pierced weeks before by the tusks of a walrus when the man was on the sea in his kayak. And now as he walked toward the sea he saw a wolf, but as he prepared to kill the wolf the wolf turned into a caribou with antlers and it sped toward the water and as it ran the hunter saw that the antlers were turning into tusks like those of a walrus and he knew then ——" Ross broke off, his smile a little rueful. "Well, you get the idea. Tribal stories never are very interesting."

One of the group from Barrow touched Ross on the shoulder. "Cap, you know how to do those dances? Yourself, I mean."

"Yes, some of them. I used to try to do them when I was a kid. You just follow the story as the singers tell it. This means wolf, see. And this means caribou. And this ——"

He stepped forward then and in a moment he had mingled with the dancers and was indistinguishable from them as they moved and turned and gestured.

The next moment, to Bridie's horror and to her own surprise, Chris, too, stepped forward and joined the dancers. She kept her eyes on the dancer just in front of her, she raised her arm thus, she turned her head thus, she shifted her foot this way, that way. She, too, was almost indistinguishable among the shifting dancers except, perhaps, for the shining gold mass of her hair as her parka hood slipped back to her shoulders and the brilliant shafts of the midnight sun pierced the weather-beaten windows of the little Arctic-village Eskimo hall.

Ross Guildenstern came down the beach path on the run. Nine-thirty in the morning. He had said nine. As he ran, the small fry of Oogruk trailed him like the tail of a meteor.

Bridie and Chris, too, were trailed by a like following. A swarm of black-eyed brown-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 84

Surf adds brightness

(to colors, to whites . . . yes, even to perfect whiteness)

You'll be seeing yourself so many bright ways this summer, in versatile Jamaica-length shorts with camisole tops, gay overblouses and T-shirts. And now it's so easy to *keep* those whites and colors looking beach-bright. Do it the way that's so wonderful for everything you wash—with Surf, the quality detergent that actually makes white whiter, bright brighter than new! Remember, Lever Brothers unconditionally guarantees that Surf will give you the finest results you've ever had from any detergent, or your money back. Watch for savings on Surf at your favorite store.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 82

skinned boys and girls had somehow sprung out of the earth as the two women had turned into the beach path.

"Hi!" they yelled, as they ran alongside, as they ran ahead, backward, as they trailed. "Hi!" They stared at Christine and Bridie with the embarrassing, inescapable gaze of children. As they ran they pointed and said something that sounded like "Booga."

"What do they mean?" Bridie said.

"Ross could tell us."

"Ross." Bridie rolled the *r* and hissed the double *s*. "He said nine, it's nine-thirty or more now, and he hasn't showed up."

"Booga! Booga!" chanted the children. One of them even tugged at Christine's parka.

Chris bent over. "What do you mean, booga?"

"Hi!" shouted an adult male voice from a distance. Ross came on the run up the beach with a stream of merry impish black-eyed children trailing him.

"I'm sorry. I got an A.C.S. message. I had to go out to the airport. Are the kids bothering you? They're not supposed to do this."

"But they didn't do anything," Chris said. "They were just saying something we didn't understand. Booga, or something like that."

His face cleared. "Beluga. Lowell Aragrook is beaching a couple of big ones. Come on. Come on, kids."

"You're upset about something. There was something in the A.C.S. message."

"Look, Chris, do you think you could go to Barrow late today instead of starting tomorrow?"

Bridie addressed herself to the world in general. "He's gone daft."

"I mean you, too, Bridie, of course. And Thor! I wish you would. Otherwise I can't fly you up. I just got orders. I have to pick up a bunch in Nome. You weren't going to stay more than a night and a day in Barrow anyway. Then I'd fly you back here—that is, if you want more time here in Oogruk."

The two were alone in the midst of a ludicrous company. Bridie marching ahead in the splendor of velvet and fur and gloves like a parade commander. Eddying all around them the raggle-taggle sprites.

"Of course I'd love to have you show us around Oogruk. But if you can't, you can't. I don't see why you're so grim about it."

He laughed then, his face clearing like a child's. "I've made up my mind I'm going to show you Oogruk today. And then Barrow if I can. I'll do it if it costs me my job."

"I honestly don't know what's the matter with you, Ross Guildenstern."

"Yes you do."

In the half shelter of a single strip of raised canvas on the windy beach a pretty girl was bent over a mysterious task. A young Eskimo girl. She glanced up as the little procession came by. "Hi!" she called to them.

"Hi!" Ross called in return. "Bridie! Stop a minute, will you? Come on down here, Chris. I want you to meet somebody."

The girl squatting on her heels on the beach was wearing modish black slacks and a tailored red shirt, neatly tucked into her belt. On her small feet were white socks and stitched loafers of red leather.

She was expertly cutting up a dead seal with an ulu.

"Joan," Ross said, "this is Mrs. Ballantyne, up from Baranof. And Christine Storm. . . . My cousin, Joan Kungok."

"I'm happy to meet you," Joan said, and indicated the sharp bloody implement in her hand. "Excuse me, won't you, for not getting up," she said politely to the older woman.

"Well, for land's sakes," Bridie exclaimed inadequately.

"How—how wonderful!" Chris said, and meant it. "Do you mind if I watch you a minute?"

"Of course not," the girl said. "I'm not very good at it. I've just learned how, really. You ought to see my mother do it, or my grandmother."

The instrument in her hand was shaped like an old-fashioned meat chopper. Its blade was curved, her hand grasped the handle. With miraculous deftness she held the carcass with her left hand while she sliced the thick layer of blubber from the skin. It rolled down inside the skin as you would separate the meat of a melon from the rind.

"What are you going to do with that?" Bridie demanded.

"Eat it," Joan Kungok said blithely. "Next winter. I don't like it any more, but the old people and some of the grownups do. There are lots of ways of cooking seal meat. You can eat it fresh or salted or dried. The old people like to eat the blubber. Maybe that's why they didn't die of tuberculosis years and years ago, the way so many of us young people do now."

"Hold it, Joan." Smiling down at her, Ross raised an arresting palm. "These ladies are Alaskans. They know the score. Mrs. Ballantyne used to be a nurse. Tell her what you're studying for."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 87

How to Dress Well on Practically Nothing!

Right now, Barbara J. contemplates a fashion to wear . . .

Spring...and all Summer Long

The forecast: warmer days and more carefree ones with vacation and weekends away. This to Barbara J. means freedom from wardrobe cares as well. She looks for a fashion with complete simplicity and ease (no intricate washing and ironing problems for her!) . . . a dress to live in and love for every day of the week. The excitement might be in the color, the change of mood in an addition to make or buy.

But that's not all. Barbara wants a whole wardrobe complete, accomplished by one investment alone. Impossible? Not at all. The simplest solution of all: a slim slip of a dress. The additions are small dollar-wise, large fashion-wise, and make it a wardrobe to wear all summer long!

By BET HART

DIANE AND ALLEN ARBUS

Dress	$ 9.95
White jacket	6.95
Drawstring blouse	2.98
Print jacket	3.28
Total	$23.16

At the office, Barbara wears her new dress. She likes the accent of chalk-white jewelry, jet-black patent against the bright red cotton cord. Her black bag and red-and-pink print beret bought in March are also pretty accents for coming and going. The dress, Barbara thinks, could go on for after-work dates as well. She may add a jewel or tie a chiffon scarf at the waistline for a more romantic touch.

Besides a multitude of changes for neckline and waist, Barbara likes "cover-ups" for her new investment. These might end at almost any length. . . .

The tiniest top of all, but not short on importance. A white ribbed cotton matching the fabric of the dress. (It is available with the dress, but sold separately for all of $6.95.) The jacket buttons at the back, the bottom is edged with lace and has a tiny bow at the front.

DRESS AND JACKET, MOSS ROGET

Just to the waist, the blouse is shirred and tied there. This one in cotton, a red plaid over white. Sleeveless and a convertible neckline; pretty over Barbara's new red dress. She might also wear the new addition with shorts, a summer skirt. The price to buy, only $2.98.

BLOUSE, JOHN NETZKY

*A jacket to make—and easy to sew. It comes just to the hipline. For it Barbara chooses a gaily printed cotton in pink and red carnations. Pretty enough for a city street, casual enough for a country weekend worn with slacks or a skirt. Vogue "Easy to Make" Design No. 9263.**

DRAWINGS, MARIBETH

© VOGUE

*For back view, sizes and price, see page 87.

Dress by Lanz

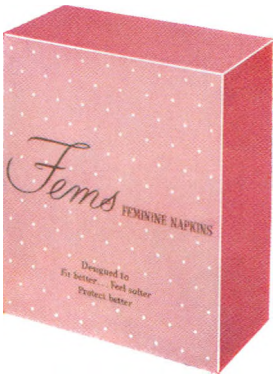
only Sta-Flo® BEAUTY-STARCHES *so easily*

For crisper freshness, wash to wash!

Into your life for the first time come . . .

Fems

FEMININE NAPKINS



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For new comfort even when you're active

FEMS are a completely different kind of napkin. They were made to put more comfort into your active, busy days.

FEMS fit better because they're *longer* napkins. They're designed so as not to shift, pull or bind . . . to stay in place no matter how active you are.

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FEMS cost a little more . . . give you far more comfort and security. FEMS let you feel your best . . . always poised, at ease, sure.

For new comfort in action, switch to FEMS Feminine Napkins.

- **You'll see the difference.** *FEMS' extra length means FEMS fit better, fasten easily, stay comfortably in place.*
- **FEMS' exclusive safety-cushion** *virtually eliminates stains that show through.*

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 84

The girl's serious young face became suddenly brilliant as she smiled up at Bridie. "I'm in training at the hospital here."

"Look at that, now! Bless you, child."

One of the small boys who had been peering into the open mouth of the seal now touched the jagged brown teeth with one plump forefinger. Then he wagged the finger chidingly, "Eat too much candy."

Christine's laugh rang out, and Ross', and Bridie's. "You darling!" Christine said, and stooped to kiss the top of the child's head.

"Come on, come on, girls." Ross waved them up the beach.

Joan called to them as they left, "I hear Lowell brought in the first belugas."

The town seemed to be streaming toward the beach. Men, women, children, dogs. The electricity of excitement was in the air. Ross began to run, then he remembered and dropped back with the two women. Wordlessly he and Chris each thrust an arm through Bridie's. They whisked her, laughing, protesting, along the rutted stony path toward the crowd gathered around the objects in the water below the sloping beach.

"Hello there!" the Roller Polars called to them. "Say, this is worth the trip."

Lowell Aragrook was standing hip deep in the water. With him were two men. The three were lashing ropes around the circumference of three white incredible objects that floated in the sluggish surge of the icy waters.

Lowell Aragrook called, "Hey, Ross, give us a hand," and flung at him the end of a long thick rope. The men at work in the water flung another rope and another and another, curling toward other strong deft hands on shore. And now the three weirdly beautiful objects that lay so dreamily on the water were secured at last.

They lay gleaming white as ermine, the male and the female great white whales. The third was pale gray; it was an infant, it still wore its baby fur. Half submerged in the shallow water they were eerie, spectral.

"Take hold here and pull," Ross said. A dozen—twenty—thirty hands were at the ropes now. A final tug and the three were beached, high and dry.

Lowell Aragrook had waded ashore, he stood looking down at his Herculean catch. "I'm sorry about the little one. But it was too small to make out by itself." He glanced casually down at his dripping mukluks. His little bow to Bridie, to Chris was both in greeting and farewell, for now he strode briskly up the beach to the path. The crowd, too, dispersed like an audience when the show is finished. Puzzled, Chris realized that there remained besides herself and Bridie and Ross only the swarm of children, the two Polars, and one stout middle-aged woman in a bright red calico slip over her parka. The metal object in her hand glinted in the sun and Chris recognized it as an ulu somewhat larger than the one with which Joan Kungok had so deftly sliced the seal. The woman was Mrs. Aragrook, the Raffskys' dinner guest of the night before.

"Why did he go away?" Chris asked. "Lowell, I mean."

"His work is done," Ross said. "The rest is woman's work. In a half hour she'll have the whole beluga cut and skinned. Come on. Let's go."

The Polars glanced up, glanced down the bleak little beach path. "Where you folks going now?" Alwin Polar inquired.

With candor and sweetness Ross said, "I am taking these friends to my grandmother's house. I am sorry that I can't ask you to come with us."

"Well, sure, you wouldn't want strangers barging in," Alwin Polar agreed cheerfully. "We'll just ramble around."

Chris said, very low, "Let the poor lambs come with us, they're lost."

"No," Ross said. "No."

A strangely quiet species of panic possessed Bridie as she teetered along the rough beach path with Ross and Chris. She conducted a somewhat frantic conversation with herself: *This isn't just boy-and-girl stuff any more. He's really in love with her, he's ten years older than she is, well, that's all right but she isn't going to take him seriously if I can help it. He's up to something. Czar was right, I guess. It's time Chris got away, saw something besides Alaska.*

They stopped at a one-room shack connected by a ramshackle passageway with a frame house. The door of the little dwelling was open and inside and outside small children and big dogs were playing. They became quiet as Ross stopped at the doorway. The children's faces were upturned with the mute adoration that had been reflected in the faces of the children on the beach.

From his pocket Ross took a little sack of candy, he opened it and counted out a handful of hard bright balls. "One for each of you, that's all, because sugar is good for you but too much is bad for your teeth. The rest of it is for my grandmother."

"No teeth," one of the boys said quickly.

"That's right. Now out, kids, stay outside until we leave. I'm bringing visitors to see my grandmother."

"Tourists?"

"No." He looked directly at Christine. "Grandmother lives alone because that's what she wants to do, and she works because that makes her feel she isn't a burden. My uncle and his wife live next door here, and they look after her. She's almost blind, but she wants to be as independent as—well, as you want to be, I suppose, Chris."

BACK VIEW, SIZES AND PRICE OF VOGUE PATTERN ON PAGE 84

Vogue Design No. 9263. "Easy to Make" jacket; 12–20 (32–40). 60c.

Ross Guildenstern's ancient grandmother looked up brightly as they entered. Her withered yellow face creased into a smile of a hundred wrinkles as she recognized his voice. She spoke his name.

The old woman sat on a board bed that was like a shelf in the wall. It was supported by wooden blocks and stood perhaps eighteen inches above the floor. Her head was thrust a little upward and her chin a little forward, and her face wore the uncertain half-smile of the sightless or nearly sightless. The young man spoke to her in the language of her people and she nodded and smiled. She raised one hand in greeting. Then the hands resumed the work on which she had been engaged.

"God bless her, look at the cut of her, would you!" Bridie said. "Working, mind you."

She was making thread for the sewing of skins. The threads would hold together forever the wolfskins, the wolverine skins, the sealskins, the otter, the fox. Fur parkas for the men and women and children. Mukluks. Hoods. Gloves. The thread was made of moose or caribou sinew, and it was the old woman's proud task to roll the strands so expertly that they made the unbreakable thread.

Ross Guildenstern leaned over and touched her cheek with his strong brown hand that bore the Air Force ring, and murmured something. The grotesque old mask lighted so that for one moment between the young man and the indomitable old blind woman a curious resemblance sprang into being.

"Oh, Ross!" Chris said, as they called good-by to the children and walked down the road. "It's dark in there, and it can't be healthy. Shouldn't she be in a comfortable place, and not working? She's so old and feeble."

"Grandma isn't really that old and she's as tough as that thread she's making. She's doing what she wants to do, she loves it. If you took it away from her she would die."

Caution told Bridie that there now had been enough of Ross Guildenstern's family. "Now what? I'm beginning to be hungry. Your grandpa'll be looking for us, Chris."

"No he won't," Chris said calmly, "and besides, how lost can you be in Oogruk?"

"I like to know where I'm going," Bridie snapped, "before I go."

Ross pointed to a turn in the rough path. "Right there. That hammering sound you hear is what we're headed for."

"I suppose that's your aunt, building a house," Chris said.

"Not quite. But you're warm."

Ross' uncle and aunt were working in the cluttered yard of their weather-beaten house. Six or eight sled dogs yapped and snarled in their compound. Ross threw more charm than was absolutely necessary, Chris thought, into the introduction.

"Hi, Aunt Angeline! . . . This is my aunt, Mrs. Asakluk. . . . Over there working on the boat, Frank Asakluk. Hiyuh, Frank! . . . Mrs. Ballantyne . . . Christine Storm, they're up from Baranof to see the sights."

Frank Asakluk waved a hammer at them gaily. He went on building his boat. Angeline Asakluk did not rise or offer her hand because both her hands were dripping with blood and grease. Her friendly smile beamed above the headless carcass of a seal suspended on a rack in front of her.

"I'm making a seal poke," she said.

A protective feeling surged warmly over Chris for the second time. Ross' eyes were on her. Her natural curiosity overcame her repugnance to the blood, the decapitated cadaver.

"Tell me, I'm so interested in what you're doing. I know it isn't the same—we were watching Ross' Cousin Joan cutting up a seal—but what's a seal poke?"

"It's the Eskimo freezer," Ross said. "Tell Chris how you do it, Angie."

"I'm taking out the insides. I reach through this hole where the head used to be and cut everything away and take it out. You have to be careful not to cut the skin. Then we turn the whole skin inside out and clean it and we blow it up for drying and we rub it with ashes so that it will dry better. And when it's dry we fill it with meats or berries or green-leaf plants for storing all through the winter. It makes the best freezer you ever saw."

"Now," Bridie observed, "I've seen everything."

"Angeline can do anything," Ross announced cheerfully. "What a girl! She isn't really my aunt, you know. Frank's my uncle; Angeline's his second wife. Angeline used to teach at the Native Service school." He glanced across the yard at the open door of the house, he looked up and down the road. "Where's Rolf? I thought he'd be here."

"He was here a minute ago. Rolf! Rolf!" Angeline called, but not loudly.

"Rolf!" Ross shouted.

Angeline laughed aloud then, and pointed to where her husband stood, busy with his boat. Over the rim of the trestled boat's edge a red sombrero rose above a pair of black eyes.

"Hi, Rolf!" Ross shouted. "Come here."

Over the boat's side there clambered a boy of perhaps six. He dropped agilely to the ground and ran toward Ross, a handsome compact child. He was in full movie-cowboy regalia—sombrero, plaid shirt, chaps, boots. He carried two guns in a holster and as he ran toward the group he pulled out the guns.

"Why, it's Hopalong Asakluk!" Chris said, falling into the spirit of the thing.

"Stick 'em up!" yelled the boy, a gun in either hand. Obligingly feigning terror, they raised their hands high over their heads.

"I don't think he ought to play with guns, Angie," Ross said. "I hate to see kids play with guns." Then he stooped, picked up the boy and held him high, but the small booted feet beat a tattoo in remonstrance and Ross set him down.

"Sorry, old boy," Ross said. He laid a hand gently on the child's shoulder. "Chris, this is my son Rolf. He was named after my father."

(To be Concluded)

THE CHALLENGE OF THIS CENTURY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51

the most able when it is informed and aware of what is at stake in public education.

The Palo Alto plan is comprehensive, involving all the schools in the system—twenty elementary, two junior and two senior high schools. It directly involves about 1000 children in the secondary schools and 500 in the elementary. From the start, care was taken to avoid creating a "little snob" class, although actually, as assistant superintendent Jack Rand points out, the danger of good students' becoming a clique of snobs is not very great. The opposite extreme is more likely—and more common. In most schools smart youngsters assume the attitude expressed by their less able classmates—"Don't be a D. A. R.," meaning "Don't be a damned average-raiser!" Those who violate this edict are called "queers." Palo Alto's "cradle to college" program for exceptionally able children is an additional effort to raise academic standards in a university town where the standards are already comparatively high.

At Stanford Elementary School, for example, fourth, fifth and sixth graders are getting a taste of such heady subjects as physics, chemistry, geology, philology and logic. A tape recording of nine-, ten- and eleven-year-olds discussing their "interest groups" seems the more incredible for an occasional lisp among the childish voices: "Well, in chemistry we made this model of a *battwy* . . . we filled it with a solution of sulphuric acid." . . . "Sulphuric acid is *very* dangerous—the formula is H_2FO_4." . . . "Then we used an elec-electron pump and charged it for three or four minutes." . . . "Susan's hair was supposed to stand on end, but it didn't because hair is not a very good *conducer* of electricity." . . . "Our teacher brought in an electroscope. Besides telling us what an electroscope was he showed us how to make our own."

The nonscientists are also vocal. In philology (word study): "We had lots of fun. We learned a lot of Latin and Greek—prefixes, roots and suffixes. It was lots of fun." . . . "You felt kinda like you've got something, kinda secure." In art: "We learned a lot of words we didn't know too. We went to a stable and drew a horse." . . . "We also had a real kitten for a model." . . . "I didn't know you started with shapes—I thought it was faces." In modern dance: "I had never seen it and never taken any part in it. What I liked best was the composition, making up dances just as you felt like to music." In storytelling: "You can tell stories to younger children—and that's good." . . . "Storytelling is a lot like acting." . . . "Most people don't think it takes much to tell a story—but it does!"

As this last child said, it takes something—probably the glow of bright young faces and sparkling eyes—to tell the story of Palo Alto's gifted-child program. The interest groups, which in most of the elementary schools meet twice a week for twelve weeks during the winter months, are led by teachers who themselves have special interest and training in a particular subject, or by other adults in the community who volunteer.

Some of the group leaders are from the faculty of Stanford University or are employed by research or engineering firms located in Palo Alto. These experts, many of them renowned in their fields, share with very young children knowledge most people assume belongs only in higher education. Parents with years of practical experience in less erudite occupations also lead interest groups.

The children love it. "I hardly knew *anything* about physics before I started," one blue-eyed nine-year-old girl confided. "It's fun—you get out of schoolwork and you learn things you didn't know before," said another. The purpose of the interest groups is to give direction to a child's natural curiosity and, incidentally, to help him understand why reading, writing and arithmetic are so important. Without mastery of these tools, he soon discovers, he can't find out what he wants to know. "The idea," said one boy, "is not to teach a great deal about a certain subject but to open new doors."

Group leaders are equally enthusiastic. Albert Robinson, a "semiretired" electronics engineer and father of five children under twelve, led a group in the study of electricity at Barron Park Elementary School. He entertained the children by constructing motors and other devices out of bits of tin, wire and nails. "I wanted to see how simple I could make things to show some of the fundamental and universal concepts of physics," he said. He made a small car powered by a battery and the starter motor from a junked automobile in which each child could have a ride when he was able to explain how an electric motor works. One boy brought his father to the Robinson home and asked him to repeat the experiments he had performed in class "so dad can understand them." The rudiments of physics, Mr. Robinson believes, can be taught to children "as soon as they can talk."

Elena Greene, a young mother who speaks Spanish, conducted a group in the study of that language at Green Gables Elementary School. She used no textbook—"Most Spanish textbooks have not been revised since the year one." She began by teaching her group to sing simple Spanish folk songs while she accompanied them on her guitar. She had no discipline problems and feels the children got a basic feeling for the Spanish language during the short time she had with them. "Children listen with their whole selves, even when they appear not to be," she said, "and that is the way to learn a foreign language—to give yourself to it without thinking about it. Very young children are able to do this best."

The success of such a program depends largely upon the support of parents. "Without the help of men and women in the community who volunteered their services, our interest-group program would have been impossible," said John Bracken, principal of the Barron Park School. In the support of parents, the Palo Alto school system is fortunate. The town has more than a normal share of well-educated, able and energetic citizens—people who value learning highly. Parent-Teacher Association meetings are invariably packed and the discussion more often deals with fundamental matters of education than how to get new equipment. At the school administration offices there is a card file of more than 500 community "resource persons" who have indicated a willingness to appear before school groups. The topics cover a wide range of human activities: business and industry, cattle raising ("will show a small group branding at my ranch"), community and government service, dance, drama, electronics (thirty cards under this heading), health, hobbies and collections, travel, transportation, music (one card, that of a former symphony conductor, noted, "will describe the evolution of symphonic music"), the United Nations, vocations—and many others. The Palo Alto Times publishes a daily column of the writing of school children called "Youth Said It."

The Gifted Child Committee, made up of seventeen teachers, principals, parents and special consultants, met for the first time in the fall of 1953 and spent two years in study and discussion. Preceding this the California Congress of Parents and Teachers had sponsored a study of the education of gifted children and published a report. A large section of the Palo Alto chapter of the American Association of University Women devoted all its meetings to the topic in 1954.

"There was some danger," one member of the committee noted, "that the program would be expected out of existence by those who looked for miracles before it even got started." Nevertheless, when the school board approved the formation of a gifted-child program and an expenditure of $20,000 for the first year of its existence, it came as a surprise to almost no one. Dr. Kenneth Martyn, now associate dean of Los Angeles City College, was appointed director of research.

The Gifted Child Committee set as its goal the grade acceleration of at least 25 per cent of the students with I.Q.'s of 140 or above. Screening to identify the gifted child, on the basis of tests and teacher evaluations, was established as a continuing process beginning with the third grade. (Some 6 per cent of the children in Palo Alto were found to have such high I.Q.'s, as compared with about one in 400 in the general population.)

Contrary to the myth that "bright kids don't need help—they'll find their way," many children with high intelligence quotients do not do especially well in their schoolwork. They are often bored and literally shut their minds to unchallenging material. To undiscerning teachers, some of them might appear to be stupid.

There are two types of specially grouped classes in the Palo Alto junior and senior high schools. The so-called Research Classes, of which there are ten, are for children with I.Q.'s of 140 or above, even though some of them did not do outstanding work in their regular classes. These students get a broader, deeper presentation of the same material given ordinary classes. There are twenty-five Advanced Standing Classes for students who have done superior work even though their ability may be only slightly above average. Candidates for the Advanced Standing Classes are selected on the basis of ability, achievement and aptitude, as determined by tests and consultation with teachers and parents. These students proceed with advanced work in one

CONTINUED ON PAGE 90

"But I did consult you—you said last night a great Dane was all we needed around here!"

WHETHER you're at your favorite neighborhood theatre . . . or a drive-in . . . you'll agree today's modern people are feature attractions. Their trim, slender figures are the happy result of the modern trend toward lighter, less-filling food and drink.

Pepsi-Cola heartily supports this sensible diet plan. For today's Pepsi, reduced in calories, is never heavy, never too sweet. It's the modern, the *light* refreshment. Say "Pepsi, please"!

PEPSI-COLA

The Light refreshment

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 88

or two subjects usually at least a year ahead of their normal age group. Both Research and Advanced Standing students attend other classes with the normal assortment of good, bad and indifferent students their age. They are not "cut off from the crowd" and many of them are leaders in student government, athletics, dramatics and other extracurricular activities.

Most of the Research and Advanced Standing classes are small, ranging from seventeen to twenty-five students, although one biology class at Jordan Junior High has more than thirty. At Cubberly High School there is one eleventh-grade Advanced Standing English class of twenty-five students which has two full-time teachers. They alternate in the classroom and both keep busy because of the amount of preparation needed. The head of the department, Wade Robinson, looks forward to the day when he will have at least three teachers for every two classes. This arrangement he can show is most efficient, although for most high-school department heads it must remain only a dream.

Jean White, teacher of a ninth-grade Research class in English at Jordan Junior High, said, "Small classes give the teacher a chance to move around, to have various students working on different projects at the same time. We had book discussions and it turned out that we had two space-fiction addicts. They were always talking about space fiction in terms none of us could understand. Other members of the class pinned them down, and it turned out they weren't sure what they were talking about either. No student can get away with much when the rest of the class is right up with him. It was a great chance for me to show how important it is to know how to write, say, think what you mean, without hiding behind blurry jargon."

"When you first have a class like this," Robert Leon said (he has a Research class in tenth-grade English at Palo Alto Senior High), "you think the kids are somehow different from others, special—but they're not. You soon find they behave about like the rest. They are often challenging and, of course, alert, but as a group it's just like any other class."

Even a casual observer will note some differences, however. The exceptionally able youngsters tend to drift into the classroom early—and, like normal groups, they talk. But then they linger after class and talk some more, the chief difference being they talk *about* something. They seem to be thinking and, blessing of blessings, they have others to talk *to*.

For example, in Clyde Parrish's senior science seminar, an Advanced Standing class at Cubberly High School, class began long before he entered the room. One boy had drawn a design for a perpetual-motion machine on the blackboard and was challenging others to tell him why it wouldn't run forever. "I know it won't," he was saying, "but *why* won't it?"

"Because 'forever' is too long a time!" another boy informed him.

By the time the teacher arrived the small group was warmed up for an avid discussion of friction, the perpetual motion of a pendulum, forms of energy and why some machines will run forever—if it is not too long. Mr. Parrish concluded the discussion by suggesting that the boy actually try to build a perpetual-motion machine instead of endlessly theorizing about it. "One of the things I've learned," he said, "is that—in science, at least—some of the highest I.Q.'s don't like actual work. It may be that they haven't had a chance before and never got into the habit."

At the end of the day flattery and censure never know which has done the most harm.

HENRY S. HASKINS
Meditations in Wall Street
William Morrow and Company

In Henry Martin's science seminar at the Palo Alto Senior High, students choose whatever excites their interest and explore it to the fullest. His students are engaged in individual research projects dealing with such matters as rocket fuel, rare earth elements and automation. One boy is working on a plan for a computer which he hopes will be able to calculate the possible matchings of biological characteristics in parents and give the odds on their having a "made-to-order" offspring. Two boys took a day off to visit an elementary school and explain to a second-grade class, with appropriate demonstrations, why and how Sputnik stays up there.

Much of their work is directed toward competition in various science contests such as the Westinghouse Scholarship Contest and the National Science Fair. (A local science fair is the first step to the final which is held in Washington, D.C., and the prizes include money and college scholarships.) Five of the gifted students from Palo Alto High School have spent the summer at the University of Nevada for an intensive program called "The Junior Engineers' and Scientists' Summer Institute." Eight students have been placed during the summer in research laboratories at Stanford and nearby research firms.

Mr. Martin pointed out that colleges are overloaded with information that did not exist ten or twenty years ago and that high schools have got to provide more of the fundamentals in each science. To accomplish this, some subjects must be "stepped down" to the earlier grades. He laments the lockstep in secondary science teaching. "Many students can learn the fundamentals much earlier than they do now," he insisted. "Instead of how to cook and social adjustment, youngsters need to meet the vistas of knowledge much earlier.

"I'm also interested in seeing that they get a sense of the history of science. In this age, it's easy for students to get the idea that a lot of things—telephone, radio, TV, and the great industrial and medical advances—grew on trees, because they have been around all of their short lives. I keep trying to show the sacrifices, the years of defeat and plain hard work, that went into them."

Since Advanced Standing classes are hard work and take much of a student's time, not all who are selected as eligible choose to take them. Some already have a heavy schedule of activities; others prefer not to work so hard. They are not required to do so and may proceed with their regular classes. Those who do so, however, may complete during their senior year in high school as much as a year of college English, mathematics, science or social science. If they pass standardized tests and meet requirements, many colleges will give them advanced standing and credit for the work.

According to Robert Shutes, co-ordinator for the Palo Alto program, the "little snob" question seldom rears its ugly head. He recalled an incident of one little girl who went home from school in tears because she thought she was not eligible to take a difficult mathematics test. But it turned out she was eligible, and along with seventy other junior-high students who completed seventh-grade math in the sixth grade, she is now happily at work on algebra in the eighth grade.

Most students in the special classes are too busy keeping up with the others to feel boastful about their accomplishments; students in the ordinary classes have little reason to envy their labors. Since the plan covers all schools in town, from the early grades through high school, it is accepted by most as merely another aspect of busy school life. Evaluations based upon the Classroom Social Distance Scale—a kind of opinion survey among students in a class to determine how they rate one another as persons—show that the students selected for the special classes remain as friendly and are chosen as friends as widely as before.

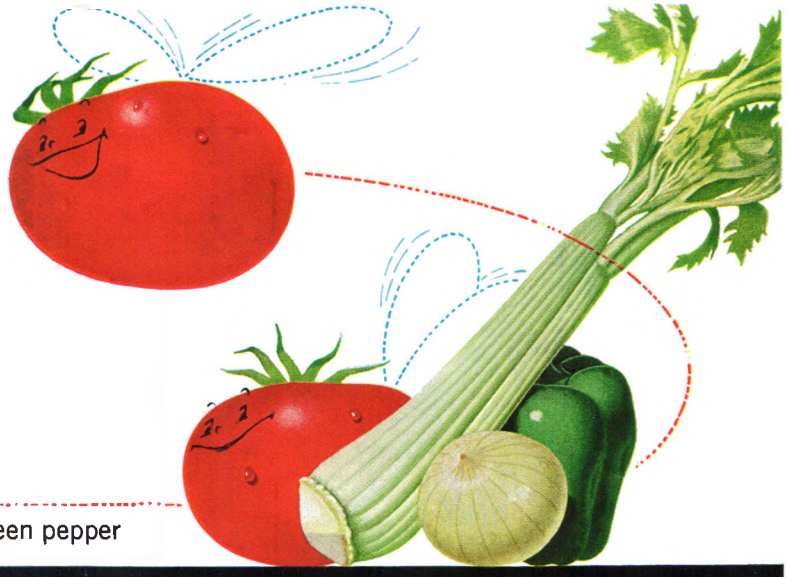
Parents agree. The comment of Mrs. Ira Thatcher, whose daughter has been in several English Research classes, is typical: "There was some worry it might make for a bad attitude, but it certainly hasn't. Members of the class do not have any feeling of superiority, because they have to work so hard to keep up with the others." Mrs. Arthur Ellis, whose son, Hugh, has been in Research classes in junior and senior high school, said: "At the start people worried about the kids' becoming snobbish, but in actual practice nothing like that has happened. I think that it has done a great deal of good for children who seemed to be lone wolves."

The cost of such a program is hard to separate from general school expenses. The biggest investment is probably in the time of teachers and that of the psychological testing service. The total budget allotted specifically to the project in Palo Alto last year was $52,050. The budget for the program for the mentally retarded was $57,530. The program for the mentally retarded directly affects only seventy-five children. The gifted-child program, exclusive of the interest groups which are for all, directly affects 1500 children of the total school enrollment of about 10,000.

Superintendent Gunn is satisfied that the program has demonstrated its worth in the three years in which it has been operating. "Tests show that children in the program are achieving more," he said.

Even so, according to Lucille Nixon, the administrative consultant whose suggestions started the program, it is far from a completed accomplishment at the present time. "Don't tell people we have all the answers," she begged. "They'll write and ask us how it is done—and we don't know!" END

Busiest tomatoes in town!



making dozens of dishes quicker and easier

they're ready-seasoned with onion, celery, green pepper

How deliciously different can an easy vegetable be? Just try DEL MONTE *Stewed* Tomatoes! They come seasoned with onion, celery and green pepper, ready to heat.

You'll fix this gourmet vegetable in minutes when you start with DEL MONTE *Stewed* Tomatoes. Serve them piping hot, with crunchy, garlic-salted croutons.

Everybody has a favorite macaroni dish that calls for tomatoes, onion and green pepper—don't *you?* Save time and work by using DEL MONTE *Stewed* Tomatoes.

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Making a whole-meal soup like Shrimp or Crab Gumbo, Minestrone, Manhattan-type chowders? Just think, here are four of your ingredients all in one can, ready to add!

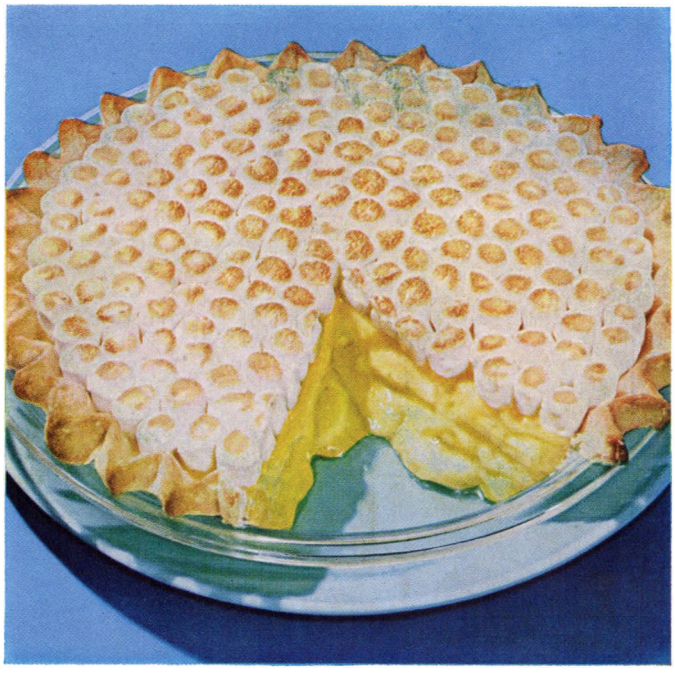
Time and time again, you need tomatoes with onion and green pepper for hamburger recipes: meat balls, one-dish meals, spaghetti sauce. Shortcut: *Stewed* Tomatoes.

What's new in stew or goulash? DEL MONTE *Stewed* Tomatoes—already perfectly seasoned, so you needn't peel onions, chop green peppers or celery. Just add!

Del Monte® STEWED TOMATOES

Easy Marshmallow Surprises

Kraft Recipe-size Marshmallows



You don't have to cut 'em up! And they're made a new way—so they *stay soft.*

Sprinkle them over sliced bananas in glasses and fill with apricot nectar for Marshmallow Golden Cocktail; measure them by the cup for molded gelatin treats like Banana Cherry Regal Salad above; broil them as the clever meringue for a luscious pie . . .

Banana Marshmallow Pie:

Slice 2 or 3 bananas into an 8- or 9-inch cooled baked pastry shell. Prepare 1 package instant vanilla pudding and pie filling according to package directions for pie. Pour over bananas. Let stand about 5 minutes. Sprinkle 2 cups Kraft Miniature Marshmallows over top. Place pie under broiler until the marshmallows are lightly browned. Chill for 30 minutes.

Free Recipe Booklet! Write to: Kraft Miniature Marshmallows, Box 1513, Dept. L5, Chicago 77, Ill.

10 miniatures equal 1 regular size marshmallow

The only kind that stay soft!

"When I entertain"

Mrs. Howard Phipps
tells her philosophy of entertaining
to Nancy Crawford Wood

DI PIETRO

Mrs. Phipps' favorite menus are based on recipes collected over the years by her mother, Mrs. Theodore Price. (Mrs. Phipps became interested in scouting through her mother's friendship with Juliette Low, founder of the Girl Scouts.)

STUART

A tureen of luscious chicken-and-ham gumbo is often the center of attraction on the buffet table. Serve with rice, and an unusual salad—artichoke bottoms filled with mixed vegetables which have been marinated in French dressing. Corn sticks and a vanilla-cream pudding with orange-and-strawberry sauce complete the menu.

"My idea of a party is a *small* party," says Mrs. Howard Phipps. "Whenever it's possible, I like to keep the number of people at a dinner party at a maximum of eight or ten—with lots of delicious food and interesting conversation—that's my ideal! I was fortunate in inheriting a collection of wonderful recipes from my mother, which I rely on for our entertaining; my mother had a sweet tooth, and so dessert at our house is apt to be something glamorous—like a creamy vanilla pudding with a delicious orange-and-strawberry sauce. Or *crème brûlée*, served with raspberries or strawberries."

Harriet Phipps is a serene and charming person, enormously energetic; a busy hostess who also works tirelessly as president of the Girl Scout Council of Greater New York—a full-time job in itself.

"When I entertain for the Girl Scouts," says Mrs. Phipps, "it's never less than fifty people at a luncheon or tea, so I'm not inexperienced in entertaining large groups—it's just that for dinner parties I think a small number makes the best party.

"One of our favorite menus for a small dinner goes this way: a first course of steaming hot consommé, then hot sliced tongue, served with a delicious mushroom-and-raisin sauce (my mother's recipe), a casserole of creamed spinach, green salad, and individual baked caramel custards.

"My two favorite hors d'oeuvres," says Mrs. Phipps, "are special little open-faced mushroom sandwiches, and something my mother called 'cheese blisters'—thin, delicate strips of pastry, light as a feather, with lots of cheese worked into the dough." The mushroom sandwiches are deliciously flavored with chicken *pâté*, mayonnaise and lemon juice.

"Another menu of ours which works beautifully at a buffet party has as its main course hot sweetbread timbales, served on rounds of ham, a salad of tomato aspic, made in a ring mold, the center filled with cucumber chunks which have been marinated in French dressing. Hot buttered baking-powder biscuits go with the main course, and there's pineapple sherbet for dessert.

"An alternate main dish for this meal, equally delicious, is a CONTINUED ON PAGE 143

CAN THIS MARRIAGE BE SAVED?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65

He bullies Jenny for using the telephone too much. Since Jenny was obliged to move in with the younger girls to make room for her grandmother, I believe she should be shown extra consideration. Not that Jenny is appreciative of my efforts. She complains to me that her little sisters, who are six and nine, use her lipstick and perfume and meddle in her things. The three of them argue and bicker all the time. If Dick is around he mixes in and there is a battle royal, involving everybody except poor mother, who does her best to keep away from the firing line.

"Dick complains that I'm neglecting him and the girls. It isn't true. Just last month I threw a surprise birthday party for Jenny. A dozen youngsters celebrated with a barbecue in our back yard and then went dancing. When Jenny was late getting home, Dick blamed me; we wrangled for hours. Next morning I woke with a blinding headache. I could hardly stay on my feet, but I managed to keep up with the housework and look after mother too. I'm a better-than-average housekeeper and cook and I intend to maintain my standards. The children and Dick are fond of pies and cake; I bake every day. Mother pays for her high-priced medicines. Nevertheless, our grocery bills have skyrocketed because I'm cooking more expensive foods for her. I make strenuous efforts to economize. Last Saturday I drove twenty miles to a downtown sale to buy Dick a supply of bargain shirts, leaving a neighbor to handle the insulin injections. The neighbor was clumsy with the hypodermic needle and mother's arm hurt so much that for two days I carried her meals to her on trays.

"Dick wasn't sympathetic. He views my mother's presence in our house as a personal affront. After the first few weeks, he prevailed on our physician to recommend that she be hospitalized or sent to a sanitarium. When I refused, he urged that she go to Ella again. Now he is arguing that she and Aunt Mary, mother's youngest sister, should be set up together at the ranch. Aunt Mary is a widow in her fifties and isn't strong. It's useless for me to try to talk to him about my duty as a daughter. These days I can think of nothing else.

"I was born in Texas, where my father was a small-town banker. I don't know much about him. My parents were divorced when I was eight years old. Mother brought my two sisters and me—my sister Anne is dead now—out here to California, where she had relatives. There must have been some sort of settlement, because she was able to buy the small ranch where Ella and Anne and I grew up. She wanted us to have a nice place to live and all the advantages—pretty clothes, music lessons, dancing lessons. It wasn't her fault we didn't get them. The alimony sent by my father was not adequate; she had to go to work in a real-estate office to support us.

"She had several chances to remarry; her first boss was crazy about her and she was very fond of him. My sisters and I spoiled that romance for her. On the night her boss proposed, mother tentatively accepted him. In the morning she asked what we thought of the idea. All three of us objected—selfishly, I now realize—to having a stepfather. She gave in to us. She told her boss good-by, quit her job and put any thought of remarriage from her mind.

"She tried to make a success in a number of different jobs. She finally opened a real-estate office of her own. She worked from dawn to dusk; days passed when my sisters and I scarcely saw her. Even so, her earnings were modest. Occasionally my father sent a check, but it was never large enough. To add to her income, mother took paying guests at the ranch. Few of our friends ever knew it. Mother was too proud to tell them and she taught us to be equally proud. I can remember the strain of pretending to classmates that our paying guests were family friends or relatives.

"Mother wouldn't hear of our taking jobs to help financially. I wanted a job. I was haunted by being such a burden to her. Then, too, I guess I may have wanted to earn a few pretty dresses. Whenever there was money for clothes, mother usually had to spend it on herself for things to wear to business.

"The only way my sisters and I were allowed to help was with the bedmaking and cleaning, the dishwashing and sweeping and laundering that went on interminably at the ranch. Mother was too busy to do these jobs. She couldn't pay decent wages to servants, and those we got were incompetent and always quitting. Frequently I would come in from a date and wash or iron or scrub the kitchen pots before I went to bed.

"I remember the night of our junior prom; it was my second date with Dick. We didn't get home until three A.M. My sister Ella had promised to vacuum the rugs and wash the ash trays, but she hadn't done it. The vacuum cleaner was in the middle of the living room. I must have been already half in love with Dick. Anyhow, I told him about the paying guests and our precarious finances. He and I didn't hurry at the chores. We finished the vacuuming and washed the last ash tray at five o'clock in the morning. We then had scrambled eggs and coffee and tiptoed up the stairs and left a vacuum bottle of coffee at mother's door. It's odd, but I can still remember wishing I had the courage to wake her and introduce her to Dick. He dared me to knock, but somehow I couldn't.

"I wasn't quite seventeen when Dick and I ran away and were married. We intended to keep our marriage secret. It wasn't possible. In no time I was pregnant. Our first daughter, Jenny, was born before we celebrated our first anniversary.

"Mother couldn't have been more wonderful. She forgave us for eloping much more readily than I forgave myself for deceiving her. She hid her disappointment at my cutting short my education and welcomed Dick as a son. Dick was twenty-one and in college at the

time, but a year short of receiving his degree. Mother insisted we occupy a guest cottage on the ranch and she wouldn't take a penny of rent.

"Our intention was to find a place of our own when Dick was graduated. A month before he got his degree my sister Anne was killed in an automobile accident. My mother went into shock. As I look back I don't believe she ever quite recovered from Anne's death. We moved into the big house to be closer to her and then it was awfully hard to get away. Time after time we postponed moving.

"In the end, we stayed at the ranch for nearly five years. Dick should be thinking of those years now. He should remind himself of the many things mother has done for us. If I could support mother and my daughters—which I can't—I would leave him.

"My mother has sacrificed her life for me. Surely it is up to me to do a little sacrificing for her. I don't know how Dick can be so cruel that he won't admit it."

TWO VOICES

By ELIZABETH McFARLAND

HE

When we were young,
  Old talk pleased best:
Immortality, fate,
The Will or the State—
And the high-thinking rest.

Now all that's past
And I ponder late
One theme: how young
Are the wild apples hung
High on time's breast!

SHE

Sir, those long walks
  When we two strayed
Deep in the briers
  Of philosophy's glade,
To rest at last
  On sweet-moss stone—
Those talks were abstract
  For you alone:
My words were curved,
  And all my wit
Sprang from your heart
  And aimed at it.

Dick tells his side:

"My wife considers me a brute and maybe I am," thirty-eight-year-old Dick said with a mixture of belligerence and defensiveness. "On the other hand, I should tell you that I've talked with the doctor at length—he sent me here—and he says in some ways Joan is as sick as her mother.

"Our present living conditions are impossible. My daughters and I are, literally, eating and sleeping in a hospital. If my mother-in-law's stay with us had even a tentative termination date, if Joan were willing to discuss any practical plan in regard to her future care, perhaps I could hang onto my patience. But Joan has hysterics every time I offer a suggestion. She attacks me as though my desire to preserve her health and our happiness was criminal.

"I love Joan. My family means more to me, I'm sure, than it means to the average man. As a boy I never felt I had a real home. I was brought up by grandparents while my mother went traipsing around the country with my father, an oil prospector who very rarely struck oil.

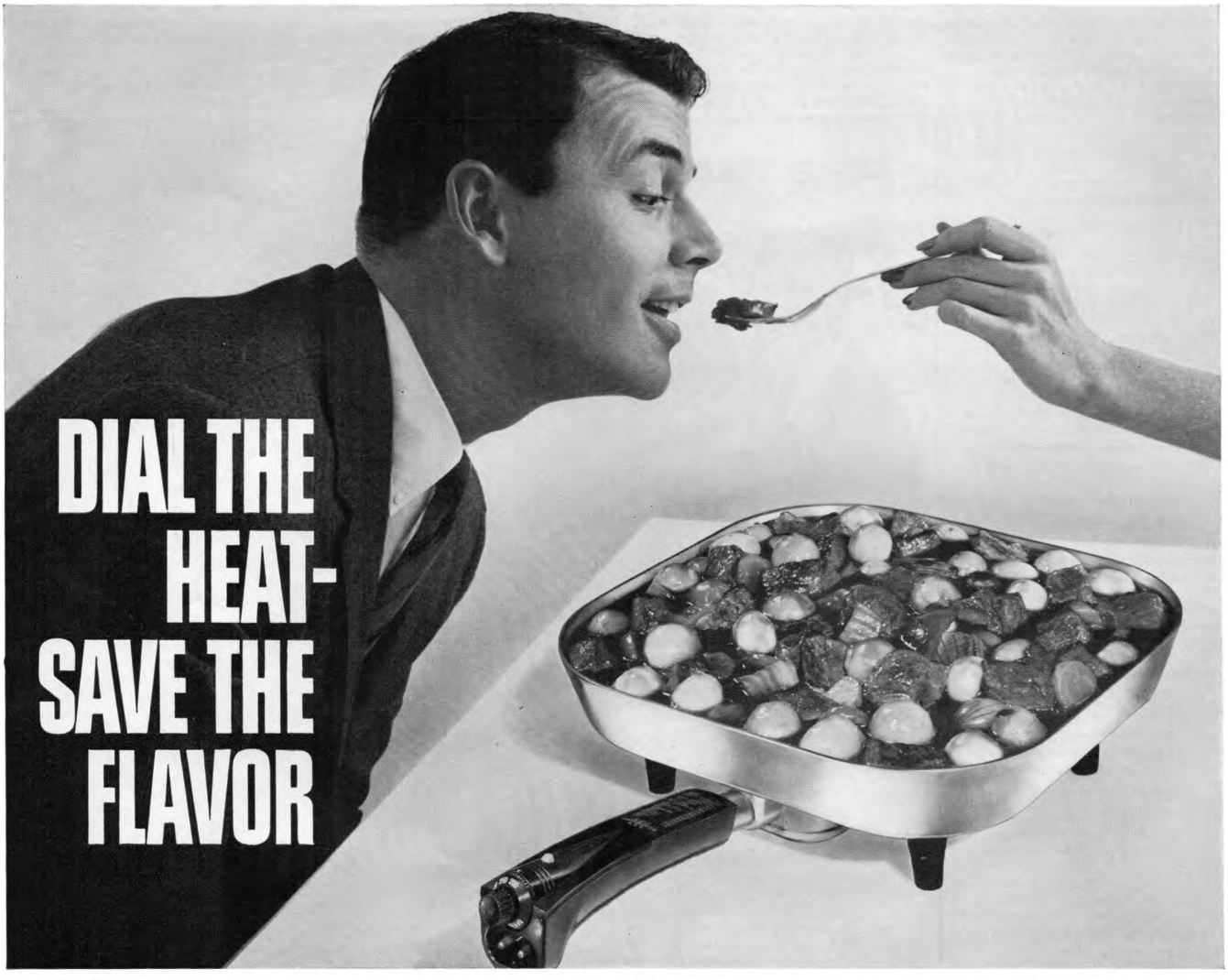
"My grandparents were kind and gentle but very old and it wasn't the same as having parents. They did not discipline me in any way. I would shout and yell and defy them and they never once called my bluff or tried to make me control my nasty temper. This may sound funny, but I used to wish I had rules and regulations to follow like the other guys. I could stay out all night if I chose. Sometimes, fooling around downtown wondering whether to go home or shoot another game of pool, I felt as though I'd been thrown into deep, cold water and left to sink or swim with nobody much caring which. It was a lonesome feeling.

"Joan has forgotten it was our lonesomeness that drew us together. She, too, could stay out all hours with no questions asked. Joan was a high-school kid, just a baby, when we met on a blind date; I was in college aiming toward an engineering degree. We went steady for a year before Joan managed to introduce me to her mother; her mother was asleep when we came in at night and was never there in the daytime. But I got a pretty good idea of what was happening. A guest ranch has a lot of custodial and menial work; Joan and her sisters were doing it, cleaning the cabins, laundering the sheets and towels, mopping the floors. Their mother was wearing stylish clothes and working in town. Had she wanted to stay home and bring up the girls, I'm sure her ex-husband would have provided sufficient alimony to support the family.

"I hadn't an extra dime when I married Joan and I had my senior year at college ahead. When Joan's mother offered us the free use of a guest cottage, I was glad to accept. Just before I was graduated from U.C.L.A. the bad luck hit. Joan's younger sister was killed and their mother went into a tailspin. For months she would hardly allow Joan out of her sight. We moved into the big house on the ranch because I felt obligated, and were trapped for five years. I worked around the clock superintending the ranch operation, hating every minute. In what spare time I had I tried to set up my own business.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 97

TOASTMASTER



This automatic fry pan gives exact control over the *full range* of temperatures

Even a husband who doesn't know a fry pan from a salt shaker will know you did something wonderful with the dinner. But you know the secret. Dinner comes out just as you intended, because you get *exact* heat control over the *full range* of temperatures with your Toastmaster Fry Pan.

It follows your instructions to the degree, without hot spots or temperature variations. It fries, roasts, bakes, braises—cooks everything from bacon to cake. It's immersible for easy washing . . . has an automatic signal light . . . and gives you a handy cooking guide right on the handle.

Wonderful food will come from your Toastmaster Automatic Fry Pan. Ask anyone who has one. Then give one to your family soon. 11″ size; $19.95; 12″ size, $24.95. Vented covers, $3.25, $4.25.

It's another family friend from Toastmaster, a division of McGraw-Edison Company. Thirty divisions and subsidiaries, searching constantly, in the tradition of Thomas A. Edison, for better ways to serve you and your family.

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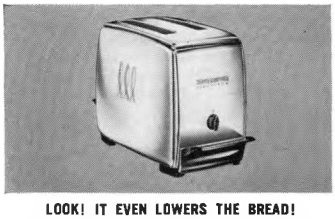

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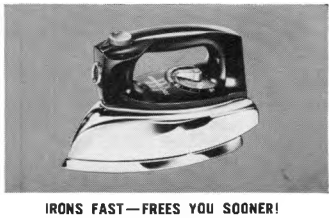

IRONS FAST—FREES YOU SOONER!
Toastmaster Automatic Steam & Dry Iron, two irons in one, $16.95.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 95

"That's enough about the past. I am now a fairly successful sales engineer; for a long while Joan and I have been comfortable and getting on fine in our own house. But now we are trapped again. Nobody in my family is happy, not my wife, not my daughters, and certainly not myself.

"It wouldn't hurt my daughter Jenny to give up her room to her grandmother on a temporary basis, but 'temporary' is a word she and I haven't heard mentioned. Jenny is becoming alienated from Joan and me. At sixteen she has been forced to look for her major fun and recreation outside her home. Joan won't admit it. When I object to her daughter's late hours and remind her of her own neglected girlhood, she gets furious and denounces me. I'm far from perfect. I know I shouldn't shout at Jenny and the little girls the way I do, but the pressures I live with are almost too much for me. My temper is always teetering on the edge of an explosion and my only recourse seems to be to leave home in a hurry. I now feel like an interloper there, somebody whose sole function is to pay the bills. Every evening I enter the house on tiptoe for fear my mother-in-law may be taking a nap. If her door is closed and I want to listen to TV, I remind myself to keep the volume low. Nowadays I find it wiser and easier on my nerves to listen to TV elsewhere. I'm wearing out the neighbors' sets.

"Not long ago I woke my mother-in-law by stumbling over her wheel chair, a fixture in our living room. Joan glowered at me until I left the house and drove to a neighborhood movie and sat through a double feature all by myself.

"According to the doctor, my mother-in-law doesn't need a wheel chair and shouldn't be dependent on one. She should be employing this particular time to learn Braille and train herself to get about under her own steam. Instead, she expects Joan to read aloud to her by the hour, button on her clothes and even guide her from room to room. This kind of thing isn't good for her and is ruinous for Joan.

"Joan has become a combination personal maid and nurse; she also runs a diet kitchen on the side. My mother-in-law has always liked to dominate and possibly she doesn't realize what a tyrant she is. Joan doesn't protest at her most ridiculous demands but screams at me for dropping ashes on the floor. By nightfall Joan is dead-beat but too keyed up to sleep. When she goes to bed she takes sleeping pills and in the morning she takes other pills to wake her up. She wanders around in such a fog that half the time she hardly knows what she is saying or doing.

"One day she shampooed her mother's hair and dressed it twice; on the first go-around she forgot to put in a rinse. That same day she let our six-year-old Alice go to school with her hair uncombed and wearing a dirty dress, something that had never happened before. She is struggling to help her mother with Braille, although she isn't qualified in that field and her efforts meet with no enthusiasm. When our nine-year-old wanted assistance with a spelling lesson, Joan fell asleep in the middle of the lesson and the youngster came crying to me.

"Last week Joan drove miles to buy me some bargain shirts, although I had plenty of shirts. She was outraged when I failed to thank her. I'm sorry my mother-in-law is sick and, within reason, I want to help her. But Joan's welfare comes first with me. Her mother is jealous and possessive and so demanding that no amount of service from Joan will ever satisfy her.

"She has always been devious. She pretends I'm great stuff, but even when she praises me she somehow manages to convey the impression that, like all men, I'm a selfish, inconsiderate oaf. I don't know what was behind her divorce, but I'm confident her ex-husband wasn't at fault. When she is around, anything I do invariably puts me in the wrong.

"Last Thursday evening was typical. Before I left the office I tried to get hold of Joan by telephone to ask her to look up a customer's address in my files at home. For half an hour our phone was steadily busy; I supposed Jenny was jabbering with some of her teen-age pals. The supervisor refused to break in on the conversation. I needed the address before the close of the business day. On the fifteen-mile

By POLLY TOLAND

William knows that Cowboys never cry, and are always very polite to their mothers; and they're not afraid—even of the dark.

William wonders if the Cowboys really know as much as he does about what's terrible, and snarl-ly, and crouching-all-ready-to-pounce in the dark; because, if they do and are not afraid, then William, who's a Cowboy, too, cannot be afraid.

"All right, I'm going," says William, "almost right now."

"Now!" I say meaningfully.

William goes. We say his prayers. He climbs into bed. He gets out of bed and finds Bear. He gets into bed. He has forgotten a drink of water. Finally, I turn out the light.

"Mummy!"

(Heavy sigh.) "Yes, William?"

"You forgot to say you love me."

"But you know I love you, darling."

"I know," says William. "I know," says the Cowboy, "but I like to hear you say it, again and again. It makes it so very much safe."

drive home I pulled out of heavy traffic five different times, no simple trick, and tried to get through on our line. It remained busy an hour and a half by actual clocking. When I finally got home I burst through the front door yelling like a maniac and threatening to cancel Jenny's allowance for a month.

"Jenny was still at school. My mother-in-law hung up the telephone, looked at me with a stricken expression and explained she'd been talking to her daughter Ella. She begged for my forgiveness and I felt about two inches high. I apologized profusely. These days Joan and I are always apologizing for some darn thing or another. My mother-in-law forgave me. I detest to be forgiven when I've done nothing.

"Our dinner conversation, as usual, began with a discussion of medicines, digestive processes and the exact ingredients of my mother-in-law's food. As a result of this kind of talk, both of our little girls have become problem eaters. They pick at food as though Joan had sprinkled it with arsenic. My mother-in-law was served an elaborate individual casserole. Six-year-old Alice whined for some of her grandmother's dinner. I ordered her to eat what was on her plate. I then noticed that she and the other girls and I had been served a hasty delicatessen dinner of ham and beans. Ordinarily we fare better than that. I should have had the wit to hold my tongue. I didn't. I cracked to Joan about housewives whose cooking consists of unwrapping other people's cooking. If her mother hadn't been there, all ears, Joan might have come back with a snappy retort. She should have smacked me down. Instead she apologized and in a wavering voice offered to heat up something else for me. She sounded both martyred and insincere.

"Her mother sighed deeply at Joan's forbearance and gave her a sympathetic look. I hung onto my temper. But then I noticed that little Alice had been slipped a portion of the casserole against my express orders. I took away the young lady's plate and told her she'd get no supper. Alice began to cry. Her grandmother patted her hand under the table when she thought I wasn't looking. Alice cheered up. In fact, she sassed me and I sent her to her room, a punishment she didn't deserve.

"At that point my mother-in-law dolefully told me that Joan had worked her fingers to the bone baking a lemon pie for dessert. For the ten thousandth time everybody at the table was favored with a detailed list of the sweets—including lemon pie—that diabetics aren't allowed to eat. Some time ago I stopped eating desserts in my mother-in-law's presence; when she hungrily watches, pies and cake stick in my throat.

"Possibly I should be able to brush aside such trifles. But trifles add up. Our home is a place of ever-growing tensions and unless I take a stand I see no end in sight.

"I'm willing to share financially in supporting Joan's mother. For that matter, she isn't penniless and her other daughter is prosperous. I see no reason why Joan and I and Ella and Ella's husband can't get together and figure out some solution that is fair for everybody. I see every reason why we should.

"At present Joan is sacrificing her children and me to her mother, and the arrangement isn't fair to anybody. The sacrifice is making a nervous wreck of her, and as things now stand the two of us have no marriage at all. I cannot comprehend why Joan's affection for her mother should cause her to reject and hate me."

Kind words don't wear out the tongue. DANISH PROVERB

The Marriage Counselor Says:

"This was a complicated and long-drawn-out case that covered a period of many months. From the beginning it was clear that a great deal of time and effort would be required to find any solution to the complex problem. It was clear, too, that Joan required psychological help to save herself as well as to save her marriage. Dick could escape from the dissatisfactions of his personal life into his business—he worked very hard—and by taking refuge with friends and neighbors.

"Joan had no such escape. Important as it was to decide how best to care for her mother, I purposely avoided discussing that matter with Joan at first. She was quite incapable of making a rational decision or even of talking calmly to me.

"When our consultations began, she spent nearly all the time berating Dick. She blamed him for everything—the unhappiness of the marriage, her troubles with the children, her chronic weariness, her headaches, her nerves. She painted him as a monster of villainy; in contrast her ailing mother was almost a saint. At the conclusion of our third or fourth interview she left my office in tears. Later in the evening she telephoned and abruptly canceled further counseling, saying she still badly wanted help but that Dick objected to the expense.

"Within a month she returned to the office, but again, before we accomplished much, she broke off the counseling with the same excuse. Dick was miserly and indifferent to her welfare, she said. I didn't believe it.

"Dick hadn't struck me as an ungenerous man financially and his concern for his wife had been very apparent. I felt sure he was not responsible for Joan's unwillingness to proceed. She was breaking off our consultations by her own choice. Why? The answer, I decided, was that she was running away from some unpleasant truth. There must be something she was afraid to face, something she was hiding from the world and perhaps from herself. The hidden factor, I surmised, might explain a large part of the emotional turmoil that manifested itself in hysteria, headaches, insomnia.

"My surmise turned out correct. Once more Joan resumed her counseling and this

time, slowly and painfully, the truth emerged. For years Joan had fancied and had been telling everybody, including herself, that she was fanatically devoted to her mother. This was not true. For years, long before disease and old age clouded the picture, Joan had harbored a subconscious but very strong animosity toward her mother. During her overworked girlhood, she had stored up resentments she could allow herself neither to admit nor to remember. In her code it was unthinkable to feel hostile toward her mother. She suppressed the hostility. She was carrying this secret burden of guilt when her mother joined the household. Spurred by guilt, she exhausted herself in fetching and carrying and in attempting to compel every member of her family to yield to the slightest whims of their ailing guest.

"Moreover, she turned her latent hostility full force on Dick. Nothing he could do was right in her eyes. If her mother was especially unreasonable and querulous during the day, inevitably Joan flared up at Dick that evening.

"Technically, this psychological phenomenon is often called 'displacement.' Once Joan understood her mixed-up feelings, she understood how those feelings related to her behavior. She perceived that she had been fighting Dick when inwardly she had desired to quarrel with her mother about present irritations and about grievances accumulated years before. In recognizing the truth, Joan's inner conflict was eased. Her headaches, insomnia and other emotional ailments gradually lessened. She became able to view the practicalities of her situation with greatly increased calm and considerable fortitude.

"None of this happened overnight. Joan's first reaction to the unearthing of her hidden stores of hostility was to swing to the opposite extreme and blame her mother for all her current woes. This reaction is not unusual, but it wasn't of any long-range assistance to Joan. Eventually she saw the futility and indeed the impossibility of assessing and placing blame.

"Nobody was to blame for the fact that her mother was old and ill and needed to be looked after, which was the practical problem confronting her. It was of some comfort to Joan to reflect that her problem was not unique; in these days it is a problem which perplexes growing numbers of people. In a large sense, of course, no solution to the problem of age and infirmity exists. Compromise and patience aren't remedies, but palliatives. Joan steeled herself in advance to the knowledge that she must settle for less than a perfect answer.

"It was at this juncture that she became able to convert her bitterness and hostility into more normal feelings and, at last, to see and deal with the realities of her situation. She acknowledged that her mother was neither a saint nor a villain but, by temperament, a bossy, overly possessive person difficult to live with. In seeing the older woman realistically, Joan developed some genuine affection for her. This affection was mature and compassionate, real, not something put on and phony.

"With the aid of her hard-won insight, Joan tried to analyze and understand her mother's foibles. She and I speculated that perhaps the older woman, too, might be the victim of secret guilt. It was possible, Joan thought, that her mother clung more tightly to her surviving daughters because she blamed herself for neglecting the daughter she had lost. I have no way of knowing whether this judgment was correct, but Joan told me this particular speculation led her to feel a true bond of kinship with her mother for the first time in her life.

"As she came to closer understanding, Joan acknowledged that her own irritations at being nagged and ordered around, at the extra work of caring for an invalid, were human and natural. Although her mother was entitled to sympathy and aid, there were others to be considered. Nothing was to be gained by driving Dick out of the house and very probably in the end into the divorce court.

"Joan admitted that Dick and her children had abundant cause for dissatisfaction. Dick, in particular, had reason to feel put upon. He had never hit it off especially well with his mother-in-law. Dick was inclined, as Joan pointed out to me, to equate his mother-in-law with his own mother, whom he actively disliked. It was improbable that he would change or even that he *could* change. Joan accepted this reality. The tensions between her and Dick relaxed.

"Joan set about changing the entire atmosphere of her home, a rugged assignment. She told her mother frankly she intended to give more of her time to her family in the future and less to nursing duties. Her mother, long accustomed to dominance, sulked and resisted. She entered into a struggle with Joan that continued for a long while. But changes were accomplished.

"The wheel chair was banished from the living room. There were no more boring discussions of dietary restrictions at the dinner table. Joan's mother had her hair shampooed and the proper rinse applied at the neighborhood beauty parlor. In my opinion both Joan and Dick were perhaps unduly disturbed about their sixteen-year-old daughter. Most adolescents pull away from their parents. But at Joan's suggestion Dick dipped into his savings and they remodeled their garage into a recreation room where Jenny could entertain her friends.

"Fortunately money was not a primary consideration in the case. Joan and Ella and the two husbands got together and worked out an arrangement that has proved to be feasible. Their mother now divides the cold months of the year between her daughters' homes and spends the summer at the ranch, companioned by her widowed sister. She enjoys the novelty of moving about.

"A part of the ranch acreage was sold and the proceeds are now being spent on paid services for Joan's mother. A practical nurse comes in three times a week, a physiotherapist, trained in teaching skills to the blind, comes in twice weekly. The invalid now leans less on her daughters. Her progress toward independence hasn't been remarkable, but Joan tries not to be discouraged and does keep her discouragement to herself. She doesn't lay the blame for her blue moods on her mother, her husband or her children.

"Joan completed her counseling about two years ago, but I still see her from time to time. She now speaks with patience of her mother and in praise of Dick.

"Dick, on his part, realizes that she is making an intelligent effort to meet her responsibilities and in turn has words of praise and appreciation for her. Their living conditions are not ideal, but they can talk together as adults about their worries. They now share each other's burdens and their marriage is on a firm footing."

Editors' Note: This case history was compiled and condensed from actual records by
DOROTHY CAMERON DISNEY

JONATHAN FOUND

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41

It was while they were turning away from that door that they caught sight of Mr. Ho running up the lane toward them. In spite of being an old man, he was coming very fast. As he ran, he clutched his shoulder, where it was red and wet.

Mr. Ho began to stumble so badly that Mrs. Ho could hardly get him as far as the kitchen and into the chair by the table.

Sala locked the door after they had come through it. While Mrs. Ho unbuttoned her husband's shirt, and then soaked a clean white cloth in cold water at the sink, Mr. Ho talked in Chinese. Though Jonathan did not know what was being said, he suddenly heard the names of his father and mother.

"When are they coming home, Mr. Ho?" he asked.

For a moment Mr. Ho looked directly at Jonathan and shook his head. He did not say any words in English. He did not even say any words in Chinese.

Something about it was terrible and frightening, even more frightening than the wet, red shirt on the floor, and the dreadful quiet moaning Mrs. Ho was doing as she dipped the cloth in the water again.

"We go now, Jonny," Sala said suddenly. "Not safe stay any more. Come!"

"Where are we going?"

Sala looked fearfully and strangely at him. "Not ask questions," she said. "No time ask questions."

There was the firecracker sound again. Sala reached out a hand and pulled him down the narrow corridor into her own room.

"Stand there at door," she said. "Stand very still."

He stood there, very small and still, beneath the bright wall calendar that the missionary society had sent out to them last Christmas. Sala snatched blankets off the bed and folded them. Then she took some trinkets out of a little drawer, and some pieces of money. These she put in a faded leather bag, and the bag she hung around her neck.

She tucked the blankets under her arm, and rushed him along to his own room. She threw the blankets on the bed and took his own blanket off it, and put on top of them all another shirt, and the old blue sweater his mother had been mending yesterday . . . while he had been lying on the grass in the sunshine, drawing with his new red pen.

The thought of the red pen made him look quickly to see if he could find it. It was the most precious thing he had.

He saw it on the top of his dressing table, and got it. It was a fine, red, ball-point pen that his mother had read about in an advertisement, and sent money away for. It had taken nearly two months.

"Come," said Sala, and stretched out a hand again. The blankets were rolled into a bundle now, and tied with an old black belt. As she went past the window she suddenly put her hand on his shoulder and pushed him down, and crouched down herself.

"Keep head down!" she ordered, and led him, still crouching, into the corridor again—but not before he had had a chance to see something out the window.

What he saw was a string of strange men in yellow uniforms, coming up along the hedge toward the mission. They were in a hurry, too, and they had guns. He knew that it was the shooting of their guns he had been hearing.

"Quick!" said Sala. She half led, half pushed him along the corridor, and opened the door that led out into the garden.

"Why are the soldiers coming, Sala?"

"Hush!" said Sala. "Not make a sound now. Hold tight with Sala. Run!"

A hundred questions came to him, but Sala had said he must not make a sound, and ever since he could remember, Sala had known what was good to do, and what was not good. He kept his mouth obediently closed, and only when they were at the bottom of the garden did he look back at the house.

As he did so, he heard the voice of Mrs. Ho. "Sala!" she called, and then "Sala!" again. Only the second time she screamed it, and it was a horrible, high, long scream that he had never heard before.

For a moment Sala stopped. She looked as if she would run back again, but glanced down at Jonathan and shook her head quickly, as if she were saying "no" to herself.

Then she made for the broken part of the fence. He pushed the bushes away for her, and helped to lift the big bundle through to the other side. It was while he was doing this that the loud sound happened right behind them in the house. It was a dark, choking kind of scream. It sounded as if it were Mr. Ho.

Sala moaned through her teeth, but she did not stop running, even though she started coughing, great, noisy coughs. Down the field they ran, and under the shadow of the hill. Jonathan gripped the thin hand of Sala tighter and ran breathlessly onward.

"It's very dark now, Sala. It must be getting late."

"Late? Yes, very late for small boy. But dark is a good thing. White boy safer when dark come."

"Is it dangerous here—to be white like me?"

"Now it is. Not always. Just now."

"Why?"

She shook her head as if she were wondering how to answer. "Many bad men about, Jonny, who hate *all* white people."

"Do they hate mother and father?"

She nodded. "Even mother and father. When we get place to sleep I tell you something your mother told yesterday."

Presently, when they were walking on through the dust at the side of the road, "You see those lights, Jonny?"

He looked in the direction toward which she was nodding, and saw what looked like the beginning of another village. There were more solid shapes in the night out there now. They must be houses, and in many of them lights were showing—warm, yellow lights.

"Yes. Is it another town, Sala?"

"It is Foochang. It is where we will come to the road that goes all the way to Yungkia, where is the sea. That where we go."

"Tonight?"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 102

HOW TO PREVENT TUBERCULOSIS

By PETER BRIGGS

● Stories about new miracle cures for tuberculosis obscure the fact that the dreaded "white plague," with over 400,000 active cases, is still a serious menace in this country. Now, however, with the blessing of the American Medical Association and the U.S. Public Health Service, a vaccine is available against TB that is every bit as effective as the vaccines against diphtheria, tetanus and smallpox. Nicknamed BCG, developed in France, it is safe and nontoxic. In many countries, such as France, Norway, Denmark, Japan and Brazil, BCG vaccination has become mandatory by law. In the United States its use is strongly recommended by health authorities for individuals who are likely to be exposed to TB (such as hospital staffs), for individuals thought to have a poor resistance to it, and for residents of areas where TB mortality is unusually high.

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FEEL BETTER FAST—with BAYER® ASPIRIN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 100

"No. Tonight we sleep here in Foochang, if God bless."

They plodded on together. He tried to walk on the outside edges of his feet, because they ached so much. They had never ached so badly in all his life.

Some of the houses were quite close now. Soon they were walking between them.

Long ago he had felt hungry, and then, after a while, he had strangely ceased to be hungry. Now the smell of cooking came out to them from a lighted doorway. Sala smelled the cooking, too, and stopped and put the bundle on the ground. She went to the lighted doorway. He followed, pulling the bundle after him.

He caught a glimpse of low floor tables in the lighted room, with people sitting at them. Sala went up to a strange square hole in the wall through which plates of food were being passed. She spoke in Chinese to a man on the other side. At length Sala gave the man some of the coins and he passed across to her two steamy dishes of food.

She gave Jonathan one of the plates to carry. Round the other people they went, to a shadowy corner.

"Eat up all you can, Jonny. Not like food at home. But not much money."

When they had finished eating, Sala took him out into the night again, and into a place that was like a wooden shed, but also like a barn, for there was hay in it.

He helped Sala to unroll the bundle. She coughed quite a lot, but at last the coughing ceased and she smiled and spoke again.

"No money for real bed, Jonny. But the man say sleep in here, and in the morning we go early on road for Yungkia."

"Won't mother be wondering why we haven't gone back yet?"

He sat cross-legged in the hay, just as Sala was doing. She rocked to and fro for a moment.

"Your father and mother very brave people," she said at length. "Mission people all love them."

Jonathan nodded and listened quietly, saying nothing.

"But not everyone like father and mother," she went on, "because they not understand. Some of them very angry because your father refuse to put on schoolroom wall picture that government in Peiping sent him. Also they think he find out too much about China and send these things back to England."

"You mean like a spy?"

"That what they say."

He opened his eyes excitedly. He did not know what a real-life spy did, but it would be wonderful to have a spy right in his own family! It probably wasn't true, though. It couldn't *really* be true, for what could his father ever find out from the mission people—who did little else but learn their lessons, and pray and sing hymns?

"So there come a time," Sala was saying, "when some of the soldiers are told in Peiping to find your father and mother and take them away. Yesterday a friend come running to speak with your father and warn him. That why your father and mother went away to Taishun."

"Why?"

"I hear your mother say to keep them away from *you*, Jonny. In town the soldiers find them quick."

"And take them away?"

"Soldiers not always obey what they told. Sometimes they get angry and hurt people. Like Mr. Ho."

The memory of the last few minutes in Taishun came rushing back at him. He closed his eyes.

Sala said, "I hear your mother say if they took Bozzy, he not be here to bark or bite, and make soldiers angry, and do worse things."

"*Did* they take them away?" he asked. "*Where* did they take them?"

"Nobody know, Jonny. But Sala care over you!" She reached out her thin yellow hand and patted his own hand. "Sala take you to other white people in Hong Kong, like your mother say. In Yungkia is sea. And I explain to captain of junk that he must take you Hong Kong in a big hurry. And if we not enough money, Sala give him . . . well, look!"

She looked about her to make sure they were alone, then fumbled with the leather bag about her neck. She took some small green things from it, and also a small red one.

"These belong Sala!" she said proudly. "Belong Sala all her life. And mother before that. These are jade, and very precious thing. This one is ruby, most precious still. If the man not take jade, offer him ruby!"

She looked at it, but shook her head and slid her treasures back into the leather bag, and slipped it round her neck.

"Come," she said. "I show you where pump is for washing hands and face."

Sala was sleeping now. Perhaps the up-and-down movement of the waves made it easier to sleep, for she seemed happier now.

As Jonathan stood not very far from the rug they had spread out on the deck for her, he gripped one of the sail ropes tightly, and looked over the edge of the junk to where the mountain was coming nearer.

At the foot of the mountain was a town. Its name, Sala had said, was Hong Kong. It was becoming so clear—all the spread-out, glittering new world of it—that he wished she were awake and looking at it with him.

The day was almost ended now. Some time ago it had been raining, but the rain had cleared before the sunset, and now the red light of the sky was coming over the evening mist. The junk grew more pink, and gold, and purple as he stood there, watching.

He turned his eyes away from the alluring lights of the town and looked at Sala again. These last three days she had hardly talked to him.

Suddenly he saw that she was not sleeping, as he had thought. She was looking at him.

"We're nearly there," he said.

She took no notice, and it occurred to him that if he said it again, a little louder, the words might reach into her ears.

"We're nearly there!" he said again, quite loudly this time.

A fine big sparkle came into her eyes. "Good!" she said, but she started coughing.

She tried to lean on one elbow, so that she could spit into the white cloth they had given her. He tried to help her, but she shook her head, as if she were telling him to move away. He looked about him, but the sailors were busy doing other things.

You will find poetry nowhere unless you bring some with you. JOUBERT

Some of them were starting to unwrap the cargo hampers farther along the deck—and two were quarreling. Another sailor, a Siamese one, was doing something to one of the sails.

Sala stopped coughing and leaned back again, dropping her head on the rug.

The Siamese sailor came up the ladder and along the high poop deck, looking at the sky. He had an incense stick in his hand, and as Jonathan watched he fitted it into its holder before the small spirit house in the stern, and struck a match to light it. He knelt, then, and spoke soft words to the one whose image sat so quietly there. As sailors are supposed to do, he probably asked, Jonathan thought, for a good anchoring . . . for good pleasure ashore, and fine food to eat.

The town was almost upon them. It was a much bigger place than Yungkia. Now that it was beginning to be night, the lights and the shapes of it seemed to go on forever—to the right and to the left, clear up the mountain that soared behind it. And the sounds and the smells stretched out forever too.

Over all these sounds rippled the thin, high, up-and-down voices of the Chinese people. They were different from the voices he had known at home. He did not understand any of them.

The Siamese sailor jerked the rope out of his hands—not roughly, but in the way a man does when there is a sail to furl and a wharf in sight.

Jonathan looked down over the side as the other sailors nuzzled the junk along the dock wall. They were talking and laughing. Mr. Wong, the fat little master of the vessel, was noisier than any of them.

Yet suddenly it seemed as if there were a pause in all the noises. The voices did not actually seem to stop talking, but just where he was there was an odd, quick quietness.

"Jonny!"

It was Sala's voice. He turned sharply toward her.

"Yes, Sala?"

She did not reply. He knelt down to ask her what she wanted, and saw that she had managed to take off the little leather bag that hung about her neck. For a long time there had been only the ruby left in it.

She was trying to hold out her hand to him, and she said "Take!"

He saw that what she had in her hand was the red ruby. He took it. And then, as he looked at her, something funny happened to the smile. It stayed there, but went away, all at the same time. And although her eyes were turned to him, they did not look at him any more.

"We've got here, Sala!"

She took no notice at all, and suddenly, with a frightening new emptiness, he felt terribly alone.

He put the little red thing back in its leather bag, and slipped it into the pocket of his shorts—along with his other treasure, the red pen. Then he stood up and shouted:

"Mr. Wong! Come, quick, Mr. Wong!"

But the master of the junk was behind the light in his cabin, and probably did not hear. It was the Siamese sailor who heard and saw. He stepped forward to look. After that he gently closed his hand over Jonathan's, and spoke some words in the Thai tongue. Jonathan did not understand them, but he knew, because of the way in which the sailor nodded toward the lighted window, that they meant something about going to talk to Mr. Wong.

Mr. Wong was coming out of his cabin as they reached it. He was a round little man, with a large, shiny face and small, bright eyes. He seemed very happy as he straightened the blue silk shirt that he had put on over his black silk trousers for the special occasion of going ashore.

The Siamese sailor spoke loudly. Then Mr. Wong spoke loudly also. They started to go to the deck again, but as Jonathan moved to follow, Mr. Wong turned back and, opening his cabin door, pushed Jonathan gently inside. He spoke some of the very few words in English that he knew—"Very sad small boy wait! Soon I am back again." And this time the door was closed from the other side, and Jonathan knew that he was locked inside.

They had gone back to Sala. He knew that, because of the way they had spoken her name. He wanted to run back there to look after her, but even as he wanted to do this, he knew that it was useless.

He heard strange voices out on the deck, and also Mr. Wong's voice. As he stood listening, the voices went farther and farther away. Then after a while Jonathan heard Mr. Wong's key in the lock. The door swung open, and there was another Chinese face over the shoulder of Mr. Wong.

"Where did they take Sala?" Jonathan asked in English.

Mr. Wong came in. Although he had a very loud voice he now spoke quietly.

"She is dead, small boy."

He did not say any more than that, and Jonathan felt that even if Mr. Wong had known more words in English, it would have been needless for him to use them.

"Dead" meant not hearing or saying anything any more, until they put you in a hole in the ground, and took out a prayer book and read words out of it, as he had once or twice heard his father do. He did not know what the words meant, but reading words did not make people come back again.

He wanted very much to make Sala come back. She would tell him what to say and do without her. All of a sudden his throat ached so much with wanting to ask her these things that he thought he was going to cry, but he remembered that he must try not to do this—not where people could see him. He bit his lips, and although Mr. Wong and the stranger were watching, he did not utter any sound.

"You know, small boy?"

"Yes, Mr. Wong."

"Come, then. We go to place they care over you."

The streets were full of people. Most of them were in a hurry, and they all seemed to be talking.

Mr. Wong took Jonathan's hand, to make sure that he did not get lost. He did not like to be taken by the hand like this. That was for babies. But he let himself be pulled and edged through the crowd without protest.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 105

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2-PLY "FACIAL QUALITY" BATH TISSUE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 102

It was the tall friend of Mr. Wong who did the guiding. Presently they came to part of the town where there were not so many people, and where the streets were wider.

The stranger said something very loud now, and waved his hand toward a low, white building.

Mr. Wong bowed and thanked him, and the tall man hurried away. Then just the two of them, Mr. Wong and Jonathan, went through a gate and up three steps to a door which stood open.

There was a clean, rather nice kind of smell in the room beyond the door. It was a bare sort of place, with a few people sitting on a hard seat which ran around the wall.

Jonathan looked curiously about him as Mr. Wong led him to a high counter. Behind this counter a Chinese girl was sitting.

Mr. Wong spoke to her in Chinese, and she leaned over the counter and smiled down on Jonathan. She said a number of words in Chinese to Mr. Wong; then to him, in English, "You'll have to wait here for a few minutes. Then you can go in to see Nurse Fowler."

Mr. Wong took him back to the wall, and the people in the black clothes moved so that they could sit down. The seat was very hard, but Jonathan closed his eyes and leaned against the shoulder of Mr. Wong. He was very sleepy.

Nurse Fowler sat in a white uniform behind a big desk. She had fair hair, and the same kind of soft, pale, pinkish-brown face as his mother.

Mr. Wong sat on the edge of a green leather chair, speaking a great deal of Chinese. Nurse Fowler listened, nodding from time to time, occasionally looking at Jonathan and occasionally writing something on paper.

Presently Mr. Wong rose and bowed, and looked at Jonathan. "I go now, small boy," he said. "This lady care over you until ——"

He did not say any more than "until ——" Probably, Jonathan thought, that was because he did not know the words.

Jonathan clung fiercely to Mr. Wong's hand, as if he never wanted to let it go. But Nurse Fowler came round from her desk, and put a hand on Jonathan's shoulder and said, "Everything's going to be quite all right. Really it is."

Jonathan watched Mr. Wong going out of the room. And he listened to the sound of Mr. Wong's feet fading frighteningly away down the long corridor.

"Mr. Wong's been very kind to you," said Nurse Fowler. "But he didn't even remember your name."

"I'm Jonathan."

"That's a fine name. Jonathan what?"

"Jonathan Adams."

"Jonathan Adams," she repeated, and wrote something down on the paper in front of her.

"What's *your* name?" he asked.

"I'm Nurse Fowler."

He already knew this. He had meant her *other* name, but he was too shy to try to make this clear.

"Is this a hospital?" he asked instead.

"Only *partly* a hospital. It's really the headquarters of some people who look after . . . well, we call it the I.C.A."

"I.C.A.? What does that mean?"

"It stands for International Children's Aid."

The telephone bell rang, and she went to her desk, picking up the receiver. She started a conversation with somebody called Bill. Jonathan pushed his hand into the pocket of his shorts to make sure that his treasures were still there. They were there all right, hard and smooth and friendly. He pulled the pen out to look at it.

Suddenly he heard his own name mentioned in the telephone conversation.

"—— with a small boy called Jonathan. Jonathan Adams, I think he said. . . . Yes—a white boy! . . . The skipper of the junk believes they made their way from some mission up in the interior. . . . No—I haven't asked him yet. I think he's pretty tired."

There was a pause after that. Nurse Fowler started speaking again, and there was something in her voice which seemed to tell Jonathan that she was very fond of the person called Bill. But she was shaking her head as she talked. "Couldn't say, Bill. . . . Yes, of course. Why don't you bring him along tomorrow afternoon?"

She listened a while longer. Then she said good-by, and hung up the receiver.

"*Two* new friends for you!" she exclaimed. "They want to come and talk to you tomorrow afternoon."

"From a ship?"

"One of them lives here in Hong Kong. The other is due to arrive tonight."

"Like me."

Nurse Fowler gave him the kind of smile that made him decide he liked her. He even felt comfortable enough to say, "I'm hungry."

Nurse Fowler rose quickly. "What's the matter with me? I never even asked if you'd had anything to eat. They've stopped serving meals tonight, but I think we could fix you some good soup—real, tasty soup. Does that sound all right?"

"It sounds fine, thank you!"

She was pressing a bell on the side of the desk, then glanced at the door as a rather short, fat, bald-headed white man came in. He was also wearing a white uniform.

"Let's find this young man some soup, Glover. Then we'll get him into that empty cot in Upper Three."

"Yes, ma'am."

She turned to Jonathan—"I want you to go with the orderly now. Run along and have that soup."

It was not until the following afternoon that the strange and terrible and wonderful thing happened about meeting Mr. Angus.

All sorts of new faces had come into the day. There was, for instance, the face of the strange nurse who had looked in on him just after he woke up—the one who had given him a clean shirt.

As long as a woman can look ten years younger than her own daughter, she is perfectly satisfied. OSCAR WILDE

There had been breakfast with an egg in it. After that there had been a pleasant, bald-headed man who smelled of carbolic soap and wore a white coat. He had done something called a medical examination.

More food after that, with Mr. Glover in the big kitchen, and then what Mr. Glover called forty winks, though he had not in the least been sleepy.

It was after his forty winks that Jonathan had made a curious discovery about himself. He was something called a "refugee."

Because he was white, and everybody else except the staff was Chinese, he had been permitted to play in a place called Staff Common Room. It had a row of four windows looking down onto a cobbled yard, where pale brown people in dark clothes, with big bundles, were standing in a line.

A woman in the Staff Common Room told him they were "refugees." He asked her what refugees were, and she seemed to think very hard before saying that they were people who had lost their homes and sought refuge in Hong Kong until they could find new ones to go to.

"Like me," said Jonathan.

"Yes. Like you. Only you're different."

He pressed his face against the windowpane. The refugees all looked very tired, and they did not talk much.

Jonathan was busy looking at these people when a pale young man, who also wore a white suit, tapped him on the shoulder and said that he had come to take him to Nurse Fowler again.

When they got downstairs, the young man knocked on the door of Nurse Fowler's room, then opened the door and gently pushed Jonathan inside.

Nurse Fowler spoke reassuringly, "Come in, Jonathan. I hope you had a good nap."

Jonathan nodded. Since there did not seem to be anything to say to her remark, he just stood there, staring at the strangers.

One was a big man with square shoulders and fair hair—so fair that it came out in eyebrows that you could scarcely see.

"This is Mr. Marlowe," said Nurse Fowler.

The big man thrust out a hand. Jonathan took a step nearer and shook the hand held out to him.

"And this," said Nurse Fowler, "is Mr. Angus."

Mr. Angus was a tall man, dark-haired and sunburned, with broad shoulders. He was looking very cool and neat, in a cream-colored suit and a brown tie. A quick smile came into his eyes, and he said, "Hi, Jonathan!" He said it in a warm friendly way.

"Mr. Angus," said Nurse Fowler, "comes all the way from New York, Jonathan. He traveled across his own country, and then across the Pacific in order to get here. And now he's going home the other way."

"Right round the world?"

Mr. Angus nodded solemnly. "Right around the world. You must have been quite a good way around the world yourself in order to get to China."

"I don't remember much about it. I came when I was very young."

"Really? How old are you now?"

"Seven. Are you a cowboy, Mr. Angus?"

Mr. Angus shook his head. "The best I can say is that I sometimes *talk* to cowboys. I run a travel business. I fix people up with cruises and ——"

"What are cruises?"

Mr. Marlowe said, "When people want to go on long journeys, there's a big organization all over the world called the Robert Angus Company. It sees that they have ships to go in."

Nurse Fowler rose from her chair and said, "Bill, I think it's better not to wait any longer. Perhaps you'd like to come with me and leave them alone for a while?"

"Of course," said Mr. Marlowe.

Nurse Fowler came quite close to Jonathan. "Mr. Angus has something to tell you. It's something I should be telling you, but he asked me if *he* could. He has a very good reason."

Mr. Angus moved across from his chair and put his hand on Jonathan's shoulder. They watched Mr. Marlowe hold open the door for Nurse Fowler, then follow her through it.

"Let's sit down, Jonny." The short name brought a spark to Jonathan's eyes: it was the way his father said his name. He sat facing Mr. Angus.

"When a boy's seven years old," suggested Mr. Angus, "he can be very understanding, can't he?"

"Yes, sir." Jonathan nodded.

"Now and then, Jonny, there comes a time when we have to find out about something very sad. And when it's necessary to do that it's a good thing for people to stick together and talk it over, so they can find out just what's best for them to do about it."

Jonathan sat there waiting, but something inside him began to feel frighteningly lost.

"It's about your father and mother," Mr. Angus said. "Nurse Fowler's been making a lot of inquiries through the Red Cross."

"Do you know if the soldiers are going to let them go home now?"

Mr. Angus leaned forward and spoke very softly. "I'm afraid they won't *be* going home any more, Jonny."

Jonathan sat terribly still, and the frightened feeling inside him became so dizzily real that he wanted to be sick because of it.

"They won't be coming home any more because they're dead, Mr. Angus. Is that what it is about them?"

Mr. Angus got up and sat on the edge of the desk. "Yes, Jonny. They died in an effort to make things safe for *you*. Someday you can find out all that's been discovered about what happened." He waited for a moment. "I asked Nurse Fowler's permission to tell you this because I've got something special to *ask* you."

Jonathan sat on the chair, looking up at Mr. Angus, but he didn't really seem to see him any more. He saw, instead, his father and mother, and Bozzy, in the car, setting out for Taishun that morning. And his mother was smiling out of the window and saying that he was to be sure to help Sala and Mrs. Ho if they needed him. And good-by now, Jonny darling, and God bless you!

The pain inside him became a lump in his throat, and the lump hurt so much that he wanted to cry because of it.

"All over the world," Mr. Angus was saying, "there are other fathers and mothers who will be very proud, someday, to know the story of *your* father and mother."

Jonathan stared very hard, and really *saw* Mr. Angus again, but he couldn't stop the tears from coming out of his eyes, and it did not seem to matter any more.

"So it's time," Mr. Angus was saying, "to tell you about another father and mother—

who would like to try and make a new home for you."

Jonathan shook his head.

"We're not your own parents, Jonny, and nobody could ever take their place. But we need a son in our family pretty badly. Maybe, over in America ——"

Jonathan did not want to hear any more. All he wanted—more than anything he had ever wanted—was to be alone. He slid quietly off the cold leather seat, and turned and ran out the door. On down the corridor he ran, and past all the Chinese people who turned to look at him on the stairs, and along the landing to Upper Three, and in through the door.

He fell wearily and achingly on the narrow white bed. And he cried for his mother just as he used to in the days when he was a very small boy.

It was not until next day that things began to be all right again. Even by midmorning he was sorry that he had run away from Mr. Angus, and he was terribly ashamed of crying in front of him.

Nurse Fowler had not been even the slightest bit cross—in fact, she had been kinder than ever. There were things to finish saying, however. And since Mr. Angus was to leave Hong Kong next morning, Nurse Fowler had planned another chance for them to be together.

It was she who had given Jonathan permission to be taken out to supper. As he walked out of the hospital between Mr. Angus and Mr. Marlowe, Jonathan felt both small and big at the same time. He felt even smaller and bigger when he was sitting between them in Mr. Marlowe's shiny blue car, which was open to the sky.

This was the time when it was neither day nor night. There were happenings like lanterns being lit, and drifts of smoke with wondrous smells in them, and gongs that boomed and quivered in the distance.

Along the road up the Peak they went, and the wind was cooler up there, but the wonderful smells of cooking faded away beneath the scent of the frangipani blossoms. They were on their way to something called a floating fish restaurant on the other side of the Peak. Here, said Mr. Marlowe, there was the best fried fish in the world.

By the time they got to the fishing village the sea was silvery black and green, and the moon had grown so bright that the light of it was like a shoal of eels on the water.

Just as Jonathan was wondering how the moonlight looked to the fishes beneath the water, his mind was brought back to things that were happening on dry land. A small Chinese woman came shuffling out of the shadows beside the fishing boats to lead the way toward a little sampan tied at the water's edge.

There were dim, round blobs of orange-yellow light along the wharf, and as they walked Jonathan saw how very old the woman was. However, when they were all in the sampan, she rowed it quickly across the water. The place they made for was a lighted staircase. It belonged to a houseboat, anchored a little way off the land.

The man who was waiting for them on top of the steps was Chinese too. He took them out to the top deck—which was the strangest kind of restaurant Jonathan had ever seen.

A smiling yellow-faced boy brought scented towels with which to wipe their faces and hands. After that, they were led to a small round table at the edge of the deck. Once you sat down there, you could look straight down through the rails into the water.

Not that there was much point in wasting time by looking at the water when there were such wonderful lists of food in front of you to choose from.

"Whatever kind of appetite you have," said Mr. Angus, "there seem to be things here especially cooked for it. Crabs and lobsters, all kinds of prawns, soles, and something called *garoupa* ——"

"*Garoupa!*" said Jonathan. "May I have *garoupa*, please?"

"Sure you may—all the *garoupa* you can eat. Perhaps Bill will tell me what we're talking about."

"A kind of sea bass," said Mr. Marlowe. "And the way they cook it here is something out of heaven!"

"Then let's *both* have *garoupa*, Jonny," said Mr. Angus.

Mr. Marlowe gave the order. And after that, Mr. Angus and Mr. Marlowe started talking about Chinese cooking.

The waiter came with a tray, and set a plate of sizzling *garoupa* in front of them. Then came a sauce, and other fascinating things that smelled so good it would have been impossible for Jonathan not to have remembered that he was hungry.

As he was accustomed to do at the mission, he bowed his head and waited for Mr. Angus to say grace.

The sound of knives and forks on plates made him open his eyes again, and he saw that Mr. Angus and Mr. Marlowe had started eating. It seemed unbelievable to start dinner without thanking God about it.

Jonathan looked from one to the other of them, and slowly picked up his fork.

"*Now* what's up?" asked Mr. Marlowe.

"Nobody said grace," replied Jonathan.

Mr. Marlowe gave a slight cough and looked about the restaurant. Mr. Angus gazed solemnly at Jonathan and suddenly laid down his knife and fork again. "Why, Jonny!" he said. "Forgive me! That's what comes of being in a hurry!" And then he bowed his head and said quietly, "Bless this food to our use, O Lord, and us to Thy service."

"Amen," said Jonathan.

All the other people in the restaurant were eating, too, and there were four at one of the tables who were laughing almost all the time. Mr. Marlowe quietly drew the attention of Mr. Angus to these people, and said, "In these houseboat restaurants, high spirits are catching. As far as I know, your all-in tourists wouldn't find anything like them anywhere else in the world."

"All-in tourists?" repeated Jonathan.

Mr. Marlowe looked vaguely troubled. "All-in tourists," he explained, "means all-*inclusive* tourists. You see—I'm the agent for Angus Tours in Hong Kong, and when I talk to Mr. Angus like this—he's the boss of the show—I mean people who are taking the all-inclusive tours."

Mr. Marlowe went on talking business with Mr. Angus, and for a while Jonathan paid more attention to the *garoupa* on his plate. Eating did not prevent him, however, from listening now and then.

"We mustn't forget that the Group A tours, out of New York, can usually spend more than ——" Mr. Angus was saying, but paused as he saw that Jonathan was looking at him.

Jonathan smiled. "New York is where you come from, isn't it, sir?"

"Yes, Jonny," Mr. Angus told him.

"Do you live in a bungalow?"

"No, Jonny. It's quite a house."

"What's it like?"

"Much too big for us—and very old. It was my grandfather who built it—way back at the turn of the century."

"Are your father and mother good to you?"

Mr. Marlowe laughed quite loudly, and even Mr. Angus laughed a little. "My father and mother aren't alive any more," he said.

"Like mine," said Jonathan, and nobody said anything at all for a few seconds. Then he asked, "Do you live there alone, Mr. Angus?"

Mr. Angus seemed to be suddenly very much in earnest. "No, Jonny. You see, there's Vivien—Mrs. Angus. My wife."

"Is *she* good to you?"

Instead of answering the question, Mr. Angus said, "Sometimes she's lonely, too, Jonny. That's one reason why I'm looking for someone to come and live with us and be part of the family. How does America sound to you?"

"Could I have a dog there—like Bozzy?"

"Towns aren't too good for dogs, Jonny—but I imagine something could be done about that, because we live right across the street from the park. But why 'Bozzy'?"

"That was the name of *our* dog—in Taishun. He was a bulldog—a patchy kind of dog, but very proud. He had no pedigree, though."

"I can let you into a secret about that. Dogs are privately happier without them."

Jonathan thought about the matter solemnly. "I wish *you* could have seen him."

"So do I."

Jonathan turned his head away thoughtfully. He was just in time to glimpse, through the rails, a big, wide sampan gliding along the side of the restaurant.

There were lanterns on the sampan, and under the lanterns was a great array of round baskets without lids, containing all kinds of bright-colored foods.

Jonathan got to his feet to peer over the rails. He walked a little distance away, until the loaded sampan was directly beneath him. He could make out quite clearly the voices of Mr. Angus and Mr. Marlowe. "Nobody's saying you can't offer him a good home," Mr. Marlowe was saying. "But aren't you rather taking a chance, with Vivien so upset and so—so different? I wish I could think it was the *old* Vivien he'd be going home to—the girl we both knew in those old days in Jamaica."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 108

They who love are but one step from heaven.
JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 106

Jonathan did not look round, but he listened very hard. Mr. Angus replied—"Perhaps she hasn't changed as much as you think, Bill."

Again a little silence, then Mr. Marlowe's voice, gentler now. "It won't help, John—blinking the facts away. That boy needs a home as badly as any child ever did. That great house on Fifth Avenue and a flock of servants don't constitute a home. And you know it."

There was yet another wait—then Mr. Angus' voice again, much quieter. "*I* need him."

"Good! That's what I've been waiting for. Now we're being straight about it. I promise to do all I can for you at this end, John. Jane'll have to go through all the usual I.C.A. red tape, but let's hope it works out."

"Thanks, Bill. And another thing—I don't want him to go short of anything while they're checking on us. I don't suppose he has anything in the world except what he has on."

Jonathan, at the deck rail, understood these last words very well. An eagerness came over him to show them that he really *did* have something. Two things.

He slipped a hand into the pocket of his shorts and clutched the two treasures. He took them out and held them tightly in his hands, running back to the table.

"I own *these*!" he said clearly. "That one is a real ruby! Sala gave it to me. And mother gave me this one. It is a very good pen. It came from your country."

Mr. Angus picked up the ruby and admired it. "I don't know any boy who's lucky enough to own a gem like that!" he said. He gently put it down again, and took up the pen. "And that's about the finest pen I've seen! Do you do a lot of writing with that pen?"

"Not much, sir. I like to draw with it."

"You do?" It was Mr. Marlowe this time, and he took a white envelope from his pocket. He pushed the envelope across the table. "What about drawing something for us?"

Jonathan looked from one to the other of them and considered the idea carefully. He started to draw some parallel lines that stretched almost from the bottom of the envelope to the top of it. As he drew, he concentrated so hard that he stuck the tip of his tongue out, quite unconsciously, and furiously licked the corner of his upper lip.

After considerable lip licking, he added, in between the parallel lines, a series of what looked like square dots. And when these were finished, he put a line across the bottom.

He studied the drawing critically. Then, with some misgiving, he held it across the table.

Mr. Angus raised one of his eyebrows and with a nod passed it to Mr. Marlowe.

"A row of telegraph posts," said Mr. Marlowe, and passed it back again. "Very good."

Jonathan shook his head. He bit his bottom lip and hoped very hard that this time Mr. Angus would *know* what it was.

Mr. Angus' wrinkled brow became suddenly clear and smooth again. "It's a skyscraper!" he said. "What else could it be?"

Jonathan, with a triumphant smile, said proudly, "Skyscrapers are what people have in America. I thought perhaps it would make you feel at home."

"Remarkable!"

"Is it like your home?"

"Well—it's like a building *near* my home."

Exuberantly Jonathan took the envelope and drew some people going along the street. On top of their heads, Jonathan drew a lot of wide-brimmed hats.

"Those are the people," Jonathan explained, handing the envelope back to Mr. Angus.

"But why the funny-looking hats?"

"They are the cowboys," said Jonathan.

At first it was like the sound of a bee. But it did not buzz, then pause awhile, buzz and pause, as bees usually did.

It was so insistent that the sound came into Jonathan's sleep and woke him. For a second or so he listened uncomprehendingly. Then in a flash he was out of bed and at the window.

It was the noise of an airliner.

Jonathan did not know whether there were other airliners departing from or arriving at Hong Kong at daybreak, but he *did* know that the one with Mr. Angus in it would be starting now. This was just what he had wanted to do—wake up in time to see him off. Mr. Angus had said last night that perhaps quite soon they would be together again. But Jonathan had discovered that when people said good-by to you, you could never tell for sure whether you would really see them again. He hoped so. Beyond any doubt at all, now, Mr. Angus was a necessary friend to have.

Jonathan peered through the window, up into the sky. The airliner was a long one, with four engines, and it had a row of windows that glittered in the sunrise. It was a wonderful, golden thing.

Soon the airliner was just a speck in the distance. And then, no matter how hard he screwed up his eyes, Jonathan could see it no longer.

Tuesday was purple. It was all very well for Nurse Fowler to tell him to be patient as the days went by, but there seemed to be so many of them. They were all so much alike that if Jonathan had not had his own ways of distinguishing between them, it would have been hard to keep track of them.

Monday was blue, Tuesday was purple, Wednesday was green, and Thursday was a kind of pinkish brown. Fridays, Saturdays and Sundays were not so permanently fixed.

The day the first big piece of news came through was a Tuesday. And it began just as all the other days had. There had been the usual waking up and washing and scrubbing of teeth, and rushing into clothes, and eating breakfast with Mr. Glover in the big kitchen.

On this particular morning Mr. Glover seemed to be hurrying even more than usual. Perhaps, Jonathan thought, he had some reason of his own to be counting the days also.

"*Are* you counting the days?" he asked while he sat waiting at the big table.

"What on earth for? Here's another cup of tea. Please put the rest of that milk in it before Pok gets it."

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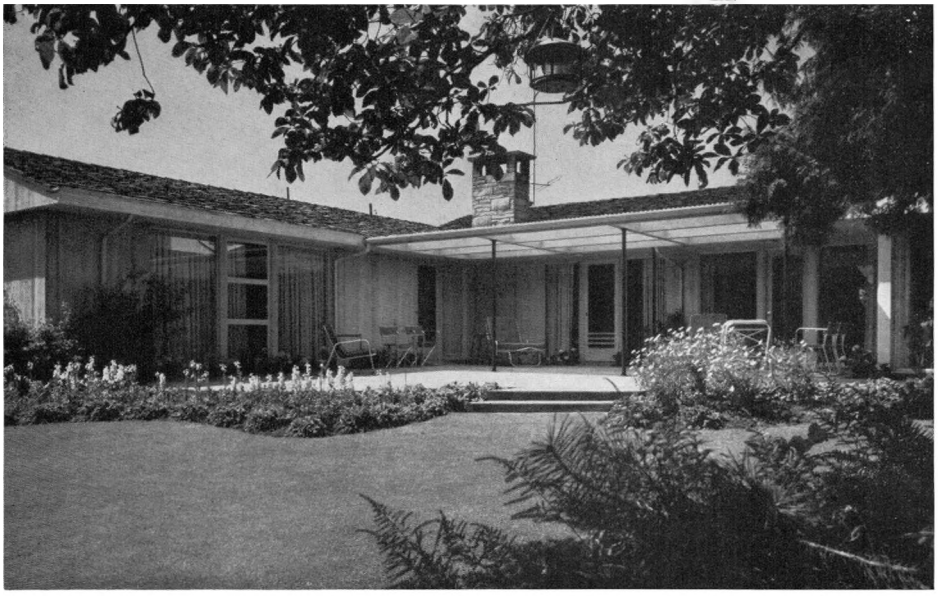
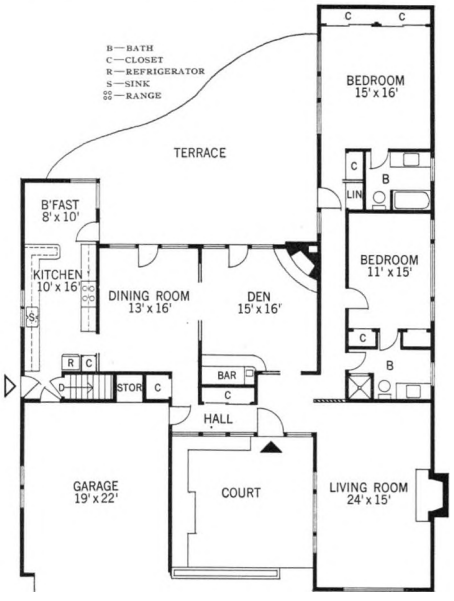
ARCHITECT: RAYMOND [illegible]; PHOTOGRAPHER: DEARBORN-MASSAR



H is for House

Showing how the shape of the plan can promote special pleasures of living.



This house in the region of Seattle is replete with mouth-watering features that start as you step into the entrance patio off the street. Right away the beauties of the H plan begin to unfold, as you find yourself embraced by the two forward wings appearing in the small inset picture above: the garage on the left, living-room wing on the right. You pardon the picture window facing the street when you see the view it frames! Whereas around back the two rearward wings of breakfast room and master bedroom embrace a paradise of a patio, looking out over one of the luxuriant lawns for which the locality is famous. Part of this terrace is roofed over with translucent plastic, the rest open to the sky. Consider the outlook of the lucky rooms that open out upon this particular pleasance. And before we step inside, note the roof of rough-hewn cedar shakes and the skin-smooth walls of cedar siding, both weathering to rose and silver set off by snow-white trim.

Inside, the house confirms the fact that it was designed for the entertainment of its owners, who have earned it, and whose pleasure is the entertainment of their married children's families and friends. Just picture yourself at a party here, or spending a weekend. It is a fascinating plan to follow through with the point of your pencil and fun to follow through by yourself. You'll see the layout has desirable details which many a big family might borrow. H in this case is the shape of a happy house, and, for what you can get, economical to build. About $25,000.

R. P.

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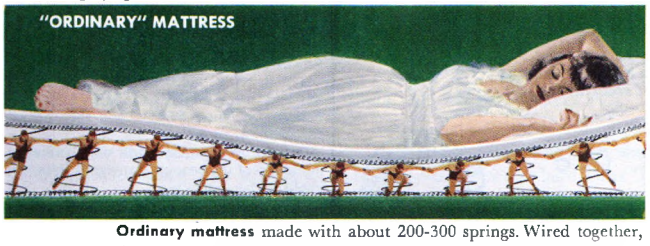

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Beautyrest mattress made with over 800 separate springs. Each is free to push up and firmly support the weight and shape of your whole body. New springs have been power-packed to give 12% more firmness.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 108

Jonathan looked over the edge of the table and saw the pale blue eyes of Pok eying the milk jug crossly. Pok was a Siamese cat that looked as if he had buried his face in a full tin of coffee that nobody had ever been able to wash off.

Pok made a sound of exasperation.

"He doesn't like waiting either," said Jonathan.

Mr. Glover was about to reply when the house phone rang, and he went to answer it. "Yes, ma'am," he said, and hung the receiver on its hook and turned to Jonathan. "Nurse Fowler wants to see you."

Jonathan slid off the bench and went down the long corridor to Nurse Fowler's office.

She was pinker than ever this morning, and there was the smell of a nice kind of soap that he had known back home in Taishun. "Good morning, Jonny. Come over here and sit down in this chair, will you? I have something to talk to you about."

He did as she told him. She sat on the edge of the desk and tilted her head a little on one side, as if she were studying him.

"We've been trying to trace relatives in your grandmother's family in Yorkshire," she said. "Since the I.C.A. office in England has not been able to find any relatives for you, Jonny, your father's *church* has offered to find a good home for you."

Something about the words struck a sudden, awful panic into Jonathan's heart. Back in Taishun he had heard exactly the same words used about one of the new white kittens. Nobody *had* found a good home for it, however. It had been drowned.

He screwed up his eyes at the dreadful memory, and put his tightly clenched hands into them, shaking his head to try and make the picture go away.

"But I don't think it's going to be necessary for them to start finding a home, Jonny—because I also have a *good* piece of news."

He lowered his fists from his face. "About Mr. Angus?" he asked.

"Yes. I dare say it's seemed a long time to you, but the I.C.A. people in New York had a lot of questions to ask. Getting a new son into a family isn't as easy as you might think. Do you really want to go and live with them, Jonny?"

"Yes, please."

"You know, it's about as important for you to want to go to *them* as it is for them to want *you!*"

"Does Mrs. Angus want me too?"

"Yes, of course she does! The I.C.A. people in New York found out all sorts of wonderful things about her—in fact, she's been quite a help to the I.C.A. in years past. But I think she was quite ill a little time ago, Jonny—so you'll have to be very kind to her, won't you?"

He nodded happily. "Perhaps you could tell her I won't bang the piano if she wants me to be quiet. It sometimes used to make father very cross—me playing the piano. I can play with both hands at the same time, now."

"That's very clever. I can't even play with one!"

He shook his head. "I could show you sometime," he offered, "if you wanted me to."

"Someday before you go that would be lovely."

"Will I go by myself?"

"I don't think so. There's a lady called Miss Lunt who looks after a part of our work in New York. She's on her way around the world, visiting our different centers. If your papers get here by the time she does, then perhaps there'll be a way for you to go back to New York together."

When she said it like that, it all sounded so certain that he became suddenly too restless to sit in the chair any more. He slid off it, and came to the edge of the desk.

He stood there and stared at Nurse Fowler and then blushed, remembering something. (Sala had said, "White boys not stare at people, Jonny. Very rude to stare.")

He wondered what Sala would think if *she* knew about these new and exciting things. He suddenly wanted to tell her about it so badly that his throat ached. *I'm going to America, Sala! I'm getting a new father and mother! I'm going to live with a lot of cowboys in a skyscraper! I'm going to have a dog like Bozzy again.*

This was the day of days.

Jonathan stood at the door of the I.C.A. building with Mr. Glover, and Miss Lunt's two suitcases, and his own—waiting for the taxi that was to take them to the ship in which they were to leave for America.

He had never owned any luggage before. Now there was a small blue suitcase that definitely and assuredly belonged to *him*. Mr. Marlowe and Nurse Fowler had taken him out one afternoon and bought him two flannel suits, some new shirts, new underwear, and three ties that he had helped to choose—a red one that looked bright and happy, a green one with gray stripes on it, and a blue one with white spots. Mr. Marlowe had also helped to buy some socks and two pairs of shoes.

While Jonathan was looking lovingly at this luggage, the coffee-colored face of Pok appeared abruptly from behind it.

Mr. Glover, who had been helping with the luggage, saw the cat and looked crossly at him. "Do you want to cost me my job?" he asked. Whereupon Mr. Glover whisked him away, and Pok set up a wail that must have been heard all over the I.C.A. building. The last Jonathan saw of him was an angry tail lashing about under Mr. Glover's arm as he was rushed back to the kitchen.

It was then that the taxi came—and Nurse Fowler and Miss Lunt also appeared.

The driver gathered up all three suitcases and put them in the taxi. Miss Lunt said good-by to Nurse Fowler, and then helped Jonathan inside the cab.

Nurse Fowler continued to stand and wave at the top of the hospital steps until Jonathan could see her no more.

He sat in the back of the taxi then, and looked up at Miss Lunt at his side. She had arrived only two days ago. Instead of being pink and white, like Nurse Fowler, she was mostly navy blue. Miss Lunt had a big croco-

dile-leather bag on her lap. She snapped it open, and poked about inside it. Then she snapped it shut again—with the kind of satisfied click that made Jonathan feel she rather liked snapping it open and shut.

"Well, young man," asked Miss Lunt, "how does it feel to be setting out for the other side of the world?" She looked down at him, peering through the top of her spectacles.

"Very well, thank you," he replied. He could not even begin to tell her what he was really thinking.

She did not ask him any more, but gave a cheerful little chuckle, and let him look out the taxicab window at the things that went whirling by outside.

They came suddenly out of the narrow streets into a wider one, and now there were people everywhere. Jonathan wondered that some of them did not get run over.

Down at the harbor there were even more people, and even larger numbers of taxicabs.

"Look!" said Miss Lunt. "Over there between that building and the side of the shed."

Jonathan looked, and gave a quick gasp of astonishment.

"That's the ship, Jonathan. It's going to be our home right over the Indian Ocean—and on through the Mediterranean, and then over the Atlantic."

It was a fine sight. The ship had a wide squat funnel with a white eagle on a band of red, and blue stripes above and beneath it—all of them gleaming in the sunshine.

Miss Lunt looked as if she were going to say some more, but at that moment a rush of white steam gushed up at the side of the funnel, and the vast sound of the ship's siren filled

the air. The noise was frightening, yet it was exciting. It was louder and longer than any gong he had ever heard—and he edged a little closer to Miss Lunt until it stopped.

Perhaps the ship was excited too. Perhaps the ship was shouting with impatience—to be away out of the harbor and off home. Far away in the distance the horizon was shimmering and sparkling in the sunlight. On the other side of it, Jonathan supposed, lay all the rest of the world. The world and Mr. Angus.

The sounds of this strange new world were already close beside him, but beyond the ship's rail he could see nothing but the drift and swirl of the fog. The great ship's engines were silent now. All the throbbing, all the deep-down, faraway clanking that had been with them across the ocean, had ceased.

Miss Lunt had explained that this was because they were off the port—though she could not see this, any more than could any of the other passengers. She had been given the news by one of the ship's officers.

There were sounds that called out of the fog to him. As Jonathan stood at the rail, his coat collar turned up against the cold, he heard these sounds quite clearly—the deep, long calling back and forth of other liners, or the quick, sharp tooting of little tugs. He was not really supposed to be out here on the deck. He was supposed to be within sight of Miss Lunt, who was sitting with a lot of other people just inside the door of the lounge. He fancied, however, that she had done something she called "dozing off." This was a thing she did frequently.

Just as Jonathan was thinking of going back to Miss Lunt, he became aware that two of the passengers farther along the ship's rail were talking excitedly, and one of them was pointing at something out in the fog.

Jonathan ran along the deck toward them, and looked in the direction in which the man was pointing.

"There she is, the old girl!" the man was saying. "Haven't seen her for ten years."

The other man saw Jonathan. He was a gray-haired man who had come with them all the way from Manila. His name was Colonel Sutter.

"Look, my boy!" he said. "What d'you think of *that*, now?"

Jonathan looked, then opened his eyes as wide as they would go.

The fog was beginning to clear, and through the middle of the gap came a giant. A lady giant she was—a great, towering one, with a crown on her head and a torch held high in her hand.

"The Statue of Liberty," said Colonel Sutter proudly.

Jonathan ran quickly back along the deck and into the lounge. "Come quick, Miss Lunt!" he said. "Come quick and see!"

She gave a startled blink. "See what?"

"Statue of Liberty! Quick, please!"

"She'll wait," said Miss Lunt with a smile, but came back with him to the deck.

Other people had heard of the lifting of the fog, too, and there were quite a number of them at the rail. Jonathan led Miss Lunt to an empty space. He had no sooner done so than he realized that the ship was beginning to move again.

He pointed this out to Miss Lunt. "That means we'll be moving into the dock," she

said. "We'll have to go back into the lounge to get our papers cleared. But before we go, there's something I can show *you*, Jonny. There are your first skyscrapers!"

He blinked and stared with wondering eyes. It looked as if there were hundreds of them, all shapes, sizes and colors, with millions of bright windows, glinting in the late afternoon sunshine.

"That's Manhattan," said Miss Lunt, "and that means home."

"Do *you* live in one of those skyscrapers, Miss Lunt?"

"No, dear. I live in a small apartment not far from the United Nations."

He looked long and hard at the view. He was still doing this when a voice came through an odd-looking box at the top of the wall.

"Passengers not in the lounge," said the voice, "are requested to assemble there at once for United States Customs and Immigration inspection."

"That means us," said Miss Lunt, and she shepherded him round the end of the deck again, and into the lounge.

The ship was already nosing into the dock when they came out into the fresh air again. Jonathan ran to the rail and looked down, seeing that already two of the big cables had been thrown from ship to shore, and there were men carrying them to posts at the dock's edge.

There was an upper level along the dock shed, too, and there was a gap in it, with more men waiting to take in the ship's gangway.

Beyond this gap, behind a wooden barrier, were many people.

With a quick new excitement, Jonathan stared eagerly along the faces over the barrier—faces of young people and old people, fat faces and thin ones. Head and shoulders over a group a man in a greatcoat was standing, his hat off and the sun on his face. Jonathan saw him, and called out, "Mr. Angus! Mr. Angus!" He raised his arm and waved. Then because all the other people around him were waving too (and they were all so much bigger) he waved *both* arms.

Mr. Angus saw him. He smiled and waved his hat quite high and hard.

The towering, unfamiliar world became suddenly a friendly one. And there was another thing. All the people out there had come to meet somebody special. Jonathan realized, with a strange new certainty, that for the first time *he* was the somebody special someone had come to meet! He turned to Miss Lunt and wanted to explain this miracle, but at the very moment she led him up to the head of the gangway, and helped him up on it.

It was an exciting, gay tunnel of a gangplank—a tunnel that led from the ship to America! And when he stepped off at the other end, there right in front of him was Mr. Angus.

Jonathan ran across the small intervening space, and Mr. Angus swept him up in two big, strong arms. "Welcome home, Jonny!" he said. "We finally made it!"

Jonathan nodded vigorously, and as Mr. Angus set him down again, turned proudly to Miss Lunt. She seemed very pleased too.

Miss Lunt stretched out her hand to Mr. Angus. "I'm so glad to meet you at last."

They talked a little more—about the journey, and about the papers that had to be signed, and presently they all went into the Customs shed where the luggage was waiting.

"Here, Jonny!" said Miss Lunt, opening the big crocodile bag. "Here's a box of those green peppermints—the kind you like. Don't eat them all at once, now."

"Thank you, Miss Lunt."

"Good-by, Jonny," she said. "I have to go down to where it says L-M-N. Be good to your new father, now!"

"Yes, Miss Lunt."

He watched as she went away and was lost among the many moving people.

"I think by now you'll have your suitcase waiting for you, Jonny. It'll be under the A's. How does it feel to have Angus and Adams with the same initial? You'll be *Jonathan Angus* from now on, you know."

"Jonathan Angus," said Jonathan unbelievingly. The words had a strange sound. "Jonathan Angus," he said again, and rather liked the sound.

The lions had no eyes. That was almost the first thing Jonathan noticed as the taxi driver held open the door and he jumped out onto the pavement.

While Mr. Angus was getting out behind him, and the driver was taking out the blue suitcase, Jonathan stared up at the house and into the unseeing eyes of the stone lions. They were smooth and gray, standing on pillars on either side of the entrance.

There was no time to think about the lions, though. Almost before Jonathan could turn his eyes away from them, the big front door was opened and in the doorway was a tall black man in a white jacket.

Jonathan could not remember meeting any other black people. He had seen pictures and read stories about them. Most of them were cannibals, but this one did not look like a cannibal. He had a high, shiny forehead, and fuzzy gray hair that was white above the ears.

"Whitton, here's our new son at last—Master Jonathan." Mr. Angus sounded very happy.

The tall man looked down at Jonathan, then bowed and smiled. "Welcome home, Master Jonathan," he said.

Jonathan smiled back. Politely he said, "Good evening."

The dark man turned to Mr. Angus. "Your coat, sir?"

"Don't bother just now. Is Mrs. Angus in the music room?"

"Yes, sir."

"Good. We'll go in just as we are. Will you take that suitcase upstairs?"

"Yes, sir."

Jonathan watched the dark man pick up the suitcase and walk away with it toward the bottom of a great flight of stairs.

They were wonderful stairs. They swept in a wide curve from the bottom of the hallway up and up to the floors above. He caught a glimpse of a tremendous shimmering thing: a thing with many lights on it, like a kind of upside-down fountain, hanging from the ceiling over the hallway. He stared at it in wide-eyed wonder, but Mr. Angus began to lead him toward a door on the right.

There was a glow of firelight as the door opened, and a deep, soft carpet that stopped your feet from making any noise. There were tall mirrors and high windows, and many flowers. And Jonathan suddenly realized that there was a big piano in front of him. Despite the thrill of the piano, however, his eyes went quickly and wonderingly to the lady who rose from a silver-green chair to come toward him. She put down on a crystal ash tray a cigarette she had been smoking.

It was queer that for a little moment nobody said anything—not even Mr. Angus. Jonathan wished that somebody would speak. He wanted to say something himself, but the silence seemed too solid for talking.

Mrs. Angus knelt on the carpet in front of him and put both hands on his shoulders. She was in a black dress with a little strip of moonlike yellow round the top. He decided that she was the most beautiful lady he had ever been so close to. She had gleaming, dark red hair that shone and glinted in the firelight. And she had a smooth, still face with large brown eyes. She gave him a slow and searching look.

"So you're home at last!" she said. And she smiled, and drew him close to her. For a moment she held him very tightly.

Something inside him made him want terribly hard to say kind things to her. He did not know how you could want so much to

QUESTION

By ANNE C. CULBERT

It took but little skill to make
My special brand of hell,
Why won't my heaven shape itself
As easily and well?

comfort somebody and be afraid, at the same time.

"Come on, Jonny!" It was the reassuring voice of Mr. Angus, and he was laughing now. "What are you looking so scared for?"

Mrs. Angus let go of him and stood up. When she spoke to Mr. Angus her voice was curiously crumbly at the edges.

"It's all so new to him," she said, "but he'll soon get used to us. Won't you, Jonny?" She looked down at him, then away, and round the room. "This is a very lovely house," she said, "for a boy who can get used to things."

"Yes, Mrs. Angus," he said.

She looked across at Mr. Angus, but it sounded as if she were really talking to herself. "He isn't quite as tall," she said.

She said it as if it were some kind of mistake that Jonathan had made. He did not know who he was not as tall as.

"I'm very sorry," he said.

Mrs. Angus' eyes filled with tears, but Mr. Angus smiled down at him. "There's nothing to be sorry for, Jonny! Let's take this heavy coat off and come and get warm by the fire."

Mr. Angus helped him off with his coat—but he still clutched the box of peppermints Miss Lunt had given him. He remembered that Miss Lunt had said he must be grateful, and he wanted very much to do what Miss Lunt had said.

He walked over to Mrs. Angus and held out the box of peppermints. "They're green ones, Mrs. Angus," he said encouragingly. "They're not really as hard as they look."

"Thank you, Jonny." She took one of the peppermints, but held it for a moment between her thumb and finger. "Now that you're going to live with us, we'll have to do something about that, won't we?"

He did not know what she meant.

"About me being Mrs. Angus," she said with a smile.

Mr. Angus wrinkled his forehead, but all the same said quite gently, "Not so fast, Vivien. Let's take it as it comes, shall we? After all, he's only just . . . well, isn't it a little early to rush him, don't you think?"

Mrs. Angus turned to her husband, and although her smile did not alter, her voice seemed different, as if he, too, had now said something that was a mistake. "If we don't get things right from the first, John, it'll be just that much harder—later."

Mr. Angus looked at her for a still, long moment, then drew her attention to the peppermint in her hand. "Aren't you going to eat it, darling? They're very good ones."

She put the peppermint in her mouth and sat down on a big, shiny hassock.

For a few minutes Jonathan sat on the edge of the settee by the fireside. It was warm and comfortable there, and it was nice to have Mr. Angus beside him.

"It wouldn't surprise me," said Mr. Angus, "if he's getting hungry."

"I was not forgetting, John," said Mrs. Angus. "I thought you wanted him to sit by the fire for a while." She tapped her cigarette into another small ash tray. "Come with me, Jonny," she said. "Let's go upstairs and look at your bedroom. Everything's ready for you, dear. And there'll be a nice warm bath for you before you change your suit for dinner."

She held out her hand to him. He allowed himself to be led across the room toward the door, and wondered if he would ever be able to say aloud, in this big house, that he did not like to be led by the hand. He glanced around at Mr. Angus, hoping that he was coming too.

At the foot of the staircase Mrs. Angus released his hand, and he followed her up the soft, purple carpet that led around the wide sweep of the staircase. Along the wall were large paintings of angry-looking men, mostly with side whiskers on their faces, and kilts that showed their knees. There was also a picture of a lady in a wide, pale dress, with white hair done up into a high shape with flowers on top.

As they came up to the top of the staircase, they came level with the vast crystal thing with lights on it. It hung from the ceiling over the hallway below, and it sparkled like millions of diamonds. Near to the top of the stairs Jonathan glanced down to look at it—because the sparkles changed with every step he made. He became so fascinated that he walked backward a few steps down the stairs, and then forward again.

"Jonathan! What on earth are you doing that for?" Mrs. Angus' voice came loudly into the game he was playing.

He could not possibly explain the things he had been seeing, so he said nothing at all. She gave an odd little laugh. Then she led the way down a wide corridor.

There were several doors and just as they were getting to one it opened and a dark-colored girl with a black dress and a white apron came out.

"I've just turned down Master Jonathan's bed, ma'am," she said, "I thought perhaps he'd be going to bed early tonight—after coming all that way."

"Thank you, Frankie," said Mrs. Angus. She looked down at Jonathan. "This is Frankie, Jonathan. She takes care of the upstairs rooms, and does a lot of other useful things."

Jonathan smiled and Mrs. Angus ushered him into the big, high room beyond the door.

Once again it was a room into which he could not hear himself walk. It had a brownish carpet on the floor, and a great big bed. There were long curtains in a kind of pale orange velvet. The bed was a four-poster. He had seen pictures of such beds, but never before had he actually set eyes on one. The room had two other doors. Both were closed.

It was a beautifully warm room. It had a fireplace with a real fire in it. While he was looking at the fire, he saw that Mrs. Angus was standing very still. She was looking at something above the mantelpiece.

It was a picture—the painting of a boy about his own age. But the boy in the picture had dark hair, and looked altogether different. He was wearing a kind of brown leather jacket, and was holding a bow and arrow. He seemed to be laughing.

Mrs. Angus' voice came across the quietness so suddenly that he was a little startled—"Perhaps you're wondering about the boy in the picture."

"He has a terrific bow and arrow," said Jonathan.

"His name was Robin. He was my son—a wonderful boy, Jonathan."

"Did Robin die, too, Mrs. Angus?" Jonathan asked.

Mrs. Angus turned to him, and for a moment she did not speak. When she did reply, her voice had a quivery sort of sound.

"He was drowned in an accident in a swimming pool . . . at a little school he went to." She drew in her breath and then spoke quickly. "Why did you say 'Did Robin die *too?*' " she asked.

"In China people die all the time," he replied. "My father said they go to heaven."

"I see," she said.

"You don't really *see* heaven, Mrs. Angus. But sometimes, if you try very hard before you go to bed, you can dream about it."

He thought that perhaps this was something she would like to know, but she turned away from the painting and said no more about it. Instead, she walked over to the bed, and said, in a colder, faraway voice, "Whitton has unpacked your suitcase, dear, and he's put your other suit out. You can manage everything for yourself, I suppose?"

He nodded vigorously.

She walked away from the bed and opened one of the other doors. "Here's your bathroom, Jonny. Your very own one. Robin used to love it. Look—I'll turn on the water for you, and you can have a bath before you put your suit on."

She turned on the tap. "I'm going to leave you to change, now, dear," Mrs. Angus said. "Don't be long, will you? This other door leads into *my* bedroom, and your father's room is just beyond that. We're all quite near each other."

She gave him a quick pat on the shoulder, and smiled. Then she went out of the room and closed the door after her.

Suddenly, when she had gone, the room was bigger than ever, and it was full of echoes.

He took off his jacket and started getting undressed. He remembered that he must turn off the water in the bathroom before the bath got too full. And he must turn on the cold water so that it would not be too hot to sit in.

Presently he pulled his gray shorts off. He put his two great treasures on a table by the side of his bed. He put his handkerchief there, and beside it he laid the ball-point pen. And the small red ruby beside that. The ruby did not have much light in it today, and the pen was curiously shabby.

He picked the pen up lovingly, though, and remembering precious things about it, he went into the bathroom to turn off the water.

Perhaps it was not a real sound at all. Perhaps he had dreamed it. Certainly he had been asleep. There was no light in his room—at least, none but the moonlight making a silvery-yellow crisscross on the carpet . . . that crept up and over the edge of the bed.

It was the highest bed that Jonathan had ever known, and also the softest. The sheets had a faint, sweet smell as if they had just been carried through a clover field. He thought the wood of the bedposts smelled good too.

To all these sights and smells he woke again now, but it was not the sights or the smells he thought of. What he thought of was the *sound.*

The sound was coming from the other side of the closed door that led to Mrs. Angus' room. He sat up in bed and listened. It was a pitiful kind of noise, and Jonathan remembered that it was the sound Sala had made the first night they had run away from Taishun. It was the sound of somebody crying.

He did not know what Mrs. Angus was crying about, but as he sat there, small and still in the great bed, he began to believe that in some way she was crying about *him.* The fear of her that he had felt before came back, only much more strongly.

At length he heard another door open. Almost immediately the crying sound stopped, and Jonathan heard the voice of Mr. Angus.

"Viv—please—what's the trouble, darling?"

Jonathan listened sharply. It seemed a long time before Mrs. Angus replied. "I didn't think you could hear me."

"I'm still within earshot, darling. When you insisted on moving in here, at least you stayed within *sound* of me. Isn't it some comfort to know I'm in there if you need me?"

"If you should hear me . . . crying, John, it doesn't mean that I . . . that I need anyone."

"This was supposed to be a *happy* night, Viv. Are you very—are you terribly disappointed?"

"Do we have to do all this probing ——"

"In the old days, darling, you used to curl up in bed at times like these and put your head on my shoulder and tell me all about it. Why go on keeping things back like this? Why go on making comparisons with the past when there's such a fine future again—right in the room next door?"

"A future for me—or for him?"

"I hoped for both of you—for all of us, Vivien. Ever since we discovered you couldn't have any more of your own, you've been longing for a boy like Jonathan!"

For a second or two Jonathan heard only the silence. When Mrs. Angus spoke, her voice was far away.

"You still don't really understand, do you, John? For years you haven't."

"I may be a fool when it comes to understanding your wish to do things so much on your own, these days. But having a new son is something altogether different. It can mean a new start for both of us, as well as for him."

"I promised you I'd do my best. He'll have everything he needs—the *best* of everything."

"Including love?"

There was a pause again. Then Mrs. Angus spoke so much in a whisper—a kind of fierce, quick whisper—that Jonathan could hardly hear at all.

"Isn't he the second chance I've been waiting so long for? Isn't he a chance to put things back as they were again? If that's true, then

don't you see that I've still got all the love that's been locked away inside me since Robin died? That's why—where Jonathan's concerned—I'm going to have to be so terribly careful. I can't afford, not a second time, to take any chances, John. I can't risk ——" Mrs. Angus' voice stopped there, or rather it broke off.

"Can't risk *what*, Vivien?"

"Risk failing him, as I failed Robin."

"That's a terrible thing to go on thinking. He'll need a lot of love, Vivien, but he has a lot to give. Everything here must seem very strange to him. I think as soon as he starts meeting some boys of his own age ——"

"I—I'm glad you mentioned that, John. It's something we've got to understand each other about."

"What do you mean?"

"You've only got to look at him to see how wrong it would be to expose him to the average group of American boys. I think that for a while it would be better for us to have a tutor for him."

"A tutor?" Mr. Angus sounded startled. Jonathan listened and wondered. He did not know what a tutor was.

"Vivien—will you be absolutely straight with me about this? Is this *really* why you want a tutor for Jonny? Or is it that you're scared of his going to a school because of what happened to Robin?"

Jonathan heard a small, sharp gasp. Then there was the sound of Mrs. Angus crying again. Yet in spite of the crying she said, "If Robin hadn't been in school that day it couldn't have happened! Nearly all the rest of the school was on holiday. And it was *my* fault Robin was there—just because it was more convenient for him to be out of the house that week. More convenient!"

A bookie is just a pick-pocket who lets you use your own hands.

HENRY MORGAN

Braude's Second Encyclopedia
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"Darling, you really mustn't get hysterical like this. Listen—you've got to get a grip on yourself, Vivien. You've let the thought of school, and everything to do with school, scare the life out of you."

"*Please* ——"

"Oh, I know that Jonathan's been living in a pretty abnormal background. But that's just one big reason for him to have a normal home, and a normal education with other boys. We've got to behave like rational people, darling, when we decide things like this."

"Are you trying to tell me I'm neurotic again?"

"For pity's sake, Viv!"

There was another silence. Then Mr. Angus said, "If you really feel we'll be protecting Jonathan best for a week or two by having a tutor here ——"

When Mrs. Angus spoke again she spoke more calmly. "There's a man called Philip Wade, John. He tutored those two boys of Barbara Simmons'. I telephoned and asked him to call tomorrow afternoon."

"Did you fix this appointment even before you'd *seen* Jonny?"

"It's better to be prepared. Will you be here tomorrow afternoon?"

"Of course I'll be here, Vivien. But let's not commit ourselves about this tutor until we've seen what kind of man he is. And until we feel sure they'll get along well together."

"They will, John. He sounds like the kind of man Robin would have liked."

There was a long hush again, then the sound of a door closing.

Jonathan did not understand the meaning of the things that had been spoken in there. Mr. and Mrs. Angus had a way of talking that was not at all like the talk he had listened to at home in Taishun. His father and mother always said what they liked and disliked in simple, easy words.

Either in Mrs. Angus' room or in his own, he heard a clock strike. It struck two. Jonathan looked about him to see if the clock was in his own room. He could not see it. But his eyes did see, once again, the face of the boy in the painting. The room grew bigger and lonelier. It was as if the pattern of the words that he had heard went running up and down the walls of the room. But they always came back to the painting of Robin Angus. And the arrow was pointing straight toward him.

Jonathan was glad that there was only Mr. Angus to have breakfast with. It had been Mr. Angus who had come into his room to make sure he was awake, and to help him get out the clothes he should wear. He had shown Mr. Angus the splendid ties that Mr. Marlowe and Nurse Fowler had bought for him in Hong Kong—especially the green-and-gray one that they decided was the one for this particular day. He was glad Mr. Angus liked it.

When it was time for breakfast, it seemed that Mrs. Angus was still asleep upstairs. It was important for her, Mr. Angus explained, to stay asleep until Frankie took a tray of breakfast to her.

Breakfast was not in the dining room. This was called the brown room, and it was a small, cozy back room that had bright curtains. It was a wonderful breakfast. And the sun was shining brightly even though it was too cold yet, Mr. Angus said, for the windows to be opened.

There were many books along the walls, and as Jonathan sat facing Mr. Angus across the round, polished table, he could see them over the tops of some white flowers. It was while he was staring wonderingly at the books that Jonathan caught a glimpse of Mr. Angus looking very keenly at him—and at the bowl of oatmeal that remained untouched in front of him.

"Better eat your cereal," said Mr. Angus. "Just the thing for . . . Jonathan Angus."

"Jonathan Angus," repeated Jonathan. He decided he liked his new name. He nodded his head. "Does that make me stop being a refugee?"

"Yes. And do you know something?"

Jonathan shook his head.

"We've got a job to do," said Mr. Angus.

Jonathan ate his cereal and watched Mr. Angus expectantly.

"We've got to prove something, Jonny. We've got to prove it *was* a good idea to adopt each other. We've got to prove that I'm the right kind of father and you're the right kind of son. We want Viv—we want Mrs. Angus to be sure of all this, don't we?"

"She doesn't like me."

Mr. Angus put down the cup of coffee he was lifting from the table. "What on earth makes you think that?"

"I think she'd like to change me."

"What a fantastic notion!"

"Wouldn't she?"

"Of course not. She may not want you to do all the things you'd like to do, but . . . between you and me, she's been wanting a son like you pretty badly."

Jonathan picked up the spoon beside the plate. "Please," he asked suddenly, "what is a tutor?"

Mr. Angus looked startled. "Were you awake in bed last night?" he asked.

Jonathan stared for a moment uncomfortably, then he pressed the spoon in his hand very hard down on the plate. "Yes, sir."

"I don't know how much you heard, Jonny—or how much you understood of what you heard. But you've got to realize that everybody's trying to work out just exactly what's best for you. You've got to trust us about that, haven't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, a tutor is a teacher. Only instead of you going to school to *him*, he comes to *you*. Tutors have a way of knowing just what you need to find out about."

"Will he let me draw things?"

"He might even help."

"What's he like?"

Suddenly it was the voice of Mrs. Angus that Jonathan heard. He swung round in his chair to find her standing in the doorway.

"We'll be able to answer that better this afternoon, dear," she said.

She had a hat on, and a little brown fur coat. He realized that he had been right in deciding that she was the most beautiful lady in the world. She came over to him and leaned down to kiss him on the cheek.

"Good morning, Jonny," she said.

"Good morning," he replied shyly. Then he watched her walk over to Mr. Angus and kiss him on the cheek also.

Mr. Angus, who stood up when she came in, put both his hands on her shoulders and said, "Why so early, darling? I thought you were still sleeping."

"I suddenly remembered I'd promised to call for Janet and take her to a committee meeting," she told him. "We've only a short time until the Silver Slipper Ball—and we've hardly done a thing."

"'Silver Slipper Ball'? I'd forgotten about it. What's the good cause this time?"

"The crippled children again—the same as last year," she said, and then, "Can I tell you something, Jonathan?"

She hesitated, and he looked at her expectantly.

"That green tie doesn't really look very right with that suit," she said. "I have a little drawer upstairs that's just about full of ties, Jonny. I haven't time now, but when I come back we'll go through them together and pick out something more suitable, shall we?"

He merely looked at her. Perhaps it was very rude of him not to say anything like this.

Mrs. Angus said, "I want you to promise me something, dear. I have to be out until early this afternoon. I want you to promise me not to step outside the house—not until you know the neighborhood a little better. Very soon—maybe tomorrow—I'll take you out and we'll start getting to know it. In the meantime, there's lots to keep you interested right here. You've all sorts of picture magazines to look at, and Whitton will turn on the television in the music room if you wish. If you want Whitton, just push this little bell. You understand?"

"Yes, thank you. What is television?"

"D'you mean to say you haven't even heard of it?"

Jonathan nodded his head. He was ashamed that he had not heard of television. "There wasn't anything that sounded like that in Taishun," he said.

Mr. Angus was smiling. "I didn't think there was a boy left in the world who'd escaped it!"

"What is it like?"

"Like radio with pictures. If you've finished that egg, come with me and I'll show you."

He ate the last spoonful of egg and wiped his mouth. He was getting up out of his chair when he saw that Mrs. Angus was walking away from them toward the door.

"You'll both have to excuse me," she said. "I think Lynch has the car ready. I'll be back after lunch. Cook's going to fix you something very nice, Jonny."

Mrs. Angus came back and kissed Mr. Angus very lightly on the cheek again. "Don't forget Mr. Wade's coming at three, dear," she said. "Try to make it."

"Sure I will. Good-by, Viv."

Mrs. Angus hurried out of the room. For some reason Jonathan felt happier again. He looked around him excitedly as Mr. Angus took him into the music room.

The thing to which Mr. Angus led him was a large brown piece of furniture with a window in it. Mr. Angus turned a little knob and after a moment there was a lady's voice talking, and presently there was the lady herself, making cakes.

"I don't suppose you want a cooking lesson," Mr. Angus said. "But I'm afraid there isn't much choice at this time of morning. Get Whitton to try it for you later."

He turned the knob again, and the woman vanished, cake and all. Jonathan wanted to ask questions about her, but he could see that Mr. Angus was in a hurry.

"Don't start feeling lonely, Jonny. If only you were going to school ——" He did not finish what he was going to say, but went out into the front hallway to put his coat and hat on. Jonathan followed, and Mr. Angus stretched out his hand and ruffled his hair a little. "I'm sorry to leave you like this—right on your first morning—but we're awfully busy these days."

"All-in tourists," said Jonathan with a smile.

"For heaven's sake! You remembered that from Hong Kong!"

"I'm one, too, aren't I?"

"You're what?"

"All-in tourist."

"Indeed you are! Even a kind of explorer. You can get on with your exploring right now if you like. Don't be scared about feeling at home here. It *is* your home, you know."

Jonathan smiled. He stood quietly in the hall as Mr. Angus went out.

The hallway seemed higher than ever when there was nobody in it. He went into the music room. He saw the big piano and realized, with a shiver of excitement, that there was nobody, now, to say that he must not play it. He sat on the piano stool and, using two fingers, played some of the black notes, then some of the white ones. Then he played one of the black notes and one of the white ones together. In the middle of a pause, among the fascinating noises he was making on the piano, Jonathan became aware of another sound. It came from the direction of the window.

It was the soft, exciting sputter of new rain. He slithered off the piano stool and ran over to the window. There was no sunlight any more, and although many of the trees were bare, there were some dark ones that were waving in the wind. The sidewalk was so bright and wet that he could see the trees upside down, and he wondered what it was like to climb up a *reflected* tree. He was just deciding that this must certainly be the *quickest* way of getting to the top, when he heard someone coming into the room behind him. He turned to see Whitton looking anxiously up at the windows above him.

"Mrs. Angus doesn't like the rain to get inside," said Whitton. "Sure is blowing up a gale!"

"Sure is," echoed Jonathan.

Whitton went out of the room again, and there was nothing left to watch but things that did not move, and nothing left to listen to but silence.

He got tired, at length, of looking at the objects in the room, and remembered the glittering thing that hung over the hallway. He went tiptoeing over the deep carpet as if going out there were something he should not be doing. Perhaps it was silly to go on tiptoe, but it seemed the only thing to do.

He went slowly up the staircase and sat on the top stair. He clasped his hands round his bare knees and put his head down on them, and looked with determination into the shining thing in front of him.

Just now it was not really shining very much. The countless little shapes of glass that had been so full of fire were just pale and bluey white. He held his head hopefully on one side to see if that would make it any better. He was still in the middle of holding his head on one side when the maid with the white apron came up the stairs.

"Good morning, Master Jonathan."

He remembered both his manners and the name Mrs. Angus had told him. "Good morning, Frankie," he said, and straightened his head up.

She had a large thing in her hand like a long black drum. It had a pipe attached to it—a kind of wide, bendy pipe with a nozzle at the end of it.

"I wondered what you were looking at," she said, "with your head down like that."

"I was looking at *that*," he said, "with all those bits of glass in it."

"The chandelier," said Frankie.

"Chandelier," he repeated. He liked the sound of it.

"I thought maybe they didn't have things like that where you came from," she said.

"Not glass ones," he said. "But lanterns. Very big lanterns made of rice paper, in all kinds of colors, with lights in them. They wave in the wind and blink. They have crinkles on them."

"Chinese lanterns," said Frankie. "One time I saw lanterns like them at the Mardi gras, in New Orleans." She looked over his shoulder. "But talking about Chinese lanterns won't get my work done," she added.

It had been nice to have someone to talk to. He watched her walk as far as one of the bedroom doors. Then he suddenly called, "Did Robin have a dog?"

Frankie turned to stare back at him. "I wasn't here in those days," she said, "but I shouldn't think so. She wouldn't like a dog around."

"Do you mean Mrs. Angus?" Jonathan asked her.

She nodded, then disappeared into the bedroom, but she left the door open.

Jonathan stood near the edge of the stairs, and the corridor was wide and empty again. It was sad that Mrs. Angus did not like dogs. Perhaps, someday, if he could find the right kind of dog —— As he thought of the possibility he got a bright new idea, and ran to the door that Frankie had left open.

She was standing in there with the thing that had been in her hand making a great swooshing sound, and she was stroking the carpet with it.

"Please can you tell me," he asked, "where there is a bit of paper—paper to draw on?"

Frankie flicked a little switch on the thing she carried, and the swooshing suddenly stopped. "I know where there are some *little* bits of papers," she said, and he watched her go to a bedside table. She tore some pages off a message pad and handed them to him.

"Why don't you go downstairs to the brown room?" she suggested. "You could sit at the desk and draw. It's nice and warm down there."

"You don't think Mrs. Angus will be cross?"

Frankie pondered the question. "Why should she be?"

Jonathan did not know why. He only knew that it seemed a likely thing to happen.

"You too?" asked Frankie, with an odd little laugh. "You never know, with Mrs. Angus," she said. "You just have to remember that when she sets her mind on doing something *her* way there ain't never going to be anything that changes her mind. Nothing!"

"Oh!" said Jonathan.

"She's been a very sick woman," said Frankie, "and you just have to pray she's in the right mood when you ask her for something, or you sure will never get it!"

Jonathan looked at her gravely. She stared at him a moment, then turned on the swooshing sound and went on stroking the carpet.

He ran down the stairs and into the brown room. He pulled out the chair at the desk and spread the paper in front of him, and carefully took out of his pocket the ball-point pen. Then he started to draw.

What he drew was Bozzy. Perhaps, even if Mrs. Angus didn't want a dog of her own in the house, she might like *other* people's dogs. And maybe, if someday he drew a great many pictures of another dog as brave as Bozzy, Mrs. Angus might think it would be nice to have the picture turned into a real, live dog. The new dog could be called Bozzy too.

"Hello, Jonny. Sorry you were left alone nearly all day!"

He had been so absorbed in what he was doing that he had not even heard Mrs. Angus opening the door.

He gathered together the little bits of paper on which he had been drawing, and held them tightly as he slid off the seat.

He had started his drawing in the brown room, but after Whitton had brought his lunch in there, and left him, he had got tired of the room and come back to finish his drawing in the music room.

It was through the open top of the piano that he saw Mrs. Angus, smiling at him, and holding a big brown paper package.

She set the package on the floor. Something made him want to show her the drawings. But instead of moving, he stood there, a sudden shyness making him slip his hand with the drawings in it behind his back.

"What were you writing so busily?"

"I wasn't writing anything, Mrs. Angus."

"Then what were you doing?" She slipped off the brown fur jacket and the pretty hat.

"Drawing pictures," he said.

She held out her hand. "Can't I see them?"

He brought his hand round from behind his back with a sudden agony of hoping that she would understand what the drawings were all about. "They're pictures of Bozzy," he said, looking over her elbow at them.

"I heard you mention him before," said Mrs. Angus. "But I didn't realize Bozzy was a dog. What kind of dog was he?"

It was sad that the pictures were not good enough for her to have seen this for herself.

"A bulldog," he explained, and added, "Did *you* ever have a dog?"

She looked over the top of the drawings, and out into the room, but it was as if she did not really *see* the room. "Yes, once when I was a little girl I had a dog, but now that I have a home of my own I really couldn't do with one. You can't keep a house clean when you have a dog in it."

"Bozzy was clean, Mrs. Angus. He licked his dish and he was neat about *everything*."

She had no comment to make about that. He looked back at the drawings in her hands.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 118

New Simoniz Floor Wax—childproof because there's vinyl in it!

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SIMONIZ MAKES IT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 116

"Did Robin draw too?" he asked.

She glanced at him in quite a different kind of way, as if she had become mysteriously cross with him.

"No," she said. "It was one of the things he didn't care to do very much. He used to think it rather a waste of time."

"Didn't he like to draw *anything?*"

"Robin preferred to build things. His father bought him some small building tools and some special wooden things. You'll have to learn to build things, too, Jonny. It's a fine, manly thing to do."

Slowly he nodded his head.

Without seeming to realize what she was doing, she folded up the pictures of Bozzy right in the middle, and then over again, tightly and very firmly. While he stared at the wad of folded paper she got to her feet and walked over to the fire and dropped it into the flames. It unfolded a little, as if the dogs were trying desperately to scramble off the pieces of paper and get out of the fireplace and back to him.

He clenched his fists for them, and turned away from the terrible little extra brightness in the flames, and as he turned he saw that Mrs. Angus had gone back to the chair where the brown paper package was.

She picked it up and smiled just as if the pictures of Bozzy had never been burned.

"I was forgetting all about *this*, Jonny. It's a surprise for you."

He looked at it, and said, "Thank you, Mrs. Angus," but he did not take it from her.

"Aren't you going to open it?"

He nodded, and stretched out his hands for the package.

"You don't seem very happy about it, Jonny. I thought it might be quite a thrill to get a surprise like this."

He took the paper off the box and opened it. Inside was a great big cowboy hat, and a red shirt, and chaps with twisty white fur on them. It was a cowboy suit.

It was so wonderful that he forgot the thing he was thinking about and grew excited. "Is it all for *me?*" he asked, and timidly, then quite boldly, put the wide-brimmed hat on, and felt very grand in it. He smiled and said, "Thank you, Mrs. Angus."

She leaned over the box and took something else out of the wrappings. "It even has *this!*" she exclaimed, and pulled out a shiny holster with an even shinier gun.

He sat instantly still and stared at it.

"It really works," Mrs. Angus said. "Just listen!" She slipped the gun out of its holster and pressed the trigger.

There was a short, sharp *crack*—and she laughed at the sound. "Isn't it wonderful!"

He closed his eyes and tried not to think of the terrible Taishun sounds that came crackling back at him as he sat there.

He put his hands over his ears, and realized that his fingers were trembling again. He hoped terribly hard that she did not notice this. He hoped, too, that something would happen so that he would not have to talk about it. And something *did* happen.

While his hands were still over his ears, Whitton appeared at the door, saying, "A Mr. Wade to see you, madam."

Mrs. Angus rose to her feet again. For a moment she seemed very angry. She put the gun back in the box and looked at Jonathan sharply and disapprovingly. Then she turned to the door and said, "Show him in,Whitton."

Jonathan watched Whitton open the door and usher Mr. Wade into the room. Mr. Wade was not so tall as Mr. Angus, but he was thicker. He looked a strong kind of man, and wore a browny-gray suit, and had lion-colored hair that was scribbly at the edges.

Mrs. Angus did not get up from her chair, and Mr. Wade came across the room to shake hands with her. Jonathan was looking at him so intently that he did not hear all Mrs. Angus was saying. But suddenly five of the words seemed louder than all the others.

"This is our son, Jonathan."

"Glad to meet you, Jonathan," said Mr. Wade.

Jonathan shook hands with him, and Mr. Wade's hand was so hard that it hurt a bit. But it was a friendly kind of hand.

Mrs. Angus waved toward a chair, and Mr. Wade sat down in it. "So this is the young man who's ready to start his lessons?" he said. "Have you been to school at all, Jonathan?" he asked.

"Yes, sir. My father had a school at the mission."

"I understood that Mr. Angus ——" Mr. Wade began.

"He doesn't mean my husband," Mrs. Angus explained. "He means his . . . *other* father. His father was a missionary in China. I'd rather we talked about that some other time if you don't mind."

"Naturally."

"My mother used to teach me things, too," said Jonathan. He said it quite loudly. He wanted them to be sure that he was not a boy who had never learned anything. "My mother used to sit under the cherry tree and spell words out of a blue book. I can read long sentences. I can even read words in Chinese."

"That's something I can't do," said Mr. Wade with a smile.

There was the sound of the front door being opened, and then the voice of Mr. Angus in the hall. Mr. Angus came into the room, and went over to shake hands with Mr. Wade.

"Mr. Wade's only just arrived, darling," said Mrs. Angus. "He was getting acquainted with Jonny. I think they're going to get along beautifully."

Mr. Wade said, "We were just finding out about any previous education."

"I don't think there can have been very much of that."

Jonathan glanced between the two men and saw that Mrs. Angus was looking at him with a faint little smile again. She said, "There are things we have to arrange, Jonny. Suppose you run and play in the brown room for a few minutes. You can come and say good-by to Mr. Wade when he leaves."

He got to his feet and said, "Yes, Mrs. Angus." Then he looked gravely at Mr. Angus

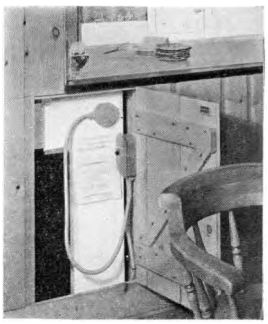
Kitchen Corners

Four families inventively solve space riddles in the kitchen.

By MARGARET DAVIDSON
Homemaking Editor

RIDDLE No. 1: How to get the laundry under the counter.

SOLUTION: At the Richard Mack home, the laundry devices fit in a divider between kitchen and dining room. For repairs and service, doors on the dining side open so connections at back are easily accessible (as shown below). Knotty pine encloses the whole length, and with hidden hinges and magnetic catches the paneling looks continuous and unbroken.



● The same divider is now seen (above right) from the kitchen side, where shutter doors are used. The dining room can be glimpsed, mellow with antiques and traditional fabrics. It was once a garage! Now it gives extra space for dinners, homework and even family projects, such as the current one of gluing seeds of different colors and textures into handsome mosaic patterns to be framed.

● The same view has doors open ready for action. Ironer, at far left, rolls out into the room, but the washer and dryer are used where they are. Serving counter is 39" high over the appliances. Someday the Macks may add folding or sliding doors to close off the kitchen at mealtime. But these days, while the children are so young and active, the open plan works best.

and went over the thick carpet, knowing that even though he turned his back on them, they were all closely watching him.

He stood outside in the hallway for a moment. He knew very well that the people he had just left were thinking and talking and deciding about him.

He liked Mr. Wade, so far, but he had learned that people could be very kind at times, and yet be very angry even a few minutes afterward. He became aware that Mr. Angus had raised his voice on the other side of the door.

"We can't expect so much of him so quickly, Vivien," Mr. Angus was saying.

"But he has a lot of ground to make up—and the sooner he does it, the better," Mrs. Angus said. "Robin used to be very quick at these things—especially mathematics. I see no reason why Jonny shouldn't have the same sort of lessons."

"If you'll excuse me"—it was the voice of Mr. Wade now—"you hardly ever find two boys responding in quite the same way to these things, Mrs. Angus—especially at Jonathan's age. Some take to arithmetic like ducks to water; some of them find it quite an ordeal."

"It was never like that with Robin."

There was a pause. Mr. Wade's voice spoke next, and he sounded a bit louder this time. "As you explained to me earlier, Mrs. Angus, Robin had advantages that this boy could hardly have been expected to have: your beautiful home, here; a fine school; the privilege of having the best of everything he needed."

"And Jonathan will have exactly the same advantages. That's why, from now on, I shall expect the very best of him."

"Viv, as I keep on saying, darling," Mr. Angus said, "we mustn't be too demanding! After all, a great deal depends on Jonathan himself. We don't know how quickly he can adjust to things."

Again there was a little silence. The realization that he should not be standing there, listening to grown-up people talking about him, made Jonathan's cheeks hot with a quick, new guilt. He wanted to hear what was being said, but, thinking of Mr. Angus, he also wanted to be obedient.

He ran through the hallway into the brown room, as he had been told to do. He ran across to where he could kneel on the window seat and look out into the street again.

The rain had stopped and the pavements were not shining any more. Somewhere beyond the tall buildings far over to his left the sun must be setting, although he could not see it. All he could see was a patch of orange sky with a fierce wall of black clouds across it. There seemed to be more people walking about, and more buses and more taxicabs in the street. There was a big, pale dog on a chain that was held by a fat young man with bright buttons down his coat. Jonathan watched the dog pull the young man over the sidewalk and along by the park railings.

Perhaps it was soon after that—he did not really know how long—that the terrible thing happened.

It began somewhere far away in the distance, but it seemed to grow and grow, until it filled the world itself. It was a kind of scream as if someone were terribly hurt. The scream was not just a sound that came and died. It went on screaming up and down, up and down, getting louder and shriller.

Jonathan clutched the edge of the seat. He was trembling now, and he shut his eyes to see if that would make the screaming go away.

It only grew worse. It grew so much louder that he fancied he saw again the day on which Sala and he had run away. And he fancied he heard again the terrible scream of Mrs. Ho. Jonathan could suddenly bear it no longer, he ran out of the room and across the hallway and into the music room.

They were still talking in there, but all three faces turned as one toward him.

Mrs. Angus stopped in the middle of a sentence. Jonathan ran past her and clung to Mr. Angus, burying his face in the cloth of his suit.

"Why, Jonny —— What on earth —— Listen, son, you're *safe* here, you know." Mr. Angus knelt down, with one knee on the carpet, and swung Jonathan round to him.

Still burying his face in the suit of Mr. Angus, Jonathan tried to tell them. "It's the screaming! They'll shoot them! That's what they do when they shoot them!"

Mrs. Angus came closer, too, and also knelt at his side. "Jonathan—it's only an ambulance, darling! It's a car that takes sick people to the hospital. It makes that noise so that other cars won't get in the way."

Jonathan shook his head unbelievingly. He did not dare turn and look at Mrs. Angus, for now he was crying, and was already ashamed of himself.

He heard Mrs. Angus say, "You see, Mr. Wade. This is *exactly* what I've been meaning. School might only make this kind of thing very much worse."

Mr. Angus said, "Listen, Jonny. Let's keep calm, shall we? Mr. Wade's going now, but he's coming back. I think you'll be very happy working together."

Jonathan turned round at last from Mr. Angus, and gave Mr. Wade a slight, wet smile.

"Good night, Jonny," said Mr. Wade.

"Good night, Mr. Wade."

He watched Mrs. Angus leading the tutor to the door. They went out into the hallway together. Mr. Angus looked down at him anxiously, then patted his shoulder. "What say we have a look at a TV program?"

Jonathan looked at him, and nodded. And he did not mind, just for once, that Mr. Angus gripped his hand as they went across the room.

"But I can't get anywhere with him, John. I took him to the park yesterday—and into the zoo. I kept on feeling as if I were walking down one side of a fence, with him on the other side of it."

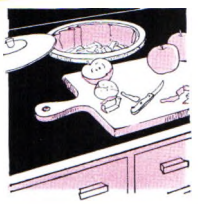
Jonathan could hear the words quite clearly, even though he was standing on the first landing, looking through the balustrade.

He knew that it was dinnertime, and that they were expecting him down there, but he had begun to hear these words about himself as soon as he opened his bedroom door. And

RIDDLE No. 2: How to make a cramped old dinette into a gay, cozy eating nook.

SOLUTION: The Nathan Sullivans put a 30″ range at right angles to the wall, added a partition that hides clutter, gas connection too. Small range has full-width oven with broiler below. When cooking and serving, counters flanking range are a big help. Plastic-coated wallpaper in new dining space is a lollipop design and wainscoting is prescored pressed wood. Ideal for 2 or 3 is 24″-wide table. Bubble light is a plug-in model.

RIDDLE No. 3: Where to put peelings.

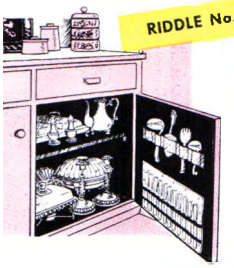


SOLUTION: As waste container, a deep-well cooker is recessed into a circular hole cut in a counter. It lifts out for disposal and cleaning. In use, its own rim supports it.

RIDDLE No. 4: How to plan for all-season barbecuing.

SOLUTION: In the William Matthews house, chimney in the center holds grill and a built-in electric oven on the kitchen side. Same chimney houses fireplace in the living room and conceals heating equipment. Indoor and outdoor views merge happily in this house with treetop-level windows.

RIDDLE No. 5: How to store silver.



SOLUTION: The Milton Fordes keep their silver bright in a cabinet completely lined with fabric that retards tarnish. Silver in the slots, hollow ware on the shelves, serving pieces in drawer above almost never need polishing.

RIDDLE No. 6: Where to fit marble kneading slab.

SOLUTION: A marble slab is held in slots at top of a cupboard. You can slide it out, put it on counter for kneading bread, making pastry or candy. We recommend it to all good cooks who vow no kitchen is complete without such an aid.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY STUART SKETCHES BY HARICH

he could not make himself go running down there and into the midst of it all.

"After all"—this was the voice of Mr. Angus—"he's only been here a month, Vivien, darling. We've just got to be patient," he added gently.

"Patient? How could anyone be more so? As I was telling you, I took him to the zoo to see the lions. I thought he'd be thrilled. He just stood there with tears in his eyes, and all I could get him to say was that he wanted to open the doors and let them be free. It's getting impossible to know *what* to do to make him happy. Robin used to love going to the zoo with me."

"Darling—Jonathan has an altogether different set of likes and dislikes. I don't suppose he's ever seen a wild animal in a cage."

"But Robin ——"

"Please, Viv. Not again, dear. We'll just go on talking in circles if we do this sort of thing."

There was a painful little quietness down there for a while, but the words of Mrs. Angus went ringing through Jonathan's ears.

Always she talked about Robin. Everything that was said led back to Robin. And he began to see that the only things Mrs. Angus really liked about him were the things that were most like Robin. Where he was not like Robin—where he didn't want to eat the same things, or behave in the same way—that was where Mrs. Angus did not like him.

He knew that he must not put off going down the stairs any longer. When he got there he saw that Mr. Angus was standing with his back to the fire, holding a small glass of something goldeny brown, and Mrs. Angus was sitting in one of the big chairs with a glass of the same thing.

Mr. Angus said, "Well, Jonny, I know you haven't been outside the house today, because I met Mr. Wade, and he said it had been raining too hard. Just the same, I hope you've worked up an appetite. Hungry?"

"Not—not specially, sir," Jonathan said.

Mrs. Angus looked at her watch and frowned. "Either Whitton's asleep again," she said, "or that cook's later with dinner than ever. Why they can't be more punctual when they have so little to do out there I can't imagine. Perhaps it's because I rang home and ordered something different for Jonathan. Some fillet of sole."

Mr. Angus was pouring some more of the goldeny-brown liquid into her glass.

"That was very thoughtful of you, darling," he said. "Doesn't he like what we're having? Didn't you say something about roast beef?"

"Yes. But after all, he's only ——"

"Did you think of asking him, dear? I've an idea he wants terribly much to feel like one of the family." He looked across at Jonathan. "D'you like roast beef, Jonny?"

"Yes, please. At home my mother used to have Yorkshire pudding with it. Yorkshire's where mother came from."

"Then, Vivien—don't you think he could have some roast beef with us, after all?"

"Next time, perhaps. The sole would be much better for him. Really it would, John. After Robin had been so ill, don't you remember how we put him back on his feet with fish, and chicken, and all those milk things?"

"Darling—Jonny hasn't been ill. He doesn't want to be treated as if he were an invalid."

Mrs. Angus put her glass down again, and got to her feet. She went over to the fire and stared down into it. Without looking round she said harshly, "Perhaps you'd rather look after his diet yourself, John. But remember, I've made some study of these things."

"There isn't any need to get upset, Viv. But I'm desperately anxious for Jonny not to be set apart. He's got to belong, darling."

Mrs. Angus turned back from the fire to Mr. Angus. "I think I'll have Frankie bring my dinner to my room on a tray. I've had rather a trying day, and I'm tired."

"Vivien, I'm sorry you had a bad day. But . . . now that we have Jonathan here, aren't you rather overdoing this charity business?"

"It's only a little more than a week, now, to the Silver Slipper Ball—and Helga's just beginning to work out those details. It *has* to be a success this year."

"So has . . . Jonny."

Mrs. Angus merely stared at him, then walked toward the door. She reached the door, but turned as she did so. "I can't demoralize the servants by ordering fillet of sole and not having it eaten. Tell Whitton *I'll* have it—upstairs. You can give Jonathan the roast beef."

Mr. Angus watched her go through the door, and gently close it after her. She closed it as if it were not really a door at all, but a deep, thick curtain that she was pulling back over them.

"Come here, Jonny." Mr. Angus sat down in one of the big chairs, and lifted Jonathan onto his knee. He looked earnestly at him. "There's something I've got to try and explain to you."

"Yes, sir?"

"When I first saw you in Hong Kong, and knew that you needed a home pretty badly, I thought the most urgent thing would be to get a roof over your head and some good food inside you. But that wasn't my only thought about it. My wife and I needed a new son too! Well, I thought there just couldn't be any big problems left for *you* to deal with when you got here. And that's where I was wrong."

"Yes, sir."

"Try to tell me your problem . . . in your own words."

Jonathan thought for a long moment about it. Then he said, "Having to make my mind up to do something to make everybody happy about me being here—but not knowing what it is I have to do."

"You figure things out pretty well for your size, don't you?"

"Not as well as you do," said Jonathan. "But a lot better than I did long ago."

Mr. Angus looked as if he were about to say some more about it, but there was a sound at the door, and they both glanced back to see Whitton standing there.

"Dinner is served, sir," Whitton said, and he was just going away again when Mr. Angus stopped him.

"Mrs. Angus will have her dinner upstairs, Whitton. Will you have a tray sent up—the fillet of sole, Mrs. Angus will have it instead of Master Jonathan."

Whitton raised his eyebrows. Eventually he said, "Very good, sir," and went out.

"Looks as if it's been a trying day for *everyone*," said Mr. Angus. "Let's not make it worse by being late."

He set Jonathan down, and started walking with him toward the dining room.

Whitton served them, and Jonathan was glad, in spite of the argument there had been about it, that he was having roast beef.

Soon, Whitton was out of the room again, and Jonathan was alone with Mr. Angus.

"What I wanted to tell you was this," Mr. Angus said at last. "If things begin to be too much of a puzzle for you here, Jonny—about why your new mother doesn't like you doing this or that—just remember that she's trying to do what *she* thinks is best for you."

"Yes, sir."

"There's a special reason for me trying to say these things to you today. I have to go away, Jonny. South America, this time. I'll be away for six weeks or so. I want to know you're going to be all right while I'm gone."

"Can I—can't I go, too, please, Mr. Angus?"

He smiled in a comforting kind of way, but shook his head. "I'm afraid that's something we can't manage this time, Jonny. Someday in the future we will, though —— What are you staring at?"

Jonathan did not reply. He just went on looking at the place where Mrs. Angus' chair had been.

"Start again at the top of the page, Jonny. If you come to another of those long words, have a shot at it. I'll help you out."

"Yes, Mr. Wade."

Jonathan lifted up his schoolbook again and started reading aloud from the paragraph at the top of the page.

"'As an all-round athlete Paul was getting better. Regular practice and system—sys——'"

"Systematic. Systematic training means *methodical* training. That's what made Paul such a fast runner."

"Fast enough to beat the other boys?"

"That's what the book says."

"I can run pretty fast, too, Mr. Wade. Are *you* good at running?"

"Not too bad. When I was at school and we used to have a track meet ——"

"What is a track meet?"

"It's a kind of sports meeting, Jonny. A lot of boys getting together and having races."

Jonathan set the book down and drew one foot up onto the rung of the chair beneath him. "Do you think I could go to a track meet, Mr. Wade?"

Mr. Wade looked rather surprised. "Would you like that? Mixing with some other boys—maybe running in some of the races?"

"Yes, please. Can I *really*, Mr. Wade?"

"You haven't met any other American boys of your own age yet, have you?"

Two watermelons cannot be held under one arm.
TURKISH PROVERB

"No, sir."

The tutor looked hard at the floor as if he were thinking about something. "I've been here with you a month now, Jonny. Perhaps it's time for us to try and do something about this. I *do* know where there's a track meet. It's in a school not too far away from here, the day after tomorrow. If Mrs. Angus will agree ——"

"Will you ask her, Mr. Wade? Today?"

Mr. Wade pushed back his sleeve so that he could see his watch. "Let's wait until we can feel pretty sure of her saying 'yes,' shall we? Suppose we get on with the reading."

Jonathan picked up the book and began again where he had left off. Before they had reached the end of the short chapter, he heard Whitton opening the front door, and knew that Mrs. Angus had come home.

She did not usually come into the brown room, where he did his lessons—so he asked Mr. Wade's permission to go and fetch her.

Mrs. Angus was standing at the bottom of the stairs as Jonathan opened the door.

"Hello, Jonny!" she said with a smile. "I had a cable from your father today. He's arrived in Rio de Janeiro. That's a city in Brazil. He sent his love to you."

He nodded. "Is he coming home now?"

She shook her head. "He's only been away a few days, Jonny. So I'm afraid he can't be back for quite a time. Aren't you glad you have Mr. Wade here, though?"

"Yes, thank you. Will you speak to Mr. Wade, please? He wants to tell you about something. It's something special!"

She smiled down at him. "What have you been cooking up in that strange young head of yours now, I wonder?"

He was glad to get her inside the brown room and to have Mr. Wade stand up in such a friendly sort of way and say, "Good evening, Mrs. Angus."

"Do sit down again, Mr. Wade."

Mr. Wade did as she told him, and Mrs. Angus sat in the low leather chair facing him. She glanced at the schoolbooks on the desk.

"How's he coming along?" she asked.

"He's doing fine, Mrs. Angus. I really begin to feel he's making up for lost time at last."

"I'm very glad to hear it. He says you have something to tell me."

Mr. Wade said, "I've been thinking that perhaps it might be good for Jonny to get a little more exercise. I know it's still winter, and that he does get an occasional stretch of walking in the park. But he really needs more than that. There's a junior track meet coming up at a school I know at Oyster Bay. Jonny says he likes racing. I wondered if you'd let me take him over there for the afternoon."

Mrs. Angus seemed to be studying him, and to be thinking deeply about it, but as she did so the kindness went out of her face, and a pale frightened look came into her eyes. "I know it's only a little thing," she said, "but it could be the beginning of ——"

She stopped there and waited for a moment. Then she spoke more loudly, "I thought we'd been very clear about any sort of school activity just yet. After all, it's only a month since we discussed all this."

"A month of being rather alone in a big house can be a long time for a boy like Jonny. He really does need the companionship of other boys his own age."

For a moment she was silent. Then she spoke in an odd kind of way, as if she were standing in a corner, and could not get out of it. "There must be plenty of other ways of his meeting other boys without having to go to school to do so."

"I'm not suggesting his taking part *regularly* in any school activity."

"Even once might be a mistake under certain circumstances."

Mrs. Angus rose and walked a step or two toward the window. She looked as if she were trying very hard to make up her mind.

Then suddenly she shook her head, as if she were saying a very definite "no" to herself.

"Believe me, Mr. Wade," she said, "I don't want to hurt him. It's *because* I don't want to hurt him that . . . well, I'd like to let this chance go by, and think about it for a week or two. Let *me* take him off somewhere exciting on Wednesday. And perhaps you'd like to take the Wednesday off altogether, and come back on Thursday."

Mr. Wade sat very still. Finally, in a flat voice, he said, "Thank you, Mrs. Angus."

"And I *do* appreciate your motive, Mr. Wade. If any other ideas occur to you along these lines, I hope you won't feel too rebuffed to tell me of them?"

"I'll gladly tell you anything that comes to my mind on the subject, Mrs. Angus."

She gave him a small smile and turned toward the door. Mr. Wade started putting away the schoolbooks from the top of the desk. Jonathan went over to help him.

The door was locked from the other side.

Mrs. Angus had sent a message to him, through Frankie, that she was not feeling very well. It was strange that Mrs. Angus would not even let him go in to say good morning. And this, to make matters worse, was the Wednesday on which she had proposed to take him to see some of the sights of New York—the Wednesday Mr. Wade had taken the day off.

Mrs. Angus had let Frankie into her bedroom, though—taking her breakfast on a tray. Frankie was in there quite a time, and Jonathan was standing just inside the music-room door when she came downstairs again. As she was reaching the bottom, Whitton came across from the brown room.

Frankie saw him, and gave a little jerk of her head in the direction of the upper landing. "It's blowing up a storm in there again. It's too bad Mr. Angus is away, for there sure is trouble coming to this house."

"What trouble?"

"You know what happened last time she had one of these spells? Well—she's got the same look on her face this morning."

"It's a sad business, Frankie." Whitton paused to shake his head, then he disappeared.

She stared after him for a moment, then went off toward the kitchen. Jonathan watched until there was not a sight or a sound of either of them. Then he looked up at the landing, toward the locked door.

It was dark today, and there was no sun. As Jonathan stared out the window, he saw Mr. Wade get off a bus and come striding over the pavement, and up between the stone lions.

Jonathan ran out into the hall to meet him. "Good morning, Mr. Wade," he said in a loud and welcoming voice. Whitton came out, too, and took Mr. Wade's coat and hat.

"Good morning, Jonny . . . 'morning, Whitton. Glad somebody's looking cheerful this cold, gray day!"

"Did you like your day off, Mr. Wade?" Jonathan asked.

Mr. Wade shrugged. "So-so." He walked toward the door of the brown room. "How did you enjoy *yours*?"

"We didn't go out at all—Mrs. Angus wasn't well enough."

"Too bad."

"Perhaps *we* could go and see some of the sights, Mr. Wade—you and me?"

Mr. Wade looked across at him thoughtfully. "Don't know how it might work," he said. "But we could have another shot at it."

"Soon?"

"We'll see about that. Yesterday I was talking to a schoolteacher who'd been taking a group of boys round the U.N. Building—that's the United Nations."

Jonathan remembered. The words brought back to his mind a picture of Miss Lunt and how she had told him she lived near to the United Nations Building.

"Yes, I've heard of it. Miss Lunt told me about it. She's the one who brought me on the ship from China."

"Then how about taking a look?" Mr. Wade suggested.

"I'd like it. I'd like it fine."

"Good!" said Mr. Wade. "If we can get Mrs. Angus to agree, there's no reason why we shouldn't go almost any time. There's no need to wait for any group of other boys, either." He stopped, leaning forward and wrinkling his brow. "*Now* what's wrong?"

"I'd *like* to wait and go round with the other boys, please."

"I might have realized that. Of course you would."

"Could we ask Mrs. Angus today, please?"

"I don't see why not."

It was late in the afternoon before they saw a sign of Mrs. Angus. They had finished their schoolwork and were listening to a big band of soldiers marching with loud music on the television set, making such a noise that they did not even hear Mrs. Angus coming into the room.

"I'm sure you'll forgive me, Mr. Wade," she said, and turned the little knob that made the band quieter. "I've rather a headache."

"But of course, Mrs. Angus. Sorry we were making such a racket." He turned the knob and the band disappeared altogether.

Mrs. Angus walked over to a small table with a glass bottle on it. "I thought you'd have left by now, Mr. Wade," she said. "Won't you have a glass of sherry?"

"Thanks. I was waiting to have a word with you about another little plan I've been thinking about, Mrs. Angus."

Mrs. Angus smiled. "What is it this time?"

She handed him the small glass of sherry and poured one for herself. Then she came and sat down, and Mr. Wade sat facing her.

"I'm so sorry," Mr. Wade began, "that you weren't well enough yesterday to go sight-seeing with Jonny. I'm wondering if I might steal one of those particular 'sights' off your list and take him there myself."

"Yes?"

"I thought it might interest him to go round the U.N. Building."

"Isn't he a little young to understand these things?"

Mr. Wade gave her a friendly smile. "Oh, I don't deny there's a great deal about the U.N. that would be lost on him. But he'd learn more about it as he grew older. In any case, it would give him a chance to see some other children of his own age."

"What other children?"

"They have a system of guides at the U.N. School parties usually arrive there in buses. The junior grades get together on these things. I thought that if Jonny were to share a little adventure like that ——"

"Can't you take him alone? I'm sure other children go sight-seeing there with just an adult."

"Indeed they do. But his need is to be with other children. A trip like this is just the thing I'd choose for him."

"*You* would choose."

No one is fool enough to choose war instead of peace. For in peace sons bury fathers, but in war fathers bury sons.

HERODOTUS

Mr. Wade set down his glass on the edge of the table. "Yes, Mrs. Angus. It's the sort of thing I would choose."

"I see. I thought we'd been through all this before."

"You'll remember saying that if any other ideas of this kind occurred to me ——"

"I know I did. But I have some very clear ideas on what's good and what is not good for a boy like Jonathan."

"Have you stopped to consider that you could possibly be a little too definite about all this?"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that it can be very dangerous to be too rigid where a little boy like Jonny is concerned . . . or with any other small boy who's not in any position to speak for himself."

Mrs. Angus sat curiously still. "There's no need for you to be insulting, Mr. Wade," she said.

"An honest opinion is hardly an insult. If you don't do something quickly about Jonathan you're going to cause lasting damage. Shutting him up in this house and blocking any normal contact with the world ——"

Mrs. Angus rose to her feet. "I won't listen to this!" she said.

Mr. Wade also stood up. "I think you'll realize that it could be useful to listen to me, Mrs. Angus. Can't you be honest enough to face the facts?"

"What facts?"

Mr. Wade stood perfectly still and looked at her. "I think the main one is that you didn't really care about Jonathan's finding a home. I don't believe *his* need meant a thing to you. All you wanted was to get back the *status quo*—to get even with life for having robbed you of your other son!"

"You wouldn't dare to say these things if Mr. Angus ——"

"I sincerely think he'd understand. But whether he would or not, somebody's got to speak up for Jonny while there's still time. Other people have tried to revenge themselves on God, Mrs. Angus—but I've seldom seen a more heartless way of trying it."

Mrs. Angus stood in silence for a moment. Then she gave a sharp, strange little cry. She did not look at Mr. Wade again. She just walked to the door in a quick, stiff kind of way.

When she had gone, the room was full of silence. While Jonathan watched, Mr. Wade's shoulders drooped, but he suddenly shook himself, and came quickly over the carpet. He put a hand on Jonathan's shoulder.

"It isn't the first time I've talked myself out of a job, Jonny—but it had to be done. I won't be coming back here."

Jonathan closed his eyes very tightly and clung to Mr. Wade in a kind of shapeless loneliness. "Please take me, too, Mr. Wade."

"Can't be done, Jonny. I'd give a lot if I could take you, but soon your father'll be back again. Everything will be all right then, won't it?"

Jonathan nodded. He did not say anything.

Mr. Wade patted him gently on the shoulder, and then went out of the room. Jonathan heard him go down the hall to the front door.

He ran to the window and looked out into the street. It was dark out there now, and he could see, in the yellow patch of light near the street lamp, that it was raining. He supposed that Mr. Wade was one of the shadows hurrying away over the shiny pavement.

He turned round to look at the room again. The lights were on, but it looked big and dark and strangely lonely.

Perhaps it would be nice to play the piano. The piano was the one thing in the room that looked friendly and inviting. He climbed onto the piano stool. He put his hands down over the cool, clean keys, and started to play.

What he played he did not know, but some of the sounds were big and comforting. He tried to find them again, but although he came quite near to them, he did not find them.

Suddenly he made a big, grand new sound. And because it was exciting and different he played it again, and then again.

He did not know how often he played the sound. He became lost in the bigness and the noise of it. But in the middle of it something made him look quickly around and there was Mrs. Angus, coming through the door.

There was a long, flowing, filmy black thing that came billowing and sweeping after her. She almost ran toward him, and there was something terrible about the way she ran.

"Didn't you hear me say I had a headache?" She did not say the words. She shouted. She swept his hands off the keys with her own hard hands—and suddenly, as he shrank back from her, she slammed down the lid of the piano. The noise was like a gun. It was not just *like* the sound of a gun. It *was* the sound.

He pressed his hands over his ears and ducked his head. Out of the corners of his eyes he could see Mrs. Angus staring at him. Then he saw her turn sharply and run quickly out of the room.

But the noise of the gun went on. Screams were with it now, and the voice of Sala, and the voice of his mother.

"Jonny!" they called. "Jonny! Come quick, Jonny—hurry . . . *hurry*, Jonny!"

He stood up and clutched the edge of the piano. There was nobody behind him, but any moment there *would* be somebody there.

He ran over the thick carpet and out of the door into the hall. He struggled with the big

CONTINUED ON PAGE 125

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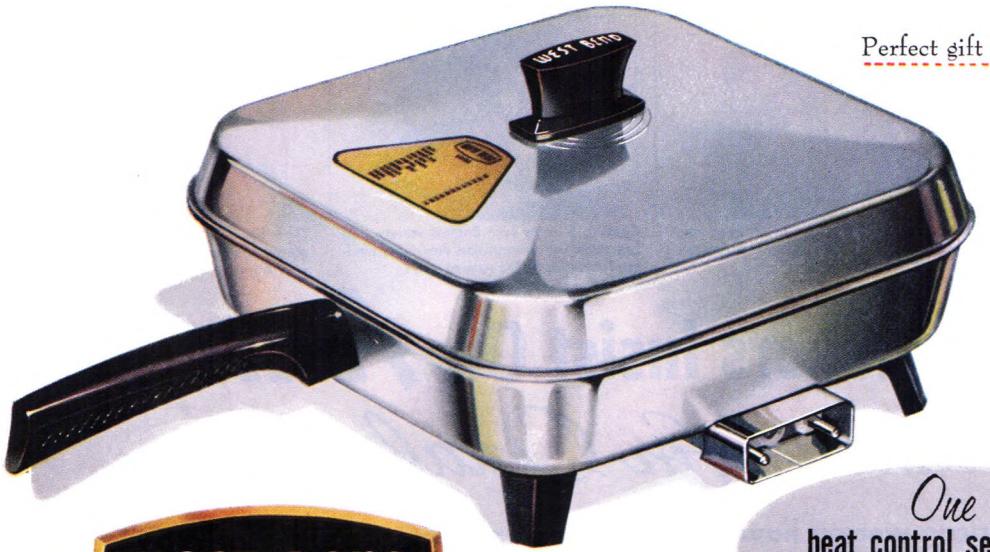

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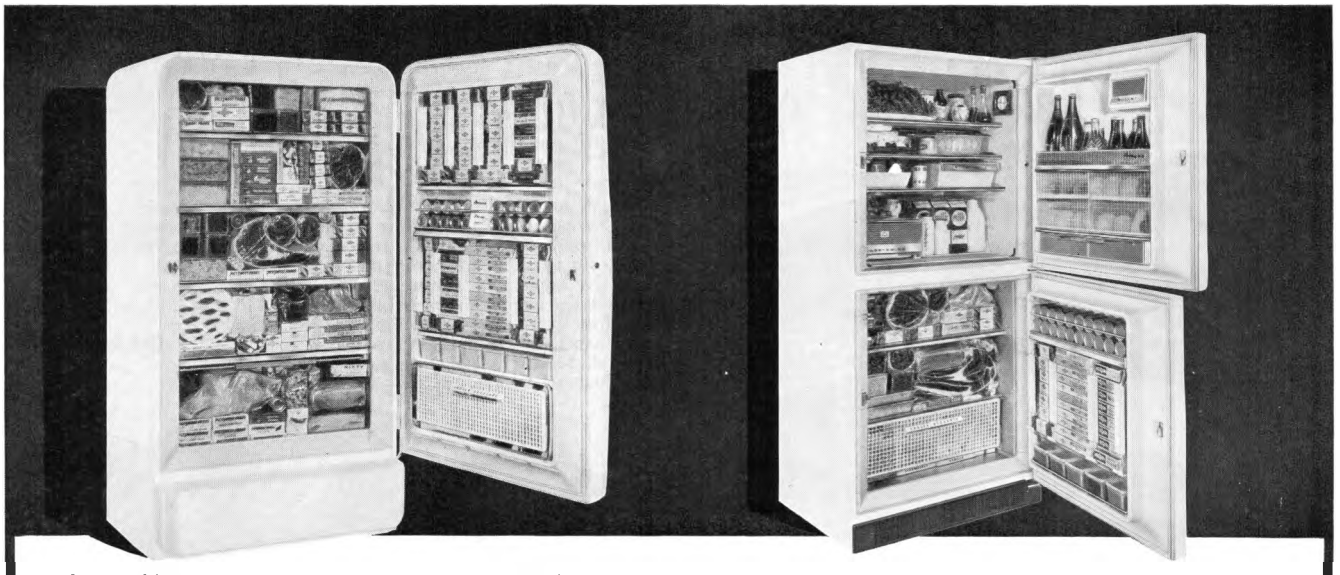

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 122

doorknob and turned it. Then, without even trying to close the door behind him, he ran out and down the steps.

There were some who stopped to stare at him as he ran by. He saw their faces—pale and blank in the light from the street lamps. He had no coat on, and soon the rain was dripping through his hair and under his collar and down his back. He was cold all over.

He did not know where he was, and the buildings were high and strange. Crying made it harder to see, and he knew that he was lost.

He stumbled out of the rain into a doorway. It was dark but it was dry in there, and he leaned against a brick wall and gasped until he could breathe more slowly again.

He came out of the doorway and went on down the street. His legs were tired now, and he did not run any more. He just walked, looking at the lighted windows and the people he could glimpse behind them.

The windows looked different now, and so did the people on the street. There was not so much traffic here. There were little shops, with sacks of vegetables and boxes of other things out on the pavement.

Then it was that a kind and comforting thing began to happen. He saw something that looked like home . . . like *real* home, not anything to do with the house on Fifth Avenue.

It was some words in Chinese, painted in gold so that they glittered wetly in the lamplight. What the words were, Jonathan was not sure, but there were also three big words in English. Two of the words he could read for himself. They said CHENG LIN. The other word spelled LAUNDRY.

He ran across the street and stared inside. Then he went up to the door. It was slightly open. He pushed it wide enough to walk through.

There was a short, high counter in there, with a gap in it, but there did not seem to be anybody either on his side of the counter or on the other. A warm and comforting smell was around him. It, too, seemed to belong to home. It was a happy smell, like warm, wet towels, and ginger, and packets of tea, and it made him think for a moment that Sala would pop her head around the back-room door.

Sure enough, a second or two afterward, a face *did* peer out of the back-room door. A thin arm came round the corner of the wall, and a hand flicked on a switch that made the room full of light.

The face and the arm and the hand belonged to a small woman with a glossy yellow face with white hair pushed tightly back from it. It was an old face, like Sala's, full of wrinkles. She was looking at him through small, bright eyes that were full of curiosity.

From somewhere long ago the words came to his lips. "Good evening, old lady," he said in Chinese, and the smile on the yellow face became a surprised and wondering laugh.

"You speak Chinese, small boy!" she said in the same tongue.

"Only a few words," he said in English.

She took an excited little step toward him. She was almost as small as he was. "All very wet!" she said. "Not stay in these wet clothes. Who are you?"

For a moment he did not reply. Then he said, "Jonny."

"Jonny who?"

If he said "Angus," they might send him back again. His eyes got hot, and the ache came back into his throat.

"Who are *you?*" he asked.

"I am Mrs. Lin. Where you come from, Jonny?"

"I ran away."

The old one knelt on the floor and started unbuttoning the dripping jacket of his suit.

"That a bad thing. Perhaps your mother and father look all over for you."

"No!" He said it very loudly. "Please don't let them come to get me. Don't let them *ever* come. The soldiers will find me and shoot me—like the other people!"

Mrs. Lin took off the wet coat. She seemed suddenly frightened. "Shoot you? What you telling me? You wait. Tell Mr. Lin about this. He back in a few minutes."

Jonathan slowly shook his head again. He was much too tired to try and stop crying, even if white boys did not cry, and the old lady knew it.

She gripped his hand and led him into the room at the back. It was a plain room, but there was a fire in the hearth, and she led him before it.

"Stand there and get warm," she said, and went through a door and came back almost at once with a dry shirt and some gray trousers. She left them on a chair and went back again—to return with a bowl of hot water that had a sponge and some soap in it. She had a big dry towel over her arm.

Soon all the wet clothes were off, and Mrs. Lin rubbed the soap over the sponge, and sponged him, gently and warmly, all over. Nobody had done that since Sala. Soon he was not crying any more.

It was then that Mr. Lin came home. He was a thin, wrinkled man, and quite an old one too. He was holding a number of coats across his arm. He put them down over the end of the sofa.

"Who this boy?" he asked.

"He came in from the rain," said Mrs. Lin. "He very wet—and also very cold. He ran away from home."

Mr. Lin made clicking noises with his tongue. "Maybe bad trouble for us if they know he's here. We should telephone the police."

There was something in the suggestion that made Jonathan clutch the edge of the towel. "Please!" he begged. "Please let me stay here!"

"He very tired," said Mrs. Lin. "No harm let him stay *this* night."

Mr. Lin looked anxiously at her, then at Jonathan, then back at Mrs. Lin again. "If father and mother look for him," he said, "then this night very bad for them also."

"Too wet for him to go out again," said Mrs. Lin. "Please let him stay this night."

Mr. Lin looked at his wife. "Well," he said, "it is long after small boy's bedtime. We will talk about what to do in the morning."

Mrs. Lin gave a sigh and a laugh at the same time. She looked down at the shirt she held. "Now we find something to sleep in. Good to be in laundry, Jonny. Always something dry and clean for when you need!"

It was only beginning to be day when he started to wake up, and the first thing he heard was a sound of long ago. It was the sound of quick, high-up Chinese voices. The people seemed to be working as they talked, for there were loud banging sounds, and a noise like the hiss of steam.

It was through the wall on the other side of the room that he first heard Mrs. Lin again. She was talking to somebody and the somebody had a big voice, and was talking English.

"Small boy very tired," said Mrs. Lin. "So tired he still asleep. But my husband very worried about him. He thought best to telephone you soon as he woke this morning."

"Every police station in town's been looking for the boy. The sooner he comes with me the better."

There was a little pause. Mrs. Lin said, in a helpless kind of voice, "He very afraid of going home."

"Why?"

"He not say."

"Then let's go in and find out."

Jonathan slipped out from under the coverlet and stood by the end of the bed. In the opening door he saw the friendly face of Mrs. Lin, and behind it a much bigger face with red cheeks and a cap with a shiny black peak.

When they were in the room, Jonathan knew that the man was a policeman. "Take it

easy, son," said the policeman. "What's your name?"

"Jonny."

"Could it be 'Jonny' for short, and 'Jonathan' when your folks are mad at you?"

Jonathan nodded.

"And what's the rest of your name? Could it be 'Jonathan Angus'?"

Jonathan looked right up at the policeman and nodded. "Yes, sir."

"Where do you live?"

"A house where the park is."

The policeman nodded. "Fifth Avenue?"

Jonathan nodded again. The policeman seemed to know all about him. He supposed he would be taken back there, and that Mrs. Angus would be angrier than ever. He turned and stared helplessly up at Mrs. Lin, and Mrs. Lin appealed to the policeman. "Is there time for me to get him food, please? No matter where he go, he need breakfast."

"O.K.," said the policeman.

Mrs. Lin shuffled off through the door.

"Listen, son—what are you scared of?" asked the policeman.

"Please don't take me back again, sir."

"And why not?"

Jonathan did not know how to explain. But it was terribly important to make the policeman understand. All he said was "Mrs. Angus ——" and looked sharply at the floor.

"You mean your mother?"

He shook his head. "No. Not my mother."

The policeman wrinkled his brow.

"She is my new one," Jonathan explained.

"You mean she adopted you? Where did you come from, son—I mean *before* you got to New York?"

"Taishun. In China."

"Then how did you get here?"

"Mr. Angus did it."

"Did he bring you over?"

"No, sir. Miss Lunt did. She does a lot about boys like me. She gets homes for them."

"You mean she works at that kind of thing? Do you remember the name of the people she works for?"

He thought hard. He went back in his memory to the low white building in Hong Kong. "A place called I.C.A.," he said.

The policeman wrote some words in the book. Presently he looked at Jonathan solemnly. "You're scared to go home, son?" he asked.

Jonathan stared back for a moment. "Yes, sir," he said.

Thinking of I.C.A. and Hong Kong again, an idea came to him that made him take a step or two toward the policeman. "Please can I go to be with Miss Lunt, sir—until Mr. Angus comes back?"

The policeman put two large hands on Jonathan's shoulders, smiling a big, broad smile. "We know a lot about I.C.A. I'll have to put in a report on this. But there's nothing in the book that says I can't take you home by *way* of Miss Lunt—if we can find her."

Jonathan felt very grand and important—sitting in the back seat of a police car with the big policeman at his side. There was a driver in front who looked like a policeman too. His name was Sam, and he had very much surprised Jonathan by picking up a small criss-cross thing with a handle on it, and talking to it. When Sam told the voice where they were going, the voice made a few clucking noises and finally said, "O.K. Call me again when you get there."

Even the voice, however, was not so exciting as being on the way to see Miss Lunt again. Miss Lunt had actually seen the place he came from in Hong Kong, so in a way she was almost like a part of home.

When he got out, the policeman took Jonathan in through the door of such a high skyscraper that even by leaning over backward Jonathan could hardly see the top of it.

Inside the policeman took him into an elevator. He had heard about American elevators. This one started to go up so quickly that he wondered for a moment if part of his stomach actually *had* jumped into his throat. The office of I.C.A. was high up on the forty-seventh floor, and Jonathan had never been so high.

They came to a door that had the letters I.C.A. on it, and a lot of other words. The policeman opened it. There were a lot of girls on the other side of the door—working at desks. One came to the counter and said, "Miss Lunt's waiting for you, officer."

They went across the crowded office and through a door at the end of it.

It was a quiet room, in there, with the sun shining in at the window. And there, getting up from a big shiny desk, was Miss Lunt.

"Well, Jonny!" she said. "How nice of you to come and see me!" Turning to the policeman, she said, "I'm so glad you brought him to me first, officer."

"Sounded like a good idea, ma'am. Perhaps you could answer some questions?" the policeman said.

"Gladly. But I think this youngster has enough on his mind. Would it be all right if he waited in Mrs. Gibbs' room next door? She's out of town, and he can have it to himself."

Miss Lunt walked over and opened a door on the other side of the room. The policeman went across and stared inside. "No chance of him running away again, I suppose?"

"Not unless he bores a hole through the wall."

Miss Lunt put one hand behind Jonathan's shoulder and shepherded him to the door of the other room. "You don't mind waiting a little while, Jonny? Why don't you draw something on this scratch pad? I'll come back for you soon." She went out again, closing the door.

He went round and sat in the swivel chair at the desk, and took his pen out, but he did not immediately start to draw anything. He was too busy wondering if they were making up their minds in there to send him back to Mrs. Angus. He was also wondering what Mrs. Angus was thinking about him, and whether she had written a letter to tell Mr. Angus about it, and what *he* would think.

He started to draw something on the pad at last, but suddenly felt very sleepy. He wanted to make a kind of star, but he did not really finish it. He just put his head down on his elbow and closed his eyes.

"Wake up, Jonathan!" Miss Lunt's voice came rumbling into the middle of his dream.

He opened his eyes, and there *was* Miss Lunt, in front of the desk.

"You've been asleep for nearly two hours! The policeman went long ago—and there's nobody here any longer but you and me. I'm going to take you out in a few minutes to get some lunch, but before that I've some news for you."

He rubbed his eyes and sat up as Miss Lunt sank down into a big brown leather chair.

"To begin with," Miss Lunt said cheerfully, "you needn't be afraid of going home today."

"Isn't the policeman coming back for me?"

"No, dear. After a lot of telephoning it was decided that it might be a nice change for you to come home with *me* tonight—and stay at my apartment."

This was a new and wonderful thing to think about. He began to feel excited inside.

"Forever and ever?" he asked.

She shook her head with a laugh. "I don't expect to be there quite that long myself! No, Jonny—just for tonight. Perhaps tomorrow night too. Your new father's coming back from South America to look after you!"

His eyes opened with excitement.

"He's very fond of you, Jonathan. They told him about what had happened on the telephone last night—all the way down in Brazil. And he canceled all his plans, to catch a plane and fly back. Mr. Angus is arriving tonight—too late to wake you up, I'm afraid. But he's coming here first thing in the morning."

Jonathan gazed across the desk and rubbed his hands together with a rush of wonder. "When Mr. Angus comes," he began, but said no more than just the four words, and then again, "When Mr. Angus comes ——"

He had slept on something called a studio couch in Miss Lunt's apartment. After breakfast she had brought him back to the I.C.A. offices, and now he was sitting in Mrs. Gibbs' room again, in the leather chair beside her desk.

At least, he had been sitting in it until he had heard Mr. Angus come into Miss Lunt's office on the other side of the door.

This time the door was not quite closed, even though Miss Lunt must have thought she had closed it. It was open just enough for him to hear what was being said in there. And for once he wished that he couldn't hear, for what was being said made his face hot, and filled him with a kind of prickly confusion.

"I'd no idea how lonely and disturbed he was becoming, Mr. Angus. I never thought for a moment that you wouldn't give Jonny a normal life, with other children of his own age."

"That question of a school has been very difficult."

"You didn't mention anything about that when you first applied for Jonny. Have you stopped to think that the I.C.A. can take him back again?"

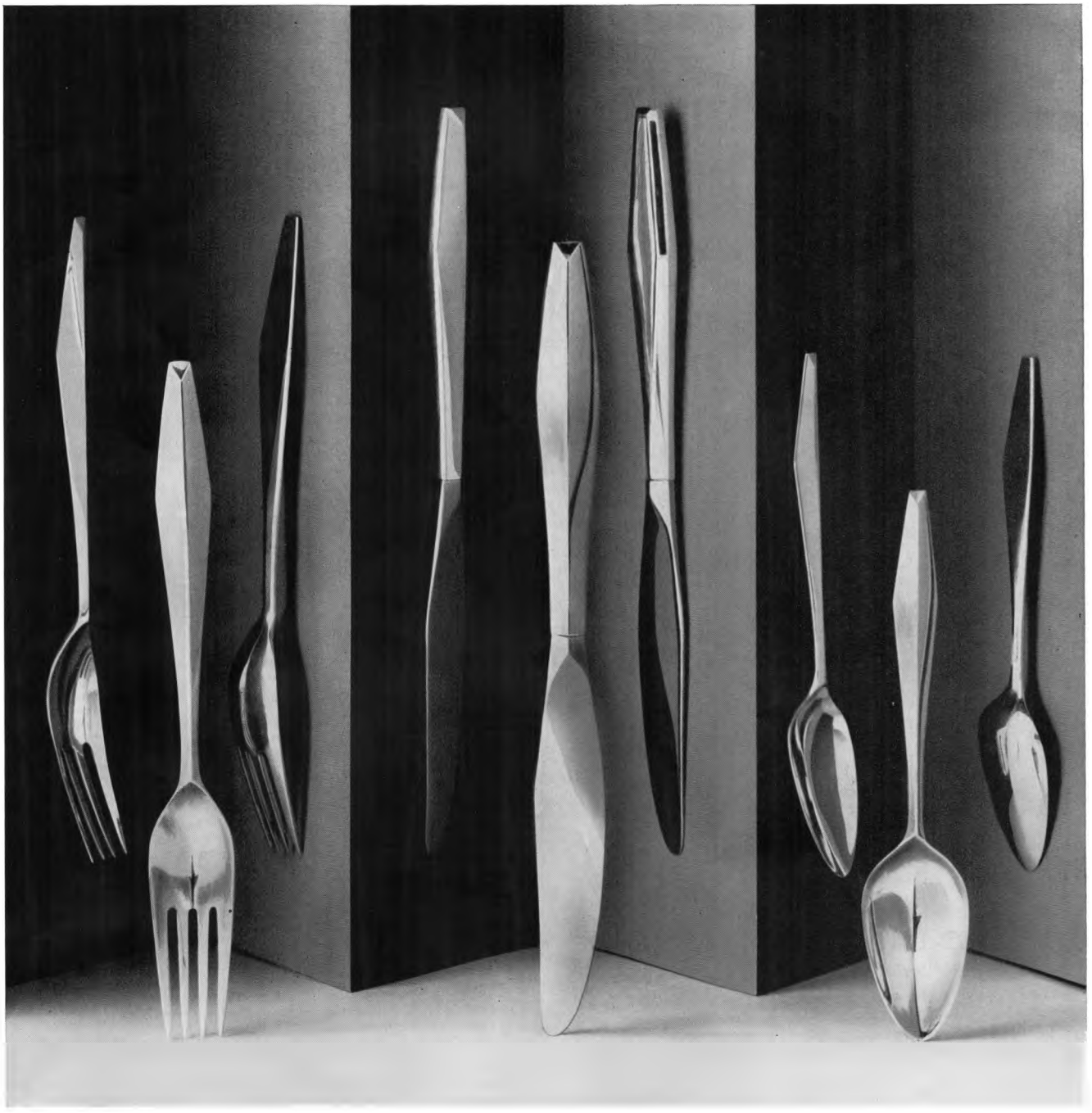
"You—you surely couldn't do that to us!"

"If we felt it was for his peace and happiness we certainly could. We wouldn't hesitate."

"Now . . . please, Miss Lunt ——"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 128

"Here's an interesting article on how the average housewife can earn money in her spare time."



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 126

"There's something I haven't told you, Mr. Angus. Mr. Wade came here to see me. He'd heard Jonny talk about me and felt that I might be someone who'd help in a crisis."

"I see. I've been wondering how you were so—so informed." There was a little pause, then Mr. Angus went on again. "I don't blame Wade. I'd have done the same thing."

"Then why didn't you? If you were worried, why didn't you tell me how things were before you went away? At least I might have called to see Jonny now and then."

"You don't understand Vivien."

"It's a little late to say that."

"She's quite ill, Miss Lunt, as I told you on the phone. She had an earlier nervous breakdown just after Robin died—neither of us concealed that from you."

"I'm very sorry about her, Mr. Angus—sincerely I am. But what's worrying me most is what's going to happen to Jonny. Do you honestly think it's good for him to be mixed up in this kind of thing?"

It seemed to take a long, long time for Mr. Angus to answer. "I may have been very blind about all this," he said at length. "I suppose a man can love his wife so much that he can't always see what's going on. In Vivien's case she's been going through a hell of her own making, but if you'd known her in the old days—if you knew what she was really like underneath—then you'd believe, as I do, that it *can* come out right. Honestly it can!"

"If Jonny goes back with you—if you can persuade him to want to go back—what do you propose to do?"

"For one thing, I'm going to see about a school for him. I'm going to make sure that some other healthy young minds and bodies come within sight and sound of him."

"Can you promise that?"

"I promise it."

Jonathan waited for them to talk again. It was Miss Lunt who spoke. "That's what I'd do for him myself, Mr. Angus. He needs loving and understanding. He responds to the smallest thing that anybody does for him. But . . . I believe you've begun to see that for yourself, haven't you? Let's not keep him waiting in there any longer."

Jonathan ran back to the big chair—but he did not quite reach it before they came in.

Mr. Angus looked brown and big and friendly, and there was a wonderful smile on his face. He came right over and put his hands on Jonathan's shoulders.

"It's good to see you again, Jonny."

"Yes, sir."

"You—you really started something, didn't you?"

Jonathan stared for a moment, then he looked away, and fixed his eyes on the opposite wall.

"We've got a lot to talk about. What I'd like is for us to go home and get away from everybody and relax, eh?"

Jonathan turned and faced him, his eyes quite wide and anxious.

"There'll only be the two of us, Jonny. Just you and me. How about it?"

Jonathan went on staring. A hundred questions chased one another through his head, but as he looked at Mr. Angus everything felt suddenly safe again.

"Yes, please," he said.

There was a big fire, bright and crackling, in the music room, even though it was still only morning. With Mr. Angus sitting in the chair opposite, it wasn't really very frightening to be home again—even if the questions about Mrs. Angus remained unanswered.

"Know something?" Mr. Angus said.

Jonathan looked up expectantly.

"Families are for sticking together when there's trouble, Jonny—not for running away from."

Jonathan pondered the words. "I'm sorry if I made you come back all the way from South America. I got—I got frightened because ——"

"I know about it," Mr. Angus said quietly. "Your mother tried to tell me what happened. It wasn't very easy for her to talk, because ——"

"Was she very cross with me?"

"Your mother's very ill—in a hospital, Jonny. You see, when people worry very much about something for a long time, and don't do anything about it, they're apt to get more and more upset deep down inside, until . . . well, it sometimes happens that they get what's called a breakdown, and for a little while they're not able to think very clearly, or to do very much for themselves. It was like that with *her*, Jonny—after she discovered that you'd run away."

Jonathan grew troubled. "Was it . . . because of *me*?"

"You mustn't blame yourself. She's not been feeling very well for a long time—since long before you came to us. Now she must stay in the hospital until she's well again. She's realized a lot of things since you last saw her. She wants to think that when she's better, she'll find *you* at home, and discover that we can be a family again."

"If she wants me, sir, why did she ——"

"Somebody who's having a bad dream sometimes does strange things in it. That's really what *she* was doing—having a bad dream. Between us we've got to wake her up out of that dream. If we stick together we can do it. It's certainly something I couldn't tackle alone. It needs *you*. It needs you being bigger than ever."

"Even bigger than . . . the boy in the picture?"

There was a strange, sharp silence.

"So you've been seeing that, too, Jonny," Mr. Angus said softly. "Seems everybody's known how bad things were getting except me. Even Vivien ——" Again Mr. Angus stopped without finishing his sentence.

Jonathan looked up at him. Although he did not fully comprehend what was being said, there was a kind of peace about the words.

"Your mother and I've been talking about something else this morning. We felt that with this house being so close to the park, we didn't really see why you couldn't have a dog."

"Could I? Could I really?"

"Other people around here have them."

"I'd like a fierce dog," said Jonathan. "I'd like a dog that can make the rest of them creep about on their stomachs and tremble! But he won't always be like that. Most of the time he'll just be plain happy—because we'll feed him well, won't we?"

"You bet we will."

"And we can call him Bozzy."

"Indeed we can."

"Golly!" said Jonathan excitedly.

As he thought about the dog, he thought about Mrs. Angus again. "Do you think I could go there, too, please?"

"Where?"

"To the hospital."

Mr. Angus hesitated. "Soon," he said. "Not just yet, Jonny. I'll tell her you'd like to come."

Jonathan nodded. He realized as he did so that he really *did* want to go. He wanted more than anything to show that he would get busy with Mr. Angus at helping the answers to come out right at last. He stood up and put his hand in his pocket and pulled out the small leather bag. Then he opened it and rolled the ruby out of it.

"Perhaps she would like me to send her this?" he said. "I would like *her* to have it."

Mr. Angus stood up also, but as he stretched out his hand for the ruby he suddenly turned sharply and looked hard into the fire.

"Thank you, Jonny. Maybe pretty soon she will be able to say thank you also."

Jonathan smiled. He was glad to see Mr. Angus slip the ruby back into the bag and put it into his pocket.

"There's something your mother asked me to do, Jonny. I guess you'd better come along and watch me."

Mr. Angus went across the room to the door, and Jonathan followed. Over the hall they went, and up under the gleaming chandelier to the landing, and to Jonathan's room.

The sun was shining in there now, and everything seemed clean and strangely bright. Mr. Angus went over to the wall above the fireplace. Jonathan saw him put both his hands up to the painting of Robin. Then he lifted it down and stood it beside the bed.

And on the wall where the painting had been, there was only the sunlight now; the clear, clean sunlight of the morning. END

NEXT MONTH

● Lou Fabian was not her real name. She had come to the Coastline Club determined to put tragedy behind her, to forget.

But among the guests there was one who knew her secret, who plotted to involve her in terrible danger. Who was this enemy? Lou had to find out quickly . . . before tragedy struck again.

THE FACE OF THE TIGER

By URSULA CURTISS

Complete in the June JOURNAL, condensed from the novel soon to be published by Dodd, Mead & Co.

Remember his first great adventure?

With full heart and watchful eyes you helped him enjoy his very first taste of independence.

And how proud you were when he achieved his goal, all by himself, and then, laughing, ran to your waiting arms to share his triumph with you!

Nothing you can give your child is half so precious as this wonderful opportunity to be himself. All through life you want him to be free to choose his way.

That's why it's so important to be on the watch for ideas or ideologies that could set limits to his independence. The idea, for instance, that government should own and run more and more businesses, services, institutions. Don't forget that when government runs more and more things, the individual has less and less freedom and independence!

Think of your son's first "independence day" when you hear talk like that. Point out that in countries where government *does* control almost everything, the individual is controlled, also. And the loss of *anybody's* independence is a threat to *everybody's* freedom.

Very much aware of this danger are the independent electric light and power companies, because government already runs part of the electric business. And powerful people are pressing to take over more.

America's Independent Electric Light and Power Companies*

*Company names on request through this magazine

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■ *Red for dry hair* ■ *Yellow for oily hair* ■ *Blue for normal hair*

Enjoy *Shirley Temple's Storybook* on the NBC Television Network May 8th - Washington Irving's classic story "Rip Van Winkle"

She starts private practice this fall, $4000 in debt, with four children to put through college.

Mother is a Doctor now!

Six years ago the Olsens moved to Philadelphia so mother could study medicine.

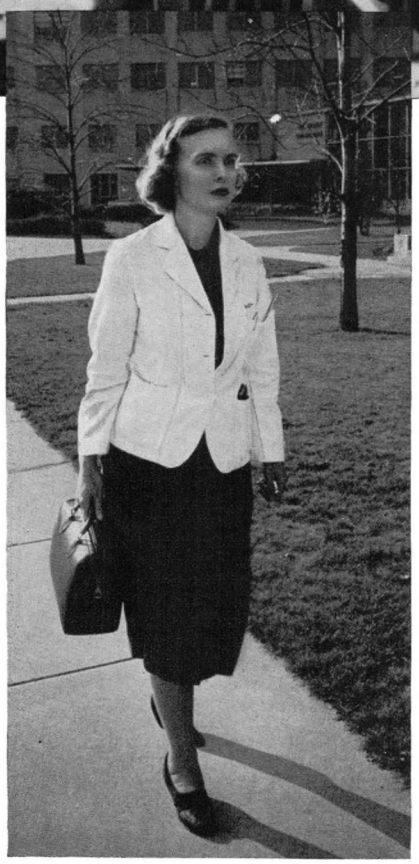
By NEAL GILKYSON STUART
Photographs By JOSEPH DI PIETRO

Sometime after five o'clock on weekday afternoons at the Olsen house in Northeast Philadelphia, Hugh Olsen, a balding six-footer, head of household and father of four, turns over the issue of whether he shall or shall not peel the potatoes for the family dinner. He does not have to peel them, for he expects his wife, Frances, in at any minute, but he is apt to resolve the question by spreading out some newspapers on the kitchen table and getting to work. He says, with his kind, bespectacled face looking apologetic, "I told Frances I wouldn't cook any more this year—but I wait around and get fidgety, and think I might as well get them done for her."

He is carrying on a husbandly good deed of five years' standing, during which time he and the children saw his wife and their mother enter medical school at the age of thirty-five, graduate four years later from Woman's Medical College in Philadelphia with a *cum laude* degree, and complete a year of interning at Philadelphia General Hospital. She began this program at a time when her youngest child, Roy, was just entering second grade, when her eight-year-old daughter, Aina Jo, still had pigtails to be braided before school, and her two oldest boys, Toby and Earl, were no more domesticated than most boys of eleven and nine. Furthermore, Hugh's base earnings were $80 a week, and no family money was visible to cover tuition or even housekeeping help.

This year things are easier. Frances is a resident physician at Philadelphia General, in the department of physical medicine and rehabilitation. Her patients are CONTINUED ON PAGE 133

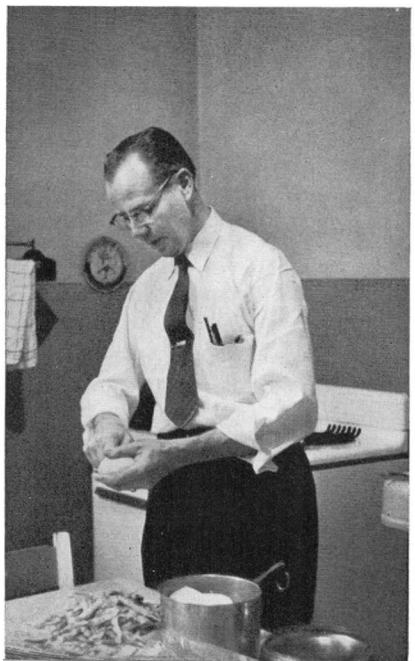
She decided on one last year of training as a resident physician at Philadelphia General. Also it pays $3400, largely tax-free.



On her way by 7:30. An hour's drive through traffic. Out of the hospital and home by 5:30. After five years as med student and intern, Fran revels in such "businessman's hours."

Five extra pairs of hands—her husband's

Whoever gets home first starts dinner. More often than not that's Hugh, $100-a-week materials writer at Budd Co.



Toby, 17, does family laundry. Pay: $3 a week. He's a mechanical whiz, keeps Fran's car in running condition.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 131 long-term victims of accident or the various crippling diseases such as stroke or polio, there are few emergencies, and she is able to keep almost office-worker hours. She usually drives her '52 car (which Toby, now seventeen, slightingly calls "a hunk of junk") up the steep driveway and into the garage before half past five. As she lets herself in the kitchen door, Hugh's cheerful "Hi, Fran," and a comprehensive look around tell her that all is well.

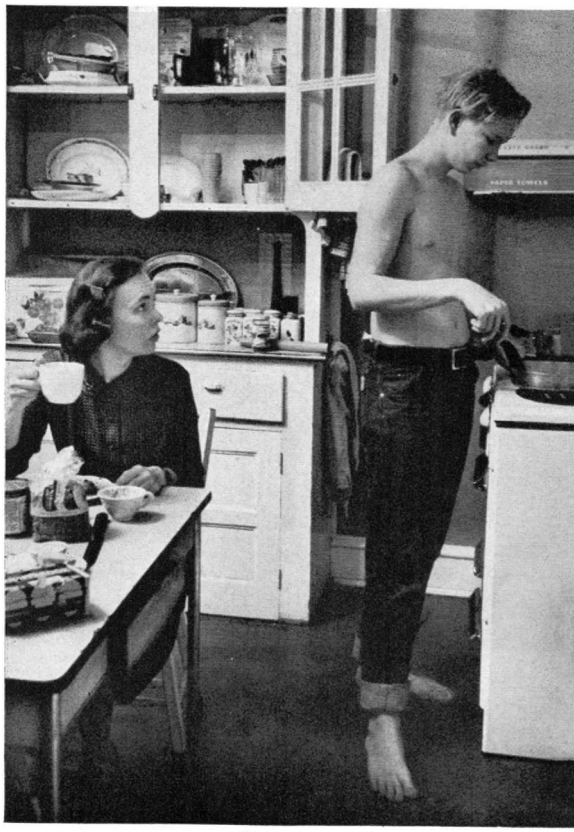
What meets her eye is a typically cozy scene. Hugh is in his shirt sleeves at the kitchen table, Aina Jo is standing by the stove, stirring something in a double boiler. A delicious smell of chocolate fills the room. In the small, mildly shabby living room, the old-fashioned ten-inch television set is flashing a cartoon, and Roy can be seen hanging over the arm of the couch in an outlandish, twelve-year-old posture.

Aina Jo, on the verge of fourteen, has spectacular, ash-blond hair, and her sweet, grave face lights up at the sight of her mother. Frances sniffs appreciatively and asks, "Have you ever made it before?" Aina Jo laughs and says "No." A cookbook she has brought home from school is propped open on the table. Frances turns to find Roy standing quietly at her elbow. She kisses him on the nose and says "Miss me?" Among the Olsen children, Roy, whose hair is merely yellow, is considered practically a brunet.

The kitchen door opens again, and Earl comes in with a cheerful "Hello, ma." Now fifteen, 6′½″ in his socks, and with hair as white as Aina Jo's, Earl wanders the city streets after school, leading an intense and, to his parents, vaguely alarming social life, but by six o'clock he must be home prepared to submit to tame domestic routine, and he knows it. He grins at his father and settles down with Roy before the TV cartoon, stretching out his long legs. From the cellar below comes the comfortable thrum of the washing machine. That indicates that Toby is down there, putting through one of the three weekly loads of towels, sheets and blue jeans he does for his weekly chore. While the machine works, he is usually at the other end of the cellar doing something complicated with the model motors and transformers he scavenges from every possible source.

With deft motions, Frances puts on a white apron over her dark blue skirt and pulls boxes of frozen vegetables from the refrigerator. The sound of the washing machine in her ears (twelve pairs of blue jeans are getting done) is only one small evidence of a family scheme of things. The already peeled potato in her hand is another. This year Earl is getting up early and cooking and serving breakfast for everyone in the family (he is apt to do it clad only in blue jeans, barefoot and bare-chested). When Aina Jo comes home from school, she washes the breakfast things and makes all the beds. Roy scrubs the bathtub and washbasin. Frances herself will cook the dinner and set the table tonight, as every night, but two of the children will do the serving and clearing, and the other two will do the dishwashing. This, her first year as a doctor, is easier than the five preceding years; for one thing, she can afford to pay the children small wages for their help. But the fine art of family co-operation in the face of necessity still goes on.

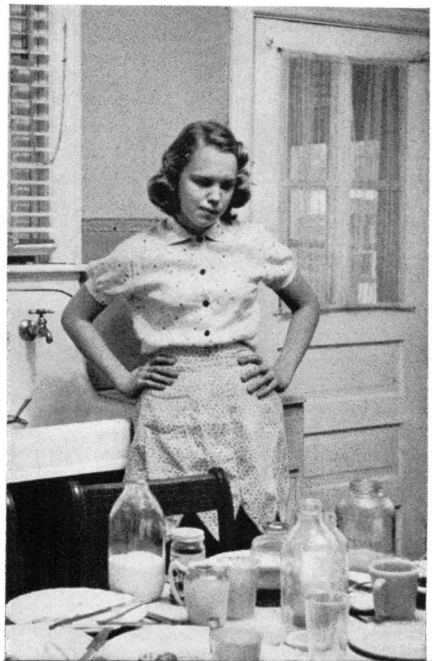
Frances Adams Olsen is a brown-haired 5′6″, with a high forehead, well-spaced gray



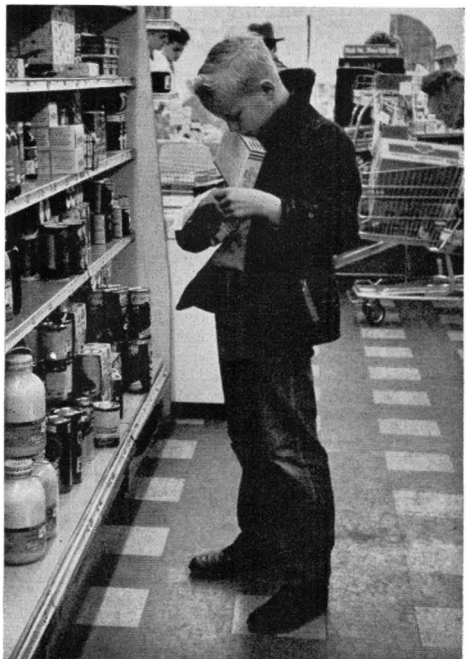
Earl, the family's 15-year-old rock-'n'-roll fan, is such a keen cook he gets up early to prepare breakfasts for the entire family. Allowance: $3.

and the children's—
enable Frances to complete her training.

Aina Jo, a tomboy till this year, now a grown-up 13, comes straight from school to do beds, breakfast dishes. Pay: $5.



Only 12, Roy's main job is shopping. Working from his parents' list, he picks up the week's food supply every Saturday A.M. *His allowance: $2.*



After visiting "best friends" in the afternoon, Roy and Aina Jo are ready to stay in and study. Toby'd rather tinker with electric gadgets down cellar. Only Earl says life is blighted by having to stay home.

School nights: No TV after dinner. Everybody studies.

HOW AMERICA LIVES

eyes and a wide, generous mouth. She has an immediate air of self-containment, for she has always been pretty sure of what she wanted to do. She also looks attractively young (she has passed her forty-first birthday), for she is doing what she set out to do with considerable enjoyment.

Frances says, "I don't remember *exactly* when I decided I was going to be a doctor, but I know when I was a little girl I used to say I was going to be a nurse, and my father, who has always believed in taking things as far as you were capable, would say, 'Why not be a doctor while you're at it?' By the time I was in high school I was taking Latin with medicine in mind."

Frances grew up in Great Kills, Staten Island, New York, the oldest of three daughters in a close family. Her father, who has had a position in a New York City bank for many years, was able to send her to Barnard College as a day student in spite of the depression. Frances says, "It was probably a struggle, but my father believed in education. He was serious-minded for all of us."

She took a premed course, majoring in chemistry. During her freshman year she was barely aware of Hugh Olsen, a big, very blond Columbia University senior, also commuting from Great Kills. He was five years older than she, and they politely said hello to each other when they found themselves on the same Staten Island ferry.

In Frances' sophomore year, however, Hugh rode her home on the bar of his bicycle after a party, on a dare. It was over three miles to Frances' house, uphill most of the way, and the hour was two in the morning. Hugh tied his feet to his bike pedals, the way racers do, won the dare, and began his courtship.

Hugh Olsen had been a first-team swimmer for Columbia (his blond hair, further bleached with chlorine, had earned him the nickname "Whitey"), but he combined his look of big-boned power with shy friendliness. His parents were Finnish, and his father had been a successful building contractor until the depression brought building

CONTINUED ON PAGE 136

Frances looks forward to a decent home for the children. And a social life—something they've never had in Philadelphia. And, most of all, being a general practitioner. She's grateful to Hugh: "He carried the load at home."

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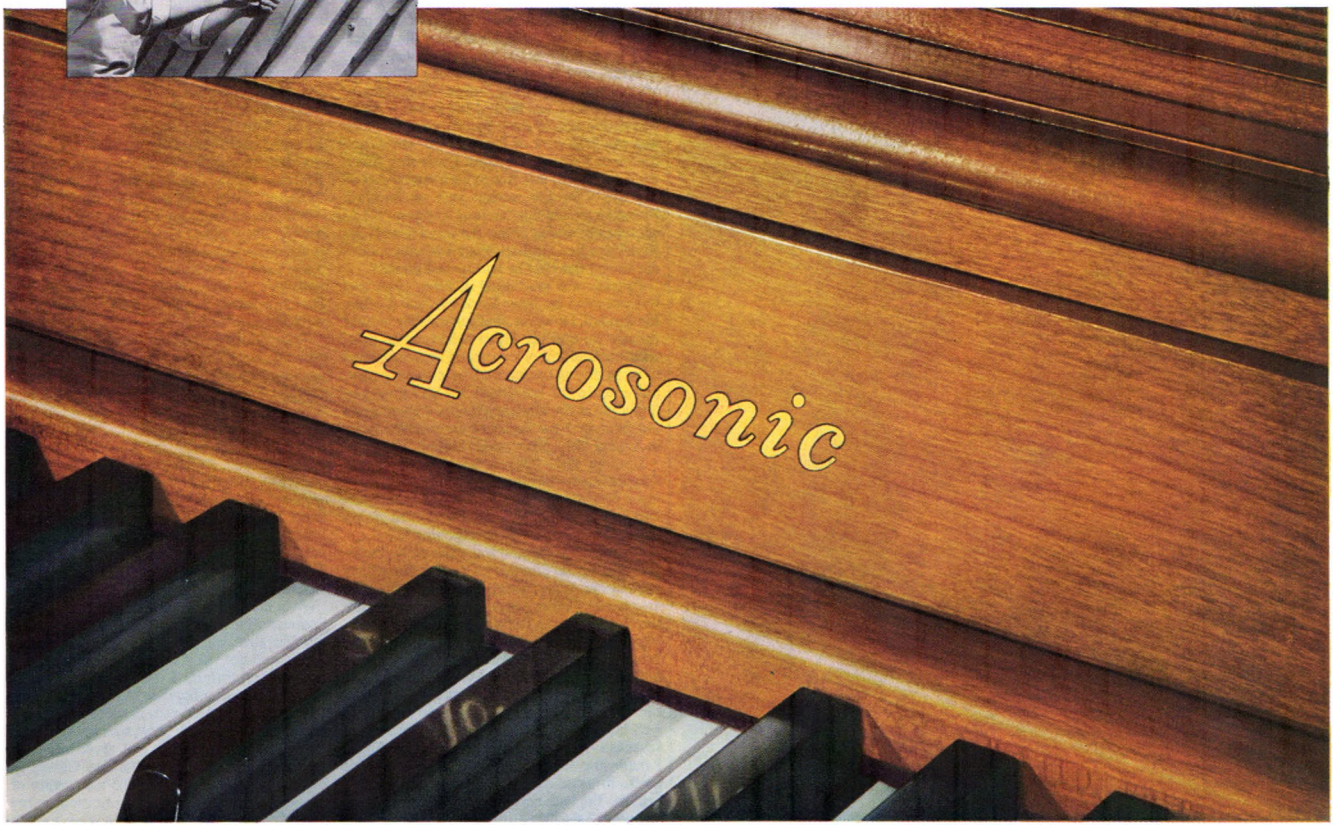

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MOTHER IS A DOCTOR NOW!

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 134

to a standstill in the middle of Hugh's college years. Hugh's interests were in engineering, and it had been planned that he would go on to engineering school. Then all thoughts of graduate training had to be dropped, and Hugh switched to an undergraduate course in business administration. Hugh says now, without bitterness, "It was a crime I wasn't able to finish in engineering. Somehow I've never been the ambitious type since."

Hugh sat on the porch of Frances' house and did the lettering for her zoology drawings between pacing the streets for his first job. When he found it, he was sometimes too busy to help with her homework, and Frances says, "Then I had to spend *hours* living up to the beautiful script he had started me out on." During Frances' college summers she worked as a laboratory technician in a Staten Island hospital, but there were Sunday afternoons when Hugh taught her archery with some of the beautiful bows he and his father made at home. She says of the laboratory work, "That was my first view of the hospital world, and the more I saw it, the more I was sure it was what I wanted. But not to be a technician all my life." In her senior year at Barnard, Frances sent out applications to several medical schools, and at about the same time Hugh gave her a beautiful set of arrows with spliced hardwood tips that he had turned himself.

Frances was graduated in June, 1938, and was accepted by New York Medical College for that fall. However, that summer her mother became ill, and her father asked her to postpone medical school for a year. Frances planned to work during the interval, save some money, and enter in '39, but it took her till January to find a job at the Hudson County Tuberculosis Hospital in New Jersey. Five months later, in June of 1939, she married Hugh.

Frances says, "My father was upset and disappointed—but it wasn't really so surprising. I was young, and I believed in being married young. I didn't think of myself as giving *up* medical school—just postponing it."

In fact, as babies and war years came, medical school grew dimmer on the horizon rather than closer. It was to take an act of sheer self-assertion, thirteen years later, to reverse the trend. Money was short right from the beginning and Frances continued her work at the hospital even after Toby (Hugh, Jr.) was born in February, 1941. They lived in Jersey City, New Jersey, and Hugh commuted to Manhattan while Frances kept a sharp eye on Toby's well-being in addition to her job. "I had a nice seventeen-year-old girl who took care of him. I made the formula myself, before I left for work. In those days I had to have everything just *so*. I'd had chemistry and bacteriology, and when I sterilized things, they were *sterile*."

When she became pregnant again with Earl, however, her well-managed combination of career and housewifery collapsed. She quit her job in May, 1942, and for the next five years devoted herself to having—and caring for—babies. Earl was born that October. In May of 1944 the family daughter, Aina Jo, arrived. Roy was born in August, 1945. Frances says, "I was frustrated sometimes during those nonworking years, but I still believed in having children young. I had always wanted four—more than I wanted medical school."

These war years took the family to Newark, New Jersey, where Hugh had found a job with a filter company, and in the manpower shortage he was turned into a cost estimator in the field. He found this fairly congenial. "It gave me my start as a materials writer, which is what I am now. I think actually I was happier there than I've ever been."

But in 1946 they bought a six-room house in Staten Island, a move that turned out to be crucial. Frances says, "Hugh had thought we would be happier out there, near our families. But we hadn't been able to afford much of a house, and it was so run down that it was nothing but work. Hugh had planned to commute to Newark, but then he found that was too much, and took a new job in Manhattan. Even that took two hours of commuting each way." Hugh adds, "It was a big mistake."

To Frances, this Staten Island period is one of wretched memory. "Hugh and his father remodeled the house slowly—but terribly slowly; they never did finish. It had an old coal stove for cooking, with a tank at the side for hot water. Naturally, with all those children and all that laundry, there was never *enough* hot water, and it seemed to me I had to spend all day keeping that stove going. Once I lifted up a stove lid and slammed it so hard it broke in two. Then I was so *ashamed*.

"I'm sure I took it out on Hugh. I blamed him because I didn't think we should have moved to Staten Island in the first place. But it was a general atmosphere of discouragement which we both shared. I was discouraged by the house, he was discouraged by his terribly long, hard commuting."

Frances stuck it out at home for another year, but in the fall of '47 she went back to work as a lab technician in a nearby doctors' clinic. With a housekeeper, Annie, to help, Frances' children became accustomed to seeing their mother hurry off to work, without, Frances insists, their giving it a second thought. "Toby was the only one in school when I began, but they all appeared to take it calmly. They didn't crowd around my knees at the door—*none* of that sort of thing. In fact, Toby used to boast that at *our* house everybody got up early. Hugh didn't mind either. He knew it meant a great deal to me, and he wanted me to be happy."

Frances' job helped her face her stove more equably, but it did not really resolve the larger discouragements. Hugh was making about $80 a week base pay. With overtime he often brought home over $100, but the house and the children used every penny. Most of her own $45 a week went for Annie, clothes and transportation. Frances saw a meager future closing in. Hugh's father was a self-made man who, even at the height of his prosperity, had never forgotten how to work with his hands. His mother, never fluent in English, had devoted herself to her husband and son. But Frances' family kept alive a vision of middle-class comfort and the world of the professions. "When mother visited, she couldn't help fussing over all the things we *needed*. I knew they thought their daughter should have a nicer house, and not work so hard—that we should be more comfortably fixed."

The feeling that her own abilities could turn the family fortunes was hard to shake off. Gradually her resolve grew, and in the winter of 1951 she sent out several applications to medical schools. Woman's Medical College in Philadelphia, distinguished for the quality of medical education it offers to women, wrote back and said they would be willing to give her an interview.

She says, "I realized Woman's Medical wouldn't be *too* anxious to take a woman with four children and no money, out of school for so many years. So I didn't tell them we didn't *have* any money. When they asked me, I told them my husband would pay for it. My plan was to sell the house."

The college told her that she was too late for consideration for '51, but that she might prepare herself for an entrance examination for the following year.

Frances says, "So—I thought it over. I began studying review books of my undergraduate courses on the bus to work. I also took a course in neuroanatomy every Monday night. I took the exam a year later, and I evidently did all right, because they accepted me. I got the letter in March, 1952. They never *did* ask me about that course I took. I used to be *so* sleepy on the trip home after class."

Frances quit her job that June, and she and Hugh spent the rest of the summer rearranging their lives. She says, "There is nothing I'm more grateful to Hugh for than his willingness to come to Philadelphia. Because I certainly wouldn't have broken up my marriage to move." Hugh says, "Actually, I had a pretty nice setup with my job because of the overtime, but it wasn't anything I wanted to do all my life. To tell you the truth, I was sort of fascinated at coming down to Philadelphia. Even

getting the children out of the school they were in suited us, because we didn't think it was a very good one. Roy had had a terrible start with a novice kindergarten teacher. I don't think there was anyone in the family who wasn't excited by the move."

They netted $3000 on the sale of the Staten Island house, and in her mind Frances allowed $1000 for her school expenses ($800 tuition, $60 lab fee, plus books and transportation), and $1000 for a housekeeper for her first year, the third $1000 to be set aside for her sophomore year. Providence would have to see to the rest.

After considerable hunting, they found a brick row house for rent in a crowded section of Northeast Philadelphia known as Burholme. Steep steps led up to an unlovely little porch, and the small interior, with its dark, old-fashioned woodwork looked seedy. However, as Frances puts it, "It had three bedrooms, and it was cheap enough, and we were desperate." It is still their home.

Hugh found a job with the Budd Company—at a slight decrease in salary; but his day ended at 4:30, and he could be home by bus by 5. The children registered in their new schools, and Frances had time before the opening of Woman's Medical to hang the curtains and get a license for the dog. The family was dug in for the coming years in Philadelphia.

Hugh Beaumont dreamed of great movie roles. Hollywood decreed otherwise: he is just "a working actor. This has been hard to accept," he says, "but God doesn't measure us by the stardom we achieve." His wife Kathy, an ex-starlet herself, agrees.

"...Between Jobs"

Story of an Actor's Life

By HUGH BEAUMONT and GLENN MATTHEW WHITE

HOW AMERICA LIVES in the June JOURNAL

The following four years of medical school and year of interning began right off with a crisis. Their Staten Island housekeeper, Annie, had agreed to move to Philadelphia with the family (she was going to sleep on the living-room couch), but the day before medical school opened the children woke Frances waving a special-delivery letter containing Annie's apologies. Frances' mother came down on the run to help out, and Frances quickly found that local help couldn't be had for her budgeted $25 a week. Their first housekeeper had to be paid $30 a week plus $2 for bus fare, and Frances' father, who was happy to see his daughter going to medical school at last, agreed to chip in the extra $7. Frances describes the housekeeper as "a little old lady who was a poor cook, and wouldn't let anybody in the kitchen—not even me. We ate soggy potatoes for dinner and the minute I came in the door I was met with some horrible news about what the dog or Earl had done. She didn't like Earl, and the lack of esteem was mutual. She kept feeding him oatmeal, knowing he hated it. One night Earl stuck his finger in the icing of a cake she had made, and she announced she wasn't staying any longer."

While these problems were going on at home, Frances was commuting via three trolleys to school—a trip which took an hour and a quarter each way. Classes were from 9 to 5 weekdays, Saturday from 9 to 1. "When I started I decided I was going to be a different kind of student than I'd been at college. I had a nice broad top on my dresser, and I fixed it up with two bright lights. That lasted a month or two, but I found I'd be worrying about the children. I'd hear the boys fighting downstairs, or hear cars in the street and think one of them was being run over. I remember walking into class in the mornings and hearing these young girls swear they had studied for six hours, and I'd know I'd had maybe an hour. I got in a good, solid half hour on the trolley. I studied in the bathtub, in bed, and while I stirred something on the stove."

The first few months were the most upsetting. "I wasn't sure I'd be able to keep going because of the help situation. But if I started to feel sorry for myself in the evenings, I'd be told, 'It's what you wanted, isn't it?' Sometimes I'd start to unfold my troubles to my mother. She would say, 'Are you sorry you started? Do you want to quit?' But right from the beginning I knew I was happier than I had been at Staten Island."

Their next housekeeper turned out to be competent. She arrived in time to give the children breakfast, and fed lunch to all but Toby, whose junior high school had a cafeteria. She left when Hugh came home, and it was Hugh who set the older children to peeling potatoes and had dinner ready by the time Frances arrived. The year finished with Frances in a much steadier frame of mind than when it had begun, and A's or B's in all courses.

For her sophomore year, Frances was down to her bottom $1000. She applied to the American Medical Women's Association for a $500 loan. Her sister loaned her another $500, and a friend $350.

The year was one of "plain, hard work. Medical school is different from college—everybody is older, very serious, and very scared of flunking out. I remember my second year most of the class had D's in pathology. I got an old '49 car just before Christmas, when the Staten Island purchasers made their final payment on the house, and Hugh taught me how to drive. I remember the tension as I started out in the mornings. The rush-hour traffic terrified me. Then I'd have to go right from that into pathology class!

"The car eliminated my study time on the trolley, but I could get to school in half an hour instead of an hour and a quarter, so it was less wear and tear that way. The children were still pretty young, and I'd aim to get them in bed by eight-thirty and study for an hour and a half before I went to bed. Hugh helped with everything—the dinner dishes and putting the children to bed. But now that I was home earlier, getting dinner didn't fall quite so heavily on him."

The last two years of medical school were, to Frances, the most stimulating, for "at last you get to clinical work." This is learning right

on hospital floors, and she would have to be at a surgery before eight in the morning, or on a maternity floor during the night. "These are the years you get into night work. You end up with more free time and less intensive studying, but it is harder on the family at home. Except for that, I found everything tremendously engrossing."

These were the years, too, that the family really scratched to get along. The A.M.W.A. gave Frances two more $500 loans for her junior and senior years. One of the Staten Island doctors she had worked for had offered help, and she accepted a loan of $350. An aunt sent a present of $150. She and Hugh eked out her senior year by taking out a $300 bank loan, turning in some insurance policies on the three younger children, and borrowing on their own and Toby's. "That was it," says Frances, and it was also the end of a full-time housekeeper.

"Junior and senior year we found a neighbor up the street, Mrs. Miller, who was willing to come part time. The children were getting more capable. Earl went through a phase of baking that was practically the first quiet thing he ever did spontaneously. He would read the cookbook and then turn out lemon-meringue pies, delicious butter cookies, cakes—oh, delightful cakes. Roy could scramble eggs for breakfast, make French toast, or stir up pancake mix. Luckily, the children hardly ever got sick, but in a pinch Mrs. Miller stayed.

"By senior year Hugh would make sure the children were all up by the time he left at seven-thirty, and they would get themselves off to school entirely. Aina Jo had had her hair cut, and that settled the braids problem. They were *supposed* to clean up the kitchen and make their own beds. For lunch, Aina Jo and Roy would let themselves in the back door and fix soup and sandwiches. Earl was in junior high that year and had lunch at school.

"When Hugh came home at five, he would usually find the kitchen a mess, and *he* had the dreariest job of all. He would have to muster the kids, make them wash the breakfast dishes, and get potatoes peeled."

Hugh was now making about $85 a week, and even though Frances was using none of this for her direct education expenses, money at home was a nagging problem. Frances says, "I guess the only way we were able to make ends meet was because my mother kept sending clothes for the children. Toby and Earl were big helps too. They both had paper routes, and were able to pay for their own bus fares and school lunches and even some of their clothes. Mrs. Miller cleaned up once a week and did our ironing at her house for ten dollars a week—which my father sent. I wore clothes until they were so old I couldn't stand them. I don't think Hugh has bought a new suit since we moved here. I remember the girls talking about hairdressers. Hairdressers! They were talking about Victor of Germantown, and Cecil of Abington, and I said, 'I have mine done by Hugh of Burholme.'"

When Frances was graduated that June she was second from the top of her class. She won a $100 cash prize as the best student in oncology (the study of tumors) and was named to Alpha Omega Alpha, a medical honorary society. Hugh and the children (Frances had written their excuse notes for school herself), her father and mother and father-in-law and an aunt were there to witness her triumph.

Three weeks later, she began a year of internship at Philadelphia's huge city hospital, Philadelphia General. She owed the A.M.W.A. $1500, her sister $500, her friend and the Staten Island doctor $350 each, and the bank $300. This totaled $3000, and there were other smaller but sizable kindnesses from other family members that she wished to repay. And for the coming year she would be receiving the munificent salary of $55 a month.

Frances says, "That year was the hardest of *all* on my family. Interns rotate four-week tours of duty in the different hospital services, and you have to take the hours that come with the service. For example, general surgery required five nights out of the week.

"The children don't like me to be away at night. That they never *have* liked. Or away on holidays. That Thanksgiving Earl made the pies, Toby stuffed the turkey, Roy made the cranberry sauce and Aina Jo made the rolls. Hugh fixed the vegetables. I had got in at eight that morning, and they let me sleep till dinner was ready. That was a nice day—a good dinner too. Then they waved me off to the hospital at eight that evening."

In July of 1957 the five long, rigorous years came officially to a close. She took her three days of state-board examinations, and in September she received her license to practice medicine in the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania. After some thought, she settled on one year as a resident physician because, "It would give me a year of extra training, and a little space in which to look around and find a spot for myself." It is her firm intention to become a general practitioner ("We *need* good GP's"), but the residency in the physical-medicine department of her old hospital had some overriding attractions: regular hours, and slightly higher pay because of Federal subsidies for work in this field. Her salary for the year is $3400, free of Federal taxes. She says a little wanly, "I just couldn't have stood another year of being so poor."

Philadelphia General is a mammoth complex of wings and mustard-colored corridors, and in Frances' department traffic is as heavy as anywhere, for most of the patients can get about—if not unaided, then by crutches or wheel chair. They are off to one of the treatment rooms, or to the gym, the hydrotherapy pool, the speech clinic or one of the occupational workshops, or just visiting in the corridors, more than they are in one of the two wards. When Frances arrives at 8:30 in the mornings she takes off the jacket of her suit, slips on a white jacket over her own white blouse, and begins a busy day. She and a fellow resident in the department make the rounds of the wards every morning, and at some time in the afternoon she will try to drop in on the ward patients again in the gym or the treatment rooms to see how their therapy is going. Besides these, there are the steady stream of patients in the outpatient clinic, referrals from other departments, and a few outpatients whom she sees by special appointment. Between patients, there are consultations with other staffs or with her department chief, Dr. Albert Martucci, and conferences to attend in other fields.

So Frances, too, spends a good deal of time hurrying down the halls, and she cannot go from second-floor ward to basement gym without being hailed half a dozen times. A worried-looking wife visiting her elderly husband darts forward to complain that her husband seems drowsy. Frances finds that an intern has ordered a heavy dose of phenobarbital, and orders it cut down. She passes a young boy staring moodily out the window from his whee chair. He is a new patient who has lost botl legs, so she pauses to say gently, "Hello, Arthur. Did your mother get here this afternoon?"

Another visiting wife calls out "Oh, doctor!" and eagerly explains that *she* doesn't think her husband's new shoe fits him. Her husband, in a wheel chair, the offending foot propped up, grins sheepishly. Frances gives some directions and says reassuringly, "We'll start that whirlpool treatment Monday." As she goes away, the wife says sternly to her husband, "You listen to the doctor, now!"

Frances enjoys talking about her patients, but her family hardly lets her at home. If she is bursting with the news that the young, handsome victim of a dreadful automobile accident relearned to articulate his name today, Toby is apt to groan and say, "Who wants to hear about such horrible, depressing stuff?" Hugh and the children, who did all that they had to do to see her through her medical training, rather enjoy giving her affectionate reminders that at home she is "mother," not "doctor."

In fact, when Frances comes home in the evenings, she puts down her doctor's bag and puts on her white apron with the same capability with which she once tackled Toby's formula or sophomore pathology. She says, "Lots of times my friends, even professional people, say 'How can you bear to leave your children!' I think they picture a group of little cherubs at my knee. Actually, I don't think they've been *too* badly damaged by my career."

They do not *look* damaged. If Toby and Earl happen into the kitchen at the same time,

the tiny room seems swallowed up by their size, good looks and good health. Hugh and Frances are proud that Aina Jo, who looks like a clear blue summer day, does well everything she tries—"from making friends to playing violin in the school orchestra." Roy, who views the world with speculative eyes, has had some reading troubles at school, but Frances and Hugh are helping him come out of them, and he is taking on baseball and friends with the same zest as his brothers, and Frances considers him the most demonstrative of her sons.

Frances and Hugh keep "home" a firm, working organization for the children, and when they are home themselves all their attention goes to it. The evening meal has never become a slipshod affair. The table is set attractively in the dining room, and grace is said.

The Olsen children, including Toby and Earl, must be in on school nights by dinnertime, and they don't go out again. Both Frances and Hugh know in any given week just what all the children are studying, and how they are doing in it, and are apt to have some rather strong opinions about it. (Frances says scornfully of a "social studies" textbook, "It's all about getting along in a big high school—how to follow the bells and stay on the right side of the corridors—the kind of thing *our* teacher used to spend ten minutes on the first day of school!")

Toby is the mechanical wizard of the family, and he is so obsessed by electric motors that he finds it a nuisance to study anything else. He says, "I get a couple of good technical books from the library, but I don't get a chance to read them—I have to read Shakespeare instead." When he was moved to a new high school, and found it was unequipped with a shop, he spent his time repairing his friends' motor bikes instead of doing schoolwork.

Toby knows that he could get a job as a mechanic tomorrow, and Frances and Hugh are afraid that if left to himself he might throw away his future promise and do just that. They are encouraged by the fact that he came back from a summer job on Staten Island this last fall reconciled to repeating a half year of school. But they have laid down the law—no more motor-repair side lines until he is doing better at school—and he likes to claim dramatically that he has given up all his friends too. He says morosely, "I'm a hermit this year. Mother's making me be one."

Of the three other children, Aina Jo and Roy have each an important "best friend" with whom they spend the after-school hours. Earl, tall and striking, has had no trouble becoming a leader among boys his own age, and Frances worries that he has "*too* many friends—a gang of them, and they seem to spend most of their time on the streets. As far as I can tell, boys Earl's age are allowed to roam the streets after dark until the ten-o'clock curfew. In summertime, even boys Roy's age are out till midnight. I just wonder if their parents even *know* where they are." Earl complains volubly that *none* of the others has to obey such strict family rules as he does, but he obeys them. He affects long hair (his mother once threatened him with bobby pins), and a manner of jaunty poise, but he still will come up to her in the kitchen and ask, "Can I do anything for you?" He towers over her, but when she puts both hands on his shoulders and speaks to him about washing his hands for dinner, there is no question but that he is still a boy, still nourished by his family.

When Frances' residency ends this September, she can start a private practice anywhere she chooses. "We'd like a town that is not too rural, for Hugh's work, but not so big that a general practitioner would be lost. Hugh is making nearly $100 a week now, but prospects of great advancement for a materials writer aren't apt to materialize, so he's willing to move. If there were any question about it, I would be willing to stay here and let his job be the deciding factor. As it is, it will be my career, for the sake of a nicer environment."

With private practice, Frances will set herself to discharging, slowly, one by one, the big responsibilities that she shouldered with her medical career. "Of course there are the debts for my medical education. It's been a real joy to have money enough to save this year. I've been putting away over $100 a month, and hope to have $1000 of the $3000 worth of personal loans repaid. We still have to have Mrs. Miller for part-time housework, and I've taken over her $10 a week from my father. Then I have to figure out the details for the capital I'll need to start. It takes about $2000 to equip an office. Some medical-equipment companies do sell on time, or I may be in group practice, or take out a bank loan. But I have to assume that I'll start out owing something over $4000.

"Then I'd like to have $1000 saved by September of 1959 toward Toby's college education. . . . It's hard to persuade children of the value of education when they have two educated parents who haven't done so well, and they see people without education who sport flashy cars, new kitchens, seem to give their children everything. That's why I'm so anxious for us to move to a decent place—so that while they're still young my children will remember something besides a crummy house."

Frances lingers on this vision of a clean white house set on a well-kept lawn, of Toby in college and family prestige in the community, then turns to her tan doctor's bag that sits on the hand-me-down chest by the kitchen door. "I want my children to be able to go to college, and I want some security for my old age, but the real reason I started all this was that I loved medicine. I don't think anybody could go through it who didn't." END

HOW THE OLSENS SPEND THEIR MONEY EACH MONTH

Hugh and Frances' joint monthly income looks like this:

	Hugh	Frances	Total
Income	$419.26	$283.33	$702.59
Tax and Social Security deductions	31.07	4.30	35.37
Net	$388.19	$279.03	$667.22

Frances' only deduction is for city wage tax, but out of her income must come expenses for her car, household help, the children's wages, and $110 a month put aside for repayment of loans for her medical education. Clothes for the children get a big boost from Frances' parents, and the children's substantial allowances take care of their recreation and some school expenses. Frances and Hugh are so busy that the expense for their own recreation is a big zero.

Food	$140.00	Household help	43.33
Rent	75.00	Children's allowances	56.33
Utilities, fuel, telephone	31.50	Church	3.00
Clothing	20.00	School expenses	2.50
Insurance (life, fire, medical)	20.40	Club dues	1.00
Car	60.00	Magazines, newspapers	2.60
Bus	10.00	Bank loan	22.00
Household supplies, dry cleaning, etc.	40.00	Misc.	29.56
		Savings	110.00
		Total	$667.22

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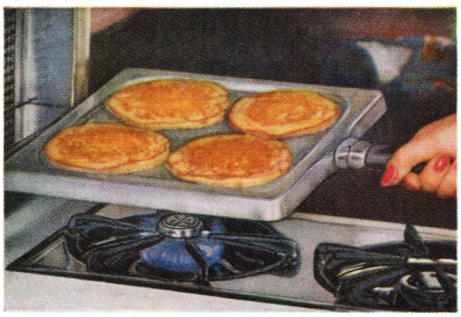

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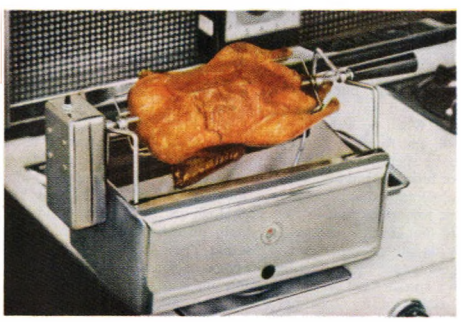

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APPLEYARD BIRTHDAY PARTY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67

are entirely for show—all our family feel that there is something especially appealing about sheep in a landscape. They seem to belong in Vermont, where they used to graze in flocks of hundreds. And so on mother's birthday, and any day, our roast stuffed leg of lamb is strictly anonymous, from the butcher in River Bend.

ROAST STUFFED LEG OF LAMB

Have your butcher bone a 7- or 8-pound leg of lamb, but do not have him roll and tie the meat. Make a rice stuffing as follows, for filling the bone cavity in the leg. Cut ½ pound bacon into thin strips and sauté until crisp. Drain on paper toweling. Save the drippings. Sauté 2 cups uncooked rice in 2 tablespoons bacon drippings till golden, stirring all the time. Pour in water called for on rice package and add ½ teaspoon saffron and ½ cup white or seedless raisins. While the rice is cooking, sauté ¾ cup finely minced onion and 2 cloves garlic, peeled and crushed, in 3 tablespoons bacon drippings. When the rice is almost tender, remove from the heat. Add the sautéed onions and garlic along with the cooked bacon and 2 tablespoons finely diced pimiento. Season with 2 teaspoons each salt and seasoned salt and ½ teaspoon pepper. Mix all together lightly so as not to break up the rice. Rub the cavity of your meat with a mixture of salt, pepper and 1½ teaspoons powdered rosemary. Now spoon about half of the stuffing into the leg cavity. Fold the flap of meat from the shank end of the roast over the hole on the inside of the leg and secure with a skewer. Over the opening on the large end of the roast, tie a double thickness of aluminum foil with twine, pulling it tight to hold the stuffing in (this will be on the bottom when the lamb is turned fat side up for roasting). Now turn the leg fat side up on a rack, put into an open roaster pan and roast in a moderate oven, 350° F., allowing about 25 minutes per pound. Use a meat thermometer if you wish, making sure to insert the thermometer in the center of a large lean muscle and making sure that it is in the meat, not in the stuffing. When done, the thermometer should register 180° F. Put the remaining half of the stuffing in a casserole dish, cover with aluminum foil and set aside. About 30 minutes before serving, heat it through in the same oven with the lamb. Baste the lamb with 1 can undiluted beef consommé for 20 minutes before the meat is done. Remove the lamb from the oven. Drain all the drippings from the pan except 6 tablespoons. Blend in 6 tablespoons flour and then 3 cups water. Heat slowly, stirring constantly, over a low heat until the gravy is smooth and thickened. Season to taste with salt and pepper and serve in a gravy boat. To serve the meat, put the roast on a large platter, surround with a garland of the extra stuffing, garnish with fresh tomato wedges, green olives and parsley.

My son Tommy is out gathering the asparagus from the ancient bed above the garden, planted by an Appleyard cousin many years ago. The girls and I start heating the big kettle of water while Tommy is outdoors, to be sure to be ready when he returns with his basket full of slender jade-green shoots. Here's how we make

CREAMED ASPARAGUS WITH MUSHROOMS

Remove stems from 1 pound mushrooms. Wipe caps with damp cloth and slice. Sauté in 2 tablespoons butter with 1 tablespoon minced onion in a heavy skillet until the mushrooms are golden. Break off the tough ends of 3 pounds fresh asparagus. Wash the stalks well, trim off little spines and cut into 1½" pieces. Cover with boiling salted water and cook 8–10 minutes until tender. Meanwhile, make a brown *roux* by heating 1 tablespoon butter with ½ tablespoon flour in a skillet. When lightly browned, add 1 cup heavy cream and heat slowly, stirring constantly until thickened. Season with ½ teaspoon each salt and pepper and dash of nutmeg. Add the sautéed mushrooms and onions and keep warm until serving. When the asparagus is tender, drain well and place in a heated vegetable dish. Top with the mushroom sauce and a sprinkling of paprika. Makes 8 servings.

Laura, my eleven-year-old, is washing the various salad greens that will go in Cynthia's

PEAR-AND-ORANGE SALAD

Place 2 small cans mandarin-orange sections in the refrigerator to chill. Peel, core and dice 2 fresh pears. Dip into lemon juice to prevent discoloration, then chill the pear cubes. Just before serving, tear into pieces enough crisp lettuce, romaine and chicory to make about 2 quarts. Drain the orange sections. Add the pears and orange sections to the greens and toss with your favorite French dressing until all are lightly coated. Makes 8 servings.

THROUGH-OTHER

My English-born mother sometimes used a word which I never heard from anyone else, and never saw in American print — *through-other* — a word that amused me when I was young, and intrigued me as I grew interested in the beginnings of our language. When mother became *enmeshed, entangled* or *embroiled* in recurring domestic crises, she would allow she was through-other; and so saying, she would sidestep sophisticated, Latin-rooted words, like confused or perplexed, to take a harsh and simple one. *Confuse*, which comes from the Latin word *fundere*, to pour, plus the prefix *con* (together), gives a picture of things being mixed or mingled together beyond the power of separation. The word *perplex* has an even more amusing significance, coming from the word *plectere*, meaning to plait, to interweave, to braid, to twine, to fold. So my poor mother, when her affairs got completely snarled and out of hand, just reached for a good old sturdy, awkward Anglo-Saxon word which said it all. MARY K. BLACKMAR

The crowning glory of the birthday party, in the children's minds, is Dessert. The daffodil cake that the girls and I have concocted for mother is right in the Appleyard tradition—pale gold, light-as-a-feather and supremely delicious. But here is where I go modern. I use a packaged angel-food mix. For mother (and for myself as well), we no longer count the years, but decorate the cake with as many candles as will comfortably encircle the cake. "Happy Birthday to you," Camilla starts the singing, somewhat off-key, but valiantly, and with great feeling.

DAFFODIL CAKE

Using a packaged mix, make 1 recipe angel-food-cake batter according to directions given. Flavor with ½ teaspoon lemon extract. Divide the batter in half. Meanwhile, beat 6 egg yolks until very thick and lemon-colored. Carefully fold them into half of the cake batter, a little bit at a time. Place the yellow batter in the bottom of a 10" angel-cake pan and top with the remaining white batter. Bake according to package directions. Invert until cool. Then loosen and invert on a cake plate. Frost with a seven-minute icing.

Seven-Minute Icing: In the top of a double boiler place the unbeaten whites of 2 eggs, 1½ cups sugar, 5 tablespoons cold water and ¼ teaspoon cream of tartar. Have the water in the bottom of the double boiler rapidly boiling. Beat the egg-sugar mixture constantly for 7 minutes with a rotary beater. Remove from the heat, flavor with ½ teaspoon lemon extract, and continue beating until the icing is the right consistency to spread. Divide the icing in half, and tint one half yellow. Leave the rest white.

To ice the daffodil cake: Ice with alternating yellow and white sections on the top and sides of the cake. To swirl, insert a spatula tip into the icing and draw circles in it around the top and sides of the cake. Decorate the edges of the cake plate with rosettes (tinted yellow) of ornamental frosting into which candles have been inserted.

Ornamental Frosting: Whip 2 egg whites with a fork until frothy. With a spoon, fold in enough sifted confectioners' sugar to make the frosting the consistency to use in a pastry tube. Tint yellow. Then, using a pastry tube, make rosettes around the edge of the cake platter. Insert white candles into the rosettes while icing is still soft.

For the first time this spring, all the windows are open looking out over the porch, and the candles round the edge of the cake flicker in the breeze that blows across the brook. The shining faces across the table show candle flames reflected in brown and hazel eyes. On the dessert plates are lavish helpings of

STRAWBERRY-RHUBARB ICE CREAM

Place the contents of 2 packages frozen cut rhubarb in a glass baking dish. Sprinkle ⅔ cup sugar over the rhubarb and bake in a slow, 300° F., oven for about 35–45 minutes, stirring occasionally, until the rhubarb is soft and the juice is quite syrupy. Cool. Rub the rhubarb and syrup through a food mill. You will have about 2 cups rhubarb purée. Wash and hull 3 cups fresh strawberries. Buzz in an electric blender or force through a food mill. Stir in 1 cup sugar. Then add 2 cups heavy cream and the rhubarb purée. Mix well. Freeze to a mush in 2 refrigerator trays. Remove from refrigerator, whip until light and fluffy but still thick. Return to the trays and freeze until firm. If you like, you can make strawberry-rhubarb ice cream in a hand-churned or electric freezer according to its directions. Makes 8 servings.

When the last fine-grained slice of cake with its scallop of white and yellow layers has been eaten, and the last of the smooth, rosy ice cream has disappeared, we bring on the final item on the birthday menu: a low crystal dish of violets candied by Camilla and Laura in honor of the season.

CANDIED VIOLETS

Our lawn runs riot with violets—deep purple, white starred with purple centers, even a few rare pink ones. Camilla and Laura choose perfect violets of every shade, picking them while the sun is on them. They beat 2 egg whites lightly, just so that they are broken up. I have sifted confectioners' sugar ready for them in a saucer. They dip each violet in the dish of egg whites, then in the sugar, shake off the excess sugar, and dry in a strainer in a warm place, or in the oven at the lowest possible temperature.

Mrs. Appleyard is opening her presents. Tommy has made her a bluebird palace from silvery weathered boards. "Hope the tree swallows will keep out this year," he says as he hands it over. Camilla has embroidered a rural scene on a piece of green felt. The smoke from the chimney is blowing in the opposite direction from the wind-blown trees. "It's your house, grandma," she says, "and that's the elm tree and the pond."

"Everything is lovely," says Mrs. Appleyard. "I'll keep these always." The children sigh happily. They know she will. "Let's sing Happy Birthday all over again," suggests Camilla, never one to let an occasion be cut short. So, against the serenade of the frogs in the pond, we do just that! END

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"WHEN I ENTERTAIN"

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casserole of sole and oysters, baked with cheese."

Here are recipes for some of Mrs. Phipps' party favorites.

SWEETBREAD TIMBALES IN SAUCE

Parboil 2 large pairs sweetbreads in water to which a little vinegar or lemon juice has been added. Plunge into ice water for a few minutes and remove the membranes and tubes. Put through a food chopper and measure about 4 cups. Mix with 4 slightly beaten eggs and 2 cups heavy cream. Season with 2 teaspoons salt, 1½ teaspoons monosodium glutamate, ½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, and ¼ teaspoon each hot red-pepper sauce, thyme and marjoram. Sauté ½ cup finely minced onion in 4 tablespoons bacon drippings. Add this along with ½ cup crumbled crisp bacon, ½ teaspoon paprika and dash of pepper. Pour into 8 individual buttered custard cups. Bake in a hot-water bath in a moderate oven, 350° F., for 45 minutes or until set. While the timbales are baking, prepare the sauce. Heat two 13¾-ounce cans condensed chicken broth with ½ teaspoon saffron. Thin 4 tablespoons cornstarch with a little cold water. Add to broth. Cook, stirring constantly, until thickened. When sauce is thick and clear, strain the saffron out. Just before serving, add 1 cup toasted slivered almonds and ⅛ teaspoon almond flavoring. Serve timbales on slices of frizzled ham with hot sauce poured over all. Makes 8 servings.

FILLET-OF-SOLE CASSEROLE

In a large skillet heat together 1 cup chicken broth, 2 tablespoons lemon juice and 3 tablespoons butter long enough to melt the butter. Lay 2 pounds fillet of sole in the broth and simmer until just tender, about 3 minutes. (Overcooking the fish at this point will make it difficult to remove from the broth to the casserole without breaking.) If you can't get all the fillets in at one time, cook them separately in the broth. Layer the fish fillets in the bottom of a shallow, buttered, 3-quart casserole. Next add 2 quarts sliced fresh mushrooms to the broth. Cover and simmer until tender, about 15 minutes. Drain them well, saving the broth, and arrange on top of the fish. Add 2 dozen oysters and 1 cup oyster liquor to the broth and simmer just long enough for the oysters' edges to curl. Remove the oysters from the broth. Drain well and arrange them on top of the mushrooms. Measure the broth—you should have 1¾ cups. If you have more, reduce by simmering. Melt 5 tablespoons butter. Add ½ cup flour. Gradually stir in 1¾ cups fish broth mixed with 1 cup light cream. Season with 6 tablespoons grated Parmesan cheese, 3 tablespoons minced parsley, 1 tablespoon grated onion, ¾ teaspoon salt and ⅛ teaspoon pepper. Pour the sauce over the fish. Sprinkle with 1 cup buttered soft bread crumbs. Bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., for 30 minutes or until the sauce is bubbling and the crumbs are brown. Serve with buttered wild rice. Makes 8 servings.

PINEAPPLE SHERBET

Drain 1 No. 2½ can pineapple chunks. Heat the syrup with 1 cup sugar until the sugar is dissolved. Cool. Pour into a freezing tray and freeze in the refrigerator until mushy. Separate 6 eggs. Slightly beat the yolks and add 1 cup heavy cream and 2 cups milk. Heat, stirring constantly, until thickened. Cool. Pour into a refrigerator tray and freeze until mushy. This will take about 2 hours. Buzz the pineapple chunks in an electric blender, or purée in a food mill. Scrape contents of both trays into a cold bowl and beat rapidly to blend. Add the puréed pineapple, 2 tablespoons lemon juice and 1 tablespoon grated lemon rind. Return to the two trays and freeze again until mushy (about 2 hours). Beat the 6 egg whites until they will hold soft peaks. Reheat the sherbet and fold in the egg whites. Pour quickly into 3 freezer trays and continue freezing until ready to serve. Makes 3 quarts sherbet. Frozen peaches are delicious served with this.

TONGUE SAUCE

Heat 3 cups beef consommé or broth. Mix 2 tablespoons cornstarch with a little cold water and add slowly to the consommé, stirring constantly. Cook until thickened. In a saucepan, melt ½ cup red currant jelly and add to the hot mixture, along with ¼ cup black seedless raisins. Stir in 1 tablespoon plus 1 teaspoon vinegar and 1 tablespoon each chopped citron and chopped truffles or cooked mushrooms. Makes about 3 cups sauce.

Things Like This I Do Not
Understand.
Is it Mere Coincidence,
Do You Suppose?
The Other Night
I Was Reading in My Bed
Just Around Midnight.
Before I Turned Off My Light
I Looked at the Clock and it Said
Twelve O'Clock;
Both the Minute and the
Hour Hands Stood Straight Up.

By MERRILL MOORE

I set the alarm for six; turned
out the light.
But just then for no reason in
the world
I thought of the stonemason,
Charlie Sands,
Who helped me build my sea
wall strong and tight
Last summer. I had not
thought of him for months.

I remembered that I still owed
him ten dollars
For extra work, so I made a
note of it
On the usual pad I keep beside
my bed:
Pay Charlie Sands the ten
dollars that I owe him
And went to sleep.
Next morning I woke up
And came downstairs for
breakfast, where my wife
Said to me, "It's too bad about
Charlie Sands—
The milkman says he died at
midnight last night."

BAKED CARAMEL CUSTARD

Put 1 cup sugar into a skillet and heat slowly, stirring occasionally, until the sugar is browned and liquefied. As soon as the last grains of sugar have dissolved, add 1 cup boiling water, stir briskly and cook until a thick brown syrup is formed. Butter 8 custard cups and put 2 teaspoons of the syrup into each. Scald together 2 cups each milk and heavy cream. Then add the remaining syrup along with 2 tablespoons sugar and ⅛ teaspoon salt. Beat 6 eggs and pour hot milk mixture into them gradually, stirring all the time. Flavor with 1 teaspoon vanilla. Pour into custard cups on top of the caramel syrup. Fill each about ¾ full. Place cups in a pan of warm water and bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., until set, or for about 45 minutes. The custard is done when a silver knife inserted in the center comes out clean. Chill. Turn out and serve.

CREOLE GUMBO

Have the butcher quarter 1 capon. Cut 2 pounds precooked, ready-to-eat ham into 1" cubes (this should give you 4 cups). Put the chicken and ham along with 2 cups water in a deep heavy kettle. Chop enough onions to make 2 cups. Add to the chicken and ham and season with the following: 2 cloves garlic, crushed; 2 teaspoons each salt and gumbo filé powder; ½ teaspoon each basil and orégano; ⅛ teaspoon pepper; 3 drops hot red-pepper sauce and a dash of cayenne. Simmer, covered, for 1 hour or until the chicken is tender. Remove the meat from the broth. Make a brown *roux* by sautéing 5 tablespoons flour in ¼ cup bacon drippings until the flour is golden brown (8 slices bacon will give you the ¼ cup drippings). Add the *roux* to the broth along with 1 No. 2 can tomatoes and ¼ cup tomato paste. Cook until thickened and blended. Remove the chicken from the bones, leaving it in as large pieces as possible. Readd along with the ham to the sauce. Cover and gently simmer for about 45 minutes longer. Stir from time to time to prevent sticking to the bottom of the pan. Crumble the bacon and add. Serve with rice. Makes 8 servings.

CORN STICKS

Beat 4 eggs with a rotary beater. Add 1⅓ cups milk and ⅔ cup melted butter. Sift together 2⅔ cups flour, 1⅓ cups white or yellow corn meal, 6 teaspoons baking powder and 1 teaspoon salt. Make a well in the dry ingredients and add liquids all at once. Stir just enough to mix. Preheat well-buttered iron corn-stick pans. Fill the pans with batter ¾ full and bake for 20 to 25 minutes in a hot oven, 400° F. Makes 28 sticks.

VANILLA-CREAM PUDDING WITH ORANGE-STRAWBERRY SAUCE

In a large pot, bring to a boil 1 quart milk. Mix together 2 tablespoons plus 1 teaspoon farina, 1 cup sugar and 1 tablespoon plus 1 teaspoon unflavored gelatin. Add to the milk, stirring constantly, and cook for 10 minutes. Remove from heat and cool. When it begins to thicken, flavor with 1 teaspoon each vanilla and grated lemon rind. Fold in 1 cup heavy cream, whipped, and pour into a 6-cup mold. Chill several hours until well set. For the sauce, heat 1½ cups fresh orange juice with 2 tablespoons sugar. Add 1 tablespoon cornstarch, moistened with a little water, and continue cooking sauce until thick and clear. Cool. Flavor with ½ teaspoon vanilla and ¼ teaspoon almond extract. Just before serving, stir in ½ cup toasted slivered almonds and 1½ cups sliced fresh strawberries. Unmold pudding and serve with sauce. Makes 8 servings.

CHEESE BLISTERS

Sift 1 cup flour into a mixing bowl. Season with ¼ teaspoon salt and pinch of cayenne pepper. With a pastry blender, cut ½ cup butter and 1 cup grated sharp Cheddar cheese into the flour until the mixture is like a very coarse meal. Add 3 tablespoons very cold water, a tablespoonful at a time, mixing in well with a fork after each addition. Turn the pastry onto a floured cloth, roll very thin, cut into strips ¼" wide and 3" long—use a notched pastry wheel if you happen to have one. Arrange on baking sheets and bake in a hot oven, 425° F., for about 12 minutes or until golden brown. Makes about 7 dozen cheese blisters.

MUSHROOM SANDWICHES

Cook 1 pound mushrooms in a little chicken broth until tender. Drain and cool. Chop into small pieces. Add a small (3-ounce) can chicken *paté*, 1 tablespoon mayonnaise, and mix well. Season with 1½ teaspoons lemon juice, 1 teaspoon each finely chopped chives and parsley, ½ teaspoon each salt and onion juice, and a dash of pepper and hot red-pepper sauce. Serve as a spread for buttered, open-face sandwiches. Garnish with parsley. Makes about 1¼ cups filling. END

HIGH SCHOOL TO COLLEGE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51

and guide our public policies; the spiritual and aesthetic refinement that bears fruit in our arts. It is from this kind of education that all the major professions—medicine, law, divinity, teaching, the sciences, and increasingly the fine arts and engineering—recruit their apprentices. For it is this kind of education that most fully and effectively develops the ability of the individual to grapple with the difficult tasks demanded by these professions. In increasing measure, too, business and industry are turning to this kind of education for technicians and managerial personnel; and the armed forces, having judged its results in two world wars, have given it a preferred place in their officer-training programs. Thus it is to this kind of education that we must look for the competence that will enable us to survive and, we hope, prosper in the world in which we are fated to live.

In its high-school phase this kind of education comprises the subjects already cited in the Russian curriculum, with English substituted for Russian as the native language and literature. The irony is that we should have to learn anything about the virtues of such education from Russia. For this was the education out of which the charters of American freedom emerged, the education of the founding fathers, the model they bequeathed to us. A full century before the U.S.S.R. was ever dreamed of John Adams and Thomas Jefferson were defining its curriculum, its role in our society and its relation to our form of government and advocating it as the equal opportunity of all Americans. Most of the countries of the western world had esteemed this type of education (as they still do) as the most vital and fruitful of all, yet limited it (as they still do) to a privileged or highly selected few. The United States set an example to the world by opening it up to all who showed the ability and the desire for it.

This is not the first time the U.S.S.R. has taken a leaf out of our educational book. In 1918 progressive education on the then popular American model became the rule in the same Russian schools that have swung far to the other extreme today. After a trial of sixteen years, this curriculum, at first thought to be the perfect educational counterpart of the revolution and its ideals, was found wanting and summarily abolished. During its heyday educational standards sank so low that Soviet officials finally rebelled. They complained that their children could neither read nor write properly, nor do simple arithmetic accurately, and that they were intellectually undisciplined. The result was a decree that brought the Russian grammar- and high-school curriculum back into phase with the curriculum of the English public school, the German *Gymnasium*, the French *lycee*, and the academic curriculum of the strongest American public high schools and private college-preparatory schools. At the same time it launched an effort that today enrolls in that curriculum a higher proportion of secondary-school students than in any other country, including our own.

The Russians have bitten off a large mouthful. Already there are signs of vocational alternatives—"polytechnicization" it is called—creeping into the system, accompanied by the creation of boarding schools, both suggesting limits to their academic curriculum's hold over so large and undifferentiated a mass of students. Even so, the scope of that curriculum could be considerably reduced and it would still represent a more ambitious and a more systematic effort to exploit the type of education it embodies in the national and the public interest than we are making, with greater resources and stronger tradition in our favor.

What can we do about it? There is practically no limit to what we can do once we make up our minds it is worth doing. Here is an objective that requires no summit conference with foreign powers, no departure from American tradition, no funds we cannot easily afford and readily provide—in fact, nothing save a clear view of the goal and the courage of our conviction that it must and can be attained. Seldom has an objective as vital to the national interest as this been so surely within our reach.

Unfortunately, most of us get no farther in this direction than damning the schools and waiting for Washington to do something about them. If this attitude prevails, the cause will be lost. Though the Federal Government can help, it is we ourselves in our local communities who must accomplish our educational salvation. I do not say this for traditional reasons—because it always has been so—but because in the nature of the case I believe it must be so. In our scheme of things, education is almost as much a matter of individual conscience as religion is. This is as true of its institutions as it is of its students. In the final analysis, both achieve their greatest heights because they wish to, not because they are compelled to.

DOUBLE ENTRY

By FRANCES BRAGAN RICHMAN

They tell me poetry doesn't pay.
And they're right, I suppose, in a practical way.

Since what does it profit a rose to bloom
Like a lamp in summer's living room?

And the luna moth would appear to be
An economic absurdity.

They do not contribute. Except to those
Who would hunger and thirst if there were no rose.

Who would fear the dark if created things
Were stripped of their unproductive wings—

Who must pay their way, as the gods arrange,
In different mediums of exchange.

Schools draw their main sustenance, which is intellectual and moral, from the community whose interests they serve; and no matter what outside controls we establish over them, they continue to reflect the character of that community. As an individual may borrow money from his bank and still remain an individual, a community may appeal for and accept Federal aid and still remain a community. Many schools could benefit by such aid; many, it would seem, will languish without it. But the aid itself will merely enable the local community to perform a function which only it can perform, a crutch that makes it possible for the patient to get to work, not a substitute to do his work for him. Educational standards may be proposed by Washington. They will be disposed by the local community. Any further progress toward Federal direction or control would not only touch an extremely sensitive nerve in our body politic; it would almost certainly fail in its objective. Even in the Soviet educational system, with absolute dictatorial power to enforce uniformity and a population conditioned for centuries to accept it, evidence points to familiar disparities in standards and accomplishments: between urban and rural schools, for example; between schools of different regions, for another example; and between schools reflecting different local customs and attitudes, for still another. It is hard to conceive of any American analogy, however benevolent, however severe, that would either smother, or substitute for, local initiative in education.

It will help matters, therefore, if we recognize at the outset that we shall have to work toward our goal in a variety of ways appropriate to a great variety of individual situations and circumstances. The large urban school stripped of support by migration to the suburbs will have one problem on its hands. The rural school in need of consolidation with its neighbors will have another. The school amidst city slums will have urgent business of a nature that rarely comes to the attention of the suburban school surrounded by the families of college graduates and attended by their children; and so on. Public-school life is the private life of the American people turned inside out, in all its diversity, and is hardly more amenable to centralized authority than it is in the home.

Still, we can spend our energies to better effect than damning the schools and waiting for Washington to bail them out of their troubles. Destructive criticism gets us nowhere, and we have had a surfeit of it. And the plain truth is that unless there is a change of heart on the part of the public Federal aid, however necessary, will not bail the schools out of their troubles. On the contrary, it will be more likely to give those troubles a new lease on life. When a bright boy (or girl) who should be taking advanced mathematics elects in its place a course in homemaking so that he can study with his "date," what difference will it make if the waste of talent takes place in a new glass building instead of an old brick one? Or if the teacher or the principal who permitted such a thing to happen has his salary raised? Federal appropriations to either purpose would only amount to a subsidization of error. Before they can do any real good, the public attitude toward education, particularly toward high-school education, will have to undergo a serious change.

Consider, for example, a widespread parental attitude toward two fundamental parts of the educational process: namely, discipline and homework. Without self-discipline there can be no self-education, and without self-education there can be no education. A student learns self-discipline by learning to measure up to discipline which in the first instance must be enforced by authority; and the school that does not teach him this fails him badly. Yet our schools are severely limited in the amount and kind of discipline they can administer; and even in this, more often than not, they find parents interceding and conspiring against them. The state of affairs in New York, where forty-one schools are occupied by the police as these lines are written, seems hardly more than the logical conclusion to such an attitude. Certainly it will improve the schools' chances of keeping order in the classroom to relieve overcrowding through new construction, and to employ more teachers. But until parents generally take a different view of the matter the results are not likely to be commensurate with the investment.

With respect to homework, the attitude of parents often presents an even greater handicap to the educational process. Any student attempting to cross the bridge of high-school-into-college education should be carrying five solid academic courses, and to do justice to these should be doing fifteen to twenty uninterrupted hours of homework a week. Yet I have heard more than one harried teacher complain that such assignments only bring parental intercession; and I have heard principals groan in despair at the same thing. It is hard to understand how anyone can believe in learning without studying. Perhaps it comes from the contemplation of denicotined tobacco, decalorized desserts, or any of the innumerable ways the advertising industry has devised for us to have something for nothing, satisfaction without effort, a gay dance without paying the piper. Or could it be the attitude that seeks greater economic rewards

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Naturally better *on French toast*

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IN THE NEW **NO-DRIP BOTTLE**

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 144

for less work applied in false analogy to education? Whatever it is, it diminishes the educational opportunity of *all* students, not just the gifted; it does great injustice to parents who understand the reason for discipline and homework and actively support the schools in their efforts to maintain both; it costs the schools, their teachers and their students huge losses in time, money and effort, and it represents another poor risk for Federal funds.

Yet another parental attitude that bedevils our high schools is the one that gives the entertainment of spectators of athletic sports priority over the educational needs of their participants. We have seen the excesses to which this attitude could go in higher education where, at least in some quarters, the tide appears to have turned. It would not be amiss for us to give some thought to its effects upon secondary education. I have heard of actual cases of consolidations of struggling high schools, below the optimum in size and strapped for teachers, being obstructed by adult followers of the local basketball teams. And I have heard superintendents and principals give vent to the same despairing sentiments at the inroads of the spectator interest in football as my colleagues in the universities. Few of the latter question the validity of amateur athletics as an integral part of the educational process, nor do I. But I do question whether the entertainment business is; and if I were responsible for the administration of Federal funds, I should want a strict accounting in this regard.

Having introduced a theme primarily affecting men, I now touch upon one of particular concern to women. Persons knowledgeable in such matters inform me that in the election by competent students of easy nonacademic in place of more difficult academic courses, girls are worse offenders than boys. The fact seems surprising, for at that age girls mature more rapidly than boys and are on the average more proficient in academic studies. Why then do they shy away from them?

I suggest two reasons. One is the belief that a course in cooking or marriage-and-the-family will produce, later on, a better home and a happier life than, say, a course in English literature or mathematics. The other is that women, having gained access to higher education, seem not to have gained complete confidence in its fulfillment. Both reasons discount the importance to the country as well as to the individual of the careers open to college-trained women, particularly in teaching where, in the existing teacher shortage, their services are at a premium. Both overlook the vital role that could be played by every mother in the educational life of her children, in directing their energies, supervising their studies, and, beyond and above all, inculcating in them a respect for education and the motive to make the most of it. American education has no greater stake in any of its sources of support than this. **It is largely to the mother of the family that it must look for proper attitudes toward discipline and homework, and for co-operation in many other respects. She is the school's partner in the educational enterprise, often the more important and influential partner of the two; and the better her education, the better the education of her children and the better the school. Every girl who has the competence for a solid academic course and spends it on a pleasing or seemingly "practical" nonacademic substitute commits at least as great a waste—often a greater—of as much consequence to society, as any boy.**

It should be clear by now that the underlying premise to the theory of high-school education as a bridge to college education is that it be used as such. It is true that we expect other duties of our high schools of great importance to society. Sometimes it seems as though there were few responsibilities for our teen-age citizens that we have not delegated to them. By school-attendance laws, child-labor laws and labor-union practices, we have systematically excluded this age group from the labor market. We have little room or time for them in our homes. We have turned them over to the schools and asked these to bring them up for us. **Not all these children are qualified for higher education or even for the academic curriculum leading up to it. Yet they are required by law to remain in school and receive instruction of some sort. For these, alternatives to the academic curriculum are in order, and it is obviously in the national interest that such nonacademic, vocational programs be brought up to as high a standard as obtains in Russia or anywhere else and that funds, facilities and teachers be provided for that purpose.** Yet if we are to achieve our main objective, the primary concern of the high school must be its academic curriculum.

The two aims are not incompatible, but they are distinct. Yet as things stand now, their distinctness is not as clear as it should be, and no wonder. They have become confused in a plethora of courses of all kinds and descriptions which have grown in number from around 35 in 1910 to over 300 by 1950. In the process, many have undergone protean changes, as history has into social studies, English into journalism and radio speaking and broadcasting, algebra into general mathematics, physics and chemistry into general science. Meanwhile, home economics has spawned such a numerous progeny that it defies description, with nonvocational industrial arts; vocational trade and industrial arts; business education; health, safety and physical education; music; art; and numerous other programs rivaling it in fecundity. The proportion of students enrolled in these curriculums is large and would be larger if all nonacademic-course elections by academic students were taken into account. For the elective system that once ran riot in college education now brings an equal freedom of curricular choice to students in high-school education, and at a

time when they are relatively less competent to exercise it.

Many make this choice, or have it made for them, on a basis that fails to do justice either to their own native ability or to the merits of the academic curriculum. For example, it is widely assumed that the vocational curriculums are better suited to students who are not going on to college than is the academic curriculum. This assumption rests upon two premises, both open to serious doubt. The first is that the academic curriculum is any less valuable to students for whom high school is the final educational experience than it is to those for whom it is the preparation for higher education. If the academic curriculum possesses the virtues I have claimed for it, it could well be argued that it is more, rather than less, important to those for whom high school represents the last chance at it. The second dubious premise is that present methods of testing and guidance according to which students are separated and enrolled in the two curriculums are entirely reliable. The results suggest that they are not entirely reliable, that there is a wide margin of error and waste in which the academic curriculum might prove itself. My own conviction is that both vocational and academic curriculums are necessary, but that the academic curriculum has never been given the chance it deserves of our high-school students or they deserve of it.

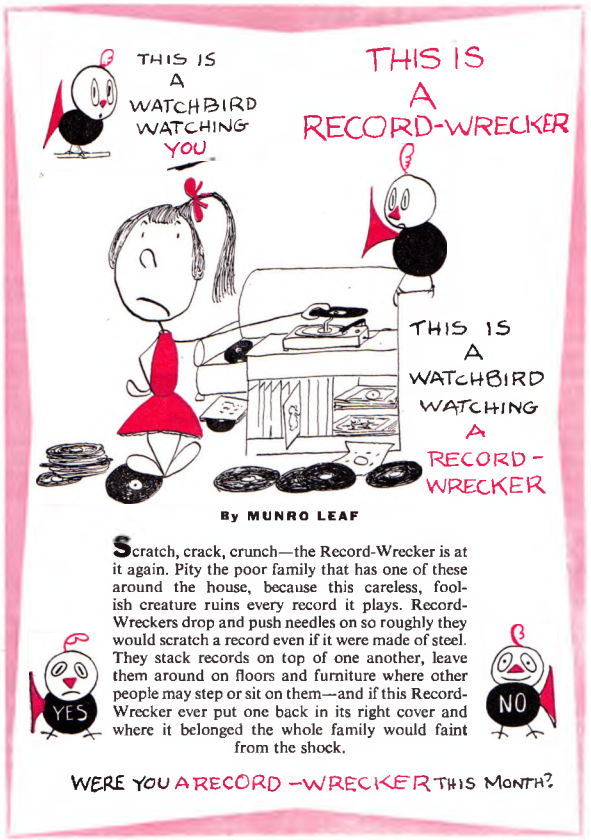
It is a wary student who can pick his way without stumbling or side-stepping through such a thicket. Parental guidance could help him, provided, as already suggested, such guidance is itself informed by higher education. Aptitude tests can help him, but at age 13 or 14 aptitude is not always fully revealed. Nor can aptitude tests guarantee motive; and what good is aptitude without motive? In the Soviet Union this student would be prodded and coerced by sanctions which are completely out of the question with us, whatever results they may or may not ultimately yield in Russia. In short, apart from his own judgment, which at age 13 or 14 is yet but half formed, the American high-school candidate for the academic curriculum leading to higher education is dependent upon his teachers. It is they who will have to help him discover himself. If they see the bridge clearly and see it whole, the chances are he will negotiate it. If they do not see it thus, the chances are that he will not.

My final suggestion is, therefore, that we give fresh thought to our teacher-training programs with a view to strengthening them in the subjects of the academic curriculum. I do not think there is any more crucial point at which the whole problem we have been discussing could be attacked than this. Generally speaking, these programs are replete with courses in methodology which I believe equip the prospective teacher less well than courses in the subject matter he is preparing to teach, combined with the actual experience of teaching, properly supervised, in practice and apprenticeship. Again, if students are to be sorted out according to the distinct aims of the vocational and the academic curriculums, so, I think, should teachers be. Mastery of one or more of the basic subjects in the academic curriculum is a full-time career, as anyone who has attempted it can testify. It is such mastery that gives the teacher his main—indeed, his only real—authority over his students. Every effort should be made to prepare him for the conditions he will encounter in his classroom by anticipating them in practice and apprentice teaching, and by analyzing and interpreting this experience while it is still fresh. But **the teacher's most reliable weapon for keeping order in the classroom, and by far his most reliable instrument for discovering candidates for higher education and getting them across the bridge, will be his command of the subject he teaches.**

Education, it has often been said, should form a continuity, even a unity, in the life of the individual who experiences it, interrupted only by the physical separation of the institutions he attends. To complete the unity of the academic curriculum we should include its teachers in it as well as their students. Teachers reared in this tradition will be the best hope, too, of educating the public whose attitude is so largely responsible for the present state of affairs.

Money will be needed for all these things. Teachers' salaries will have to be improved, buildings built, necessary equipment installed. But something is needed to supply the money. Not that we do not have it; we have enough and to spare. What is needed is the purpose to spend it on our schools. The Russians have shocked us into an awareness of our educational ills. But shock treatment alone will not cure these. The real cure lies in discovering the place of education in American society that the founders of that society intended for it.

Although the process of discovery has begun, to complete it will not be easy for us. There are so many things to spend our money on other than education, more things than ever existed in any country in the world. If we are to find the rightful place for education amidst all these, we shall have to seek it as Bunyan's pilgrims sought the way to the Celestial City through the teeming alleys of Vanity Fair. There they found "houses, lands, trades, places, honours, preferments, titles, countries, kingdoms, lusts, pleasures, and delights of all sorts" for sale; and they were inveigled by "jugglers, cheats, games, plays, fools, apes, and rogues, and that of every kind." All the arts of salesmanship were concentrated upon them, but to no avail. And when the baffled hawkers asked them, "What will ye buy?" the pilgrims replied, "We buy the truth." END



MARJORIE TUBBS' DIET OUTLINE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 61

Marjorie's doctor put her on a high-protein diet, told her to acquaint herself with the various calorie counts of foods, and to make well-balanced selections that would keep her within 1000 to 1100 calories each day. Here is a typical day:

Breakfast

CHOICE: Tomato or orange juice, or grapefruit (½), or medium portion of seasonal fruits such as melon, berries.

CHOICE: Poached egg, *or* cereal (¾ cup) with nonfat milk, *or* crisp bacon (3 slices).
Dry toast (1 slice).
Coffee, plain or with artificial sweetener.

Luncheon

Clear consomme or bouillon.

CHOICE: Vegetable *or* fruit salad, *or* large mixed green salad with hard-cooked egg, *or* tomato-cottage-cheese salad, *or* hot vegetable plate.

CHOICE: Fruit-flavored gelatin *or* fresh fruit (apple, pear, banana) *or* diet dessert, such as low-calorie pudding. Nonfat-milk (8 ounces).

Dinner

CHOICE: Roast beef, chopped steak, baked fish or fowl, roast lamb (medium portion).

CHOICE OF TWO: String beans, carrots, broccoli, cauliflower, broiled tomato, asparagus, spinach, turnips.

CHOICE: Tomato-and-lettuce salad; cottage-cheese salad, pear or peach halves on lettuce. Nonfat milk (8 ounces).
Coffee or tea, plain.

Marjorie's Reducing Rules

During my diet, and now while I am maintaining my reduced weight, these rules have become my way of life:

1. When eating out: Tell your waitress you do not want rolls or bread and butter served with your meal. If there is a starchy vegetable (potatoes, macaroni or a creamed vegetable) that comes on your luncheon plate, ask if you might make a substitution—such as a portion of cottage cheese instead of the potatoes; plain vegetable instead of creamed. I have found, in this diet-conscious age, that most restaurants very kindly oblige! (Also ask to have your food served *without* the additional gravy or sauce which may be indicated on the menu.)

2. Consider the cafeteria a marvelous place for a dieter. Here you have a chance to make your own low-calorie selection.

3. Control quantities. Usually no seconds, except (at the family table) perhaps salad, or a small piece of meat.

4. Trim off all visible fats from meat; avoid fried foods, rich sauces and gravies, fattening desserts. Cut down on bread, butter, starchy vegetables. I occasionally have *half* a baked potato, seasoned with salt and pepper.

5. Avoid eating between meals except on the most special occasions. Coffee and tea are stand-bys for social snacks. Most hostesses of my acquaintance are not at all offended when a dieting guest resists her tempting goodies. In fact, my friends and family helped and encouraged me in every possible way.

6. Exercise *every day* during your diet to keep fit and firm.

7. If, after successful reducing, you discover pounds creeping back, don't allow more than three. Get rid of them immediately before they can snowball into problem pounds.

8. Dress up your diet with some of the many prepared low-calorie foods that are available in most markets: calorie-conscious puddings and gelatins; salad dressings; nonfat milk; artificial sweeteners; diet breads; water-packed fruits.

9. Don't be a slave to the tape measure and scales—but respect them, they're your friends!

10. Broil, roast or boil meats instead of frying. Allow salt for cooking, if you wish, but cut down or out the salt at the table. Have your meats and vegetables *without* adding butter, gravy, sauces. (Your portion can be served separately from the rest of the family's.)

11. Keep your clothes in good repair during your diet. Take in the seams as your weight goes down, and bring your belt in to a new notch. You don't want to look baggy while you're on your way to new beauty.

12. Have regular medical checkups during your diet to insure your continued good health. (It's a morale booster to have your doctor pat you on the back and tell you what a good job you're doing!)

VACATION COTTAGES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 64

To complete cottage No. 1, without furniture, brought the total cost to slightly under $4000. To complete cottage No. 2, again without furniture, brought *its* total cost to slightly more than $2300. There was no owner participation of labor in either case, which of course would have cut the cost in proportion to the work done. The big difference in the total costs can be attributed to the following (and you can let this be your own cost guide):

No. 1, laid out as a guesthouse, had quite a few partitions; No. 2, as a cottage for vacationing couples, separated sleeping, cooking and living areas, with optional partial space dividers. No. 1 had a complete plumbing system installed, including septic tank; was also wired for electricity. No. 2, on the other hand, though it has running water, carries on with camp-type plumbing, and not only cooks but lights with gas.

No. 1, in the housekeeping version, made use of good-quality plumbing and cooking fixtures and appliances purchased from one of the mail-order houses, but all new. No. 2 made some very advantageous bargain buys of a used gas range and a used gas refrigerator for less than 10 per cent of their original price. Everything else in this cottage was new, but mail-order economy-priced.

The cost differential, therefore, is really a matter of personal requirements, personal pocketbooks.

As a footnote, let me suggest that just as these cottages are comparatively simple to assemble on the site, they are not too difficult to take apart and assemble again somewhere else. Remember, too, that a vacation cottage is one kind of house whose cost and use can be shared by friends whose vacation dates don't coincide. Also, you don't always have to *buy* a piece of property on which to put them up; you can often *lease* the use of an ideal site that might be impossible to buy. For instance, a congenial owner of property might very well find much mutual satisfaction in such an arrangement with an appreciative vacationing tenant, and I speak from a latter's personal experience.

Naturalness and simple truth will always find their opportunity and pass current in any age. The freedom of speech of a man who acts without any self-interest attracts little suspicion and odium. MONTAIGNE

The JOURNAL VACATION COTTAGE pattern gives several plan variations in several sizes, together with complete materials lists and full, clear instructions; two roof versions; optional types of windows and doors, and various suggestions for vacation-type heating devices, cooking and plumbing equipment. Send $10 to Stanley C. Reese, 70 West 11th Street, New York, for plans. Additional sets $5 each. END

OTHER VIEWS, SIZES AND PRICES OF VOGUE PATTERNS ON PAGES 56 AND 57

Vogue Design No. 9505. "Easy to Make" blouse: 10–20 (31–40). 60c.
Vogue Design No. 9504. "V.E.T.M." skirt and cummerbund; 24–30 waist measure. 60c.
Vogue Design No. 9503. Two-piece dress. 10–18 (31–38). 75c.
Vogue Design No. 9494. Bolero, shorts, slacks and cummerbund; 10–18 (31–38). 75c.
Vogue Design No. 9490. Two-piece dress, petticoat and cummerbund; 10–20 (31–40). 75c.
Vogue Design No. 9502. Blouse and skirt. 10–18 (31–38). 75c.
Vogue Design No. 9382. "Very Easy to Make" one-piece dress; 10–18 (31–38)*. 75c.
Vogue Design No. S-4871. Coat: 10–18 (31–38). $1.00.
Vogue Design No. 9506. Blouses: 10–18 (31–38). 60c.
Vogue Design No. 9210. "Very Easy to Make" skirt with detachable overskirt; 24–30 waist measure. 60c.
Vogue Design No. 9429. "Very Easy to Make" one-piece dress or jumper dress: 12–18 (32–38). 75c.
Vogue Design No. S-4878. Jacket, skirt, blouse and slacks: 10–18 (31–38). $1.00.

*Special yardage measurement for this design: 9382 size 14, sleeveless, takes 2½ yards of 45" fabric without nap. Design No. 9382 is shown on page 57 without front ties.

The Opposite Sex and Your Perspiration

By Valda Sherman

Did you know there are two kinds of perspiration? "Physical," caused by work or exertion; and "nervous," stimulated by emotional excitement.

Doctors say that this "emotional perspiration" is the big offender in underarm stains and odor. It is caused by *special* glands that are bigger, more powerful, pour out more perspiration. And this *kind* of perspiration causes the most offensive odor.

Science has discovered that a deodorant needs a special ingredient *specifically* formulated to overcome this offensive "emotional perspiration" odor. And now it's here . . . the remarkable ingredient Perstop*—the most effective, yet the gentlest odor-stopping ingredient ever discovered—and available only in the new cream deodorant ARRID.

Use ARRID daily and you'll be amazed how quickly this new ARRID with Perstop* penetrates deep into the pores and stops this "emotional perspiration" odor. Stops it as no roll-on, spray-on, or stick could ever do.

You rub ARRID *in*—rub perspiration *out* . . . rub ARRID in—rub odor out. When the cream vanishes, you know you are safe, even when you are nervous or stimulated by emotional excitement. Doctors have proved that this new ARRID with Perstop* is actually 1½ times as effective as all leading deodorants tested.

Remember—nothing protects you like a cream . . . and no cream protects you like ARRID with Perstop*. So don't be half-safe. Be completely safe. Use ARRID with Perstop* to be sure. Only 43¢ plus tax.

*Carter Products trademark for sulfonated hydrocarbon surfactants.

THE KNIFE, THE CHAIN AND THE SCHOOLYARD

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 46

used my right name, Lyle, and that is what started it, but I guess they would have used any excuse. They came after me in the first recess. I was just walking around looking, and they got in a circle around me. It started with the usual stuff you expect. Like Lyle sounding like a girl's name. And like asking if I'm an albino on account of with both Bingo and me, our hair is a real light color. I was scared, but not much, because I knew I'd have to fight somebody, and I'd had fights back in the mountains and I knew I was maybe average good or maybe a little better than average.

But I didn't get any chance to fight anybody. They were in a circle. All of a sudden one behind me gave me a big push. And the ones I stumbled toward pushed me back with their fists. I was banged back and forth until I fell and when I got up they kept on doing it. I got to crying, mostly because I was mad, and it kept on and on, and when I didn't get up they started to kicking me so I had to get up. I tried to go after one of them, picking a big one so maybe they would let it be a fight, but they liked the circle game better. Then the bell rang and that ended it. I went to the boys' john and fixed myself up some. I'd skinned my elbows and knees and knuckles falling on the bricks. The inside of my mouth was cut and I had a purple lump under my eye.

At noon I made the cafeteria last long enough so I wouldn't have to go back out in the yard, but when school ended at three I had to go out, and the same bunch got me again and it was the same thing again, only this time my face was sore and it hurt more. They got tired of it and some of them had left, and the biggest one wanted me to wash his shoes with my tongue. They were black and like cowboy boots, only not as high. They could have killed me and I wouldn't. Then a man came out of the school and broke it up. I went in and cleaned up and when I came out they were gone.

Mom made a big fuss about it. Bingo was in about the same shape I was. After she chewed us out and got us painted with antiseptic and bandaged, we got a chance in my room to compare notes. He'd done better than me, because he got a chance to fight. He got mixed up with a bunch that called themselves the Junior Dukes. And he had cleaned up on three of them, one at a time, before one came along he couldn't lick. But that one couldn't lick Bingo. Bingo is nine, but he's a fighting fool. His eyes get real pale, and you can't seem to hurt him. Since he was eight I can't really lick him. Only pin him down so he can't move, but it's no good twisting his arm. He'd let you break it before he'd say uncle.

After dinner dad had a talk with us. I tried to explain how I didn't have a chance to fight anybody, but he didn't seem to understand. He said, "I've taught you kids how to use your hands. You're both big for your ages and you're in good shape. Just go after one of the group. Win or lose, after you've proved you're no sissy, they'll respect you."

Mom seemed to get the idea better than dad did. They came as close as I ever saw them to having a real battle about it. She said the gangs were like packs of cruel animals. She said we should move outside the city.

Dad said that was nonsense. He said kids are kids. He said that any sons of his could get along no matter where they went to school. Mom looked like she might cry, but she didn't.

The next day they left me alone, and I couldn't understand it. It made me uneasy. I had the feeling they were watching me wherever I went. I made sort of halfway friends with one kid with a bad limp and a steel brace on his leg. His name was Felix.

He said, "That was the Sportsters beat up on you. The big one with all the pimples is Dewey. He's the captain and he's seventeen."

"What were they trying to prove?"

He shrugged. "That's just the way they are. You got to lick Dewey's shoes, then they let you alone, only you got to give them your lunch money when they want it."

"I won't lick any shoes. They'd have to kill me first."

Felix gave me a funny look. "They could do that too."

It gave me a funny feeling, but I told myself he was nuts. You don't get killed in a schoolyard. But after school something happened that made it all seem different. There was a quick fight in the yard near the gate. Kids all ran toward it and then it was over and they all were running away faster than they'd run toward it. One of the Sportsters walked out real fast, holding onto his own arm. Blood

Ask any WOMAN

By Marcelene Cox

She's the kind of woman who recopies a grocery list.

A boy probably reaches maturity when his judgment falls into step with his energy.

All any woman need do to make a house a home is to go away for a few days and leave the family alone in it.

In the way a fisherman sits on a bank, smoking, not betraying to the fish what he has in mind, a woman seeking matrimony never shows by word or deed she's out to make a catch.

When a brand-new wife fails to achieve perfection, she should take solace from the fact that, contrary to popular belief, a new broom doesn't always sweep clean; frequently it sheds and makes quite a mess of things.

According to the obstetrician, the newest baby in our family was born "sunny side up."

If you have a daughter, the honk of the wild goose may not be heard from the sky overhead but from the driveway outside.

The bride writes home: "Remember, mother, how I used to tease you when you wanted a new dishpan or something unromantic for a present? Well, I take it all back. Yesterday, my husband asked me what I wanted for a two weeks' anniversary present. Since he caught me in the middle of scrubbing the floor I replied without hesitation, 'A sponge mop.' So, today I have a new sponge mop and it seems like a very romantic present to me."

A small boy turned loose in the spring should be bounded either by the watchful eye of his mother from the kitchen window, a high board fence, or a police force. And even so, just crossing a level strip of yard he will manage somehow to nearly annihilate himself.

My grandmother said it succinctly: "Listen twice; speak once!"

was dripping off his hand. A kid lay on his back holding his hands over his bloody face, rolling his head from side to side and screaming in a funny gasping way. I walked home fast, and I didn't say anything about it. Bingo's face was lumpy again, but he didn't want to talk. He had a kind of closed-up look about him. A look of secrets.

On Wednesday there were cops in the school, and Felix told me that one of the Sportsters named Jigger had got in a fight with a Black Duke they called Booboo. Booboo had taken out a switchblade knife and cut Jigger's arm, and Jigger had taken his chain and whipped Booboo across the face with it and it had taken out an eye. The cops were looking for Jigger and most of the Sportsters had skipped school.

Maybe I should have told my folks about it, but I didn't. I thought it would have sounded like whining, and my dad had said I could get along anywhere. I had thought I could, but I wasn't sure any more. I felt a funny emptiness in my stomach. Because I knew they'd be after me again.

But it didn't happen until Monday, after all the fuss had died down. They came after me in the morning recess. The circle formed, and when I got the first push I kept right on driving and broke out and ran to the wall and got my back against it. They crowded around, grinning at me. So I asked if they were so chicken one of them wouldn't fight me. It was the right way to say it.

Dewey picked one of them. "You take him, Sooey," he said.

I guess Sooey was maybe fourteen, a real thick-set boy who was already starting a beard. A lot of other kids came around to watch. Sooey waited too long to get serious about it, and he was easy to hit, and I hit him good, as fast and hard and often as I could, aiming like dad told me once at his nose and mouth because that discourages them the quickest. He went down on one knee and I stepped back and he came up yanking a chain out of his belt loops. I saw it flash and I ran inside it and it whistled down and hit me like fire across the back. I went as crazy mad as Bingo does, I guess. He dropped the chain and then he had a knife, and I got the knife wrist and twisted hard and it fell and I snatched it up and he was close and for a crazy moment I wanted to stick it into him. He stood with his mouth and eyes wide open. Then the craziness went away. It was like being in some kind of movie. It was a man-thing, and I didn't feel ready for man-things. I suddenly felt like a stupid kid with a knife in my hand. So I bent over and put the blade under my heel and pulled up on the hilt and snapped it off. It was very quiet. So quiet I heard the wind go out of Sooey. I dropped the hilt in front of him and turned away and they opened up for me and let me through. And the bells rang and I went in, but I didn't hear a word the teachers said.

Dewey and another Sportster whose name I didn't know caught up with me on the way home. "Relax, kid," Dewey said. "Want to talk."

They took me four blocks out of my way and down an alley and up some outside stairs to a crummy room. Dewey had a key to it. It was full of beat-up furniture and empty beer cans. And there was a record player.

I sat on the couch with the strange kid beside me and Dewey sat on the rickety table facing us.

"This is the pad," he said. "Every Sportster gets a key. We get some good parties up here."

"So?"

"We got the best group. Nobody pushes us around. I talked to the guys. Maybe you can come in. But you got to be initiated."

"Then I get to push the other kids around."

"That's the way the ball bounces, Whitey."

"I don't like that name."

"You take the name we give you. That's your Sportster name. Whitey. You're younger than most kids we take in. So we won't give you a car heist for initiation. Something easier. Maybe one hundred hubcaps, and you got to get them all in the same night."

For some funny reason I thought of the class picnic back in the mountains, how the air smelled and how we sang around the fire, and then went home in the buses, singing all the way, a big moon looking like it was moving right along with us.

"You stink," I said, "and this room stinks and the Sportsters stink."

You think there's a thing that nothing in the world can make you do. Maybe if I was a man I could have had more guts. But the way they twisted the chain around my hand was too much. I went home and I went to my room and after I had washed my mouth over and over, and after I was on my bed crying as quietly as I could, out of humiliation, I thought I could still taste the oily dust of his shoes on my raw tongue.

They let me alone, in a way, after that, but it wasn't really being let alone. You never knew when you'd be ganged and held down while they took the lunch money. The first time they did it, they took the Swiss army knife with all the blades that I had gotten for my twelfth birthday, and they took the good-luck Chinese coin one of dad's foremen had given me. It turned out to be smarter and easier to hand them the money when they asked for it. The gangs ran the school.

So I was lonely at school, and lonely at home. Bingo wasn't the same any more. He had kind of a tough quiet look about him. And then, in late November, he came home from school one day with a chain for a belt, and he wore a big steel ring on his middle finger with a snake head on it. He went back out again that night and didn't come home until midnight. Mom and dad waited up, and they sent me to bed, but I went to the head of the stairs when he came in.

Dad couldn't pry anything out of him. He answered every question by saying he'd just been "around." Dad thrashed him and sent him up to bed. I didn't hear Bingo cry. They were downstairs talking in low voices. I went to Bingo's room and opened the door. He banged a bureau drawer shut and spun around.

"What the hell do you want?" he asked.

I pushed by him and opened the drawer. There was a lot of junk in there. Pencil flashlights, fountain pens, packs of cigarettes, lighters. I pushed the drawer shut and sat on his bed.

"You steal that stuff, Bingo?"

"What's it to you?"

"What's with the chain and the funny-looking ring?"

"I'm a Junior Duke."

"You're a punk like the rest of them."

"What do you know about it? I heard how you chickened out. I know all about you. I heard how you licked shoes and how you turn over your lunch money. I know how you get pushed around. There's got to be somebody in the family isn't chicken."

I thought of Sooey and the knife and I stood up and I wanted to hit him. He read it in my face and he dropped back a step and flicked the chain free with a practiced gesture and the loose end rattled on the hardwood floor and he stood there waiting, his face pinched and closed, with a city-kid tough look about him. And I thought of how he'd been when we'd been in the mountains, when his face had been open and you could tell what he was thinking.

I just looked at him and I said, "Bingo. Bingo." I just said his name.

And he looked down at his hand holding the chain and he looked at me and something seemed to crumple a little behind his face, and his eyes got narrow and shiny and he said, haltingly, "But what can you do? What in hell can you do?"

So I left him there and I went downstairs in my pajamas, and dad and mom stared at me. Dad said, "I thought I sent you to bed a long time ago. There's been enough trouble around here. You go on back up there, boy."

I couldn't keep my voice from trembling. I said, "Dad, this time don't treat me like a kid. Just for a little while. I've . . . got to talk to you, honest. It's important."

"Is it about Bingo?" my mother asked.

"Partly," I said, and I knew then that I was going to have to snitch on him, but if I was going to be grown up, that was part of it. But I was going to have to explain how it wasn't Bingo's fault.

"Sit down, Brud," dad said.

"We've got to get out of here," I said. "We've got to!"

I told them how it was. Exactly how it was. My mother had gotten very pale. Knots stood out at the corner of my father's jaw. They asked me questions and the questions helped me remember more about it. Toward the end my father was pacing back and forth across the small room, making the floor creak.

"Aren't there any good kids?" he asked. "I don't get it. Can't the good kids team up?"

"There's more good kids than bad kids, dad," I said. "But as soon as they team up, then they have to get in rumbles with the gangs that are around already, and then you'd have to fight with chains and rocks and zip guns, and hang around together all the time."

He stopped in front of me. "So that was the choice you kids had. Join up or stay out. Join up and be a thief and a criminal, or stay out and be a punching bag for gangs of vicious animals. Brud, I'm proud of the choice you made."

"Don't be hard on Bingo, dad. If he'd been just a little older . . . if he'd had a little more time where we used to live. But the thing is . . . we've got to get out of here. I mean I can stand it. But ——"

And then, hard as I tried to prevent it, I turned right back into a darned kid. I stretched out on the couch with my head in mom's lap, and was comforted.

I heard dad say, "I'd read about this juvenile delinquency, Mary, but I didn't know that it resulted in a setup where a decent kid has no choice. Or a poor choice."

And that's why we're out here in Cedardale, in the new house. Dad is eighteen miles from his job, and so he isn't home as much, but things are better. It isn't as nice as the mountains. Bingo has gotten into a lot of trouble in the new school, but each time the trouble isn't as bad, and I think he's coming around to the way he used to be. But it was awful close.

For me, I have a funny feeling about it all. I keep thinking that there must have been some way I could have handled it. I feel as if that school down there had licked me. And I feel older than these other kids in my class here in Cedardale.

And a lot of times I think of the good kids down in that neighborhood in Athenia. I was able to get out.

But what if I was one of the kids who couldn't get out?

That's what I think about a lot.

JOURNAL MOTHERS REPORT ON CRUELTY IN MATERNITY WARDS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45

There can be no disagreement on one point: *If women in childbirth are subjected to needless pain or discomfort or danger for the convenience of a hospital or a doctor; if what at best must be an ordeal is turned into a veritable hell, as many of our readers tell us, the situation must be corrected!*

Charge No. 1. "At one hospital I know of it is common practice to take the mother right into the delivery room as soon as she is 'prepared.' Often she is strapped in the lithotomy position, with knees pulled far apart, for as long as eight hours."—Registered Nurse.

This charge aroused considerable indignation among other nurses. A number wrote to give reasons for the strapping down.

"Lay people often do not understand why hands are tied. They are cuffed comfortably at the patient's sides to prevent contamination of the sterile field. Is it so difficult to understand why her legs are in padded stirrups? From waist to toes she is covered with sterile drapes. The doctor uses sterile gloves and a sterile gown. Infection was the greatest cause of death not too many years ago, so with the elimination of contamination mother and child are healthy and alive!"—R.N., Esmond, Rhode Island.

"Registered Nurse probably never had a baby or she would know that the lithotomy position is quite comfortable during labor. As a matter of fact, nothing she mentioned is too painful, speaking from experiences on both ends of the delivery table."—R.N., Van Nuys, California.

"The steel shoulder braces used at time of delivery are for the mother's protection. They keep her from falling off the table in case of an emergency—if her head has to be lowered quickly, as in shock."—R.N., Houston, Texas.

"As for keeping the patient in stirrups for eight hours—first, the pain and misery to the poor woman are obvious; I have yet to see a doctor deliberately increase these. And, to introduce a practical note, it would be difficult to tie up the delivery room for that long. What would they do with other mothers who delivered in the meantime?"—R.N., Long Beach, California.

And now let us see what our Journal mothers had to say about being strapped down. Many told of having been kept in restraints for hours.

"My husband brought me to the hospital six hours after my labor pains began, and I was immediately rushed into the labor room. A nurse prepared me. Then, with leather cuffs strapped around my wrists and legs, I was left alone for nearly eight hours, until the actual delivery."—Jackson Heights, N.Y.

"My obstetrician wanted to get home to dinner. When I was taken to the delivery room my legs were tied way up in the air and spread as far apart as they would go. The tight band put across my chest and shoulders made me feel as though each breath would be my last. When I was securely tied down, I was left alone."—Walnut Creek, California.

"I had my baby six months ago. My legs are just now beginning to feel normal, after having been held in that position for hours." —Bozeman, Montana.

Medical opinion on strapping down: It is approved obstetrical practice, when delivery is imminent, to put the mother's hands in cuffs, her feet in stirrups. This is to prevent contamination of the sterile area. But it should be done only at the very last, and for a period which generally runs around twenty minutes, seldom more than thirty. To strap the mother long in advance of delivery and leave her there is indefensible.

Charge No. 2. "On one occasion, an obstetrician informed the nurses on duty that he was going to a dinner and that they should slow up things."—Registered Nurse.

Strangely, this charge that babies are held back from being born in order to suit the doctor's convenience drew few denials from nurses and doctors, though it is a far more serious one than strapping down in advance of delivery.

Fully half of our mother correspondents wrote us that they had endured the ordeal of having their babies artificially held back from birth because the doctor was not on hand.

"I was strapped on the delivery table. My doctor had not arrived and the nurses held my legs together. I was helpless and at their mercy. They held my baby back until the doctor came into the room. She was born while he was washing his hands."—Marietta, Georgia.

"One of my babies lowered before the nurses were expecting her (I was just put on a delivery table with no attendants). When the nurse finally examined me she called for another nurse to call the doctor immediately while she strapped my legs together and gave me ether to hold the baby until the doctor arrived. The doctor had to come eight miles, and by the time he arrived and prepared for delivery it was a miracle the baby was still alive."—Avalon, Wisconsin.

Love is a short word, but it contains everything.
GUY DE MAUPASSANT

"The doctor dropped by at 6:45, cast me a scornful glance and went out to make house calls. One hour later my legs were released from the stirrups and held together by a nurse, who sat on my knees, up on the delivery table, mind you, because the baby was coming too fast. A few minutes after 8 o'clock the doctor arrived and allowed my baby to be born."—Arcata, California.

"When my baby was ready the delivery room wasn't. I was strapped to a table, my legs tied together, so I would 'wait' until a more convenient and 'safer' time to deliver. In the meantime my baby's heartbeat started faltering. At this point I was incapable of rational thought and cannot report fairly the following hour. When I regained consciousness I was told my baby would probably not live.

"She did live. She is healthy, normal and took her first steps last week. I am grateful to the doctors and nurses who worked so hard and skillfully to save her. I am grateful that she is alive and happy. I do not believe the treatment I received was intentionally cruel—just 'hospital routine.'"—Hamilton, N. Y.

A well-balanced woman indeed, who can discount the unnecessary peril to which her baby was exposed, because the baby was saved. Unfortunately, not all such cases had so happy an outcome.

"The granddaughter of a neighbor is hopelessly brain-injured because nurses tied the mother's legs together to slow down the birth until the doctor arrived."—Phoenix, Arizona.

Medical opinion on holding the baby back, pending the doctor's arrival: completely indefensible. Says one leading obstetrician, "It is never done in my hospital. I would not tolerate it."

But the nurses should not be blamed in such cases. They must carry out the orders or wishes of the patient's doctor.

Charge No. 3. "One [doctor] I know does cutting and suturing operations without anesthetic. He has nurses use a mask to stifle the patient's outcry."—Registered Nurse.

This charge also received little attention from defense witnesses. The exception was a blanket denial of all of Registered Nurse's charges, signed by six resident doctors at a hospital for Women in Washington, D.C. "I have never witnessed or heard of an act in a delivery room that could be considered inhumane. Steel clamps over shoulders and chest? Eight hours in lithotomy position? Legs tied together? Cutting without anesthetic? Masks to stifle outcries? This is too incredible to be seen even in horror comics!"

While our nurse in Van Nuys, California, explained and defended the practice. "There are times following delivery when anesthesia is contraindicated despite the necessity for sutures, and anyway, at the time of delivery the perineum is literally without feeling."

What do our Journal mothers testify on this point? A few mentioned it—in comparison with the number who had been strapped down for long periods, or had had babies held back.

"I was a newcomer to this country, and was not prepared for the way we mothers were herded like sheep, strapped down and cut and sewed—without being given anything to ease the pain."—New York City.

"When the doctor began to cut, I screamed. It was the final indignity of so many. The doctor snapped at me, 'You may as well shut up; we've run out of Novocain.' By that time I was too exhausted and dispirited to care very much."—St. Louis, Missouri.

Medical opinion: It is hard to believe that any doctor would perform an episiotomy on a patient who is not already under general anesthesia, without first applying a local anesthetic. Such an act would be indefensible. The point should be made, however, that women do not always realize they have had a local anesthetic, for they are aware of the cutting even though they do not feel the pain.

Thus Journal mothers, as well as a number of nurses, confirm the charges made by Registered Nurse. They add a number she did not mention.

Charge No. 4. That women undergoing labor are left alone for long periods of time, even in the delivery room. The husband often is excluded from the labor room at the time when the wife needs him most.

This, again, was a charge brought by many of our mothers.

"When I had my first baby I was left entirely alone for most of my sixteen hours of labor."—Haddonfield, New Jersey.

"I have had eight children in the past fifteen years, in four different hospitals, and have no reason to think that other mothers were treated any better than I. I was left all alone most of the time although I begged to have my husband with me. They would not allow him in."—Waseca, Minnesota.

"My first child was born in a Chicago suburban hospital. I wonder if the people who ran that place were actually human. My lips parched and cracked, but the nurses refused to even moisten them with a damp cloth. I was left alone all night in a labor room. I felt exactly like a trapped animal and I am sure I would have committed suicide if I had had the means. Never have I needed someone, anyone, as desperately as I did that night.

"My second child, thank heavens, was born in a wonderful Georgia hospital. My dear wonderful doctor sat in a rocking chair by my side in the labor room. Following the delivery, when I was moved to my room, my baby and my husband went with me and we had a cozy get-together in the middle of the night. Everything about this experience was simply marvelous and I'd be so happy to go through it again."—Somewhere in Georgia.

Many mothers who had had contrasting hospital experiences reported smoother, easier deliveries just because some sympathetic person was with them.

Medical opinion: It is admittedly a harrowing experience for a woman in labor to be left alone, particularly at night. The bravest, most maternal woman cannot help having some apprehension as her baby's birth approaches. To

be left alone as the pains grow harder, and she becomes tired, thirsty, hungry, is calculated to increase her fears. On this account, the first stage of labor is the worst for many women. It frequently lasts ten to twelve hours with nothing much happening; staff members, therefore, are inclined to give their attention to patients who need them more. Few hospitals have enough nurses so that one can be with the mother at all times. But wherever possible, nurses should be on call, and should drop into the labor room often to cheer and reassure the mother. A mother should on no account be left unattended in the delivery room.

Charge No. 5. That childbirth suffering is treated callously, in some instances to the point of actual brutality.

Incidents were reported under this charge that would be unbelievable if they had not come so spontaneously from such obviously intelligent mothers in so many different parts of the country. From nurses too.

"The cruel treatment expectant mothers often receive in both the labor and delivery rooms would make many civilized people shudder. As a young nurse, I was shocked and quickly disillusioned that humanitarians could be so inhuman. So often a delivery seems to be 'job-centered'—that is, get the job done the easiest, quickest way possible with no thought to the patient's feelings. In too many cases doctors and nurses lose sight of their primary concern—the *patient*."—R.N., Los Angeles, California.

"During my second baby's arrival, I was strapped to a table, hands down, knees up. I remember screaming, 'Help me, help me!' to a nurse who was sitting at a nearby desk. She ignored me. With my third baby, the doctor said at one point, 'Stop your crying at me. I'm not the one who made you pregnant!'"—Haddonfield, New Jersey.

"As a registered nurse, I have seen nurses who themselves had children become impatient (or worse) with a patient and express their feelings, often within her hearing. 'She got herself in this fix and now is a poor time to change her mind.' Or, 'They have to suffer.' This, to me, is untrue, and the poorest of psychology."—R.N., Urbana, Illinois.

"A patient recently came to the hospital where I nurse, with a fractured hip, incurred in the delivery room of another hospital. She had complained of pain but had been unable to get anyone to pay any attention to her."—Practical Nurse, South Carolina.

"The anesthetist hit me, pushed my head back, sticking her fingers into my throat so I couldn't breathe. She kept saying, 'You're killing your baby. Do you want a misfit or a dead baby? You're killing it every time you yell for the doctor.' . . . When my husband saw my bruised neck, face and arms, he questioned the doctor and was told that first mothers knock themselves around. Perhaps I shouldn't complain—my baby boy is healthy and not a misfit as I worried he would be. But I have listened to nurses laughing at other new mothers who were crying out in pain, I have heard other mothers being slapped and threatened with dead babies and misfits. I heard these things while I waited for the births of my second and third babies. What happens to the women who are threatened this way and then do deliver a misfit or a stillborn? Do they spend the rest of their lives blaming themselves? Do the words of these sadistic nurses and doctors forever ring in their ears?"—Homewood, Illinois.

Medical opinion: Unfortunate things can happen when staffs are overbusy and overtired. Nurses who slap patients or abuse them verbally should be fired; a doctor who takes out his weariness and irritations on patients has no place in obstetrics. However, women in labor sometimes misunderstand and misinterpret what happens around them. A nurse may quite properly suggest to a woman that she stop screaming and use her strength instead to push. There is no excuse for the attendants in the case last cited.

Charge No. 6. That mothers are treated with cold indifference—run through the birth process by "assembly-line" techniques.

This was one of the more frequent complaints, and many mothers seemed to feel that to be viewed as mere mechanisms, somehow subhuman, was worse than actual sadism. The phrases "assembly line," "not treated as if I were a human being" figured in many letters.

"The sadism described in Registered Nurse's letter is but one aspect. There are also the terribly apathetic manner of many doctors and nurses, the abrupt separation from loved ones and the total lack of emotional preparation (in some cases) which make childbirth a traumatic experience for many women."—Manhasset, Long Island, N.Y.

"Many normal deliveries are turned into nightmares for the mothers by 'routine' obstetrical practices. I have had two such experiences. My third baby will be born at home, despite the sterile advantages of a hospital confinement, for I feel the accompanying emotional disadvantages are just not worth it."—Columbus, Ohio.

And another Columbus, Ohio, mother: "More babies *are* born than ever before; doctors are hurried; there aren't enough nurses to go around. But our biggest enemy is smugness and indifference—the smug belief that everything will be all right, the shutting out of husbands at this crucial time. And locking us up in lonely labor rooms, shuttling us off to delivery rooms among brusque strangers like sacks of potatoes for the A&P. Grandma had her man with her, and a doctor that cared about *her*, *knew* her."

A woman doctor writes, "I have been associated with several obstetrical departments as a medical student, an intern, a medical resident and twice as a patient. The most critical thing that can be said of them is that because of overfamiliarity with childbirth and the establishment of necessary routines, they perhaps neglect some of the tender loving care which a woman in childbirth might enjoy."—Wilmington, Delaware.

Medical opinion: With so many women being delivered in hospitals, there is a possibility that the care may become mechanical. This is something that must be watched for and prevented all the time by alert heads of hospitals and obstetrical departments.

Charge No. 7. Degradation of motherhood and womanhood. An attitude that because she is bearing a child, a woman forfeits her right to womanly dignity and respect.

Today's women accept the fact that the usual rules of modesty must be suspended insofar as necessary examinations and services by nurses and their doctor are concerned. But some of our mothers had the feeling that attendants carried this to the point of indignity and outrage.

"And what about the nameless parade of 'interns' who appear unannounced, probe our trapped bodies and 'scan' our progress? . . . Since my husband is a veterinarian, I happen to know that even animal maternity cases are treated with a little more grace than is accorded human mothers."—Detroit, Michigan.

"I reached the point where I wouldn't have been surprised if the man who was washing the windows had suddenly laid down his sponge and come over to 'take a peek.' It seemed that everyone else connected with the hospital was doing it!"—Des Moines, Iowa.

"I am a registered nurse with postgraduate experience almost entirely in obstetrics. I am also the mother of three children. I have never seen gross cruelty. I have, however, seen careless and callous treatment of obstetrical patients, along with indifference and discourtesy. I have seen nurses more interested in flirtatious conversation with the doctor than in the patient's comfort. I have seen nurses be careless in screening patients from public view during procedures requiring their bodies to be exposed, to the outrage of the patients' feelings of modesty. I have heard such unthinking remarks as 'You had your fun, now you can suffer' made by a nurse to a mother in great distress, damaging the spiritual nature of the childbirth experience and showing the nurse's ignorance of the sacramental nature of sex in marriage."—R.N., Long Island, N.Y.

Medical opinion: Indeed, the heavy flow of patients through maternity wards today may lead to some carelessness unless those in authority are constantly on the watch. It should be said, however, that failure to appreciate the spiritual aspects of marriage and childbirth, failure to respect the woman in childbirth as a woman, is an indefensible violation of medical ethics.

We have presented the testimony for and against the general charge that in some maternity wards, childbirth is rendered a greater ordeal than it needs to be, because of attitudes of attendants or because of unnecessarily painful practices.

We believe the nurses and doctors who tell us they have never seen brusqueness, much less sadism, in a labor or delivery room. A nationally famous doctor calls attention to the magnificent record of his profession in cutting down maternal and infant mortality—a record to which the Journal has also called attention many times. We fully endorse this doctor's comment that this "has not been accomplished by careless or brutal obstetrics nor by neglect." Readers in many sections of the country have borne witness to great kindness and sympathy in busy maternity wards.

But the response from nurses and mothers indicates inescapably that this is not always the case, and that instances of callousness toward suffering, or unethical measures that actually increase suffering, are not so rare as our editors had hoped they are. We believe responsible doctors and nurses will join with us in insisting that these violations of human and medical ethics must be stopped. We would also call the attention of responsible doctors and nurses to another danger pointed up vividly by our readers' letters. This is a trend toward *de*humanizing the greatest emotional and spiritual experience given to a woman—the bringing of her baby into the light, into her arms.

If you love the good that you see in another, you make it your own.
ST. GREGORY THE GREAT

Until a generation ago, a normal childbirth was a natural, essentially happy event, attended by the husband and a kindly neighbor or two. Even in hospitals, friends might cheer the mother in the labor room; her husband, or some other person close to her, could stay with her until the baby was born. Now childbirth has been turned into a medical mystery, conducted in secret. In most hospitals, the woman in childbirth is cut off from those who love her, at her time of greatest travail.

A number of psychiatrists have been concerned at the disturbance to family solidarity and maternal instincts brought about, so they believe, by excluding the father from participation in the birth of his child. How much worse when the mother, thus isolated, is denied ordinary kindness and sympathy; is subjected to tortures completely contrary to good medical practice!

Nurses cannot question the orders or procedures of doctors; they cannot openly criticize hospital routines or the behavior of colleagues. Hospital heads may be unaware of the treatment accorded patients in labor or delivery rooms. Many of our readers accepted indignities or abuses as unavoidable—until they read Registered Nurse's indignant letter.

A number, including nurses, suggested a return to home deliveries as a solution. But it is hard to find a doctor nowadays who will consent to a home delivery, even when the mother is perfectly well and normal and no complications are anticipated. (No one would dispute that dangerous or difficult births call for hospital facilities.) Today most women in comfortable circumstances are required to go to hospitals to have their babies.

Our mothers do not ask for pampering. "We don't expect to have our hands held by understandably busy nurses and doctors. But it doesn't seem unreasonable to look for a certain degree of respect for the patient's feelings." So a Houston, Texas, woman expressed it.

Around 90 per cent of the women who wrote to us pleaded, however, "Let us have our husbands with us." Is it such an unreasonable request? This one change in present hospital rules would abolish practically all the nightmare features of which mothers have complained. With a husband present, there is little likelihood that a woman will be slapped or yelled at or subjected to uncalled-for tortures. It will give the mother the support and reassurance of a loving presence. It will provide her with the small comforts that mean so much, yet without taxing the hospital staff. Someone to hold her hand or rub her back; to wipe the perspiration away or bring the cooling drink.

We earnestly urge the medical profession to review the rule which bars the husband from his wife's side. We believe he should be allowed to be there at least until the doctor arrives to take personal charge. If the wife wants her husband in the delivery room—not all women do—he should be permitted to be there. If the husband cannot be present for some reason, some relative or friend should be allowed to take his place. Many mothers who had their husbands with them tell us in lyrical terms of the help this was. Whatever the reasons for placing at the mercy of strangers the woman undergoing childbirth, are they vital enough to offset these factors?

Other excellent suggestions have been offered by mothers, doctors and nurses:

1. Mothers should "shop around" a bit before selecting an obstetrician. An Independence, Missouri, mother remarks sensibly, "When buying a new home, a car or even appliances you check several before buying. You should check a doctor as well."

From a medical school in your state, or a big hospital or from your local medical association, you can obtain a list of skilled obstetricians in your vicinity. Learn something about these men. Ask your women friends what reputation they bear among their patients. If a physician habitually fails to get there when the baby comes, if he "puts mothers under anesthesia regardless," these things very soon get noised about among women. It is also proper to visit several doctors, obtain their ideas about conducting childbirth, then choose.

2. There should be more explaining of childbirth to mothers in advance. They should be prepared for such discomforts as are necessary for their welfare and that of their babies. A number of hospitals hold classes in the techniques of childbirth, quite a number conduct tours through the maternity ward for mothers who expect to be delivered in the hospital. More of this kind of thing should be done for expectant mothers.

Expectant mothers, too, have a responsibility to take the initiative in finding out what childbirth entails.

3. There should be freer communication between doctors and their patients. Mothers should feel at liberty to express their fears to their doctors; to tell the doctors what they would like them to do.

4. If a mother is subjected to treatment that she considers cruel or unethical, it is her duty to report it to the local board of health, or the hospital head, or some other person in authority. A criticism made of Registered Nurse was that she had not reported the outrages she had witnessed to the American Medical Association. Doctors concur that a nurse cannot do this—if she wants to continue in the nursing profession. The patient can, and all reputable physicians would like her to do so.

The greater part of the medical profession is as interested as laymen could possibly be in wiping out bad practices where they exist. This has been amply proved. But let us not lose sight of another need.

A Frankfort, Kentucky, reader has phrased this need admirably: "Every woman should be treated like a queen, even with her tenth! Not with excessive attention (yes, I know we're short of nurses) but with good humor and joy in the occasion!"

We at the Ladies' Home Journal agree.

Ladies' Home Journal representatives visited all writers (excepting only the two who wrote anonymously) who are quoted in this article.—ED.

Simply Great Teen Cooking

At the Olsens' in Philadelphia, four teen-agers run the kitchen.

By LIANE WAITE

"Of course we can cook," Aina Jo, 13, proudly told me, "and Roy does the shopping." Their mother and father, Frances and Hugh, have full days away from home—she as a resident doctor and he as a materials writer. These teen-age cooks manage on a budget of $35 a week, do most of their own shopping and have developed their own recipes. They know food prices intimately, are up-to-date on new products and are aware of which foods are their best buys.

Each Saturday morning, Roy attaches the family shopping cart to his bicycle and rides to the store to do the marketing. This means early rising and considerable maneuvering. Not an easy task for a 12-year-old. Earl, 15, prepares the morning breakfasts. Jeans-clad and sleepy-eyed, he makes his way to the kitchen and comes up with anything from bacon and eggs, sunny side up, to corn bread.

Toby, 17, confines his cooking to more reasonable hours of the day, specializing in casserole dinners. There is a great deal of humor about their accomplishments, with the family voting each dish a success or a failure. "They're real good," Frances says, and sits down to dinner with complete confidence.

Here is a favorite recipe and menu from each young Olsen—proud accomplishments of these four teen-age cooks.

Toby's Saucy Meat Balls prove he likes to eat though his mind is also buzzing about electronic gadgets and cars. "It's the greatest," says Earl.

Saucy Meat Balls and Spaghetti
Tossed Green Salad
Ice-Cream Sundae
Coffee or Milk

Saucy Meat Balls: Chop enough onions to make 1⅓ cups and enough green pepper to make ⅔ cup. Melt 2 tablespoons butter or margarine in a skillet. Add onions, green pepper and 1 peeled and crushed clove garlic. Cook gently until the vegetables are tender and slightly golden. Add two 10½-ounce cans tomato soup, 2 of beef bouillon and 4 teaspoons lemon juice. Simmer slowly. Turn 2 pounds ground beef into a large bowl. Moisten 2 cups bread cubes with a little milk. Squeeze dry. Add to the meat along with 2 unbeaten eggs. Season with ½ teaspoon salt, a dash of pepper and a pinch of basil. Mix thoroughly. Shape into balls about the size of table-tennis balls. Melt 2 tablespoons shortening in a skillet and brown the meat balls, a few at a time, first on one side and then on the other. Turn them carefully. When browned, put in a casserole. Pour the hot sauce over them. Cover and bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., for 30 minutes. Serve with hot spaghetti. Makes 6 servings.

Earl, with his mind on sports, seems an unlikely candidate to be cooking breakfast. But his early-morning treats win him family fame just as his success on the soccer field won him his school letter. These French Waffles are quick and easy, take little effort and few dishes. Aina Jo rates them almost higher than anything—she washes his dishes.

Orange Juice
French Waffles and Bacon
Milk and Coffee

HOW AMERICA LIVES

French Waffles: Use bread that is rather dry and thickly sliced. Spread each side of the slices with softened butter. Then dip them in a mixture of ½ cup milk, 2 slightly beaten eggs and ¼ teaspoon salt. Do this quickly so that the bread is only coated with the egg mixture, not soaked. Bake in a waffle iron as you would a waffle until it is golden and sizzling. Serve with maple syrup and bacon. The batter recipe is enough for 6 slices of bread.

STUART

For Aina Jo's teen parties—bubbling-hot pizza pie and ice-cold beverages.

DI PIETRO

Aina Jo admits that when she was first introduced to a pizza pie she was dubious, but it looked good and smelled even better. After a timid try she plunged right in and perfected her recipe. Now when her friends come over they have a pizza party using this recipe and menu.

Pizza Pie
Relishes
Fresh Fruit
Milk or Soft Drink

Pizza Pie: To make the crust, mix together 2 cups prepared biscuit mix and ½ cup water. Turn out onto a floured board and knead for about 1 minute. Do not be afraid to work this dough. It should be a little tough. Flour your rolling pin and flatten the dough into a 16" circle. Fit this into an aluminum pizza pan measuring 14" across. Crimp the edge of the dough onto the sides of the pan to hold it in place while the pie is baking. Chill while making the filling.

Filling: Sauté ½ cup finely chopped onion and 1 peeled and crushed clove garlic in 2 tablespoons salad or olive oil. While this is cooking, thinly slice ¼ pound mushrooms. Add to the onions and cook until they are golden. Dice and drain 2 No. 2 cans tomatoes. Add them and ¼ cup tomato paste to the skillet along with the mushrooms, onion and garlic. Season with 2 teaspoons mixed Italian seasonings, ½ teaspoon seasoned salt, ¼ teaspoon salt and a dash of pepper. Stir and bring to a simmer. Spread ½ cup grated Parmesan cheese on the crust. Spoon the tomato mixture over the cheese. Top with a sprinkling of 1 cup sliced salami cut into wedges or strips and slices of Mozzarella cheese—about ½ pound. Bake in a hot oven, 425° F., 20–25 minutes, until the crust is browned and the filling is bubbling.

Roy confines his culinary efforts to sandwiches—big, hearty and terrific. These Hoagies, as he calls them, are eaten any time. They are made to fill the bottomless pit in a boy's tummy.

Hoagie Sandwiches
Fruit
Milk

Hoagie Sandwiches: Split a 10" Italian roll in half the long way. Be sure that you leave one side hinged. You will need it. Spread the top and bottom of the cut sides with softened butter. Now start layering; first lettuce, then thinly sliced boiled ham and a few slices hard-cooked egg. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Next a few thin slices of tomato, dill pickle and sliced Swiss cheese. Spread with mustard. Makes 1 sandwich for a big appetite.

ANYTHING YOU CAN CLIMB

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 42

into his prep-school German—"*Ein Platz wo man spazierengehen kann.*"

"Oh," said the clerk. "*Ja.* The man will be here soon. You may ask him."

"Oh, good!" Elizabeth said. "I knew there'd be something!"

"Would you ask him to look us up when he gets here?" Stanley said, and the clerk smiled and nodded. "I hope he speaks English," Stanley said to Elizabeth, and she laughed.

"I think you did quite well," she said.

They went to their room, and changed their clothes and washed. When they got downstairs again, the clerk pointed to a sun porch and said, "The man is there. He is waiting for you. He speaks English good."

"Thank you," Stanley said. They went onto the porch, and saw a man who could have been anywhere from forty to sixty; he was small and thin, and had a bristly blond mustache. His eyes were a pale china blue, and the skin of his face was tanned and hard and full of tiny wrinkles. He wore a wool shirt and long leather trousers, and on his feet were heavy boots. A shapeless green hat was clutched in one hand. When he saw Stanley and Elizabeth, he stood up and came toward them.

"Mr. Stanley?" he asked.

"Yes," said Stanley. "And this is Mrs. Stanley."

"Madame," the man said, bowing slightly. To Stanley, he said, "My name is Ernst. Ernst Grimsel."

"How do you do?" Stanley shook hands with him, and felt the ironlike quality of the man's hand, although Ernst did not grip him hard. "Mrs. Stanley and I would like to do some walking while we are here," he said. "We're told that you know something about it."

Ernst smiled, and his teeth were ragged and uneven. "Yes," he said pleasantly. "I do. Here—let me show you." They followed him to the window, and looked out at the surrounding peaks. On the ground, the shadows were darkening, but the tops of the mountains were bathed in a pink glow, and the sky overhead was still a faint blue-green. "You can have whatever you want," he said, and, starting at the extreme right, he pointed out the mountains. "You can have the Jungfrau, but that is not much—a train goes most of the way up—or you can have the Finsteraarhorn, the Schreckhorn, the Wetterhorn or the Schwarzhorn. The Finsteraarhorn is farthest away, but it is the tallest. The Wetterhorn is nearest." He pointed to a peak that towered, high and sharp, almost directly over the town.

There was a short silence. "Oh," Elizabeth said at last. "Well, what we had in mind was more of a ——"

"For beginners, the Wetterhorn is really the best," Ernst went on. "I took an American lady up there just two days ago."

"I see," said Stanley. He cleared his throat, glanced quickly at Elizabeth, and said, "I guess we'd better do the Wetterhorn, then. After all, it's not the mountain we're interested in, so much as the exercise." He carefully did not look at Elizabeth, but peered out the window at the jagged peak. "Incidentally, how high is that?" he asked casually.

"It is not very high," Ernst said, and grinned. "It is about thirty-seven hundred meters above sea level. From here, not nearly so much."

"Well, actually, what we were thinking of ——" Elizabeth began, but Stanley cut her off.

"Thirty-seven hundred meters?" he said. "That comes out to—thirty-seven times three-plus—about to twelve thousand feet, then, doesn't it?"

"Yes," Ernst replied. "A little more."

Elizabeth turned to Stanley. "You know very well ——" she started.

"Well, Mosquito Peak, in Colorado, is more than that," he said quickly. "I climbed that when I was a mere boy." To Ernst he said, "Fine. When do we start?"

"Tomorrow morning at six." Ernst thought a moment. "You will need to rent shoes and crampons," he said. He explained that the crampons were for walking on snow and ice, and were iron spikes that would be fitted to their shoes by a blacksmith in the village. He gave them the name of a place to rent the shoes, and told them to be sure to have two pairs of heavy socks. "The rest of it, the hotel will do," he concluded. "They will give you the food you want to have for two days."

"Oh," said Stanley. "That's what it takes, is it—two days?"

"Yes," Ernst replied. "If everything goes right."

"Norton, don't you think we ought to talk this over?" Elizabeth said, a note of desperation creeping into her voice.

"Nonsense," Stanley said briskly. "You heard him say he took a woman up there just the other day. What is there to talk over? This'll be the best exercise we can get—just a simple climb."

She was quiet, and Ernst said, "Oh, yes—you will also want to have snow glasses. The sun on the snow is very bright."

"Right you are," said Stanley. "Snow glasses." He paused and cleared his throat. "We won't need—ah—picks, or axes, or anything like that, will we?"

"No," Ernst said, and smiled. "I have my own ax. I cut the steps, and you just follow. You are roped to me, so you cannot fall."

"Oh, good," Stanley replied. "Splendid." He laughed. "Well, I guess it's all over but the shopping, then, isn't it?" he said.

"Yes," said Ernst. "Until tomorrow, then." He bowed to Elizabeth, shook hands with Stanley, and walked away. His boots made a heavy clumping noise as he went.

The next morning when they went down for breakfast, Stanley was wearing a woolen shirt, a sweater, a jacket he used for driving, and khaki trousers. Elizabeth had on woolen slacks, a cotton shirt and a sweater, and a scarf around her neck. Stanley had bought a rucksack, in which they put gloves, extra socks, two extra sweaters and their crampons. As they walked into the dining room their boots thundered on the floor, and Stanley was glad that no other guests were about. He felt vaguely self-conscious with all his equipment, and he was glad he had resisted a last-minute temptation to buy an Alpine hat.

Elizabeth was silent all through breakfast, but Stanley felt a growing ebullience that was due in part, he knew, to his feeling of having scored a small victory the evening before. But it was due also to the fact that he honestly felt exhilarated at the thought of climbing the mountain, which somehow did not seem so ominous in the morning light as it had at dusk. The lower slopes appeared to be only a mile or so away, and from there his eye traveled quickly to the snow fields, and up the white ridges to the peak. He didn't understand why the trip could not be made in one day, but then, he supposed that Ernst knew what he was talking about. He probably allowed two days just in case a climber broke a leg, or something like that.

Stanley looked at Elizabeth. "I wonder if we should bring any first-aid equipment along," he said.

She put down her coffee cup and stared at him. "Why?" she asked. "What for?"

"Oh, nothing," he said cheerily. "It just crossed my mind. But I imagine Ernst will be all stocked up on that kind of stuff."

She took a sip of her coffee, then set the cup down and wiped her mouth. "Yes," she said. "I imagine he will be."

Ernst arrived promptly at six, and greeted them cheerfully. He was dressed as he had

been the day before, and he also carried a bulging rucksack; a small pickax and a neatly coiled mass of sleek, tough rope. He looked quickly and without comment at their equipment, and then said, "Are you all ready?"

"Rarin' to go," Stanley said jovially. "You lead the way, and we're with you."

A smile flickered on Ernst's mouth, and he said, "Good. This way, then."

Stanley shouldered his rucksack, and he and Elizabeth followed Ernst out the side door of the hotel. The morning air was cool, and there was the smell of clover and wet grass, and the mountain looked clean and white, as though the night had washed it and sharpened its outlines. They went down a path that crossed a sweet-smelling field, and Stanley breathed deeply and stepped out in a long, swinging stride.

"This feels good!" he said. "There's nothing like walking in the early morning!"

"Slower," said Ernst, from behind him. "You must go much slower."

"Oh," said Stanley, and he dropped back beside Ernst, who was walking at no more than a casual stroll.

"This is the mountain climber's pace," Ernst said gently. "This way, you can walk all day. The other way, you fall down after an hour. You must save your strength."

"Of course," Stanley said. "I guess I forgot." He looked at Elizabeth, who was walking quietly along the path, keeping her eyes deliberately averted from the mountain ahead of them. "How goes it?" he asked her. "How do you feel?"

She smiled thinly. "Oh, I feel fine," she said. "First-rate."

For about two hours they walked across fields and meadows, and Ernst told them about the country and the people. He was not garrulous, and he spoke usually in answer to a question, but his answers were complete almost to the point of eloquence. The way he talked, the way he walked and the way he moved all suggested relaxed contentment, and Stanley felt a great surge of envy come over him. *This*, he thought, *is the way to live—free, uncomplicated and happy.*

The best smell is bread, the best savor salt, the best love that of children.
GEORGE HERBERT

Finally they came to a glacier at the foot of the mountain, and they walked carefully up and across its dirty, boulder-strewn surface. The walking here was harder, and Stanley began to perspire with the exercise. The sun was hot, and after a while he took off his jacket and put it in his rucksack. When they reached a rocky path that led from the glacier up the mountain proper, they stopped for a rest, and Elizabeth took off her sweater and handed it to Stanley. She was warm, and her face glowed slightly, but she did not seem to be out of breath. "Here," she said, as she gave him the sweater. "Could you put this in your pack?"

"Sure thing," he said. His rucksack was nowhere near as large or as full as Ernst's, but he could already feel the marks of the straps on his shoulders. He could also feel a slight tightening in his chest. "As a matter of fact, I don't think I need my sweater either," he said. "I guess I overdressed for this part of the trip." He put his sweater and Elizabeth's in the rucksack, then took a deep breath and stretched his shoulders backward. "Boy, this is the life!" he said to her. "This is the best idea you ever had."

She looked at him coldly, and said nothing.

He had a cigarette, and then they started slowly up the path again, and for what seemed like endless hours they trudged up the side of the mountain, back and forth as the path cut through the most accessible places. They could see nothing above them except rocks and grass and a few shrubs; behind them the village dwindled into the distance, and off to their right rose the sparkling peaks of the Schreckhorn, the Finsteraarhorn and the Jungfrau. The path was dry and dusty, and the sun beat hotly on their backs, and Stanley felt that his face was on fire and his mouth was turning to leather. Once, when they stopped for a breather by a small stream, he lay down and cupped his hands in the icy water, but before he could get any of it to his mouth, Ernst stopped him.

"No!" Ernst said sharply. "Never do that! It will make you sick."

"Oh," said Stanley. He stared at the stream for a moment, tortured by the sight of the racing, bubbling water, and then he wet his hands again and splashed his face. Then he sat up and looked at Elizabeth, whose face was shining with perspiration. "You want to try some?" he asked. "You look kind of warm."

"No, thanks," she said. "I'm fine."

"Madame is right," Ernst said, smiling. "Too much cold is no good when you're hot."

Well, it felt pretty good to me, Stanley thought. *Too much cold or not, it felt better than anything has all day.*

"What you need is something hot," said Ernst. "When we get to the cabin, I'll make you some hot tea."

Oh, great, Stanley thought. *Hot tea, and sandpaper toast. That's all I need right now.*

They had a little lunch, and then went on, slowly, endlessly, painfully, up the dusty, rocky path. There was no wind, and the afternoon sun grew hotter and still hotter. Stanley found that he was no longer looking around him; his eyes were fixed on the path at Ernst's feet, and the slow, clumping motion of the dusty boots had a hypnotic effect on him. He could see the stitches along both sides of the heel straps, rows of little white dots in the gray-brown leather, little white dots that flicked away and back, away and back, away and back. His own breath came and went in the same rhythm, in and out, away and back, and his heart pounded heavily in his ears. Ernst stopped, and Stanley almost ran into him.

"See?" Ernst said, pointing upward. "There's the cabin."

Stanley looked, and on what appeared to be a ledge high above them he saw the jutting underside of a cabin roof. He turned back to Elizabeth. "The cabin," he said. "We're as good as there."

"So soon?" said Elizabeth. Her face was light purple, and glistening, and her eyes looked unnaturally white.

They were not, however, as good as there. It was almost another hour before they reached the cabin, because the path wound back and forth across the side of the mountain, getting very little higher with each tack. The cabin loomed above them, tantalizing them and luring them on, but never seeming to get any closer. Then finally, when Stanley had sworn to himself that he would take fifty more steps and then lie down in the middle of the path, they rounded a turn and saw that only twenty yards of rocky ground separated them from the cabin. They tottered over the stones, and the moment they got inside the bleak, smoke-smelling room, Stanley and Elizabeth fell face first onto long wooden benches, unable to move or to speak. Ernst unlaced their shoes and took them off their feet, and replaced the shoes with large, wooden fleece-lined sabots, which felt good and curiously tender. Then he started a fire in the stove, and put on a large teakettle, in which he brewed tea to a dark, red-brown color. In each mug of tea he put four teaspoons of sugar, and then he set the mugs in front of them, and the kettle and the sugar nearby, and went out the door. The smell of the tea roused Stanley from his stupor, and with trembling hands he lifted the mug to his mouth and took a sip. It tasted good, and he took another, and by the time he had finished the mug he had found the strength to reach out and refill it. Elizabeth, on her bench, was also sipping her tea. When he had finished eight mugfuls, Stanley felt well enough to talk. He inched around so that he was lying on his back, folded his hands across his stomach, and looked up at the smoky ceiling and took a deep breath.

"Well!" he said. "I'll bet that was more exercise than George Walters gets in a year."

There was a bump as Elizabeth set down her mug. "Oh, shut up," she said.

After a while, as his strength returned still more, Stanley stood up and went over to the

window and looked out. Near the cabin there was nothing but loose boulders and outcroppings of bare rock, but farther up were patches of snow, and then, as high up as he could see, the brilliant white expanse that marked the snow fields near the peak. The peak itself was out of sight.

The door opened, and Ernst came in. He was smiling his crooked-toothed smile, and in his massive fingers was a tiny gray flower. He took off his hat and gave the flower to Elizabeth. "For madame," he said. "An edelweiss."

"Why, thank you," Elizabeth said, with the first pleasure she had shown all day. "How very sweet!" She put the edelweiss in a buttonhole of her shirt and stood up. "I'll wear it as a good-luck token," she said.

Ernst bowed slightly, then turned to Stanley. "Soon it will be time for supper," he said. "And then you and madame can sleep up there"—he pointed to a ladder that led up through a square hole in the ceiling—"and I will sleep down here."

"Isn't it a little early for supper?" Stanley asked, looking at his watch. It showed five minutes past four. "That tea kind of filled me up for the time being."

"We'll eat in an hour or so, perhaps," Ernst said. "But it should be early, because we get up again at three."

"At three in the *morning?*" Stanley said incredulously.

"Oh, yes. We have to get to the summit by eight, so that we can be down out of the snow again before the sun warms it. In the day, when the snow is warm, there are sometimes avalanches."

"I see," said Stanley, after a pause. "Well, you make supper whenever you think we ought to have it, then."

They ate early, and then Stanley and Elizabeth climbed the ladder into the murky loft above. There was a line of straw mattresses on the floor, and they covered two of them with blankets that Ernst had given them, then wrapped more blankets around themselves, and lay down. Stanley was asleep almost immediately, but he awoke some time later and heard Elizabeth tossing and moaning in the darkness beside him. She twitched, and ground her teeth, and muttered incoherently, and when he reached out and touched her shoulder, she cried "No, no, no!" and sat up quickly. Then she sighed, and lay back again, and was quiet, with only her feet twitching every now and then. It seemed to Stanley that he lay awake for a long time, staring into the darkness, and then suddenly a flashlight was shining on him, and someone was touching his arm. Ernst's voice said, "Time to get up, Mr. Stanley," and when Stanley grunted in reply, there was the sound of Ernst's boots descending the ladder and clumping across the floor below. Stanley sat up, and reached out toward Elizabeth.

"It's all right," she said. "I'm awake."

They had a hot breakfast by the light of a large kerosene lantern, and then, under Ernst's supervision, they began to put on their heavy clothing. Elizabeth did not eat much breakfast; she was tight-lipped and silent, and as Stanley watched her he saw in her eyes the lack of focus, the deep concentration to bury panic, that he had seen in the eyes of men the first time they went on a patrol. She appeared natural in everything she did, but her mind was completely separated from her body. He tried to catch her eye and smile at her, or do something that might relax her just a little, but she was moving mechanically and without any perception of anything around her.

When they were dressed, Ernst took a small folding lantern from his rucksack, opened it up, inserted a candle, and lighted it. Then he extinguished the kerosene lantern and opened the cabin door, and they stepped out into the night. It was cold, but the sky was clear, and directly overhead they could see stars. They followed the dancing light of Ernst's little lantern across the field of rocks and boulders, and finally, when the ground began to rise, Ernst stopped and set the lantern down.

"All right," he said. "Now we put on the ropes." He uncoiled his length of rope, and tied one end around Elizabeth's waist. Then he tied it around Stanley's waist, and then around his own. "Now," he said to Stanley, "make a coil like this"—he took in three or four loops of slack line—"and hold that in your hand. That way, if madame should fall, you could let out the slack and brace yourself before the line goes tight. I do the same in case you should fall. Do you understand?"

"Yes," said Stanley, and he clutched the coil of line in his hand.

They trudged on upward through the darkness, and gradually the deep blue-black of the night began to change to a dark gray, and some of the larger rocks and crags became visible. Then there were patches of lighter gray, and they felt the occasional crunch of snow beneath their feet. Ernst's lantern sprinkled light ahead of them, but Stanley found that he was able to see fairly well without it. Then the sky began to lighten from gray to blue, and suddenly the white peaks around them took on a faint glow. Ernst stopped, blew out the lantern, and folded it and put it in his rucksack. Then he took his crampons and strapped them to his boots, and when Stanley and Elizabeth had done the same, he inspected them to make sure they were tight. "Good," he said. "Now we must be a little careful."

The ascent became steeper, and snow and ice lay more thickly among the rocks. Wearing the crampons, it was comparatively easy to walk on the snow, but Ernst guided them along rocky ridges, on which Stanley stumbled several times, and once he almost fell down. He looked at Elizabeth and smiled, and she smiled quickly and without expression.

By the time they reached the snow fields, it was bright daylight, and they had to put on their dark glasses. Everything around them was a dazzling white, and even through the glasses they felt an instinctive desire to squint. They climbed even more slowly, taking frequent rests. Once Stanley looked at his watch, thinking that it must be about noon, and saw that it was not quite seven. It seemed to him that he had been climbing for most of his adult life.

Finally, at the end of an interminable stretch of slow-motion climbing, they reached a small plateau just below the summit, and they stopped to rest. They sat on a ledge of snow and looked across at the Schreckhorn, which, although about four miles away, looked as though they could almost touch it. To their right, the plateau ran for a hundred yards or so, and then the summit of the Wetterhorn jutted straight into the air, like a steeple of glistening ice. *Surely he isn't going to take us up that,* Stanley thought. *There isn't room for one person on top of it, much less three. This is probably as high as we go, right here. And that's all right with me too. As of this very minute, I've had enough climbing to last me for a long time.*

Ernst stood up. "All right," he said. "On to the top."

Stanley looked at Elizabeth, and saw that she was no longer tense, as she had been, but seemed almost completely relaxed. She jumped up, and dusted the snow from her slacks, and smiled at him as they started the slow walk across the plateau. He had no idea what had brought about the change in her, but he was glad it had happened. He had enough to think about in himself, without worrying about her. Although they walked very slowly, he found that he was breathing in deep gasps, and as an added problem he was beginning to develop a blister on the heel of his right foot. He thought briefly of staying on the plateau and letting Ernst and Elizabeth go on to the top, but was disgusted with himself the minute he had had the thought.

When they reached the sides of the summit, Ernst took his ax and cut a small niche in the ice, then one above it, and then he put one foot in the first niche, and a hand in the second, and cut a third, higher up. Stanley followed him, with one of his hands always in the niche below Ernst's foot, and Elizabeth followed Stanley in the same manner. Actually, it was easier than the other kind of climbing, because they took a step only every minute or so, and the rest of the time stood clutching the ice wall, hunching their shoulders against the shower of chips from Ernst's ax. Once, when it seemed that they must be near the top, Stanley looked down, and all he could see was white, shining ice that dropped away into nothing several thousand feet below. He closed his eyes and clung to the wall, and for a moment he thought he was going to lose his balance and fall. Then the dizziness passed, and he opened his eyes, but he did not look down again. He stared at the crystals of ice in front of him, and at Ernst's shoe just above his face.

Then the shoe disappeared, and after a moment Stanley felt a tug on the line around his waist, and Ernst pulled him up over the rim of the summit and shook his hand. Stanley sat down while Ernst lifted Elizabeth up and shook her by the hand, and then they all three crouched in the biting wind, on the small, rounded peak, and looked out at the world below them. As far as they could see, and in all directions, were row after row of white, rocky mountains, their shapes softened by distance but their brightness always constant. They looked like the surface of a stormy sea, with the lines of white breakers churning against one another. Directly below, and so close it seemed to be almost at their feet, was a small cluster of houses that was Grindelwald and beyond that, in the far distance, were the lakes of Interlaken.

Elizabeth gasped, and then was quiet while she looked all around. Even through snow glasses, Stanley could see that her eyes were bright, and her mouth was half open in a smile of wonder. "It's the most incredible thing I've ever seen in all my life," she said at last. "Just look, darling! *Look!*"

"I know," he replied. "It's something, all right."

"Something?" she said. "*Some*thing? It's *everything!*"

"O.K., everything," he said. "Whatever you say."

"But aren't you *impressed?* Don't you think it's *breath-taking?*"

"Of course! I think it's wonderful."

Elizabeth gasped again, and then was quiet.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 162

THE HEART FLIES HOME

By JESSE STUART

Though you are there tonight
and I am here
You must not doubt my heart
does not fly home
To you when autumn leaves are
brown and sere
And stars are bright as honey
in the comb.
Designs of leaves are in the dress
you wear
As you walk where the
autumn leaves jump down
From tall treetops into your
autumn hair.
There sere leaves fall until
earth wears a gown.
After a walk you sit before the fire
Feeling the cheerful heat from
oak and pine.
Reading a book till midnight,
then retire
To a clean, cool bed in a home
that's yours and mine.
If wheels will roll on rails of
shining steel
And wings will climb up
mountains of bright wind,
Soon I shall be with you where
we can feel
The time is now and leave the
past behind.

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6 MONTHS IN BLUE RIDGE MOUNTAINS • 3 WINTER MONTHS NEAR MIAMI

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 160

After a couple of minutes, Ernst stood up. "All right," he said. "Time to start back."

"I never want to leave here," Elizabeth said, as she got to her feet. "I'd like to build a house here, and spend the rest of my life." She looked at Ernst. "Of course you'd always be welcome," she said. "Whenever you want to come."

Ernst laughed. "It would be an honor," he said. Then he took the rope that was around her waist, and held it tightly. "Now, it is different going down," he said. "Going down, we face out, away from the mountain."

Stanley watched Elizabeth obediently turn around and sit down, with her feet hanging over the edge. Then she slid down, and Ernst held the line tight until she found a foothold, and he paid it out slowly until she had descended a few feet. Then he beckoned to Stanley, and handed him the coil of line. Stanley sat on the edge, and felt his own line tighten, and he groped desperately for a step, trying not to look below him. *I can't look down again*, he thought. *If I look down again, I'll fall.* Then he felt his foot catch in a step, and Ernst lowered him slowly, but he could not find the next step. "Easy," Ernst's voice said from above. "Easy." Then he found the next step, and Ernst lowered him some more, and then he was able to lean against the ice and go down by himself, still not looking. Ernst must have sensed his problem, because the line around Stanley's waist remained tight.

When they reached the plateau, Stanley was able to relax a little, but the blister on his heel was beginning to bother him, and as he walked he experimented with different positions of his foot, to try to ease the friction. Elizabeth, on the other hand, was like a little girl going to a party. She was almost lightheaded with merriment, and she walked considerably faster than was comfortable for Stanley. He was completely unable to understand the change in her, and for some reason it annoyed him that she should be so gay while he was beginning to feel the effects of the climb. If she was going to be surly part of the time, she ought to be surly the whole time, he thought. *She ought to make up her mind one way or the other—either she likes to climb mountains or she doesn't.*

Don't make a hero of your husband, because you're sure to find him out. Make a comrade of him. It's far safer and lasts longer.
PHILIP GIBBS

After they had been going down for about a half hour, a new discomfort appeared. Stanley found that, in making the steep descent, he was in fact pushing up with his legs, as though walking backward, and was using a completely new set of muscles. The fronts of his thighs, from his knees to his hips, began to ache, and then actively to pain him, and the cramps in his legs eventually blotted out the searing pain of the blister on his heel. He tried all different ways of walking, but none did any good, and ahead of him Elizabeth kept the line constantly taut, as she skipped along down the icy trail. Stanley ground his teeth and cursed, and tried to keep his balance. Once, going along a rocky ledge, he turned his ankle, staggered, and toppled to one side, but before he could fall there was a sharp jerk around his waist, and he was snapped back into a standing position. He looked behind him, and saw that Ernst had leaped like a goat onto a higher rock, set his feet wide apart, and was tugging on the line. Stanley smiled weakly, and Ernst relaxed, grinned, and came back onto the trail, coiling the slack in the line as he did.

They took off their crampons while still in the snow fields, and Elizabeth found that she could simulate skiing by running a short way down a slope, then bracing both feet, and sliding stiff-legged. The first time she did this she pulled Stanley off balance, and they both fell heavily in the snow. She came up laughing. "That was fun!" she said. "Let's do it again!"

"Listen, let's have some warning before you do that," Stanley snarled. "I could have hurt myself."

"Oh, poo, the snow is soft," she said. "Come on."

"It so happens that I've got a blister the size of an egg on my right foot," Stanley replied. "If you want to do it, go ahead, but you'll do me a favor if you'll untie yourself first."

"We can untie now, anyway," Ernst said. He took the line from around Stanley's waist, and coiled the slack.

"Will you ski with me, then?" Elizabeth said to Ernst. "You haven't got a blister, too, have you?"

"No," Ernst said, and smiled. "I will ski with you." He started to untie the line from her waist, but she stopped him.

"Let's ski tied together," she said. "Maybe we can play a kind of snap-the-whip."

"All right," said Ernst, and he and Elizabeth ran down the slope, skidded, and zoomed back and forth for about twenty yards before Elizabeth fell, and pulled him down. Stanley watched sourly as they got up, laughing, and went off again. Slowly and painfully he limped down the slope after them.

They had lunch in the cabin, and then started down the rocky path toward Grindelwald. Ernst had put a dressing on Stanley's heel, but the blister continued to hurt him, and his legs grew more painful with every step. By the time they reached the glacier, he was tottering with cramps and fatigue, and he considered it flatly impossible that he walk for another two hours. The distance from the glacier to the hotel seemed to him to be greater than the entire trip up the mountain, and the only thing that kept him moving was the fact that Ernst and Elizabeth were walking along ahead of him, in the best of spirits and apparently oblivious of his presence. *I could lie down here and faint for all they care*, Stanley thought. *I could even die, and they probably wouldn't miss me until they got to the hotel. Well, I won't do them that favor. I'll keep up with them if I never walk another step in my life. I'll keep up with them, and I may even pass them, when we get into the final stretch. I'll break into a trot, and jog past them. Then I'll collapse.* That would be the best way. Go past them, and then turn and smile, and fall slowly to the ground, bleeding.

It was late afternoon when they reached the hotel, and Stanley felt that he was on the brink of delirium. His face was burning hot, and the pain had spread from his legs throughout his whole body, but he managed to smile as he paid Ernst his fee, and then shook his hand.

Ernst took off his hat, and bowed and kissed Elizabeth's hand. "There is a dance in the village tonight," he said, as he straightened up. "It would be a good thing if you came to it, because that will keep your muscles from getting too stiff."

"Oh, I don't think I feel up to a *dance*," Elizabeth said, and laughed. "But thanks for telling us about it, anyway. We'll think about it, and see how we feel."

They said good-by, and Ernst went briskly down the path, and waved to them as he turned onto the main road. As they went into the hotel, Elizabeth said, "I think I'm going to be stiff tomorrow, no matter what we do."

Stanley made no reply, but pulled himself painfully up the stairs, filled a bathtub with hot water, then wrenched off his clothes, and sank into the water and went to sleep.

His next conscious knowledge was that it was dark, and he was in bed, and Elizabeth was beside him. He tried to move, but every muscle in his body was as painful as a fresh burn. He groaned softly. "Are you awake?" Elizabeth asked.

"Uh-huh," he replied.

"I want to confess something," she said. She paused, and then went on, "I have never, never in my life been as terrified as I was going up that mountain. I was sure we were all going to be killed."

"You certainly didn't show it," he said gallantly.

"I couldn't, in front of you. You were so calm and brave, I'd have felt idiotic if I'd told you. But you were all that kept me going."

With a great effort, Stanley stretched out a hand and patted her shoulder. "Think nothing of it," he said. "Any time you need me, just call." END

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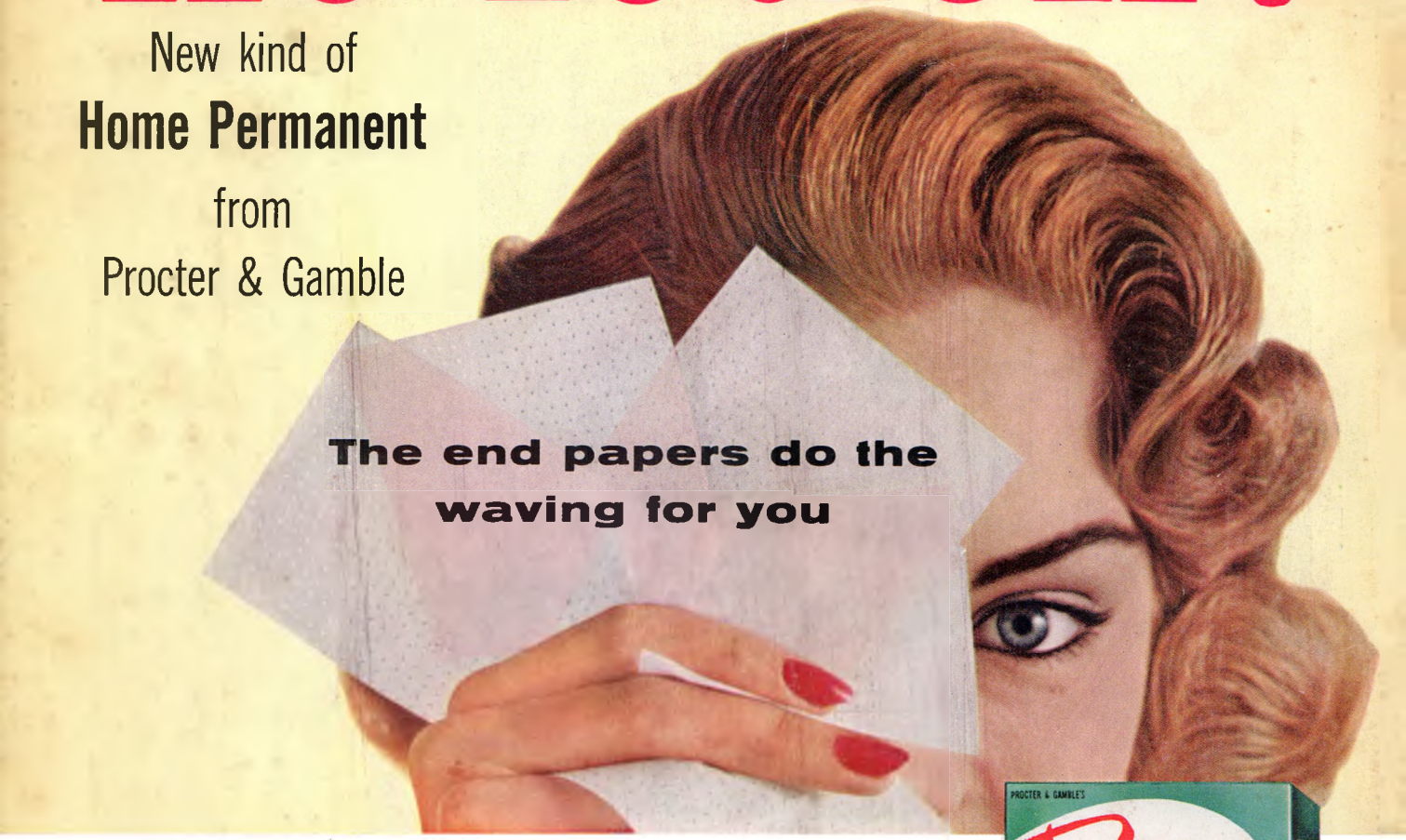

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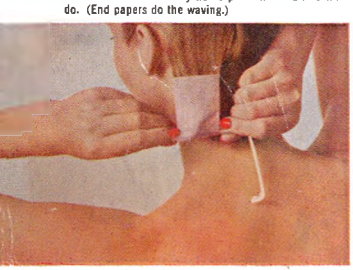

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