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exclusive:
EDWARD R. MURROW

a personal story

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ing, softening job of a face cream, no wonder it can do so much for your hands! Begin today to use Trushay!

TRUSHAY[®]
LOTION

A PRODUCT OF BRISTOL MYERS



Picture OF THE MONTH

IN
CINEMASCOPE

The year 1954 marks the 30th Anniversary of M-G-M pictures—the pictures in which an entertainment-loving public has found its greatest diversion for a generation. In talent polls, M-G-M attractions have won the majority of awards for the most popular pictures and stars.



The highlights of M-G-M during the past 30 years would fill many pages. Approximately 1200 films have been introduced by the roar of Leo the Lion. Space permits mention of just a few: "Gone With The Wind", "The Big Parade", "Ben-Hur", "Mrs. Miniver", "Random Harvest", "The Good Earth", "David Copperfield", "The Yearling", "Grand Hotel", "Goodbye, Mr. Chips", "An American in Paris", "Ivanhoe", "Quo Vadis", "Julius Caesar" and so many more of the all-time greats. Everyone will have pictures to add to this list.

It is fitting that this 30th year should usher in another spectacular production which will merit consideration in the list of the Ten Best Pictures Ever Made. It is M-G-M's first CinemaScope production, "Knights Of The Round Table" in color, which we mentioned last month and which now wears the crown of a proven success.

"Knights Of The Round Table" has played as a holiday attraction in a few important cities, but now audiences from coast to coast will acclaim it wherever there is a theatre equipped for the new miracle of modern projection known as CinemaScope.

It is understandable that there has been considerable improvement in the technique of CinemaScope since it was spectacularly launched last autumn. This is evident in M-G-M's lavish offering "Knights Of The Round Table".

Robert Taylor's exploits as Lancelot are even more exciting than his "Ivanhoe". Ava Gardner is the bewitching and sensitive Guinevere. And "perfect" is the word for Mel Ferrer's portrayal of King Arthur. They, and a cast of many thousands, have given us the great romance for which CinemaScope seems to have been born and destined.

The 30th Anniversary of M-G-M pictures would be notable for "Knights Of The Round Table" alone. But there are many big pictures ready to be played in this anniversary jubilee year.

★ ★ ★

M-G-M presents in CinemaScope "KNIGHTS OF THE ROUND TABLE", In Color, starring ROBERT TAYLOR, AVA GARDNER and MEL FERRER with Anne Crawford and Stanley Baker. Screen play by Talbot Jennings, Jan Lustig and Noel Langley. Based on Sir Thomas Malory's "Le Morte d'Arthur". Directed by Richard Thorpe. Produced by Pandro S. Berman.

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PATSY SHALLY, a 22-year-old model with lovely eyes, makes her third appearance on our cover this month—and it's the third time on our cover for a Sally Victor hat too. Patsy, who has been modeling for four years, is determined to be the best model ever, turns down week-night dates just to get her beauty sleep. Carmen Schiavone photographed our two third-timers.

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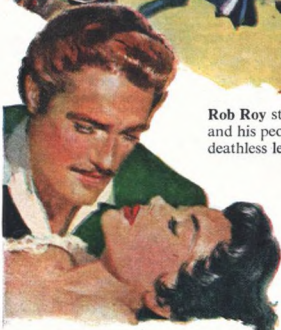
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"Which one is best?" Janice and Kay ask the kennelman as he holds an armful of young boxers for them to choose. They settle for Copper

the **BOXER** and the ladies

Copper was a big responsibility
for Janice and Kay. But he brought new love
into their lives

JOERN GERHITS




Copper doesn't quite know what to make of all the love and attention suddenly coming his way. "He looks like a baby hippo!" says Kay

continued on page 6



*Jane tried new soaps, detergents, too,
And so did neighbor Jean.
When all were tried, they turned to Tide
To get clothes dazzling clean!*

Sooner or later 
almost everyone
turns to **Tide**

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NOTHING ELSE
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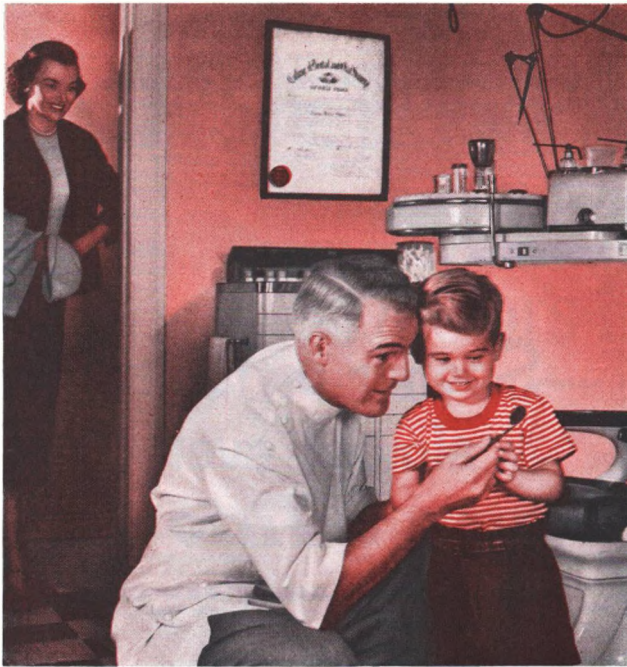
NOTHING ELSE BEATS Tide FOR GETTING CLOTHES WHITE!

Never before Tide, was it possible to get your clothes so *white* . . . or to keep them so shining white week after week. And today's Tide has even *greater* whitening power . . . a *miracle* whitening action that gets sheets and other household linens even more *dazzling* white. Get Tide today—there's nothing like it. (Tide is made by an exclusive, *patented* formula.)



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Tide is recommended by 25 leading manufacturers for their automatic washers. They want the machine you buy to perform its best, and they know it will—with Tide. No matter which one of these automatics you own, remember *this!* No washday soap—no other detergent known, with or *without* suds—*nothing* else will wash as clean as Tide, yet is so mild. No wonder Tide goes into more automatics than *any* other product.



When should a child first go to the dentist?

WHEN a child is about three years old, he should visit the dentist. This may seem quite young, but authorities say it is generally the best age to introduce a child to dental care.

In most cases, little if any treatment is needed during the first visit. This appointment, however, is important because it gives the child an opportunity to become acquainted with the dentist and his office. It also helps to build the child's confidence so that future visits may be less likely to cause fear and anxiety.

Authorities recommend dental examinations for a child at least twice a year after he is three years old. This enables the dentist to detect any small cavities in the so-called "baby teeth" and fill them promptly. If this is not done, decay will progress with possible early loss of these "baby teeth." This in turn may result in irregularities or crookedness in the permanent teeth.

When the first permanent molars appear, around age six, dental check-ups are particularly necessary. Though these molars may be mistaken for "baby teeth," they are a part of the permanent set, and if they are lost, nature will not replace them. Prompt repair of weak spots or surface cracks in the six-year molars is essential for their preservation.

Good dental health requires more than

regular visits to the dentist. Diet, for example, plays an important part in keeping children's teeth and gums healthy. Daily care of the teeth and gums is also essential to good dental health. Dentists say that all children should be taught to brush their teeth within ten minutes after every meal, for at least three minutes at a time.

Tooth decay is largely a disease of the young. The American Dental Association estimates that about one out of every three children, entering the first grade, has a permanent tooth so badly decayed that extraction is required.

Fortunately, the prospect of reducing tooth decay has been improved by sodium fluoride treatments. These require four visits to the dentist at weekly intervals, and involve nothing more than applying the chemical directly to the children's teeth.

Dentists recommend that these treatments be given when children are three, seven, ten, and thirteen years of age. Studies show that after four treatments with sodium fluoride, decay in children's teeth may decrease as much as 40 percent.

Adults, too, should visit the dentist regularly, have defects promptly repaired, keep the teeth clean, and eat well-balanced meals. These safeguards are important because it has been established that there is a relationship between the health of teeth and gums, and general health.

The boxer and the ladies

continued from page 4



The girls shower their new baby with affection. Their delighted parents find that with Copper the girls have developed a sense of responsibility they badly needed



It's the girls' job to feed their puppy, housebreak him and see to it that he doesn't chew up the furniture. They are learning that, like any job that is going to be well done, training Copper will require patience



When Copper's "mothers" have their nap he takes his too. At first he wriggled out of his basket, but the girls found that if he had a regular schedule, as they did, he began to enjoy the security of his routine

continued on page 9

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Merry Widow

It could only be Warner's Merry Widow—a wicked wisp of sheer nylon and airy elastics. Uniquely designed to lure in your middle by inches, shape curves *from the waist up*—so your shoulders are always blissfully free.

And above all, it's the one strapless that bows so low to your charms—never insists on a frame-up or squeezes you down a size. Its secret: flexible *floating* wires that adjust

in a wink—for a beautiful lift, your prettiest *natural* separation.

Try it and see—Warner's Merry Widow gives every girl a *famous figure* all her own.

* * *

#1311. Warner's original Merry Widow with sheer nylon cuffs that dip even lower for décolletés. In black or white, with detachable garters. \$12.50. In cool white cotton, #1315 at \$10. Just *two* of a fabulous family, ranging from bras to corselettes.



After three months Copper has learned to obey on a leash. Their parents found that since they've had the dog the girls have learned to be more obedient too



Copper is not eager to have the vet who clipped his ears when he was ten weeks old check them. But he obeys when his mistresses insist, and it doesn't hurt



A full-grown dog now, Copper forgets he is no longer a puppy. He still delights in stirring up excitement. From him the girls have learned that if you love and do not frighten an animal he won't hurt you



ASK
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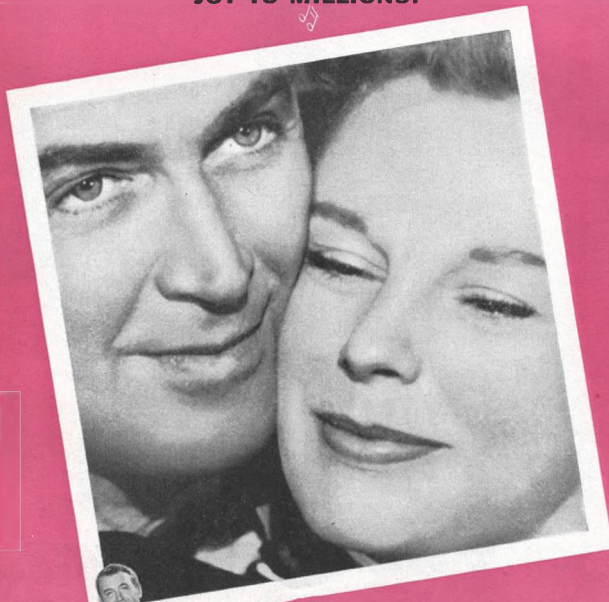
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BEN POLLACK · THE MODERNAIRES

Directed by ANTHONY MANN · Written by VALENTINE DAVIES and OSCAR BROODNEY · Produced by AARON ROSENBERG



The Sick Loan Cupboard was the brain child of Mrs. Esther Goodman (left), who also conceived the brotherhood plan for replenishing it. Here Mrs. Goodman and a member of the health office check up on supplies

by Agnes Harrigan Mueller

Brotherhood
works for the sick

In Virginia, Minnesota, all faiths unite

to provide medical equipment

for those who need it and can't afford it

THE most energetic promoter of good causes in Virginia, Minnesota, is a doctor's wife named Esther Gomberg Goodman. Four years ago Mrs. Goodman started the Virginia Sick Loan Cupboard to help combat the high cost of sickness. She persuaded members of the community who had been ill to turn over to the Cupboard crutches that were no longer needed, wheel chairs, hot-water bottles and other medical supplies. This equipment, in turn, became available to anyone in town who needed it. A thousand townspeople borrowed supplies for up to three months, or longer when necessary.

With the Cupboard safely launched, Mrs. Goodman began casting about for a project dedicated to National Brotherhood Week (February 21-28). The suggestion that appealed to her most was a hospital bed for the Cupboard. An hour after the idea came in she had lined up a steering committee for an Interfaith Bake Sale and Coffee Social, and had asked leaders from every church in Virginia to meet at her home the next day. Among other plans, it was decided to feature food specialties of the 32 nationalities living in Virginia. Flags representing the Jewish, Catholic and Protestant faiths would be displayed. Half an hour before the sale was to start the line of waiting customers was so long that the women began selling. Most popular items were the Slovenian patica, Swedish rye bread, Finnish coffee cake, Cornish pasties, Norwegian fattigman and Jewish teiglach. More than 1,000 people came, and instead of the \$100 the committee had hoped to clear the sale brought in \$500. "When people of all faiths work together," commented Mrs. Goodman, "there's nothing they can't accomplish."



Let's face it...

COPPER

makes the difference!

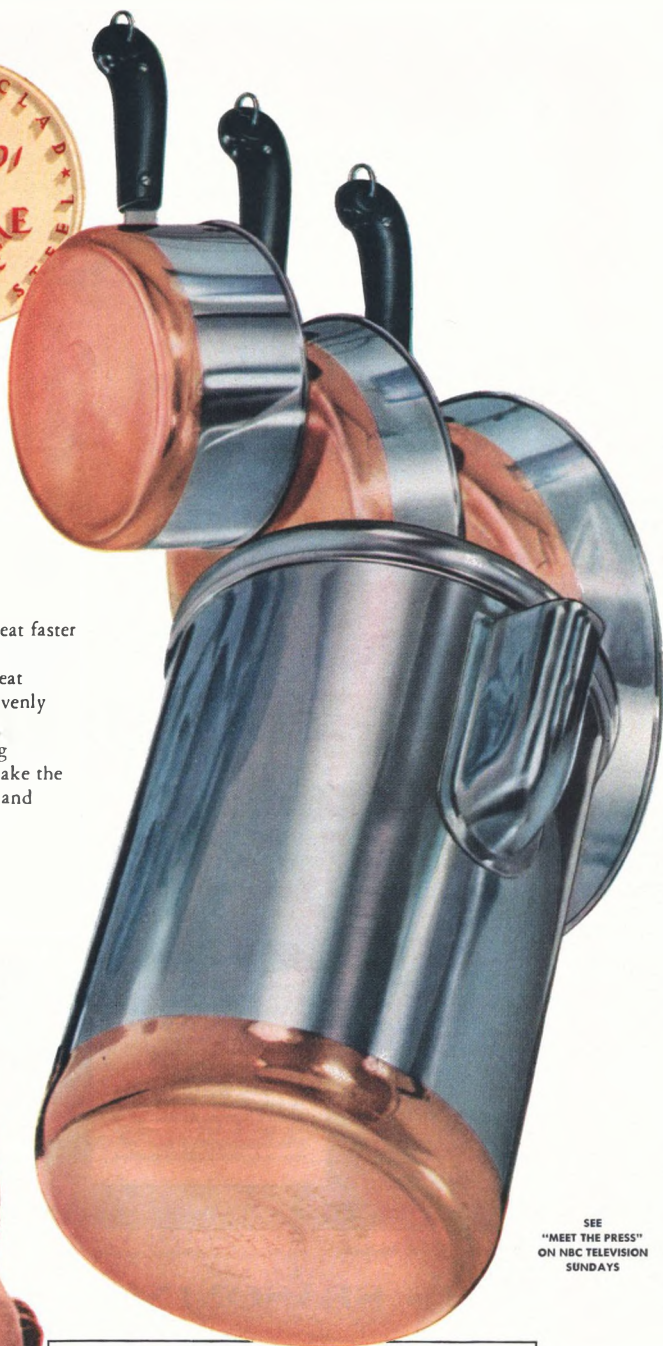
Copper, the oldest metal known to mankind, conducts heat faster than any other metal used in cooking utensils. That's why Revere Ware has copper *where it counts*—on the bottom where heat meets utensil. Copper spreads the heat quicker, more evenly . . . so you save fuel and avoid hot spots.

Revere Ware's thick copper bottoms combine with gleaming stainless steel bodies and cool Bakelite handles to make the world's finest, most durable cooking utensils. Try Revere Ware and discover that *copper makes the difference*. Buy

Revere Ware at your dealers today.

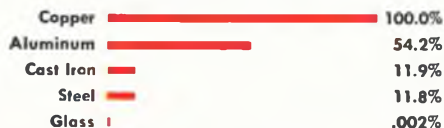
REVERE COPPER AND BRASS INCORPORATED

Rome Manufacturing Company Division, Rome, N. Y.



SEE
"MEET THE PRESS"
ON NBC TELEVISION
SUNDAYS

HERE'S PROOF THAT **COPPER** HAS MUCH GREATER HEAT CONDUCTIVITY* THAN ANY OTHER MATERIALS USED IN UTENSILS



*Taken at 100°C., the boiling point of water.

Source: Handbook of Chemistry and Physics—34th edition.



GARLIC BREAD
 1/2 cup butter or margerine
 1/4 teaspoon French's
 Garlic Powder
 1 loaf French Bread
 French's Paprika
 Cream butter and garlic powder.
 Slash bread diagonally to within
 3/4 inch of crust. Spread butter
 mixture between slices and over
 top. Sprinkle loaf with paprika.
 Place on baking pan. Heat in moderate
 oven (350°F.) 10-15 minutes.

A nifty-jiffy treat made with French's Garlic Powder!

FRENCH'S SEASONINGS

do something wonderful
for Garlic Bread!

FREE! NEW RECIPE LEAFLET
 "Quick 'n Easy Flavoring Tricks!"

The R. T. French Co.
 9050 Mustard St., Rochester 9, N. Y.

Name _____
 Address _____
 City _____ State _____

- ✓ French's fine seasonings bring you a garden of fresh vegetable flavor.
- ✓ Choose French's Garlic Powder or Garlic Salt . . . Onion Salt, Savor Salt, Celery Salt to flavor salads, soups, meats.
- ✓ French's Spices and Herbs are pure. You get true natural flavor.

FRENCH'S SPICES AND EXTRACTS

Women's Club

Notes

From All Over

by Christine Sadler

Tots of working mothers have a nursery school of their own in Oklahoma City, thanks to the Altrusa Club, which built a \$25,000 structure for "Office Orphans" and runs it on a nonprofit basis at \$6 a week per tot.

St. Matthews Younger Woman's Club of Middletown, Kentucky, decided to "mother" a neglected school that had no P.T.A. and no library — but did have an unused room. They got a P.T.A. going, pitched in with lights, screens, books and programs, and then extended their activities to a nearby orphanage, are bringing the children into their homes for weekends.



Salacious literature is disappearing from newsstands and drugstore counters in Chicago's North Side, thanks to Illinois Federation of Women's Clubs. "We were surprised at how much there was, and so were the dealers, who cooperated and eliminated most of it quickly when we called it to their personal attention," says Mrs. Joseph Hector.

Women of the Twentieth Century Club in Gulfport, Mississippi, have learned how to help convalescent mental patients in veterans hospitals make the final transition back to normal life. They "adopted" a small ward and, working with doctors in charge, reintroduced the veterans gradually to normal social contact with community life. They feel that any club near a VA hospital could do the same. Mrs. Wray W. Anderson, 3737 11 Street, Gulfport, Mississippi, will tell you how.



When the VFW Auxiliary of Clarinda, Iowa, gave a party at the Clarinda Mental Health Institute, Mrs. Deloris Weaver took her electric organ along in a jeep and furnished music all afternoon.

SPARE-A-DIME DEPARTMENT: Doorbell-ringing gets health results for Glasgow, Montana, Woman's Club. Its record: \$2,310 in a cancer drive, a \$2,753 sale of t.b. seals and 4,000 persons out for chest X-rays.

From benefit luncheons, style shows and sponsorship of movie premieres the Women's Faculty Club of Northwestern University's Medical School in Chicago has made more than \$25,000 for the school's clinics in the past four years.

The Soroptimist Club never runs out of money, because it believes in birthdays. Each member gives the national club an annual birthday gift of a penny for each year old it is (33 cents this year). This, and other birthday gimmicks, have helped the group give \$40,000 in advanced-study fellowships since 1946 and a gift of \$25,000 to the Woman's Medical College of Philadelphia on its 100th birthday.

Mrs. R. J. Drew of Highmore, South Dakota, and other members of the South Dakota Federation of Women's Clubs are helping future historians by collecting intimate details about pioneer women and the life they led during covered-wagon days. Each club gives an annual Pioneer Daughter Tea, turns up biographies, documents and pictures for the State Historical Society.



ADD STARS TO THE CROWNS OF: Mrs. John J. Kistler of Grand Haven, Michigan, and 35,000 other members of Michigan Federation of Women's Clubs for a double program of self-enlightenment about their state government and the promotion of Girls' Towns. The study of one showed the need for the other. "We had only penal institutions for girls," says President Kistler. "Our aim is a series of 'towns' in different parts of the state."

And Mrs. Claude J. Mackey and her American Legion Auxiliary coworkers in Nevada for their "whole child" program designed to feed intellectual and emotional needs of youth, as well as provide physical care for those who need it. "If funds run low, members merely hold more rummage and/or food sales." Also, she says, men will always back a worthy cause. The auxiliary sponsored a \$100,000 school for handicapped children in Las Vegas. The Variety Club and volunteer workers from various groups of men made it a reality.

And Mrs. Rose Sneider and her husband William of Asbury Park, New Jersey, for sparking a Korean knitting and warm clothing project that involved hundreds of people in their area and spread to other states. Mrs. Sneider taught others to knit, and in addition to contributing their time the Sneiders gave yarn and paid the postage on about 6,000 knitted garments sent to chaplains stationed in Korea.

PROGRAM AIDS: 17 million women are needed for civil defense. If you want to know why, or to volunteer, you can get *Women in Civil Defense* for 15 cents from the Government Printing Office, Washington 25, D. C.

Want a one-act play or revue written especially for your club? Write Mrs. M. F. Modjeska, 740 S. Ardmore Avenue, Villa Park, Illinois.

If your club wants to see *Skippy and the Three R's*, a 29-minute color sound film showing how first-graders learn, speak to your state superintendent of schools or the executive secretary of your state education association about it. But do so well in advance, because the film is in great demand.

Don't be "just a bunch of women" when you're attempting a community-wide program on a subject of general interest. Work with the men too. The Citizens' Committee for the United Nations in Manchester, Connecticut, did just this. As a result they have the type of organization they feel the U.N. needs and "must have if it is to succeed." Tips on how to do likewise can be supplied by Mrs. Florence F. Conant, 162 West Center Street, Manchester, Connecticut.



McCall's *How To Plan a Club Program* is a basic text for every program chairman. It will help you plan speaker meetings, lecture and panel forums, buzz sessions and discussion meetings for your own organization. Send 25¢ in stamps to Modern Homemaker, McCall's, Dayton 1, Ohio. In Canada write to 133 Simcoe Street, Toronto 1, Ontario.



FRENCHWISE HAMBURGERS
 1½ lbs. ground chuck or shoulder beef
 1 teaspoon French's Onion Powder
 1 teaspoon French's Savor Salt
 1 egg
 2 tablespoons French's Prepared Mustard
 Combine ingredients; pat into 5-6 cakes. Spread halved tomatoes with equal parts of mayonnaise and French's Mustard and broil with hamburgers. Serve with boiled onions glazed in a little brown sugar and butter.

Looks good? Wait till you taste it!

FRENCH'S MUSTARD

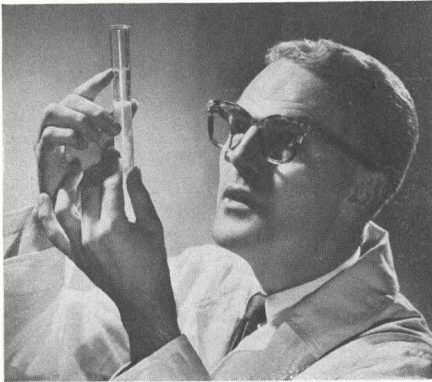
does something wonderful for Hamburgers!

- ✓ French's pure yellow Mustard blends better because it's creamier... smoother.
- ✓ French's rich mustard goodness does not fade out in cooking.
- ✓ Get a jar tomorrow and see what a wonderful flavor difference French's makes!

FREE! NEW RECIPE LEAFLET
 "10 Ways to Cook Hamburger!"
 The R. T. French Co.
 1924 Mustard Street, Rochester 9, N. Y.

Name _____
 Address _____
 City _____ State _____

ONLY NEW COLGATE DENTAL CREAM HAS THE CLINICAL PROOF that brings new hope to millions for *Lifetime Protection Against Tooth Decay!*



Actual use by hundreds of people has proved the long-lasting protection of New Colgate Dental Cream with Gardol! Tests supervised by leading dental authorities—for a full year—proved this protection won't rinse off, won't wear off! Proved just daily morning and night use guards against decay-causing enzymes every minute of the day and night!

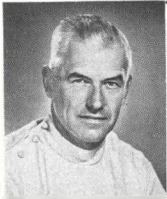
New Colgate Dental Cream is the greatest scientific achievement in toothpaste history—the only toothpaste in the world with clinical proof that brings new hope to millions for *Lifetime Protection* against tooth decay!

For only New Colgate's contains Colgate's miracle ingredient, Gardol (Sodium N-Lauroyl Sarcosinate). And because Gardol's protection won't rinse off or wear off all day, just daily morning and night use guards against

decay every minute of the day and night!

Actual use, by hundreds of people, showed the greatest reduction in tooth decay ever reported in toothpaste history—proved that most people should now have far fewer cavities than ever before!

Yes, clinical and laboratory tests both prove it! New Colgate Dental Cream with Gardol, used *regularly and exclusively*, offers new hope to millions for *Lifetime Protection* against tooth decay!



*Sodium N-Lauroyl Sarcosinate

A JURY OF DISTINGUISHED DENTISTS HAS EXAMINED THE EVIDENCE! Documented facts, recently published in an authoritative dental journal, have convinced these dentists that Colgate Dental Cream with Gardol is far more effective against decay-causing enzymes than any other toothpaste. And because Gardol is the only long-lasting anti-enzyme ingredient with clinical proof, these dental authorities agree that New Colgate's with Gardol gives the surest protection against tooth decay ever offered by any toothpaste.

No Other Toothpaste
Offers Proof
of Such Results!



Cleans Your Breath
While It
Cleans Your Teeth!

FOR LIFETIME PROTECTION AGAINST TOOTH DECAY

those Strange ★ Americans

★ European questions

to the Answer Man

show how odd

we seem to others

TO MANY Europeans we Americans seem a strange people, with queer customs and odd habits. Yet, strange as we seem, we fascinate them. They want to know more about us. And so, like many Americans, they write and ask the Answer Man—who happens to be my husband, Bruce Chapman.

This radio program, long an American institution, was introduced into Europe three years ago, under United States Government auspices, to help clear up some false notions about this country and its people. Today Britons and Turks, Greeks and Germans, the French and the Yugoslavians all turn to the Answer Man, broadcast over their government radio, for unbiased, factual information. (The program is also carried by thirty-six American stations.) The questions they ask, bizarre as they may seem, are sincere, and require serious answers. Here are some of them—and the answers:

Q. In what pocket does an American carry his toothpick?

A. The average American man doesn't carry one. American toothpicks are generally made of wood, are very cheap, and once used are thrown away. But back in the 1890s

gold and even jeweled toothpicks were carried by flashy show-offs. They were attached to the watch chain and carried in the vest pocket.

Q. How many bubble baths a week does an American woman take?

A. Most of them none. It is estimated that there are only 9 million packets of "bubble bath" sold in the United States in a year, and there are over 50 million women of bubble-bath age.

Q. Have the Americans actually invented an artificial hen that lays real eggs?

A. No. In American egg factories the hens as well as the eggs are real. In such factories the hens sit along a production line, drop their eggs into a conveyor trough and are induced to produce more than one egg a day by artificial sunlight.

Q. With which course at dinner in America is it proper to serve Coca-Cola?

A. Coca-Cola is a very popular "refresher" drink. It is not usually served with dinner. More Americans drink coffee with dinner than any other drink. They consume half the world's supply of coffee.

Q. What do sweet potatoes taste like? Whenever I look at an American maga- (Continued on page 17)



magee 
CARPETS AND RUGS

... MAKE A HOUSE A HOME

PENN KORD...luxurious, high pile blend of wool and Tufton rayon in random surface design...yarn treated with *Retardex*, the new soil repellent; retards normal soil, resists dirt. Available in Dryad Green (shown in background), French Rose (in bedroom), Earth Beige (in living room), and seven other decorator colors. 27 inch, 9, 12 and 15 foot widths.

SEND 25¢ FOR YOUR MAGEE DECOR-RAMA KIT TO THE MAGEE CARPET COMPANY, DEPT. M, BLOOMSBURG, PA.

Look lovelier in 10 days

with Doctor's Home Facial

...or your money back!



The moment you smooth this remarkable beauty cream on your face, you're helping your complexion look fresher, prettier. For you've taken the first step in the wonderful, new Home Facial that was developed by a noted skin doctor.

This Doctor's Home Facial calls for Noxzema, the only leading beauty cream that's medicated. See how this unique cream works for you night and day—how fresh your skin feels—how clear and satiny smooth it looks!

Follow Doctor's Home Facial below and it will work for you 24 hours a day. Noxzema is especially beneficial to dry, rough or blemished* skin. But more, here at last is a true beauty cream to help your complexion look lovelier fast!

This new, different beauty care helps skin look fresher, prettier—helps keep it that way, too!

Are you entirely satisfied with your complexion? If you would like real help with your skin problem, here's wonderful beauty news!

A famous skin doctor worked out a different kind of beauty care—with a special beauty cream. It's actually a new cleansing method and a wonderfully effective home beauty routine—all-rolled-in-one!

Why it's so successful!

This new beauty care owes its amazing effectiveness to the unique qualities of Noxzema. This famous greaseless beauty cream is a combination of softening, soothing, and cleansing ingredients offered by no other leading beauty cream. And it's medicated—*aids healing—helps keep skin looking fresh and clear!*

Feel the exhilarating tingle!

The moment you smooth on Noxzema, you feel a wonderful, cool, refreshing tingle. That tingle tells you Noxzema's beauty action is starting to work on your skin problem—helping your skin look fresher and clearer.

Hundreds of letters praise Noxzema's quick help for dry, rough skin; externally-caused blemishes; and for that dull, lifeless, *half-clean* look of many so-called normal complexions.

Wouldn't you like to look in your mirror 10 days from now and see a fresher, smoother, prettier complexion? Then start this Doctor's Home Facial tonight.

1 **Cleanse** your face by washing with Noxzema and water. Apply Noxzema liberally; wring out a cloth in warm water and wash as if using soap. See how stale make-up and dirt disappear. How fresh your skin looks and feels—not dry, or drawn!

2 **Night cream:** Smooth on Noxzema to help your skin look fresher, brighter, clearer. Pat a bit extra over any blemishes. Noxzema is *medicated* to help heal them, fast! It also supplies a protective film of oil and moisture that helps keep your skin looking fresh and lovely. It's *greaseless!* No smeary pillow!

3 **Make-up base:** In the morning, 'cream-wash'; then apply Noxzema as your long-lasting powder base. It helps protect your skin all day!



Blemishes*. "Noxzema quickly helped clear up my blemishes," says Jackie Spalding of Whitefield, N. H. "Now everybody tells me how much brighter, fresher, more attractive my skin looks."



Dry, rough skin: " 'Cream-washing' with Noxzema helps my complexion look fresher, smoother, clearer, instead of dry and lifeless-looking the way it used to be," says Marge Wilson of San Antonio, Texas.

It works or money back! In clinical tests, Noxzema helped 4 out of 5 women with discouraging skin problems to have lovelier looking complexions. Try it for 10 days—if you don't look lovelier—return jar to Noxzema, Baltimore—money back!

Look lovelier offer! Get 40¢ trial size of Noxzema for only 29¢ plus tax at drug, cosmetic counters. See how lovely it helps your skin look, then get 10 oz. economy size for only 89¢ plus tax.

*externally-caused

NOXZEMA skin cream

Those strange Americans *continued from page 14*

zine someone is always eating sweet potatoes.

A. They taste something like winter squash, but sweeter. They decay easily in shipping, and since they do not grow in all parts of the U.S. many Americans have never eaten them.

Q. Is it true American housewives put their soiled linens away instead of washing them and then trade them in for new ones?

A. Not true at all. The American housewife is careful to buy bed linens with long-wearing qualities, just as Europeans do.

Q. Why do Americans put sunglasses on their chickens, like they were movie stars?

A. Red "sunglasses" are put on chickens so they can't see the red blood when one chicken pecks another. This is to keep the flock from getting excited by the sight of the blood and destroying itself.

Q. Is it true Americans eat only canned foods?

A. No. Americans eat a varied diet of all kinds of fruits, vegetables, meats, fish and cereals—fresh, frozen and canned.

Q. Where does an American businessman place his briefcase when sitting with a lady in the theater?

A. Most American businessmen stop work about 5:30 P.M. Theaters open at 8:30 P.M. There's plenty of time to leave the briefcase and change clothes at home before going to the theater.

Q. Are the most common masculine and feminine names in America "Honey" and "Sugar"?

A. No, these are not real names at all but affectionate terms of endearment. They are not widely used.

Q. Is it true that in the huge office buildings in the United States quick meals are served in elevators?

A. Not true. Elevators are used for transportation only. Sometimes business people have messengers bring sandwiches and coffee to their offices, and the messengers use the elevators.

Q. Why are American women scared of mice?

A. American women are not alone in their fear of mice. The idea that women are scared of mice is as old as recorded history. In ancient Rome toga-clad ladies were so afraid of a mouse getting lost in their togas they employed "mouse-catchers."

Q. Are those cakes one sees in American magazines really so beautiful, or is it only propaganda?

A. The beautiful cakes seen in American magazines are usually color photography, not paintings.

Recipes for the cakes—and other foods—are tested by experts, and they must be good to eat, as well as beautiful, to be accepted by the American housewife.

Q. Is a fur coat a necessity for the son of a gentleman in America?

A. In the 1920s in America young men wore big raccoon fur coats. It was a sign of enough wealth to afford one, but not necessarily the sign of being a gentleman. The fashion has long since disappeared.

BEFORE we brand such questions as ridiculous we might remember that many Europeans see more movies of Americans than they see actual Americans. They see pictures of young and beautiful American women taking bubble baths. When they heard that Mrs. Roosevelt served hot dogs and soft drinks to the King and Queen of England they thought she was serving a formal American dinner to her distinguished guests. The story of the formal dinner she served at the White House just wasn't news in foreign newspapers.

Questions from Europeans may be worded differently, but still they prove that people have the same problems everywhere:

Q. How can I stop my husband from running around saying he is henpecked?

A. Sorry, the Answer Man does not give personal advice.

Q. What makes nylon hose placed in the bake oven to dry quick crawl together into hard lumps?

A. Nylon thread, like sugar, melts with heat. Nylon hose should never have heat applied in any fashion to dry them. Roll them in a towel to remove excess moisture and hang them in a cool, airy spot.

Q. Should machine-made teeth be washed the same as God-made teeth?

A. Yes, but washed even more thoroughly, since the plates and teeth have a larger surface to catch bits of food. Follow the directions given by your dentist.

Q. Are all redheads passionate? My wife is one, and she is as cold as a cucumber.

A. No one has ever been able to prove that red hair affects or is affected by the emotions.

Q. How can I keep my husband from falling asleep just at supper?

A. Why try? Why not let him nap while you prepare the meal? He's probably had a hard day and will feel refreshed when he eats and be better company. If you insist on keeping him awake, serve the meal at once when he gets home. **THE END**



take
two
inches
off
your age!

great news: a Jantzen figuremaker, light-as-air and a joy to wear BUT specially designed for women whose waistlines have gone out of bounds... for all waistlines up to 36 inches. This is the perfect girle... it does a complete smoothing job while it makes your waistline inches smaller... and it does everything gently, the well-known Jantzen way. The wonderful Jantzen top stays up without pinching or poking while it diminishes you. Power net and embroidered nylon...10.00. ©Pellon-interlined bra 2.50... at most stores.

Jantzen

JANTZEN INC. - FOUNDATIONS AND BRIDGERS - EMPEROR STATE BUILDING - NEW YORK

NEW MIXES!

WIN ON ALL 4 "MUSTS"

Our-New-Recipe Swans Down Cake Mixes win over all other leading mixes in national home-baking tests!

WIN ON HOMEMADE

1. SIZE

On size alone, Our-New-Recipe Swans Down Mixes won an over-all preference vote of 2 to 1!



**Make 'em sure!
Make 'em easy!
Use the mixes with
the homemade "musts"**

OUR-NEW-

SWANS

I[®]. S. Be sure to use Swans Down Angel Food Mix for heavenly angel cake. So sure! So easy!

So much better they

FOR HOMEMADE CAKE!

WIN ON HOMEMADE

2. TEXTURE

Our-New-Recipe includes the finest cake-makings and flour milled the famous Swans Down way!

WIN ON HOMEMADE

3. MOISTNESS

You get cakes that stay as eating-fresh as cakes made the old-fashioned way!

WIN ON HOMEMADE

4. TASTE

The secret? Our exclusive LOCKED-IN FRESHNESS, plus your own fresh eggs!



Read the score of National Home-Baking Tests

See how 4,376 home bakers rated Our-New-Recipe Swans Down against other leading cake mixes!

	Our-New-Recipe SWANS DOWN	Brand B	Brand C	Brand D
SIZE	1 st	3 rd	4 th	2 nd
TEXTURE	1 st	2 nd	4 th	3 rd
MOISTNESS	1 st	2 nd	4 th	3 rd
TASTE	1 st	2 nd	4 th	3 rd

The home bakers were divided into 3 groups. Each group tested Swans Down against one of the other 3 brands of mixes.

You add
fresh eggs

—RECIPE—

DOWN CAKE MIXES

WHITE • YELLOW • DEVIL'S FOOD

Products of General Foods

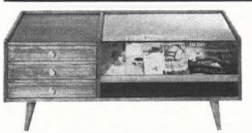
The cabinet grouping, upholstered chairs, coffee table—bench and end table . . . \$925.00*.



Here's a new kind of furniture by Willett
 . . . so restful to come home to

Enter a room furnished in Willett Transitional and you're completely at home . . . relaxed, contented. It's so easy to go "modern" with Willett Transitional. You collect it, piece by precious piece, until living room, dining room and bedrooms are completed. You can take years to do this, for each piece of Willett Transitional blends harmoniously in most any setting. Many Transitional pieces can be used in different rooms for an endless variety of arrangements. See the new solid cherry Transitional now at your dealer's.

The table and chairs, server tables and buffet . . . \$750.00*.



Coffee table . . . \$128.50*.



End table . . . \$47.50*.



*Price F.O.B. Louisville

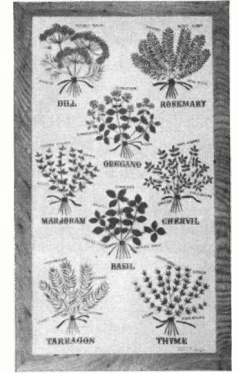
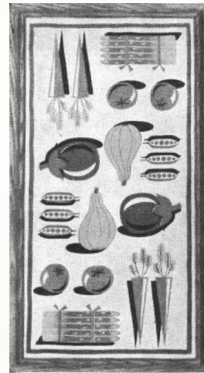
CONSIDER H. WILLETT, INC.
 LOUISVILLE 11, KENTUCKY

America's largest maker of solid maple and cherry furniture for living room, dining room and bedroom.

FRAME THEM

New dish towels have charm. Framed and hung on the wall they're just as pretty as pictures

By Mary Shepherd

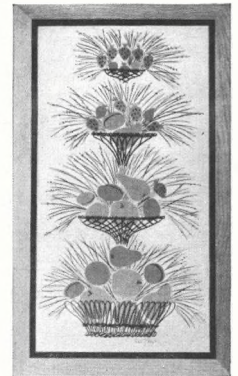
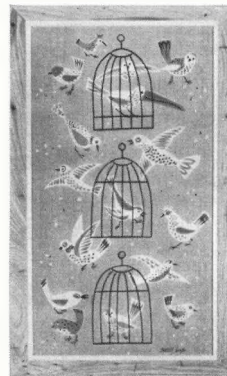


In the kitchen: *Vegetable Study*, hand-blocked on linen towel, is a natural for framing. Measuring 31 by 16 inches, it comes in white with red, gold, olive or blue. *Herbs*, hand-painted on 29-by-16-inch towel is white with gold, olive, emerald or blue. Each \$1



In dining or kitchen area: *Friendly Kitchen*, in which collectors' items from an earlier era are hand-blocked in bright colors on natural linen, is delightful in both provincial and in streamlined modern rooms. Runner measures 30 by 14 inches, costs about \$2.50

TOWELS FROM LOHD AND TAYLOR
 PHOTOGRAPHS BY HANS VAN NEN



In living room or foyer: Tammis Keefe's sophisticated designs deserve handsome frames, will be a credit to your room. *Fruit Epergne*, 16 by 30 inches, is white with subtle colors. *Birds and Cages* comes in olive, gold, blue or emerald grounds. Each \$1

"Would you like to have her complexion?"



YOUR WATKINS DEALER brings you a breath-taking new line of **MARY KING Cosmetics**, created to help you claim the radiance that *rightfully* is yours. He will gladly show you these exciting beauty aids, including the specials pictured here.

He also offers you the advantages of counsel and conference with the cosmeticians of Watkins' modern Beauty Salons. Be sure to ask him for your free copy of the Mary King personalized beauty questionnaire and fascinating make-up chart.



Radiance... what gratification to know that in a clean, clear complexion, your mirror sees the bloom of youth.

JANUARY-FEBRUARY BARGAIN SPECIAL

MARY KING SKIN FRESHENER. A refreshing lotion, delightful to use after cleansing cream. Mildly bracing and stimulating—tones, conditions, improves skin texture. Ask your Watkins Dealer about his money-saving special offer on Skin Freshener—during January and February only, with your purchase of Mary King Creams.



To help you look your loveliest



MARY KING CLEANSING CREAM FOR DRY SKIN. Doubly rich and creamy; doubly effective when applied with careful smoothing and massage. Contains lanolin, with other beneficial oils. Flows into the pores of driest skin; relieves parching and tautness—supplies dewy freshness. Follow with Mary King Skin Freshener.



MARY KING CLEANSING CREAM for Normal and Oily Skin. Scientifically blended and tested in Watkins' own modern Beauty Salons. Light in texture, mild yet thorough. Spreads easily; cleanses, soothes, refreshes; keeps the skin velvet soft. Follow with Mary King Skin Freshener.



MARY KING ENRICHED NIGHT CREAM. Rich in lanolin; a new and exclusive Mary King formula. Keeps the skin soft, smooth, youthful, retaining natural moisture and freshness; helps to eliminate dryness and flakiness. Follow with Mary King Skin Freshener.



MARY KING SPECIAL FORMULA CREAM. Why count birthdays? Age needn't show. This new "miracle" cream, containing 10,000 units of estrogenic hormones, gives the skin a fresh, youthful look; relieves flakiness, discourages wrinkles. Use under make-up, as a thin film; follow with Mary King Skin Freshener.



BANDEAU SPECIAL!

DAINTY NYLON BANDEAU . . . covers curlers, bobby pins. Useful, flattering, glamorous. Sheer chiffon-like nylon, elasticized. Pink, blue or white. A 49¢ value—yours for only 20¢ when you buy Mary King Creams and Skin Freshener. Offer available only in continental United States.

Watkins
Products



FROM THE WATKINS LABORATORIES

THE SHOPPING CENTER THAT COMES TO YOUR HOME

Dreft cuts grease the fastest way ever!

(ALL THE GREASE-CUTTING POWER YOU CAN GET FOR DISHWASHING)



...and yet Dreft is so SAFE for my hands!

(A MIRACLE DETERGENT MORE NEUTRAL THAN THE MILDEST COMPLEXION SOAP)



**ACTUALLY GETS DISHES CLEANER
... WITHOUT ANY WIPING AT ALL!**

New, mild Dreft is a special dishwashing detergent. *Without any wiping at all*, Dreft gets dishes cleaner—cleaner than when you wipe and polish, too.

Instant-sudsing Dreft gives you the best possible grease-cutting power you can get for dishes. Just soak them in warm Dreft suds for two minutes. Give a swish of the cloth as you rinse, and let them drain dry. Forget about wiping. With Dreft, your dishes will shine!

Yet with all its efficiency, Dreft pampers soft skin. So you get *both*: speedy dishwashing *and* safety for hands.

**A REAL PLUS! WONDERFUL SAFETY
FOR YOUR PARTY-PRETTY HANDS!**

Now—a dishwashing detergent that is safe for hands—even more neutral than the mildest complexion soap. New, mild Dreft! It contains *no harsh ingredients*.

Think of it! Gentle, neutral suds that actually pamper soft, smooth skin. That means a lot to every woman who's proud of her hands, but must do dishes every day!

Yet remember—Dreft cuts grease the fastest way ever. So you get *both*: safety for hands *and* speedy dishwashing.

GET DREFT AND GET BOTH

dreft —for cleaner dishes without wiping

dreft —for the safe care of your hands

Eleanor Roosevelt

if
you
ask
me

PETER MARTIN



Eleanor Roosevelt enjoys a moment of relaxation at her home in Hyde Park, New York, with Tamas, grandson of President Roosevelt's dog Fala, and Mr. Duffy, a young Scottie Mrs. Roosevelt received as a gift shortly after Fala's death in 1952

Q In a recent issue of McCall's you said you considered Christ, Confucius, Mohammed, Buddha and Plato the greatest men in history. Am I correct in assuming that you regard Jesus as a great man rather than the true and divine Son of God?

No. You are assuming something which you have no reason to assume. I happen to believe in Christ as being the Son of God, but he did come to earth as a man, and it was the value of his perfect life as a man which has made his example so important to the world. As you doubtless realize, we are taught that every human spirit has something of the divine. That is the basis on which we feel that all human personality is worthy of respect and that men have inherent rights derived from God.

Q I would like to know one case where you have come out strong against Communism in the U.S.A.

If you will read the records of the U.N. you will find many speeches in which I have been strongly opposed to Communism. You will find this is true in my other speeches too.

Q Is it your opinion that farmers and livestock owners are in a bad state now because of the Eisenhower administration or because of conditions that existed anyway? An honest answer, please!

I am afraid you would like me to say that I think it is because of conditions which existed anyway, but as far as I have been able to discover in talking to farmers and livestock men they feel that recently enacted policies have brought about the present situation. I am unable to form an opinion, since I have no experience in this field.

Q Did you or anyone in your family ever attend a nonsegregated school?

I did not, because I didn't happen to live in an area where that was possible. I went to private schools until I went abroad to school. In Europe people of many nationalities were in the same school, so I suppose my European school could be called a nonsegregated school. Many of my grandchildren have gone to schools which were completely nonsegregated.

Q Is it true you were opposed to capital punishment for the people who murdered Bobby Greenlease? If you don't think kidnap-murderers should get the death sentence, what do you think they should get?

I have never said I was opposed to capital punishment in any single case. I have

said I was opposed to capital punishment in general, because it does not achieve the results we hope for. Many who have been in prison work their entire lives are convinced that capital punishment does not discourage crime, and many countries which have done away with it have found their crime conditions did not become worse but in some cases better. I think it is evident, therefore, that it is not the best kind of punishment for the worst crimes.

Q A hearing-aid salesman told me that the only reason you wear a Zenith hearing aid is that you own stock in the company. Do you?

No. I don't own a single share of stock in the company.

Q Would you mind telling me where your sympathies lie in the Israel-Jordan question?

This question is not one of sympathies, it is a question of thinking out what can be done to reduce the tensions which bring about bad situations. I think there is blame on both sides, but I think only the U.N., through its impartial commissions, can judge correctly where it lies.

Q In your book about India you say that most Indians see no point to the "Horatio Alger" kind of success so many Americans strive for. Frankly, do you think any true Christian sees much point to it either?

I said that most Indians do not understand what we mean when we speak of the kind of drive needed to achieve the Horatio Alger type of success, since they have been for generations geared to renunciation.

I think there are a good many Christians in this country who can still square the Horatio Alger story with Christianity, because as long as you are considerate of others there is no reason why you can't put great drive into helping yourself as well as others.

Q Hitler said once that your husband had boasted he had "noble" Jewish blood in his veins. Is this possible?

No, I don't think this was really possible. What he really said was that he could not find any Jewish ancestors, but that if he did have Jewish blood in his veins he would be proud of it.

Address letters to Mrs. Roosevelt in care of McCall's, 230 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

by Isabella Taves

a personal story

EDWARD R. MURROW



Even weekends at his farm in Pawling, New York, Ed plots future broadcasts and plows through the news with his wife—his severest critic. He plays as hard as he works, is especially serious about golf

ON DECEMBER 7, 1941, Ed Murrow and his wife were in Washington, D.C. They had been invited to a dinner at the White House that night. Playing his intense left-handed game of golf (he takes his golf as seriously as does President Eisenhower) at the Burning Tree course, Ed heard that Pearl Harbor had been bombed by the Japanese. He hurried back to the hotel and told his wife, Janet, that he was sure the White House dinner would be canceled but that she had better call Mrs. Roosevelt to be certain.

Mrs. Roosevelt said, "We all have to eat. Come anyway."

The President's chair was empty, but several times during the dinner messages came down from him. One of them was that he wanted to talk to Ed Murrow, who a few days before had returned from England, where for the last two years he had broadcast nightly the story of the London blitz.

At 10:30 the guests rose to take their leave. Again President Roosevelt sent down word asking Ed Murrow to wait. Janet left with the others, and Ed waited, watching the biggest men in the government come and go from the President's office. At 12:30 Ed Murrow was told the President would see him. He found Roosevelt alone, gray with fatigue. First he asked Ed Murrow how the English people were standing up to the bombing. Then he told him the whole story of Pearl Harbor, with facts and figures about the enormity of the disaster which weren't known to the American people until years later. There was no mention of the conversation being off the (Continued on page 86)



If you think you know
what Ed Murrow
is like
this first public view
of his private life
is certain
to startle you

PETER MARTIN



Murrow describes Casey as his "best friend," and it's only with his son that he really lets himself go. A very provocative young man, Casey has strong opinions. But he and his father disagree mostly on baseball and politics



From the time they'd been little girls
Cynthia had shared everything
she owned with Stella ...
Now she was sharing her husband

A Complete Novel by Ruth Lyons

● Several times that morning she had approached the telephone and picked it up, only to put it back in indecision. Why should she have this urgency today to call Cynthia, to speak to her after more than a year of silence between them? Was this disturbing restlessness that was goading her a product of regret and guilt for what she had done to Cynthia? Or was it the old obsession she had known all during the bitter-happy years they had been best friends, the necessity to be within the circle of that light Cynthia seemed to shed?

She had been thinking of Cynthia acutely since yesterday when she had run into Maudie Matthews on Centerport's busy Main Street. Maudie was the first one of the old crowd she had seen since she left Ridgeville, and coming suddenly upon the familiar figure had been something of a shock.

Maudie had said, "Well, Stella Johnson!" And then her plump face had taken on a closed look and she had added a little stiffly, "Sorry, I forgot for a moment that you're Stella May now."

It had been an awkward moment for Stella. She had been excited and delighted when she spied Maudie's round face, and then when Maudie went still and cold on her all the delight had drained away—the delight of seeing again a face so closely bound up with all the agonies and pleasures of her youth.

And standing there facing Maudie, Stella felt returning again the old resentment toward her and the others, and she said to herself, "She always was a jackass."

Maudie looked at her wrist watch. "How are things with you, Stella?"

Stella smiled the cryptic smile she had perfected years ago to hide all the insecure feelings. "Marvelous. Couldn't be better. And Bill's fine too, in case anybody cares.

You must come to see us sometime. *(Continued on page 96)*



THE DEAR



FRIENDS

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER SKOR

BY PEARL S. BUCK

The secret of everything

A story as strange and familiar as life itself—
this is the most unusual story of the year!

JOHN JACKSON was a boy. He was five years old and he lived on a farm. He liked living on a farm because he had no brothers and sisters and he might have been lonely, except that there are so many animals on a farm that no one can be lonely unless he shuts himself up in his house and won't go out to play. Even then there are the dogs and cats. John Jackson had two dogs and two cats. The dogs were named Bob and Louise and the cats were named Whiskers and Flip. Mrs. Jackson, John's mother, did not like them to come into the house because they brought in mud, but they came in anyway and then she could not be cruel and put them out again, especially in winter when the snow was on the ground. It is true they might have gone into the barn where the cows were and the big frowning bull, or they might have gone into the sheepfold where the sheep and the ram lived. But they always tried to get into the house to find John Jackson, whom everyone called Johnny Jack because he had bright blue eyes and yellow hair and always wanted to know everything.

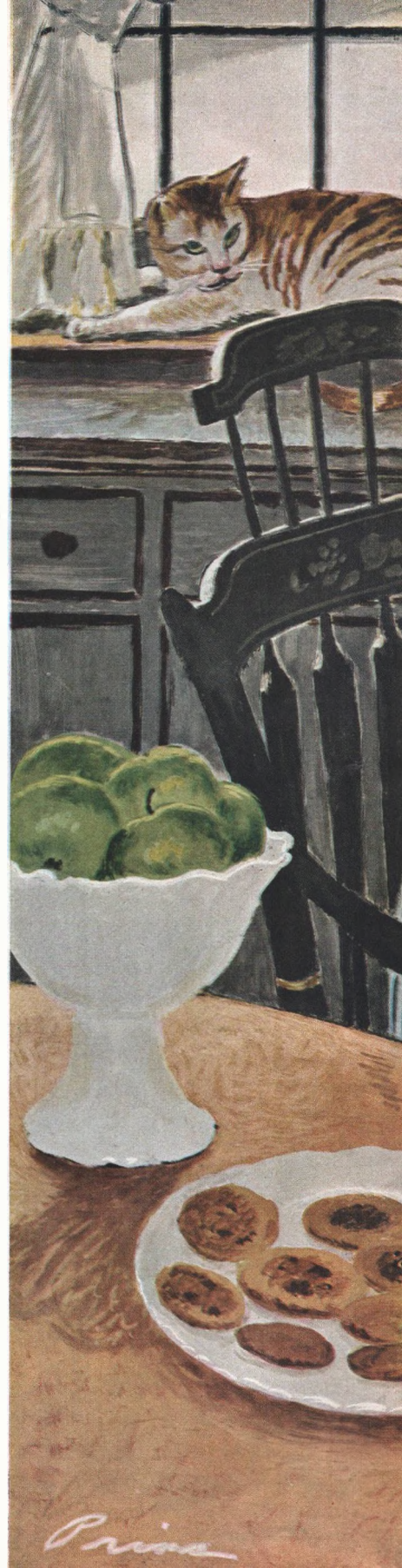
"Why, why, why," that was the way almost everything he said began. Johnny Jack always wanted to know why everything was, or else he wanted to know what or where. Most of all he wanted to know about beginnings. Perhaps this was because he lived on a farm where something was beginning almost (Continued on page 76)

"Where do the eggs come from?"

Johnny asked.

"Where did the calf come from?"

And where was I when I wasn't?"





by Estelle Lane Brent

your Spring suit is
**touched
with print**



Print jacket of lightweight wool, piped with the same plain fabric used for the skirt and topper, makes something special of a classic suit. Suit about \$55, topper about \$35

Opposite: **Print blouse** of cotton piqué shows its turtle neck over the cardigan neckline of a red gabardine suit. Trimly fitted jacket has bracelet-length sleeves. About \$55

Flocked wool holero with a choirboy collar, a flared skirt of solid color and a white piqué blouse with a foldover collar add up to the nicest look of spring-is-here. About \$55

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILLIAM MELBURN



Blouse and skirt of polka-dot print wool and a snowdrop-white fleece jacket . . . the most versatile of all spring costumes. It's a suit, a dress and an over-everything jacket. About \$70

HATS: CHARMERS BY JOHN FREDERICKS
JANA HANDRAGS
BERGÈRE JEWELRY

ALL SUITS BY SWANSDOWN
AT STORES LISTED ON PAGE 102

she chooses

water colors

*Joanne Gilbert, new young star of Paramount's "Red Garters,"
chooses spring clothes in California water colors—*

blue as mid-ocean, green as a comber, white as foam

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN ENGSTEAD



Dress of silk broadcloth, hand-screened with a floral design, for any time after five. By Irene Saltern of Tabak. About \$35. At Garfinckel's, Washington, D. C.; Bullock's-Downtown, Los Angeles



Blouse with a portrait neckline and a triple-box-pleated skirt. Both of denim. By Blair Sportswear. Blouse about \$13, skirt and belt about \$18. At Lord & Taylor, New York; Frederick & Nelson, Seattle



Norfolk jacket and slim trousers of tweed denim, a cotton shirt. By Jo Lathwood for F. B. Horgan. Jacket about \$18, pants about \$10, shirt about \$9. At Balliet's, Oklahoma City; Dayton Company, Minneapolis

by Nancy Wiener



Shirtwaist dress of a slubbed rayon printed with California shells, painted with gold. By Christina Charles. About \$25. At Stix, Baer & Fuller, St. Louis; J. W. Robinson, Los Angeles



Cotton blouse printed with roosters to wear with a sea-blue linen skirt. By Georgia Kay. Blouse about \$10, the skirt about \$18. At Bloomingdale's, New York; Burdine's, Inc., Miami



"I took a good long look at my life, and I didn't like what I saw" is the way Tom Fletcher explains his decision to give up a successful business career and become a minister. Here he preaches one of his first sermons from the pulpit of St. John's Episcopal Church in Larchmont, New York

People have the funny idea that a minister only works on Sundays, Mr. Fletcher says. With a congregation of 1,200 to visit and help he works much harder now than he ever did as a \$10,000-a-year salesman. He also has a great deal more confidence in the kind of thing he's "selling"

by Ernest Jacobs

ROBERT FRANK



“WE STARTED OVER WITH GOD”

In their thirties, Tom and Louise Fletcher gave up material security for a spiritual mission.

Their faith in each other made it possible

MY FRIEND Tom Fletcher was thirty-five years old when he gave up a successful business career in New York City and moved with his family into a small apartment near the Episcopal Theological Seminary in Cambridge, Massachusetts. He had decided to become a minister.

I was frankly amazed. Tom, to my knowledge, was neither a churchgoer nor a Bible reader. And the step he was taking meant crucial sacrifices for his wife and children as well as for himself. All I knew about the awakening of his religious feeling was that it had begun during a bout of polio he suffered the previous fall. Had he made some kind of promise during his illness? Was it the fear of death that had turned him toward God? One day I asked him.

No, Tom told me, it was neither. “Besides,” he said, “I wasn’t really afraid I’d die. At least I wasn’t for long. Depressed, yes. I was weak, and my nerves were all unstrung. But I wouldn’t want anybody to get the idea that I tried to make a bargain with God.

“What happened was that between fear and pain I took a good long look at my life, and I didn’t like what I saw. I began to question its end and purpose and the whole scale of values by which I’d lived.

“I’m afraid it wasn’t anything very dramatic. There was no blinding flash of revelation. The only way I can put it is that—I found God.”

Tom had always been a worrier. I’d seen him tearing his hair when his wife, Louise, happened to be five minutes late getting home. Naturally I assumed that his worry over what would become of himself and his family during the polio siege must have nearly driven him out of his mind.

I couldn’t have been more wrong. In the hospital, Tom said, his worries simply disappeared. Instead of anxiety he felt a curious peace descending on him. At the point when he realized there was absolutely nothing he could do now to protect his loved ones from harm he began to realize that there must be a higher Power at work, ordering beyond his own ability to plan and foresee. Having all his life felt intensely responsible, first for his widowed mother and later for Louise and the children, he saw now that there was a limit to any human being’s ability to shield and protect. With deep relief he found himself ready to trust to the will of God, in whatever way it might manifest itself.

Tom was lucky. He recovered completely from his illness. He didn’t necessarily believe he’d been spared by a miracle, for he knew that statistically he was among the more fortunate

(Continued on page 48)

Louise Fletcher sees her husband much less now that he’s a minister. Above she and the children, Peter and Mary, celebrate Peter’s seventh birthday without Tom, who was busy at church

Laurie goes to

★ Spring and Laurie Martin arrived in Washington on the same day. The coming of spring was lyrically hailed. Cherry trees burst into bloom and into print. Pretty girls, blossoms and monuments made a joint appearance on Washington newsstands.

If a roving cameraman had caught a glimpse of Laurie when she got off the plane, he might have rushed her to the nearest cherry tree, but no cameraman did. There was only one person at the airport to greet her — her cousin, Henrietta Lange, who had promised

Laurie's mother that she would shepherd her ewe lamb through the civil service pastures.

Henrietta had not slept well the night before. She was twenty-nine to Laurie's eighteen; she had worked in Washington for ten years. As she watched Laurie coming toward her, she thought crossly that no one had a right to look that young and fresh at seven o'clock on a Sunday morning. The thought dissolved in a feeling of pleasure as Laurie hugged her warmly.



Washington

As they waited for the luggage to be brought in from the plane, Laurie exclaimed about the day, the plane ride, the view of Washington from the air. Henrietta, watching her glowing face, thought cynically, Government girls! Where do they come from every year?

Walking out to the car, Laurie squeezed her cousin's arm. "I'm so excited, Hen! I can scarcely wait to see everything."

Henrietta disengaged her arm and took out her car keys with a groan. "Look, infant, I'll let you share *(Continued on page 129)*

What chance did a little country girl have in this city— where for each reluctant male there were five pretty females?

by Lucy Cundiff

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT LEVERING



Dimly she was aware of Henrietta's hand on her shoulder, and Henrietta's voice urging, "Come along, Laurie. Nice girls don't talk to strangers"

*"I did not say your mother was a nuisance,"
Mike shouted. But it was too late;
already the laughter was leaving Jody's eyes*





by Florence Jane Soman

Before I say I'm sorry

EVERYBODY in town had a warm, indulgent feeling toward the Brandons. Maybe it was because Jody and Mike were so young and good to look at; maybe it was because they had been married for only a few months and were so obviously in love. Whatever the reason, you just couldn't help feeling good, a little happier and lighter in the heart, when you came upon them clipping their narrow hedge or walking to church or sometimes bicycling by in the summertime dusk, both of them in white shorts, laughing and waving as they pedaled past. What no one suspected was that Jody and Mike shared a common failing, one serious enough to provide a possible threat to their marriage.

It was during their engagement period that they had discovered this about themselves. They were at a country club dance and another couple at their table had started to quarrel. On the way home with Mike in the car, Jody had shaken her head. "Jealousy is a terrible thing," she said. "It's absolutely ruining the Kings' marriage." She turned her head and looked at Mike. "I don't have a jealous bone in my whole body, do you, Mike?"

"Well — maybe one or two small ones," Mike said. "Around the ankles. Not enough to cause any trouble."

"Come to think of it, I don't believe we have any shortcomings at all," Jody said virtuously. "I guess you might say we're practically a perfect couple. We ought to sail the sea of matrimony with nary a ripple to rock the boat." *(Continued on page 62)*

They were in love

They were stubborn

And this quarrel was inevitable!

T *he whole family*



DARBY / GRAPHIC HOUSE

Outside the hospital their mother introduces June and Jay Wilson to their new baby sister, Jyl. Father (*upper left*) is trying to persuade older sister Jan to come and look too, but she's a little frightened. Earlier Jan explained to the others that the baby had gone "knock-knock inside Mommy and said 'I want out' "

has a baby

When Jessie Wilson's fourth baby was on the way she discovered a wonderful plan for sharing her with the other three

"My fourth baby is due shortly," Mrs. Jim Wilson of Orlando, Florida, wrote McCall's, "and I have a plan to eliminate jealousy on the part of my other children: Jan, 4; June, 3; and Jay, 2. Perhaps your readers would like to know about it." The plan was simple: The children would go to the hospital with Jim when the baby was ready to come home. There the nurse would give them each a doll, "a baby all their own." Everything worked out more successfully than Jessie Wilson had dreamed. The children are delighted with their babies and keep so busy bathing and feeding them that there isn't time for jealousy. Mrs. Wilson can give little Jyl all the attention she needs, and it's a lifesaver for Jim. A disk jockey on Orlando's Station WHOO, he is one of the busiest and most popular men in Florida and has very little time for baby-sitting.



The real surprise comes when each child gets a doll baby. The dolls fascinate the girls, who lose interest in the new baby and want to give Jay, "the old baby," away



His mother has to caution Jay against putting his thumb into the doll's eye (above) and the baby's (left). He prefers Jyl to his doll. When she cries he runs in and places his finger in her mouth



Feeding time for Jyl is suppertime for the dolls too. Jan (below) is still intrigued by the tiny bottle her mother brought home from the hospital



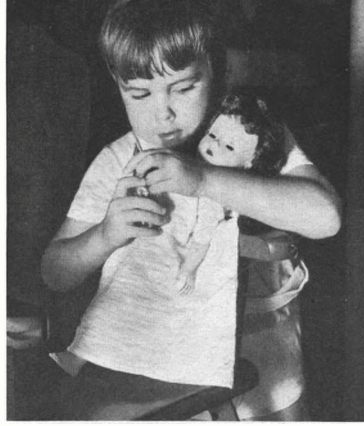
The whole family has a baby continued



Most fun of all is when Mommy bathes the baby on the kitchen table. The Wilson dolls are the cleanest and best powdered in Orlando. Mrs. Wilson sewed wardrobes for them before Jyl came, so they're probably the best dressed too

Jan's doll clothes have been changed so many times that Mrs. Wilson has to wash and iron them. Surprisingly, the girls never tire of the dolls. The more Mother does for her baby the more they do for theirs

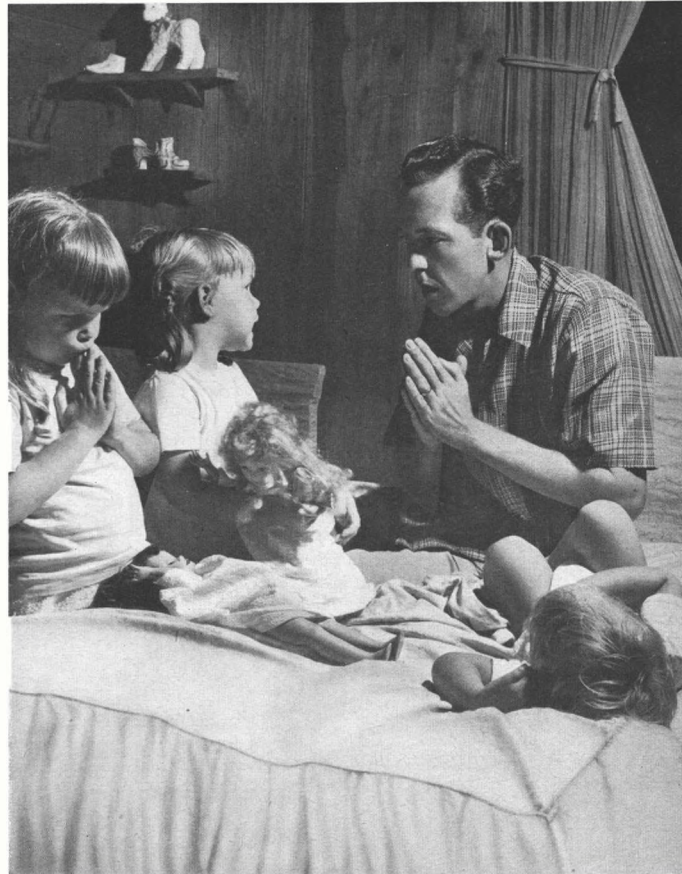




Most devoted little mother in the family is Jan (*above*), who was moody when June and Jay were born. This time there are no tantrums, no pathetic appeals for affection. And often June (*right*) and the others will tiptoe into the baby's room to stand silently and admire her



Jay goes to sleep quickly when his doll is with him, but during the day he'll forget about it until his sisters turn up with theirs



Jim Wilson, busy all day at Station WHOO, gets home just in time to listen to the children's prayers. They pray for each member of the family. Now, perhaps to postpone bedtime, they include each doll in the blessings

They keyed it to music

*The Taylors made room
in their basement for
eating and games and television
and, above all, for music*

Room for eating: *The round counter resembles a drum, is placed right at the foot of the stairs as a step-saving device. Its surface is of damageproof Formica. The piano, bought secondhand for \$50, occupies a niche with its own built-in light trough*



HEDRICH-BLESSING



Room for games: *Those huge piano keys on the floor are really a shuffleboard court. It's set right into an asphalt-tile laid over the original concrete. The hardboard wainscoting, 40 inches high, provides insurance against teen-age scuffle marks*

CHRISTINE and Gordon Taylor and their two young sons are a music-minded family, as well as sociably inclined. They discovered a while back that they just didn't have enough space for their four-person hobby *and* for entertaining. Result—they pitched in and remade their basement into an all-purpose room, with music as its motif.

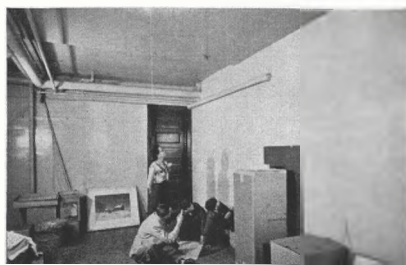
It took months of work and an architect's advice to make the room exactly what they wanted. And from a decorative point of view even those exposed pipes turned into an asset, helping to carry out the musical theme.

The Taylors kept costs down. They used standard materials available from any builder or supply dealer. They salvaged the framing from an old coalbin, used 12-inch insulation-board planks for walls and 12-by-12-inch insulation-board tile, stapled into place, for the ceiling.

It *could* have been done with only a hammer and saw, the Taylors report, but a rented power saw and a staple gun made things a lot simpler.



Before: *The hodgepodge at the left now is concealed by a bamboo curtain hung from ceiling track. All those unsightly pipes now are camouflaged or covered*



Plan: *The Taylors recognized the importance of making a careful floor plan beforehand, and since a game room's an energetic place they left plenty of open space for activity*



Room for television: A standard set built into wall rests on platform which pulls out on filing-cabinet rollers, has chain to control the distance. The set swivels, can be viewed from game or seating corner. Overhead, four metal bars were added to an existing pipe, along with opening notes of "Keep the Home Fires Burning"

Room for music: The Taylors needed, and got, plenty of storage space for their instruments. The free-form plaque hung on an exposed pipe holds a banjo, and a guitar is displayed on a hang-rack of perforated hardboard framed in a shadow box

Turn to page 94 to see how the basement was built



Floor,
Congoleum-Nairn
Furniture,
Hoywood-Walk-Field
Building materials,
Insulation Board Institute



by James Poling

Mrs. Cloud discovers America

*She escaped to freedom she'd
never dreamed of—and love
she thought she'd never have*

LAST July 26, the day after Lila Cloud burst through the Iron Curtain and escaped from her native Czechoslovakia, she wrote a letter to her husband, Leonard, in Sioux City, Iowa. She said in part: "My heart is filled with joy, so much that I cannot tell you how it is with me. To escape was like to get out of a dark, dirty, sealed room full of spoiled air, in which one is so hopelessly running around. Oh, I cannot tell you how is my joy, for now after four grav years life is starting for us..."

Lila got away in a secretly constructed homemade armored car, which she and seven other determined Czechs drove through the Russian barricades on their country's border. In Regensburg, Germany, where the pseudo-armored car sputtered to a safe halt, Lila was passed over to the American authorities, who questioned her intensively to establish her political status and to glean facts about the Communists. Then she was cleared for entry into the United States.

While she awaited her visa Lila was the guest in Munich of Radio Free Europe, the independent American radio station that beams propaganda programs behind the Iron Curtain. For three weeks her life was a series of press interviews interspersed with periodic broadcasts to her countrymen.

She finally left Germany on the sixteenth of September, headed for Sioux City, Iowa, and the husband she had known only five months out of the preceding eight years. "It was very hard in (Continued on page 69)

GENEVIEVE NAYLOR



"I don't think I am expert," Lila says the first time she plays baseball. But Leonard is an affectionate teacher, and she'll learn

When friends met Lila they toasted her in champagne. "Wouldn't it be wonderful to have a smile like that?" Leonard asks





Chicken Noodle Soup

Tomato Soup



They're going steady! SOUP 'N' CRACKERS



by ANNE MARSHALL
Director Home Economics
Campbell Soup Company

Yes, Soup 'n' Crackers are a devoted pair . . . and seen in all the best places! Next time you serve bowls of sturdy beef soup . . . or golden chicken noodle . . . or tomato soup with its rich, zesty flavor—try this. A gala snack tray, with a tempting variety of crackers and a choice of fillings and "dips." Like cottage cheese, flecked with green pepper . . . deviled ham . . . peanut butter with crumbled bacon . . . or any favorite spread. People will eat and eat, and call for "seconds" of delicious soup and crackers.

FEBRUARY SUGGESTIONS FOR USING *Campbell's* SOUPS

Beef Soup



Good cooks keep a full soup shelf

THIS ALADDIN 5-ROOM HOUSE

\$1995
FREIGHT PAID
 Slightly Higher West of Missouri River

YOU CAN BUILD THIS ALADDIN READI-CUT HOUSE YOURSELF... and Save Hundreds of Dollars!

Imagine receiving A COMPLETE HOUSE IN ONE SHIPMENT—ready to erect! You get everything needed. The lumber is the finest—every piece THOROUGHLY DRY. And it comes to you the EXACT SIZE needed—cut at the mill by fast, precision machines. No stopping to measure and saw each piece! (You save as much as 30% on labor—18% on waste) AND YOU CAN CHOOSE FROM 99 INDIVIDUAL PLANS—beautiful, modern houses of all sizes and styles. Not only will you save money but you will have the satisfaction of knowing that Aladdin Houses have withstood the test of time during the past 48 years. Aladdin's thousands of satisfied customers are your guarantee of honest value. We will send you names and addresses on request.

QUALITY:
 ALL EXPOSED LUMBER IS GUARANTEED TO BE CLEAR AND KNOTLESS



THIS IS THE WAY TO BEAT THE HIGH COST OF BUILDING!

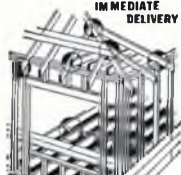
BUILD YOUR OWN HOME
 With carpenters getting up to \$24 a day think how much you can save by building your own Aladdin house! Carpentry work runs from 300 to 1200 hours, depending on the house you choose. Even if you hire help you save because most of the expensive, time-consuming

labor (measuring and cutting) has been done at the mill. No wonder Aladdin houses are so easy to build—and at a cost that often compares favorably WITH PRE-WAR COSTS! Drawings and instructions are simple to follow and cover everything from foundation up. More than half the Aladdin houses sold have been erected by buyers themselves!

WHAT READI-CUT MEANS
 The picture below shows how each piece of Aladdin lumber is cut to EXACT size at the mill—mirrored and bevelled for perfect fit. Aladdin houses are designed to meet the most exacting building standards in both construction and materials.



GOOD HOUSES NEVER GROW OLD—ALADDIN HOUSES ARE NOT PREFABRICATED



WHAT YOU GET WHEN YOU BUY AN ALADDIN HOUSE

- ALL THE LUMBER accurately cut to fit, marked and numbered ready to erect practically without use of a saw.
- SIDING
- MILLWORK
- FLOORING
- WINDOWS
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- PAINT
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NO DEALERS' OR AGENTS' PROFITS IN ALADDIN PRICES—BUY DIRECT!



THERE'S AN ALADDIN HOUSE NEAR YOU — WRITE US



EXCITING NEW HOME DESIGNS FOR 1954!

SEE THEM IN THE LATEST BOOK OF ALADDIN HOMES →
THE ALADDIN CO. Est. 48 Years
 BAY CITY, MICHIGAN
 Send 25¢ FOR BEAUTIFUL NEW FULL-COLOR 64 PAGE CATALOG No. AM-5

"We started over with God"

Continued from page 35

majority of those stricken with poliomyelitis. He was nevertheless profoundly grateful.

Still walking on two canes after he left the hospital, Tom went to the parish house of New York's Calvary Church and asked for Dr. Samuel Shoemaker, the rector, whom he had met once before socially and who had come to visit him when he was ill. Tom knew that prayers for his recovery had been said in church.

"I don't know what I'm looking for," Tom told the rector, "but I think it is somebody to thank."

"I think I know Whom you mean," Dr. Shoemaker replied. "Let's do it now."

"I'm not very good at this praying business," Tom said.

Dr. Shoemaker said nobody was really very good at it and asked him to pray with him aloud.

Tom told me that at the time he was actually quite embarrassed and uncomfortable. But there was something in Dr. Shoemaker's personality and in his strong, simple faith that touched him. Later he and Louise began to go to Calvary Church regularly. They were impressed by the wisdom and depth of what they heard there. Tom joined a group of businessmen who met each Monday afternoon with Dr. Shoemaker for informal discussion of their experiences and for common prayer. Among these men who spoke his own language and came from his own background Tom learned to pray. He conceived a great love for Jesus, perceiving that the symbol of the Cross was central to the Christian experience.

Along with his religious awakening came a gnawing hunger to be of service to his fellow men. He took charge of the March of Dimes campaign in New York's Peter Cooper Village, where he and his family were living. He also worked for other charity drives and indulged privately in many acts of kindness he was always much too shy to discuss. Increasingly he grew disenchanted with his business career.

ONE day while he was discussing some charity work with Dr. Shoemaker the rector suggested to Tom that he go into the ministry.

"A little late, isn't it?" Tom objected. "With a wife and two children to support?"

"If it's God's will you'll manage," Dr. Shoemaker told him. "Think it over."

That night Tom waited until he'd helped tuck the children into bed and read them their story before he told Louise about the rector's suggestion. At first he tried to make a joke of it.

But Louise didn't laugh. "I think he's right, Tom," she said. "It's what you should do. I've been waiting for you to make that decision."

Other friends of Tom's were just as amazed as I to learn about his plans. We knew him as a worldly, fun-loving young man who if he ever mentioned religion at all did so more or less flippantly. Also, his decision seemed too sudden.

Tom was not unaware of our doubts, and he was troubled by them. Still more disturbing was the criticism that he was neglecting his duties toward his wife and children. During the war Tom had been a lieutenant in the Navy. The GI Bill would help him with his education. And he could get

a part-time job. But this was a far cry from a \$10,000-a-year salary. "It's relatively easy to make personal sacrifices," he has said since, "but you think a long, long time when your wife has to bear most of the burden."

There are some people who thrive on self-imposed martyrdom, but Louise Fletcher isn't one of them. She's a thoroughly human, generous woman who dislikes scrimping and penny-pinching as much as anyone else. She loves plays and concerts, and she has had her dreams of travel. But it never occurred to her to put these things above what she felt was ultimately essential for their happiness. "I knew it was what Tom had to do," she says. "You can't be successful or happy in the long run if you don't like your job."

Tom told Dr. Shoemaker of his concern over Louise and the children.

"I respect you for having these feelings," the minister said. "But, Tom, I wonder if you know how fortunate you are. You've found what people all over the world are yearning for: your faith, your certitude not just in God but in a God who cares. A man like you, a man who's found his faith the hard way, in the maturity of his life, can do an awful lot of good pointing the way to others. It won't be easy for Louise while you're in seminary, but none of you will be cold or go hungry. Think of the millions of people in the world for whom basic needs are the only goal in life."

Soon after this Tom filed his application for admission to the Episcopal Theological Seminary in Cambridge, Massachusetts, and gave tentative notice to his employers in case he was accepted.

Then came a real test. Tom got an unexpected break in business which promised to double his income. If he had doubts about the genuineness of his decision this was his chance to find out. He turned the offer down.

Louise was with a friend—one of her more skeptical friends—the morning the letter came announcing Tom's acceptance at the seminary. Her friend's eyes filled with tears when Louise told her the news. "I'm so glad for Tom," the woman stammered. "I didn't know he really meant it." Her reaction was typical.

The fact Tom did really mean it opened an unexpected vein of sympathy and understanding in people who had seemed either critical or indifferent before. The Fletchers were suddenly receiving all sorts of small courtesies and special attentions. A neighborhood merchant, a grayish, hard-working man, would deliver an order in person instead of sending a messenger. He sometimes stayed for half an hour or more talking to Tom. Another friend of Louise's, a rather unhappy woman, started going to church again. She hasn't missed a service since. Comparative strangers stopped to talk to him. Wherever he went there were people who hungered for the answers Tom seemed to have found.

NOT quite a year after Tom came down with polio he began his studies at the seminary.

On his first exploratory visit to Cambridge, Tom found a part-time job as a clothing salesman in the Harvard Co-op, which he kept during the three years he spent there. It wasn't so easy to find a home, however. Too late to qualify for a student apartment near the campus, the Fletchers rented a small house several miles away from the seminary. Rent, heat, gas, electricity and telephone cost them almost \$140 a month—\$20 more than Tom's subsistence allowance from the gov-

(Continued on page 50)

Nancy du Pont Bruns

lovely young member of the
well-known Wilmington family

She and her husband will celebrate their fourth wedding anniversary this Spring. Like so many attractive young wives, Mrs. Bruns feels her best beauty insurance is Pond's Cold Cream. "I notice the difference it makes in my skin *immediately*," she says. "Pond's Cold Cream cleanses my skin really thoroughly—better than any other care I know."



"It's simply amazing
how quickly
your skin looks

clearer, finer!" says Nancy du Pont Bruns

STAND CLOSE to some woman you know and take a really good look at her skin. So often you'll find that her complexion is spoiled by large pores that even careful make-up can't hide. You'll wonder "Why doesn't she *do* something about her skin?"

Your own face gets this "third degree" many times during the day. Do people think the same about you?

What many women don't realize is that most complexion faults are caused by nothing but *hidden dirt*. Look at your skin closely, *carefully* after your usual clean-up. Do the pores still look dirty? Now, pass your fingers over your face. Does the texture feel coarse? Are there little roughnesses? Then your face care isn't cleaning deeply enough.

Quickly—clear your skin

Pond's Cold Cream is specifically designed to take

care of the deeper dirt that ordinary and less effective cleansings simply skim over. Its unique oil-and-moisture formula quickly softens and *floats out* hardened, embedded dirt that encourages large pores and blackheads. This is why each Pond's Cold Creaming leaves your skin *flawlessly* clean. And—you'll see—your skin looks finer, so much clearer.

Replenishes oils and moisture that keep skin looking smooth, young

As Pond's Cold Cream cleanses, it *softens*. This softening is vitally important for a smooth skin. Every day—outdoor exposure and dry indoor heat, normal tensions and fatigue rob your skin of its natural oils and moisture. You must replenish these softeners every day, or your skin looks dry, *older*. Each Pond's Cold Creaming supplies the oils and moisture

your skin needs—gives it a young suppleness.

This way of using Pond's Cold Cream does the most for facial contour

1. *Every night*, circle fingerfuls of Pond's Cold Cream briskly up and out from throat to forehead. This Pond's circle-cleansing frees embedded dirt. It brings up fresh color. It helps your skin look finer. Tissue off this first creaming *well*.

2. Now—a snowy, beautifying "rinse" with fresh fingerfuls of Pond's Cold Cream. This time, tissue off *lightly*—leaving invisible traces of cream for softening your skin overnight, protecting it by day.

"Never, never have I had so many compliments!" say women who have adopted Pond's Cold Creamings. Get Pond's Cold Cream today in the *large* jar . . . nicer to dip into—and compared with the smaller jars, you average a *third more cream for your money!*

COLDS and SORE THROATS can be DANGEROUS INFECTIONS...



Give them ANTISEPTIC TREATMENT!

There are no known cures for a cold, but research proved that Listerine can often be mighty effective in helping to reduce their number and their severity. That is also true in reducing the number of sore throats.

Tests made over a 12-year period showed that regular twice-a-day Listerine users had fewer colds, and usually milder ones, and fewer sore throats than non-users.

That is because Listerine Antiseptic treats colds, and sore throats due to colds, as the infections they really are . . . treats them with safe, germ-killing action.

Kills Germs on Throat Surfaces

You see, Listerine Antiseptic reaches

At the first symptom . . .

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC Quick and Often

way back on throat surfaces to kill millions of germs, including those called "secondary invaders" (see panel above). These are the very bacteria that often are responsible for so much of a cold's misery when they stage a mass invasion of the body through throat tissues.

In other words, Listerine attacks them before they attack you. Tests showed that germs on mouth and throat surfaces are reduced as much as 96.7% fifteen minutes after gargling . . . as much as 80% even an hour after.

So, get in the habit of using Listerine Antiseptic night and morning, and between times, when you feel a cold or sore throat coming on.

(Continued from page 48)

ernment. By cutting corners and doing all the laundry, sewing and patching, Louise somehow managed. But she was almost unbearably lonely.

Tom was away all day and studied nights at his desk in the basement near the furnace, where he could be warm and undisturbed. Sundays he had duties at St. John's in Newtonville, about eight miles away. Louise had hardly any adult company, but bleak as that first winter was it did have some pleasant surprises.

One snowy day, for example, a man knocked on the door and asked whether they had any Nescafe. "Come right in," Louise said, seeing him shivering and thinking he wanted to warm himself. "I think we have a little left. I'll fix you a cup."

"No, thanks," the man said. "That won't be necessary. Just show me the jar." When he'd seen it he presented Louise with a large waffle iron and a ten-dollar coupon for groceries at a nearby chain store and disappeared.

Near Christmastime, when she was worried about gifts for the children, she received a letter from a girl who'd done baby-sitting for her in New York. "I have been praying for you," the letter said. Enclosed was a check for ten dollars to buy presents for Peter and Mary.

Toward spring Louise had a windfall of \$175, a small fortune to her then, when she was appointed rental agent for the houses in her block. She'd seen the regular agent sitting in his car looking lonesome and bored and brought him a glass of lemonade. As a result he went back to his office, leaving her in charge.

If this first winter was hard for Louise it was even harder for Tom. After his glowing anticipation there was the inevitable letdown.

Until he entered the seminary Tom's religious experience had been entirely personal—intuitive and subjective. Now for the first time he was exposed to theological criticism of the Scriptures as well as the major philosophical interpretations of God and religion. This objective approach at first seemed to wither his faith, and he plunged abruptly into one of the deepest depressions he'd ever known. He was ashamed to talk about it, not knowing that reactions like his are common among first-year seminary students. His thoughts kept slipping away from his studies, back to his carefree college days and even to those aboard an aircraft carrier in the Pacific, when all he had to worry about was physical danger.

Night after night during this crucial period he had the same dream—a huge wave was coming toward him, he tried to struggle and run but couldn't move, staring helplessly, watching it approach and engulf him.

When he finally admitted to himself the true nature of his misgivings he wanted to go back to New York. Louise persuaded him to wait and see.

Tom believes today that this crisis was necessary for him, cruel as it was. It was a crucible in which his faith hardened. He emerged gradually. And finally he knew that religious faith could not be grasped, proved or controverted by intellectual argument, that it had to be experienced to be understood.

AFTER that first year—that seemed to have been thrown in their way to test their faith and fortitude—the Fletchers' life became easier and more pleasant. They remember the next two years eagerly and even nostalgically.

The first summer Tom had a valuable and fascinating experience as a sort of intern in a mental hospital,

while Louise visited her family in Norfolk and Baltimore. That fall they moved into an apartment at a considerably lower rental on the campus near the other students.

Louise recalls this as one of the happiest periods of her life. "Our place, tiny as it was," she says, "was a headquarters for Tom's seminary friends and their wives—wonderful friends. I must have poured at least fifteen cups of coffee a day."

Time began to fly. Though Tom maintained a good average in his studies it wasn't the theoretical, academic side of religion that attracted him, and he waited impatiently for the day when his real work would begin—work in the field, work with people, helping and serving them.

ON May 31, 1953, Tom Fletcher was ordained a deacon. A week later he moved his family to a pleasant six-room house in Larchmont, New York. He is assistant minister of St. John's Episcopal Church.

Driving out to see him recently, I found Tom alone in the church. He led me into his study.

I asked whether I was keeping him from his work, but he assured me I wasn't. "I've set aside a couple of hours each morning for meditation, prayer, reading and study. You need it in this job. It gives you a chance to refuel from the constant emotional drain."

He was preparing the text for a funeral service he was to conduct that afternoon. "She was a lovely young girl," he told me. "I'd known her only a few months, but I'd become very fond of her. Can you imagine what it must be like for a minister who's known his congregation a long time? In a case like this it's rather like losing your own child."

I asked Tom, remembering how active he'd been in former years, whether there was enough work to keep him occupied. He laughed. "A lot of people seem to think a minister has a soft touch, working just Sundays for a couple of hours. These past months I've been busier than ever before in my life." He showed me his crowded calendar. "This congregation has about twelve hundred members. I'm trying to call on every one of them. I hope they'll look on me as their friend. You know, there are so many people who are mixed up and bewildered—just as I was—people who don't know where they're going. I'd like to help them. Or, rather, help them to help themselves. There's a desperate need again for positive values. Values worth believing in. People need faith, and I'm trying to put my own to work." As he speaks there's an air of quiet confidence about him, a serenity he didn't possess before.

"There's nothing namby-pamby about Christianity," he continued. "It's a powerful, virile creed. We can't do without it if we want a better world. A lot of people claim they have religious faith but say they have no use for church service. I can't go along with that. There's meaning and beauty in our ancient rites and traditions. Worship without faith is bad. But, to me, faith without worship is almost equally meaningless."

Seeing Tom in the pulpit the following Sunday, I was again impressed by the change in him. Taking as his theme the chapter in Luke about the Prodigal, he talked in a quiet, almost conversational voice. Something of his own story seemed to enrich his feeling for the story. Tears came to my eyes. As I looked at the people around me I could see that they too were moved by that gentle voice and the simple words with which he explained the ancient parable. THE END

The Best Cooks way to **QUICK MEALS**

2 QUICK-TO-MAKE DISHES *made more delicious with*

STOKELY'S Finest **CUT GREEN BEANS**



HOT: *with your favorite fish,
a generous helping of these tender, fresh-tasting beans.*

Stokely-Van Camp



COLD: *in a crisp, colorful salad, that's a meal in itself.*

STOKELY-VAN CAMP, INC., INDIANAPOLIS, IND.



Quick Beef Stew



Make hearty soup heartier

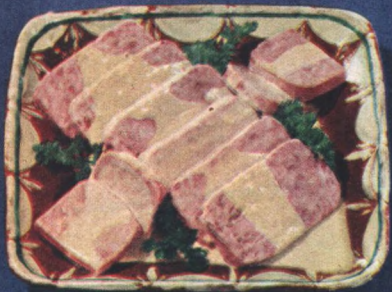
Heat soup with slices
of canned frankfurters
or Vienna sausages



Canned Hamburger Casserole

Tastes good when you

*... start with
canned meat*



Baked Spiced Pork



Hits the spot

Slices of canned spiced pork or veal,
broiled with blue-cheese spread
spiked with dash of mustard

Pleases every American

Canned frankfurters
baked over canned baked beans

Nice change

Try mixing cubes
of canned spiced pork or veal
with mashed yellow squash
before baking

Good!

Sliced canned corned beef
served with garlic-y French dressing

Extra good

A can of deviled ham
mixed with canned baked beans



Deviled Pork

by Helen McCully



Baked Corned Beef

It's the easy meal, the quick meal, the budget meal
and the good meal when you start with delicious
canned goods and a delicious McCall's recipe



Mexican Hamburgers



Nice tang, this
Bake
canned corned beef
with some
whole cranberry sauce
on top

Baked Corned Beef

Start your oven at 350F or moderate.
Remove corned beef from can in one piece (keep corned beef in refrigerator and you'll have no trouble removing meat neatly). Put meat on a pie plate and stud top with cloves.
Mix ¼ cup brown sugar, 1 teaspoon chili powder, 2 tablespoons chopped sweet pickle or pickle relish, 1 tablespoon water together. Spoon over top of meat and bake about 15 minutes. Serves 4.

Deviled Pork

6 slices day-old white bread
12-oz can spiced pork
3 tablespoons prepared mustard
1 teaspoon prepared horseradish
4 eggs
2 cups milk
½ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
6 to 8 sprigs parsley

Toast the bread, then cut off crusts and put in a medium casserole. Cut toast slices into triangles and set your oven at 325F or slow.

Canned Hamburger Casserole

4 medium potatoes
2 small onions
½ teaspoon salt
Dash pepper
½ teaspoon sage
1 teaspoon paprika
No. 2 can (2½ cups) tomatoes
15-oz can hamburgers

Start your oven at 350F or moderate. Peel and cut potatoes and onions into thin slices. Mix salt, pepper, sage, paprika in with tomatoes. Now arrange layers of hamburgers (use the sauce in which they were packed, either gravy or tomato), potatoes and onions in a medium casserole. Pour tomatoes over top, cover and bake 1½ hours or until potatoes are tender when tested with a fork. Serves 4.

Grind meat through a food grinder and season with mustard and horseradish. Spread meat mixture over bread crusts and arrange toast triangles over the top. Beat eggs slightly, stir in milk, salt, pepper, chopped parsley. Pour over toast slowly so that each slice is saturated. Let stand 10 minutes to really soak the toast, then bake 1 hour and serve straight from the oven to 4.

Hash Patties With Hot Sauce

Separate a 1-pound can corned beef hash with a fork. Add 2 beaten eggs, ¼ cup bread crumbs, 1 grated onion, 1 tablespoon prepared horseradish, dash of pepper and mix well. Shape into 4 patties. Coat with flour and fry both sides in a little bacon drippings, shortening or salad oil.
While patties fry, mix up this sauce: Put 1 cup chili sauce, 1 tablespoon grated onion, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, dash Tabasco and 2 tablespoons sour cream in a saucepan. Heat and serve to 4 over the hot patties.

Quick Beef Stew

No. 2 can (2½ cups) tomatoes
No. 303 can (2 cups) green beans
1 onion
1 clove garlic
1 teaspoon basil
Dash of salt
2 medium potatoes or No. 2 can
12-oz can roast beef

Drain tomatoes and beans. Put juices in a saucepan, add chopped onion, mashed garlic, basil, salt and cook to a boil. Meanwhile peel and cube potatoes, toss into the boiling liquid and cook 10 minutes. Now add tomatoes, beans and meat, bring to a boil and cook slowly for 10 minutes. If you use canned potatoes, drain off juice and cook potatoes the same length of time you cook the green beans. Serves 4.

Mexican Hamburgers

15-oz can hamburgers
2 tablespoons salad oil or shortening
1 large onion
1 clove garlic
1 tablespoon chili powder
1 teaspoon paprika
¾ teaspoon oregano (optional)
1 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
8-oz can tomato sauce
1-lb can kidney beans
¾ cup crushed corn chips
¼ cup grated sharp chesse

Baked Spiced Pork

12-oz can spiced pork
1 tablespoon prepared mustard
¼ teaspoon allspice
Dash mace or nutmeg
¼ cup maple syrup
¼ cup pineapple juice
½ cup light cream

Start your oven at 350F or moderate. Cut spiced pork in neat slices and arrange on a baking dish. Mix remaining ingredients together, pour over meat slices and bake 20 minutes. Serves 3 to 4.

Start your oven at 350F or moderate.
Dump hamburgers and sauce, either gravy or tomato, into a medium casserole. Heat salad oil or shortening in a skillet, add chopped onion and garlic and cook until wilted-looking. Now add chili powder, paprika, oregano, salt, pepper, tomato sauce, drained kidney beans and corn chips. Mix thoroughly and spoon over hamburgers. Sprinkle top with chesse and bake 30 minutes. Serves 5.

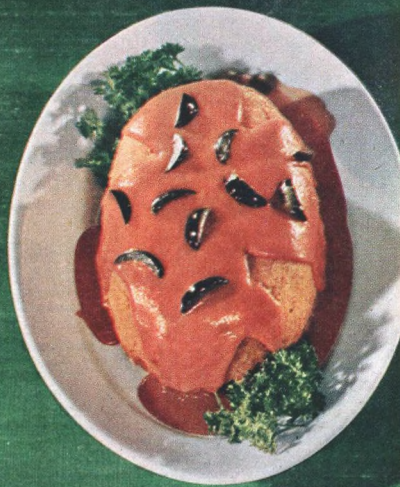
Real fast, real good
Canned Vienna sausages
baked over canned spaghetti
in tomato sauce





Good Tomato Scallop

Peppy tomatoes
Next time you stew up
a can of tomatoes
add a teaspoon pickling spice



Tamale Loaf

*...start with
canned vegetables*



Peas and Carrots De Luxe



Good Tomato Scallop

- 1 large green pepper
- 1 onion
- No. 2 can (2½ cups) tomatoes
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- 1 tablespoon brown sugar
- 1 bay leaf
- 1 tablespoon butter or margarine
- 2 tablespoons flour
- ¼ cup dry bread crumbs

Start your oven at 350F or moderate and grease a 1-quart baking dish.

Cut pepper into chunks, onion into slices. Drain tomatoes, save ½ cup juice to use in this dish. Mix green pepper, onion, tomatoes, salt, pepper, sugar, bay leaf together and spoon into baking dish.

Melt butter or margarine, add flour and stir until smooth, then add tomato juice. Pour over tomato mixture and sprinkle bread crumbs over top. Bake 45 minutes and serve to 4.

Tamale Loaf

- 12-oz can (1½ cups) whole-kernel corn
- No. 303 can (2 cups) tomatoes
- 1½ cups yellow corn meal
- 1 tablespoon salt
- ½ teaspoon pepper
- 2 tablespoons shortening or salad oil
- 1 medium onion
- 1 green pepper
- ½ lb processed sharp Cheddar cheese
- 2 eggs
- ¾ cup evaporated milk

Start your oven at 350F or moderate. Mix corn (juice and all) with tomatoes, corn meal, salt and pepper. Heat shortening or salad oil in a skillet. Add chopped onion and green pepper and cook until tender—about 10 minutes. Now grate cheese and mix all ingredients together thoroughly. Spoon mixture into a greased 2-quart baking dish or mold and bake 1 hour. Unmold from baking dish and serve to 4 with this **TOMATO-OLIVE SAUCE**: Heat an 8-ounce can tomato sauce with ½ cup milk in a saucepan. Stir in green or ripe olive slices (use 6 olives at the least) and serve hot over the Tamale Loaf.

Peas and Carrots De Luxe

- No. 2 can (2½ cups) carrots
- No. 2 can (2½ cups) peas
- 1 medium onion
- Few sprigs parsley
- 10½-oz can cream of celery soup
- 3 tablespoons grated Parmesan-style cheese

Drain carrots and peas, save the juice. Now chop onion and parsley fine. Cook vegetable juices, onion and parsley together for about 10 minutes. Add soup, cheese and vegetables to juice and heat through. Serve to 4.

Scalloped Corn and Clams

- 2 slices bacon
- 1 egg
- 1 small onion
- 6 to 8 soda crackers
- No. 303 can (2 cups) cream-style corn
- 7½-oz can minced clams
- ½ cup cream
- ¾ teaspoon salt
- Dash pepper
- Dash Tabasco
- 1 tablespoon butter or margarine

Start your oven at 350F or moderate. Grease a 1-quart casserole or baking dish. Fry bacon crisp, then crumble into pieces. Save about 2 tablespoons of the bacon drippings to mix with the other ingredients.

Now beat egg slightly, chop up onion, crush crackers coarsely. Mix all ingredients together except butter or margarine. Spoon the mixture into casserole, dot with butter or margarine and bake 30 to 35 minutes. Serves 4.

Tasty team

Whole-kernel corn combined with baby lima beans. Bring to a boil, drain and season with salt, pepper, grated cheese and butter

Curried vegetables

Season white sauce with curry, add mixed canned vegetables, drained, bring to a boil. Serve with chicken or lamb



Scalloped Corn and Clams



It's the can't-get-enough kind!

CRISCO'S CHOCOLATE FLUFF CAKE

(Makes two 9-inch layers)

There's no creaming step. You don't beat eggs separately. Only one bowl is needed. But be sure to use Crisco! For only with easy-blending Crisco do we promise you sure success.

All Measurements Level. Measure into bowl:

2½ cups sifted cake flour	¾ cup Crisco
1½ cups sugar	1 teaspoon salt
	1 cup milk

Mix thoroughly by hand or mixer (medium speed) for 2 minutes. Stir in:

4½ teaspoons double-acting baking powder*

Add:

½ cup milk • 5 egg whites • 1 teaspoon vanilla

Mix thoroughly by hand or mixer (medium speed) for 2 mins. Pour into two 9-inch layer pans (1½" deep) which have been rubbed with Crisco or lined with heavy waxed paper (for smaller pans, fill half full, bake cup cakes with remaining batter). Bake in moderate oven (350°F.) 30 to 35 mins. Cool cake in pan on rack 15 mins. Before removing, loosen edges with spatula. Place rack over cake in pan; invert together. Cool and frost with:

CHOCOLATE FLUFF FROSTING

In top of double boiler combine 1½ cups sugar, ¼ tsp. cream of tartar, ½ cup water, 2 egg whites, unbeaten. Set over bottom of double boiler containing boiling water, beat constantly with egg beater till frosting strands in peaks (about 7 mins.). Melt 3 sqs. chocolate. Cool, fold carefully into frosting. Frost cake between layers, on sides and top. Cut thin shavings from warm, unsweetened bar of chocolate to make "curia" on top of cake.

*With tartate type use 5½ tsp.

NEW! CRISCO'S "RECIPE ROUNDUP" LABEL—with recipes on both sides. No other shortening brings you so many recipes for cakes, pies, fried foods, biscuits and cookies in this handy form! Cut off each label and save it—get a valuable recipe collection at no extra cost!

Now easier than ever to bake... this lighter, richer Crisco cake



Enjoy new baking ease with Crisco! It's easier to blend, creamier than other vegetable shortenings!

Showy swirls and curls of chocolate top off a white cake that's a wonder . . . so high, so light, so luscious! Yes, and so easy to bake, thanks to Crisco!

You see, pure, all-vegetable Crisco has a baking secret found in no other type of shortening. Crisco makes any cake a better cake! And when you use Crisco and

the Quick Method recipe given here, you'll get lighter, richer, moister, more tender cakes than with any other type of shortening and ordinary recipe.

And you'll get them with new ease! For Crisco is easier to blend, creamier than any other leading vegetable shortening. It mixes faster into satin-smooth batters.

Prove it! There's no other shortening like Crisco. It's made differently . . . does wonders for cakes . . . it's America's finest shortening. No wonder more women bake with Crisco than with any other brand of shortening!



use
Crisco
it's digestible



Stuffed Pimientos

Tasty combination

Mix tomato soup and black bean with 1½ cans milk. Salt and pepper to taste. Bring to boil and add generous dollop of sour cream. Serve at once



Chicken Croquettes

Chicken Croquettes

- 14-oz can or jar boned chicken
- 10½-oz can cream of mushroom soup
- 2 tablespoons bread crumbs
- ¼ teaspoon poultry seasoning
- Dash of salt and pepper
- 1 egg
- 1 tablespoon milk
- 1 cup dry bread or cracker crumbs
- 3 tablespoons butter, margarine, shortening or salad oil
- 2 whole pimientos

Chop chicken fine and mix with ½ the soup (use soup just as it comes from the can). Mix with 2 tablespoons bread crumbs, poultry seasoning, salt and pepper. Chill in refrigerator.

Beat egg slightly and add milk. Shape chicken mixture into 8 rolls or croquettes and chill again. Dip in egg mixture and roll in crumbs. Fry in heated fat over a low heat until golden on all sides.

Heat up remaining soup, add the chopped pimientos and serve this quick, good sauce over hot croquettes to 4.



Quick Spanish Rice

Stuffed Pimientos

- 2 cans or jars (4-oz size) whole pimientos
- 3-oz pkg cream cheese
- ¼ lb processed American cheese
- 1 tablespoon flour
- 2 tablespoons milk
- 1 egg
- 1 teaspoon salt
- ¼ teaspoon paprika
- Dash Tabasco
- Dash black pepper
- ½ teaspoon prepared mustard

Start your oven at 375F or moderate. Drain pimientos on paper towels. Mash cream cheese with a fork, grate American cheese. Mix together. Then stir in flour, milk, slightly beaten egg and all the seasoners. Fill pimientos with cheese mixture.

Place each pimiento in a section of a greased muffin tin and bake 30 minutes. Meanwhile, make up this mushroom-bacon sauce: Heat a 10½-ounce can cream of mushroom soup with ½ can of milk. Add a 3-ounce can drained sliced mushrooms and 3 strips of crisply fried, crumbled bacon. Serve sauce hot over pimientos to 4.

...start with
canned soup

Nice, easy trick

Heat together equal amounts of ready-to-serve onion soup and chicken soup with rice. So good!

Real country flavor

Just combine chicken gumbo with vegetable soup and 1 can water. Bring to boiling point, season, and serve

Real filling

Dilute tomato soup with milk and combine with 1 cup canned cream-style corn. Season and bring to boiling point

Quick Spanish Rice

- 4 slices bacon
- 1 green pepper
- 1 clove garlic
- 1 medium onion
- 5-oz pkg precooked rice
- 10½-oz can tomato soup
- 1 can water
- ½ teaspoon salt
- Dash pepper

Chop bacon, green pepper and garlic; cut onion in slices. Fry bacon in a large skillet until almost crisp. Then add onion, green pepper, garlic and rice. Cook over a medium heat until vegetables are slightly brown. Now add tomato soup, water, salt and pepper, turn heat low, cover and cook 10 to 12 minutes. Serves 4.

Chipped Beef and Biscuits

Heat 2 tablespoons butter, margarine or salad oil in a saucepan. Shred in a 2½-ounce jar of chipped beef and fry until edges begin to curl—about 5 minutes. Now spoon in a 10½-ounce can cream of asparagus soup. Stir until well mixed, sprinkle in some chopped parsley and cook over a low heat for about 5 minutes.

Serve over hot biscuits made from your own recipe, a biscuit mix or the good canned kind. Serves 4.

Everybody's Favorite

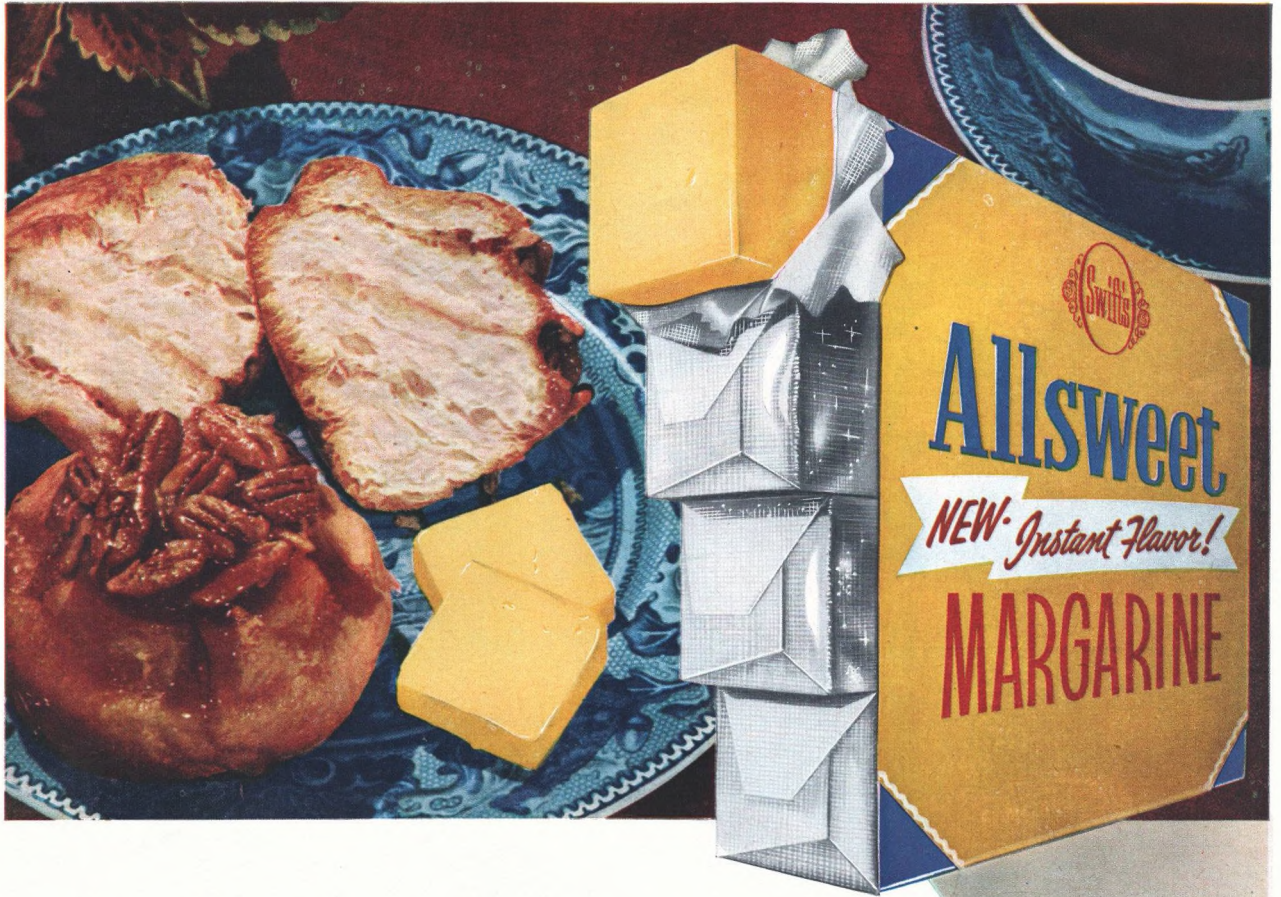
Mix a can of cream of chicken soup with an equal amount of milk, half a grated apple and ½ teaspoon curry. Heat to boiling point and serve.



Chipped Beef and Biscuits

QUICK AS A BUBBLE BURSTS

New Instant-Flavor Allsweet!



The Flavor stands out with a 3rd Dimension!

The second it touches your tongue you can taste new Allsweet's matchless flavor. Delicate and deep—in full dimension.

The problem facing Swift's scientists was a difficult one. How could they improve Allsweet's matchless flavor without impairing its fresh aroma . . . its nutritional qualities . . . or the ease with which it spreads. Quite a problem!

But what seemed almost impossible has now been achieved. The improvement is remarkable. And new *Instant-Flavor Allsweet*—the margarine with the 3-Dimensional taste—is available at stores everywhere.

The taste that's never tardy

The delicate, natural flavor for which Allsweet has always been famous is still yours to enjoy in new *Instant-Flavor Allsweet*. But now, the flavor stands out the second that Allsweet touches your tongue. Quick as a bubble bursts, with never a pause in pleasure.

How was this miracle of taste accomplished? Part of the secret lies in the crystalline structure of this new Allsweet. Instead of being flat, the crystals carrying the flavor are 3-dimensional . . . like tiny, many-pointed snowflakes that yield their flavor instantly.

A natural flavor . . . not artificial

The delightful deep, full taste of new *Instant-Flavor Allsweet* is due to this crystalline characteristic and to a special emulsifying process. No artificial flavoring has been added.

The waxiness that masks and retards the flavor of ordinary margarines is absent in Allsweet. Its flavor is bright and clear from the very first taste . . . and the flavor lasts and lasts.

Does it cost something extra? No. New Allsweet costs

no more than ordinary-flavor margarines. For this you can thank Swift's scientists.

Spreads easily . . . as always

Has this flavor miracle been achieved at the expense of something else? Again, no. New *Instant-Flavor Allsweet* still spreads easily—even when you take it from the refrigerator. And you still get the maximum in margarine nutrition, with each quarter foil-wrapped to protect the wonderful fresh flavor!

Try new *Instant-Flavor Allsweet* . . . this very night.



BE ALLSWEET'S GUEST
... ON ABC RADIO,
Don McNeill's Breakfast Club
... ON CBS-TV,
The Garry Moore Show

SWIFT — TO SERVE YOUR FAMILY BETTER

...start with
canned fish



Tuna Curry



Sardine Casserole



Salmon-Lima Bean Casserole

Real good tuna spread

Mix drained, flaked tuna with chopped olives, cooked bacon, celery, mayonnaise, lemon juice

Extra-fancy deviled eggs

Mash sardines with egg yolks, mix with mayonnaise and fill egg whites

Canned salmon quickie

Drain salmon and break into large flakes (remove skin and bones). Heat up in celery soup and serve on hot shredded-wheat biscuits

New slant on cheese rabbit

Add one 7-ounce can of drained, flaked tuna to rabbit and heat through only. Serve with crisp toast triangles

Sardine Casserole

- 8-oz pkg macaroni
- 1/2 green pepper
- 2 cans (3 1/4-oz size) sardines
- 2 cans (8 oz size) tomato sauce
- 2 tablespoons grated Parmesan-style cheese
- 1/4 teaspoon savory salt*

Start your oven at 375F or moderate and grease a medium casserole or baking dish. Cook macaroni according to package directions and drain when tender. Chop green pepper, mash sardines and mix all remaining ingredients together with the cooked macaroni. Spoon mixture into the casserole and bake 20 minutes. Serves 4.
*Celery salt or celery seeds can be substituted for savory salt.

Tuna Curry

- 2 tablespoons butter, margarine or salad oil
- 4 tablespoons flour
- 1 teaspoon curry
- 1 1/2 cups milk
- 1/4 cup sherry
- Pinch of sugar
- Few sprigs parsley
- 2 cans (7-oz size) tuna
- Salt and pepper

Heat butter, margarine or salad oil and smooth in flour and curry. Pour in the milk gradually and cook, stirring constantly, until smooth and slightly thick. Now add sherry, sugar, chopped parsley and drained tuna. Season with salt and pepper, cover and cook ever so gently for 15 to 20 minutes.

Serve with hot rice to 4.

Salmon-Lima Bean Casserole

- 1-lb can salmon
- 2 tablespoons butter or margarine
- No. 2 can (2 1/2 cups) potatoes
- No. 303 can (2 cups) lima beans
- 1/2 teaspoon dry mustard
- 1 tablespoon lemon juice
- 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- Dash pepper
- 1 cup sour cream

Start your oven at 300F or slow. Drain salmon, discard skin and bones and place in a 2-quart greased casserole. Melt butter or margarine, drain potatoes and lima beans and mix butter or margarine in with the drained vegetables. Arrange over salmon in the casserole. Stir mustard, lemon juice and rind, salt and pepper into sour cream. Pile on top and bake 30 minutes. Plenty for 4 and very good too.

Jellied Tuna

- 1 envelope unflavored gelatine
- 1/4 cup cold water
- 2 cans (7-oz size) tuna
- 3/4 cup chili sauce
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1 cup water
- 4 stalks celery

Sprinkle gelatine over cold water to soften. Meanwhile drain tuna and fork into pieces. Heat chili sauce, salt and water, stir in softened gelatine until dissolved. Add tuna and chopped celery to gelatine mixture. Pour into medium mold or 4 individual ones and chill in the refrigerator until firm. This takes about 4 hours. Serve with crisp salad greens and mayonnaise or salad dressing to 4.

Scrambled Eggs and Tuna

Drain a 7-ounce can of tuna and fork into pieces. Melt 2 tablespoons butter or margarine in a skillet, stir in tuna and a few sprigs of chopped parsley. Cook about 10 minutes. Now beat 4 eggs slightly, add 1/2 cup light cream, season with salt and pepper and pour over tuna. Cook over a low heat, stirring constantly, until eggs are scrambled. Serves 4.



Jellied Tuna

PIE THAT'S SECOND-HELPING GOOD!
...QUICK WITH PIE CRUST MIX AND...

CRUSHED Pineapple CANNED TROPIC-FRESH



Pineapple's ready for pie-baking the instant you open a can. And your favorite pie crust mix gives you the pastry jiffy-quick. So—today's the day to make Pineapple Pie! This golden pie with flavor born under the tropic sun is a long-time family favorite. And you'll find *all* your eating more fun when you use canned Pineapple plentifully. Keep a kitchen "PINEAPPLE SHELF" with all 5 forms, the varied fruit cuts and sunny juice. For fruit servings, bakings, salads and meat dishes... reach *often* for a can of Nature's most refreshing flavor!

*Nature's most
refreshing flavor!*

bite-size chunks

of Pineapple...are marvelous as mealtime fruit, give glamor to main-course meats, decorate cakes, bring a lift to salads

the juice

that says "Good Morning!"—enjoy Pineapple juice every day



crushed pineapple

makes an exciting dinner dessert! For 8-in. pie, take #2 can of Crushed Pineapple, add ½ cup of sugar, and follow cookbook directions for fruit pie filling. For crust, use your favorite packaged pie crust mix or standard pastry recipe. Keep several cans of Crushed Pineapple on hand for cooking uses, also fruit servings from the can

Pears supreme

Arrange drained, canned pear halves on a platter, cover with butterscotch sauce and chill thoroughly before serving.

Cheese-glazed pineapple

Dip slices in brown sugar, brown in hot bacon drippings, dust with grated cheese and broil until cheese melts.



Frozen Peach Custard

... start with
canned fruit



Pineapple Upside-Down Muffins

8 tablespoons butter, margarine or shortening
1/2 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
1/4 cup chopped walnuts
1/4 cup crushed pineapple
3 cups biscuit mix
1/4 cup sugar
1 cup milk
2 eggs

Start your oven at 400F or moderately hot and melt butter, margarine or shortening. Brush a little over bottoms and sides of 18 medium-size muffin cups. Now mix brown sugar, nuts, drained pineapple into remaining fat and spoon equal amounts in bottoms of muffin cups.

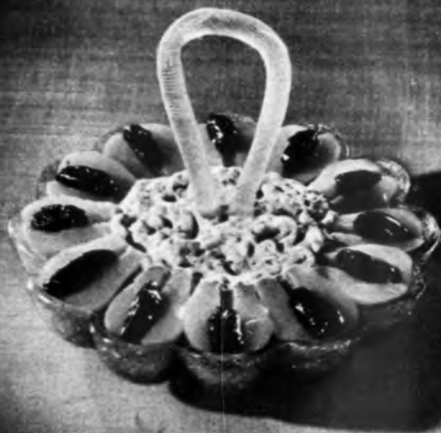
Put biscuit mix, sugar and milk into a bowl. Drop in unbeaten eggs and stir until well mixed but not smooth. If batter looks too stiff, add another tablespoon or two of milk. Spoon equal portions of batter over pineapple mixture and bake 12 to 15 minutes. Cool about 5 minutes before removing from pan. Nice served warm.

Frozen Peach Custard

No. 2 1/2 can peaches
2 eggs
1 1/4 cups confectioners' sugar
1 tablespoon lemon juice, fresh
1/2 cup heavy cream

Drain peaches and work fruit through a sieve, food mill or electric blender. Separate egg yolks from whites and beat yolks until light in color. Add half the sugar, beating until smooth, then stir in remaining sugar, lemon juice and pureed peaches.

Beat egg whites until they stand in peaks; whip cream stiff. Mix gently or fold egg whites and cream into peach mixture. Pour into 2 refrigerator trays and freeze until almost firm. Serves 6 generously.



Pears With Chocolate Cream

Pears With Chocolate Cream

No. 2 can pear halves
1/2 square (1/2 oz) unsweetened chocolate
1/2 pt heavy cream
1/4 cup confectioners' sugar
Dates

Drain pears and chill. Grate chocolate into cream and heat until cream holds a peak. Mix gently or fold in the sugar.

Now arrange pears on a serving plate, fit a date into each pear cavity and pile whipped-cream mixture in the center of arrangement. Serve chilled to 4.

Easy Apple Betty

2 cans (1-lb size) applesauce
1 teaspoon cinnamon
1 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
1 cup sweetback crumbs (about 12 slices)
1/4 cup melted butter or margarine
1/4 cup chopped walnuts
Grated rind of 1/2 lemon

Start your oven at 375F or moderate. Mix apple-sauce with cinnamon and half the brown-sugar. Spoon into a greased medium baking dish.

Mix crumbs with remaining ingredients (including rest of brown-sugar) and arrange over apple-sauce. Bake 30 minutes and serve either warm or cold to 4.

Fruit Cocktail, Tropical

Drain a No. 2 can of fruit cocktail. Then beat whites of 2 eggs until they stand in peaks and heat in 2 tablespoons brown sugar until smooth. Mix the drained fruit and 2 tablespoons coconut into egg whites very gently. Spoon mixture into a medium baking dish and broil under broiling unit for several minutes until golden. Serve cold to 4.

Peachy surprise!

Fill cling peach halves with mixture of mayonnaise and grated American cheese. Broil until golden on top.

Happy marriage

Mix canned applesauce with crushed pineapple and serve over ice cream or cake.

Quite fancy

Drain 1 can fruit cocktail and mix with 1/2 pint sour cream, 1 tablespoon maple syrup, 1/4 cup chopped, toasted nuts.



How Karo Syrup makes Butter Cream Frosting

smoother... glossier!

See how Karo makes a better butter frosting, easier to spread...with a rich glossy sheen

Karo Butter Cream Frosting

½ cup butter or margarine
½ cup KARO Syrup, Red or Blue Label
¼ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon vanilla
½ cup cocoa
1 to 2 tablespoons milk
3½ cups (1 pound) sifted confectioners' sugar

Cream butter. Add Karo Syrup, salt and vanilla; blend. Stir in cocoa. Add milk and confectioners' sugar alternately, beating until smooth and creamy after each addition. Add enough milk to make a good spreading consistency. Makes enough to cover tops and sides of two 9-inch layers. For a richer chocolate flavor, use 1 cup cocoa and increase milk to ½ cup.

Caramel Butter Cream Frosting: Omit cocoa and use Blue Label Karo.

Vanilla Butter Cream Frosting: Omit cocoa and use Red Label Karo. Increase vanilla to 1 teaspoon.

You'll find Karo Syrup helps make your favorite frostings better... smoother, creamier... never grainy. For variety try this fluffy marshmallow frosting you whip up without cooking.

No-Cook Marshmallow Frosting

¼ teaspoon salt
2 egg whites
¼ cup sugar
¾ cup KARO Syrup, Red or Blue Label
1¼ teaspoons vanilla

Add salt to egg whites and beat with electric mixer or rotary beater until frothy and white. Gradually add sugar, beating until smooth and glossy. Slowly add Karo Syrup and continue beating until frosting stands in firm peaks. Fold in vanilla. Tint desired shade with vegetable coloring. Will cover two 9-inch layers or 10-inch tube cake.



Convenient! Versatile!
More than
101 ways to enjoy Karo
Karo makes all kinds of delicious treats. Great on pancakes, waffles, biscuits...in milk, too.



You make pancakes light and fluffy... and Karo Syrup keeps 'em that way! It is a full-bodied syrup made to go on pancakes not through them.

3 kinds of Karo Syrup
LIGHT (Red Label)
DARK (Blue Label)
MAPLE FLAVOR (Green Label)



Gay 90's goodies for up-to-date tastes!

Raisin Gem Cupcakes

Like to improve on *all* your recipes that call for raisins? It's easy. Just insert the words "DEL MONTE Brand" in front of the word "raisins" and you'll insert a lot of extra flavor into the final results.

And that goes for dried prunes, peaches, and apricots. For just as in so many other foods, DEL MONTE is your *dependable* buy-word in dried fruits, too.

RAISIN GEM-CAKES

1½ cups DEL MONTE Seedless Raisins	1 cup sugar	1 cup buttermilk or sour milk
½ cup nuts	2 eggs, slightly beaten	
1 tablespoon grated orange rind	2 cups sifted flour	
½ cup shortening	½ teaspoon salt	Glaze: Mix ½ cup sugar with 3 Tablespoons orange juice; let stand 30 min.
	1 teaspoon vanilla	
	1 teaspoon soda	

Chop or grind DEL MONTE Raisins and nuts together. (Aren't those plump, carton-protected DEL MONTE Raisins a joy to use? And think of the natural fruit sugars and nutritional iron they provide you, too!) Add orange rind. Cream shortening; add sugar. Beat till light and fluffy; add eggs. Mix flour and salt. Add vanilla, soda to buttermilk. Add flour and liquid alternately, stirring well after each addition. Fold in raisin mixture. Fill 3-in. greased and floured muffin pans ¾ full. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 40 to 50 min. Cool 5 min., remove from pans. Dip top of each warm gem in glaze. Makes 18. (Extra-good, thanks to that rich DEL MONTE flavor! Why not enjoy it in all your baking—in the lunch box and between meals, too?)



NOW 2 SIZES

the familiar 15-oz. package and the new 1½ oz. carton so handy for lunch boxes

a great name for flavor in dried fruits, too

Del Monte

RAISINS • PRUNES • PEACHES • APRICOTS

Before I say I'm sorry

Continued from page 39

"Sounds pretty monotonous," Mike said. Suddenly he frowned as he steered the car around a corner and into Jody's street. "Don't get it into your head that I'm any unadulterated prize package. I have one or two twists of character that render me slightly short of perfection."

"Really?" Jody said brightly. "What are they, darling? Do you tear wings off flies? Do you go in for trunk murders on rainy days?"

"I'm as stubborn as a mule," Mike said.

Jody's head swung around in astonishment as the car pulled up in front of her house. "You? Why, so am I. Terribly stubborn." She sounded delighted, as if she had just discovered that they both shared a passion for shellfish. "I have been ever since I was small. Why, when I was a little girl, I insisted on planting some nasturtium seeds in a sandy place even though my mother said they'd never come up. She was right—only some weeds did. I knew they were weeds, all right, but for weeks I kept bringing them into the house and calling them nasturtiums, arranging them in bowls and everything. I just refused to admit that I'd been wrong."

Mike grinned. "When I was twelve, my brother and I shared a room. I had a fight with him one day because he said I'd spilled ink on the carpet in front of his bed and I was sure I hadn't. I made up my mind I'd never go over to his side of the room again and I didn't for almost a year, even though we'd made up after a few days." He shook his head. "A principle was involved, and I could never give up on a principle."

As they looked at each other, their smiles suddenly faded and Jody felt a clutch of fear. "Mike," she said, "you don't think that we—that this might—?"

"Of course not," Mike said quickly. For a long moment he looked at her and then he drew her close. "I love you," he said in her ear.

Jody closed her eyes. "I love you, too," she said.

At the moment, it seemed the answer to everything.

But after they were married and settled in the little house on Walnut Street, they both were faintly conscious of some intangible thing lying uneasily below the happy surface of their marriage, like sediment at the bottom of a clear liquid—it stayed there at the bottom when the glass was still, but suppose it were shaken up? Suppose some issue arose in which each thought he was in the right? If you placed two very stubborn people on opposite sides of such an issue, it might take weeks, months before one gave in—if one ever did. And during that time something might go out of their relationship which would never return again.

The very thought frightened Jody, and she knew that Mike was uneasy about it too. As a result, they were both very, very careful during those first few months; if the air between them began to cloud with storm warnings of an incipient disagreement, they both rushed in instantly to clear it. And when they were safely in each other's arms again it was as if they had been snatched back from the brink of disaster.

When the battle of wills finally flared between them, it was so un-

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Callouses, Bunions, Sore Toes

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Super-Soft Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads are 5 ways better. No other method does as much for you!

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2. Remove Corns, Callouses one of the fastest ways known . . .
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1000s of 2 1/2 inch roses on long graceful stems. Will give your garden a Rainbow of Color All Season long. (Small 50 stamp for Ladies. Twelve 100 Seed - 50c Value! Will include 100 Seed - 50c Value! 100 Seed - 50c Value! Dept. L29

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expected that neither of them heard any danger signal. The issue was, of all things, concerned with a fifty-cent piece.

It had started like any weekday morning, except that it was rather warm and Mike stayed in the shower a little longer than usual so that he was a bit rushed when he sat down for breakfast in the small, cheerful dining room. But he was in high good humor as he regarded his wife above the pot of begonias in the center of the table. "You don't look quite as repulsive as usual this morning," he said. "In fact, there are rare moments like this when I can look at you without flinching."

"Ah, Cyrano," Jody said. She sighed. "There's no doubt that I married you for your golden tongue." She reached for more toast and buttered a piece thickly. "Speaking of golden tongues, remember Jim Henderson who used to live here? He was always making beautiful speeches to his wife. I heard yesterday that they were getting a divorce."

"Who told you?" Mike said. "Cousin Marcia. I went over there yesterday afternoon to take her some magazine article she wanted to read weeks ago. It wasn't important and I didn't feel much like going, but I had nothing else to do."

"That's quite a walk, isn't it?" Jody yawned. "Oh, I didn't walk; it was too warm. I took a taxi."

Mike's head came up in surprise. "A taxi? Just to take Marcia a magazine article?"

Jody straightened suddenly. "What of it? It only came to fifty cents. Joan Harris dropped over there and gave me a lift home."

"But if she hadn't," Mike said, "you would have taken a taxi home too." Something tightened imperceptibly in his face. "It would have been a dollar thrown away, out of boredom."

"It was fifty cents," Jody said in a suddenly scratchy voice. "Did you want me to walk sixteen blocks in the heat to save fifty cents?"

"But you needn't have gone at all," Mike pointed out coldly. "You could have taken her the magazine anytime, when someone gave you a lift or you felt like taking a walk. It isn't the fifty cents, it's the principle involved—you have no sense of responsibility as far as money is concerned. It's just something I work hard for and bring home for you to spend!"

Jody jumped up. "Why, I count every cent!" she cried. "I walk blocks out of the way for bargains!" She turned and ran into the foyer, where she snatched up her purse, scabbled wildly inside it for a moment and then ran back to the dining room.

"There!" she cried. She threw down a fifty-cent piece. She had meant it to land on the table but it bounced off in a glittering arc of silver and fell on the carpet. Breathing heavily, she stared down at it and then up at Mike. "There's your fifty cents that I squandered! And it's my money, left over from my mother's birthday check! Why don't you pick it up?"

Mike's face became stiffer still. "I'll never pick it up," he said in a stranger's voice.

"Yes, you will!" Jody cried. "You'll pick it up and apologize!"

Mike just looked at her, a white line around his mouth. Then he turned and left the room. A moment later Jody heard the screen door slam.

She stood motionless, staring down at the coin on the green carpet. The blood was still beating behind her eyes and she felt a little sick. It didn't really happen, she thought; it couldn't have happened—we love each other.

MRS. ELIZABETH MURPHY, Mother of Five,
231 West 230th St., New York, N. Y.



says:

"I give my youngsters the high-protein benefits of HOT QUAKER OATS these 3 easy ways!"



1 How Mrs. Murphy makes "Candy Oatmeal"

"Easy!" says alert, capable Mrs. Murphy, widow of a New York policeman.

"I just put bits of chocolate or of a candy bar on creamy-delicious hot Quaker Oats."

BEST CEREAL FOR GROWING CHILDREN. Doctors say the more often youngsters eat a good oatmeal breakfast, the better they grow.

2 "Butterscotch Oatmeal is a snap!"

For variety Mrs. Murphy simply tops each serving with a big spoon of brown sugar.

STICK-TO-YOUR-RIBS BREAKFAST. There's more stamina, more muscular nourishment in oatmeal than in any other whole-grain cereal.

3 Mrs. Murphy's quick trick for "Raisin Oatmeal"

"All I do," says Mrs. Murphy, "is stir ½ cup raisins into the boiling water before adding Quaker Oats. Then I cook it as usual."

TREND IS TO HIGH-PROTEIN FOODS. To be fit—not fat—modern mothers are following the trend to basic high-protein foods such as meat, milk, eggs, and Quaker Oats.

Take a tip from the modern eating habits of the strong, healthy Murphy children!

Gone are the days of skipping or skipping on breakfast! Be sure your family eats good hot Quaker Oats breakfasts every morning. Cooks in only 2½ minutes. And your family feels happy, chipper, well-fed! Buy a package of Quaker Oats today!



Quaker and Mother's Oats are the same fine oatmeal

It was a queer, terrible day. All morning Jody kept waiting for the telephone to ring; over and over again she imagined Mike's voice saying: "Darling, what happened to us this morning? How could I have made such an issue over fifty cents? Please forgive me." It seemed so real, so sweet, hearing it in her mind like that. Then it would come to her that Mike hadn't called, hadn't said anything, and the sick feeling inside her would return sharper than ever.

In the midst of preparing dinner, she stopped peeling the potatoes and walked into the dining room. She stared down at the half-dollar on the carpet.

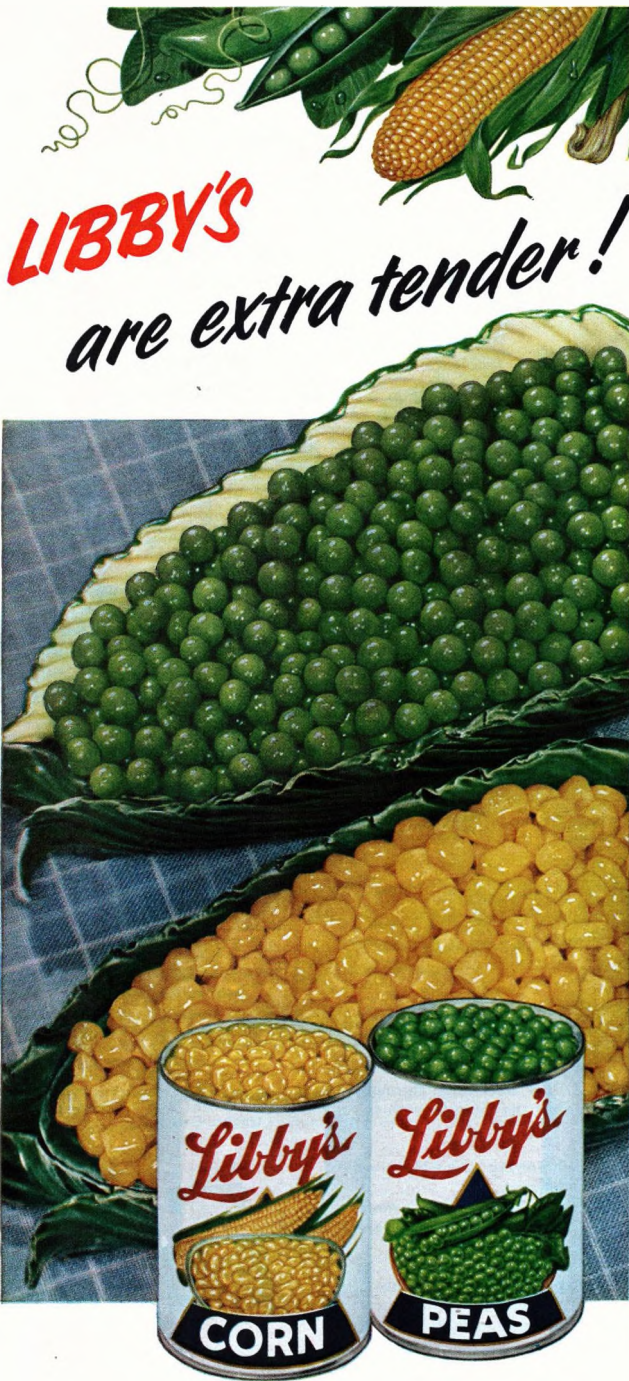
If I picked it up before Mike came home, she thought, everything would be all right; he would know I was sorry and we'd make up so fast—

She stiffened. Sorry? It was Mike who was in the wrong; he was the one to be sorry! She turned back to the kitchen, her jaw set.

At six o'clock she heard Mike open the front door. Her heart began to beat heavily inside her. How would he act? Should she go into the foyer to meet him? But then he would think that she was trying to make up, and the first overture had to come from him.

She tiptoed to the doorway where he couldn't see her. She watched him come into the foyer and put his hat down on the table. He hesitated and

(Continued on page 64)



Libby's extra tenderness means extra flavor!

Just taste 'em. It's almost as though you'd picked 'em yourself in your own garden. Libby's are that sweet and garden-tender!

And the prices are so good for your budget, you're smart to heap the market basket high with cans of Libby's Peas and Libby's Corn (whole kernel and the real creamy cream-style).

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Lima Beans • Tomatoes • Pumpkin
Stringless Beans • Peas and Carrots
Garden Mixed Vegetables
Libby, McNeill & Libby
Chicago 9, Ill.

GET LIBBY'S... NONE PICKED FRESHER... PACKED FASTER!

(Continued from page 63)
then turned. His eyes traveled to the spot on the dining-room floor in front of the table, and the planes of his face grew suddenly flat.

Jody felt a twist of triumph, bitter-sweet. He thought I'd picked it up, she thought; oh, he has another thing coming before I do that! I can be just as stubborn as he is.

All through dinner they spoke in monosyllables, a terrible politeness in their voices. Then Mike went out into the back yard to water the lawn. From the kitchen window Jody watched him. This was usually the happiest hour of the day for them both: they poked around the plants and flowers or took their bicycles from the garage and rode toward East Point where they bought ice-cream cones from the little man in the white suit and ate them on the hilltop as they admired the sweeping view. Once, up there, Mike had looked down at her and said suddenly: "It's wonderful when you get that look on your face," and she said: "What look?" and he said: "Like a little girl on her way to a party." He had colored a little as he said it, because he rarely made pretty speeches; it embarrassed him too much.

That night they hardly spoke at all. Jody got into bed early, and when Mike finally slid in on the other side they both lay rigidly as far apart as possible, each afraid that some accidental contact might be construed as a gesture of conciliation by the other. Jody's bones began to ache, and when she had to turn over at last it was very carefully and within an astonishingly narrow space. She saw at once that Mike was on his back, his eyes closed and his breathing soft and regular. He was fast asleep.

She felt her nerves tighten with rage. Asleep! He could go to sleep with everything the way it was between them! It was incredible. It was insensitive, unfeeling, indecent—

She stared blindly into the darkness, her mouth tight. She was more determined than ever to hold her ground against him.

The next morning she awoke with a heaviness behind her eyes. Mike was gone, and from the open window she could hear faint sounds coming from his workshop in the garage below. Her mind snapped to instant wakefulness and hope. He was up early. Maybe he hadn't slept well after all; maybe he was sorry now for what had happened. Well, she could find out quickly enough.

She dressed hurriedly and ran to the stairs. Halfway down from the landing, her eyes darted anxiously to the dining-room carpet. Her hand reached for the railing and she stood still. The half-dollar was still there on the floor, shining faintly in the thin morning sunshine that filtered through the curtains.

For the next two days they were strangers moving within prescribed and familiar lines, saying the required things but making no more contact than two planes flying at different levels. Every day Jody carpet-swept carefully around the fifty-cent piece, hating the sight of it lying there more than she had hated anything in her lifetime; and when she was out of the house she still saw it before her—a circle of silver against a green background—as if the image had been stamped indelibly on her mind with a branding iron. Each morning, each evening before she went to bed, her eyes would swerve hopefully to the place on the floor in front of the dining-room table, but it was still there. Maybe it would always be there, she thought; she could remember Mike's



Delicious SUNSWEET Prunes are mellow and quick cooking

Cover a packageful of delicious SUNSWEET Prunes with water, boil for 10 minutes, let cool, pour into any ice-box jar, and place in refrigerator.

After a day they're ready to serve. Even better after two days.

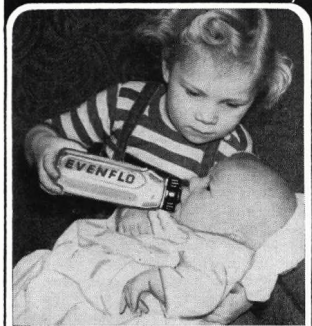
Good for you, too. Full of quick energy. Rich in natural vitamins and good minerals. And an aid to regularity.

"Tenderized" for eat-em-like-candy goodness. Sealed in foil. Packed by the growers themselves. Look for the SUNSWEET name on the box.



CALIFORNIA PRUNE AND APRICOT GROWERS ASSOCIATION - SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA
SUNSWEEET "Tenderized" Prunes, Apricots, Peaches - also SUNSWEEET Prune Juice

Evenflo... Best For Baby



Mom's Little Helper

Les Helgeland, editor Yankton (S.D.) *Public Opinion*, sends us this picture of his little daughter Patty feeding her baby brother. Evenflo's Twin Air Valve Nipple provides such smooth, precision feeding it is no trick for little girls to help Mom at baby feeding time. Mr. Helgeland says that Patty, too, was raised with Evenflo—the nurser that is used by more mothers than all others combined. Get Evenflo at any infants or drug counter.



saying: "I made up my mind I wouldn't go over to his side of the room again and I didn't for almost a year. A principle was involved and I could never give up on a principle." She would feel a shiver go through her.

Once or twice, during those two days, a voice inside her said recklessly: "Oh, go on, pick it up yourself. What does it matter who gives in first? Your love for each other is the important thing." But almost instantly she would feel the stiffening inside her, familiar since childhood, so much a part of her, and she would turn away with the line of her back rigid and unyielding, her head held high.

The third day was a Saturday and Mike worked only a half-day. Jody was at the super market for a long time; when she returned home at a little after one, her eyes went, as usual, to the spot in front of the dining-room table. She stood motionless, clutching her bundles. Something caught at her throat with a wild, stinging sweetness.

With a quick movement she put down her bundles, hearing footsteps upstairs. Her head lifted and her whole face filled with light. "Mike?" she called out.

"Jo?" She started running up the stairs as he came running down. They met on the landing and began to kiss each other so frantically that they had to lean against the wall for support. Oh, how wonderful, how beautiful it was to be together again!

When she could speak, Jody murmured: "Let's not even talk about what's happened. Now or ever."

"You're right," Mike said against her hair. "It's over; that's the main thing."

She looked up at him, smiling weakly. She had never seen him look so happy. And she had never been so happy herself. Because, really, if Mike hadn't given in first and picked up the fifty-cent piece, she wouldn't have been able to stand it much longer.

MIKE was sunning himself in the yard later that afternoon when the front doorbell rang. Jody went, humming loudly, to answer it. Through the screen door she saw Mr. Blackford from next door. His little four-year-old boy, Tommy, was standing by his side.

She chatted with Mr. Blackford for a minute and then he grinned and reached into his pocket. "I believe I have something that belongs to you," he said. He held a fifty-cent piece in his hand.

Jody stared at it, her throat locked.

"For me?" she said thickly. "What—"

"I'm afraid I have a young Raffles at my side," Mr. Blackford said. "You must have left your kitchen door open while you were out this morning. Tommy wandered in, saw the money lying on the carpet somewhere, he said, and picked it up." He shook his head. "The confession came out a few minutes ago and I hurried over before you contacted the FBI."

"Well, well," Jody said vaguely. A dull, heavy feeling had settled in her chest.

After Mr. Blackford and the little boy had gone, she stood motionless in the foyer, looking down at the coin in her hand. And then Mike strolled in from the back. "Who was that?" he said.

Jody looked up slowly. "Mr. Blackford," she said. "Tommy wandered in this morning without my knowing and picked up the money."

Mike stared at her. "I thought you had," he said.

(Continued on page 68)

"Gold'n Brown" sandwiches



... make 'em quick with

Kraft DE LUXE Slices

Great with coffee

Here's downright good eating in old-time tradition! And so easy to fix. All you need are Kraft De Luxe Slices and fresh doughnuts. Use medium-mellow Kraft American or, if you prefer, sharper Old English Brand pasteurized process cheese slices. Both are extra delicious because, like all Kraft De Luxe Slices, they're not cut from a loaf, but formed right as the fine, process cheese comes from the pasteurizers. Simply cut Kraft De Luxe Slices in half diagonally; place between halves of split doughnuts, and serve 'em with coffee. Be sure to try the other varieties of Kraft De Luxe Slices, too: Pimento, Brick and Swiss. They're America's handiest, best-tasting slices. Keep several packages in your refrigerator for easy cheese treats.

8 PERFECT SLICES...
EASY AS PEELING A BANANA



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- AMERICAN
- PIMENTO
- SWISS
- BRICK

OLD ENGLISH BRAND

PASTEURIZED PROCESS CHEESES



BEST FOOD BUYS FOR FEBRUARY

According to the U. S. Department of Agriculture and based on normal, seasonal availabilities

FRUITS	VEGETABLES	MEAT	FISH	DAIRY
Apples	Beets	Beef	Cod	Butter
Apricots*	Brccoli	Canned meats	Haddock	Eggs
Grapes/fruit	Cabbage	Frying chickens	Salmon*	Nonfat dry milk
Oranges	Carrots	Ham	Shrimp	NUTS
Pineapple juice*	Celery	Pork	Whitefish	Almonds
Raisins	Corn*	Veal	Whiting	Peanuts
Tangerines				Peanut butter
Winter pears				Pecans

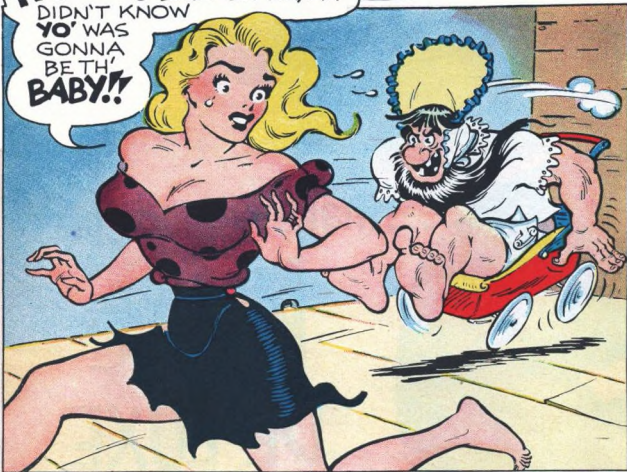
* Canned



LI'L ABNER by AL CAPP

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

HALP!!—WHEN AH TOOK THIS JOB O' BABY-SITTIN', AH DIDN'T KNOW YO' WAS GONNA BE TH' BABY!!



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THET BABY DAISY MAE'S SETTIN' WIF—

HAIN'T NO BABY!! IT'S EARTHQUAKE M'GOON!!

RECKON AH BETTER RES-KEW HER, HUH?



QUICK!!—AH CAIN'T HOLD TH' VARMINT MUCH LONGER!!

JEST 5 MINUTES O' BOILIN' AN' ENRICHED QUICK CREAM OF WHEAT IS READY—SMOOTH AN' SATISFYIN'!!



AN' IT'S FULL O' FOOD-ENERGY, TOO—WIF MINNY-RULS AN' VITY-MINS!!— DOCTORS SAY IT'S IDEEL FO' RAISIN' BABIES!!

RIGHT!!—AH RAISED THET ONE 'BOUT 300 FEET!!



HAIN'T YO' GONNA PULL M'GOON QUTA TH' CREEK?—

HE'S ONLY IN UP TO TH' ANKLES. WAIT TILL AH EATS 9 OR 10 MORE BOWLS O' CREAM OF WHEAT!!



PICTURED: "CREAM OF WHEAT" WITH JAM



YOU'RE RIGHT! A HOT CEREAL IS BETTER FOR YOU!



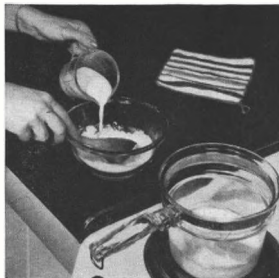
HOT "CREAM OF WHEAT" IS BETTER FOR YOU!

How to make smooth

Learn to make this good custard. Served alone it's delicious; as part of a trifle it's imperative

by Helen Flynn

MARTIN BRUEHL



1

Heat 1 1/4 cups milk until a skin forms on top. Mix remaining 1/2 cup milk into flour smoothly, then stir into hot milk. Cook almost to the boiling point



2

Beat egg yolks only slightly. Then add the sugar and salt gradually and beat again until the mixture is smooth. Better use an egg beater

How to make a good

Of the many trifle recipes we tried some were good, some so-so. This beauty won hands down

by Eleanor Noderer

MARTIN BRUEHL



1

Spread a layer of jelly or jam over the pieces of cake. (Fresh berries in season are nice too.) Now pour 1/4 cup sherry over the mixture



2

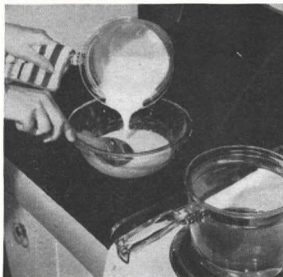
Sprinkle slivered almonds over the jelly. Almonds are easily slivered when they're soaked in hot water and cut thin with a vegetable peeler

soft custard

1 3/4 cups milk
3 tablespoons flour
2 egg yolks

1/4 cup sugar
1/2 teaspoon salt
1/2 teaspoon vanilla extract

As you know, this simple custard is a complete dessert all on its own. But have you tried it over fresh or canned fruit, over a steamed pudding, over any plain cake? This recipe makes 2 cups of custard.



3 Stir the hot-milk mixture into the egg-yolk mixture very slowly, stirring constantly. This step must be done slowly or custard will curdle



4 Cook over gently boiling water, stirring frequently, until custard is smooth and thick enough to coat a spoon. Add vanilla extract and cool

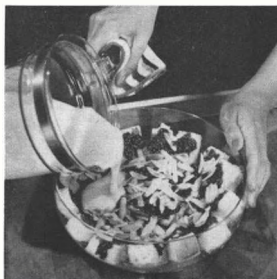
English trifle

1/2 lb baker's poundcake or 1 yellow cake layer or small sponge cake
1/2 cup currant or strawberry jam or jelly
1/2 cup sherry

1/4 cup blanched almonds
2 cups soft custard*
1 cup heavy cream

Get out a big glass bowl and pile cake cut in finger pieces in bottom.

*Picture recipe for correct amount of soft custard is above.



3 Pour the thick custard, to which you add the remaining 1/4 cup of sherry, over trifle. Chill in refrigerator so all the good flavors get acquainted

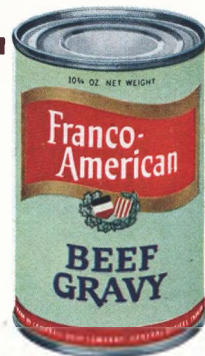


4 Pile the cream, whipped until it stands in peaks, over the chilled dessert just before serving. This quantity makes 8 to 10 very generous servings

5 QUICK WAYS TO EXTRA-GOOD MEALS—WITH

Rich Beef Gravy

Ready to serve!



Franco-American Beef Gravy stretches even a little leftover roast into a delicious stew, meat pie or croquettes. Gives richer flavor to your meat loaves and hamburgers. And tastes just plain wonderful over potatoes or rice. All because it's made from fine, selected beef for real home-roasting-pan flavor. Try these 5 quick tips—and see!

- 1** **HOT MEAT SANDWICHES**—place sliced roast on bread; pour on lots of hot Franco-American Beef Gravy. Serve with a green vegetable and apple pie—mmm!
- 2** **BREAD AND GRAVY** tasted grand back when you were a kid! Youngsters still love it for schoolday lunches and quick suppers. With Franco-American Beef Gravy, it's as handy as your kitchen shelf.
- 3** **BEEF WITH NOODLES**—add a can of Franco-American Beef Gravy to cubed leftover meat. Then serve on buttered noodles for a thrifty delight.



- 4** **BEEF STEW** can be ready in a jiffy. Simmer one cup of cubed cooked meat, a few carrots, onions and potatoes with a can of beef gravy—and dinner's ready.
- 5** **MEAT LOAF** stays moist and has a richer flavor, made with Franco-American Beef Gravy in place of other liquids. Serve extra gravy to pour over, and see 'em smile!

Ready any time... Perfect every time

Only Royal!

AMERICA'S LARGEST SELLING INSTANT PUDDING is Super Homogenized

FOR THAT "MELT-IN-YOUR-MOUTH" TEXTURE!



Delicious ROYAL Gives Children FOOD-ENERGY-Fast!

KIDS LOVE THIS HIGH-ENERGY BETWEEN-MEAL SNACK

Royal is worlds apart from all other instant puddings. Every luscious spoonful has a deeper, richer taste... its "melt-in-your-mouth" texture is smooth as cream. No rubbery top film! No lumps! No bumps! And Royal

Instant Pudding is easy to digest... babies love it! Look for the new Royal packages on your grocer's shelves, today! Get ROYAL, the only INSTANT PUDDING that is super homogenized for better texture!

Just Add to Cold Milk... Beat... Let Set and Serve!



Super FLAVOR! Super TEXTURE! Super QUICK!

CHOCOLATE • VANILLA • BUTTERSCOTCH • COCONUT CREAM

(Continued from page 65)

"I thought you had," Jody said. For a few moments they looked at each other and then Jody swallowed. "Oh, Mike," she said. "We're right back where we started. We're together again but nothing's been solved."

From outside came the whine of an automobile passing by, then it died into silence. They stood without moving, looking at each other.

"I know," Mike said. "But someday it will have to be."

THE summer was consumed in the final blaze of a heat wave; then the cool, crisp days of autumn arrived. Before they had a chance to savor the winelike crunch of new apples and the smell of burning leaves, the days grew cooler and shorter; soft, thick snowflakes began to fall and Christmas was almost upon them.

They were very gay getting ready for it. They hid packages from each other, but Jody became so adroit at ferreting them out that Mike, in defense, became correspondingly more adroit in hiding them. One Sunday afternoon Jody, on sudden inspiration, went secretly to the cupboard in the attic where Mike kept his fishing gear. Sure enough, behind an old tarpaulin she found a queerly-shaped Christmas package with her name on it. After shaking it next to her ear, prodding it with her fingers and tearing the paper the least little bit, she finally couldn't stand it any longer and opened it up. Inside was a large magnifying glass with a card attached reading: "For the biggest snoop in town."

Her shout of laughter brought Mike up the stairs and they laughed together, holding each other close, rocking back and forth. But at the high, perfect peak of that moment, something swooped into Jody's mind like a bat; she saw the fifty-cent piece lying on the green carpet and heard herself saying again. "Nothing's been solved," and Mike's measured answer, "Someday it will have to be."

The second quarrel came on a Sunday, right after the New Year, and again it came swiftly and with no forewarning. At one moment they both were sprawled cozily on the sofa with the Sunday papers between them, and five minutes later they were standing up glaring at each other with all the ugliness crackling between them.

"I did not say your mother would be a nuisance!" Mike shouted.

"You implied it!" Jody cried, her face congested. "And I was only having her for a weekend! Now I'll write and tell her she's not wanted!"

"Go ahead and write her, for all I care!" Mike said.

"I will!" Mike glared at her and then stamped out of the room and up the stairs. From the ceiling above came the sound of angry footsteps on the bedroom floor, then silence. Complete silence.

Jody sank down weakly on the sofa. Her head went back and she closed her eyes. Well, it had happened again. And this time there was no tangible thing to be neatly removed by a little boy, making it easy and painless for them to come together again. No, this time one of them would have to do the removing.

Not me, Jody thought, sitting there. I could never go to him now after he said that about my mother—well, not said, exactly, but implied. He's the one who's in the wrong, not I.

She sat there with her eyes closed for what seemed like a long time. In her mind an old memory stirred; it saw herself as a little girl, holding some green stuff in her hands. Her

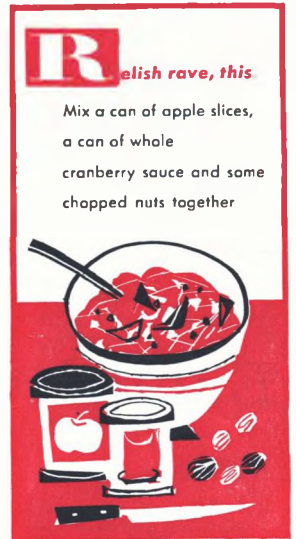
mother, looking down at her, was saying: "They're only weeds, darling," and she was saying stubbornly: "Not weeds. They're nasturtiums."

The memory pricked her but her mind balked. She opened her eyes wretchedly. How still the house was! The silence seemed to ring in her ears.

She looked ahead and saw the short flight of stairs leading up to the landing. It had been so wonderful that last time when they had met there, she and Mike. The memory stirred inside her now with almost painful sweetness.

Hardly aware of what she was doing, she rose and walked silently into the foyer, looking at the few steps before her. I would go up halfway, she thought, if he would come down. And even as she thought this, she stepped out of her shoes because he mustn't hear her, must never know that she was moving even this little way toward him.

She padded very slowly, silently up the stairs. Her legs felt as if they were moving by themselves, against her will. At the landing, she turned. She stood still, the breath caught in her throat. Mike sat there on the bottom step. He had been waiting for her.



Her eyes stung. "Oh, Mike," she said. "I'm glad you came down."

Mike cleared his throat. "I like your mother," he said.

"I know you do," Jody said.

He rose to his feet and she saw that he wasn't wearing his shoes either. She didn't know whether to laugh or cry. Then he moved toward her and took her in his arms. It wasn't anything like the last time, when they had clung together, exchanging frantic kisses. This time there was a quiet eloquence in their movement toward each other, a simple, wonderful acceptance.

Holding her close, Mike said: "We met each other halfway."

She looked up at him, smiling a little, filled with an unutterable peace. How easy it was, after all, how simple. It must always be like this for them, with his coming down the few steps and her going up to meet him.

"Halfway," she said. And knew that it was the answer to everything.

THE END

Mrs. Cloud discovers America

Continued from page 46

my mind to visualize Leonard," she says now. "He had become like an old and faded picture."

Could his feelings have faded too? Had either of them changed measurably, changed enough to make any difference? She was, she says, a little bit frightened.

And then there was his family. She had been corresponding for years with Leonard's father and mother, with her brother-in-law Harold and his wife Mary and with her fourteen-year-old sister-in-law, Mary Jean. She felt as if she knew them all. But meeting them face to face would still be an ordeal. Would they like her? And would they crowd in and fill the aching emptiness within her? This emptiness had been growing ever since she had left her own parents and her brother and her sister without even a parting goodbye, so that they could not be implicated in her escape.

As the plane started to descend toward the Sioux City airport she suddenly remembered that she was to be met by a reception committee and then paraded through the city. The passenger next to her pointed out a river, which he identified as the Missouri. But she had become so panicky, Lila says, that she gave him a foolish answer. "I said to him, 'I am pleased to meet her.'"

She was shaking "a big bit" when the plane door opened and she saw Leonard standing at the foot of the steps. "It was no more the faded picture," she says now. "It was like yesterday again, and I knew we had not changed. We have since talked of this, and it was the same for him. We have decided that for all those years we were actually somehow together, in our way."

When Leonard looked at his wife the picture grew a little blurred. She was wearing the same gray suit in which she had been married. Just before they kissed he found his voice and said, "It's been a long time, honey." Lila didn't find hers at all.

She and Leonard were led to a custom-built sky-blue convertible with white leather upholstery. Her eyes widened with disbelief when the driver pushed a button and the top folded back slowly and automatically. Then she ran her hand over the upholstery and said, "Ohhhhhhh!"

From the confusion of the parade, with its crowds and marching music, her mind had retained one vivid picture. A woman broke from the crowds lining the curbs, ran to the side of the car and said in a heavy accent, "I was European, and now I am American. I wish the same for you." At that moment a voice rose over the crowd shouting, "Welcome to Sioux City!" The words were in Czechoslovakian. Lila broke down, for the first time.

When the parade ended they were driven to her in-laws' little house. As they drew up at the door Leonard pointed across the street to a slightly battered 1949 Ford sedan. "That's your car, Lila," he said.

She smiled and said, "I like." Her eyes encountered the street sign on the corner. She turned and looked at the number on the house. Then she said, very quietly, "So often I have written '1200 South Newton Street.' And now I see! I finally believe now all the bad has gone."

"All the bad" began for Lila and Leonard in July, 1945. Libuse Hrdonkova, nicknamed "Lila," and Corporal Leonard Cloud, 53rd Combat Armored Engineer Battalion, had been dating steadily ever since they met at a dance in May shortly after the 53rd had been moved into the Czechoslovakian village of Stod.

"We just clicked," he says. "I don't know how you put these things in words. Look at her, you can understand. She was the same then. Small and kind and charming, with brown eyes and hair, and that wonderful smile that makes her face one big crease. We both knew a little German. We could talk, and we clicked, that's all."

The rather taciturn young American with the reddish-blond hair and the quizzical gray eyes and the reserved young Czech girl went on long hikes together, swam in the lazy river that flowed near the little village and hunted mushrooms and wildflowers in the woods. They discovered a very strong bond between them—a great love of the outdoors. And, since neither of them was gregarious, they were content to spend their hours together loafing on the banks of a stream, saying little, because there was little it was necessary to say. "We understand each other very well," Lila explains. "It is something to which one does not need words."

Their idyll came to an abrupt end in the last days of July, when Leonard was ordered back to the States for further training preparatory to moving on to the Pacific theater of war. When he left, Leonard, who was only twenty-one and not completely sure of the strength of his feeling for Lila, did not think it was time yet to discuss definite plans for the future.

There was never any doubt in Lila's mind. Of their first four-year period of separation she has only one simple statement to make: "I wait for Leonard to do what he would do."

In the meantime the Red armies moved into her country, prices soared, and even the bare essentials of living became more and more unobtainable. Lila went to Prague and got a job with the International Business Machine Corporation. In her spare time she studied English. Leonard never went to Japan as planned, because the Pacific war ended while he was en route back to the States. After his discharge he drove a truck briefly, and then went to work as a butcher.

During those first four years of separation, he says, "I went around with girls, but all the time I was comparing them to Lila. None of them seemed to measure up. Still, it took me some time to make up my mind. It was in November of '48 and Dad and I were out after pheasants when I told him I was going to marry Lila."

ANOTHER year passed while Leonard saved the money for his return to Czechoslovakia. During this period Lila, at his request, became converted to Catholicism. Finally, on November 26, 1949, they were married in the thirteenth-century Pilsen cathedral. After the ceremony they went to Prague, to honeymoon and to obtain Lila's passport. She had been told there would be no problem.

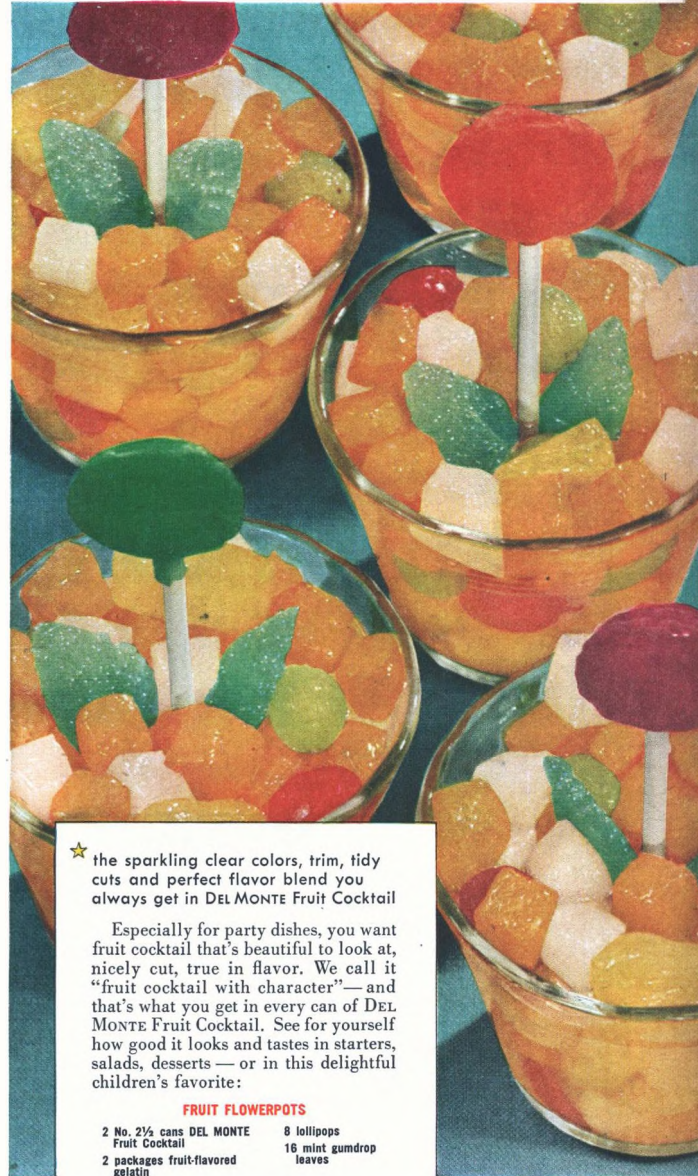
"Then," Leonard says, "the run-around began. Before we were married it was oh yes, sure. Afterwards no one seemed to know a damned thing. They just shoved us around from office to office. It was one big stall."

The Communist-controlled government of Czechoslovakia had let Leonard back into the country with

(Continued on page 70)

At last! Kids' party treat that's neat to eat — and it tastes marvelous made with

fruit cocktail with character



★ the sparkling clear colors, trim, tidy cuts and perfect flavor blend you always get in DEL MONTE Fruit Cocktail

Especially for party dishes, you want fruit cocktail that's beautiful to look at, nicely cut, true in flavor. We call it "fruit cocktail with character"—and that's what you get in every can of DEL MONTE Fruit Cocktail. See for yourself how good it looks and tastes in starters, salads, desserts — or in this delightful children's favorite:

FRUIT FLOWERPOTS

- | | |
|--|------------------------|
| 2 No. 2½ cans DEL MONTE Fruit Cocktail | 8 lollipops |
| 2 packages fruit-flavored gelatin | 16 mint gumdrop leaves |

Drain fruit cocktail. Add enough water to syrup to make 3½ cups. Heat to boiling; dissolve gelatin. Cool; add all but ¾ cup of the fruit cocktail. Divide into 8 deep custard cups; chill till firm. At serving time, stick a lollipop in center of each cup, spoon rest of fruit cocktail on top gelatin. Insert two gumdrop leaves near base of stick, as shown. Serves 8.



your bright buy in fruit cocktail

Del Monte

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Here's the fruit juice that gives you something extra!

Sunsweet Prune Juice is rich in strength-building iron—and in natural laxative, as well. Furthermore, it's the only prune juice with pre-measured laxative strength, which never varies.

And a frosty glass of Sunsweet is not only good for you—it's good-drinking, too!

Serve Sunsweet Prune Juice tomorrow morning.

SUNSWEET

PRUNE JUICE



A FULL QUART

(Continued from page 69)

only a sixty-day visa. It now became apparent that this same government had no intention of letting Lila leave with Leonard, while it had every intention of getting him out when his visa expired.

They said goodbye for the second time at 2:30 in the morning on the platform of the dismal railroad station at the border town of Cherb. It was January 12, 1950, and they had no way of knowing when or if they would ever see each other again.

Their separation wasn't quite so easy to take this time, after six weeks of marriage. "This one was really sweated out," Leonard says. Lila adds, "I was never again happy until I got here. Oh, sometimes the mind went down so very low!"

Back in Sioux City, Leonard tried to keep himself as occupied as possible, to avoid brooding. But it didn't work. He was blue and discouraged and restless.

Eighteen months after his return he left his parents' home, with his two Labrador retrievers and his guns and fishing gear, and moved to a farm on the edge of town owned by a gunning companion. For his bachelor quarters he took over an old boxcar that had been converted into a tiny three-room house. He did his own cooking, cleaning and, frequently, his own washing until Lila arrived. Leonard was quite frankly running away.

"Look," he says, "you'd see couples together, shopping, visiting, going to the movies, sometimes just walking down the street together and maybe even holding hands. And you'd say to yourself, 'When, oh when, is it going to happen to me?' The value of everything gets lost when you've got no one to share it with. In the country things don't crowd in on you so much."

LILA had no ivory-tower boxcar to escape to. After Leonard left she lost her job. "Nowhere could I get employment," she says. "Some people suggested that I divorce the American and then they would not fear to employ me."

She left Prague and went back to her native village, Stod. There, a year after Leonard's departure, she finally got a job as secretary to a purchasing agent. Six months later she was fired. Her employer discovered she had filed one of her never-ending, ever-rejected applications for a passport to the United States.

Lila then created her own employment. For the next two years she worked at home, painting local and historical scenes on little wooden souvenir plates. Leonard was sending her money, and with each \$10 he sent she could support herself for two months.

Leonard also deposited \$125 with American Express in Paris for her immediate use if she were suddenly granted a passport. But he wrote her explicitly that she was not to attempt an escape. He had investigated the possibilities of the Czech underground and had come away shaken.

Today Lila smiles at the memory. "Naturally," she says. "I had begun to plot the escape before the train was out of Cherb. I want to be with my husband. But I do not tell Leonard."

Lila does not remember how many plots, how many half-attempts to escape she made. Twice she actually reached the border, only to be forced back because her guides did not keep the rendezvous. In October, 1952, she joined a party that planned to ram through the border barricade in an old truck. The truck's motor died climbing the hill to the border. Lila says, quite simply, "If I was caught I would have been very happy to get



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Blue Lakes, a distinct variety of green beans, are packed under many brand names. Be sure the can label says "Blue Lake variety"

canned

Blue Lake

VARIETY

GREEN BEANS



only prison, as we had to expect being shot to death."

Vaclav Uhlík, the owner of the defunct truck, was a young mechanic and a friend of Lila's. He had an old, abandoned, motorless army half-track cached in his garage. After the failure of the truck he got hold of a diesel engine and some sheet metal, and enlisted the aid of two Czech soldiers and a young gardener. Then began the laborious job of restoring the half-track to running order and converting it into a replica of a Russian armored car. Since Mrs. Uhlík had two children to take care of, Lila took over the job of standing watch outside the garage during the year the men were working on the car.

At seven o'clock on the evening of July 24 Lila left her home to "take a walk." She had previously smuggled a small bag out of the house. It contained her wedding suit, two dresses, some underwear, a pair of shoes, a Czech-English dictionary, \$18 and an anthology of Czech national poetry.

At two in the morning the four Uhlíks, the two soldiers, the gardener and Lila crowded into the hot, dark confines of the vehicle. They took a hack road to the border, forty miles distant. Luck was with them. They ran into no patrols and didn't need the submachine gun they carried.

Then came the moment when they had to leave the road and cut across the fields and hills. It was time to lower the treads that would give them traction in the rough country and, they prayed, crunch through the barricade.

Uhlík jerked the lever that lowered the treads. Nothing happened. He jerked and tugged on the lever for what seemed an eternity before they heard the welcome sound of meshing metal.

The treads turned. They kept turning when they hit the border barrier. Lila heard barbed wire and posts scrape along the side of the car. And that was all. There were no shots. She began to breathe again.

Twelve miles inside Germany two startled patrolling American MPs saw what appeared to be a Russian armored car suddenly pull to a halt in the glare of their headlights. Eight shouting, laughing, crying people poured out of it and embraced them. "And," Lila says proudly, "when I told them I was Leonard's wife they let only me ride in the jeep."

Thus she began the second leg of her long journey to 1200 South Newton Street.

DINNER at 1200, after the parade, was a happy, confused affair. So much so that Lila remembers clearly only "pumpin" pie, a constant flow of neighbors, her embarrassed discovery that American women do not shake hands—and a strange proposal that the men "kiss the bride." This, she decided, was rushing her Americanization, and she allowed only her father-in-law and brother-in-law to kiss her. She also recalls with considerable warmth how her father-in-law, his eyes bright with excitement, kept hugging her and telling her she was "home."

By nightfall Lila and Leonard were on their way to Bad Medicine Lake, in the jack-pine country of Minnesota, on their second honeymoon. A few days later she sent Leonard's parents a post card which read: "I like. The country is nice, the water is nice, the people are nice, and Leonard is so very nice to me. And I hope to learn to catch and eat fish."

Fishing came as something of a surprise to her because "in my country only the very old men fish." But on

their second day out she outscored her husband seven bluegills to two.

Only one small incident arose to mar her bliss. Leonard threw her cooking grease out.

She had been saving the grease from everything she fried, including the fish. And one day it was missing from their cabin's small icebox. This made her very unhappy. She started a new tin of grease. When they left the lake she gave it to Leonard to pack with the rest of the gear. When she

got home she discovered it wasn't there.

"I felt very badly," she says, "but Leonard just laughed. At home, where we have no fat in the house for days, it would have had great uses. It is so funny here. You even throw the meal from the table and then go and buy the meal for the dog!"

Lila's confusion over the proper disposition of used objects in this country finally grew to the point where she asked her sister-in-law if it was

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Ask your Roper Retailer about the complete line of Roper Automatic Ranges and Roper Dry-Aire Automatic Clothes Dryers. Naturally... they're Gas!

built to "CP" standards

all right to darn the holes in her husband's socks.

When the Clouds returned to Sioux City, Lila saw her own house for the first time. American houses had already become a source of wonder to her. She was startled to learn that children had their own rooms. "In Czech villages," she explains, "there is in the average house no living room, dining room, bedroom. There is just the kitchen and the room."

(Continued on page 74)



Michael, Husband Carl and Peter (reading clockwise) are people who pursue their own lives with zest and exercise of their special talents. But all of their interests merge in the competent, decorative figure of "Ma"

by Isobel Fistere

*Our Connecticut **best cook** stuffs chicken deliciously*

MADELEINE MAAS of Georgetown, Connecticut, is the center and hearth of a four-sided, highly individualistic family. Her husband, Carl (known to friends as "Hap"), is Design Consultant to Standard Oil of New Jersey. Her older son, Peter, writes for several French weeklies (in French, at that). Michael, the younger son, who is studying architecture, already has two houses in advanced stages of construction. Mrs. Maas, among other pursuits, is an able businesswoman, successful in vending land and old houses to the city people who flee to the lovely Connecticut countryside.

When it comes to cooking Madeleine says, "It must make way for my other interests. Much as I love to cook I love to talk too, and I won't spend all my time in the kitchen while wonderful things are being said over cocktails." So she rearranges recipes or makes them up by ear (as was this stuffed chicken) so she can do the major preparation before guests appear, then apply finishing touches the last minute. With her cooking as with her house, her clothes and her belongings there is balance and beauty. The result is as interesting a pattern of living as you'll find in the Connecticut countryside.



*Mrs. Carl Maas, a lady of many talents,
unites her successful career with
good cooking and gracious entertaining*



"I grind almonds right into mushrooms, not only to save dishes but to watch almond meal expand and bind the stuffing"

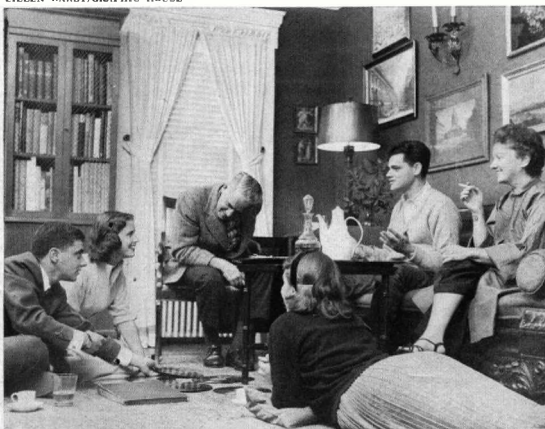
MRS. MAAS'S MARVELOUS STUFFED CHICKEN

- | | |
|--------------------------------|------------------------|
| 3 broilers, 2½ lb each | ½ lb mushrooms |
| ½ cup heavy cream | 2 tablespoons butter |
| Salt and freshly ground pepper | ½ cup blanched almonds |
| ½ to ¾ cup dry white wine | |

Choose nice, young broilers and have your butcher split them in half. Take about ¼ cup of the heavy cream (you'll use the rest of it later on) and roll the chicken halves in the cream over and over, rubbing it into sides and cavity thoroughly. Next sprinkle halves with salt and freshly, coarsely ground pepper. Take a baking pan or large casserole, cover bottom with wine to a depth of about ¼ inch. Arrange chicken pieces in pan so they are flat (you may have to use two pans for 6 halves). Place in a 325F or slow oven and bake, basting several times, about 50 to 60 minutes or until chicken legs move easily at the joint.

Meanwhile, chop up the mushrooms fine and toss into the 2 tablespoons of melted butter. Sauté lightly. After a minute or two add remaining cream (¼ cup). Now, with rotary grater, grind the blanched almonds directly into simmering mushrooms. Give the almond meal (this, you see, is your thickening agent) a minute or two to puff up, and mixture should have the consistency of fluffy whipped potatoes. Drop spoonfuls of mushroom mixture into chicken cavities, sprinkle with fresh tarragon or, lacking that, parsley and paprika. Turn oven down to very low (250F) and let chicken meld until you are ready to serve it. One of the many joys of this dish is that it improves on standing, so you don't have to serve it immediately. Obviously, three broilers will serve 6.

EILEEN DARBY/GRAPHIC HOUSE



The Maases' record collection is a very specialized assortment. Their tastes range from Dixieland jazz as played in New Orleans to ballad, thirteenth-century kind, to Bach fugues

←
The lovely fresh herbs Mrs. Maas uses so judiciously in much of her cookery are grown in her own garden. This same garden provides lots of vegetables and fruits that are "put up" for winter eating



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86"	45"	7.98	6.98
86"	54"	8.98	5.99
86"	63"	9.98	5.98
86"	72"	10.98	6.59
86"	81"	11.98	7.39
86"	90"	12.98	7.98
86"	99"	13.98	8.59
174"	(Double Width) 72"	16.98	12.98
174"	(Double Width) 81"	21.98	13.98
174"	(Double Width) 90"	23.98	14.98
174"	(Double Width) 99"	25.98	15.98
250"	(Triple Width) 72"	29.98	20.98
250"	(Triple Width) 81"	31.98	21.98
250"	(Triple Width) 90"	33.98	22.98
250"	(Triple Width) 99"	35.98	23.98
324"	(Quadruple Width) 90"	45.98	32.98

TAILORED Distinguishes any room. Double stitched 1 1/2" side hems. Ample bottom hems, beautifully stitched. 78" wide to pair

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45"	4.98	3.29
54"	5.59	3.49
63"	6.39	4.29
72"	6.69	4.49
81"	7.39	5.29
90"	7.98	5.49
99"	8.39	6.29
108"	8.98	6.49

TIERS Add that elegant "decorator" look to a room. Use singly or tier on tier (illustration shows two pairs).

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(Continued from page 71)

Leonard had warned her the house was just "a run-down dump" that needed a lot of work. "With darned little furniture," he added. He'd made the down payment on the house, which shared a lot with his brother's home, just four months before the newspapers telephoned that Lila had escaped. His purchase of the house had been a just-in-case gesture. He'd also bought a gas stove, a washing machine and a refrigerator. As a result he had to get a bank loan before he could cable Lila her plane fare to Sioux City. When she arrived he had just enough money to finance their trip to the lake. This hadn't bothered him, because the Junior Chamber of Commerce, which organized her arrival celebration with an admitted eye to its publicity value, had publicly announced it would pay Lila's travel expenses. As not infrequently happens, bookkeeping then reared its tedious head and the money was held up until all the parade expenses had been taken care of.

When the Clouds arrived at their little four-room white clapboard bungalow they were broke. There were no rugs on the floors, no curtains at the windows, and the house held only the furniture which had served Leonard in his boxcar: two chairs, a couch, a wicker settee, a day bed and a dining-room table with four chairs. Leonard said, "This is it—and I guess it is going to be it for some time."

Lila grinned. "I like," she said. "This I inform you is our palace."

In the beginning she found the palatial appointments somewhat disconcerting. She had to cook her first meal on their camp stove, because Leonard forgot to explain the intricacies of the gas stove. She washed the blankets by hand, because she didn't know how to run the washing machine. And she even had to ask her sister-in-law how to use furniture polish.

Egg heaters and steam irons excited Lila. She was amazed that most homes had telephones. Furnaces had to be explained. She was surprised to see pictures on the walls. It was hard to believe that she could wander through a store and select what she wanted, instead of standing in line to reach a counter and inquire, with little hope, if what she badly needed was available.

She was awed by what seemed to her an immense quantity of clothing in Leonard's possession, and she said firmly, "He has enough. Now he can buy for me." But then she was confused by the wide variety of clothing available to her.

"Just ordinary women have here things our woman doesn't even know how to dream of." Despite our enviable clothing, Lila is relieved to find we all don't look like movie stars. People here she says look "just like people—plain and beautiful, rich and poor, young and old—and it is very nice. It is not disappointing to find Americans just human beings."

LILA's sole desire when she returned to the city was to get her house in order. "And she didn't fool around about it," her sister-in-law, Mary, says. "One morning I asked her to have coffee with a neighbor and me. She said, 'You will please excuse me? I will only be able to come in fourteen days.' Do you know she's scrubbed those floors every morning because she hasn't any rugs? And she's sewing together some little old curtains Leonard had in the boxcar, to make temporary curtains for those big windows. And still she tells me she wants to work until she has children because housekeeping doesn't 'exhaust the energy!'"



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New Diana-style Youngstown Kitchens

On their first Saturday night at home the Clouds went to the movies. When Leonard bought a box of popcorn in the lobby Lila was astounded. They had just eaten! They did not need the food!

She found the movie "very nice. It amused. At home all films are distasteful propaganda, and no one bothers to attend."

Later they stopped in at a club for whisky sours, which are illegal in prohibition Iowa. "We are breaking the law?" Lila asked in horror. Leonard explained that it was an old American custom to ignore prohibition laws. She listened patiently, then said, "It seems to me funny. You make the law while meaning to disobey it."

When he suggested they stop in at Tracy's Drive-In for a cheeseburger on the way home she did not object, but in the car she broke a long silence with the observation, "In-between eating seems to be a very easy habit to get."

At the drive-in Leonard was highly amused when his reserved, serious wife succumbed to the flashing lights and ringing bells of the pinball machines and only reluctantly abandoned them to bring to a conclusion her first Saturday night out in America.

AS SHE gradually settled into her new life Lila began to sort out impressions of our country. And, being Lila, she thought in terms of our people rather than our plenty. She decided, for example that the American man is kinder and more attentive to women than the European male ("I like"). She thinks, too, that American women have a wholly enviable status. "In our country," she explains, "women do the same work as the man. I like it that in America a woman is not expected to be a man."

Surprisingly, what has struck her with the greatest force is something we take so much for granted: we can be gay and friendly and have fun!

"I have never met such nice people as are here," she says. "Everyone so kind and friendly, with a wanting to help. In Czechoslovakia they want only to survive. You cannot want to help when you have nothing to help with, and when you live in fear you cannot afford to trust the other."

"Because people are so friendly, life for me here is still difficult. When I meet people they make fun and they laugh and they do the kidding. This is very hard for me, because I cannot yet return it. At home it was not so, for something very heavy hangs over our country. And when tomorrow may bring the concentration camp you forget to be sociable and fun becomes unknown. But I hope soon to laugh easily. I will learn to have fun. I also so much hope America never loses the laughter from its lips."

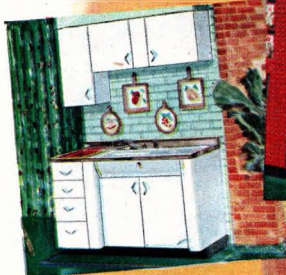
Lila's immediate goal is to get her house settled. Then she would like to aid Radio Free Europe's fund-raising drive this winter by making personal appearances with Vaclav Uhlik and the armored car in which they escaped. "I want to do for Czechoslovakia what can be done by one so small as me."

After that it will be time to think of children and the "acreage." Leonard says, "Eventually I want to get some acreage. I'll continue to work in the city, but I want enough room to stretch in, space for a garden, chickens, geese, maybe even a cow. When you get away from the land you stop acting as natural as you should."

Lila nods in complete agreement. "This is all to plan for," she says. "And then I want quickly to my citizenship papers, so that I will become one of you."

THE END

Beauty in an L-shape kitchen! Includes cutlery base cabinet, 36" Diana ensemble sink and rotary corner base and wall cabinets.



Beautiful, compact, efficient. A 42" Diana ensemble sink combined with other units for plenty of work surface, storage space.



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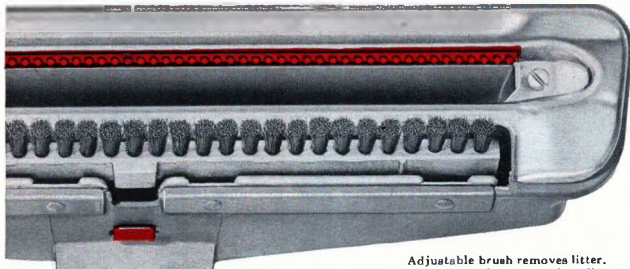
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HOVER AERO-DYNE

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With tools. Easy terms.



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The secret of everything

Continued from page 28

every day. The chickens, for example. They lived together, the hens and two roosters, in a pleasant chicken house behind the kitchen. The red rooster lived in one end of the chicken house with the red hens; the white rooster lived in the other end of the chicken house with the white hens. There had to be a fence between or the red rooster would have fought the white rooster. As it was, the red rooster just strutted back and forth along the fence, scraping his wings and acting as though he would eat up the white rooster. Johnny Jack always had to laugh when he saw the silly red rooster pretending to be tough. When he went into the chicken house to get the eggs, he laughed and laughed.

The eggs! There they were, fresh every day, lying in the straw in the nests.

"Where do the eggs really come from?" Johnny Jack asked his mother when he brought the eggs into the kitchen where she was making apple pie.

"The hens lay them, of course," his mother said. She sprinkled cinnamon on the pie.

"I know that," Johnny Jack said. "But why?"

"There you go again," his mother said. "Why? Because if there weren't any eggs there wouldn't be any chickens."

"Then eggs are the beginnings of chickens," Johnny said.

"That's what they are," his mother said. She put the pie in the oven.

It was not only eggs. Any morning Johnny Jack might go into the barn and there would be a tiny calf. The calf was new and seemed surprised.

"Where does the calf come from?" Johnny Jack asked his mother. This time she was making a cherry pie and the cherries were red under the frosty white sugar.

"Out of the cow, of course," his mother said briskly.

"Like the eggs?" Johnny Jack asked.

"Of course," his mother said, and she popped the cherry pie in the stove.

"Then a calf is the beginning of a cow," Johnny Jack said.

"Or a bull," his mother said. "Remember that people and animals come in two's."

"I didn't come two." Johnny Jack said. "I'm only one. I'd like somebody to play with."

"You do need a sister or a brother," his mother said.

BEGINNINGS! There were so many of them. One day at the end of winter, when the last snow had melted from the hillsides, Johnny Jack ran into the woods and saw the beginnings of the spring. Up from the brown earth under the snow came the snouts of skunk cabbages and little pale needles of windflowers and the red curls of the bloodroot. He brushed away the dead leaves from under the big oak tree, and warm under the leaves were many small green things pushing up to begin their lives. Suddenly a queer idea came into his mind. What was his beginning? He must have had a beginning, too, since everything has a beginning. Only last week Louise, the dog, had puppies, seven of them. One day they weren't there and the next day they were in the basket where his mother had laid an old black wool shawl. And kittens, of course, came every now and then. He



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never knew about them. They just began like everything else. So he, too, must have begun. One day he wasn't there and the next day there he was.

He was so astonished at this idea that he ran straight home again and found his mother as usual in the kitchen. This time she was making cookies. They smelled good but he didn't even stop to eat one.

"Where was I when I wasn't?" he asked his mother in a loud voice. He had been holding the question inside his head all the way up the hill and now it burst out of him like a stopper from a bottle.

His mother stared at him. "What do you mean, where were you when you weren't?"

Johnny Jack was impatient. "Mother, don't you understand? Where was I before my beginning?"

Mothers are sometimes stupid but they cannot help it. They just don't understand. "Your beginning?" she repeated quite stupidly.

"Yes!" Johnny Jack said. He began to feel cross. "When I wasn't here—like the puppies! On Monday they weren't here and then on Tuesday they were all here. Where were they before?"

His mother suddenly understood and she laughed. It is very pleasant for mothers when suddenly they understand their children. "They just weren't born yet," she said.

"Born?" Johnny Jack said. "Yes, you know 'born,'" his mother said. She was cutting cookies again. "Every creature has to be born. You were and I was."

"I don't remember being born," Johnny Jack said.

"I can remember it very well," his mother said. "You cried hard and were all red in the face."

Johnny Jack was not pleased to hear that. "Why did I cry?"

"I suppose you didn't like being born," his mother said. "Although I don't know why! Little chicks peck their way out of the eggs without any fuss and I don't believe that puppies bark when they come out of their mother."

Johnny Jack was surprised. "Did the puppies come out of their mother?"

"Of course," his mother said. "Don't you remember you asked me where the calf came from and I said out of the cow? Like the egg out of the hen! Every creature comes out of its mother."

Johnny Jack stared at his mother. He felt very queer. "Did I come out of you?" he asked.

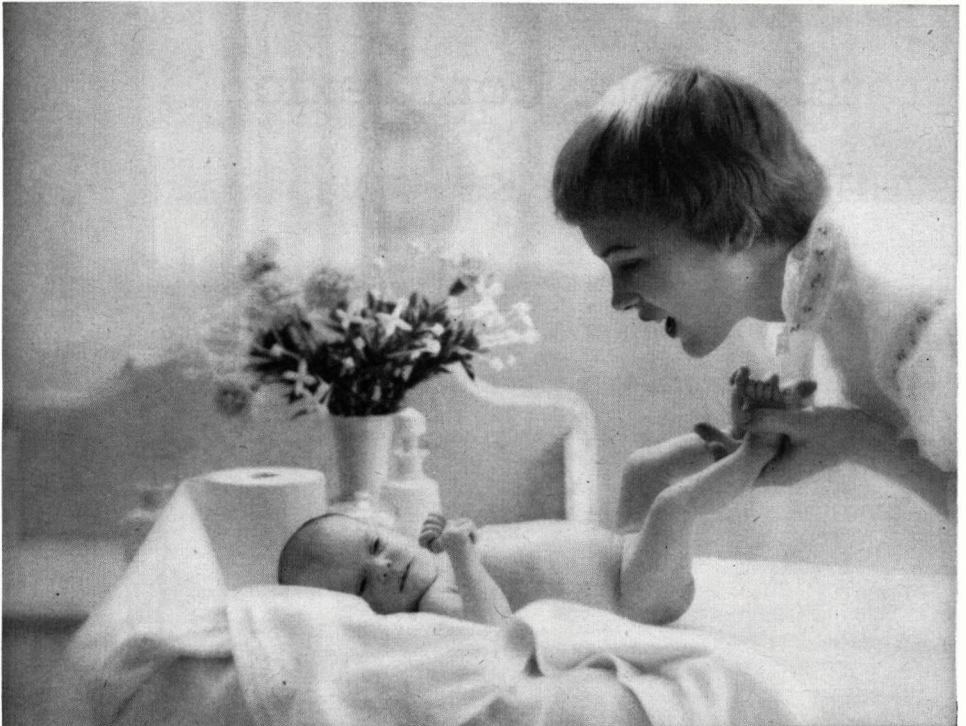
"Of course you did," his mother said cheerfully. "And I had a busy time of it while you were in the making. Good gracious, I ate all sorts of healthy things to make you strong! And I ate what was good for you, even if I didn't like it myself. I was glad when you were born so that I could eat what I wanted again."

ONE why leads to another, but Johnny Jack could not quite forget about the cookies, for they were smelling most delicious.

"Are the cookies done?" he asked.

"I almost forgot them," his mother cried. She ran to the stove and took out a tinful of brown cookies, each with spots of melted maple sugar on top. That is the way she made her cookies, and Johnny Jack liked them that way. But before he ate one he felt a why coming up inside his head. A why is hard like a nut and it is very uncomfortable to keep it inside the head. The sooner it comes out, the better. This time the why was a where.

"Where was I in you?" he asked. His mother patted her nice little round stomach. She was not really fat



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but she was always thinking she was, and maybe she was now, the least bit. "Right here," she said. "You had a little private room all to yourself."

"I couldn't have," Johnny Jack said. "I'm too big."

"In the beginning you weren't," his mother said. "You were so small you were no bigger than the smallest flower seed."

"In the beginning?"
"In the beginning of you," his mother said.

"But where was I before that?" Johnny Jack asked.

"Still in me," his mother said.

"But before you were born?" Johnny Jack asked.

"I was as tiny as a seed once too inside my mother, but still you were in me and I was in her and she was in her mother and so it goes back to the very beginning of everybody, and nobody knows what the first beginning was except the One who began it all. And that we can't remember."

"Why?" Johnny Jack asked his favorite word.

"Because," his mother said, cutting out some new cookies shaped like stars. "Because we can't remember, and that's all. You can't remember even when you were born. And I can't remember when I was born. Nobody can remember back to the very beginning of all the beginnings."

"When I think of that I feel dizzy," Johnny Jack said.

(Continued on page 84)

why Dial soap protects your complexion even under make-up

Dial clears your complexion by removing blemish-spreading bacteria that other soaps leave on your skin.

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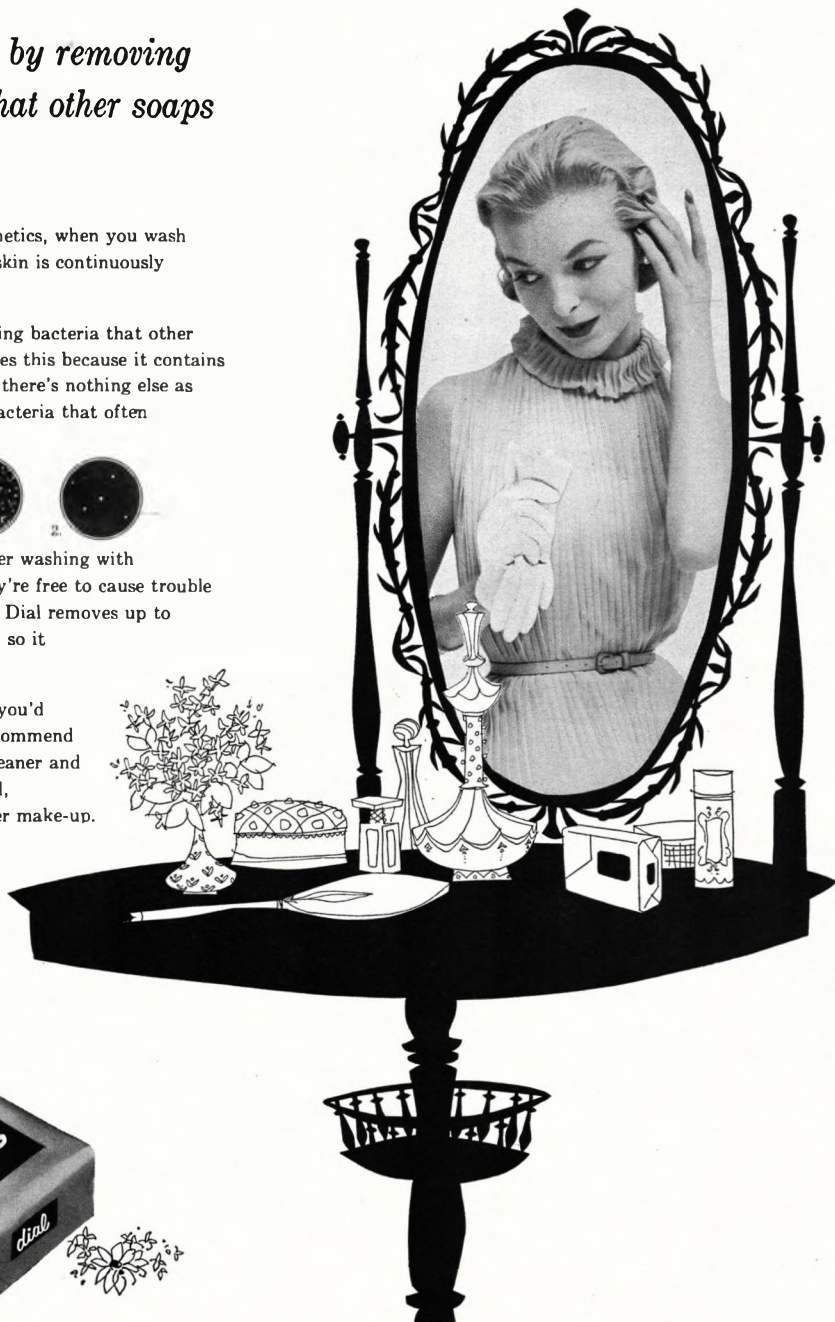
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by Elizabeth Sweeney Herbert

Artist Bob Wood of Duluth, Minnesota, hangs one of his paintings in the dining area of the kitchen which he and his wife Joani made over. The hand-printed shirt he's wearing is another fine example of his own designing

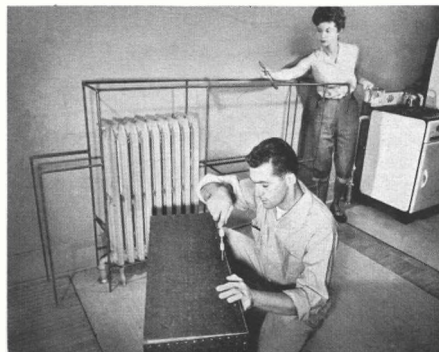
we built our own kitchen

"We got tired of makeshifts," says Joani Wood, "so starting off with a refrigerator and range, we made our first real kitchen"

THE furnished apartment which Bob and Joani Wood rented when they moved to Duluth from California was a drab and unexciting bit of space in an old building. But it had great possibilities, especially in comparison with some of the other living quarters the young couple had put up with during their three rather foot-loose years of married life.

So when their most recent landlord abruptly moved his furniture out last summer the Woods leaped at the chance to fix up the kind of lively, imaginative apartment they'd always wanted, especially since they were now fairly permanently settled for the first time. Bob had just taken a job teaching art in the Duluth Branch of the University of Minnesota; Joani was learning to be a full-time housekeeper instead of one who wrestled with hot-plate meals after working hours.

(Continued on next page)



Here it is in the raw stage. Apartment was a sublet. When owners moved out all furnishings on short notice the Woods tackled complete cleanup and face-lifting job. Bob did the construction work, Joani sewed and painted

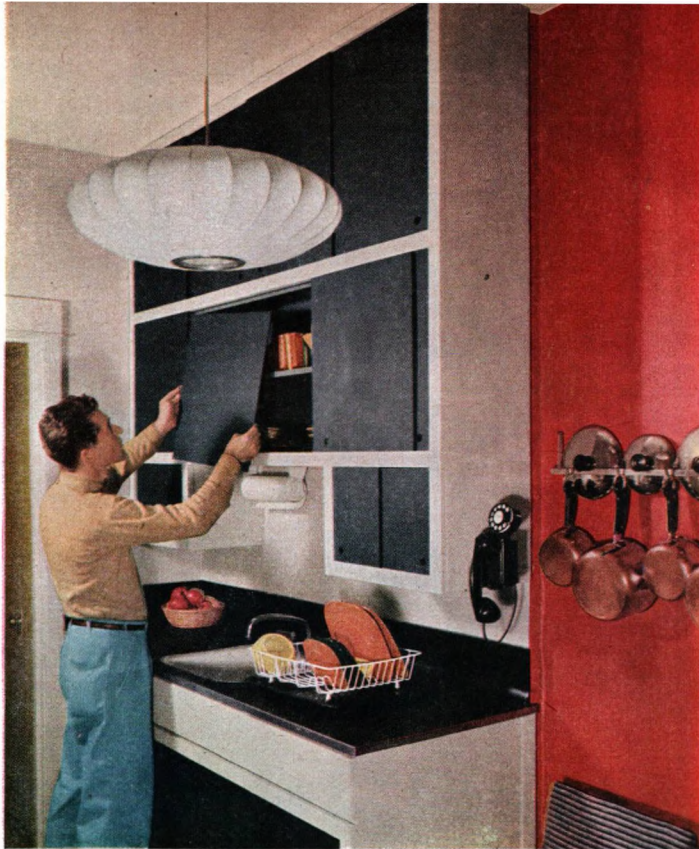
we built our own kitchen

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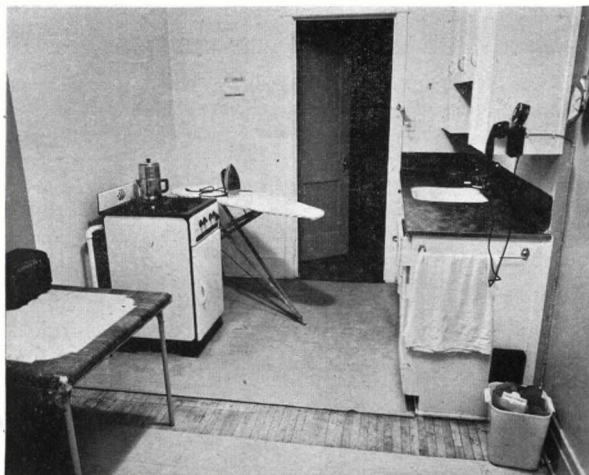
BLACK-AND-WHITE PHOTOGRAPHS BY EARL JOHNSON



Their apartment is in this old brick house perched on a Duluth hillside. Parked in front is Bob's homemade car



Cabinets were extended to ceiling, fitted with sliding doors of hardboard, painted black. Smallest cabinet contains Joani's interesting assortment of herbs and spices



No refrigerator, an unreliable range! The first step in remodeling was to install these important household appliances



Joani upholsters the wrought-iron chairs Bob made. Frames were spot-welded at the garage where he works on his car

Since both Joani and Bob wanted to entertain their new friends casually in the manner they'd enjoyed on the West Coast, and since their remodeling budget was limited, they decided to concentrate their efforts on the kitchen-dining area and to place the other two rooms on the agenda for the future.

The first step was to install a new range and refrigerator. But the old kitchen with its shabby sink and its wooden floor only partially covered by a strip of worn linoleum looked even more dilapidated than before. So Bob next turned his attention to the décor.

Fortunately the previous owner had painted the dining area a solid, convivial shade of red to which the new color scheme could be keyed. Working out a division-of-labor plan, Bob and Joani covered the floor and the sink top with good-looking, black marbled linoleum, painted the walls of the kitchen itself in soft gray. Cupboard surfaces and the table top made by Bob from a piece of scrap lumber were painted black. The wrought-iron chairs he put together were cushioned with foam rubber and then covered by Joani with an inexpensive black-and-white striped cotton fabric they found in a neighborhood store.

Miraculously enough, the whole operation was completed on schedule in only ten days, the last portion of Bob's summer vacation. Joani was more than delighted with the result from a decorative point of view. But now that she's lived and worked in the kitchen for a while she's even more impressed by the way it's speeded up her neglected domestic education.



Learning to keep house is fun when your kitchen's well organized, gay and has a new electric range and refrigerator. Black ropes divide working from dining space



A cooperative work of art. Joani baked a perfect cake. Bob sketched a zany fish design on it with vegetable coloring and filled it in with frosting

Arthur and Ruth Smith drop in to sample Joani's refrigerator desserts, to admire the effect of muslin curtains hand-printed by special process

"I'm a little abashed about my 'housewifely talents,'" she told us recently, "but I never really had a chance to learn to cook before. The year Bob and I were married we were both busy at graduate school at Pomona College in California. The following year, when I was teaching dramatics in a high school, I'd rush home just in time to toss up a scrappy dinner for Bob. I never even had an oven before, and now for the first time Bob and I are able to have roasts. And I've finally learned to turn out a really good cake and to make pies.

"The refrigerators we used to have were all old and rickety, and in one place we lived, a remodeled hunk house on a ranch, we didn't even have one at first. Now I'm able to serve our friends the refrigerator desserts they all like and to experiment with the collection of dessert recipes I started back in California."

Joani is fully as decorative personally as the room in which she now cooks and entertains, especially when she wears a costume based on one of the hand-printed skirts which Bob designs for her. Back in California Bob became interested in fabric design, worked at it professionally on the side while he was studying, and finally evolved a special process in which he brushed background colors onto heavy unbleached muslin with a whisk broom, then overprinted a design onto the material by a silk-screen method.

In recent months skirts designed by Bob have also been sold in local sports shops, a project very helpful indeed to a budget plan which includes a future summer trip to Europe—and then a family.



COLOR PHOTOGRAPHS BY NYRHELMSTROM



The new range makes it possible for Joani to try out interesting recipes and to vary old favorites

(Continued on next page)

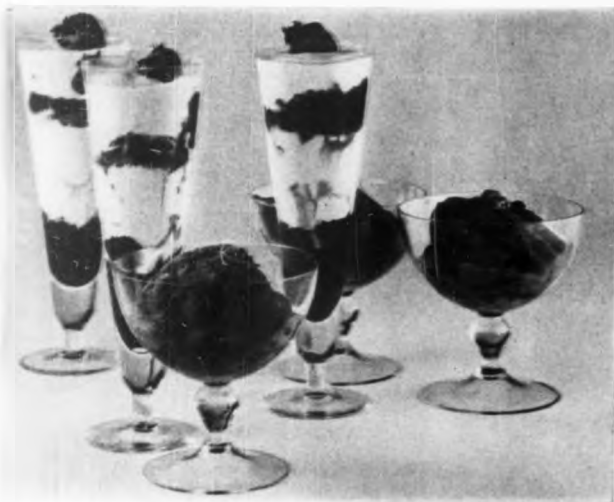
now we can
have our friends in for
**dessert
and coffee**

A refrigerator with lots of shelf space inside and a freezing section clear across the top makes it possible for the Woods to entertain their friends in the casual way they like, to ask them in for dessert. (Joani brews them hot or iced coffee too, of course.) Some of her dessert recipes originated in California and are built around fresh fruits. But since she moved to Duluth she's also learned to make and adapt many of the superb dairy dishes for which Minnesota is renowned.

Here are three desserts from California



PHOTOGRAPHS BY NYHOLM-SCHERCK



STRAWBERRY PARFAIT

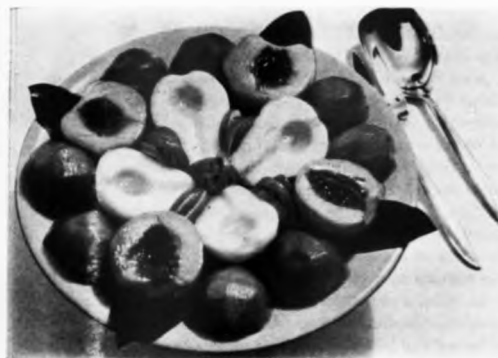
Partially thaw 1 package frozen sliced strawberries. Pack in tall glasses with scoops of vanilla ice cream to make ribbon pattern. Serve right away, or freeze until later.

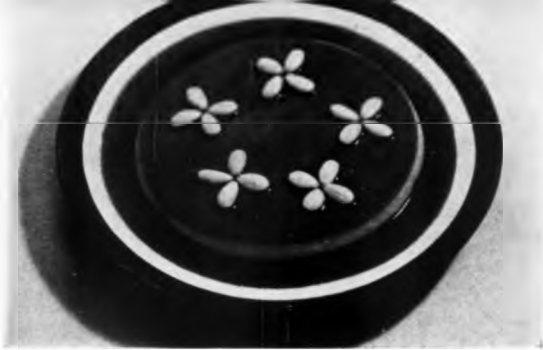
RASPBERRY-ORANGE SHERBET

Combine $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups crushed raspberries with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar. Add $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups orange juice, 3 tablespoons lemon juice. Fold in 3 stiffly beaten egg whites. Freeze until mushy, beat well, then complete freezing. Good as dessert. Wonderful with meat.

GOLDEN FRUIT COMPOTE

Peel and pit 2 ripe peaches, 4 plums, 2 pears. Bring $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup water, juice of 1 orange to a boil and simmer for 3 minutes. Then simmer peach halves in syrup 5 or 6 minutes and remove. Repeat with plums, then pear halves. Finally, pour syrup over entire arrangement and chill 5 hours.





CARAMEL PUDDING

Melt 1 cup sugar in a skillet until light brown, add 3 tablespoons boiling water and stir until a syrup forms. Coat the bottom and sides of an 8-inch round baking dish with the syrup. Beat 4 eggs, $1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons sugar, 1 tablespoon vanilla and 3 cups light cream. Pour into coated dish and place in a pan of hot water in a 300F or slow oven for 45 minutes or until the mixture does not stick to a knife. Chill, unmold, garnish.

Here are five party ideas from Minnesota

SWEDISH APPLE CAKE

Brown 2 cups bread crumbs in 4 tablespoons butter or margarine. Arrange crumbs and peeled sliced sweet apples or applesauce in layers in a baking dish. Bake for 45 minutes in a 350F or slow oven. Serve with cream when cool.



FRIED SOUR CREAM

Use 3 peaches, fresh, frozen or canned. Combine 1 cup brown sugar, 2 cups sour cream. Alternate with peach layers. Chill.

BLUE CHEESE AFTER-DINNER SPREAD

With a fork mash 1 pound blue cheese with $\frac{1}{4}$ cup heavy cream. Blend one 8-ounce package cream cheese with 2 tablespoons cream. Mold in layers in refrigerator tray and freeze. Slice and serve with crisp, heated crackers.



MOLDED RICE PUDDING

Cook $\frac{1}{2}$ cup rice in 1 quart milk until tender, stirring constantly. Chill. Add 3 tablespoons sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 envelope unflavored gelatine softened and dissolved as directed on package. Whip 1 cup heavy cream, fold into rice mixture. Pour into fancy mold rinsed in cold water. Chill. Serve with Raspberry Fruit Sauce.

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(Continued from page 77)

"Eat a cookie," his mother told him. He chose a nice one with a round spot of melted maple sugar on it as big as a fifty-cent piece. He bit into the warm cookie and felt better.

"Perhaps I will just think about my own beginning and the puppies and kittens and chicks and calves and not think about all the others," Johnny Jack said.

At this moment a robin flew down outside the kitchen window and looked in, first with her right eye and then with her left one.

"There's that old Mrs. Robin," Mrs. Jackson said. "I didn't put out any bread crumbs today. When they are gone she always flies to the window to see if I am here. I think she is getting ready to build her nest in the crab apple tree again."

Mrs. Jackson opened the tin box where she kept her stale bread and she went outside and crumbled it on the bird tray. Then she came back into the kitchen. The mother robin flew over and began to gobble.

"A greedy thing," Mrs. Jackson said, looking out the window. "But then, she has a job ahead of her. She'll have to lay eggs and hatch out her family."

Johnny Jack had been thinking very hard all this time. He had also eaten three cookies while he thought.

"If I was so small inside you, what started me growing?" he asked.

His mother smiled at him. "You are a smart boy, Johnny Jack," she said. "Of course something has to start the beginning. A seed or an egg doesn't just grow all by itself. The mother has the seed or the egg ready, whichever you want to call it, but the father has to start it growing and that is why there are two of everything. One person just can't do it alone."

"How—" Johnny Jack began. "Wait," his mother said. "It's very simple. The mother grows the seed, but the father grows the water of life in a secret fountain inside him. One drop makes the seed begin to grow."

"How—" Johnny Jack began. "Wait," his mother said. "You don't need to ask. You'll know. Someday the fountain will be in you too. Someday you'll grow tall, you'll be a man, you'll happen to meet a girl you like especially, and it will begin all over again. All you need now is to understand your own beginning and how you were born. Have another cookie—just one more, though! And while you're eating it, I've decided to tell you something nice. You are going to have somebody to play with. I am making a baby at this very moment—a little sister, I hope!"

Johnny Jack was so astonished that he dropped the cookie and it broke.

"Have another," his mother said kindly. "We'll sweep that one up for Mrs. Robin. She'll be glad enough you dropped it."

Johnny Jack took another cookie and this was positively his last. "Can't you be sure it's a sister?"

"No, we can't," his mother said. "That's one thing we can't be sure about. You just have to hope for what you want and then be glad of what you get."

"Where will she sleep?" Johnny Jack asked.

"Oh, I'll have to get out your crib from the attic," his mother said.

"Won't we buy a new crib?" Johnny Jack asked.

"No, indeed," his mother said. "I'll just line yours with pink this time instead of blue, since pink is for girls."

"Suppose she isn't a girl, Mother?" "Then I'll take the pink out in a hurry," his mother said, and she laughed.



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"Will she be here tomorrow?" Johnny Jack asked.

His mother shook her head. "Not for tomorrow or tomorrow or tomorrow. It takes quite a while to make a baby. There is a good deal of finishing, too—you know, hair, nails, all the last touches."

"Are you sure you know how to do it?" Johnny Jack asked.

"Oh, I don't do it, exactly," his mother said cheerfully. "I just eat and sleep and stay happy. Now run along, my Johnny Jack. You have asked me so many questions that I feel I need a nap."

She was sweeping up the cooking crumbs as she spoke and she slipped them into a little paper bag and gave it to him. "Take them outside to the bird tray, will you?" she said. "Mrs. Robin will enjoy them for dessert. She does like sweet things."

Johnny Jack went outside and gave the crumbs to Mrs. Robin, who came flying down as soon as he went away.

And he went away because he wanted to think over everything his mother had told him. A baby sister! That would be nice. If it was a brother, that would be just as nice. He thought of something he hadn't asked his mother. How small would the baby be when she was born? Could she ride his tricycle? He tiptoed into the house to ask his mother, but she was lying on the couch in the living room fast asleep.

As it happened, he didn't need to ask her, because he was suddenly very busy. For the very next day his father and mother decided to send him to kindergarten, and there he went every day while the spring weather grew warm into summer, and there were so many things to do with all the children that he forgot to ask his mother as many questions as usual. After kindergarten the children came over to play from the next farm, or he went over there, and he learned how to play marbles and cops and robbers and all sorts of games. He was so busy that before he knew it June came and it was almost time for kindergarten to be over.

One bright day his father came for him instead of his mother.

"Where is Mother?" Johnny Jack asked.

"Your sister arrived rather suddenly," his father told him.

Johnny Jack's father was a tall young man with bright blue eyes too. Now his blue eyes twinkled down at his son.

Johnny Jack gave a yell. "Let's hurry!"

"Needn't rush," his father said. "Your mother went to the hospital."

Johnny Jack was surprised and a little anxious. "Is she sick?" he asked.

"She is perfectly well," his father said, "but the doctor in the hospital usually makes it easier for mothers and babies."

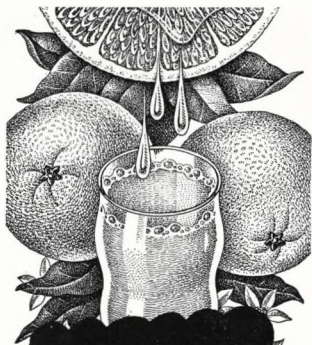
"Oh," Johnny Jack said. He hadn't thought about its being hard to be born. Perhaps that was why he had cried, although he couldn't remember.

"Does it hurt to be born?" he asked. "Well, it does, more or less," his father replied. "You see, the gate of life is rather narrow."

"Where is the gate of life?" Johnny asked.

"It is hidden in the mother's body," his father said. "But it opens wide to let the baby through and so it hurts, just for a little while. Then everybody forgets about it."

Johnny Jack was interested. He didn't often have the chance to ask his father questions. "Why do we forget?" he asked his father.



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"For joy," his father said simply. "For joy that a child is born."
Questions are very useful, but Johnny Jack did not really understand what his father had said until his mother came home again. The doctor would not let him go to the hospital to see his mother or his little sister, and this seemed cruel until his father explained that they could not let the tiny babies catch cold from other children or maybe measles or whooping cough. So Johnny Jack had to wait until his father brought his mother home and she brought the baby with her. Johnny Jack had stayed at home with Mrs. Green, who came over from the next farm, and he stood at the window without moving until he saw the car turn into the lane. Then he went running to the gate. The car stopped and out stepped his mother, looking exactly as she always did except that she held a pink bundle. She stooped so that Johnny Jack could see what was in it. Then he was surprised. A little round, mischievous face looked up at him. The cheeks were pink and the eyes were brown.
"This is Susan," his mother said. "I did a good job. I think."
"Excellent," his father said. "She is very pretty."
They went in together, the four of them, and Johnny Jack put his hands in his pockets. He was glad he had not asked his mother whether Susan could ride his tricycle. She couldn't—not for a long time. By that time he would have a bicycle and he would give her the tricycle anyway.
Mrs. Green went away after saying that really Susan was the prettiest baby she had ever seen.
"We think so," Mr. Jackson said.

UPSTAIRS, they went into the room his mother had ready for Susan. There the little girl began to cry.
"She's hungry," Mrs. Jackson said. "I had better feed her first."
She sat down in the rocking chair and threw off her jacket and unbuttoned the front of her blouse.
Johnny Jack watched her, much surprised. "What are you doing?" he asked.
"I am going to nurse Susan myself, just the way I did you," Mrs. Jackson said. "Mothers have breasts especially so they can feed their babies milk."
Johnny Jack felt a little queer. Of course cows fed their calves and Louise fed her puppies and he had not thought anything of it. But mothers!
Susan did not seem at all surprised. She wiggled a good deal and kept on crying until she felt the warm breast and then she settled down and drank in the milk so fast that she could scarcely get her breath.
"Greedy little thing," her mother said.
Johnny Jack laughed. He came near and leaned on his mother's knee. "Was I greedy?" he asked.
"Were you!" his mother answered. "Why, you were even more greedy! But then, you were bigger."
"Was I?" Johnny Jack asked.
"Much bigger," his mother replied. "I'm glad of that," Johnny Jack said, and felt proud of himself.
Still, Susan was very pretty, though small. He stood watching her as she drank the milk, and a nice, warm, comfortable feeling came into his heart. Then he saw his mother lift her head and he looked up too. He saw his father and his mother smile at each other.
"Another good beginning," his father said.
"Beginning what, Daddy?"
His father laughed and tousled Johnny Jack's yellow hair. "Everything," his father said, "for everybody!"



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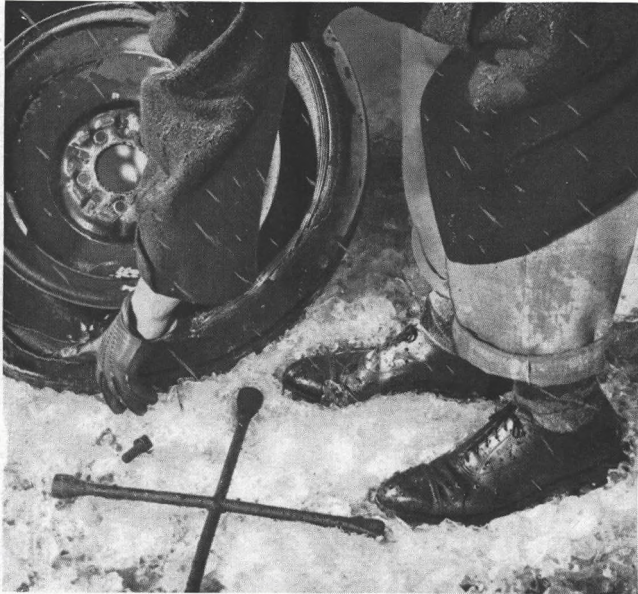
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**BAYER
ASPIRIN**

**Edward R.
Morrow**

Continued from page 24

record, the gag of honor which every newsman respects.

Morrow walked back to his hotel in a turmoil. All night he paced the floor, smoking, pounding his right fist into his left palm in a characteristic gesture of perplexity. Janet Morrow sat up with him. As she doesn't smoke, and it was too late to send down for coffee, she simply gave him the moral support of her presence. Somewhere toward dawn he told her, "I'm sitting on the biggest story of my life. I can't make up my mind whether it is my duty to tell it or forget it."

He did not tell the story, finally coming to the conclusion that the President had been using him as a sounding board, to help clarify his own thinking. Ed didn't even tell his wife what the story was. He went on with a brief lecture tour that CBS had scheduled for him, drawing enormous crowds, donating the proceeds to British War Relief.

TALL, handsome, witty, Morrow is a glamorous and already distinguished-looking figure. Although he had never had any newspaper experience, but had sprung full-blown into radio reporting in 1938 when Hitler marched into Vienna, simply by virtue of being on the spot, he looked like an idealized version of a newspaperman. Because his previous jobs had required him to make speeches, because his background included debating and college dramatics, he spoke considerably better than most newspapermen, punctuating his remarks with pertinent quotations from history and literature. Important men, many of them considerably older than the thirty-

year-old Morrow, came hat in hand to ask his opinion. And women developed crushes on him, the way they do with crooners and movie stars.

It is no wonder a group of CBS newsmen in New York got together and formed a "We Don't Think Morrow Is God" club. Everybody who joined was immediately elected a vice-president. The presidency was left vacant. They were holding it for Janet Morrow.

It is characteristic of Ed that when he heard about the club he asked if he could join. It is also typical that today many charter members of the club are among Ed Morrow's staunchest admirers. For Morrow is a man who doesn't need a war to make him a leader. Today, sitting in the shabbiest executive office at CBS in New York, he still inspires something close to hero worship in those who work with him.

"We're a crew of dedicated men around the newsroom," Larry LeSueur, Morrow's CBS colleague, told me. "but among us Ed Morrow stands out. We admit he's better than we are." Charles Collingwood added, "And there isn't an office boy at CBS who wouldn't go to Morrow if he thought he was getting a raw deal. That's what Ed means to everybody."

On the air and off Ed never stops fighting for what he thinks is right, and the rights of individuals, whether they are baseball managers or government employees. More than once when he felt a person was being pushed around by government or big industry with no opportunity to answer charges against him he has offered his own facilities, at the risk of his own job. "He is big enough to get away with it," I was told, "but one reason he is so big is that he is the kind of person who will always stick his neck out, so long as he has a neck."

Edward Roscoe Morrow will be forty-six on next April 25. In a business where everybody works and worries

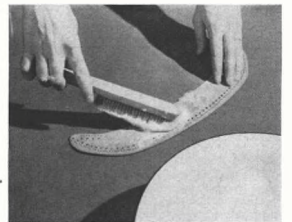
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to clean your leather collars

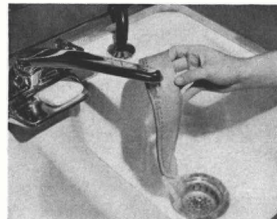
by Greda Di Silvestro



Lay the collar flat on a clean work surface. Use mild warm soapsuds and then press the suds into the leather



For stubborn spots use a soft brush with suds and gentle action. Be sure not to bend or rub your leather collars



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too hard he works and worries harder than anybody. He has two half-hour television shows. "See It Now" on Tuesday nights and "Person to Person" on Friday nights. Every week night on radio for fifteen minutes he broadcasts the news and his comments on it. In none of these jobs is he just a voice. Each of his own shows has a production staff. But Ed is the boss. No matter what happens, he takes the rap in public—"even," as one staff member says, "if he calls you in and gives you hell in private."

He smokes too much. He has no interest in food. He sleeps badly, and often gets up and walks the floor at night, or flashes on the light and tries to take his mind off problems with a detective story. On the trips he takes as a working reporter he has difficulty finding anyone to room with him, for he grinds his teeth when he does fall asleep. Larry LeSueur, who was Murrow's assistant in 1940 in London, thought he had got used to it during the blitz. But recently he found out different.

"It used to sound like sheets ripping," LeSueur says. "But in those days his mind was comparatively free when he fell asleep—at least he couldn't do much about stopping the bombs. Today he has the problems of the world on his mind. Last summer when his wife and boy were up in the country Ed asked me to spend the night. I slept—or tried to—in Janet's twin bed. Toward morning I woke up thinking the air-conditioner had gone berserk and was chewing itself up. After a few minutes I realized it was only Murrow grinding his teeth."

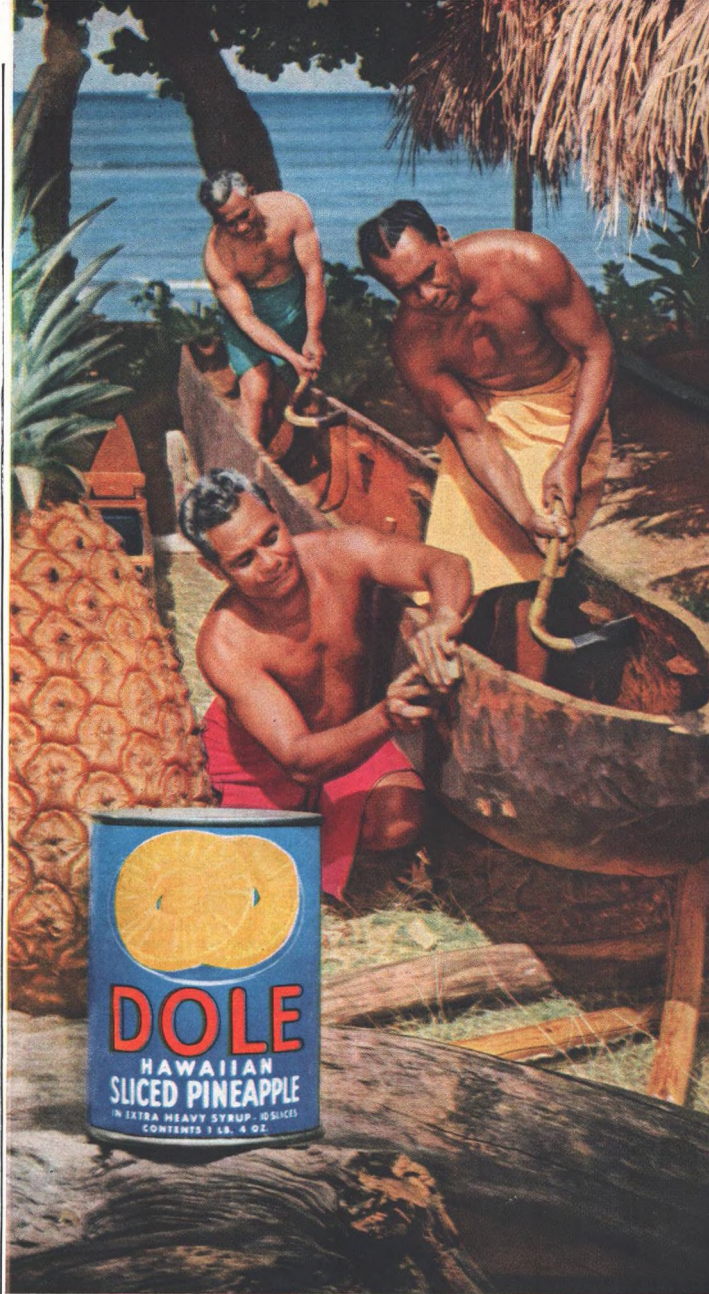
Maybe that is one of the reasons the "We Don't Think Murrow Is God" Club left the presidency open for Janet Murrow.

"She is not the kind of wife who thinks you can help a man best by worshipping him blindly," a friend told me. "She is still starry-eyed about Ed, but she speaks up and tells him when she thinks something he is doing isn't right. He admires her for this. But hers is the only criticism that he is afraid of."

Press critics have called Ed "America's Number One Stuffed Shirt" and have accused him of hogging the camera on his TV shows. His colleagues take these remarks hard, for (Item 1) Ed is not a stuffed shirt, and (Item 2) he is constantly complaining to coproducer Fred Friendly on "See It Now" that he is on camera too much. "But, after all," says Friendly, "half the people who tune in want to see Murrow more than anything else we offer."

Ed is calm in the face of personal criticism from anybody but Janet. "We walked into their apartment one night after a show," a colleague told me. "Ed and I thought it had been great, and we were feeling all excited. Janet was charming as ever, and attentive, as usual. But when Ed asked her what she thought of the show she told him. His face slid down a mile. The next day, however, we both reconsidered her criticism in our own cold light of reason and knew she was right."

THE MURROWS live in a Park Avenue apartment ten blocks from Ed's CBS office. The furniture consists mostly of English antiques Janet bought in London. It is comfortable, but far from pretentious. There is no attempt at high style. A publicity woman who once took a decorating editor to the Murrows' in search of a "model" celebrity's home to photograph fled in embarrassment. Books sent to Ed are piled on the coffee table in front of the sofa. Janet Murrow's
(Continued on page 88)



AN ANCIENT ISLAND ART—CANOE-MAKING. PHOTOGRAPHED IN HAWAII BY ANTON BRUEHL

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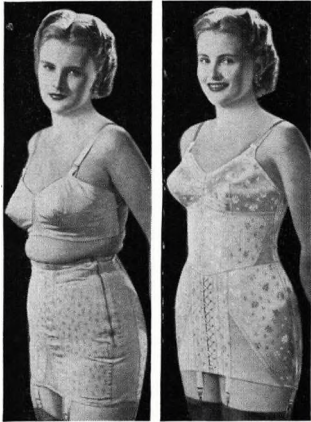
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(Continued from page 87)

desk in one corner of the living room is always piled with paper work which she never quite gets through (she still does considerable charity work and is manager of all their personal correspondence), and on the grand piano there may be toys left by their eight-year-old son, Charles Casey.

Ed leaves the apartment about 10:30 in the morning, after going through a few of the avalanche of newspapers he checks personally each day. He reads fast and has a retentive memory. Even in personal conversation he brings out the illustrative quotations which are so much a part of his broadcasting technique. But he regrets that so much factual reading cuts down on the books he would like to enjoy. He has time for about one book a week, usually written by a friend, and the detective stories, which he uses strictly as soporifics.

"You learn things from them too," Ed told me. "I remember one in which the hero, a man of character, always made it a point each day to do two things which he did not want to, as a matter of discipline. One was to get up, and the other was to go to bed. I'm like that guy."

On three nights a week he quits work at 8:00 p.m. On Tuesdays and Fridays he has his TV shows. Nothing, even the nightly fifteen-minute news spot, is routine. He sounds calm, but during broadcasts he fights the mike, taps his feet and is wringing wet when he finishes. One of the reasons he finds TV an even rougher chore than radio is that he doesn't have the comfort of working in shirt sleeves. He has to wear a suit jacket, and he has to have make-up to hide the beads of perspiration. He makes it as hard as possible for the make-up men, smoking and carrying on conversations while they work. And he scorns the orthodox cold-cream method of removing the sun-tan-colored TV base. He uses soap and water and Janet's good white bath towels.

After his radio show Ed and Jesse Zousmer and Johnny Aaron, his associates, go downstairs to the restaurant in the building to have a drink and unwind. (Ed drinks either Scotch or Bourbon, and considers himself an expert on good corn whiskey.) Most of the CBS executives and stars prefer a more atmospheric restaurant a few doors down from the broadcasting studio. Ed has no objection to atmosphere (a friend who is a gourmet told me despairingly, "Ed's idea of a sensational meal would be a beautifully set table, with candlelight and silver and crystal, and a cheeseburger"); however, the privacy of the restaurant in the building appeals to Ed, particularly at that hour. Most of the people in there then are working people at CBS, relaxing after a show or grabbing a sandwich and a cup of coffee before going to work. They nod, but they don't bother him with high-level socializing.

Over the drink the three men seldom talk business. Mostly they talk about their children (each has one). If Ed has a date to meet Janet later he will eat what he calls "dinner" right there, usually a lettuce and tomato sandwich and a big glass of milk. ("When he stops to think what to order he may go real exotic and have a Western sandwich," says Johnny Aaron. "But if left to himself, with nobody worrying about feeding him, I'm sure he'd live on lettuce and tomato sandwiches.")

The Murrows like to have dinner at home, and do unless they are invited out. They never go to night clubs. That kind of atmosphere bores Ed, and he never learned to dance. Par-



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ticularly when Casey was younger and Janet took complete care of him she preferred eating at home. But they seldom get to the table before nine o'clock. When Mrs. Murrow used to eat lunch with Casey at noon, that made it a long time between meals for her.

By the time Ed gets home Casey is usually asleep. And in the morning he is off to the Buckley School for boys before Ed is awake enough for much conversation. So their big time together is during weekends at the Murrows' farm near Pawling, New York.

When I first started talking to people about Murrow I was given a long list of people who were supposed to be his "intimate" friends, ranging from General Omar Bradley to John L. Lewis, Samuel Goldwyn and Ethel Merman. As I began to see more people I found that, although Murrow has a long list of acquaintances with whom he has pleasant relations, the people really closest to him are the ones with whom he works, or has worked. But when I asked Ed Murrow who his best friends were, those with whom he could really relax, he said promptly, "Casey." Afterward he added that old associates, particularly those he hired back in the days of World War II, were fun to sit around with and rehash the old days. But, unfortunately, his schedule is so tight that he has little time for that any more.

Casey is a true Murrow, in that he has a mind of his own and speaks up to his father. His father's shows don't interest him when they get too concerned with politics. Casey has his own convictions about politics and baseball, and will argue with his father at the drop of a hat. During the last World Series, Casey was a Yankee fan, while his father and mother were for the Dodgers. On that trying Sunday when the Dodgers lost the crucial game of the Series, Casey was quietly jubilant. Afterward Ed told me, "He's a very logical little guy. He thinks things out and has his reasons. About the only thing I've ever known him to have done without thinking was to become a Yankee fan." (Actually Ed became a Dodger fan without too much of the logical Murrow reasoning. He had come back to this country late in 1946, heartsick and tired after nine years of war. Many of his close friends were dead, and the savor had gone out of living. Branch Rickey, then president of the Dodgers, invited Ed and Janet to a ball game in the spring of 1947. Jackie Robinson stole home, and suddenly Ed found himself on his feet, cheering. He has been a Dodger fan ever since.)

When Casey was younger Janet made a ritual of reading him a good-night story when he went to bed. One evening Ed happened to be home in time to kiss Casey good night, and he offered to read to his son. (There is a joke around the office that when Ed Murrow is reading anything—even the telephone book—he makes it a production, with all the inflections he uses on a broadcast.)

Halfway through the bedtime story Casey stopped his father.

"Would you call Mum, please?" Mum came. "I want to talk to you privately," Casey told her.

Ed went into the living room. Janet did not come out of Casey's room for a long time. When she did she was smiling.

"He wanted me to finish the story," she said. "He didn't want to hurt your feelings, but he doesn't like your reading voice. He thinks it's too loud."

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An ordinary woman might feel trapped between two such Murrow men. But Janet is no ordinary woman. It was her decision to accompany Ed on the trip to Berlin last fall when he did the hour-long Berlin story for "See It Now." She and Ed had been separated so much during the previous summer that she left Casey with her mother in Middletown, Connecticut, and went on the trip as a contributing member. She made a radio broadcast from Berlin (Ed introduced her as "my colleague, Janet Murrow"), which Ed used on his evening show. She was no pale carbon copy of Ed either. The writings and observations were her own. She also accompanied the staff when they went on location, taking pictures of them at work (she is an enthusiastic amateur photographer). Ed found it extremely useful to have her around, for he put the entertainment problem in her competent hands.

Before they left Berlin, Ed decided he wanted to give a big dinner for everyone connected with the project, a hang-up celebration. Janet made the arrangements, and the staff, to a man, decided they wanted to do something for Janet Murrow. They bought her a silver dish and presented it to her at the dinner.

Janet thanked them, adding, "But how did you know it was my birthday?"

An eyewitness told me it was obvious Ed Murrow had not known it was his wife's birthday either.

Janet said later, "Ed never remembers birthdays or anniversaries unless I make a point of reminding him. Usually I suggest we have dinner alone together, which is a real treat for me. Christmas he can't miss—it hits him over the head. Other occasions, no. However, he is a darling about giving you something you have wanted or admired when you least expect it. He does this with everybody he likes."

MURROW's poker face hides an emotional and sensitive nature. But his early training under the firm hand of his mother and his habit of self-discipline keep him from showing emotion, except in gestures such as unexpected gifts. Ed says he had a violent temper as a boy, but by the time he married Janet he had it under complete control. The three Murrow boys were not indulged during their childhood. They worked hard, and when one of them did anything Ed's mother considered wrong she punished all three of them.

When I asked Ed about his ambitions for Casey he said briefly, "I agree with Lord Chesterfield. The only things a father can teach a son are to ride, shoot and tell the truth."

He has taught Casey to shoot (over Janet's occasional unhappy murmurs about a little boy and live ammunition), to fish and to help him with the tractor when they are cutting brush at Pawling. When you see them together you know they are very close. Photographers, who find that Ed can be a gloom-ridden subject, know that they only need to mention Casey and Ed's face lights up.

But he is strict with Casey too. Recently father and son were playing parcheesi. When it came Casey's turn to throw the dice he put his hand in front of them and, seeing his father apparently concentrating on the game, peeked to see what was on the other side.

"It was a childlike gesture," said Janet, "but Ed made no allowance. He got up and left the game, saying, 'I don't play with people who do things like that.'"

(Continued on page 90)



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Marshmal-o Fudge

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BRING... to boil and boil 4 minutes, stirring constantly.

REMOVE... from heat.

ADD..... 1 1/2 packages Hershey's Semi-Sweet Chocolate Dainties.

STIR..... until Chocolate Dainties are dissolved, and pour into buttered dish.

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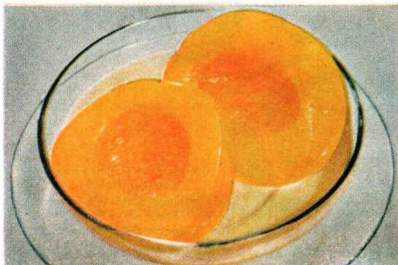
Fiesta Peach Shortcake with Betty Crocker® Honey Spice Cake. Mellow cling peaches and delicate spice, in a gorgeous dessert that's easy, too! Simply bake a high cake of Betty Crocker Honey Spice Cake Mix. Cool. Prepare a package of vanilla-flavored pudding mix. Cool. Fill and top cake with pudding and well-drained cling peach slices from California.



Fiesta Peach Salad with Miracle Whip® Salad Dressing. Eye-catching and tasty! Prepare raspberry-flavored gelatin as package directs. When firm, break up with fork. Stick shredded, toasted almonds into edges of plump, sun-gold canned cling peach halves from California. Fill halves with gelatin. Serve on greens with Miracle Whip Salad Dressing.



Fiesta Peach Dinner Loaf with Spam®. Drain a No. 2½ can cling peach slices, reserving syrup. Slice a loaf of canned Spam almost, but not quite, through into 4 sections. Arrange peaches between slices and around meat in shallow baking pan. Blend 2 tablespoons brown sugar, ¼ cup peach syrup. Spoon over loaf. Stud with cloves. Bake at 375° F. about 35 minutes.



Fiesta Peach Dessert. You get such a brilliant color and luscious, summer-sweet flavor in wonderful cling peaches from California! And think how easy it is to spoon these golden beauties straight from the can for dessert. They're an excellent buy, too. Thriftier still in larger size cans. Always select your best fruit buy—cling peaches from California.

(Continued from page 89)

When Casey was born the Murrows had been married eleven years. Their friends were delighted for them, but as the child grew older they became apprehensive. Casey was spectacularly beautiful, with masses of blond curls. He was precocious. His mother and father could not be blamed for finding every new phase of him a delight. Ed put the boy on the radio at Christmas to talk about Santa Claus. He followed him through the toy departments with a tape recorder, registering his comments—and using a few of them on his broadcast. When Casey was three a family conference decided that he should go to nursery school. In theory the Murrows felt it would be better for Casey to spend a little less time with his mother and more with children his age.

In practice, however, it didn't work out that way. As Casey was so young, his teacher felt that Janet should not leave him at school until he expressed himself as willing. Casey was not willing. He enjoyed the class, he liked his teacher, he got along fine with the other children—but he wanted his mother there. From September until almost Christmas, Janet sat outside the schoolroom door, where Casey could see her.

"It wasn't so bad for me," Janet said. "I learned a great deal about children just from watching. I found out some of the things Casey did that seemed remarkable or terrible were just normal for his age. I also was working on a benefit, and I got a lot of letters written without telephone interruptions. But one day I woke up to the realization that it wasn't good for Casey. I explained to him he was taking advantage of both his teacher and me, and left him the next day."

The same friends who worried about Casey being spoiled admit they had discounted the basic good judgment of both Murrows. Casey has turned out fine, neither spoiled nor too good to be true.

"He's just the third nice member of the Murrow family." Raymond Gram Swing told me. "Recently I was invited to the house for Sunday dinner. There was a radio concert I wanted to hear for professional reasons, and I explained that to the Murrows in advance. The time happened to fall when we were at dinner. Janet had apparently told Casey what it was all about. And he was amazing. He didn't fuss, and he didn't fidget, and part of the time he even seemed to listen. Like Ed and Janet, he was courteous."

ED MURROW's name originally was "Egbert." His two brothers are Dewey and Lacey—but he still feels he got the worst of it. When he discovered that the writer E. B. White has "Egbert" for a first name he was delighted. Murrow, who was working in a logging camp at the time, changed his name to "Ed" when he was sixteen. When he and Janet discovered they were going to have a child he was determined that no son of his would be a "junior." Edward or Egbert. He picked the name "Casey."

Janet said, "What if it's a girl?" Ed still thought "Casey" would be good. Janet suggested softening the name to something like "Charlotte Casey," giving the girl a choice. Ed gave his son the name "Charles Casey"—so he has a choice, if he ever wants one. "Charles" is also Janet's father's name, and her brother's.

As for the "Casey"—Janet says she thinks her husband just likes the

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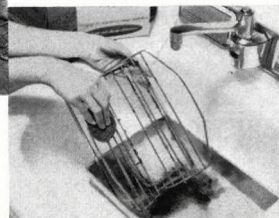
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by Gloria Liswath

name. Larry LeSueur. Casey's god-father, says he has always figured it came from Casey Jones, the locomotive engineer in the old song. (Ed has a warm spot in his heart for locomotives. His father was a locomotive engineer in a logging camp in Washington.) But Casey's name, as far as my reporting could go, is still a mystery. I asked Ed Murrow point-blank why he picked the name, and he said, "I won't tell you."

Ed dresses well, both in the country and city. In the country his taste is for plaid shirts and work trousers. He (and Casey) have cleared the brush from about half of their fourteen acres. He enjoyed the physical work and found release in it from tension. In town his clothes are English. He is in London often enough to make an English tailor practical. He enjoys wearing dinner jackets, even though, he explains apologetically, "It's a dying custom."

When Ed and Janet were married Ed was an expert clothes-packer. His jobs had entailed considerable traveling, and with his logical mind he had attacked the problem and solved it. Janet, on the other hand, had hardly traveled at all. He taught her to pack and then promptly forgot how himself. Johnny Aaron watched him pack for a trip last summer when Janet was away. Johnny went back to the office shaken. "He simply opened drawers and threw things into his bag. He dumped his toilet things into a towel. What he couldn't find he decided to skip and buy along the way."

MATERIAL possessions mean little to Ed. He has always traveled light. He has no scrapbooks, he has never kept a clipping, and the only photographs in his office are one of Casey in blond baby curls and one of Carl Sandburg, inscribed to him. (Ed is a great Sandburg admirer.) During the blitz, when his office was bombed out four times, a photograph of Hindenburg inscribed to him was lost. Whenever Ruth Campbell, who was his secretary in London and now works for him in New York, goes back home to England for a visit Murrow wistfully asks her to look for the picture. An autographed photo of Ernest Bevin was also lost. Ed particularly treasured that because Bevin chased him down almost a quarter of a mile of corridor to give it to him, after Ed had said goodbye in 1946, calling, "Ed! Ed! Damn near forgot. Map of me face!"

The things Ed values most today are a few pieces of antique silver he bought in London, his guns (he has some fine ones), the British Broadcasting mike he used during the war (given to him by his colleagues when he left) and his "log cabin" on Quaker Hill in Pawling. It is not precisely a cabin, for it has three bathrooms and an electric dishwasher. But it is made of logs. Ed saw the outside just twice, and decided it was the only house in the East that he had ever really wanted to own.

Ed knows a great deal about trees and wood. He has planted his own grove of evergreens around the Pawling house, including one tree for Casey, with only the half-smiling admission that the boy grew "straight and strong" like it.

Ed feels about trees the way some men do about dogs. One night last year during the ice storm that hit upstate New York, Janet got out of bed and found him sitting in the living room by the fireplace, smoking a cigarette in the dark.

"What's the matter?" she asked.

"Listen," he said.

Just then a pine tree outside fell with a crash. Ed shuddered. Janet



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made a pot of coffee and sat up with him until dawn.

Ed bought the house on a train to Washington, where he happened to meet the man who owned it. Neither Ed nor Janet had ever been inside. It was the second house he has bought without his wife's okay. The first was a New York brownstone, which he acquired when she was still in London and Casey was a baby. They eventually got rid of that, but she now is almost as fond of the Pawling house as

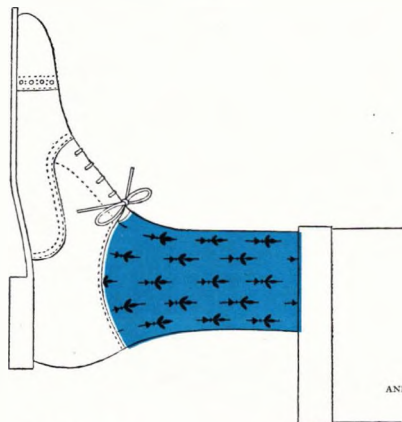
he is, partly because it means that the Murrow family can have their weekends together and in privacy. Janet usually drives up with Casey in their station wagon, and Ed follows after his show Friday night or early Saturday morning. He used to drive a yellow convertible weighted down with 200 pounds of sand in the trunk compartment so it would hug the road on the curves. Janet had suggested rocks. He decided later she was right, for when he opened the trunk about three

months later he found a jungle of weeds had sprouted in the dark, warm sand.

Murrow once drove a school bus, as a boy, and is an excellent, if fast, driver. His yellow convertible was known to all the cops around Route 100, and in the hunting season they used to stop him, whether he was speeding or not, because they knew he was always good for a brace of pheasants. Today he has a heaven,

(Continued on page 93)

his socks



a man can, and should, have plenty of variety in the socks he owns. Each of the three basic types, **plain** socks, **patterned** socks and **casual** socks, has its own special place in his wardrobe. The important thing to keep in mind about all three is that the basic color of the socks a man is wearing should always complement his suit and shoes rather than be keyed to his tie or shirt.

Plain-colored socks in smooth, flat weaves and in dark colors are the appropriate choice for evening wear. But for daytime most men prefer ribbed knits or nubby, bouclé-like textures. Black and navy are worn with black shoes, brown with brown shoes. Gray, maroon, tan, blue or green are worn to complement or match the suit.

Patterns are a welcome variation for daytime and look best when worn with plain suits. The patterns should consist of inconspicuous clocks, woven over-all small figures or stripes. These socks are light-weight, made of cotton, rayon or nylon and held up by elastic tops.

Casual socks are heavier in feel and knit, have bold, colorful designs. They are usually made of wool combined with a synthetic to give longer wear. The Argyle is the top-ranking favorite. But these bright and handsome socks are to be worn only with tweeds and sports clothes. They are as out of place with a business suit as tennis shoes would be with a dinner jacket.

The fit. Obviously any type of sock ought to fit neatly and well. Socks that hide shoe tops or bare the legs look just plain sloppy. Short socks with elasticized tops give the majority of men the maximum in comfort and neatness. The man with heavy legs, or with very thin ones, looks better groomed in longer socks worn with garters.

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Word of advice. Nowadays men's socks are so well made and so thoroughly reinforced against strain that they rarely wear out. Socks that have had too much wear and too many washings will lose their color and their fit long before they develop holes or tears. And that is the time for a man — or his watchful wife — to replace them.

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(Continued from page 91)
 green convertible. But according to him he doesn't drive either as fast or as well as he used to. When pressed for a reason he says, "It's either old age or Casey."

Ed and Janet do not fly together, because of the boy. It is the only concession Ed makes to the possibility of danger in his activities. A number of Murrow's friends have told me that he seems absolutely without fear. Lawrence Lowman, a CBS vice-president who was in the Air Force in World War I and with OSS in World War II, said, "I have known only three fearless persons in my life, and Ed Murrow is one of them."

Ed's record is one of taking chances. During the blitz in London he did what his secretary and wife considered a great deal of unnecessary climbing around on rooftops during bombings. Despite the efforts of both CBS and Ambassador John Winant to have him grounded, he continually went on bombing missions. He even made one run when Janet was pregnant, and the boys in his own office raised a fuss. In Korea he went into the front lines. In Berlin he insisted on going along when they smuggled in a camera and photographed some of the Russian Zone.

Is he never afraid? Ed Murrow's own answer: "I've never known anyone without a sense of fear."

Explanations as to why he deliberately exposes himself to danger vary. He says, "I have a peasant's mind. I can't write about anything I haven't seen." His colleagues say, "Ed doesn't like to ask anybody working for him to do anything he won't do himself."

During the really hard days of the blitz in London he and Larry LeSueur used to have dinner each night in a Soho restaurant. They were among the few customers, for even most Londoners were staying at home. But they would eat well and leisurely. As soon as dusk fell they put on their tin hats and walked through the streets of London, both trying not to hurry so the other wouldn't guess he was afraid. Murrow made a point of never going into shelters except as a reporter—the theory being, "I was told, that once you start going into shelters you lose your nerve. The only fear he was ever heard to express was that he might lose his eyesight from shattered glass.

As for the bombing missions, he explains. "I'd go with some young pilot, and it would be a good ridd, and he would get the idea I was lucky to have along. So he'd call up and ask me to come with him again, and I'd be ashamed to refuse."

MURROW has no superstitions. But he has a deep belief that the salvation of man in general, and Ed Murrow in particular, is in going back to the soil and trees, and working with his hands. During the early days of the blitz in London he said, "The intellectual—the man who can write and talk—now counts for even less than he did a year ago. The man who can run a lathe, fly a plane or build a ship counts for more." And when the bombings were at the worst he reiterated, "The people who have something to do with their hands are all right. Action seems to drive out fear."

One reason the Pawling place means so much to Ed Murrow is that it gives him a chance to work with his hands, to get close to nature. It is a source of pride with him that his work hasn't turned him into a physical softie. Part of this harks back to his father. Roscoe Murrow was a terrifically strong man—"200 pounds and all beef"—who used to take pride in the fact that up to the time his sons were

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4. Remove from heat. Add softened gelatine, stir until dissolved.
5. Add 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, chill to consistency of unbeaten egg white.
6. Beat 3 egg whites until stiff. Beat in, gradually, ½ cup sugar.
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nineteen or twenty he could still throw them in a wrestling match in the kitchen—"while my mother," remembers Ed. "who never weighed more than ninety-eight pounds soaking wet, used to fly around in the background wringing her hands and telling us to stop."

Ed likes the challenge that country living presents. He is fond of telling about being up on top of Quaker Hill last year during a blizzard. "I got my car out to drive

home, and it went in the ditch. Then I got my tractor to pull it out, and that went in the ditch. Afterwards I borrowed a jeep to pull them both out, and it landed in the ditch too. It was great!"


Larry LeSueur remembers a trip Ed talked him into taking three years ago. Ed's brother Lacey, a brigadier general in the Air Force, was making an inspection junket with a crew of reserve officers all around the coun-
 (Continued on page 95)

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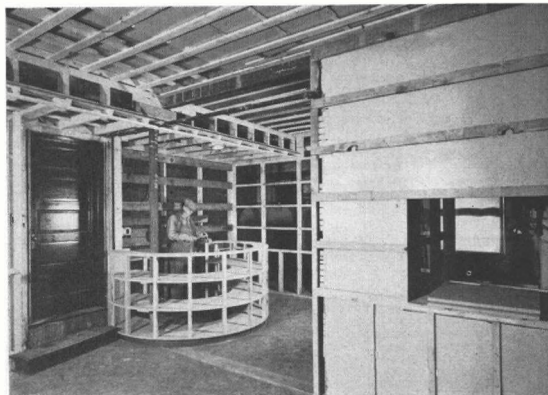
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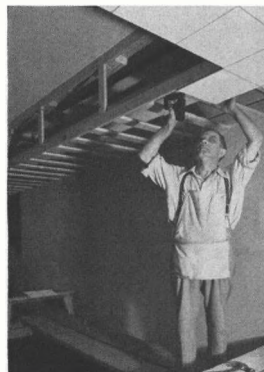
How it was built

continued from page 45

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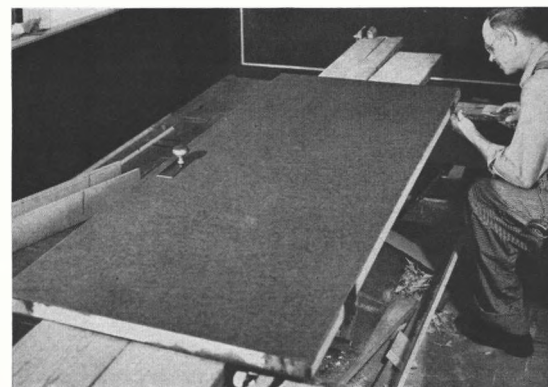
Framing. After the room plan was drawn to scale and outlined with chalk on floor and wall, framing was put up to support insulation board. Lumber from the dismantled coalbin supplied half the framing needed



Ceiling. Insulation board tiles were applied to framing with a rented stapler



Walls. Insulation board planks, 12 inches wide, were nailed to furring at edge. Next board conceals nails



Door. The unsightly old door to the recreation room was covered on both sides with 1/4-inch hardboard glued in place. This made a handsome flush panel door. Hardboard was also flexed around the drum-shaped bar

(Continued from page 93)

try. Ed and Larry went along. They were gone two weeks and only slept in a bed once, in San Francisco. "There were no seats in the plane, just mattresses in back, where you went and slept when you were tired," says Le-Sueur. "When we would stop at a base we'd pick up a flock of hamburgers. Somewhere else we got a crate of apricots. We only had one regular meal, in the hotel in San Francisco. The rest of the time we lived on apricots and hamburgers. Murrow thought it was terrific. He and Lacey loved every minute. I lost about twenty pounds. If the vacation had lasted a week longer I'm sure I would have been dead."

J. P. ("Jap") Gude, who worked with Ed in Special Events during his earliest days at CBS and now acts as his agent on activities outside CBS, such as the "I Can Hear It Now" recordings, has also occasionally been exposed to the rigors of Ed Murrow when he is being a Man's Man.

One summer several years ago Ed and Janet were spending a weekend visiting the Ed Klaubers at Martha's Vineyard. (Klauber originally hired Ed, and is generally credited with being the father of the whole radio-news business.) Jap and his wife had also been invited to dinner. As the evening wore on, the wives became sleeper and the men livelier in reminiscences. Jap, who had strained his leg on the tennis court, wanted to go home and soak it in a hot tub.

Ed Murrow would have no part of that. He said that as a high-school student he had played basketball and football and doubled as trainer when there were injuries. He knew what to do for a strained leg. He took Gude into the library and went to work.

Says Gude: "Ed is one of the toughest-fibered men I have ever known—mentally, morally and physically. Being practically indestructible, he doesn't realize other guys are softer. His fingers were like steel cables. He kept asking me if the massage didn't feel good, and I kept telling him no, it felt awful. I guess he cured the Charley horse, but the next day my leg was black and blue and so sore I couldn't walk for three days. Ever since, I've wondered what kind of a ball club it was Ed acted as trainer for. It was either composed of supermen or permanent cripples."

ED MURROW was born on a farm near Greensboro, North Carolina, on April 25, 1908. His oldest brother, Dewey, blond and blue-eyed, is now a contractor in Spokane, Washington. Lacey, two years older than Ed and more like him in looks, is the Air Force general. His father, a Spanish-American War veteran, had married a tiny schoolteacher with the bluest eyes he had ever seen, who lived on an adjoining farm. Their national backgrounds were mostly English and Irish, with a little German. Ed's Southern Methodist mother, tiny though she was, ruled her family by copybook maxims like "Honesty is the best policy." Her ambition was strong for all her boys. But so strong was her sense of personal discipline that not until Ed was prominent in radio did she tell him she had dreamed and prayed for years that he'd someday be a preacher.

When Ed was four the family moved all the way across country to Blanchard, Washington. The North Carolina farm was not doing well. Ed's mother suffered from hay fever and asthma, and thought another climate might help her. And distant relatives in Washington had written of the glories and opportunities in the great Northwest. Ed's father, while not an

educated man in the accepted sense, had a great interest in the future of the country.

In Washington, Roscoe Murrow did farm work for a while, then got a job in a logging camp as brakeman and, eventually, locomotive engineer. He was an active man, who enjoyed physical work. After he was retired as train engineer, even though all his sons were in a position to support their mother and father, he insisted on taking a job as a night watchman. Ed comes by his liking for work naturally. Besides, the three Murrow boys all had to go to work early to help out. Says Ed: "I've worked ever since I can remember. I can't think of any other life. I'm not sure I'm equipped to have fun."

THE Murrow family was never poor in the sense of not having enough food or warm clothing. The three hungry boys ate well—three eggs and bacon and sour-milk biscuits for breakfast. Ed still remembers his mother's biscuits and her fatback and turnip greens ("no expensive meals I've eaten since on expense accounts ever tasted so good"). But they didn't have inside plumbing in the house until Ed was fourteen or fifteen, and they never got a telephone until long after he left home. As a small boy Ed kept his own hogs, drove a line horse on farms and helped put the hay in. As he grew older he drove the school bus and worked "in the woods."

Between high school and college he stayed out a year to earn money, working with a survey gang. He continued this every summer after he went to Washington State. While he was in college he shifted scenery in the school auditorium and worked as a houseboy at the Kappa Delta sorority house. He was top cadet in the ROTC, president of the junior class and president of the student body in his senior year. He was also on the debating team and a star in college dramatics. He made Phi Beta Kappa, the scholastic honorary society. His major was history. His college roommate has reported: "Ed remembered everything. He could sit through classes all week and never take a note, but on Friday night he could rattle off the professor's lectures almost verbatim." Ed adds that he very often didn't own the textbook for the course. He borrowed it, glanced through the lesson and then did a great deal of subsidiary reading. His dream is to take a year off and catch up with the contemporary reading he is missing. Until that time the chunks of history he swallowed in college are standing him in good stead.

Ed was graduated from Washington State in 1930, when he was twenty-two. He has since been offered the presidency of the university but turned it down—as he has turned down similar offers—because he does not feel he is suited to administrative work. Even with his brilliant record at graduation it is doubtful that anybody guessed how far Ed Murrow would go.

His first job was president of the National Student Federation, with headquarters in New York. It paid him \$25 a week, but it gave him a chance to travel, as one of his main jobs was running inexpensive student tours. He had been doing that for about two years when he was offered a job with a lumber company in Shanghai. It was a challenge, and he thought seriously of taking it. If another job, as assistant director of the Institute of International Education, had not come up at twice the salary

(Continued on page 96)

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(Continued from page 95)
the Federation had been paying him he might never have made a broadcast. He is still nostalgic about the lumber business.

Last summer Murrow went out to the Northwest on a combination vacation and business trip. The vacation consisted of one day's fishing and a brief visit with his father and mother. Included in the work he did was a story about logging for "See It Now."

"When I stepped out of my rented Cadillac," he says, "I could feel the men looking at me and wondering who the hot-shot TV character was. So I got right down to business. I got hold of the hook-tender and talked to him in the logging-camp jargon you never forget. I think it's one of the few times I ever felt really proud."

In 1940, in London, Murrow hired Charles Collingwood for his news staff. Collingwood had been a student at Oxford and hadn't wanted to go back to America when war was declared. During the process of being hired Collingwood mentioned that he had done some forestry work during vacations.

Murrow asked him sternly, "Can you throw a surveyor's chain?"

"Yes," said Collingwood hellishly. "Can you?"

Several weeks later, after Collingwood had forgotten the incident, Murrow appeared with a surveyor's chain. He threw it. Then Collingwood threw it. Both knew the trick. They shook hands. "After that," says Collingwood, "it was all right. We trusted each other."

En's robust father has been partially paralyzed for over six years now and has had to stop work. The television set Ed sent his parents occupies much of his time. But his

spirit has not faltered. Last year, when the newspapers noted that Edward R. Murrow's gross income was \$211,126.20, his father said laconically, "I don't reckon there's anything dishonest about making money that way. But I must say Ed doesn't talk any more sense than I hear all the time at the corner store."

Janet does most of the letter-writing to his family and his sisters-in-law. Ed declares calmly:

"It is a tradition in the Murrow family that the men don't write letters. I don't think I ever got more than two letters from my father in my life—and those were just four-line notes when my mother was sick. And my brothers and I wouldn't dream of writing to each other. My parents' fiftieth wedding anniversary was the first time in twenty-five years that all of the boys were home at the same time."

Time has mellowed Ed's tiny mother to the extent that she—along with a great many other women who watch him on TV—worries about his health. After the Berlin trip she reported that he looked thin. And once on a show where the lighting was bad she became so concerned that she wrote Ed a long letter warning him he was working too hard and advising him to take care of himself. At the end, however, she canceled out all the effect of the letter by adding briskly:

"But, after all, son, maybe it is better to wear out than to rust out."

In next month's McCall's the concluding installment will reveal: how Ed Murrow met Janet and why he married her; how he became a vice-president and why he couldn't stand it; how he has risked his own status to help others; and why he made his biggest mistakes.

The dear friends

Continued from page 26

We have a dream of a house out on the bay. We really let ourselves go."

Maudie said, "Oh, really? I didn't know. But then, I don't suppose you'd have wanted to live in the same house where he lived with Cynthia." And Stella's oversensitive feelers had picked up the unspoken words: "Not even you would do that."

Looking again at her watch, Maudie said, "Oh, golly, I've got to push on. This is the first day I've come in to Centerport in ages and I've mountains of shopping to do. It's really silly that I don't come oftener since it's only forty miles, but you know how lazy one gets in Ridgeville..."

She had chattered on brightly, smiling, and anyone seeing them together would have thought it was a pleasant meeting of two friends. Only Stella knew Maudie would never be her friend again. If she ever had been.

She had a compulsion to ask, "How is Cynthia? What is she doing with herself these days?" but some inner delicacy restrained her. And then Maudie had said, looking her straight in the eye, almost defiantly, "Cynthia's just wonderful. Still the same Cynthia. She has a little place on Ridge Street."

So Cynthia hadn't gone back to live in the big old house on Elm Street, Stella thought.

She said, "Say hello to her for me." Maudie had laughed. "Oh, sure. I'll dash right over as soon as I get back with the news flash. Well, goodbye, Stella. See you."

Only you mean you hope you don't. Stella had thought, watching the plump, retreating back.

And now this morning the Centerport News carried the announcement of Maudie's engagement to Joe Tremaine. (Joe Tremaine, of all people!) Remembering that Maudie hadn't mentioned it to her yesterday made her give a little inward shrug, thinking, "It'll be a cold day before any of the Ridgeville crowd invites me to their engagement parties or weddings. And then she added defiantly: So what? It's no skin off my nose."

Bill had joined her then on the terrace, where they took most of their meals in the good weather, and after the maid had brought their breakfast she told Bill about running into Maudie yesterday and about Maudie's engagement.

He said, "Mmm?" absently. "Let me see the financial page, will you, baby?"

Watching his handsome head bent to the paper, she thought, "He's not the least bit interested in anything that goes on in Ridgeville. I wonder if he ever thinks of Cynthia?"

After he left for the bank that his grandfather had founded, she felt the restlessness nipping at her, like an irritating small dog. She couldn't push the idea of phoning Cynthia from her mind. She roamed the house aimlessly, appraising her possessions, opulent and eye-catching, and pride warmed her blood again. Here she was while Cynthia lived on Ridge Street! She lifted her chin and triumph was sweet on her tongue once more, and envy no longer lived within her.

It was then she decided that she had to see Cynthia. She hurried into the

(Continued on page 101)

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Before: Teen-age Sally's fine straight hair, pulled back in a pony tail, accented prominent forehead, don't-care attitude, unattractive glasses.
After: A permanent gives her hair body, reverse-waved bang adds height. Softly-curved sides give width, balance frankly prominent, gay glasses



PHOTOGRAPHED BY PETER BASCH



Before: Ten-year-old Susan had badly cut, wispy hair. Poorly fitted glasses, too large for a tiny face, tipped forward, gave her sad look.
After: An off-the-forehead stuffed bang, curls all around starting at the temples, make a softer frame for smaller, better-shaped glasses

SHE'S pretty. Mother," Jenny said about the new girl in her sixth grade. "And she doesn't wear glasses." "You wear glasses and you're pretty." I remonstrated. "You think so, Mama." Jenny said simply, "because you love me." I said no more for she had come very near the truth. With glasses she was still pretty—but it took discerning eyes to see it. There've been other problems. The first few days she wore them she came home from school crying. Once the lenses were shattered by a snowball. Again, she laid them under a tree and her father ran over them with a lawn mower. In summer at the lake, I feared she might lose her bearings while swimming.

Fortunately, my problems are not shared by all parents. When Cindy, our extrovert young neighbor, first wore glasses at school she made them such an asset that half the girls begged their mothers for glasses.

"Timmy loves his glasses," said one mother of my acquaintance. "He's always had his brothers' hand-me-downs, and the glasses are the only valuable things he's ever owned."

But many mothers of boys who wear glasses tell a story of both worry and expense. "Boys take their glasses off when they fight or scuffle," says the mother of an active 12-year-old. "The glasses are forgotten or stepped on. Pete's lost or broken more pairs than I can remember."

Another mother says, "Joyce thinks I don't understand how it feels to be a teen-ager and have to wear glasses. But I do. The heartbreak before the big dance, the eternal question 'Shall I wear them or shan't I?' is no different from when I was a girl."

Fortunately for parents whose children wear glasses, there is a credit side to the ledger. Foremost is thankfulness that lenses can be prescribed and ground which will give the child with defective eyesight normal—or near-normal—vision.

First, of course, the need for glasses must be established. Rarely can the child be depended upon to acknowledge it himself. Sometimes he does not know that he does not see as well as other children. Other times he is aware of it—and goes to elaborate pains to conceal it. One 10-year-old boy—afraid that if people saw him wearing glasses he couldn't become a pilot—had a trusted friend read him questions and problems from the blackboard that he could not see. This arrangement went on until finally the "seeing-eye" friend inadvertently told his own mother, who passed the word on to the would-be pilot's startled parents.

We have come a long way toward a sensible approach to the problem of glasses. They are more attractively designed, and more care is taken in fitting them to the individual wearer. Parents too can make life happier for the child who must wear glasses. For the older girl, an "extra" pair is a gift without price. One 16-year-old put a request for "a giddy pair of glasses" on her Christmas list ahead of a coveted phonograph. Regardless of sex or age, a pair of sunglasses ground to a child's prescription will make his summer months happier.

If your girl must wear glasses, don't overlook the possibility that a new and softer hairdo may make her glasses more becoming. One mother followed her young daughter's trip to pick up new glasses with an appointment at the hairdresser. Another, who had resisted her child's plea for a permanent, promised the gift of curls to make a debut with glasses.



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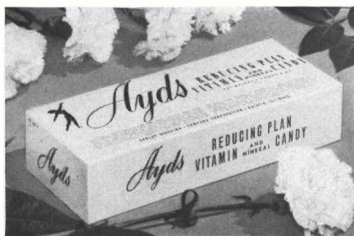
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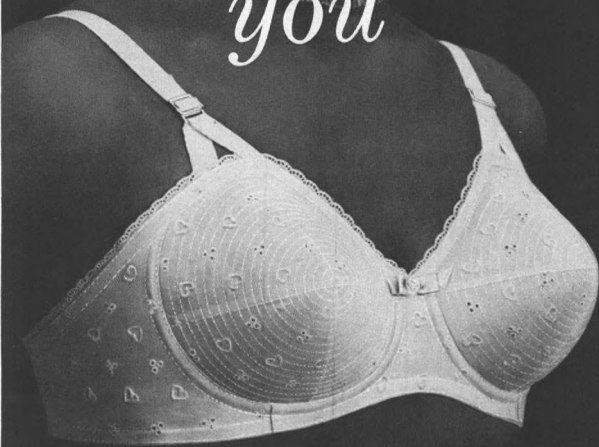
Linda Christian vacationing in Acapulco. "I discovered for myself that by taking Ayds I could lose pounds easily," says Linda.



Linda loves the sea and the surf and the sunshine. "I recommend Ayds," says Linda. "It has done wonderful things for my figure."

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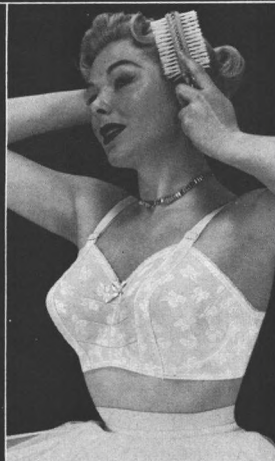
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the questions you ask
the doctor about

VIRUSES

By Dr. John Fitch Landon

1 *This winter most of the children in our neighborhood have been sick with a "virus infection." What does this mean?*

Nowadays many people use this term loosely to mean an illness similar to old-fashioned grippe, with fever, sore throat, aching muscles and perhaps a cough. Strictly speaking, a virus infection is a disease in which any part of the body is attacked by one of several types of viruses. There are many virus diseases, among them polio, smallpox, sleeping sickness, yellow fever, mumps, measles, influenza and the common cold.

2 *Just what are viruses, and how do they differ from bacteria?*

A *virus* (Latin: poison) is a tiny bit of matter, so small that it can only be seen through a powerful electron microscope. Bacteria, those common germs which cause scarlet fever, typhoid fever, whooping cough, carbuncles and other diseases, are larger than the viruses and can be seen under an ordinary microscope. The size of the largest virus is about the same as that of the smallest bacterium. Viruses also differ from bacteria in that they penetrate inside the tissue cells of the body and spread their infection. Bacterial infections work outside of cells, and for that reason have been easier to treat.

3 *If polio and smallpox are both "virus infections" why don't they have the same symptoms?*

Because they are caused by entirely different viruses. The doctor can tell the difference by a physical examination and by special laboratory tests.

4 *How is a child most apt to pick up a virus infection?*

In the same way that he gets the majority of other diseases—through his mouth, nose or stomach and intestines. Measles, smallpox and the common cold are spread by virus-infected droplets of nose and mouth secretions transmitted through the air. Mosquitoes, ticks, mites and fleas also transmit virus diseases.

5 *How does virus pneumonia differ from ordinary pneumonia?*

The virus type, which doctors call "primary atypical pneumonia," with its fever, cough, headache and sore throat, usually starts more slowly than the pneumonia caused by bacterial infection. It is more difficult to diagnose; it lasts longer; and the choice of drugs is limited.

6 *Penicillin is used so often to stop infections. Can't it cure virus pneumonia too?*

No. Penicillin and the sulfa drugs, which usually bring dramatic improvement in bacterial pneumonia, are not effective against the virus type. The best antibiotics for virus infections are aureomycin, chloramphenicol and terramycin.

7 *Can my youngsters be protected by vaccination against virus diseases?*

In some cases. Vaccination against smallpox and yellow fever is highly successful. Measles can be prevented or made milder by injections of gamma globulin. The paralyzing form of polio may be prevented or made less severe by the now famous "GG" shots. Vaccines for influenza, mumps and the common cold are now available and in some cases have immunized children against these diseases. But for many virus infections there is no vaccine. Protect your children against illness by keeping them away from people with virus diseases and by building up their natural resistance with nourishing food and plenty of sleep and exercise.

8 *Aren't there any new drugs to cure virus diseases?*

At least 20 new drugs, which either prevent or cure virus infections, are now being tried out in research laboratories. Already these drugs have destroyed viruses growing in test tubes or have cured virus-infected mice. None of the drugs have yet been used on human beings. But scientists predict that one, or several, of these virus-killers will soon be ready for human experiments.

(Continued from page 96)

hall and this time picked up the telephone and said firmly to the operator, "I'd like the residence of Cynthia Van Dine, on Ridge Street, in Ridgeville. No, I don't know the street number." All I know about her is that she took back her maiden name after the divorce.

The telephone felt a little slippery in her suddenly moist hand. How would Cynthia react to her call? Would she still display the lovely poise, the eternal, cheerful, *exasperating* calm? Or would she at last show her true colors and lash out bitterly at the girl who had once been her dearest friend?

When she heard Cynthia's voice she made her own cheerful, friendly. She said, "Cynthia, this is Stella. I ran into Maudie yesterday and she told me where you were living."

There was a small pause. Then Cynthia said gravely, "Hello, Stella."

"Look, Cynthia, I have to go to Ridgeville this afternoon. I have a little business to attend to." She told the lie glibly. "I thought I'd like to see you if you could spare a half hour or so."

Again the pause. Then Cynthia's voice, with a small, almost exasperated sigh: "Oh, Stella, really." Then a little sound, a sort of audible shrug.

"It's so silly, isn't it? Well, all right, Stella, sure. Stop in and have a cup of tea with me. It's 55 Ridge, you know."

Stella hung up and sat there beside the phone for a long, long moment, the remembered voice still sounding softly familiar in her ears, bringing back poignantly pictures from the past: the smiling fourteen-year-old face of Cynthia framed in its nimbus of pale hair, the soft voice telling the friendly lie; the first blinding sight of Bill May with Cynthia at his side; the image of Grove Anders, appearing suddenly before her in the moonlight on the beach that night, harsh and angry, saying, "What do you think you're doing?" and, months later, Cynthia's pale, shocked face in the doorway of the old-fashioned sunroom, while Stella stood there proudly, breathless in her triumph, knowing that at last she had won.

"Forget it," she said aloud to herself. "It's all over and done with. I just want to see Cynthia once more. To set it all straight."

Later, pretty and chic in her pink tweed suit, driving the green convertible along Centerport's Fontaine Avenue where the big old houses made their dignified stand, she said again, "Forget it."

When she passed the old May mansion sitting well back on its large corner plot, the lawn sloping down to a stone retaining wall, she averted her eyes.

"Forget it, forget it!" she repeated impatiently, making a sharp, reckless turn onto the highway that led to Ridgeville. But forget it she could not.

She slowed down and took one hand from the wheel to smooth the pink skirt of the expensively simple suit, loving the rich feel of it, remembering that first day at Ridgeville High, the agony of embarrassment she had known in the sleazy, made-over crepe dress that had belonged to her mother . . .

THE Johnsons moved to Ridgeville when Stella was fourteen. They had come from a city two hundred miles away because Sam Johnson, a fairly good mechanic, had responded to the frantic pleas of his old friend Hank Werner, who had a service station on the outskirts of Ridgeville. Overriding Martha Johnson's equally

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frantic objections, he had invested his life savings, amounting to fifteen hundred dollars, in return for a partnership, in an attempt to bolster Hank's sagging business.

At fourteen, Stella was fraught with irritations and frustrations, and was despairingly wearied of the continual nagging and bickering that went on between her parents. She had hated the thought of moving to a "hick village," as she called it, and having to make a change in the middle of her

first year of high school. But driving through the wide, tree-lined streets of Ridgeville that first clear, early spring day, she had grudgingly conceded to herself that perhaps it wouldn't be too bad.

When they finally reached the house Hank Werner had rented for them, a shabby, tattle-tale-gray clapboard building in the poorer section of town, her mood had changed back to black despair, and that night she went to bed weeping wildly and saying to her-

self over and over between sobs, "I hate it! I hate it! I hate it!"

It was three days before she'd consent to go to the school to register, and she was prepared to despise it and everyone connected with it.

Ridgeville High School was a pleasant low brick building with large shade trees about, and Stella stood on the broad steps for long minutes, hating it, remembering with affection the grimy, factory-like building where she

(Continued on page 103)

Where To Buy the Spring Suits Shown on Pages 30 and 31

ALABAMA

Hirmingham, Kessler's
Decatur, Lee's
Dothan, Van Riech
Fairfield, Union Supply Co.
Mobile, C. J. Gayfer Co.

ARIZONA

Tucson, Horns

ARKANSAS

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CALIFORNIA

Bakersfield, Egger's
Berkley, Wallace & Wallace
Chicago, M. Ozer & Co.
Coronado, Kippys
Eureka, Daly's
Fresno, Strauss'
San Diego, The Marston Co.
San Francisco, City of Paris
Turlock, Town Shop

COLORADO

Denver, Gano Downs
Greeley, J. V. Smith

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

Washington, Linsburgh's

FLORIDA

Panama City, Velma's
St. Petersburg, Rutland's
Tampa, Wolf Brothers Women's Shop

GEORGIA

Rome, Fassmanns
Savannah, Fines
Statesboro, H. Minkovitz
Waycross, Churchwells

IDAHO

Idaho Falls, Leo Levine
Moscow, Davids'
Payette, Lovely Lady Shop
Pocatello, Camilles

ILLINOIS

Belleville, Fellner Reihem
Carhendale, Stroup's
Collinsville, Mary Ann Shop
Danville, Meis Bros.
Dixon, Edna N. Nattress
Flora, Olivia Fashion Shop
Hillboro, Rosenfelds
Litchfield, Sidney's Womens Wear
Macomb, Ranney's, Inc.
Olivey, Janet Shop
Rushman, New Line Shop
Springfield, Bergeta
Streator, Paris Cloak Co.
Waukegan, Hein's

INDIANA

Crawfordsville, Golden Rule
East Chicago, Mademoiselle Shop
Indianapolis, The Wm. H. Block Co.
Terre Haute, Meis Bros. Co., Inc.

IOWA

Ames, Lila B. Fromm
Carroll, Style Shop
Cedar Rapids, Newman
Des Moines, Wolf's, Inc.
Ft. Dodge, Hollywood Style Shop
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Shenandoah, Mae Farmer Fashion Shop
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KENTUCKY

Danville, Cinderella Shop
Middleboro, A. D. Campbell Co.

LOUISIANA

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Shreveport, Rubenatems

MARYLAND

Baltimore, Hutzler Brothers Co.
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MASSACHUSETTS

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MICHIGAN

Holland, Jeanoes
Kalamazoo, Mahoney's
Mt. Pleasant, Marianne Fashion Center
Muskegon Heights, Terry's
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MINNESOTA

Fairmont, Flora's
St. Cloud, Herberger's

MISSISSIPPI

Laurel, Carter Heide Inc.

MISSOURI

Brookfield, The Vogue
Columbia, Suzanne
Excelsior Springs, Style Shop
Festus, Golmans
Flot River, Golmans
Independence, A. J. Bundschu
Jefferson City, Purple Shop
Maplewood, Horpers
Mexico, Connor Wagoner
Rolla, Emporium
Sedalia, Connor Wagoner
Springfield, Savage Juliette
Warrensburg, Connor Wagoner
Washington, Millers

MONTANA

Sidney, Yellowstone Mercantile Co.

NEBRASKA

Lincoln, Magee's
Omaha, Herzbergs
Scottsbluff, Doutrins

NEW HAMPSHIRE

Lebanon, Style Shop
Littleton, Libbey's

NEW JERSEY

Camden, Lester
Plainfield, Claire Williams

NEW MEXICO

Santa Fe, The Guarantee

NEW YORK

Albany, M. Sulmon Furs & Fashions
Buffalo, Wm. Hengerer Co.
Elmira, E. Hazel Murphy Dress Shop
New York, B. Altman & Co.

NORTH CAROLINA

Gastonia, The Vogue
Raleigh, Ellisbergs
Winston Salem, Arcade Fashion Shop

NORTH DAKOTA

Grand Forks, Bray's

OHIO

Akron, Birnbaum's
Celina, Renzsch
Springfield, Phillips
Steubenville, Reinecke, Inc.
Zanesville, French Shop

OKLAHOMA

Arkmore, Dauber's Department Store

OREGON

Clatsop Bay, The Hub
Enterprise, Harold's
Eugene, Millers

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Chester, Spratz Brothers
Erie, Trask's
Harrisburg, Fellers, Inc.
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No. 95. No. 96. No. 97. No. 98. No. 99. No. 100. No. 101. No. 102. No. 103. No. 104. No. 105. No. 106. No. 107. No. 108. No. 109. No. 110. No. 111. No. 112. No. 113. No. 114. No. 115. No. 116. No. 117. No. 118. No. 119. No. 120. No. 121. No. 122. No. 123. No. 124. No. 125. No. 126. No. 127. No. 128. No. 129. No. 130. No. 131. No. 132. No. 133. No. 134. No. 135. No. 136. No. 137. No. 138. No. 139. No. 140. No. 141. No. 142. No. 143. No. 144. No. 145. No. 146. No. 147. No. 148. No. 149. No. 150. No. 151. No. 152. No. 153. No. 154. No. 155. No. 156. No. 157. No. 158. No. 159. No. 160. No. 161. No. 162. No. 163. No. 164. No. 165. No. 166. No. 167. No. 168. No. 169. No. 170. No. 171. No. 172. No. 173. No. 174. No. 175. No. 176. No. 177. No. 178. No. 179. No. 180. No. 181. No. 182. No. 183. No. 184. No. 185. No. 186. No. 187. No. 188. No. 189. No. 190. No. 191. No. 192. No. 193. No. 194. No. 195. No. 196. No. 197. No. 198. No. 199. No. 200. No. 201. No. 202. No. 203. No. 204. No. 205. 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(Continued from page 101)

had gone to school in the city. Later, she had scornfully looked over her classmates and said to herself, "Hicks!"

That afternoon when she got home she said to her mother bluntly, "I've got to have some sweaters and skirts. I'll never wear this rag again." And she had pulled the made-over crepe dress from her slim young body. "Everybody was laughing about it behind my back." She defended that extravagant remark to herself by thinking, Well, they probably were, those snooty kids in their sissy sweaters and pleated skirts.

Her mother said, "Now, look here, Miss Hoity-toity, we have to watch every penny now that your father's dragging us into the poorhouse. We haven't any money to throw around." But she had capitulated finally before Stella's cold, relentless insistence, and having won her point Stella made her way downtown to Steel's to buy herself two sweaters and two skirts, which she wore interchangeably the rest of the term.

She left her classmates strictly alone for three days and they retaliated in like fashion after one of them, a chubby, cheerful-looking girl named Maudie Matthews, had offered to help her find her way to the cafeteria for lunch the first day. Stella had replied coldly, with raised eyebrows, "I guess I can find my way around. I come from the city, you know."

She had regretted it almost instantly, feeling lonely and insecure and frightened, but she had to back up the words with an attitude of scornful aloofness. She went from room to room by herself, careful not to look directly at anyone, and in the noisy cafeteria where most of the students ate their lunch she would sit stonily at one of the long tables, hating herself for listening with interest to the talk that swelled and buzzed around her.

ONE girl in particular caught her interest, but whenever the girl's eyes would happen to meet Stella's glance, Stella would deliberately turn her face away.

The girl's name was Cynthia Van Dine, and she was the most attractive girl Stella had ever seen. Not in the flashy way Connie Gerhardt had in the city had been. Stella had always thought Connie, at fifteen, the most glamorous girl anywhere, with her carefully made-up face and shoulder-length red hair and high heels and figure-hugging silk dresses. But after her first sight of Cynthia Van Dine, Stella secretly revised her opinions. She scarcely admitted it to herself, however, as if somehow she was being disloyal to her own standards.

The boys in the city who had whistled after Connie Gerhardt probably wouldn't look twice at Cynthia Van Dine, but to Stella there was something so hopelessly, unattainably perfect about this Ridgeville girl that she felt a curious mixture of admiration and resentment. She was of medium height with a slim, shapely perfection of body, narrow ankles and feet and hands (what they call aristocratic). I suppose, Stella thought scornfully to herself, but it was Cynthia's face and hair that made her so memorable.

Her features were delicate and precisely, finely drawn, her hair the palest blonde and naturally curly, so that even when it was drawn back from her narrow, lovely face there was always a halo around her head of the fine blonde, curly tendrils that escaped the restraining ribbon. Her eyes were a clear, almost startling turquoise, fringed with surprisingly dark lashes, set under dark, arched eyebrows.

(Continued on page 104)

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(Continued from page 103)

Stella, who had always considered herself "not so bad," and a "cute cookie," in Connie Gerhardt's words, felt herself reduced to commonplaceness beside Cynthia Van Dine. She watched her secretly and jealously for three days, trying to analyze what besides her looks made Cynthia stand out so from the others, what made her so sought after. Finally she decided that apart from the fact that she was probably rich—"Little Miss Richpants," she had privately named her—it was in a great measure due to Cynthia's air of cheerful self-assurance, her manner of always knowing the right word to say, the right thing to do, her sweet, amiable, smiling, soft-voiced niceness.

Stella said to herself, "What an act. I could do it myself if I wanted to put myself to all that trouble."

On her fourth day at Ridgeville High, as Stella started out on her lonely trek to the cafeteria, Cynthia Van Dine caught up to her in a little rush and, smiling the brilliant, sweet smile, said, "May I eat lunch with you? I've been deserted and I hate eating alone."

Stella found herself caught off balance by this unexpected approach and she heard her own voice saying traitorously, "Why, sure, I'd like it."

She walked on air the rest of the way, scarcely hearing what Cynthia said, feeling important and proud that Cynthia Van Dine had singled her out.

She knew Cynthia had lied about being deserted when they entered the cafeteria and a group of girls called out, "Hey, Cynthia, here we are," and then fell silent when they saw Cynthia's companion.

Stella felt herself stiffen and she thought, So she was just putting on her Lady Bountiful act with me, trying to make the foreign peasant happy. Who does she think she is?

But she couldn't sustain her anger. Cynthia started off by saving, "I've been dying to get to know you. You're the most interesting-looking girl in school. But you've been so—so reserved that I decided I'd have to do something about it."

Stella thought, Oh, come, come, Miss Richpants, you're not going to win me over with that kind of hokey. But warmth had flared up gratefully within her at Cynthia's words. After the first few minutes of self-consciousness she found herself melting under Cynthia's smile, her interest, and she softened enough finally to tell Cynthia how she had hated leaving the city, about the horrid little house she lived in and how she knew she'd always hate Ridgeville.

Cynthia said, "Well, that's only natural. Anyone hates being uprooted. But you'll like it here, you'll see. It's really a lovely place. We have marvelous times. I'm having a party next Saturday and I want you to come."

ONCE Cynthia took her under her wing, the others had to accept Stella, and they did it with good grace. The rest of the crowd meant nothing to Stella—in her private opinion they were "just a bunch of blops"—but she quickly learned to conform, to say and do the right things, smile and act friendly and interested, groan with exaggerated disgust when the others did, whoop with delight over the things that were supposed to overjoy one. Most of it Stella found "too juvenile for words," but she made herself fit the pattern because she had to stay within that charmed circle of light that Cynthia shed.

For the rest of her years in high school and beyond, she and Cynthia were "best friends." Occasionally it

occurred to Stella to wonder why Cynthia, who had everything, should have singled her out, but she never asked. Even when they became so close that not a day went by that each didn't recount to the other in minutest detail the thoughts and feelings and events of her day, she still didn't ask. It was almost as if she were afraid that putting the question into words would make Cynthia suddenly wonder herself and perhaps realize that she might have shown poor judgment.

Cynthia lived with her grandmother on Elm Street in a big, old-fashioned house that had wide porches around three sides of it, wooden lace and dormer windows. It would have made a modern architect shudder, but Stella felt in her young bones that here dwelt quality and dignity. She soon found out that Cynthia and her grandmother lived on a tiny income, but she continued to think of Cynthia as being rich. After all, she lived in that fine old house, didn't she, and the Van Dine name was the oldest and most honored in Ridgeville.

SHE learned from Cynthia that her mother died when Cynthia was born and that her father had died two years later. "Granny said he died of a broken heart, they were terribly in love, and as he was Granny's only son she always says how lucky for her that she has me. I always say back, how lucky for me that I have her."

Old Mrs. Van Dine was a sweet, frail, arthritic old lady dependent on a cane, but her face never revealed what pain she might be suffering. Her features were delicate and fine and still beautiful and her soft, curly white hair created the same hair effect that Cynthia's blonde hair did.

Stella would think, That's the way Cynthia will look when she's old. And then, remembering her own mother's dissatisfied, slightly coarse features, the once-pretty mouth frozen in a perpetual droop, she would say to herself fiercely, "I won't. I won't! I won't let myself get to look like that."

She spent most of her time at Cynthia's. At first she had felt embarrassed about it and had finally said to Cynthia, "I'd ask you over to our house but my mother hasn't been feeling too well lately, and the place is such a mess anyway—"

Cynthia had said, "Well, as a matter of fact, Stella, I like to be home as much as possible. I know Granny gets lonely, even though she wouldn't admit it, and I like to be there to see that she's all right, and she loves having people around. She says it keeps her young."

The crowd always went to Cynthia's anyway, so Stella didn't feel too bad about it. Except that it added to her envy of Cynthia, made her wish desperately that she had the kind of house where everybody always wanted to come. They would gather on the wide porch in the soft summer evenings, with the street light filtering through the honeysuckle vines, lolling in the porch swings and in the chairs, drinking Cokes, with a portable radio tuned low, the girls' light voices and the boys' deeper tones sounding clear and sweet and young in the quiet air.

And Stella, watching Cynthia out of the tail of her eye, envying her, loving her, hating her, wanting to be Cynthia so strongly that it was an actual ache inside her, would think with that precocious wisdom she had acquired the hard way: Nothing in my life will ever mean as much to me as this does. Or be as painful.

She envied everything about Cynthia—her looks, her background, her home, her grandmother, her manner, her style of dressing—all the hopelessly inimitable things. The way

everyone considered her the last word, the way the girls worshiped her and the boys deferred to her as if she were something quite apart from the other girls. She even envied her her romantic-sounding name, and the fact that she was an orphan—no gloomy, quarreling parents to be ashamed of.

She envied her her easy, affectionate manner with her grandmother. Cynthia would rush into the house, flinging her schoolbooks onto the marble bench in the marble-floored entrance hall, calling, "Granny! Where are you, Gran?" and when she came upon the old lady would throw her arms around her, saying, "How are you, love? I mis-ed you. Did you miss me?"

Stella, waiting her turn to say her polite hello, would think wryly of her own home and what would happen if she were to throw her arms around her mother and say, "How are you, love? Did you miss me?"

They talked about boys a lot, of course, and Stella would always say flatly that there was no one, but no one, in Ridgeville she could ever be interested in. She secretly thought for a short while that Cynthia was interested in Grove Anders, who lived next door to the Van Dines and who was already in college, but she finally realized she was wrong about that. And Grove was really quite a droop, she thought—a thin, shy, intellectual-

never paid any attention to her, even Joe Tremaine, who was hopelessly devoted to Cynthia, joked and danced with her and preened before her. The girls took her into their intimate little groups, whispering their innocent secrets, and she found herself revising her former opinion of them. They weren't such blops after all, once you got to know them.

She loved everyone that night and her laughter rang out sweetly and often. She even coaxed Grove Anders to come a little out of his shell and dance with her.

Closing the door on the last departing guest, Cynthia turned to Stella, shiny-eyed. "It was fun, wasn't it, Stell? And, oh, Stella, you were marvelous. Everybody thought you were wonderful tonight."

The oversensitive feelers tried to pick up some implied criticism there. Did Cynthia mean that ordinarily she was a drip?

She said, "Honestly, how silly can people get? Just because for once I didn't look as if I bought my clothes in a thrift shop—"

"Why, Stell, you always look lovely, and you know it. It was-n't the dress, although it's true that wearing the right things can give a person a lot more confidence and self-assurance. But you seemed to forget yourself to-night: you were the way you always should be, gay and sweet and inter-

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MY WHOLE LIFE

by Mary Pickford

looking young man with horn-rimmed glasses. When he was home from school he would spend most of his time at the Van Dine house, sitting quietly on the porch on the fine evenings or inside in the cold weather, and he was always there at the parties, unobtrusive, quiet, almost critical, Stella thought.

She never discussed him with Cynthia until the night of the party Cynthia's grandmother gave for Cynthia on her eighteenth birthday, which was two weeks after graduation.

Stella was to spend the night at the Van Dine house, and that, coupled with the fact that she was wearing a dress she really loved and had been able to buy regardless of cost, had made her radiant all evening.

The financial affairs of the Johnsons had improved. "Sam Johnson's folly," as Stella's mother called it, was beginning to pay off finally, but instead of making her mother happy it only seemed to add to her discontent. However, Stella had been given enough money to buy a dress in Centerport and she had found the lovely, glitter-sprinkled strapless white pique that had made even Cynthia say, "I could snatch it off your back."

It was a wonderful party that had gone on until two in the morning. That night Stella had been almost as much in demand as Cynthia. Boys who had

ested in others, the way you really are underneath that hard-boiled attitude you like to affect."

Stella gave a snort of laughter. "What rot. I'm a hard woman and you know it." And she added scornfully, "I was just trying it out tonight to prove how easy it is, but frankly I don't think it's worth the effort."

Cynthia laughed, shaking her head. "Sometimes when you're being difficult I wonder why I bother with you."

Fear, cold and clammy, clutched at Stella, but she managed to say lightly, "Nobody forces you to bother with me, you know."

"Of course not," Cynthia said gravely. "And no one forces you to bother with me, either. It's because we like each other and are really friends. I'd be terribly unhappy if anything happened to our friendship."

And the breath went out of Stella in a relieved sigh.

Lying in the other bed in Cynthia's room, Stella said, "This is the kind of bedroom I want someday," looking around enviously at the heavy mahogany furniture and the rich embossed wallpaper.

Cynthia said, laughing, "I can't wait to change it—if I can ever afford to. I know just what I'd do with it. I'd paint the walls a luscious watermelon pink; I'd throw out all this

(Continued on page 108)

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May's new hairdo has beautiful simplicity, was created for her by Helen Hunt, famous Hollywood hair stylist. Wispy little curls at her temples and cheeks provide a flattering break in the sleek, brushed-back lines. You can see below how soft whirls at the forehead add height, draw attention to the delicacy of May's features. The back is carefully tapered, brushed smooth to a little point at the nape of the neck, without end curls to interrupt the clean curved line



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(Continued from page 105)

heavy stuff—oh, well, it's just a dream."

Stella was almost shocked, she had for so long considered everything in the Van Dine house the ultimate in desirability; and she was also a little affronted, as if somehow Cynthia had questioned her taste. The resentment that seemed always to be smoldering somewhere under the surface flared up, and with it a necessity to take Cynthia down a peg or two.

She groped around for a change of topic and finally said, "I don't see why you always have that droopy Grove Anders around. He's such a nothing."

Cynthia raised herself on her elbow in the other bed and looked across at Stella. Even with cream on her face she looked beautiful. She said in a surprised tone. "Do you think so? He's an awfully nice boy, really."

Stella said, "Nice, nice! Who cares about nice?"

"Well, it's important, Stella! Really it is. Anyway," she added with a smile, "he's around because of you. He's got a terrible crush on you. Hadn't you noticed?"

"On me!" Stella had almost screamed. And then she remembered how often at gatherings Grove had happened to be at her elbow when she turned around. He was always the one to inquire if there was anything she wanted, to ask to walk her home (the numbers of times she had refused him!), and she thought disgustedly. Wouldn't you know? The only one in that crowd who prefers me to the sainted Cynthia has to be the drop of the ages.

She said, "Well, I'm not flattered. Maybe he's one of Ridgeville's finest, but in my hook he's still a drop."

Cynthia turned over with a little sigh and said, "Turn the light out when you're ready, Stella. You're making a mistake about Grove. But I hope that wonderful superman comes along for you someday."

Stella, reaching out to switch off the light, said, "Amen, sister."

THERE was no possibility of Stella's going to college; she had decided the only thing to do was take a secretarial course in Centerport and perhaps get a job there. The right sort of job, she felt, would give her a chance to meet the right sort of man. And that was her ultimate goal: a man with money—more money than anyone in Ridgeville had to offer.

Although most of the crowd were going away to college, Stella didn't mind having to stay behind because Cynthia wasn't going either. She could have, however, because a Van Dine great-aunt in Boston had offered to send her, but Cynthia had decided not to leave her grandmother.

So the picture changed after graduation, and Stella liked it better. She mellowed a little that fall and winter, and her friendship with Cynthia became closer and seemed to her to be on an easier, firmer basis. Without the others around she could be herself with Cynthia. For long stretches of time she could forget the difference in their backgrounds, the envy that was always simmering there under the lid of her mind.

It was a lovely winter. Sometimes she would come into Cynthia's house, shaking the snow from her and shouting, "Come on out, Cynthia. It's wonderful!" And she and Cynthia would walk through the thick, softly falling snow, arms linked, laughing breathlessly, enjoying the soft kiss of the snow on their faces, the taste of it on their lips. And when they got back, tingling, exhilarated, Granny Van Dine would have hot chocolate waiting for them.

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They would sit around, relaxed, talking lazily, listening to records, and sometimes Granny Van Dine would become reminiscent and Stella would listen, entranced, to the tales of Granny's youth, a world a million hopeless miles away.

It became a habit with Stella, after the sooty train ride from Centerport, to stop by Cynthia's, and often she would stay to dinner. Cynthia was running the big house alone now and she was a surprisingly good cook. She invented interesting dishes and took great pains to make everything look attractive and appetizing. Stella watched carefully, eager to learn the gracious ways of living, and she learned a great deal from Cynthia.

She never minded doing dishes at Cynthia's house. She handled the beautiful china almost reverently; she would spend long, patient periods polishing the fine old silverware. At home she did these mean chores grudgingly, hating the stodgy, unimaginative meals her mother prepared, hating to handle the ugly, coarse dinnerware.

She came into Cynthia's late one afternoon in spring and found Cynthia painting her bedroom. She was up on a stepladder, dressed in jeans and a sweat shirt with a bandana tied round her fair hair, and she was painting the walls the watermelon pink she had told Stella once that she wanted.

She came down from the stepladder, wiped her hands with a rag and said, "I saved enough money by not having Mrs. Smiley for a few weeks and doing the scrubbing and laundry myself to pay for doing some of the rooms over."

Stella said, "I didn't know you could paint."

"I didn't either," Cynthia laughed. "But you know, I'm very good at it."

She looked as delighted as if she'd found a pirate treasure, and Stella sniffed and said, "I don't see why you're getting such a kick out of doing a lot of back-breaking painting."

"Oh, it's fun; I love it! Look how beautiful it's going to be, and I'm doing it with my own hot little hands. Wait till you see it finished! I found some quite nice furniture up in the attic that I'm going to paint avocado green, and then I'll move all this gloomy old stuff out."

Stella said stubbornly, "I like it better the way it is."

"Well, you wait and see," Cynthia said. "You know, I think I have a talent for this sort of thing, and today I decided on my career. I'm going to be a painter and decorator. A painter especially. I'll go around painting people's houses, making everything nice and gay and cheerful for them. A lot of people live with the wrong colors and wrong décor and don't know why they're unhappy and frustrated."

Stella said, "Honestly, Cynthia, sometimes I doubt your sanity. What will people think? Cynthia Van Dine, of all people, going around with a paint can under one arm and a stepladder under the other!"

"If I become a good painter, that's all that matters. People should do the things they get satisfaction out of, the things they really want to do." She relaxed into a chair. "What do you want to do, Stella?"

"I want to marry a rich man," Stella said.

"No, but really, Stella."

Stella repeated, "I want to marry a rich man. That's the thing I'll get satisfaction out of, the thing I really want to do."

"You mean, just like that? Whether you love him or not?"



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Detergents are here to stay. Make sure your hands stay pretty, too. Keep Jergens Lotion and use it regularly after each chore. You can do a housewife's job, but it's nice to have a sweetheart's hands.



Only 10¢ to \$1.00 plus tax

Use JERGENS LOTION — avoid detergent hands

"Oh, I'll probably love him dearly."

Cynthia regarded her quizzically, smiling a little, frowning a little. "You're young, Stell. You'll change your mind. You'll find there are a lot of things more important than money and possessions."

"Name me a hundred," Stella said. Cynthia laughed and pushed herself gracefully out of the chair. "Well, back to the salt mines. I want to finish that wall today. Stay to dinner, Stell."

"I can't. I have to go home and help with the ironing. I loathe, loathe, loathe ironing."

"I don't like it either," Cynthia said from the stepladder. "But this I love." And she dipped the paintbrush happily into the paint can.

Stella was smiling a little when she let herself out of the house, and with the warm spring afternoon closing around her like a gentle embrace she went slowly, dreamily down the walk and onto the tree-shaded sidewalk.

She didn't see Grove Anders until she was almost upon him. The smile still on her face, she said out of her dreamy musing, "You know, Cynthia is a remarkable girl. She decided today she's going to be a painter! Can't you see our pretty little Cynthia going around painting people's houses, dragging her stepladder after her?"

She laughed gaily at the thought and then she saw that Grove was looking at her curiously, almost surprised.

(Continued on page 113)

by Helen Carlton

McCall's Patterns



Evelyn Ay, Miss America 1954

Cotton in many moods

Plan ahead for a spring and summer wardrobe
you can make yourself. These vivid cottons
were designed especially for Miss America

9657



Delicate iced-floral print sets the mood for a high-waisted princess dress. We like the scalloped surplice top and graceful gored skirt that takes to yards of petticoats

Back views last page. More McCall's patterns page 112

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Lighthearted party dress--a deep sweetheart neckline, a full gored skirt.
Brilliant red polka dots are embossed on the black ground



9659



Adventurous . . .
beautifully detailed charmer.
Carefully matched stripes emphasize the goring, piquant cutout neckline and capped sleeves. The skirt has four gores front and back

9661



EVERGLAZE COTTONS BY EVERFAST
JEWELRY BY SANDOR GOLDBERGER
BELTS BY ANNETTE
COLOR PHOTOGRAPH BY TED CRONER
AT FICKS REED FURNITURE SHOWROOM

9658

Casual . . .
a collarless dress, the sleeves cut with the bodice, memorable in a bold abstract design. There is an inverted pleat in front, a gently flared back



Exotic birds
of paradise flutter on this soft feminine dress that can be made in a few hours. Cut full, with no waistline, it can be cinched with your favorite leather belt

Concentrate
on
necklines

9687

9686



Deep V-neck for our slim suit,
squared off by a distinctive collar.
You might try lining the jacket in the
same fabric as the pretty Ascot-tie blouse

Curved shawl collar accents our becoming suit,
composed of a series of sweeping lines.
Curving back yoke melts into a seam line
over the bosom, shoulders are gently rounded

FABRICS BY BURLINGTON
FURS BY ANNIS
PHOTOGRAPHS BY LESLIE GILL AT LAVERNE ORNDORF

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(Continued from page 109)

He said, "Hey, you're acting almost human."

Instead of stiffening at his words as she might ordinarily have done, she looked at him with a surprise that equaled his own. She said, "And so are you."

He laughed easily, looking down at her. "Oh, I'm human, all right. You just never bothered to find out. Are you wending homeward? I'll walk you part way."

They went slowly along the broad avenue, the late afternoon sun slanting through the tender young leaves of the trees that arched above them, the air sweet with new promise, sweet with old memories of other springs, and within Stella was a sharp new awareness of Grove Anders.

She had to look at him several times before she could really evaluate how much he had changed. He was taller, the lean frame had filled out just enough to make him look hard and wiry, his face had strengthened, had aged just enough to erase the shy, unformed look of youth, and the blue eyes behind the dark-rimmed glasses had a keen, all-seeing, slightly amused expression.

Why, he's quite nice-looking, Stella thought, amazed. He's grown up. He must be twenty-two. He's a man. And he used to be such a drowp!

She found herself remembering Cynthia's saying, "You're making such a mistake about Grove," and she wondered how Cynthia could have known he would turn out this way.

She said, "What are you doing home in the middle of May? Did fair Harvard heave you out on your ear?"

"I'll have you know I'm top of my class. As a matter of fact, I'm going back tomorrow. My mother has been ill and Dad thought maybe I could cheer her up. She's much better today."

Stella said, "My, my. He's smart, and he has a good bedside manner too."

He laughed, and she laughed too, and when they crossed the street he held her arm carefully, protectively.

He walked her all the way home, and her mood began to sink as soon as they turned into the dingy street where she lived.

They stood on the sidewalk in front of her house, Stella with her back to the window where her mother was undoubtedly watching through the weather-stained curtains, and she lifted her face and looked into the sky and breathed in the air that even here smelled sweet with spring.

He said, "Isn't it nice today? I feel busting out all over with spring. Would you go for a ride with me later if I can borrow Dad's car? Come June I'll start saving for my own. I finish college this year, you know, and then I'm going into my uncle's plant."

Stella said, "I'll be finished with my course in June too. And then, shudder, I'll have to start looking for a job."

He smiled down at her, and she could see the liking in his eyes. "You'll get one easy. Why don't you let me talk to my uncle? If you work at Anders Plastics maybe I can get to take you to lunch now and then."

She said, "Why, Mr. Anders, you don't think I'd mix business with pleasure, do you?"

He said, "You haven't answered me about tonight."

She thought of the mountain of laundry waiting to be ironed, her mother's nagging, plaintive voice. Cynthia would say, "I've got to do the family ironing, but you may come and entertain me in the laundry while I iron like crazy."

Invite Grove Anders into her untidy, unhappy home?

She said, "I'm sorry, I'm going to be busy tonight."

"But I'm leaving tomorrow—" "Well, you'll be back in June, won't you? You can take me driving some night in June."

"All right. Hard-to-get. I'll hold you to that."

She said, "Bye, Grove," and started up the path quickly, before she could change her mind. When she was inside she closed the door behind her and stood for a while leaning against it, feeling all through her a surprised kind of pleasure that she liked Grove so much. Then she looked about her at the dreary place that was her home, at the blowsy, discontented woman who was her mother, and all the desperate frustration of her life rose like a dust cloud around her, suffocating her.

Her mother said, "So you finally decided to come home. Why didn't you invite your friend in? Ashamed of your home? I don't blame you if you are. My father would turn in his grave if he could see the way I'm forced to live."

Stella went into her room without answering and closed the door. She sat on the edge of the bed and thought of Cynthia, and she said to herself, "If I can do it, I can too."

The next afternoon she stopped at Carver's and bought material and paint, and that day she started on her project of improving her home conditions. She spent long hours laboriously making curtains and draperies copied from those in Cynthia's home; she painted woodwork until her arm was stiff. But the colors were never right and the paint dribbled over everything and never looked smooth. She went on doggedly until she'd painted all the woodwork in the house, saying through clenched teeth, "If she can do it, I can. At least it will be clean."

She never asked Cynthia's advice nor told her what she was doing. "And have her laugh at me?" she would say to herself. "Show her what a boob I am, and that I have to copy everything she does?"

She mended worn upholstery, weeded the small yard, and even succeeded in nagging her father into having the house painted. Further than that she could not go, being continually thwarted by her mother's complaints that they weren't made of money, and who did Miss Hoity-toity think she was?

One day in the middle of June she said to her mother and father: "I want to have a party when the kids are back from school. I've been going to everybody else's house for years and it's time I entertained some of my friends here."

Her mother said, "And have them all laugh behind your back at the way we have to live because your father hasn't got the brains or background to provide decently for his family? My father provided us with a lovely home that we were proud to invite people to." She glared at her husband. "The fine men I passed up for this one!"

Sam Johnson said wearily, "Oh, dry up. Go back and try to get one of those fine men, why don't you? And leave me in peace."

Stella, clenching her teeth, clenching her hands till the nails bit into her palms, flung out of the house. She never mentioned a party again.

And the next day, looking around at the results of her labors, the homemade-looking curtains, the sloppy painting, seeing how far removed it all still was from the gracious atmos-

(Continued on page 115)



Are you in the know?

If a friend's ex-steady wants to date you

Grab the guy Get the facts Be sly

Secretly, you've been green-eyed about him — tho' as Sally's beau he was "mustn't touch." But they've broken up; and now you hear the "all clear" (you t-h-e-e-n-k). Listen again. Get the facts—from Sally. Is she still torching for him? Then he's still off-limits, unless you'd like being the town's meanest moll! You're all clear, confidence-wise, when you rout certain days' discom-fort with Kotex. For softness unlimited, Kotex holds its shape.



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= a Costume!

9670



A tailored jacket tops a supple bare-armed sheath. We show it in a mixture of rayon and Acrilan that practically cares for itself



A softly fitted jacket covers a slim princess dress--here in lightweight wool. We used a brilliant red to emphasize the dramatic low curving collar

HATS BY WALTER FLORELL
JEWELRY BY MONET
PHOTOGRAPHS BY LESLIE GILL AT LAVERNE ORIGINALS

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(Continued from page 113)

phere of Cynthia's home, she said to herself grimly. "The devil with it. Someday I'll marry a rich man and have things the way I want them."

When Grove Anders came home from school and she started dating him, Stella would be careful to be ready when he called, and she never asked him in when he brought her home. Most of the time she arranged to meet him at Cynthia's.

They double-dated a lot that summer. Stella and Grove and Cynthia and Harvey Pardell, who had been Grove's roommate at college and who was spending the summer with Grove.

Most of the Ridgeville younger set were paired off now. The twosomes that had started tentatively in high school had settled down to "going steady." They didn't herd together so much in large groups now.

Cynthia didn't have a "steady." She dated Joe Tremaine now and then, and Harvey Pardell, and occasionally one or two of the other boys. She was still the acknowledged leader of her crowd, they still gathered at her house when the clan met, she was still the most beautiful and admired and imitated, but she avoided seeing too much of any one young man.

She said to Stella. "It wouldn't be fair to take up all of a boy's time unless I were serious about him. I want to get married and have a home of my own and children, but I've got to be crazy mad in love with the guy. Oh, Stell, wouldn't it be awful if I never married?"

"Me too," Stella said darkly. "I'll be an old woman before the right man comes along."

"Oh, but you've got Grove. It ought to be easy to fall in love with him."

"Now, really, Cynthia, he's awfully nice, but he's not *that* good. He makes seventy-five a week and he has to pay part of that for his car. And *maybe* in twenty years his uncle might leave him the business. I like him a lot but he's just someone to pass the time with."

How explain to Cynthia that what she wanted was glamour, excitement, wealth, something so tremendous it could take her out of herself and make a new person of her, give her a wonderful new kind of life?

THROUGH Grove, she became secretary to the office manager of Anders Plastics, and although it was not her idea of the ideal job she took it because she needed experience. She was marking time, she told herself. As soon as she became a good, efficient secretary she would get herself an apartment in Centerport and a really good job there with an important company. Ridgeville and Anders Plastics were very small potatoes to Stella.

Sometimes, though, in the soft summer evenings, riding beside Grove through the leafy countryside, she would feel drawn to him, enjoying his nearness, the sound of his voice. And the first time he kissed her, really kissed her, she felt her defenses slipping away, felt as soft and disarmed as the summer evening, and she knew a kind of yearning to give up the struggle, the dream, the plans she'd so carefully plotted. Perhaps it wouldn't be so bad to be an ordinary wife, married to an ordinary man, living a nice, ordinary kind of life.

Her blood warmed to him, to the sweet romantic night, and she was soft and responsive in his arms. When she drew away finally she could feel him trembling a little against her, and she said softly, "Stella, you do like me, don't you? I was beginning to get a little worried."

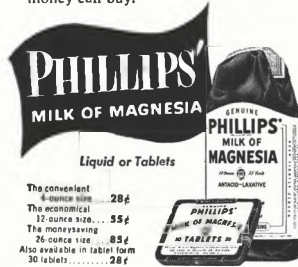
She made herself say flippantly, "That was merely sex rearing its ugly

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than single-purpose laxatives which have no effect on the acid indigestion that usually accompanies constipation. For Milk of Magnesia relieves both conditions. Two to four tablespoons taken at bedtime work *leisurely*—without embarrassing urgency. So, when morning comes, you start the day feeling wonderful. Get Phillips' Milk of Magnesia—the best laxative money can buy.



head. Don't get any bright ideas." But she was shaken too.

The next morning, walking to work, passing the little houses where the young wives were hanging out the wash, sweeping the porches, yelling at their children, she felt the old iron returning to her spine.

Oh, no, she thought. That's not for me. I'd end up being like my mother. And when she remembered how she had felt with Grove the night before she said to herself sternly. "Sure, he's attractive, but he's not what you're after and don't you ever forget it."

There was a picnic at Fairweather Beach that evening, and Grove and Stella went directly from the office. It was a hot, humid day and the white pique dress she had worn in anticipation of the party was a little wilted and grimy by five o'clock. She was irritated by that fact, by the heat, by her dull job, by Grove's suddenly possessive attitude; and when she arrived at the beach and saw Cynthia and the other lucky girls who didn't have to slave in a grubby office all day, her irritation became boundless.

Cynthia was wearing pale blue linen pedal pushers, a spanking-white cotton blouse and shrimp-pink espadrilles. Her fair hair with its cloudy golden halo was pulled up from the nape of her neck and tied with a shrimp-pink ribbon. She looked cool and fresh and beautiful and chic, and Stella, out of her envy and irritation, said, "I wish I had nothing to do but stay home all day making myself pretty for a date."

Cynthia laughed. "Why, Stella, you meanie! Besides cleaning the house, fixing the meals, doing a little painting and a little sewing, I've been over a hot stove making fried chicken and potato salad for tonight, and there you've been leaning on a nice cool typewriter all day."

Grove said, "Her typewriter isn't cool. It's mighty hot the way she makes those keys fly. She's really a whiz." He smiled at Stella and she thought, He's really nice, awfully nice.

Cynthia said, "I wish I had a job. I mean a real job in the marts of trade. You're lucky, Stella, but you don't realize it."

Stella said to herself, "Oh, come, come. Don't try to kid me into thinking you'd change places with anyone."

LATER, lying beside Grove on the sand, feeling relaxed and refreshed after her swim, Stella said musingly, "What is it about Cynthia? What is it, besides her looks, that makes everybody want to be around her, to be like her?"

Grove raised himself on an elbow and looked across at Cynthia busily unloading hampers of food.

He said finally, "She's really wonderful, you know. She's one in a million. I've never known anyone like her. Nor have any of us, nor will we ever meet her like again, probably."

Stella said, "That's superlative praise indeed. Since you think that highly of her, how is it you've never fallen in love with her?"

He said, laughing, "Oh, gosh, she'd never look at me."

Stella sat up. "But since I'm nobody," she flared, "you think I will."

He looked at her, surprised, and then his expression softened. He said, "Oh, Stella, relax. You're always so tense. Stop fighting that war you have with life. I didn't mean it that way at all, and you should know it, Cynthia and I are good friends and I like her enormously and I think she likes me, but I've never thought of her as a possible sweetheart, nor has she considered me that way. I don't know how to put it, but there's some-

(Continued on page 117)

"Doctors' tests reveal this new chlorophyll derivative

CHECKS WOMEN'S Special ODOR PROBLEM!"



reports Registered Nurse MARY L. RHOAD

As Nurse Rhoad explains: "Even women scrupulous in hygiene habits suffer from this embarrassing problem. It has defied elimination until now."

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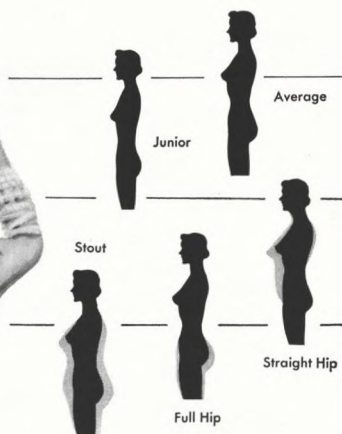


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McCall's Patterns

9681

Princesse from France

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FABRIC BY MALLINSON
PHOTOGRAPH BY SCAVULO

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For your sake, and your family's, too, how about signing up today?



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(Continued from page 115)

thing other-worldly about her. Where-as you," he went on, rumpling Stella's dark hair. "are definitely of this world and I'm mad about you. Or haven't I made it clear?"

But Stella was thinking. Is Cynthia really as wonderful as people think her? I'll bet if she were ever in a tight spot, if things ever came to a real showdown, she'd reveal her true colors. Nobody can be that perfect.

All fall and winter she continued to go out with Grove, but she never allowed him to feel sure of her. And she never again let herself respond to his kiss the way she had that spring evening. She would sometimes go for a week or two without seeing him outside the office. Occasionally she went out with Cynthia and some of the other boys, to the movies or dancing at the Centerport Plaza.

Grove took it all with good-humored grace. He had a patient, waiting sort of attitude that infuriated her. She would say to herself, "He thinks if he just keeps on waiting I'll eventually give up, that I'll never be able to find anything better and I'll have to take him. Well, he'll see. They'll all see."

She didn't know how she was going to manage to attain her wonderful dream, but she had a strong inner conviction that somehow she would. She planned to leave Anders Plastics in the spring and get herself an apartment and job in Centerport. She saved her money; she bought clothes carefully; she made discreet inquiries about places to live and the most successful firms in Centerport.

And just when she was ready to tell her parents her plans, her father died unexpectedly one night in his sleep, and all the plans collapsed about her.

She felt a depressing kind of pity for her father, who had got so little out of life, and a complete contempt for her mother, who was carrying on now as though Sam Johnson had been the great light of her life, the ideal husband.

Stella was disgusted with herself for not being hard enough to walk out on her mother, but she knew she had no other course than to stay with her and help support her. The meager insurance Sam Johnson had carried barely covered his funeral expenses; and although Hank Werner agreed to give Martha Johnson a small percentage of the business profits, this wouldn't be enough to cover her living expenses.

So the months rolled on, and Stella sometimes felt she would suffocate from her frustrations.

I'm getting old, she would think in panic. I'll be twenty next month and I'm not getting anywhere; I'm sliding back, if anything.

Then, to make matters still worse, that winter Cynthia went with her grandmother to Florida. Old Mrs. Van Dine's arthritis had become so bad that her doctor ordered her to a warm climate, and the Van Dine great-aunt in Boston, who always wintered at Palm Beach, had scooped up Cynthia and Granny and taken them with her.

They left in November, and in April, after letters from Cynthia that were little more than a report on Granny's progress and the weather, with a casual mention of new friends, Stella received a letter from Cynthia that shook her to her toes.

Dear Stella,

I want you to be the first to know that I'm engaged—to Bill May, whom I met down here. Maybe you remember I mentioned him and how amazing it was to find someone here who

(Continued on page 119)



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9673

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Toreador silhouette

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(Continued from page 117)

came from Centerport? That's probably what drew us together in the first place, having been practically neighbors back home without knowing it.

I know you'll like him: he's a fascinating person. He's twenty-five and was wounded in Korea and has been down here convalescing for about six months, but he's good as new now.

Oh, Stell, remember when I used to say how awful it would be if I never got married? Well, I certainly didn't expect it would be *this* soon, Bill's the impetuous, impatient type, bless him, and he wants us to get married this summer, and of course I want you for my maid of honor. I'll write in more detail later—Bill just got here and he hates to be kept waiting. Isn't it exciting, Stell?

Love,
Cynthia

After the first moment of shock had worn off, Stella called Maudie Matthews, who knew a lot of people in Centerport.

Maudie said, "Oh, how wonderful! I'm so happy for Cynthia. That must be the Bill May whose family founded the Centerport Bank and Trust. I don't know anything about him except that he's rich as sin."

It was almost too much for Stella, Cynthia, who was already so abundantly favored by Providence, had had the luck to spend a winter at Palm Beach and come up with a prize plum for a husband.

She had been missing Cynthia more than she would have cared to admit. She had been lonely without her, a real, heart-aching loneliness that had surprised her, and she had worried about dear little Granny Van Dine, and Cynthia too if anything should happen to Granny.

She had said to herself, the first time she realized how deep her feelings went, "Well, what do you know? I guess I really love them. I feel as if they're part of me, as if they're my family." She had never felt that way about anyone before.

But Cynthia's news threw her off center. It stirred the dust of her hopeless yearnings and she was choked again with frustration and the bitter ashes of envy. She felt deserted and betrayed—as if by Cynthia, after all her righteous talk, had turned around and done this deliberately to make a fool of Stella.

She found a somewhat meager comfort, however, in the thought that if Bill May was as rich as Maudie said, he was probably an awful gonn...

The first time she saw him it was like walking into a dazzling, blinding light. She was stunned and shaken, and she thought, But that's the man I've been searching for!

He was almost as blond as Cynthia and just as handsome in a masculine way; but whereas Cynthia's beauty was almost ethereal, his was an earthy, physical charm that sent out vibrations from his bright blue eyes and brilliant smile and lithe body. Watching him come toward her to take her hand, Stella thought, He's like a beautiful tiger; and her heart turned over and she was lost.

It was toward the end of May and Cynthia and her grandmother had been back only a few days when Cynthia invited some of her friends to meet Bill. But Stella was asked for dinner and the rest were to come in later. She never afterward had a very clear recollection of that evening beyond the first shock of meeting Bill May. Perhaps it was partly because she had an unaccustomed two cocktails before dinner.

(Continued on page 121)



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(Continued from page 119)

Bill had said. "Now, Cynthia, my love, in Centerport—" emphasizing the word and winking at Stella so that she knew he and Cynthia had joked about this before—"in Centerport we always have cocktails before dinner. I know Ridgeville is a little backward, but you'll learn, dear. I'll make them and Granny Van Dine will have the first one. Eh, Granny?"

Granny Van Dine, her frail little body sunk into a large soft chair, an afghan over her knees, nodded and smiled. "Just you be careful, Bill, that you put only one stick in mine."

"All right, if you want to be a sissy. But I'm going to put an extra one in Stella's drink." He gave Stella an admiring, appreciative smile. "I see why Cynthia talked about you so much, Stella." Then he took Cynthia's hand and led her off, saying, "Now all you have to do, my dear, is show me where you hide your contraband."

WHEN he left the room, Stella felt as if she'd been flattened by a hurricane. Then she caught Granny Van Dine's steady gaze and she put Bill out of her mind and went to the old lady, pulling up a hassock to sit beside her.

She said, "I'm so glad you're back, Granny. I missed you. I kept feeling you were my family, and I didn't like having you so far away. How are you feeling now?"

The thin little hand, like a withered rose petal, patted Stella's smooth young fingers. "I'm much better, dear. Stella, I worry about you. You're too tense."

Stella laughed. "Don't you worry your pretty head about me. I'm fine."

Oh, yes, I'm wonderful, Granny. I've just fallen in love with the man Cynthia's going to marry.

"What do you think of Bill?" the old lady asked.

Stella shifted on the hassock, smoothed her skirt. She said, "He seems very nice."

"Nice! The uses to which people put that poor word. I would say 'nice' is the last word to use to describe Bill. But he is charming and warm of heart and I hope he makes Cynthia happy. He's a lucky young man."

"Yes, he is," Stella said. And what of lucky Cynthia, she thought.

Then Bill and Cynthia came back with the cocktails and she let herself be persuaded to have two, and after that things became a little hazy.

When she was leaving, Cynthia whispered to her at the door. "You see why he swept me off my feet, don't you, Stella?"

Stella said, "Yes, I do. He's wonderful," and she couldn't look at Cynthia. "I'd better dash. Grove's taking me home and I see he has the car out front already."

She scarcely spoke to Grove on the way home and said good night to him abruptly in front of her house. She went quietly in and to her bedroom, thankful that her mother was asleep. And she got into bed and wept, beating her fists into the pillow.

Her feeling for Bill May frightened her a little. She had never wanted anything so desperately in her life as she wanted Bill. She had never known what it was to be wildly in love with a man.

Even if he hadn't any money, she thought with an aching kind of amazement. I would love him.

There were parties in Centerport, parties in Ridgeville, for Cynthia and Bill, and at all of them Stella was present, keeping her longing inside her, feeling it grow and swell within her like an illegitimate, unwanted child.



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Fortunately there was no time for the old intimate talks between Cynthia and Stella. The wedding date was set for July tenth and Cynthia was constantly on the go, attending to all the duties connected with the wedding, planning a trousseau for a European honeymoon, supervising the opening of the old May mansion in Centerport which had been closed since Bill's mother, the last of his immediate family, had died while he was in the service.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Van Dine, the Boston relatives, arrived the end of June to stay with Cynthia and Granny to help arrange the wedding, and Great-uncle Andrew was to give the bride away.

To Stella, the whole thing took on the proportions of a storybook romance, with Stella the yearning, envious urchin who must watch it all from the wrong side of a glass wall. That Cynthia should have all this, all the things Stella had dreamed and longed

for, was almost too much to be borne. She found herself closing the door on her love for Cynthia, and Cynthia, the dear friend, became lucky little Miss Richpants again, a symbol only and not a breathing human being with feelings of her own.

On July Fourth there was a dance at the country club, to be followed by a midnight picnic at Fairweather Beach. It was a soft summer evening, still holding the lazy heat of the day,

(Continued on page 123)

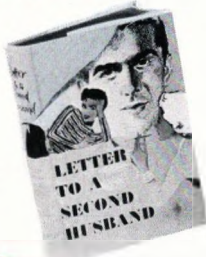
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(Continued from page 121)

and at the club they danced under the stars while the band played all the old nostalgic tunes. Stella, dancing with Grove, watching Bill's fair head moving through the crowd, felt her heart breaking.

Grove said, "Come back from wherever you are, Stella. I feel I'm dancing with a ghost."

She smiled blindly up at him. *Oh, Grove, leave me alone. Let my heart break in peace. Please don't intrude.*

She said, "I was thinking of Bill and Cynthia. What do you think of Bill?"

He took a few steps before he spoke. "He seems like a good chap, friendly. A little lightweight, perhaps, for Cynthia—she's a much stronger character, more adult. But who knows, maybe that's all to the good. I hope he makes her happy."

Stella said, "Why is everyone so concerned about Cynthia? Doesn't it occur to you that she's very lucky? Every girl here tonight would change places with her in a minute. They're all dewy-eyed about Bill."

Grove said, "You too, Stella?"
Before she could speak he said, "Don't answer that! I'd rather not know. Anyway, I'm bursting with news. I haven't told anyone else yet; I wanted you to be the first. My uncle has made me a vice-president and doubled my salary."

She tried to make her tone enthusiastic. "That's wonderful, Grove. I'm terribly happy for you."

"Well, is that all? Can't you show a little more interest in a man with a future? Doesn't it mean anything else to you? I'm now in a position to be able to afford a wife. Doesn't that interest you at all?"

No, Grove, I'm sorry. Even if you had as much money as Bill, I wouldn't be interested. I'm in love with Bill May and no one else will ever do.

She said lightly, "Please, this is a festive occasion. Don't bring up such ghoulish subjects as marriage."

She saw Bill coming toward her to cut in; her heart turned over and her knees went weak. Grove released her, and she went into Bill's arms as if she belonged there, closing her eyes, fighting against the fine trembling that went through her at his touch.

When she opened her eyes finally he was smiling down at her. He said, "You have the thickest black lashes—they're like fringe. Will you knit me a sweater out of them?"

She said gravely, "Yes, Bill. I'll do anything you want me to do."

He laughed silently, his teeth white in his tanned face, his hair looking silver in the moonlight. He said, "You're pretty enough tonight to turn a man's head. You and my bride-to-be are the beauties of Ridgeville. And all points north, south, east and west."

She said, unsmiling, "Cynthia's the real beauty."

"Naturally. Why do you think I'm marrying her?"

"She's also a wonderful girl." What was it Grove had said about Cynthia? "Groping for the words, she added, "You'll probably never meet her like again."

He said, "Naturally. And to repeat, why do you think I'm marrying her?" "She's very lucky too," Stella said.

"Ah, me! Aren't we all, to be alive on a night like this?"

"I'd rather be dead," Stella said flatly.

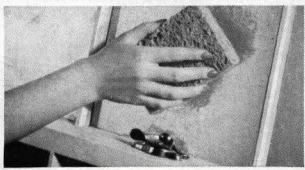
He stopped dancing and drew her to the edge of the terrace under one of the lanterns and, holding her arms so she couldn't turn from him, said sternly, "Now why would a beautiful young girl like you say a thing like that?"

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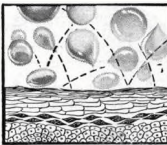
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She swallowed against the sudden hurting lump in her throat. She whispered, "Forget it, Bill. Make believe I never said it."

He held her firmly as she tried to draw away. "Why did you say that, Stella? That's a shocking thing to say."

She saw Cynthia and Joe Tremaine coming toward them, heard Cynthia's laughter ring light and sweet in the silky night air, and Bill released her arms and turned to face the others.

Cynthia said, "We're leaving now. We'll all meet at the house and change into our suits and pick up the food. Isn't it a heavenly night for a swim?"

By the time Stella got into the car with Grove she was outwardly composed; but her mind was busy with new thoughts, her body remembering the sensation of being in Bill's arms. For the first time she was allowing her mind to play with the wild, improbable notion that Bill might like her more than he realized. The way he

had looked at her tonight, the tone of his voice, his apparent interest in her...

Excitement ran hot as a fever through her. Could it be? Was there a chance? *I've got to find out tonight, she said to herself. Before it's too late and he's married to Cynthia...*

She came out of the sea and stood for a moment at the water's edge, pulling off her cap, shaking her dark hair free, shivering a little in the night air. (Continued on page 124)

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(Continued from page 123)

She had been watching Bill since the moment they arrived at the beach, her eyes meeting his now and then over the flames of the bonfire.

When she saw him wander away from the light, she had eluded Grove and followed at a distance. When he stopped and lowered himself to the sand she ran down the beach and into the water and came out at a point about in line with him. She saw the pale blur of his body and started toward him, coming around so that he couldn't see her approach, and when she was near him she pretended to stumble against him.

He said, "Hey! Who is this?" springing up and grasping her arm. He went on, "Whoever you are, I'm sure you're beautiful and also I'm sure that you're cold," and started chafing her damp, cool arms.

She whispered, "I'm Stella, Bill, it's me."

She heard the sharp intake of his breath, felt his grasp tighten on her arms, and she swayed against him, wanting to cry, wanting to tell him how much she loved him, and suddenly his arms were around her and he was kissing her.

She drew away from him with a little sob and he said, "Oh, Lord, that was a lousy thing for me to do. But you shouldn't have come upon me like that. Like a beautiful black-haired witch out of the sea."

HE TOOK a deep breath and then smiled at her. "I can see you quite clearly now, and you are a beautiful black-haired witch. Don't look at me like that."

She said bluntly, "What were you doing off here by yourself?"

He shrugged. "Just thinking. Counting my blessings and thinking."

She said, "You're not sure, are you?"

"Don't say that. Of course I'm sure. You shouldn't look at me that way. I'm only a human, susceptible male, after all."

She said, "I can't help it. I can't help the way I feel about you."

She heard him draw in his breath again, and then he said, "Oh, Lord, Stella," and took her in his arms again, not kissing her this time, just holding her against him.

She whispered, "Bill, if you'd met me first—"

He said quickly, "Don't say that. Don't say it, Stella—"

She saw someone coming over the sand toward them, heard Grove's voice calling, "Bill? Is that you, Bill?" And Bill's arms dropped from her.

She stood where she was defiantly, not moving away from Bill, and when Grove reached them he said, "Oh, it's you, Stella. Bill, Cynthia's been looking for you. She wants you to help with the food. Everybody's been wandering off, two by two, you know. I told her I'd scout around."

Bill said soberly, "Thank you, Grove. Thanks," and started off up the beach.

Stella moved to follow him and Grove grasped her arm, his fingers digging in, hurting her. He held her that way, while she tried to twist away from him, until Bill was out of earshot.

He said then, "What do you think you're doing?" his voice cold and angry.

She said furiously, "It's none of your business."

"I'm making it my business. Cynthia's been as close to me all my life as a sister. Probably closer. No one is going to hurt her if I can prevent it. And besides, you're my girl."

She said hotly, "I'm not your girl. I don't want you, I never have."

He released her arms slowly and stood there looking down at her silent-

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ly, his face pale in the moonlight. He said finally, "All right. You're not my girl. So endeth the first lesson."

He turned and moved away, and Stella, sick and shaken, stood for a moment in indecision and then started after him.

She said softly, "Grove, I'm sorry. I'm sorry if I've hurt you. I'm all mixed up, Grove. Try to understand."

He didn't slacken his pace. He said over his shoulder, "It's all right. Let's not talk about it any more. I'm going for a swim. Why don't you go back to the party?"

She watched his long lean body moving away from her toward the water, and a sob caught in her throat and she couldn't tell whether it was for herself or for Grove.

"I'll miss him, she thought. I'll miss him terribly. And the next moment the memory of Bill's kiss flashed over her, and she held her hand against her pounding heart.

After a little while she made her way back to the fire on the beach. Bill couldn't ignore what had happened between them. She knew now how he felt about her. He would have to do something before it was too late. . . .

But Bill did nothing. And in a week he was married to Cynthia.

It was a bleak summer for Stella. With Cynthia out of her life and Grove no longer a suitor, with the old house on Elm Street closed while Granny Van Dine visited in Boston, she had little else to do but go through the motions of her job, speak politely to Grove when he spoke politely to her in the office and brood when she was alone. She read and re-read the occasional cards Cynthia sent from Paris, from Madrid, from Rome, and her envy of Cynthia grew into a monstrous thing.

It was September before she realized with a kind of shock that Bill and Cynthia would be returning soon, and she knew she would have to make a decision. Her life couldn't go on this way, and her friendship with Cynthia could never be resumed now on its old footing. Besides, she couldn't risk seeing Bill again. The solution was for her to go far enough away so that she wouldn't have to see either of them again.

She tried to persuade her mother to go back to the city, but her mother wasn't easy to persuade, and in the meantime Cynthia and Bill returned to Centerport.

Cynthia called her several times, and although each time Stella made her voice friendly, interested, she gave excuses why she couldn't accept Cynthia's invitations to lunch or tea or dinner or a weekend. And then late in October she got a letter from Cynthia.

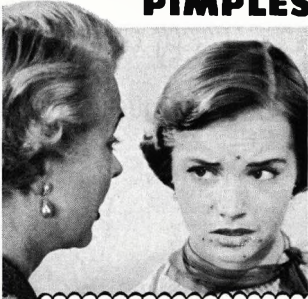
Dear Stella: Here I've been back over a month and I haven't seen you yet. You've sounded strange on the phone. Is anything wrong? I want to see you very soon so we can talk it all out.

I never realized how much I was going to miss Ridgeville and everything about it. Particularly you, Stell. It seems so strange not to be able to see you whenever I want and talk things over with you and hear your pseudonymous comments.

Can you get a couple of weeks off and come visit us? We'd both love it. Bill's finally consented to let me do the house over all by myself, so I'll be busy for quite a while. You know what a monster of a place this is, and even more old-fashioned than Granny's.

Stella, I wish you'd stop in now and then to see Granny. I worry about her terribly. She says she's doing fine, of

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course, now that Mrs. Smiley lives in with her, and won't think of coming to live with us although I've begged and begged. She says she hasn't heard from you since she got back from Boston. She'd love to see you—she's always been so fond of you, you know.

Anyway, you must come to visit us, and we can have all kinds of fun shopping for materials for the house and stuff and solving all the world's problems. Please, please, Stell!

So it was really Cynthia's fault, in a way, Stella always told herself. I'll just go and see how things are, she thought, and if they're happy I'll leave quietly.

She rode the endless forty miles with excitement making her breathing difficult. She was even excited at the thought of seeing Cynthia again, and surprisingly happy. Until, as always, the sight of Cynthia in her blue tweed suit, with the ineffably chic air that was as much a part of her as her skin, made Stella feel coarse and inappropriately dressed in the black gabardine suit she had thought so smart until that moment.

Cynthia said, "I'm so happy you're here at last! Stella, you look marvelous! Oh, how I wish you lived in Centerport."

Stella said, "Maybe I will someday," and she said to herself, "I've just decided I'm going to try, anyway. For once I've got to beat you, Cynthia Van Dine. Just once I want to win."

She didn't see Bill until evening, and when he walked into the room heat flooded through her and she thought she would faint.

If he felt anything beyond a proper, casual affection he didn't show it. He said, "Well, well, Stella, glad you're here. Now maybe my bride will get a little of the Ridgeville blues out of her system."

They had cocktails in the old-fashioned, glassed-in sun porch that Cynthia had fixed up as a den, and Stella was careful to take only one drink.

Cynthia said, "Wait till you see what I do with this old sun porch. I'm going to make it a real fun room. Of course we're going to have to close off a lot of the house—it's much too big—but I have marvelous plans for the rest of it."

Bill said proudly to Stella. "She really has some wonderful ideas. She's very clever at decorating."

And Stella thought spiritedly, He's just as much under her spell as everyone else always is.

All through dinner and the rest of the evening, she kept praying: Bill, give me a sign. Show me that you haven't forgotten. Give me some reason. I can't take you away from Cynthia if you don't want me.

In the end it was so much easier than she expected that it almost robbed her of her feeling of triumph.

TOWARD the end of her first week, Bill was starting to show the signs she was looking for. His eyes would meet hers and hold, and the blood would rush up into his face, and she would know. He began to avoid her, making excuses of paper work to do in the evenings, or he would bring home young men from the bank for Stella to meet, and she recognized these acts for the evasive measures they were.

Once when they were alone for a few minutes he said to her almost harshly, "Don't look at me that way, Stella."

She said simply, "I can't help the way I look at you, Bill. I can't help the way I feel. I try, but it's no good."

(Continued on page 126)

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(Continued from page 125)

Stella sometimes wondered if Cynthia were really as obtuse as she seemed. Surely she must sense something in the air. But Cynthia sailed blithely along, seemingly oblivious to the dark currents that swirled around her, and Stella thought. She's always had everything, always been so secure. It doesn't occur to her she could be deprived of anything she wanted. Well, it's time she learned.

The day before Stella was to leave, it happened. She was to go to a matinee with Cynthia and the wives of two of Bill's friends, and at lunch she complained of a severe headache and begged off. So she was alone in the sunroom when Bill came home about four-thirty.

She was stretched out on a sofa and he didn't see her at first, until Stella said, "Bill," softly.

He started, turning swiftly to look at her, and he said, "You shouldn't scare a guy that way. I thought you were at the theater."

"I had a headache. Bill, fix me a drink, please?"

He went to the bar in the corner and got out glasses and things and she could see that his hands trembled slightly. When he came to her with the drink she looked at him with all her longing naked in her eyes and he put the glass down very carefully and pulled her to her feet and took her into his arms and kissed her.

When he stopped kissing her she said proudly, gladly. "You love me, don't you, Bill? I knew it."

He held her hand against his cheek, looking at her worriedly, and she could feel the heat of his face against her fingers. "I shouldn't feel this way about you, Stella. I've been trying to fight it. You're Cynthia's best friend."

"And you're the man I love, Bill. I've never loved anyone in my whole life the way I love you. I'll die, Bill, if you don't want me."

There was pain and puzzlement in his eyes. He said, "I can't do anything to hurt Cynthia. She's too swell."

"Everybody is always thinking of Cynthia's feelings. All the years I've known her it's been that way. Nobody ever wants to hurt Cynthia. But what about me? I have feelings too!"

He said, "Poor Stella" half-mockingly, and then his arms tightened around her and she lifted her face to his.

They didn't hear Cynthia when she came in. It wasn't until she said, "Oh," in a small, scared sort of voice that they drew apart and saw her standing there in the doorway, her face pale and shocked.

Bill said, "Oh, Lord, Cynthia, listen, darling..."

But before he could go on, Stella said proudly, triumphantly. "I'm sorry, Cynthia; Bill and I are in love with each other."

She watched Cynthia's face go cold and expressionless, and she wanted to shout at her. "Say it. Go on, tell me what you think of me. Let me know that just once I've bested you, that just once I've won."

Bill said, "Cynthia, listen," and started toward her, and horror flashed over Cynthia's face and she turned from them swiftly and ran.

Bill slumped into a chair and covered his face with his hands. He said, "Stella, we shouldn't have done this to Cynthia."

They heard a motor start up and a car race out of the driveway. Stella went to Bill and put her arms around him. "We'll be happy, Bill. We'll be wonderfully happy. And Cynthia will be all right. Cynthia will always be fine."

If your skin looks "cakey" in a heavy make-up...

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THE COUNTESS

Alain de la Falaise

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She didn't see Cynthia again. Two days later Cynthia left with Granny for Florida, where she established residence and eventually got her divorce, refusing to take any money from Bill. Stella gave up her job and moved to a hotel in Centerport soon after Cynthia left, and Bill settled an allowance on Mrs. Johnson.

Bill and Stella were married in March and went on a Caribbean cruise, and it was while they were in Trinidad that Stella got a letter from her mother telling her that Granny Van Dine had died.

She cried when she read the letter and her grief followed her around for days. And the sense of guilt. She felt chokingly sorry for Cynthia, all alone now. No Bill, no Granny. But she didn't have too much time to think. Bill wanted constant companionship, and he liked her to be gay...

Before she got to the house on Ridge Street she was thinking. "It's different now. Now I'm the one who's rich and living in a big house and Cynthia is in a cheap little place on the wrong side of town."

There wasn't much satisfaction in the thought, however, because she knew Cynthia could have anything she wanted if she hadn't been too proud to take the settlement and alimony that Bill had tried to force on her.

She stopped her car in front of the little house on Ridge Street, trying to remember what had been there before Cynthia took it, placing it finally as the old red brick building that had housed a leather repair shop.

It was now immaculate and attractive in a coat of white paint, with black door and trim and flowering window boxes. The large window downstairs, from which had once peered the dusty, jumbled leather goods, was now sparkling clean and bore the legend "Cynthia Van Dine, Painter and Decorator" against a background of red-and-white-striped fabric.

Stella thought of that spring day so long ago—Cynthia on the stepladder painting her room. Cynthia saying, "Today I decided on my career. I'm going to be a painter and decorator." Nostalgia flooded her as she thought. So you finally did it, Cynthia.

And then she found herself looking enviously at the sweet, pretty, gay little house, wishing she had one exactly like it.

She went into the small entrance hall and rang the bell. When the latch clicked she drew a deep breath and went in.

Cynthia stood at the top of the stairs. She said calmly, gravely. "Hello, Stella," and for a moment Stella couldn't speak past the lump in her throat. She wondered if Cynthia really was more beautiful than she had been or if it only seemed so because she had forgotten how much loveliness was there.

As she climbed the stairs she noticed that Cynthia was wearing a cotton blouse and skirt in a shade of pink that made the pink of Stella's dress look garish. And she wanted to say resentfully, "Don't be so disgustingly polite. Why don't you tell me what you think of me? Or are you trying to shame me?"

She followed Cynthia into the living room of the tiny apartment above the shop, and while Cynthia was fixing the tea she took in every detail of the lovely, perfect room. It was all white, including the walls and carpeting and upholstery; the wood pieces were lacquered black; the tables had pink marble tops; and the only other spots of color were the pink and citron and black small pillows on the sofa and chairs. A huge round white lamp was

suspended from the ceiling, and a milk glass vase on one of the tables held a large bunch of pink roses that exactly matched the marble.

It was serene and charming, a room in which to be happy.

Stella thought of the sumptuous home she and Bill had built, the striking effects created by an expensive decorator from New York. Only this morning she appraised it so proudly, knowing the triumph of having something better than Cynthia had.

And now just walking into this place of Cynthia's had made her triumph bitter on her tongue, for this small, inexpensively furnished apartment of Cynthia's had something she could never attain, no matter how much money she spent.

She thought in despair. Oh, no! Don't let it happen to me again! And the old frustration and envy surged through her. *I don't want my rich, beautiful house any more. I want this.*

The phone rang several times while Cynthia was fixing the tea tray, and her voice was clear and gay and her laughter rang out sweetly. At the end of one call she said, "All right, darling, six-ish. The roses are so perfect I should give you a job as color consultant."

Darling, Stella thought. Was there a man in Cynthia's life? And jealously she wanted to know. *had to know.*

When Cynthia brought the tea tray and she saw the fine, well-remembered china and silver, the thought of Granny Van Dine made her catch her breath, and she said softly, "Cynthia, I was heartbroken to hear about Granny Van Dine. I wanted to write you, but I thought you might not like it—"

Cynthia said steadily, "Let's not talk about Granny now, please," and lifted the teapot.

Stella found herself remembering so many things about dear little Gran-

ny Van Dine, and sadness choked her throat and blinded her eyes.

She said humbly, "I've missed you, Cynthia," and she knew all at once why it was that she had felt she must see Cynthia today. She had managed to submerge her feeling of guilt pretty well up until now, but she didn't want to live with it any longer. She was going to give Bill back to Cynthia. It wouldn't make any difference to Bill; one pretty girl was as desirable as another to him.

She went on before Cynthia could speak. "Cynthia, if you want Bill back—"

Cynthia looked at her with a puzzled frown and then laughed. "Oh, Stella, do you really think I'd want Bill back? After the first shock wore off, I realized that Bill and I weren't suited at all. He swept me off my feet, but I think I knew even before the honeymoon was over that the man I thought I'd married didn't exist."

It was a full minute before Stella could speak. She said then, slowly, "I should have known. I should have known I never could have taken Bill away from you if you had wanted to keep him. I should have known I could never win, never get the best of you."

Cynthia said, "What are you talking about?"

"You always had all the things I wanted, that I could never have. I always envied you. Don't tell me you didn't know. It used to gnaw at me so I couldn't sleep sometimes."

Cynthia said, "You were the lucky one. You never had to watch someone you loved slowly eaten up by pain the way I had to see Granny. And you had Grove."

"Grove!"
Cynthia said, "I've been in love with Grove Anders ever since I was a kid. I
(Continued on page 128)

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(Continued from page 127)
 guess. You'll never know how much I envied you, having Grove's love, but thank heaven you didn't want him."
 Grove! Stella couldn't believe it. And Cynthia had given no hint, had never tried to take Grove from her, in fact had tried to make her appreciate him. *Cynthia, don't do this to me. Don't make me feel worse than I do.* She said, "You're happy, aren't you, Cynthia?" and Cynthia turned shining eyes to her.

"Terribly happy, Stella. I'm doing the thing I've always wanted to do and I'm going to marry the man I love. It turned out he loves me too."

"I'm glad," Stella said.
 She wished she could tell Cynthia all the things she was thinking. She wanted to say, "You were the nicest thing that ever happened to me. You did more for me than anyone else in my whole life. You showed me a different world. What will I do without you in my life?"

She said, "Cynthia, can I see you now and then? Can we be friends again?"

Cynthia got up and started to take the tea things out of the room. She said, without looking at Stella, "I don't think so, Stella. I think you know it too."

"Sure, I know. I just thought I'd ask. Well, I'll be on my merry way. It was nice of you to let me stop in. I was—*anxious* about you. I'm glad everything's fine."

At the door she turned and said bluntly, "Why did you want to be friends with me, Cynthia? You had everything, you had so many friends, what did you see in me that made you want to pick me up and make me your best friend?"

A small frown creased Cynthia's forehead. "Good heavens, Stella, what an odd thing to ask. I thought you

looked interesting, I guess, and I wanted to get to know you, and then when I got to know you I liked you. You were different from the other girls I knew; there was a hard, indestructible quality about you that fascinated me. And there was something sort of deep and sad in you that made me want to try to make you happy."

All right, Cynthia, don't go on. That's enough. I'm sorry I asked you.

She went quickly down the stairs. When she got into the car she sat there for minutes before starting it. She should hurry. She had promised her mother she would stop in for a visit at the little apartment in Centerport where she had lived since Stella's marriage. She saw very little of her mother these days, but she'd have to make her duty call today. It would have to be a short one because she wanted to get home before Bill did. She mustn't leave Bill alone too much.

She was suddenly remembering how easy it had been for her to get Bill. Who would be the next girl to want him? And would it be as easy for her as it had been for Stella?

She thought of Cynthia and Grove. Grove would make a wonderful husband. She closed her eyes and thought of what their life would be like, how happy they would be, and she said to herself in anguish, "I'll never have that kind of life, I'll never know that kind of happiness."

She started the car and gave a last look up at Cynthia's windows, and she knew she was leaving behind her all the best part of her life, the nicest thing that had ever happened to her. And she wanted again to be Cynthia so badly that it ached all through her. She wanted to be sitting there in that lovely apartment, with Grove coming in, with a whole lovely, serene life ahead of her.

THE END

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Laurie goes to Washington

Continued from page 37

my bed and board—and the way I feel this morning those two words mean the same thing; I'll gladly tote you to and from work; I'll teach you what every young girl should know about civil service; but as for taking you sight-seeing in Washington, that I will not do!"

As she opened the trunk of the car she added, "And please don't call me 'Hen.' On me it looks too good."

Laurie said in a subdued voice, "I'm sorry, Henrietta."

Henrietta looked up at her. She closed the trunk and put an arm around Laurie's shoulders. "Don't mind me, baby. I'm just an old bear at this hour in the morning."

Laurie's worried face brightened. She said earnestly, "I do think it was wonderful of you to offer to have me here."

Henrietta got into the car feeling slightly guilty. She hadn't "offered" at all. It had taken the combined pressures of her own parents plus Laurie's to get her to agree. "Just until Laurie gets so she knows her way around," Henrietta had written with heavy underlining to her mother. Laurie, she was sure, would be a howling nuisance. Having her around would upset all her own carefully planned routines. Not to mention the routines of one Gordon Smith. She had been sure that Gordon would be annoyed, and he was. Men were scarce enough in Washington, she thought rebelliously, without taking a chance on losing her one and only.

She knew that Gordon valued the long lazy Sundays they spent together either in her apartment or sitting outside on its small square of lawn. She valued them too. She cooked their Sunday dinner, fixing just the foods which Gordon would like. She helped him with his reports; she listened and made what she hoped were intelligent comments on his plans for his future in government service. A future which she was determined would include her. And just when she was beginning to think that Gordon was going to say something concrete about her inclusion, Laurie had to come!

THEY were passing some servicemen on the highway and Laurie said, "There must be lots of men in Washington."

"Uh-huh," Henrietta answered, adding to herself: And five girls for every one of them, ducky, as you will soon find out.

Laurie sat forward and stared through the wind-shield. "Will we go by the White House on our way home?"

Henrietta shook her head. "On Sundays I stay on this side of the Potomac. The tourists may have Washington with my blessing."

Laurie's "oh" sounded disappointed, but she laughed as they stopped for a light. "Look at the pigeons, Henrietta. They strut around just as if they know that they're Washington pigeons!"

Henrietta smiled. Darned if they don't, she thought. I've never noticed that.

As they went on, she said, "Take a look on the left, Laurie. That's the salt mine where you'll be reporting for work tomorrow. Known officially as the Pentagon."

Laurie's eyes grew round as they passed it. "It's enormous!" she breathed. "Doesn't it make you proud to know you work there? Doesn't it

give you goose flesh to think you're helping to make history?"

Henrietta gave a startled, "Huh?" But Laurie had turned and caught a glimpse of the cherry trees. She sat back on the seat with a sigh of pure bliss. "To think I'm going to live here. To think I'll see this every day."

All this and heaven too, Henrietta thought derisively. So she's going to make history. A gal with a GS-2 rating has about as much to do with making history as the kid who collects the Coke bottles. Ah, well, why should I spoil her girlish dreams? She might as well find it out for herself. After she's sweated out a summer or two here, she'll get some of that stardust out of her eyes.

LAURIE loved Henrietta's Arlington apartment; she was delighted with the studio couch where she was to sleep; she protested at the amount of space Henrietta had allowed for her clothing. Henrietta found herself smiling constantly as Laurie chatted about the folks back home while she was unpacking her luggage.

Henrietta took off her suit coat and hung it up, adjusting the shoulders carefully. Her one extravagance was good suits. She was standing in front of the dresser, running a comb through her short black hair, when Laurie came over and leaned on her elbows and looked up at her cousin's reflection. She said veeringly, "Do you suppose I could ever learn to look like you do?"

Henrietta stared at her. "Like me?" Laurie sighed. "You're so so smart-looking. So chic." She smiled. "I always have wanted to use that word, but I never saw anyone I thought fit it before. You do. You're chic. I don't think I'm the chic type at all."

Henrietta saw that Laurie's blue eyes were very serious. She was aware of an unfamiliar feeling in her chest. Good heavens, she thought, that must be one of the cockles of my heart warming up.

She tapped the top of Laurie's blonde head with the comb. "Don't worry about being chic, baby; just stay as sweet as you are."

She was humming a little as she went out to the kitchenette. As she passed the mirror in the living room she gave herself a hasty scrutiny. Now, how had Laurie known that "chic" was just what she wanted most to be? Henrietta knew her own face very well. She had looked at it with varying degrees of resignation for years. High cheekbones, good teeth and a noticeable nose didn't add up to beauty, but she had vowed that if she couldn't be beautiful, she could at least be chic. Well, bless her innocent little heart, Henrietta put the toast in the oven, feeling suddenly cheerful. Perhaps having Laurie around wasn't going to be so bad after all.

Later, when Laurie came out into the living room and saw that Henrietta was setting the small table for three people, she looked at her questioningly.

"A man, Laurie. One of those many Washington men you were talking about. A GS-8. I'll have you know. A career lad."

Laurie looked down at herself. "Do I look all right?"

Henrietta considered her. Dressed in a wide peasant skirt, her long blonde hair caught at the back with a blue bow, her feet bare in thong sandals, Laurie looked almost too all right. For a moment Henrietta had misgivings. When you stacked chic up against youth, chic took an awful beating.

Was she wise in exposing Gordon? She decided she was. Even Marilyn

(Continued on page 131)

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Betsy McCall ices a cake



Mummy was baking Daddy a valentine cake. "May I lick the bowl?" asked Betsy and Barbara at once. "Divide it," said Mummy, "and you may both help decorate the cake!"



Barbara squirted green scallops around the edge of the cake, and Betsy stuck a candy heart in each loop. "It needs more hearts," said Barbara critically. "Let me help!"



They added hearts until you couldn't even see the scallops any more. "There!" said Betsy finally. "Isn't it beautiful?" and she popped a red heart into her mouth!



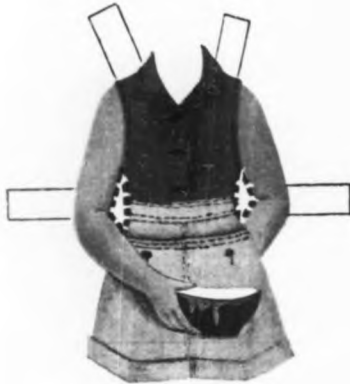
Betsy can wear a flared skirt with her coral blouse to make a dress



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(Continued from page 129)

Monroe, as a GS-2, wouldn't get more than an interested stare from Gordon. Protocol took precedent over passion. Until he had climbed to a GS-6. Gordon hadn't given her so much as a nod. On a slow track. I'll back my civil service rating, she thought, and Gordon ran on a slow track, as she had good reason to know. For a moment the clarity of her analysis made her vaguely uncomfortable, then she shrugged. You had to be realistic about these things.

"You look fine, Laurie." She wondered what Gordon would think of "the little horror from Oregon," as he had called her whenever Laurie's name came into the conversation.

Laurie thrust her hands into the pockets of her wide skirt. She said hopefully, "Do you suppose he might have a friend?"

Henrietta choked down a snort of laughter. The idea of approaching Gordon to find a friend for a teenager, the vision of Gordon double-dating with a bobby-soxer, was a riot. She grinned at Laurie. "In Washington it's every woman for herself, and the GS-2's take the hindmost."

Laurie accepted the fact cheerfully. When Henrietta brought out the silver she offered to polish it, and went to work.

JUST before noon the doorbell rang. Laurie gave Henrietta a startled glance and made a dash for the bathroom mirror. Henrietta opened the door to Gordon. He kissed her briefly, looking over her shoulder as he drew away. "Did the little—" Henrietta put a finger to her lips and frowned.

Laurie came out and looked shyly at Gordon as Henrietta made the introductions. Henrietta realized with a start that Laurie's expression was one of disappointment. She smiled to herself. No doubt Laurie had expected someone wearing a scarlet cummerbund and bedecked with medals. To see just an ordinary man in a business suit was upsetting her conception of Washington splendor.

After the introductions were over, Gordon smoothed his thin brown hair carefully and touched his tie. He rocked a little on his toes as he looked down at Laurie. "And how did you find Washington?"

Laurie said demurely, "I didn't. I let the pilot take care of that."

There was a small silence. Gordon's ears turned a little pink as he laughed shortly. He turned to Henrietta. "I can see we're going to have to brush up on high-school humor to keep up with your cousin."

Laurie gave Henrietta a swift, apologetic glance. She said hurriedly, "Henrietta has been telling me what an important job you have. It must be terribly..."

Henrietta relaxed. She interrupted Laurie to say that she would see about the dinner. From this point on, the conversation should be on safe ground. She heard the murmur of Gordon's voice as she worked in the kitchen, interspersed by Laurie's polite questions and responses. Then Laurie said, "Excuse me. I should be helping Henrietta."

Gordon waved her back to her chair. "She's an old hand at cooking. She won't want you out there getting in her way."

Henrietta felt a bit nettled. An old hand, am I, she thought. How does he know whether I'd like some help or not? He's never tried to find out.

Laurie came to the doorway. "Why don't you go in and sit down. Henrietta? I can do this. I know how."

Henrietta was washing the salad greens. She looked at Laurie dubiously. Gordon liked his dressing made in

just a certain way. Defiantly she took off her apron and went in and sat down. Gordon had picked up a section of the Sunday paper. When he did not speak, she picked up a section and began reading too.

Laurie looked pleased and proud when she called them to the table. Henrietta unfolded her napkin and looked at the food. She didn't look at Gordon. Gordon preferred his potatoes browned with the roast; he abhorred gravy; he liked a salad dressing that employed complex varieties of herbs and oil. The potatoes were fluffy peaks; there was rich, brown, country gravy; the salad had a cream dressing, tart, sweet and delectable. Henrietta recognized Grandma Lange's style of cooking. She filled her plate. Gordon might suffer, but she was going to enjoy it thoroughly.

She looked up at him once and then looked away. He had pushed his salad to one side, had taken none of the potatoes and gravy. Henrietta, seeing Laurie's downcast face, said quickly, "It's delicious. I haven't tasted anything so good since I left home."

Gordon frowned. "My own theory about American cooking is that once you get away from the Eastern seaboard, the food is impossible."

They ate in silence for a while, and then Gordon said, "I've got those reports with me. We ought to tackle them right after dinner if we're to get them done." He smiled at Laurie. "Perhaps your cousin can take over dish detail while we do it."

Laurie said eagerly, "I'd be glad to."

Henrietta looked from Gordon to Laurie. She said, "I thought we'd go sightseeing. It's a beautiful day."

Gordon put down his knife and fork with a little clatter. "Sightseeing! Are you crazy? With the cherry trees in bloom, it'll be a madhouse."

Laurie said quickly, "Please, Henrietta. I can wait. I don't mind staying here. I can read. Or look, if there's a theater near here. I could go to a movie."

Henrietta shook her head. "No. I wouldn't hear of it. Besides, it's much too nice a day to stay in and check reports. And the blossoms will be at their best today."

As they stacked the dishes in the sink Laurie whispered, "Please, Henrietta. Don't do this just for me."

Henrietta went to get her coat. I'm darned if I know whom I'm doing this for, she thought. She applied her lipstick slowly and, as she did so, chided herself for being an absolute fool. Gordon was furious, and if he crossed her off his list—what then?

She took advantage of a moment alone with Gordon, as they waited for Laurie, to kiss his cheek. She whispered, "It's just that it's her first day. Gordon. And I'll do the reports this evening."

"I told you how it would be," he said crossly. "Why don't you get a room for her in—" but Henrietta shushed him as Laurie joined them.

Gordon had told them how it would be in town too; he reminded them of the fact as they crawled slowly around the Tidal Basin. "Tourists!" he said contemptuously. "There ought to be a law against them."

Laurie said nothing. She stared out at the misty blossoms, her soft lips slightly parted, her blue eyes filled with wonder. Henrietta guided the car slowly toward the Lincoln Memorial. As they reached it, Laurie cried out, "There's a parking place, Henrietta!"

Henrietta pulled the car into a spot above the reflecting pool and they got out. She turned to Gordon. "Coming with us?"

(Continued on page 132)

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BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



(Continued from page 131)

He looked at her and scowled. "Walk up all those steps in this mob? No, thanks. I'll wait down here."

Laurie and Henrietta went up the steps together. By the time they reached the top, they were both panting a little and giggling. As they walked through the columns, Henrietta stood still and let Laurie go on by herself. She'd seen that statue so often!

She turned and looked down. Gordon was seated at the foot of the steps. He looked annoyed. He stared aloofly at the trees as if to disassociate himself from the crowd. Henrietta sighed.

Laurie was standing with her hands clasped behind her back, her lips moving as she read the words engraved above the seated figure. She reached out for Henrietta's hand and squeezed it hard. As she turned, Henrietta saw that Laurie's eyes were misted with tears. She said softly, "In the hearts of the people... enshrined forever... Oh, Henrietta, it's so true, isn't it?"

Henrietta looked from Laurie up to the still, sad face. She glanced around her at the hushed and reverent expressions. Many eyes held tears. She felt the unfamiliar surge of feeling in her chest again and grasped frantically at her own control. Darn, she thought, there goes another cockle!

Laurie wiped her eyes without embarrassment and smiled at a young Army lieutenant who was blinking rapidly.

"Let's go," she whispered. They started down the steps together. Just as they neared Gordon, she turned. "Henrietta! I forgot. I have to find it. I promised myself I'd look."

She looked back at the Memorial. "Massachusetts," she read aloud. "Maryland... Vermont..."

Gordon joined them as she went on. Then she shouted, "It's there. Henrietta. It's there! Almost above his head. Oregon! It's really there. Oregon!"

People were turning to look at them and smiling. Henrietta saw Gordon's face redden. He grated, in a fierce undertone, "For heaven's sake, does

she have to act like a tourist? Does she have to let the whole world know she's from Oregon?"

Laurie swung around. She backed away from him as she lifted her small chin. "And why not?" she said. "What's wrong with Oregon? Oregon is—pretty darn swell!" For a moment her lip quivered, and then she turned and ran back up the steps.

Gordon looked from her flying figure to Henrietta. He said, "Oh, for cripe's sake! Why don't you tell her that she'll get so used to this stuff she'll pass it without a second glance?"

HENRIETTA stared at Gordon, at the small, petulant mouth, and said slowly. "Because she never will, Gordon. She never will."

She knew suddenly that it was true. It was a matter of viewpoint. Government service was, to Gordon, the making of Gordon Smith. To her, it was making a living; but to Laurie, no matter how dull the job, it would be making history.

She said evenly, "It has just occurred to me, Gordon, that there is no point in your going all the way back to Arlington with us. Why don't you catch your bus from here? There'll be one along in a minute."

He flushed furiously. "I might remind you that women are like buses. There's always another one along in a minute."

Henrietta murmured, "My! The blessings of rapid transit."

She was still standing stiffly in the same spot after he was gone. She felt Laurie's touch on her arm. "Henrietta, I hope you won't think I'm awful, but I got to talking to this boy... He heard me say I was from Oregon, and he's from Oregon too. Would you mind if he joined us?"

Henrietta looked at Laurie. A few steps above them she saw the young lieutenant waiting. He grinned at her as he began to descend. She gave Laurie a little hug as she whispered, "You betcha I don't mind. Ask him if he's got a friend."

THE END



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No.	Sizes	Prices		No.	Sizes	Prices	
		U.S.A.	Canada			U.S.A.	Canada
9657	12-20	\$.50	\$.60	1845	One size (24-26 1/2-30 waist)		
9658	12-20	.50	.60		McCall's Blue	8 .35	\$.40
9659	12-20	.50	.60	1848	36, 38, 40, 42, 44 (Men's)		.73 .83
9660	12-20	.50	.60	1849	Infants', 1, 2, 3 years	McCall's Blue	.35 .40
9661	12-20	.50	.60		1850	1, 2, 3 years	
9664	12-20	.65	.75		1851	McCall's Blue	.45 .50
9670	12-20	.75	.85			One size (24-26-28 in waist)	
9673	12-20	.75	.85	1852	12, 14, 16, 18	McCall's Blue	.50 .60
9674	12-20	.75	.85		1853	McCall's Blue	.35 .40
9674	9, 11, 13, 15, 17	.50	.60				
9681	12-20	.75	.85				
9686	12-20	.75	.85				
9687	12-20	.75	.85				
9687	4, 6, 8, 10, 12	.45	.50				

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"The girl who sews has better clothes."



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Sashed bodice, McCall's 9617.
Skirt, McCall's 9649.

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Mild enough for a baby's skin!

The milder the beauty soap, the better the condition of your skin—the prettier your complexion. And Ivory is mild enough for a baby's skin . . . doctors' first choice for her complexion and yours.



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