

The  
**AMERICAN GIRL**

January  
1951 · 20¢



# Girls!

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# The AMERICAN GIRL

FOR ALL GIRLS—PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY GIRL SCOUTS OF THE U.S.A.

## CONTENTS FOR JANUARY, 1951

### FICTION

The Fan Club .....	Ernie Rydberg	5
Addition and Subtraction .....	Marjorie Yourd Hill	8
Stairway to the Sky (Part V) .....	Marguerite S. Dickson	12

### ARTICLES

Pointers on Posters .....	Ruth Baker Bowman	10
Stars on Skates .....	Marilyn McLaughlin	22
Your Own Recipe Exchange (Breakfast Main Dishes) .....	Judith Miller	23

### FASHION AND GOOD LOOKS

Hands on Parade .....	Marion Glendining	14
Prize Purchase .....		15
Co-ordinate Your Cottons .....		16
For a New Year Look (Patterns) .....		24
Teen Shop Talk .....	Jonni Burke	26
Queenie Beanie .....	Betty Brooks	52

### FEATURES

By You (Contributors' Page) .....		20
The Music Stand .....	Mima Jean Spencer	33
A Penny for Your Thoughts .....		34
Thinking Day Round the World .....	Ann Roos	38
All Over the Map .....		40
Adventures at Adelhoden .....		42
Jewels You Can Make .....		46
Indian Moons .....	Craven Griffith	48
Books .....	Ruth Baker Bowman	50
Speaking of Movies .....	Bertha Jancke Lueck	53
Rules for Contributors' Page Entries .....		55
Crossword Puzzle .....	Dr. Harry Langman	56
Jokes .....		57
Cover Artist—Jon Whitcomb .....		58

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NUMBER 1

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**Kodak Film** gets the picture.  
It's the film in the familiar yellow box.

It's time to mail friends prints of Christmas snapshots.

**Kodak**  
TRADE-MARK

She must be awfully lonesome," mused Linda, "living all alone in that big, old house . . ."

## The *Fan Club*

by **ERNIE HYDREK**  
Illustrated by Sylvia Magagnoli

Could it play fairy godmother and change the life of a lonely old lady?

**I** REMEMBER the night it all began. It was spring-time. The moon was full. There was a certain, uncertain coolness in the air.

There were four of us—Bucky, Gloria, Linda, and me, Peg. We were sauntering slowly homeward from the public library—yackety-yacking. As usual, we stopped at Fourth and Maple, the corner from which we would go our separate ways.

On the corner of Fourth and Maple is a big, old-fashioned house which sits well back on a large lot. For years it had been surrounded by a jungle of huge trees, vines that had been permitted to wander with wild abandon, a hedge that made you think of an unkempt beaver, a lawn that had turned to scraggly patches of Bermuda grass. The house itself has two tall stories, each with high, narrow windows. It is a whitish house with lots of gingerbread-shutters and cupolas and gables, even a sharp-pointed turret at the front corner, with a weather-vane on its peak. In its day, when the Brights lived there, it was the finest house in town.

For a good many years—as far back as I can remember—the house had been vacant. And then, a few weeks before, a crew of workers swamped down upon it. They cleaned and scrubbed and polished. They raked leaves and cut back bushes and trimmed hedges. A few days after the workers departed, a middle-aged woman

*Peggy Jones*



moved in. She was a rather thin woman who dressed plainly and was not particularly pretty. Yet from the very first time I saw her, I was intrigued with her. Maybe it was because she lived all alone in that big, old house. Maybe it was because she kept to herself—my mother said that was probably because she came from a big city where people aren't quite so neighborly as they are in smaller towns. Or maybe it was something else again. Like the way she walked—shoulders back, head up, quick, easy, little steps.

Of course, what Gloria's grandmother said one afternoon might have had something to do with my unusual interest in the newcomer. Old Mrs. Needham is awfully nice but kind of deaf, and sometimes a little crotchety. "Hmm," she sniffed. "Cornelia Blackstone! I remember her when she was Cornelia Bright. She was born in that house. Let's see! There was something about her—Oh, yes! I remember. When she was quite a young girl—maybe eighteen—she ran away from home. There was a stock company passing through town. She was crazy about play acting. Everybody figured she went with the company."

Anyway, the four of us were standing there at the corner under a big magnolia tree. The waxy leaves glistened in the moonlight, and the air was heavy with the sweetish odor from the big, white blossoms. We were arguing—trying to come to an agreement on our proposed fan club.

"I still vote for Perry Como," said Becky.

"Phooey!" scoffed Gloria. "There are zillions of Perry Como fan clubs. I think we ought to start one for somebody like—well, like Montgomery Clift."

Everybody knew I was still faithful to Frankie. Linda was an unknown factor. She'd never come right out and say who her favorite was. Linda is tall and slim—very pretty, with light-brown hair and blue eyes. She's a whiz in school. My mother never worries if she knows Linda is going to be along. But don't get me wrong. Linda is loads of fun. And awfully thoughtful. Like right at that very minute.

Becky and Gloria said good night and started homeward, but Linda and I lingered for a few minutes.

There was light in the downstairs front room of the big house. As we watched, a light went on in what was probably an upstairs hall, and a minute or so later, the light downstairs went off.

"She must be awfully lonesome," mused Linda. "Living all alone in that big, old house. And she doesn't seem to have any friends. I'll bet she's really a wonderful person if you could only get to know her. There's something about her. . . I think it would be fun to call on her sometime. Cheer her up."

"Well," I agreed quickly. An idea had been turning over in the back of my mind—sort of a vague, wispy idea. You

see, for days we'd talked of little else than the tryouts for the senior class play which were coming up shortly.

At two o'clock, the very next afternoon, Linda and I were walking down Fourth Street. It was a beautiful, warm day. Mrs. Blackstone was sitting on her front porch.

"We're going to make a call," muttered Linda, clutching my arm. Somewhat quakingly we turned in at her walk and approached the house. With each step I became less and less sure of myself. There was something about Mrs. Blackstone, sitting there in a rocker, that made me think of a monarch—a queen. And a pretty severe queen, too. She wasn't rocking. She just sat there stiffly, her hands on the arms of the chair.

"Well?" queried Mrs. Blackstone. Her voice was deep, resonant.

"Good afternoon," said Linda cheerily. "We were passing your house—"

"So I noticed," Mrs. Blackstone replied drily. "Well, what have you to sell?"

"We haven't anything to sell," said Linda quickly. "To be perfectly honest, Mrs. Blackstone, we thought you looked a little lonesome. We just dropped in for a visit."

Mrs. Blackstone's face softened and she smiled. "Really? That was nice of you. Do you mind sitting on the steps?"

We sat down. Mrs. Blackstone took off her glasses. She fumbled in her lap, found a case, put on another pair. They were bifocals and quite thick. She smiled.

"You're high school girls, aren't you?"

"Yes ma'am," we said in unison.

We visited for over an hour. Mrs. Blackstone was awfully sweet. She seemed to know exactly what our interests were, and she had a cute sense of humor. When we started to leave, she said, "I must apologize for being so cross when you first came. I guess I've been feeling sorry for myself. You see, I'm not used to all this leisure. I've always been a very busy person. That is, I was until my eyes gave out. Please come again, girls—real soon."

We took Mrs. Blackstone at her word. Fact is, the next afternoon—Sunday—we were back again, and Becky and Gloria came along. They were crazy about Mrs. Blackstone, too. After we'd been there a few minutes, somebody happened to mention our forthcoming senior play. Mrs. Blackstone's face lighted up eagerly.

"What's it to be?" she asked.

Linda handed her the book she had in her lap. "Thornton Wilder's, 'Our Town,'" she told her.

"That's a fine play," said Mrs. Blackstone opening the book. She placed it on her lap, and looked out across the yard. "You girls have so many opportunities these days. When I was a girl, schooling was mostly reading and writing and arithmetic. Maybe a spelling bee now and then. Or a debate. We had no movies. Once a year, maybe, a carnival or a road show played here."

We scarcely breathed. There was a faraway look on Mrs. Blackstone's face.

"I can't remember," she said softly, "when I didn't have a terrific urge to be on the stage. I went with a stock company when I was eighteen. People here in town were scandalized. But not my father. He understood. At first I played bit parts; then bigger ones. I was just ready for my first lead when the accident happened."

"We traveled from town to town by car. Mr. Blackstone and I—Oh, yes, I had married Mr. Blackstone after only a few weeks on the road. He was a fine, young actor, destined for great things." Mrs. Blackstone's voice fell. "There was an accident. He was killed. I was in the hospital for months. And after I got out



I had headaches constantly. Show business was in my blood, but my big chance had vanished. The stock company had broken up. I went to New York, and tried every way I could to get my big break again; it just didn't come. When my money ran short, I finally took another job. It was on Broadway, though—in the wardrobe department of a theatrical supply house. I've seen hundreds of shows from backstage. Yes, I even saw 'Our Town' from the wings the night it opened. By then I'd made quite a name for myself in the costume world. Oh, but listen to me brag!

The four of us sat there simply enthralled. Before we could speak, Mrs. Blackstone looked intently at Linda and said, "Yes, Linda, I think you would

make a very fine Emily. I really do."

Linda stared in amazement. "The lead?" she gasped. "Oh, but I couldn't!"

"Of course you could," said Mrs. Blackstone quietly. She handed Linda the book. "Read something from her part—maybe her long speech at the graveyard."

Linda found the part with trembling fingers, and started to read. Mrs. Blackstone made a couple of gentle suggestions. Linda read again and this time it was beautiful. Sudden tears welled up in my eyes, and a lump filled my throat.

AT FOUR THIRTY, the following Friday afternoon, the cast was to be announced in the auditorium. We waited breathlessly for Miss Clark, our director,

to appear. Through the nervous chatter, attempts to be nonchalant, and twisting of necks, she finally walked up front. She's nice—young and pretty. This was her first year out of college.

Glancing at the paper in her hand she said quietly, "The part of Emily, the feminine lead, goes to Linda Snow."

The kids really applauded. I was awfully happy for Linda. And those darned tears came to my eyes again. Linda had been scared to death. But she'd worked hard to prepare for the tryouts, and she'd remembered all the things Mrs. Blackstone had told her. She was wonderful!

Bill Newton got the part of George. I knew Linda would like that. She's very fond of Bill. Greg Nichols was to be the narrator. I was (Continued on page 28)

**We stared in amazement as Mrs. Blackstone pushed open the sliding doors on a huge ballroom**



# Addition and Subtraction

by MARJORIE YOURD HILL

Illustrated by Nina Akshof

**T**HERE! It was out at last—the family secret which Coco had uneasily kept for months!

Pink-faced and trembling, she stood uncertainly beside her locker in the corridor of West High, wondering what to do.

The girls around the corner by the drinking fountain were gossiping about her, giggling and snickering. Coco, back turned, had been fishing around in her locker for a trig paper which had slipped from her notebook, when she had caught the first words.

"Did you hear the latest?" demanded a voice which Coco recognized as one of the crowd's.

"Spill it!"

They whispered, while Coco's curiosity leaped. Impulsively she stepped toward the corner, ready to say laughingly, "Let me in on this, too, girls," when the next sentence transfixed her.

"Coco Prescott's mother having another baby? Why, they've got too many kids already!" That sharp voice was Pixie Allerton's, a shallow girl whom Coco didn't care much for anyway.

Then the clear, cool tones she knew best took up the tittle-tattle.

"It's disgusting, that's what I say," came Eleanor Montgomery's emphatic words.

Coco could just see Eleanor—chin tossed disdainfully, gray eyes aflare, one hand reaching up to smooth back the front curl of fair hair which always flew out of place when she was excited. Magnetic, flashing Eleanor, whose high spirits made her the natural leader of the gayest crowd at West High. Eleanor—whom Coco had been proud to call her best friend.

And now her contempt brought the blood to Coco's cheeks like a slap. Her attitude hurt Coco worse than the others, because Eleanor counted most.

Coco hadn't had a friend as close as Eleanor for years—since grade school, really. Her family had moved around too much, during and after the war, and Coco had gone to schools here and there, never settled long enough to make real friends or feel sure of anything. Finally, during their wonderful vacation last year at "Sea Anchor," their Maine island cottage, Father had been offered an opportunity to teach art here in Jefferson, at the college. His ambition to attain security for his family of five children and still have time for his own painting was realized at last.

The whole family rejoiced. They cut the summer at the island short in August, piled into their decrepit station wagon, and headed west. Fizz, the cat, and Tarby, the black cocker, came along with them.

Jefferson had proved to be everything they had dreamed of—a pretty, Middle Western college town surrounded by lakes, which made it almost as good as the island. Best of all, they quickly found just the kind of a house they liked—a big, old, white-frame house with a glimpse of blue lake from the second floor.

Coco chose the tower room on the third floor for her own. Its windows gave her a wide, sweeping view of the lake. She had happily spent several hot September days painting the room a lovely shade of dusty pink.



Coco had been all ready to join in the gossiping and

Right across the elm-shaded street, Coco could look down from her tower on a newish brick house, large and expensive, with a landscaped yard and a two-car garage that had two cars in it.

One of the cars was a cherry-colored convertible, and it belonged to the only daughter of the house—Eleanor. Mr. Montgomery owned a chain of drugstores spread over a third of the State, and Eleanor had just about everything.

Yet she wasn't high-hat. Not one bit. That was what had won Coco from the first. Eleanor came right over, even before the Prescotts were settled, to make friends. She was hoping a family with a girl her own age might move in, she'd said. But her eyes opened wide when she saw them all. Greg and Peter



giggling when a clear, cool voice stopped her short

and Janie and Toby, with Mother and Father, all rushing around, opening boxes, hammering, rustling paper, shouting from room to room, it did seem quite a crowd—even to Coco, momentarily.

"My, you have a big family!" The statement, to Coco, seemed faintly critical, even then. But Eleanor smiled quickly, adding, "It will liven things up. This place was dead, with only old Mr. and Mrs. Morse here for years."

So began the happiest year of Coco's life, for, as Eleanor's friend and neighbor, Coco was quickly accepted at West High. The cherry convertible raced about town, filled always with a laughing crowd, and Coco usually on the front seat beside Eleanor. But sometimes, under Eleanor's sunny, friendly man-

## When it concerned the family circle, it took Coco some time to work out the right answer

ner, Coco detected a queer reserve, an aloofness which she could not fathom. It was never enough to worry about much, although before this present moment Coco had had premonitions of disaster.

They began with Mother's family announcement, shortly after New Year's, just before Greg went back to Harvard. Everyone was gathered in the living room, with the bright-flowered draperies pulled, and a fire crackling in the fireplace. Father was reading; Greg and Peter were playing one of the new Christmas games with little Janie and Toby. Mother was knitting, and Coco was playing records for everyone's benefit.

During a lull, Mother said, "Shall we tell them now?"

Father laid down his paper, and waited, smiling.

"We've had a wonderful year, you'll all agree. But this one is going to bring us something better yet," Mother said.

Everyone looked at her inquiringly, and Coco felt a sudden chilly sensation.

A baby, that was it!

What would everyone think, wondered Coco nervously, especially Eleanor?

Gone were Coco's hopes of making a good impression, for a baby would spoil everything. It would mean more clutter, and more work, especially for Coco as the eldest girl. She would have to stay home sometimes and miss some of the fun. Ashamedly, she tried to banish her feelings, but they persisted.

She recalled the many times that her family had already embarrassed her. There was the time Tarby had jumped with muddy paws on Eleanor's light-blue crepe dress. Eleanor had accepted Coco's apologies sweetly, but revealed that Tarby woke the Montgomerys up sometimes by barking before

"I don't mind myself," Eleanor assured her, "since I have to get up about then anyhow, but Mother likes to sleep till nearly noon."

Coco couldn't visualize anybody's mother doing that—but then Mrs. Montgomery was different she realized. She was beautiful, immaculate, and she dressed like a fashion plate. She was always driving somewhere in her car, or lying indifferently on a divan. A maid did the housework. Mr. Montgomery was seldom home, being occupied with his business, Coco supposed. Their house was quiet, orderly, with lovely, expensive furniture that looked like a store-window display. The two girls never stayed there much. When they did things it was with the crowd somewhere, or at Coco's.

Eleanor had explained, the first time she brought some new records over to try at Coco's—where you couldn't hear them for the din Toby and his Cub Scout bunch were making in the basement.

"Mother's nervous. Things—noise especially—upset her. Do you mind if I play them here?"

Coco didn't, nor did anyone else. But the little frown between Eleanor's eyebrows revealed that Coco's family was a trial. And the same with the fudge. The girls had decided to make some, but not in the Montgomery kitchen because the maid wouldn't like it if Eleanor messed around. And that time, too, Eleanor pretended not to mind, but really, the rank smells from Peter's taxidermy project on the back porch turned their stomachs so much they couldn't eat the fudge.

Coco had realized uneasily that there might be a limit to what a girl brought up as fastidiously as Eleanor could accept. Apparently this was it. Yet the open knowledge of Eleanor's true feelings about her rambunctious family hit Coco like a blow. She felt sick as she listened (Continued on page 44)

pointers on posters

Poster making can  
be fun if you  
have the know-how.  
Here's the way you  
go about it

by RUTH BAKER BOWMAN

Drawings by Jerry Cummins



**W**HY, OR WHY, you now wonder, did you ever volunteer to be poster maker for your club's square dance? You had made the offer two months ago, of course. Plenty of time, you thought, to enlist the support of talented friends and get some really original, eye-catching posters for shop windows and other strategic points around the village.

But here you are, your deadline staring you in the face, the publicity chairman haunting your footsteps, and everyone with an artistic flair hard at work on decoration problems. You're strictly on your own in this project, and with no time to lose!

Of course, the square-dance publicity chairman had assured you that real skill in drawing wasn't necessary for an effective poster—that if your own pictorial efforts didn't please you, you could grab scissors, pastepot, and some old magazines.

Well, let's begin at the beginning:



when that means eliminating some of your favorite ideas.

Take a Fourth of July poster, for example: pinwheels, flags, shields, firecrackers, brass bands, skyrockets—all these symbols of the day may seem to cry out for an important place on your poster. But if you use all of them, what a weak and confused result you'll have! Best to choose a single, dominating motif, present it boldly and clearly, and count on a flash response in your observers' minds.

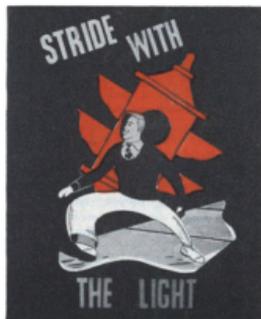
As you flip over the advertising pages of current magazines and newspapers, watch roadside billboards, and study car cards in buses, subways, and trains, you'll come to realize that the ads which catch your eye quickest—and hold it longest—pass certain tests. To be successful, your poster must pass them, too.

First, the *visibility* test. Can your lettering be read at a reasonable distance? And is it *legible*, with plenty of white space between the words and letters so that your passer-by can read it on the

en's magazines and seed catalogues provide loads of good material for food-fair and flower-show posters. For a card party, consider a fan of actual playing cards, looted from an incomplete pack, and you'll have your canasta enthusiasts buttonholed! If you're good at drawing, have the fun of doing your own original illustrations.

As for the verbal story your poster tells, let telegraphic brevity be the keynote, and avoid the beginner's pitfall of trying to cram messages enough for three placards on a single one. Usually, your text need only answer these questions—what? where? when? why? how much? For instance:

**SQUARE DANCE** (what)  
Mooney High School Gymnasium  
(where)  
Friday, May 10, 8 P. M. (when)  
Tickets at the door, 35¢ (how much)  
Proceeds for the Girl Scouts' Camp Dock  
(why)



POSTERS BY STUDENTS OF THE U. V. SCHOOL OF INDUSTRIAL ART

What is a poster anyhow, and what does it try to do? Since your dictionary merely assures you that a poster is "an advertising placard or bill, usually pictorial, put up in a public place," you have the feeling that the sky's the limit. But talk to a professional poster maker and you'll learn that the perfect poster is no happenstance—that it combines an expert's knowledge of design, color, and psychology, not to mention skill in drawing and lettering. Perhaps he'll even tell you a bit about the history of poster making, and you'll learn how, in seventeenth-century France, shopkeepers' advertising placards were so numerous and large that they became a traffic menace, and there was a royal edict limiting their use.

But our poster professional will surely warn you first of all to make your poster as uncluttered, unified, and straightforward as possible. He'll urge you to avoid intricate lettering and pictorial effects beyond your ability, to stick to only two or three attractive colors. In short, he'll advise, let simplicity be your motto, even

run? What of the *pleasingness* of the color scheme, and the poster's general neatness? Does it rate high in *memory value*? A striking picture, bold colors, or some brief, catchy leading phrase can help your poster pass all these tests and win a high rating as an attention getter. It must be *appropriate*, too, not a mere spectacular stunt. Yes, photographs of glamorous girls, babies, and cute animals are America's favorite poster subjects, but skip them if they have no possible connection with the type of event you're pushing. Choose something that suits.

For your square-dance poster, a motif of musical notes may be just the thing. Or perhaps you'll prefer to use a drawing of a caller, or silhouettes of a couple dancing. For a food fair, what can be more appropriate than appetizing foods in color? For a flower show, a montage of colorful blossoms is an obvious choice. This will mean that you'll be cutting out pictures of flowers, mounting them, and combining them into one design. Scissors-and-pasters will find that wom-

That's the story, isn't it? You may want to add just one more line of spice: "Everybody welcome," perhaps, or "Hear Fiddler Dogwood Call the Turns," or "Free Lemonade and Cookies!" But does the thought of lettering even the briefest text make you squirm? Use your ingenuity then. Get out the scissors and paste again, and your supply of old magazines from which you can cut large letters set in display type. If you've had any experience in the block-printing line, you know what can also be done with linoleum or potato blocks.

Many attractive, well-designed posters consist solely of text, of course, but let's say you've settled for words plus some pictorial device, and are ready now to meet the problem of arranging these elements on your page in a harmonious, interesting way. It's easy to experiment with small, quick layout sketches on scratch paper. But it's better still to cut blocks of paper, representing the approximate size, shape, and color of each line—or group of (Continued on page 54)



# Stairway to the Sky

by MARGUERITE S. DICKSON

Illustrated by John Ferrel

## THE STORY SO FAR:

Christine had persuaded her widowed mother to accept Cousin Retta's offer to "take Christine and educate her," and had left her home in Vermont to live with her two elderly cousins, a brother and sister, in the old family house on Brooklyn Heights. The cousins had given her a comfortable home, good clothes, and her education. Cousin Felix, a warmhearted, understanding person, sympathized with Christine's desire to make a career of writing. But Cousin Retta—once a famous pianist, but now confined to a wheel chair by crippling arthritis—disapproved strongly of the girl's writing and of her bookstore job. Hugo, a young man in love with Christine, also scoffed at her attempts to write, but the owner of the bookstore, John Summerfield, advised and encouraged her. Christine sold a story,

and joined a group of young people interested in writing. When John Summerfield joined the editorial staff of a famous publishing house, Christine became manager of the bookshop, over Hugo's angry protests. Christine knew she should try for a more sympathetic understanding of her deeply unhappy cousin, Retta, whose strong will dominated the household. John told her that in her cousin, the once-famous Henrietta Graham, she had a story any publisher would be eager to have. Stung by his remark that she could do more to help her cousin, and intrigued by the glimpses she had of Retta's past glories, Christine begged Retta to write, herself, the story of her life, using the recording machine which Cousin Felix had bought for her so that she could dictate her letters.

## PART FIVE

**D**ON'T THINK everybody wants to write, just because you do." This was how Cousin Retta received Christine's suggestion that she herself write about her life as a famous concert pianist.

"You might at least think about it," Christine urged.

"I've finished thinking about it already," Cousin Retta replied. "I don't care about playing around with ghosts." Still, there was a curiously intent look on her face after that as she sat in silence, the book she had been reading closed on her lap.

The next evening was Hugo's, and it was a pleasant one, with Hugo pleased and happy, until almost the end—when he brought up the matter of Christine's staying in the shop for a full year.

"You didn't really mean that, did you, Chris?" he said. "I did get my second

raise, and I'd think I was way ahead of my plan if I didn't feel so uncertain about you." They were in a taxi, but the bright light of a street lamp showed his face set and determined. His stubborn look, Chris thought.

"Yes, I meant it," she answered. "After all John has done for me—"

"What has he done for you?" Hugo broke in. "I'd put it the other way. He would have had to close up the place if he didn't have you to drudge away there while he has an easy job somewhere else."

"We needn't quarrel about John," said Christine.

"We needn't quarrel about anything. Just be the way you used to be. I want you to be married this fall. And I'd like to get you out of that place, have you home, getting your trousseau and planning the wedding."

"I have to earn my trousseau, Hugo.

It won't float down on a pink cloud."

"I doubt your having to earn it. The Grahams would give you anything you want, if you'd just play up to them a bit. Miss Graham even talked about letting us have the house and their going to live in a hotel. That would give us a fine start. Good address, nice old house, and a lot of things we couldn't afford to buy."

Christine looked at him in slowly dawning horror. "You mean," she began, and then was jolted into silence as the taxi came to an abrupt stop at a red light. "What do you mean by 'play up to them,' Hugo? Be nice to Cousin Retta just to get things? That isn't any part of my plan, if it is of yours."

"Oh, don't take it that way, darling. They think a lot of you, and they're generous, and all I meant was for you to rub your Cousin Retta the right way. A little yes-yessing doesn't do any harm." He laid his arm across the back of the seat to draw her closer, but she did not respond to the pressure of his hand.

"Perhaps that's what I ought to do with you, Hugo. Rub you the right way. Stop my writing because you don't like it. Give up my job and sponge my trousseau out of Cousin Retta. Learn to talk your language though you have never made the slightest effort to learn mine. Marry me and live in a house we would take away from my old cousins. Say yes, yes, to you about the plan, your wonderful plan. I hate the plan, Hugo, and what is his making of you. I really always have."

"Oh, Chris," said Hugo, "you don't mean half of that. What did I say to start all this?" He looked puzzled when Christine turned to face him. He really didn't understand, and that was worst of all.

But Christine would say no more. Hugo, still looking puzzled, left her at



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As John proceeded with the ordering, she found herself comparing him with Hugo

the door. No, Christine thought, they really didn't speak the same language. She felt now as if they lived on different planets!

Two evenings intervened before she saw Hugo again. Thursday night she almost wished the writing group were not coming, but she could not put it off. There were fifteen members now.

"It is really working out to be something," she told John.

"How? Do you actually get anything you couldn't get by yourself?"

"I think so. We're learning to give and take criticism, to use it when we can, or to fight back if we think it isn't right. We have some pretty stiff arguments. And some of us are beginning to know what to look for in a story."

"Maybe," said John. "Any of them write anything good enough to print?"

"You just wait a little while. Priscilla Caldwell's historical story is wonderful. If she could only learn not to put everything she knows into one book. And Ginny Prescott does some lovely French peasant tales. She's illustrating them herself, too."

But John, glancing at his watch, said,

"It's time I was on my way. Good luck!"

Later, when the meeting was breaking up, a small knot of latecomers stood by the door. "I'm going home," said tall, spectacled Sue Whitcomb, "to see *why* I haven't any suspense in my story, if I have to tear it down to the first word. I love the way Vi Mitchell takes the ax to my stuff, even if I do leap fifty feet every time to keep from being hit when she goes into action. Vi's getting to be a critic."

Some of the group might never reach their goal, but Christine was sure some would. She herself had two stories out now; one of them had come back three times; the other, once. She had sold nothing since "Humpback." She wished she dared attempt something longer, something long enough for a book. She would have more room to develop her characters, less of that feeling of being tied down. Her thoughts carried her swiftly home, but she did not go up to her room at once. Cousin Retta had questions to ask about some books she wanted, and Felix said, "Rett's having a sort of reading jag. What is it now, Sis?"

It proved to be a book about Luise Scarlotti's life as an opera celebrity, and the list Cousin Retta had ready for Christine appeared to be the same sort of books.

If Cousin Retta hadn't seemed so dead set against "playing around with ghosts," Chris was sure she and the dictaphone and that girl from Cousin Felix's office might have a good time together, and use up a lot of Cousin Retta's energy.

Christine's enthusiasm for her own work was blurred by this time. She would go to bed. There was still a decision to make about what she should say to Hugo tomorrow night. Sometimes she thought she was not being fair to him. Sometimes she reproached herself for expecting to have a perfect husband. Then she would go back to the arguments, first on one side, then on the other. Her sleep was fitful, and she woke tired. She had settled nothing.

Walking home at the end of another busy day, all the questions returned to plague her, plus a new one. How would she feel if she never saw Hugo after tonight? She knew (Continued on page 48)

# hands on Parade

by MARION GLENDINING

Illustrated by Glenn McCombs

THEY'RE ALWAYS THERE, somewhere in front of you—but how often do you give your hands a good look?

Oh, we don't mean the times during study period when you absent-mindedly fasten your eyes on your fingernails. Those don't count. We mean how often do you give your hands and nails a thorough inspection? Not often, we bet.

As a matter of fact, probably only when you see some girl whose hands look terrific—all smoothly groomed, no griminess around the nails and knuckles, cuticles pushed back, nails trim and shaped as neatly as a clipper ship—do you look at your own and think, wish mine looked that way. Well, there's no reason why they can't. It's strictly up to you.

"But, you may complain, 'I can't find time, and besides my hands aren't pretty. They have two strikes against them to begin with.'"

If this is the way you feel, you're all wrong, beauty experts say. It takes only a few minutes a day to show your hands the kindness they deserve, and a manicure—whether on a large scale (with polish) or small (without)—can be accomplished in one session a week.

If your hands are not so pretty as those of your favorite movie actress, you can overcome this obstacle, too, with a little concentrated effort. Others have done it before you.

Fingers and hands tell a lot about character, poise, and charm. Watch actresses and people who speak in public. See how they use their hands. Attractive hands (and of course that means well-groomed nails and hands) help make a person pleasant to have around.

Now if you were looking the other way when pretty hands were being handed out, don't fret. Many famous persons, noted for their strong, expressive hands, can't claim a really "pretty" pair. But their hands and their way of using them are so much a part of their personality that they seem attractive. Not that they wave them around constantly or flutter them in front of people's faces. This makes them *too* noticeable. They simply use them naturally, and of course they always keep them well-groomed.

There are nine important points to remember in regard to care of your hands and nails. Let's talk first about day-to-day care.

1. **Cleanliness.** Keep your hands and nails immaculately clean at all times. That is a good-grooming "must." Grimy hands stand out like sore thumbs. There's no hiding them. Of course, you wash your

hands a number of times every day—certainly before every meal—but that's usually a rather casual procedure. How about setting aside a definite time once a day for a thorough going-over of hands and nails—maybe when you're having your tub or shower?

Wash the hands thoroughly in warm soapy water, and scrub around and under the nails with a good stiff nailbrush. For stubborn grime or stains well under the nails, use a cotton-tipped orange stick, dipped in lemon juice or polish remover. A piece of lemon, or just a bit of lemon rind, is also helpful for removing ink and other stains from the fingers and for banishing fish and onion odors. When hands and nails are clean as clean, rinse off *all* the soap, and dry them very carefully. Take a few extra seconds to push back the cuticle with your towel.

While doing the hand cleanup job, don't forget that arms and elbows can get grimy from leaning on desks and tables. So give them a bit of attention, too, please!

2. **Softness and smoothness.** It's so easy for hands to get dry and chapped, especially in cold, windy, wintry weather. If you let that dryness go too far, your hands are not only red, rough, and unsightly, but they can cause you downright discomfort. Every time you wash your hands, you are washing away some of the natural oils, so it's a good idea to use hand lotion or cream after every washing. Rub a bit into the elbows for good measure. And when you set forth out-of-doors, with the wind high and the thermometer low, remember those gloves or mittens every time.

When you're going to work with paint, or you're undertaking a heavy cleaning project, apply a paint and dirt resistant, protective cream beforehand. And don't work gloves, if you can.

If, despite all (Continued on page 31)





PHOTOGRAPH BY RALPH H. BASTEN



Our January "Prize Purchase" is a perky little wool at a pixie price! The crisp, new, linen collar and cuffs contrast in color and add a fresh feeling of spring. Made of Deering Milliken's 100 per cent wool crepe, it buttons down the front, has short sleeves and an inverted-pleat skirt. Wonderful for wear now under heavy coats, warm enough to pair later with your favorite topper. Navy with maize, pink with navy, and gold with navy.

In sizes from 7 to 15 for teens it is just under \$13 at stores listed on page 32

# Co-ordinate Your



It's easy to make a smart, mix-match  
are simple to sew, washable,  
wealth of interesting new textures and



T-1



A perfect choice for a luncheon or movie date is this slim-line, sleeveless dress of Peter Pan's exciting, new, polished cotton satens, (about \$1.69 yd.) when worn (inset, left) with a trim overblouse of New Colony sanforized cotton with a tapestrylike print that repeats one color of the skirt (about \$1.00 yd.). Top the dress with a matching cape (above, far left), and you're all set for an afternoon of shopping. You'll wear it alone (top, center) for parties or as a sundress. For evening parties (top, right), add a full overskirt of Dan River's novelty sheer that has a dark background with a bright woven pattern (about \$1.29 yd.). Use both cape and overskirt (above) for tea dances or "after-five" swing sessions. Pattern T-1 includes all variations. These fabrics are crease-resistant. The everglaze satens and tapestry print are sanforized. Fabrics at Thalheimer's, Richmond, Va.

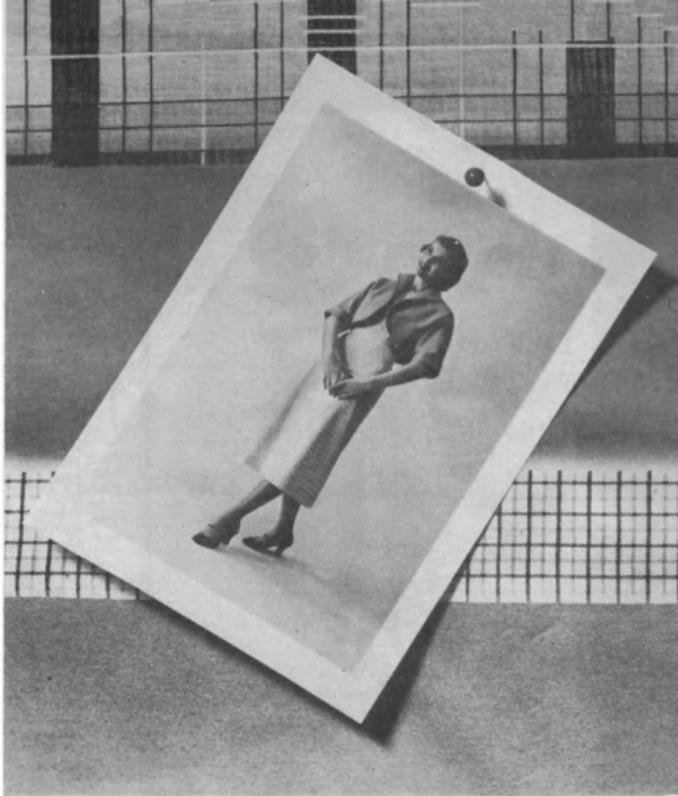
# Cottons

wardrobe with these cottons that modestly priced, and have a finishes, suitable for every occasion



T-3

This little collection has more lives than the fabled kitten. Start with a matching skirt and blouse (*inset, above right, T-2*) of Peter Pan's Tat-O-Sail, a woven, checked cotton with a feel of flannel (about \$1.69 yd.). Top this with a "wear-with-everything" swing-line jacket of Ameritex cotton suede (about \$2.69 yd.). This new washable fabric is made like corduroy but has a smooth napped surface—no ribs. In T-3, above, Dan River's woven pastel plaid with a satin overstripe (about \$1.19 yd.) makes up into a full-skirted dress. Add an extra blouse of Peter Pan's sanforized broadcloth in solid colors to match the Tat-O-Sail (about \$1.09 yd.) and the switch and swap possibilities are endless. We show two combinations (*right*), and you'll be able to work out more. Both the Tat-O-Sail and the broadcloth are sanforized. Fabrics at Thalhimers, Richmond, Va.



T-2



DRAWINGS BY PATTI

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RALPH M. BAXTER



Two plus two equal four—simple arithmetic maybe, but you've never seen a trimmer figure than the one you'll cut in these combinations. The two-piece suit dress (S-1) with slim waist and flare peplum is made of Suratine in a tie-silk print. This is the crease-resistant, cotton version of famed surah silk. (Everfast Fabrics, about \$1.75 yd.). Below, left to right: (S-2)—A pleated skirt of Bates sanforized Sun Country broadcloth (about \$1.15 yd.) with a sleeveless, button-front blouse of the ever-popular Picolay, the Bates fabric with diamond-patterned, embossed surface (about \$1.45 yd.). Wear it tucked in or as an overblouse. And here's where the fun begins. Combine the flared jacket with the pleated skirt for a gay and comfortable extra suit (center). The Picolay blouse with the Suratine skirt (right) is a clever twosome for class. Suratine comes in blue, pink, yellow, and gray. The broadcloth and Picolay are available in many new dyed-to-match colors. All of these fabrics will be featured at Burdine's, Miami, Florida.

If you have any qualms about your sewing ability, take your fabric and patterns to the Singer Sewing Center located in your neighborhood. Special teen-age classes, taught by expert instructors, are available for a nominal fee both on Saturday and after school hours

S-1



S-2

This group is a must for the fashion-minded teen-ager who insists on being well-dressed but is too busy to fuss. Each unit has been cleverly designed to complement the other. A simple but effective jumper (*right*), is cut from Galey and Lord's yarn-dyed, multi-checked gingham (about \$1.20 yd.). In violet and rose, wine and rose, olive and green, gray and black, copper and brown. The shirtwaist blouse with comfortable, push-up sleeves is made of dyed-to-match, solid-color gingham (Galey and Lord, about \$1.00 yd.). Both made from pattern S-3. *Below, left to right*: A gored skirt and short-sleeved blouse (S-4) of crisp Bobbinelle by Ameritex (about 98¢ yd.). Interlacing ribs form a basket pattern in this texture-rich fabric that comes in a complete assortment of colors. *Center*, the gingham jumper with Bobbinelle blouse. *Right*, the gored skirt with gingham blouse. Both gingham are sanforized. This kind of clever planning pays dividends in a well-rounded, easy-to-care-for wardrobe. All these fabrics are at Bloomingdale's, New York, N. Y.

Teen patterns T-1, T-2, T-3, in sizes 9 to 15, on pages 16 and 17 are 30¢ each. S-1, S-2, S-3, and S-4, on pages 18 and 19, are subteen sizes 10-16 and cost 25¢ each. Order from The American Girl Fashion Dept., 155 East 44 St., New York 17, N. Y. Be sure to enclose cost of pattern and state size



S-3



S-4

THE AMERICAN GIRL

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RALPH H. BARTER  
DRAWINGS BY PATTI



FIRST POETRY AWARD

High School, Five P.M.

A Chopin étude
Tiptoeing down the corridor . . .
The ring of laughter floating through the darkness,
An orangish glow creeping under a classroom door.
Shouts and a basketball's thud against the
Waxed boards of the gym floor
and
A flute's plaintive pleading in space
. . . thin, purple notes
Far, far away.
Outside the night is gray and heavy
Bristling as monk's cloth . . . through the
Silver-threaded pane I see a yellow blur
where the moon belongs . . .
And I hear wind in the hedges,
Cold wind howling mournfully in the stadium . . .
"Oh, dark unfriendly night
You think I fear you—but I do not!"
Who is afraid? Nothing here but one
Renoir print in a hall niche . . .
Dust on texts
And always the flutes cry . . .
distant pleading

CAROLE JOAN LONGO (age 15), North Manchester, Indiana.

NONFICTION AWARD

Danger, Forest Fire

"Danger! Forest fire!" were the first words we heard as we turned on our radio. Then, as we became quiet enough, we heard the rest, which went like this, "The fire has already swept over sixty-three acres of national forest and is still not under control. It is now headed southwest of the Great Lakes. All persons in that vicinity are warned to be ready to fight or move at any time. The solution of how it started is unknown, but it has been rumored that there were campers in the region in which it started last night."

At that time our radio, which isn't in any too good condition, went dead. But what we had already heard was enough for our house to become a hive of activity in the next few minutes, because we were directly in the path of the oncoming fire. My father and brother began to pack the large things in the back of

Introducing your own department in the magazine. Watch for the announcements each month and send us your best original short stories, poems, nonfiction, and drawings

our pickup, and my mother and I put the lighter things in the car. No one spoke a word, but we worked with unceasing speed because the glow of the fire could already be seen near the horizon.

Soon it seemed as if the most important articles were packed because the truck was stacked as high as possible with furniture. Seeing that no more could be put on it, my father threw a canvas over it and tied it on securely. The car was also jammed full with the lighter objects but it seemed to me as though we were leaving about everything we owned there.

The fire was getting closer and the smell stronger. Small and large animals alike were beginning to dash out of the smoke and brush, carrying with them the smell of fire and singed hair. The sky was now a red-and-black glow of fire and smoke that spelled danger at every flare.

With final instructions my father sent my brother and mother on their way in the car. I stayed with him because my brother had to drive, and there wasn't enough room for three in the car.

POETRY AWARD

Rainy Afternoon in the Country

A finger of fog
charges around the bend
of the cabin,
pushes
the air before it
gleefully
and, settling,
obscures
the mountains beyond.
The trees
quiver
in its path,
and
some forgotten orange peels
lie like
dead leaves
on the rocks.

DANIELA LIBON (age 14), New York, New York.

FIRST NONFICTION AWARD

Forever Wild

There he goes, galloping across the field, his mane and tail flying like banners in the wind. He stops short, sniffs the air, and then, with a wild toss of his head he's off again, with the wind this horse of the wilderness, this golden beauty with milk-white mane and tail, his spirit so wild it flashes in his eyes, making them gleam wickedly in the morning sun.

Behind him, grazing peacefully, knowing no harm will come to them, are his mares. He sniffs the air again, glances suspiciously around him, and then, seeing one of the mares wandering away, he's running once again. He nips her savagely as he goes by, warning her that she must stick close to the band. For he knows what harm can befall a lone horse, and he knows, too, that he must protect her from such harm.

Once more he canters around the band of horses, his muscles moving rhythmically beneath his satin coat, his head up, eyes flashing. Who would want to take such beauty from the plains? Who would want to tame that wild spirit?

Now he stands looking down on his mares, not moving a muscle, as still as a statue, his tail waving gently in the soft summer breeze, his eyes so bright, his chest deep, silhouetted by the sun, forever a golden beauty, forever wild.

SHEILA PERLMAN (age 14), Chicago, Illinois.



ART AWARD

Carolyn Seebold (age 15), Corona, California.

After they left, my father and I got busy once more, only this time we weren't packing things, but letting our cows and chickens out so that they could be free to run from the fire. By this time the fire was getting too close for comfort. Already the smoke, boiling over a ridge behind us, was beginning to stifle us and smart our eyes. The heat was terrific, and once in a while, above the crackle of the fire, we could hear the pitiful cry of an animal trapped in the flames. Then suddenly the flames were there before us, singeing our hair and burning our skin. As we ran toward the truck I remember taking one last look at the only home I had ever known and thinking how unmerciful a forest fire is and the great destruction it causes to all living things in its path.

PATSY WATTS (age 15), Peachland, No. Carolina.

POETRY AWARD

Sea

*I can hear the water pounding, beating  
against the rocky shore.  
The sea, a rolling, green carpet, pounds  
in my ears once more.  
Fierce, foaming, waves dance about like  
maddened beasts.  
And the sun above beats down, its  
golden heat released.  
And yet, at night, I see a rippling, friendly  
sea.  
The moon sends its silver rays to meet  
with beauty, the silver waves.*

JEANNE NORVELL (age 15), Houston, Texas.

FIRST FICTION AWARD

Sister Trouble

Here I am, just plain old Johnny Green, fourteen years old, freshman at Crosley High, just trying to get along in life and not trouble anybody at all. My grades are okay; I help my ma; I even got a job after school helping Mr. Jordan down at the grocery. Now I ask you, why should all this happen to me?

This is how it is: I got no brothers, see, only sisters; and I sure got my share of them. First is Margie, she's nineteen. Then next comes Bonnie, she's seventeen. After her is Jean and Julie. They're twins and so they're both sixteen. Four sisters and then me on the end. Dad says if I wasn't here, the girls sure would rule the house, but heck! they do anyhow. I don't mind running down to the drugstore for nail-polish remover; or trailing one of their boy friends to see if he dates another girl. I even rescue them from mice without too much grumbling. But there's one thing that always gets my goat. Stockings in the bathroom!

There are stockings on the tub, and stockings on the towel rack, and stockings thrown up over the shower-curtain bar, and stockings on the door, and you better not open the medicine cabinet or you'll get slapped in the face with a wet stocking. Murder! But what can a guy do? It's five against two when the family votes.

One day I say to myself, "John Milton Green, are you going to stand for this any more?" I thought a minute. "No," I say. "No, I'm not!" Right then and there, I sit down to think up a plan. Then I go to work.

All week long, I work on it secretly. Only Dad knows about it and he helps me. Saturday evening, Ma and the girls all go to a party, which is just perfect for me. I hunt up all my dirty socks, and Dad's, too. We both had worn two or three pairs a day the past week. I take 'em, twenty-one pairs of socks, into the bathroom, and spend a hour and a half washing them. Boy, am I feeling good! As I finish each pair, I hang it up in the bathroom. There are socks on the tub, socks on the towel rack, socks on the door, socks on the radiator, socks on the window sill, socks on the top of the medicine cabinet (fixed so they'll land on anyone who opens the door), and socks just about everywhere you look. I am one mighty tired fellow when I get through.

About nine thirty Ma and Margie and Bonnie, and the twins come home. Sure enough, it isn't long before Marge gets her stockings and takes 'em into the bathroom to wash 'em.



FIRST ART AWARD

Katharine Ann Jordan (age 13), Brooklyn, New York.

"Mother," I hear her holler. Ma and Jean and Julie and Bonnie all go rushing up to see what's wrong. Dad winks at me. I nearly choke on the banana I'm eating.

After a minute, they all troop down the stairs and into the kitchen. I just sit and look at them.

"Johnny," Ma says, "you sure did a fine job on those socks of yours and Dad's."

"Yes'm," I say.

"And so I think," Ma says, "that you can keep on washing out your own socks from now on."

Then I really do choke on that banana.

SHIRLEY SCOTT (age 16), Vienna, Virginia.

NONFICTION AWARD

The Goat

The goat, a most perverse animal, continually, it seems, tries to aggravate its master. Patience and an understanding for the goat's favorite dishes are must characteristics of the owner. These favorite dishes I am referring to are the next-door neighbor's rare black orchids or Father's Sunday shirt. Often it's Junior's new kite, which was so carefully put together. Although the goat has a very eccentric appetite, it chooses very carefully its food, being certain to eat only the most peculiar objects. For instance

it only knocks over paint cans, fruit baskets, and piles of jars to make noise, not to see if they are edible. If a goat salesman tries to tell you that a goat will eat only the weeds from your favorite flower bed, don't believe him! It is false. Another thing—don't ever try to lead a goat; it's impossible. A goat will choke itself before it will follow you, or else it will run away from you. Just in case a goat ever comes toward you with its head down—run! It will hurt if it hits you. Now, if you were thinking about buying a goat, I'm not trying to discourage you; but facts are facts and should not be kept from anyone. Goats are really swell animals to have around if you like excitement. It's one of the few animals which can give it to you so effortlessly.

JOANNE FILBY (age 13), Baltimore, Maryland.

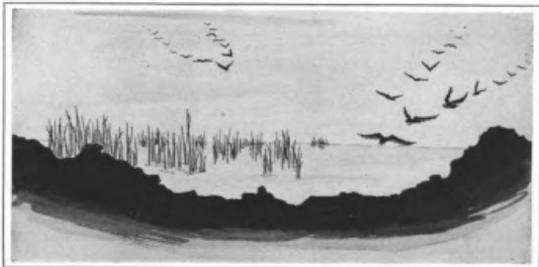
HONORABLE MENTION

ART: Marjorie Elaine King (age 14), Sheridan, Wyo. Hedy Rosensteel (age 15), Akron, O.  
POETRY: Susan Smith (age 17), Wauwatosa, Minn. Carol Blicher (age 14), Brooklyn, N. Y.  
FICTION: Esther P. Snook (age 16), Central Point, Ore. Sharon Sells (age 16), Ringwood, Ill.  
NONFICTION: Betsy Luns (age 12), Charleston, So. Car. Carol De Vore (age 16), Reddick, Fla.

PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 55 FOR  
DETAILS ABOUT "BY YOU"

ART AWARD

Jo Maxon (age 15), Berkeley, California.





Champion skater Joyce Durgan is an active Girl Scout and an accomplished pianist, with concert-stage ambitions

Seeing Donna MacKenzie speed over the ice today, you'd never guess the struggle back of her success



## Stars on Skates

by MARILYN McGLAUGHLIN

From two ice-skating champions—  
smart tips about ways  
to improve your skating skill



Joyce is expert both as a figure skater and speed skater—a rare phenomenon

this in common—a love of skating, plus scrapbooks and trophies proving that each is in the championship class in her favorite sport.

While Joyce has more skating titles than any girl of her age anywhere, Donna had to fight and win a victory over dread polio to achieve her own comfortable niche in the skating world.

If it was three years ago that Donna, who already had an impressive array of "place" and "show" medals to her credit, was rushed to the hospital. The diagnosis was polio.

For four days, while the paralysis spread to Donna's arms and legs, parents and friends prayed that she would live. Donna knew she would get well—because the skating season was almost at hand. She just *had* to get well. And get well she did, becoming in that same year top "midget" skater in Chicago.

"She wanted to skate so much that nothing could stop her from achieving her heart's desire," her mother said. "Even in the ambulance on the way to

the hospital, she talked about skating."

No trace of Donna's bout with polio remains now as she moves freely about the rink. She's "strictly a speedster," an attractive, freckled teen-ager who "likes any sport—just so it's fast." Donna advises beginners who want to concentrate on speed skating to buy speed skates before they get on ice. For girls who yearn to be Barbara Ann Scotts, she advises figure skates.

"Nine times out of ten, when you drop into a sporting-goods store and ask for a pair of skates, you'll be buying a pair of badly balanced, poor quality, steel hockeys. Even the best hockey skates are heavy because they have to stand up against the knocks of hockey clubs," Donna explained. "But poor quality ones are cumbersome to boot, and will work against you on the ice. If you buy this type of skate, you'll certainly be getting off on the wrong foot in more ways than one."

Both young skaters are Girl Scouts: Donna, a member of Chicago Troop 319, is well on her way to becoming a First Class Scout. Joyce, a member of the Saranac Lake, New York, Troop 2, already has her First Class badge and is working for her Curved Bar.

(Continued on page 52)



## BREAKFAST MAIN DISHES

Start the day with one of these breakfast treats and you'll have lots of pep and energy all morning long

**W**HAT DID you have for breakfast today? If you are reading this on a school day, we hope you didn't dash off with merely a glass of juice, a slice of toast, and a beverage, taken on the run. So many people in this country do have just that kind of skimpy breakfast, and there are many teen-agers among them. Boys have much better breakfast habits than girls. If you skip or skimp breakfast, you'll have to stuff yourself at the other two meals to get all the foods you need for the day. Besides, you won't have that morning sharpness a good breakfast gives you.

And what is a good breakfast? Nutritionists recommend a basic breakfast pattern which will give you about a third of the day's food requirements, and which includes these foods: fruit or juice, cereal with milk and sugar, milk or cocoa, bread, and butter or margarine. For variety, you can add to this basic breakfast, eggs, meats or fish, waffles, and other foods. Try the favorites of AMERICAN GIRL readers given here. Some are quickies that you can easily prepare on a school morning; others are better for week ends when you have more time.

The Recipe Exchange for April is now open, and the subject is Pies. We know you love pies, and that you must have some very special pie recipes that you'll want to share with other readers of the magazine. See page 51 for details.

### BAKED EGGS IN BUTTERCUPS

A recipe especially for those of you who think you don't like eggs. So easy and quick to prepare, too!

6 slices fresh, soft bread  
Melted butter or  
margarine

6 eggs  
Salt and pepper

Remove crusts from bread. Fit slices into buttered muffin tins. Brush with

Conducted by JUDITH MILLER

melted butter or margarine. Break an egg carefully into each bread cup. Season with salt and pepper. Bake at 325° F. for 15 minutes or until eggs are as firm as desired. Serves 6.

Sent by

JANICE KAY DALTON, Topeka, Kansas

### NUT WAFFLES

Even breakfast haters will go for these crisp, nutty waffles. Try them for special breakfast treats on Sunday mornings when you can take time for seconds.

1½ cups sifted flour	3 tablespoons salad oil
½ teaspoon salt	1 cup milk
2 teaspoons baking powder	2 egg whites
2 egg yolks	½ cup chopped pecans or other nuts

Sift together flour, salt, and baking powder. Beat egg yolks thoroughly; add oil and beat well to blend. Add milk and beat again. Combine egg-yolk mixture and dry ingredients. Beat egg whites until stiff and fold into first mixture. Add chopped nuts. Bake on hot waffle iron until crisp and brown. Serve with butter and desired syrup.

Sent by

JUNE FRUETT, Belton, Texas

### EGG GRIDDLE CAKES

Rebecca says she makes these often for her family's breakfast. The cakes are thin and have a chewy quality.

¼ cup sifted flour	1 cup milk
1½ teaspoons baking powder	½ cup fluffy cooked rice
½ teaspoon salt	3 tablespoons melted butter
2 egg yolks, well beaten	2 egg whites, stiffly beaten

Sift together flour, baking powder, and salt. Combine egg yolks and milk; add to

flour mixture. Beat until smooth. Fold in cooked rice, melted butter, and egg whites. Bake on hot griddle. Serve on a hot plate with butter and maple syrup.

Sent by

REBECCA COREY, Fort Jefferson, New York

### SPANISH OMELET

The ever-popular omelet is one of the easiest things to cook well, yet is so often cooked poorly. The secret, of course, is low temperature. Eggs become tough and dry when subjected to too high heat.

3 eggs	Dash pepper
3 tablespoons cream or top milk	1 tablespoon butter or margarine
½ teaspoon salt	

Beat eggs slightly; add milk and seasoning. Heat butter or margarine in omelet pan over moderate heat; add eggs and cook slowly. Run spatula around edge of pan, lifting eggs to allow uncooked portion to flow underneath. When eggs are set, increase heat slightly to brown. Loosen omelet from pan and fold one half over the other. Serve with:

### SPANISH SAUCE

Combine 1 cup cooked or canned tomatoes, 1 teaspoon minced green pepper, 1 teaspoon minced onion, and 2 teaspoons chopped celery. Cook slowly until vegetables are tender. Pour over omelet on serving platter. Serves 2.

Sent by

KAREN FLINCK, Alhambra, California

### GOETTE (German Scrupple)

Here's an unusual, hearty, breakfast dish, especially popular with men and boys. The recipe is a specialty of Anne's family and is many years old.

(Continued on page 51)

# For A New Year Look

Pattern 4550—25¢  
All other patterns—30¢





T4789

*These patterns, especially designed for readers of this magazine, may be purchased from The American Girl, Pattern Dept. 155 East 44th Street, New York City 17. When ordering be sure to enclose the correct amount for each pattern (sorry, no C.O.D.'s) and state size. We pay postage. For clip-out order blank, please turn to page 51.*

T4742

T9207

**4550:** Crisp smartness is in every line of this casual for sizes 10-16. Use a winter-weight material for it—or, with an eye toward spring, a Dan River cotton, with piqué for collar and cuffs. Size 12 requires  $4\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 35" fabric, plus  $\frac{1}{2}$  yard for trim

**T4814:** The deep neckline and velvet lining of this jumper are designed to set off the dressy blouse with elbow-puff sleeves. For sizes 10-16, it is sketched in Ameritex checked gingham. Jumper in size 12 takes  $3\frac{3}{4}$  yards 39" material; blouse, 2 yards of 35"

**T9038:** A sheath dress with cameo neckline for evening wear becomes a daytime frock when topped with the trim jacket. For sizes 11-17. In 13, dress takes  $2\frac{3}{4}$  yards 39" fabric (gabardine, rayon, or taffeta); jacket,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards, 39" (wool, corduroy, or velveteen)

**T4789:** Here is a dress for sizes 11-17, with huge, stand-away pockets and a becoming neckline, which can be made in many different materials, and worn practically anywhere. It is sketched in a Bates cotton plaid. Size 13 will require  $4\frac{1}{2}$  yards 35" fabric

**T4742:** Here are two smart versions of the same dress, for sizes 10-14. In size 10, the weskit version will take  $2\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 39" material for dress, and  $\frac{3}{4}$  yard of 35" for weskit; the dress with banding needs  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 35" fabric,  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yards for trimming.

**T9207:** This team of separates, designed for sizes 10-16, will do wonders for any wardrobe. The blouse is tailored but feminine, and the skirt has trouser pockets and panel-pleated front. In size 12 the blouse takes 2 yards 39" fabric, the skirt  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 54"

must every girl  
**SUFFER PIMPLES\***



**NEW INSTANT WAY  
 TO HELP CLEAR-A-WAY  
 SKIN BLEMISHES\***

Now you don't have to worry about using messy ointments or greasy creams to rid your face of blackheads or bumps. Complexion tinted liquid Kay Formula 301 is a wonder worker on your skin. The first application hides externally caused pimples and as it covers the irritated skin, special healing benefits act to dry and reduce the soreness. Developed by a dermatologist, Kay Formula 301 is used and recommended by many nurses.

**SEND NO MONEY**



To try Kay Formula 301 send no money. Just mail your order and on arrival pay only \$1.00 plus tax and C.O.D. postage, or save postage and C.O.D. charges and enclose \$1.20. Must satisfy you or money back. Send for free booklet 'Clear Skin Secrets' Mail your order now, today to Kay Products Co., Inc., Dept. A-1, 522 5th Ave., New York 18, N. Y.

**HONESTLY  
 YOU CAN MAKE**

**\$500.**

**IN SPARE TIME**

Sell beautiful Everyday cards for months to come. Send for our NEW, exclusive selling suggestions. Exciting selling idea works like chain letters—multiplies your customers constantly. Get FREE Surprise Selling Kit plus two sample boxes of our fastest selling Everyday cards on approval.

**CHARLES C. SCHWER COMPANY  
 1A ELM ST., WESTFIELD, MASS.**

# TEEN SHOP *talk*

Spend your Christmas dollars wisely. Start the New Year from the inside out. Eight dainty lingerie items, all to retail for \$3 or less

Candy Panty of Celanese rayon tricort with striped elastic trim. White and pastels in sizes 8-16. Three in an acetate knitting box. \$1.59 at Champion Tags, 71 West 35 St., New York 1, N. Y.



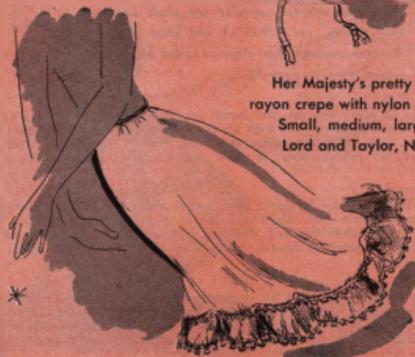
Plasta-Q-Jr., the double-knit, rayon-tricot pantie by Knicker-nick, has two tabs for detachable garters. Waist sizes 22-30. Assorted colors. \$1.95 at Strawbridge & Clothier, Philadelphia, Pa.



Glamour garter belt has satin panel with rosebud trim. Dainty pastel shades, in small, medium, large sizes. \$2.50 at Sir... 159 Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y.



Her Majesty's pretty petticoat of white rayon crepe with nylon net and lace trim. Small, medium, large sizes. \$2.98 at Lord and Taylor, New York 18, N. Y.



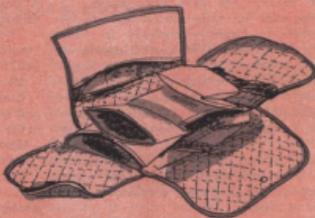
# TEEN SHOP *talk*

by JONNI BURKE

Drawings by Lid Weil



A quilted, plastic lingerie case to help in your resolve to keep your bureau neat. It has double flaps and several hose pockets. Blue, gray, rose, green. \$1.50 at Novel Novelties, Box 299, Larchmont, N. Y.



First choice for a first bra, by Belle Mode in embroidered white cotton. Sizes 30-36. \$1.50 at Hutzler Bros., Baltimore, Md.



Pretty pantie with a fancy stitch—knitted cotton brief with lace trim in red and pastel shades. Sizes 8-16. Only 80¢ at Munsingwear, Minneapolis, Minn.



"Best Buy" for the New Year. A slip of Bates cotton by South Jersey, with elasticized back, and pink or blue ribbon beaded through the eyelet ruffle. Teen sizes 10-16. Subteen, 10-14. \$2.98 at Wanamaker's, Philadelphia, Pa.

Please order items direct from stores listed and mention *The American Girl*

## SPECIAL OFFER

brings you  
**\$30**  
quickly



Sell only 50 super profit boxes for \$1 each Here's news! You get bigger profits per box with Chilton's Special \$1 Super Profit Assortment — make more money faster! And what endless big-profit opportunities with Chilton's other nationally advertised greetings! Friends, neighbors, others buy. With no experience, no risk, you can turn spare hours into many welcome dollars!

### FAMOUS FOR BEAUTY AND VALUE

This vast line of lovely best-sellers is not available in stores! Stunning new 21-card "Beauty Rose" All-Occasions at \$1, cute Puppy Notes, Wraps, Stationery, Floral Notes, Easters, Birthdays, "Garden of Wishes", etc. sell themselves. You make up to 100% profit — and more!

## Chilton ALL-OCCASION GREETING CARDS



Not 14, Not 16, but

**21 CARDS**

"BEAUTY ROSE"

ASSORTMENT

All New — the \$1 Box

Sensation of the Year!

Gargoyles "Garden of Wishes"  
All-Occasion Greetings  
New - 14 Luxurious Folders



### NO EXPERIENCE NEEDED

Your success is assured from the start. We send free "The Chilton Plan" booklet of proven selling tips. And our money back guarantee protects you!

### SEND NO MONEY

With the Free Sample Display, we send "on approval" the feature "Beauty Rose" and "Garden of Wishes" Boxes. Organizations raise funds easily!

FREE

SAMPLE

DISPLAY

Personalized

"Pony" Notes

MAIL

COUPON

TODAY

**CHILTON GREETINGS CO.**  
147 Essex St., Dept. A-7, Boston 11, Mass.

Send at once Free Display, Also "on approval" feature "Beauty Rose" and "Garden of Wishes" Boxes, with selling booklet, "The Chilton Plan".

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_  
State \_\_\_\_\_



*-the brightest idea*

To please mother, do this: offer to clean the pots and pans! But be smart—first be sure there's S.O.S. on hand—S.O.S., the magic cleanser that makes sink-work easy. S.O.S. works so fast, you work less. Try it!



**CHUBBIES**

Send for our **FREE BOOK**

of happy young Chubby Fashions  
Chubby Girls Sizes  
8 1/2, 10 1/2, 12 1/2, 14 1/2  
Chubby Teen Size  
10 1/2, 12 1/2, 14 1/2, 16 1/2

Just everything! Dresses, suits, coats, jackets, blouses, slacks, lingerie, sportcoats, skirts... all priced just the same as "regular sizes". Post this to a penny postcard and mail to:  
Lana Bryant P. O. Box 1579  
Grand Central Station  
New York 17, N. Y.  
Please send me your "Chubbies" Style Book.

Name.....Age.....  
Street.....  
City.....State.....



It's Fun... And Easy For You To Make

**BIG MONEY** IN YOUR SPARE TIME!

Here's extra cash for you—send a way to make new friends. Show this attractive line of Everyday Greeting Cards. Sensational values bring you quick orders. **21 - Card \$1 Assortment** sells to everyone. You make up to \$96 per hour! Add to your earnings showing new Harmon, Imperial Value, Anniversary, Gift Items, Royal Gift Wraps and others.

**HERE'S PROOF OF BIG EARNINGS!**

"My first year selling cards, I did five times as much business as expected. I made \$150 profit in 40 hours work in one hour I made \$6.50 net profit. It was a hobby instead of work." M. C. H., Calif.

**Chubbies Church General Raise Money!** Make big profits for yourself or your favorite organization, this easy way. Make an extra big cash bonus, too. No experience needed. Samples sell for you. Get samples on approval NOW! Write TODAY!

**GENERAL CARD CO., 1300 W. Jackson**  
DEPT. 702 • CHICAGO 7, ILLINOIS

glad of that. Becky and Gloria each got small parts—singers in the choir—and I was assigned to wardrobe.

We were pretty excited as we walked home, even though nobody was talking much. As we approached Fourth and Maple Linda suddenly spoke.

"You know," she said thoughtfully, "I don't see why fan clubs always have to be for somebody famous—somebody in New York or Hollywood. Why can't there be a fan club sometime for Mr. Average Guy? Or Mr. Nobody, for that matter! Mr. Nobody right in your own home town!"

"Linda, I think maybe you've got something there."

"Well," agreed Becky, "at least it's different. Has possibilities. We could keep our hero a big secret. Say, maybe it would be fun at that!"

"But who would we get?" I asked, "The milkman? Or the paper boy? Maybe the iceman!"

Linda nodded toward the big house on the corner. "I was thinking of Mrs. Blackstone."

We all stopped in our tracks. "That's it!" screamed Becky. "She's a natural. We could call it 'The Connie Stone Club.' Nobody'd know. Everybody would think she was some starlet on her way up!"

"Okay," said Gloria. "Let's do it! We could send cards on holidays. Run errands. Now that's my idea of a real fan club!"

It was fun! I mean, getting our club going. We decided to limit our membership to four for the time being. We were very secretive about everything, in a rather noisy sort of way. We'd whisper and laugh among ourselves, drop hints here and there, blithely discuss "Connie Stone" as if she were the queen of stars.

We dropped in every chance we could to visit with Mrs. Blackstone, but what with rehearsals and everything, it wasn't as often as we'd have liked. She was always so eager to hear all about the progress of the play. She'd nod and smile and look awfully happy. She was terribly proud that Linda was to do Emily.

YOU CAN IMAGINE OUR dejection, one afternoon a couple of weeks later, when the four of us trooped up on her porch with the bad news.

"Well, how's 'Our Town' coming?" she asked cheerily.

"It isn't," said Linda mournfully. "Mrs. Blackstone, the awfullest thing has happened. There was a short circuit in the wiring backstage at the auditorium last night. It'll take weeks to repair the damage the fire did. The play has been called off."

"Oh, no!" cried Mrs. Blackstone. "Surely something can be done. Isn't there another place to give it?"

"Well," said Linda soberly, "we're going to have our weekly assemblies down at the theater. We could get that for one night for the actual performance, but it would be too expensive for rehearsals. We tried to find a classroom that would do. We even considered out-of-door rehearsals. But that's no good."

Mrs. Blackstone got to her feet. "Come on, girls."

We followed her inside. She pushed open some sliding doors to our left. We stared in amazement. The room was huge—a ballroom

complete with old-fashioned-looking furniture.

"Of course, it's pretty dusty," said Mrs. Blackstone, "but you young folks could take care of that in a jiffy. I used to think of this room as a theater when I was a girl. See! The stage down at this end. This door is one entrance. That one going into the dining room is the other. . . ."

"You mean," asked Linda incredulously, "you're offering this to us for a rehearsal hall?"

Mrs. Blackstone nodded. Linda asked if she could use the phone, and ten minutes later Miss Clark zipped up in her coupé. Next day there was a conference—Miss Clark, the principal, the school board. "Our Town" was back in rehearsal again.

THERE WAS something about rehearsing in that old house that really did things for all of us. Because the play takes place back in the horse-and-buggy days, the house just seemed to fit in. Then, of course, there was no problem about scenery and properties. A few chairs . . . the pantomime of opening imaginary doors . . . a milkman leading an imaginary horse along an imaginary street. . . .

Mrs. Blackstone was having the time of her life. She never missed a rehearsal. She'd sit about a third of the way back, drinking in every word. And was she a help to me in the wardrobe department! Her attic proved to be a gold mine of old-fashioned dresses and black umbrellas.

Linda was awfully good. I remember one night when we were walking home, I mentioned to her how good everybody said she was.

"You know, Peg," she said quietly, "Mrs. Blackstone never says a word—never interferes with Miss Clark's direction, but if I'm good, it's because of Mrs. Blackstone. I watch her face. If I'm not getting the right inflection, the right timing, there's a little frown on her face. But the minute I get it right, her face just seems to glow."

Everybody—Miss Clark, the cast, the technical staff—seemed to sense that "Our Town" was going to be an outstanding production. Everybody was talking about it. The publicity in the papers was wonderful. The theater held twice as many as the auditorium did, but the tickets went like wild-fire. It was practically a sellout days ahead of the show.

The show was set for Friday night. Right after lunch, the technical staff took over the building. We worked like fiends, and about six o'clock everything was in readiness. Suddenly I thought of something and went looking for Miss Clark. I found her in the box office. She had just put down the phone.

"I was wondering, Miss Clark," I said, "was anything done about seeing that Mrs. Blackstone got a good seat tonight?"

"Yes, Peggy. I asked her to see the show from backstage. I knew she'd like that."

Just then I noticed that Miss Clark looked pale, and that her hands were trembling.

"Are you all right?" I asked anxiously. "You're not sick, are you?"

Miss Clark sighed heavily.

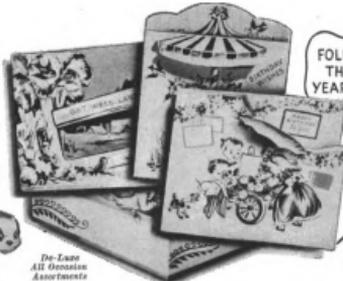
"It's all off, Peg. Susan Jacobs is out of the cast. She has a strep throat. She can't go on, and she has no understudy."

"Oh, no!" I moaned. Susan had the part of Emily's mother. It was an important role

OUR NEIGHBORS ARE EAGER TO BUY THESE LOVELY CARDS AT ONLY \$1.50 A BOX!

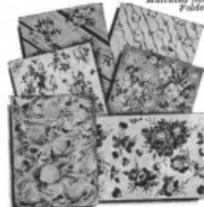


Artwork Gift Wrappings, Matching Postals, Folders



De-Luxe All Occasion Assortments

FOLKS WANT THEM ALL YEAR 'ROUND!



MY PALS ALL SAY THE GIFT WRAPPINGS ARE KEEN!



"Petal Soles" Stationery, Decorated Envelopes



Gifts and Thank You Cards for Everybody

If your church or club wants a quick and easy way to raise funds all year 'round—write us, giving your name, name and address of your church or club, and name of person in charge of fund raising. By return mail we will send our valuable guide for groups, "The Doehla Money-Raising Plan," together with sample kits, on approval.

# No Wonder So Many "Debs" Make \$25 Easily

without taking a job or putting in regular hours . . . AND WITHOUT EXPERIENCE

HERE'S an easy, friendly way to make extra money for the things you want to buy. Just SHOW lovely new Doehla All Occasion Greeting Card and Stationery Assortments to your friends, neighbors or relatives.

These assortments are so exceptionally beautiful—and so reasonably priced—that folks are happy to give you big orders. Their exquisite designs, glowing warm colors and exciting new features delight all who see them. NO EXPERIENCE IS NEEDED—our Free Book shows you how even beginners make money right from the start. You make up to \$25 on just fifty boxes; even more with the Doehla Cash bonus.

## You Make Money—and Friends, Too

Everybody these days needs and buys greeting cards the whole year 'round. That's why it's so easy to make extra money and new friends, merely by showing something that everybody wants—and buys—anyway. Many church groups, girls' clubs, and other organizations also use this same highly successful method of raising funds.

## Years for Free Trial—Everything You Need to Start Earning Immediately

Mail the Free Trial Coupon below NOW. We will send you everything you need to begin making money right away. A few lovely sample assortments on approval. Complete details about quick cash earnings, extra cash bonuses. Free samples of new name-imprinted personal stationery and napkins. Also FREE BOOK showing how others make extra money this way and how you can, too.

## SEND NO MONEY—MAIL COUPON

Mail coupon—without obligation. If friends don't "snap up" samples—and ask for more—return them at our expense. Don't miss this chance to make new friends and the extra money you want for gifts, clothes, good times. Mail the coupon NOW—before you forget! HARRY DOEHLA CO., Studio A41, Fitchburg, Mass. (Or if you live west of the Rockies—mail coupon to Palo Alto, Cal.)

Copyright, 1951, Harry Doehla Co.

IT'S FUN MAKING EXTRA MONEY THIS WAY!



Miniature and Novelty Cards



HARRY DOEHLA CO., Studio A 41, Fitchburg, Mass. (or Palo Alto, Cal.)

Please rush me—for FREE TRIAL—a few sample box assortments on approval, money-making plan, and extra profit cash bonus offer. Also send Free Stationery and Napkin Samples, and Free Book, "How to Make Money and Friends—Showing Doehla Greeting Cards."

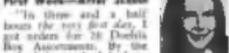
Name \_\_\_\_\_ (Please Print Clearly)  
 Address \_\_\_\_\_  
 City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_  
 Please state Zone No. (if any)

### Beginner Gets 10 Orders in 1/2 Hour



"I received these ten orders at almost thirty minutes at a family dinner today. Everyone said 'oh, it's good' over your cards. It's going to be easy and enjoyable." —Rita J. Skane, New York.

### 11-Year-Old Makes \$17.95 First Week—After School



"In three and a half hours the very first day, I got orders for 28 Doehla Box Assortments. By the end of the week, I had orders for 27 more boxes—41 all total—including many for Petal Soles Stationery. So you see I have made \$17.95 for myself in my first week." —Marjorie Richardson, New York.

### Earnings Pay Her Way at Nurses' School



"While in Nurses' school I made practically all my expenses selling Doehla cards. Now I am graduated, but I wouldn't stop my card business for anything because it does not seem like work, but is a pleasure." —Dorothy Nygren, Registered Nurse, California.

### Earnings Pay For Bicycle, Clothes, Piano

"I enjoy selling your beautiful cards, stationery, wrapping paper, etc. I don't get too much time to sell them when I am going to school. I have earned enough for a new bicycle, and most of my clothes—and now I have nearly enough for a piano. I am glad I found your easy way of earning money." —Miss B. P., Wisconsin.

### Mail Free-Trial Coupon—Without Money or Obligation

# Are you in the know?



Can you remedy cold, red hands with—

- Open-air workouts
- Mittens
- Lotion

If Winter turns your mitts to icy "lobster claws"—chances are, your circulation needs recharging. Get more outdoor exercise. Swap tight gloves for warm, wool mittens that give your fingers wiggle-room. And use hand lotion, faithfully. (Did you guess all 3 answers were right?) On certain days, you don't have to guess which Kotex absorbency's right for you. Try all 3: Regular, Junior, Super—(different sizes, for different days). See which answers your needs!



For some gals, which style demands special grooming?

- Horseshoe neckline
- Bolting sleeves
- Flared skirts

Squires soon tire of gals who perspire and don't do something about it! Use underarm deodorants; dress shields. And with bolting sleeves, you can wear a bra with built-in shields: special precaution to save your dress, your daintiness. At "calendar" time, smooth grooming's no problem—when you let Kotex banish revealing outlines. With those special, flat pressed ends no telltale outlines show. You can flaunt any smart new fashion—without a single secret quest!



How to straighten out a feud you started?

- Make the first move
- Wait for him to call
- Try the weeping technique

You blow your top. And you're sorry—even before you hear the door slam. Well, tell him so, in a little note. Or ask the crowd over and include your bitter half. If that doesn't fetch him, why knock yourself out? 'Tisn't worth it... say more than it is to fret over trying days' woe. You needn't, for Kotex gives you the extra protection of an exclusive safety cover. A Kotex Gossamer that guards against accidents; spares you "those" nagging cares.



If you're conversation-shy in a crowd, what helps overcome it?

- Take a public-speaking course
- Avoid gang gatherings
- Go in for sports

Your sound track fails you in "parlor" chatter? Join a sports group. Go skating. Howling... (who can be a dumb belle when she scores a strike?) Hop on a snow train... and look who's talking! You, leading the yackety-yak about ski lessons, boots, waxes.

And once in the sports whirl don't be a quitter. On difficult days, choose Kotex for comfort... downy softness that adds its alope because Kotex is made to stay soft while you wear it. (Comfort and confidence are team-mates!)

Have you tried Delsey?

Delsey® is the new bathroom tissue that's safer because it's softer. A product as superior as Kotex... a tissue as soft and absorbent as Kleenex.\* (We think that's the nicest compliment there is.)

More women choose **KOTEX** than all other sanitary napkins

3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER



© 1953, KOTEX COMPANY

—one that required her to be in every act. A lot of the words—even more of the pantomime—hung on the part. "What are you going to do, Miss Clark?"

Miss Clark shrugged her shoulders resignedly. "What is there to do? The cast meets at seven o'clock. I'll have to tell them. It's too late to notify the public. We'll just have to hang out a sign on the box-office window. Peg, don't mention this to anyone until the cast assembles at seven."

At seven o'clock the entire cast had assembled down front in the theater. That is, all except Susan Jacobs. You could feel the pent-up excitement in the air. Faces were flushed. Eyes were bright. The rumor was flying around that a talent scout from Hollywood was in town. There were anxious looks on the faces of a few. Another rumor was beginning to move. "Susan Jacobs is sick! The play is going to be called off."

I felt horrible. After a while I saw Mrs. Blackstone come into the theater, walk down the aisle and sit down. I could hardly stand to think of her disappointment. Miss Clark walked out on the stage and waited for complete silence.

"I'm sorer than I can say," she began fidgeting, "but there will be no play tonight. Susan Jacobs is very sick with a strep throat, and we have no replacement."

For just a moment, an awful hush hung over the room. Then everybody started talking at once. Miss Clark made no effort to quiet them. I saw the disappointment in their faces, heard the anguish in their voices. Then I saw Linda get to her feet and wave her hands frantically at Miss Clark. Miss Clark called for order. Linda had moved up front.

"Miss Clark," she cried, "we do have a replacement. We did all the time! I was learning my lines, I practiced them with Mrs. Blackstone. She knows the part of Emily's mother."

The commotion drowned out Linda's words. Everybody was turning to look at Mrs. Blackstone. Miss Clark pounded her order. She was smiling happily. "Mrs. Blackstone," she called, "Linda is right. Would you please come to my rescue?"

Mrs. Blackstone got to her feet. "I would be proud and happy to play the part," she answered simply.

"What a play! What night! It will be a long time before our town forgets 'Our Town.' Linda was grand. Bill Newton was superb. Greg was terrific. Everybody was magnificent."

And Mrs. Blackstone! What a triumph it was for her. She played the role perfectly—with its proper restraint. Her make-up in the first act was astounding. She looked young and pretty. And on-stage, after the play, I never saw anybody so happy. She was as excited as a sixteen-year-old girl.

THE FOUR OF US—Gloria, Becky, Linda, and I—have just parted at the corner of Fourth and Maple. We are kind of sad and kind of happy—all mixed up together.

The big house on the corner is dark. Mrs. Blackstone has gone to Hollywood! You see, there really was a talent scout at the show, and he offered her a contract.

And as Linda says, "That girl's sure going places. Gee, am I glad I'm a charter member of the Cornelia Blackstone Fan Club!"

THE END

## Hands on Parade (Continued from page 14)

precautions, your hands do get chapped, give them a generous dose of lanolin, cocoa butter, rich lubricating cream, or slightly warmed olive oil at bedtime. Massage it thoroughly into the skin and around each nail. Then pull on an old but clean pair of white or light, loose-fitting cotton gloves, and wear them through the night.

**3. Chipped polish.** If you wear polish and find that it looks as though the squirrels had been at it after one day or so, get out the polish remover and put it right to work! Ragged polish looks sloppy, and patch jobs are usually unsatisfactory. You might as well spend the time you'd have to spend for the patch job removing all the polish and going without if you're in a hurry.

**4. Nail biting.** We hope that this doesn't concern you at all—that nail biting isn't a thing you do regularly or even infrequently. But just in case the habit has carried over from your childhood days, and you haven't quite been able to conquer it, especially in moments of tension, let's face the problem. If you do it at all, break yourself of the habit as quickly as you can. Not only is it unattractive, but it is also unhealthy. You can gnaw the nail plate down to the quick, you know, and this infection can set in because there's no protection left against bacteria and fungus. The bacteria are right there, in your mouth, too.

AND YOUR FEET FOR some pointers on your weekly manure. Here, again, as far as the daily thorough cleaning, it's wise to set aside a definite day and hour for the job. You may not always be able to stick exactly

to your schedule, but it's nice to have something to aim at, isn't it?

**5. Cleaning and shaping the nails.** Remove all old polish carefully with an oily polish remover, and then wash the hands gently. Don't soak them yet, for that will make the nails too soft to shape easily. Now shape them with an emery board. Metal files are too hard on nail tissue. File nails toward the center, and don't go too close to the corners, as this weakens the nails. Never file them straight across. You can use manicure scissors or clippers for the corners. Smooth the edges with the fine side of the emery board. Rub any calluses or rough spots at the corners of the nail with pumice.

At this point comes the soaking. Soak fingertips several minutes in warm, soapy water, then scrub with your stiff nailbrush and dry thoroughly.

**6. The cuticles.** Push back gently with cotton-tipped orange stick dipped in cuticle remover. If you don't have cuticle remover, dip the stick into the warm soapy water. Don't cut an unbroken cuticle. If a hang-nail develops, snip it promptly with sharp little scissors that have been dipped in an antiseptic. Then apply antiseptic to the spot to protect it from infection.

**7. Base coat.** Apply clear base coat to each nail. This will protect nails and help prevent chipping.

**8. Polish.** If you use any polish, apply it with a not-too-full brush. Use three long strokes, around as over the nose, down sides and down center. Dip brush for each nail. If your nails are round and you want to make them seem to have that perfect oval shape, bring brush only down the mid-

# Was he talking about YOU?

\* After spending most of your girlhood in Switzerland, I came to your country to study medicine. I was amazed to see how many otherwise beautiful young girls had poor complexions.

"Why?" I asked a leading skin doctor. For nearly all the young girls in Switzerland have beautiful complexions. Only a few ever had blemishes and most of these unfortunate girls were in ill-health.

"Why do so many young women in America have such poor complexions?" I repeated.

"The real trouble," the dermatologist replied, "is largely due to foreign matter that is not removed by ordinary cleansing methods. American girls use all sorts of cosmetics, but unlike Swiss girls, they often only superficially cleanse their skins. And, real cleanliness is the basis of all good complexions."

"But why?" I persisted, "why don't American girls cleanse their skins more thoroughly?"

"Some are careless," he admitted, "but the real reason is that I don't believe anyone has developed a product that will thoroughly cleanse the skin—inactivate, soothe and protect it at the same time—and still not be drying to some complexions."

Right then and there I resolved that some day I would create such a product!

After I finished my studies, I began experimenting. It was a long and often heartbreaking task but finally, after countless experiments, I developed a product that combined three costly ingredients in a way that had never been discovered before.

Test after test proved that "Beauty In The Morning," as I called my new product, corrected most complexion troubles (when not systemic) almost overnight. One young New Yorker wrote me, "It's a near-miracle. I know now that my face hasn't been really clean in eight years—not since I first started to use cake make-up."

Perhaps (unknown to you) your own complexion problem is due to improper cleansing. Why not give "Beauty In The Morning" a trial now! You will probably notice a decided improvement after the very first day. "Beauty In The Morning" is inexpensive, too. One package will give you more than a hundred treatments. That's less than one cent a day!

So many girls are asking for this new, near-magic beauty aid that demand has far exceeded the supply. So, if your favorite toilet goods counter does not have it, send the coupon below today!



### MAIL COUPON TODAY

I enclose  1 Rose Marie Bourdillon Westport Laboratories, Bridgeton, N.J. Please rush me "Beauty In The Morning" at \$1.00 each. Send  packages No. 1 (for normal or oily skin)  packages No. 2 (for dry skin) I am enclosing \$1.00 for each package. Name \_\_\_\_\_ Street \_\_\_\_\_ City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ AG-1-51

NOTE: If you are not completely satisfied, return the unused portion to us within 10 days and your money will be cheerfully refunded.



**Blemishes\***. "Noxzema was such a help in healing some blemishes," says Dallas high school sophomore, Barbara Stuteville, "that I continued using it twice every day! Noxzema has so many wonderful uses. It helps keep my skin looking its best!"

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**1. Morning**—Apply Noxzema over face and neck. With a damp cloth, "cream-wash" as you would with soap and water. Rinse. "Creamwashing" cleanses so thoroughly. Noxzema even smells clean!

After drying skin thoroughly, smooth on a film of greaseless Noxzema to help give your skin two all-day benefits. It helps heal blemishes\*, helps protect your skin and give it a "velvety" look!

**2. Evening**—At bedtime, "creamwash" again. How clean your skin looks! How fresh it feels! See how you've washed away make-up, the day's dirt! Now, lightly massage Noxzema into face and neck to help skin look softer, smoother. Pat a bit extra over any blemishes\* so

help heal them. Noxzema is greaseless. No "smeary" face or messy pillow!

### Developed by a Doctor

A skin doctor developed this Noxzema Beauty Routine. When it was tested, 4 out of 5 showed lovelier-looking skin. See if it doesn't help your complexion look softer, smoother and fresher—more naturally lovely! Get Noxzema today!

\*Naturally caused

**Use Noxzema for these Skin Problems, too!**

**Chapped hands**—Medicated Noxzema helps them feel better, look softer and smoother—quickly!

**Rough, dry arms and legs** respond so beautifully to soothing Noxzema. And it's greaseless!

**Chapped lips**—Noxzema's medicated formula helps them heal quickly—helps them look softer, smoother!

**Rough, dry elbows** feel smoother—look softer and whiter—with regular Noxzema care!

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dle, leaving narrow strips on each side unpainted. And cover the moon. If nails are square, paint down the middle. Leave wide side strips, large moon, and tips unpainted.

**9. Sealing coat.** Apply a sealing coat after polish is dry and remove any smears with an orange stick dipped in remover.

Those of you who are polish users will probably choose the clear liquid type or a very light shade for everyday use. Clear and light polishes are so much easier to keep looking neat and trim. If you do go in for a darker shade for special occasions, make sure it blends well with the color of your lipstick and with your costume. There are so many attractive shades of polish available today that you can easily find an appropriate one for any and every occasion. You can even get polish that has a delicate fragrance.

If you're not in favor of polish, remember Grandma had a good idea. She buffed her nails with a chamois buffer, and beauty experts are returning to this theory today. Buffing is good for circulation and strengthens nails. (You can buff right over polish, too, if you want to.)

**INCIDENTALLY**, have you ever heard any of the old adages about hands? Some of them you'll say are silly, but you'll have to admit some hold a grain of truth!

In the world of finger-ology, it seems, fingers that lie curled together all the time reveal a greedy nature (nothing is going to slip through them).

Fingers that are fat and thick at the base say you love luxury; you're the kitten type, want to spend your life lapping up bowls of cream and being admired and petted!

If your hands dangle limply from droopy arms and shoulders, you're the timid type. But if you carry them clenched in fists, elbows slightly bent, you could easily be the most boastful person in town. Or if you sit with your hands folded placidly on your tummy, you're the good-natured, jolly girl. Do you wave your hands around constantly when you talk? You're probably a show-off. If you're the one who sits hugging her chest, paws tucked under arms, you're unsure of yourself, and shy.

So look to your hands. Keep them clean, soft, neat, and use them gracefully. And you'll find other girls are saying about you, "Hasn't she the loveliest hands? I wish mine were like hers."

THE END

**LOOK FOR THE PRIZE PURCHASE ON PAGE 15 AT THE FOLLOWING STORES:**

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# The Music Stand

by MIMA JEAN SPENCER

PEER GYNT frowned as he stood at the door of his mother's house. He hated the little village before him and longed to see distant countries and strange peoples. Angriily he kicked a stone, and suddenly he decided that at last he really would leave his home and journey afar. He bade a hasty farewell to his weeping mother and with quick steps hurried down the road.

With this introduction, told in music, does Edvard Grieg, the Norwegian composer, start Peer Gynt on his world travels. The selfish and discontented youth does indeed see the world, but he merely becomes more and more self-centered and unhappy as he grows older.

Grieg wrote two orchestral suites (groups of instrumental compositions) about Peer Gynt. In Suite I there are four movements: 1) "Morning," (from which the above sketch was taken); 2) "Asa's Death," in which Asa, Peer's mother, dies alone and heartbroken, forsaken by her ungrateful son; 3) "Anitra's Dance," a desert scene in which the beautiful Anitra, a desert chief's daughter, dances for Peer; 4) "In the Hall of the Mountain King," where Peer meets all sorts of trolls and goblins who cavort in the eerie caverns of their mountains.

Suite II is less well known although the theme is again Peer on his travels, from which he finally returns to his abandoned bride, Solveig, to die in her arms.

Grieg wrote the melodies to serve as incidental music for Henrik Ibsen's play, "Peer Gynt." He composed twenty-two musical numbers and combined the best of them into the two suites. The Peer Gynt music is beautiful and versatile, varying from melancholy dirges to lively mazurka rhythms.

**About the composer:** Edvard Grieg (1843-1907) was a son of Norway and his music has a national flavor, full of the folk songs of the country he loved. Perhaps you have heard or seen the musical, "Song of Norway," which is the story of Grieg's life and includes much of his best music. The haunting "Strange Music" and the lovely "Ich Liebe Dich" are from this score. Grieg was much acclaimed in his lifetime, and his work has undoubtedly been Norway's greatest contribution to the world of music. For an excellent recording of the *Peer Gynt Suite I*, Op 46, hear Victor's Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra version with Gossens conducting.

Did you ever notice the difference between winter and summer music? For summer, the music is languid and graceful, reflecting the warm days and slow tempo of the season. But for winter there is a sprightly rhythm and a strong melodic line, with stress on the dominant instruments rather than the sweet strings of summer. Carrying out this theme, there is a jingle of sleigh bells, the crackling of a fire, and the joy of a snow-covered world in these gay

new songs for 1951 which might well be grouped as Winter Music. Johnny Desmond sings of the delight of a "Sleigh Ride" and a "Marshmallow World" for MGM, and Tommy Tucker agrees with Dan Brown and Sally Sweetland that it "Looks Like a Cold, Cold Winter" (MGM). On Mercury's gay platter, "Jing-A-Ling, Jing-A-Ling," sleigh bells ring out, with Richard Hayes and the Murad Harmonicists doing the vocalizing—a cute novelty number. Trudy Richards brings out the more subtle promises of the winter season in her romantic singing of "The Winter Waltz," which is an adaptation of the familiar and lovely "Skaters Waltz" (MGM).

From "Guys and Dolls" and "Call Me Madam," two new Broadway musicals, have come some top tunes of the season. There are such clever songs as "If I Were a Bell" (best by Frankie Laine on a Mercury label); "A Bushel and a Peck" (Margaret Whiting's and Jimmy Wakely's version is Capitol); and the already popular "The Ocarina" (very nice by Roberta Quinlan with Jan August for Mercury). On the sweet side, these shows offer such ballads as: "I've Never Been in Love Before" and "I'll Know" (good on a platter for MCM by Billy Eckstine); and "It's a Lovely Day Today" along with "Marrying for Love," by the Russ Case Orchestra with Bonnie Lake and Jack Carroll on the vocals (MGM). Also by Russ Case, this time with Jack Carroll and Gene Blake, is "You're Just in Love" and "The Best Thing for You" (MGM).

**THE IRISH LOVE** of legend and the little folk has produced much of the delightful fairy literature of our world. An enchanting example of Irish art is MGM's albumette (first in a series), called "Pat and the Pixies." Told and sung by Jerry Bartell, the two-record album is the story of magic shoes, fabulous jewels, the errand boy Pat, and the "Pixies at Brigid's Bog." 'Tis a bit of a tale to stir any imagination!

Have you heard such good records as: Maria and Nat Cole's "Get out and Get Under the Moon" and "Hey, Not Now" (Capitol)? Or Les Paul with "Sweet Sugar" and the crazy "Goofus"; the Jo Stafford and Gordon MacRae duet of "Yesterday" and "I'll See you after Church on Sunday Morning," all sung for Capitol? How about Peggy Lee's "Once in a Lifetime" and "Life is so Peculiar," or Frank Devol's "Love Letters in the Sand" and "This Year's Kisses" (both Capitol)? Mercury offers Eddy Holly and singing "Patricia" and "So Long Sally," as well as "I'm in the Middle of a Riddle" and "The Petite Waltz," ably done by Lawrence Welk and Orchestra.

All in all, it looks like a good, good season for classical and popular music, so let your phonograph and radio help you usher in the new year with music, music, MUSIC!

THE END

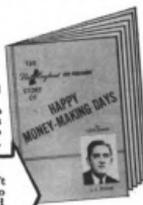
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**WESTON, WEST VIRGINIA:** I have been reading your magazine for a long time and I think it is better than any other magazine I've ever read. All the teen-agers around here love it.

I write to people in foreign lands, and the magazine makes a nice gift to send them. I sent one to a boy in Japan and he said he liked it very much.

JAUNICE NICHOLSON

**BRUSH, COLORADO:** I thought your fashions in the November issue of *THE AMERICAN GIRL* were especially outstanding and very appropriate for the holiday seasons. I found the article *Chart Your Popularity Course* extremely helpful, and it comes in handy for parties at our school. I thought the story *Concert Performance* was most inspiring.

PAULI HULKOVICH (age 16)

**SPRINGFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS:** The cover of the November issue is very pretty. In that issue, I liked *Concert Performance* the best of all the stories. I like stories about violinists, because my twin sister and I play the violin. I wish you would have more stories about girls playing musical instruments.

NAN ZIMMERMAN (age 12)

**BYRON, ARKANSAS:** Although I am not a Girl Scout I enjoy the Girl Scout designs in compacts, pencils, bracelets, and so on.

I enjoy the stories, though, best of all, and *Jokes*. *On Trial* is one of the best stories I ever read.

MARY ELIZABETH WOOD (age 12)

**KEYMAR, MARYLAND:** I am a Girl Scout of Troop 1 so I enjoy your Girl Scout news. I like your hints on how to act at parties and your wonderful stories.

NANCY ROELKE

**GOWANDA, NEW YORK:** I thought *On Trial* was wonderful. So was *Chart Your Popularity Course*. I am a Girl Scout in Troop 135; it is my second year. I think Scouting is tops. My friends and I wish that you would put in more mystery stories.

MARILYN COOK (age 11)

**STONEHAM, MASSACHUSETTS:** *On Trial* and *Concert Performance* were two of the best fiction stories I have read. *Teen-Ager*... *Japanese Style* was super. *Bike Trip to England* was wonderful. *Lovely to Look At* was very helpful to me because I am troubled with blackheads.

All *Over the Map* was very interesting to me as I am a Girl Scout of Troop 27.

JEAN ROOS (age 11)

**SPRINGFIELD, OHIO:** I loved your story *Con-*

*cert Performance*, but I thought that Joyce should have had at least one date. Boys do not like girls for their looks, but for their disposition. Good luck!

ELISABETH COLE (age 10)

**WALLINGFORD, CONNECTICUT:** Since 1940 I have been a faithful reader of *THE AMERICAN GIRL*. During this time I have noted many fine improvements, especially in fashions, the recipe exchange, and selection of Scouting articles. I wish to express my thanks to the staff of this wonderful magazine as it has enabled me to become a Curved Bar Scout and earn thirty badges.

At present I'm a Senior Wing Scout of Lufbery Flight 14, Wallingford's first Wing Scout troop, named after our own World War I ace flier and hero, Raoul Lufbery. Our troop has flown twice to New York City where we toured La Guardia field and saw the sights of the city. This year we are headed for Washington, D. C.

Just recently I returned from the New England Regional Convention. I had been sent by the council because I had been a Chautauq delegate. There I met many fine Scouts and leaders, all with the same idea—that good Girl Scouts will be the good world citizens of tomorrow.

I graduated from Lyman Hall High two years ago. At present I work as a book-keeper, but hope to enter the University of Connecticut and begin my professional Girl Scout training. In this way I will help in the molding of good Scouts and citizens.

CORINNE VINCENTI (age 18)

**PARSONS, KANSAS:** My favorites in the magazine are the continued stories, especially *Stairway to the Sky*, and your styles, along with the short articles like *Chart Your Popularity Course*. I hope the magazine brings as much happiness in every home over the world as it does in mine.

PEGGY STEWART (age 12)

**NEW YORK, NEW YORK:** Thanks a lot for your article on *The Newspaper Game*. It has given our troop the idea to have our own paper and make a great profit on it.

MARY BENNETT

**CHICAGO, ILLINOIS:** I like your serial *Stairway to the Sky*. I also like your Girl Scout fashions and ads. I think your *AMERICAN GIRL* magazine is wonderful. I am a Girl Scout of Troop 23.

JUDY BECKER (age 11)

**MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA:** I enjoy your fashions very much. I thought *On Trial* and *Concert Performance* were extra good.

CAROL ANN PETERSON (age 11)

**FAR ROCKAWAY, NEW YORK:** I have received your magazine for over a year, and I think it's terrific! However, in the November issue, the story *On Trial* seemed very childish to me. I don't think any fifteen-year-old girl would sacrifice a wonderful date for a dog.

Aside from that story, your magazine is tops with me. CAROL HARRIS (age 14)

**WEST WINFIELD, NEW YORK:** This year I am going out for bowling. I wish you would write an article about bowling.

I think the cover for your November issue was wonderful. I loved the style of dress Joan Olson was wearing.

SALLY BELLOWES (age 15)

**NORTH SIDE, NORTH CAROLINA:** I think your fashions and patterns are wonderful, and your beauty hints helpful. Although I am not a Girl Scout I enjoy reading *All Over the Map* to see what Scouts in other places are doing. As I am fond of reading, I like your book department very much, and read many of the books you recommend. All in all I think your magazine is wonderful.

JACQUELINE CURRIN (age 14)

**GLENSHAW, PENNSYLVANIA:** My favorite daydream is to become a concert pianist. Because of this I liked *Concert Performance* better than any other story so far.

Your styles are tops. This goes especially for *The Leopard Look* in November.

KAREN HARMANY (age 13)

**LAMONI, IOWA:** I belong to the Girl Scouts here. Most of us take *THE AMERICAN GIRL* magazine. We all enjoy it very much. I like your hair styles, patterns, and fashions; and boy, are they super! I wish the clothes could jump right out of the magazine into my closet.

MARY WILLISIE (age 14)

**WATERLOO, INDIANA:** I have just got through reading *On Trial* and I thought it was the best story yet.

JUDITH KAT DANIELS (age 13)

**CHICAGO, ILLINOIS:** I am a Girl Scout of Troop 808 and I love Scouting.

*On Trial* in the November issue was just super. *Stairway to the Sky* is the best serial you have had. I also enjoy reading your jokes. Best of all are your patterns.

CAROLYN MAE McATEE (age 14)

**LAKE CHARLES, LOUISIANA:** I like your *Recipe Exchange* and patterns of dresses. I would like to see more patterns. My two hobbies are cooking and sewing. I also like to ride in airplanes. I have made several of my clothes and I like to very much.

CASSA HINES (age 13)

# TRUE OR FALSE?

**CASPER, WYOMING:** I enjoy your stories very much. Most of them take away grudges and prejudices from a girl's heart. I like your fashions, too. Some of them are really keen. I like *A Penny for Your Thoughts* because we can really express our thoughts freely.

How about an article about how to get baby-sitting jobs? I have moved into a new neighborhood. There are lots of little kids, but a girl that has lived here most of her life gets all the jobs.

JANIS POLSLEY (age 13)

**PARK RIDGE, ILLINOIS:** *On Trial* was the best story I ever read. I had to go through the same thing to get my pup. I wish you would have more articles like *Pigskin Fests* and *Chart Your Popularity Course*. And *Lovely to Look At* was good, too.

ANNE SUSEN (age 12)

**GUATEMALA CITY, GUATEMALA:** I am living in Guatemala as I have all my life, but my mother and father are both Americans. In 1948 and 1949 I was in school in the States but I was so homesick that I'm staying home for a year but will return for high school next year.

I agree with Billie Jane Lawrence of Tucuman, New Mexico that you should have more stories on nursing. I plan to be a pediatric nurse, and I would certainly enjoy it if you would have more stories on that subject.

MARY LOUISE HAASE (age 13)

**PAYETTE, IDAHO:** Your magazine is just the thing for girls. Your stories hold the interest of anyone, young or old. My sister who is ten reads the stories just as much as I, and my mother is always reading them, too.

I think your patterns are just adorable, but how about some sport patterns. I think your recipes are all real cute, and I'm copying every one into my recipe box. Put more in! Thanks a lot.

DONNA SHUTE (age 14)

**MERIDEN, CONNECTICUT:** *On Trial* and *Concert Performance* were the best stories I have ever read. The Recipe Exchange is very useful, too, as I have cooking this semester. I like your patterns very much. I have used them a lot. Congratulations for a wonderful magazine.

CARLEEN CARR (age 12)

**KENMORE, NEW YORK:** I enjoy *Teen Shop Talk*. Most of the things are within my budget. I have gotten some lovely things through that department.

Also congratulations on the swell covers of *THE AMERICAN GIRL*.

MARY ZIMMERMAN (age 12)

**BELLINGHAM, WASHINGTON:** I like *Stairway to the Sky* very much. I also liked *On Trial*, and *Pigskin Fests* was cute. Your patterns are just swell.

JANET MARTINSON (age 13)

**MORGANZA, LOUISIANA:** The story, *Stairway to the Sky*, is tops and beats all the rest. *Bike Trip to England* was very interesting, too. I wish you would have an article on basketball, it's my favorite sport.

WANDA BOURGEOIS (age 14)

**SEATTLE, WASHINGTON:** How about an article on baby sitting? I would like to know things like how much to charge and how to entertain the children. Also how to start a baby-sitting club with the girls in your room at school or neighborhood friends.



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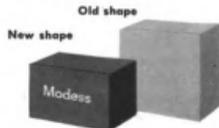
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I enjoy reading *A Penny for Your Thoughts* and I think it is very worth while.

Your patterns are swell but I wish you would have more apron patterns.

KAREN CARLSON (age 12)

**HEMLOCK, NEW YORK:** I love the patterns, and Prize Purchase is swell. I only wish you would put in stories of pioneers and nursing.

LOURAINE WARNER (age 12)

P. S. Your idea of letting girls who take your magazine write stories and poems is wonderful.

**DETROIT, MICHIGAN:** I just finished reading *Government Girls* and I liked it very well. I also enjoy *Teen Shop Talk* and *A Penny for Your Thoughts*. I wish you would have more stories like *The Silent Oboe* because I take clarinet in the school band.

CATHERINE BALD (age 13)

**ELNORA, INDIANA:** Your hints in *Lovely to Look At* are really helpful. I wish you would have some hints on how to keep your hands soft and pretty; also how to keep from biting your nails.

MAISHA SMELTZER (age 12)

**GREENVILLE, NORTH CAROLINA:** I thought the story *On Trial* was very good. I thought *Concert Performance* was good also. *Stairway to the Sky* is the best story I have read yet. I enjoy the recipes because I like to cook.

JEANNE MOYE (age 11)

**PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA:** I enjoyed the October issue very much, especially the article, *The Newspaper Game*. I wish you would have more articles on club projects, and beauty such as hair and skin problems. And could you please have an article on fixing up a bedroom?

SHEILA WILSON (age 13)

**KOMERVILLE, OHIO:** I especially liked *On Trial* and *Lovely to Look At* because I'm having skin troubles.

I think *Stairway to the Sky* will turn out just right. I think you have a wonderful magazine.

JANICE SOOY (age 13)

THE END

Please send your letters to The American Girl, 155 East 44th St., New York 17, N. Y., and tell us your age and address.

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Way up in Wrangell, Alaska, Girl Scout Troops 1 and 4 have inaugurated a community project which is helping to make their town known and remembered far and wide. For the past two summers, these Girl Scouts and their leader (both troops have the same leader) have met in touring boats and offered a guided tour of the town to visitors.

Months of preparation were necessary before this guide-tourist service was started. The troop members—and their leader, too—pored over volumes of history and talked with many of the older natives so that they might be able to answer visitors' questions and give them interesting facts, stories, and legends about the town. In the spring, the troop spent several meetings making the tour of the town, taking turns at being guides and tourists.

The Indian settlement is what most intrigues visitors, so the main feature of the tour is Shakes Island, where the old community house and the majority of the totem poles are located. The girls explain the meanings of some of the totems, and tell stories and legends about them, and the leader describes the community house. On the way to and from the island, the girls point out local business houses, the shrimp and salmon canneries, churches and schools, and the site of the Russian fort. Illustrated booklets about the town and its history are given to all who take the tour.

Conducting the guide-tourist service has been an exciting experience for these troops. The girls have learned a great deal about their own town and have had the fun of meeting many people from all over Canada and the United States. And with every boat met, there's the thrill of hearing the visitors say that the tour had meant so much to them,

that no other community had shown them such courtesy, and that Wrangell was, consequently, one of the high spots of their trip.



The Girl Scouts of Troop 142, in Mill Valley, near Waukesha, Wisconsin, have completed a service project that was a challenge to their craftsmanship and their patience. They constructed an ark, and hand-painted wooden animals to go in it, which they presented to the convalescent home of the Milwaukee Children's Hospital. The project had been under way a long time—since September, 1949—shortly after the troop was first organized. The girls wanted to start right away on something they could make in their spare time, and decided that a toy for the rheumatic-fever patients at the home would be just the thing. After a long search for an appropriate toy, one that the children would have fun playing with quietly, they finally settled upon the ark. The troop leader and her husband helped provide tools and equipment; the troop bought two pieces of lumber and the paints; and the girls got the rest of the wood needed by asking for discarded pieces in back yards, and leftover pieces from new houses.

When the girls began building the ark, they thought it could be finished in just a couple of months, but they soon discovered that the job couldn't be tossed off in a jiffy. First they had to become familiar with the "tools of their trade," and learn how to use them—including various kinds of saws, different grades of sandpaper, squares, rules, vices, and files. The animals were made from old, grease-stained boards which had to be cleaned and sanded before the figures could be cut out. Although the troop spent 196 hours on the project, and every girl stayed right on the job until the ark was finished.

Their patience and persistence were well rewarded. Shortly after the ark was presented, the troop received a warm letter of thanks from one of the nurses, and another from the Board of Directors, telling them that within a few days the ark had become the favorite toy of all the children.



The assistance of Girl Scouts in Troop 190 of Seattle, Washington, made it possible for the Spastic Pre-School and Clinic in that city to have a play session for the children last summer. When the girls heard from their leader, who had been helping with the children, that the school needed additional help in order to carry out the summer program, several volunteered their services. Working three at a time under the supervision of their leader, nine girls in the troop directed some of the children's play activities during the six-weeks session. An all-day party, with a circus theme, a merry-go-round, and a rhythm band, was the climax of the program. Not only was the girls' assistance deeply appreciated by the school, but its director said that the children responded to the Scouts more readily than to adults.

THE END

#### YOU ARE NEWS!

"All Over the Map" is strictly a department for headline news about Girl Scouts everywhere: what they are doing and how they are doing it. Other Girl Scouts—and Girl Guides, too—are just as interested in reading about your activities as you are in knowing what they are doing. So do let us have news of your community services, your fun, your special or pet projects. Send us photographs, too—glossy prints, large and clear enough to reproduce well in the magazine, showing Girl Scouts engaged in some activity. Remember, this department is for you, and by you, and of you!



Left: Two Mariner Scouts of Maplewood, New Jersey, had the thrilling experience of meeting and talking with famed bandleader Paul Whiteman during his broadcast in behalf of the Red Feather campaigns. Mr. Whiteman and the girls, like thousands of other volunteers across the country, helped Community Chest drives go over the top this fall

Below, left: A group of Girl Scouts from St. Cloud, Minnesota, had the finishing touches on international dolls they made for the Hiawatha Region X banquet

Below, right: It was a big day for Girl Scouts of Troop 142, Mill Valley, Wisconsin, when they presented to the Milwaukee Children's Hospital an ark they had built for children in the convalescent home



St. Cloud Daily Times

# Adventures at Adelboden



Where Girl Scouts and Guides from all over the world come together at Our Chalet

*Left:* The Swiss mountains form a picturesque background for the Girl Scouts of Denmark, Finland, and Norway, as they do a sprightly Scandinavian folk dance in costume

*Center:* A Girl Scout from the United States and a Guide from Pakistan talk things over with The Guider-in-Charge of Our Chalet and other adult leaders

*Below:* Marjorie Curtis, Renee Lund, Barbara Wallace, Patricia Malaher (of Canada), and Nancy Cooke watch over the baking of the U. S. dish—apple pies—on International Cooking Day

IMAGINE the thrill of spending three weeks at an international encampment at Our Chalet, overlooking Adelboden, Switzerland! Four Senior Girl Scouts, who had received Juliette Low Awards, did just that last summer, representing the United States at the encampment. Here they tell you, in their own words, the highlights of their experiences in living together with Girl Scouts and Guides from five continents of the world.

## International Friendship

by BARBARA S. WALLACE

THE MEMBERS of our last campfire—which had been built in the shape of a world trefoil—were slowly fading away. We, the Juliette Low group of 1950, were standing around the fire singing the songs through which we had made such fast friendships. The first few days at Our Chalet had been a little awkward, but when we began to sing each other's songs together we felt like old friends.

Many of us thought of the joys we had had, learning to live with girls from other lands; girls with different backgrounds and customs. Just what had we learned about trying this bond of international friendship?

We had discovered that, if you really want to spread friendship throughout this vast world, you have to do it in slow steps—that making this bond takes time and effort. But we at the Chalet were more fortunate in our friendship-building than many others for we had a common link, Guiding. At the end of three weeks we were all fast friends.

In talking about the customs of the various countries, someone remarked that first we should look for the similarities rather than the differences. It really is amazing how natural it is to think that something is not good just because it is different. We decided to try to be the best sports ever, and see every custom and way of living as it really was without comparing it unfavorably with our own.

The glow of the embers was fading rapidly, and we were now wondering how we were going to tell everyone back home—Girl

Scouts and others too—about our experiences, so that as many as possible could profit from them. We found ourselves looking forward to this job, for we were bubbling over with the many stories we could tell.

But it isn't only up to us who have had this experience in international living to take on the job of spreading friendship; girls everywhere can have a share. They can have pen pals in other lands and learn about the customs and life of the countries in which their pen pals live.

Girl Scout troops can have sister troops abroad, and share much happiness through letters. Sometimes members of international-friendship troops may even be lucky enough to visit each other or have exchange camping.

The fire was almost dark now but our love was just beginning to glow. All of us left Adelboden with the deepest desire to spread the fellowship we had received and prove to people that Helen Storow's gift was not in vain.

For Our Chalet is the perfect place where Girl Scouts and Girl Guides from all over the world can meet and live together in peace and friendship, and be true ambassadors of good will as they return to their own countries.



*Photographs by Haino Vesterlund*

## Inspirational Highlights

by MARJORIE CURTIS

WITHOUT A DOUBT the perfect spot was chosen for Our Chalet in the midst of the beautiful Swiss mountains, overlooking the little town of Adelboden. There is something fresh and wholesome about Switzerland and about the Swiss people, and that alone is enough to give one inspiration.

The things that impressed us all most during our stay are difficult to put into words—the little things that come with living among friends who love the same things. Through working and planning together we became very close to one another. It is wonderful to realize that race or nationality is really no barrier to friendship and understanding.

One discussion that meant a great deal to all of us was on the Promise and Laws. Almost every girl admitted that at first she had merely memorized the words in the Promise and Laws and disregarded their

true meaning. But at a certain stage in her Guiding or Scouting, each had realized what she had missed by not taking them more seriously. Many of the girls told how their lives had been influenced by the Promise and Laws, and they were very anxious to interpret them properly to future members of their troops or companies. Every girl needs some standard to live by, and the Promise and Laws serve wonderfully in this way.

We soon learned that to appreciate Switzerland to its utmost, we must see it from the top of a mountain, and this we did. The hikes up the mountains were wonderful in themselves, even if they were a bit tiring. Of course, the climax was when the summit was finally reached. We felt literally on top of the world.

A night that we shall always cherish was our last campfire at the Chalet. We worked hard planning and preparing for it all day. There was not one girl that did not have a part in it, and this gave us a strong feeling of unity. The campfire ceremony was over all too soon. Our Chalet days were behind us, and we knew we might never again see some of our friends we had grown to love so well. These friends we knew we could count on, and to them we made a silent vow to give our all in time of want or need.

### Camping

by NANCY COOKE

THE DIFFERENCE in the camps of various countries were both strange and wonderful to us who knew only the Girl Scout camps in the United States. We were amazed to find that there were few or no established camps in the Scandinavian countries, France, South Africa, Haiti—in fact, most of the girls had not even heard of them.

Camping in all the other countries was much more primitive than any we had ever experienced. The girls definitely develop their campcraft skills to a greater degree, and take their camping more seriously than we do.

The Scandinavian girls, for example, told us that they use no tents or even cooking utensils when they camp. Upon finding a suitable campsite, they clear it out, construct huts of branches and larch or build any other equipment they require. When they leave, they make sure that the site is exactly as it was before they came.

Girls in France and Haiti set camps in different sites each year. In order to acquaint their girls with the different parts of their country, the Guiders (adult leaders) select a place typical of some section and, after obtaining permission to use it, take their girls out for about two weeks. Each session has a definite theme or motto, usually associated with the surrounding countryside. The Guiders earn their own money for their trips.

Canada and South Africa have permanent campsites where one or more companies may camp together, usually with their own Guiders who must have a camper's license. In both countries, qualified patrol leaders may take small groups of girls camping for a week end.

In none of the camps, except in Canada, are there the program specialists (trained waterfront staff, cooks, dietitians, nature and craft experts, music directors, and others)

that we have. Each leader must be fully proficient in all these fields in order to obtain her license.

Everywhere companies or troops go on all-day hikes or cycle trips. However, few of the girls from abroad had heard of our day camps and were very interested in them.

We are all sure that the many differences in camping with which we have become acquainted will open up new fields to us and will help us in putting forth new ideas for progressing in our camps and in our troops. We think other girls will find them as challenging as we did.

### Senior Program

by RENEE LUND

ALL OVER THE WORLD, Senior Scouts and Guides have a program which has been planned so that it is well suited to their own particular country. In talking about senior programs at Our Chalet, we gathered many new and exciting ideas.

The senior program in the United States follows the general program plan of many countries, although there are differences in each country, according to the equipment and facilities available and special needs.

France has a program which to us was both inspiring and completely new. As older Guides, they begin a program of three years' training. During their first year, they study child care and community conditions, and get an over-all idea of the program. The girls devote their second year to social work and service of all kinds, beginning many of their services right in their own homes. By the third year, they are ready to go out as leaders and put into practice what they have learned. Often they are responsible for a troop.

South African Scouts are known as Rangers and have branches for land, air, and sea service (similar to our program which includes Mariner and Wing Scouting). A girl must pass certain tests before becoming a Ranger and, by the time she does, she is well prepared in her line of service.

We discovered that in Canada the patrol system controlled most of the troop activity and played a great part in the program plan. Rangers (Seniors fifteen years of age and over) spend most of their time teaching younger Guides and acting as patrol leaders. At seventeen to eighteen years of age they become Cadets. In this rank they study different phases of Scouting and become well-trained future leaders.

In all the countries, camping and outdoor life rank high in Scouting and Guiding. Within their companies or troops, interest patrols are formed in many countries, and usually they meet separately—perhaps once a week, having only one whole troop meeting a month.

As in America, boys and girls in other lands participate in Scouting and Guiding activities together. When beyond Scout age they often organize clubs and carry on their outdoor activities. Oh, what fun we thought, as we listened to them tell of mountain-climbing expeditions and exploring trips!

Every girl at the Chalet enthusiastically gathered new ideas on senior program from all the others. Each country in its own way has the kind of a senior program that keeps girls like you and me in Scouting, that opens new horizons, and gives the feeling of accomplishment and progression.

THE END

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## Addition and Subtraction

(Continued from page 9)

there in the school corridor to the talk around the corner. She wanted to slink away and pretend she hadn't heard.

Now Eleanor added coldly, "You'd think they would know that big families are poor taste and terribly uncivilized. Things are wild enough at their place as it is."

"You live near enough to know," someone giggled.

Sudden rage flamed in Coco's heart.

Now that her family was being publicly criticized, she knew where she stood. She had been, till this second, weakly ashamed of the prospect of a new baby, wincing from all it would mean in work and comment from outsiders. She hadn't had courage to say a word about it. People had found out, anyhow, of course. But what they said and thought was all wrong, and she, Coco, was going to tell them so! Her indignation made her fearless.

She popped around the corner and expressed herself in no uncertain terms. "What's wrong with having a baby in our family, I'd like to know? You girls act as if it were a crime, or a disgrace."

The startled group, shamefaced, huddled together, while Coco went on. "I like our big family, and we have a lot of fun together. We'll have more fun with a baby to play with and watch do cunning things."

Pixie and the others began to twitter apologies. They hadn't really meant a thing. They loved babies. In fact, two of them had small brothers or sisters themselves. Eleanor stared icily at them all.

Finally, stiffly, she spoke. "I'm sorry if I hurt you, Coco, but that's the way I feel."

Coco gulped. "Then, Eleanor, I guess we just have totally different viewpoints toward life. I'm sorry, too."

Eleanor nodded coldly, her lips taut and pale. She offered no other word. Hurt and angry, Coco stalked back to her locker, put on her coat, and went home.

When she walked into her yard, she found her mother taking down clothes in the slanting rays of the spring sunshine. Mrs. Prescott took one look at Coco's set face and said quickly, "What's happened, Corinna, dear?"

Coco began to help, unpinning jerseys and dish towels and pajamas, smoothing them, and laying them neatly in the clothes-basket. She told the whole story, and finished by saying, "And so Eleanor and I aren't friends any more. She's really a snob, underneath. Her friendly, democratic ways are only a pose. I can't stand a person like that."

Mother nodded sympathetically. "But there must be a reason for her attitude. Have you thought of that?" She stopped working and looked at the bending old apple trees in the side yard, heavy with buds. Thoughtfully she said, "I know that many people think big families are old-fashioned. And it is true that a large family may involve some sacrifices. But, on the other hand, many children in small families are often deprived and neglected, by mothers who spend their time in selfish or frivolous pastimes, and fathers who are too busy."

"Like Eleanor's own family," murmured Coco.

"That could be the reason for her attitude," suggested Mother. "Don't hate her,

or condemn her. Maybe you can find a way of getting together again."

"Never," said Coco. "We can never be friends again."

Coco thought about it a lot, as the days and weeks went by, and the two girls continued merely to say "Hello" coolly when they met. The clue to Eleanor's attitude didn't come until much later, and then on a day when Coco wasn't even thinking about Eleanor because too much was happening in her own family.

Mother was getting ready to go to the hospital—an excited, absorbed look on her face. Father, even though he'd done this five times before, declared he felt as nervous as ever, and fussed around trying to help get her off. He brought the car to the front of the house, and took out Mother's overnight bag. She put on her coat, and the children clustered around, awed and tremulous, to kiss her good-by.

Mother came to Coco last, and took her face between her hands, and kissed her forehead.

"Good-by, darling. I know you'll look after things till Daddy comes back. He'll notify Mrs. Stormer, and she'll take charge tomorrow. But you're the captain for tonight."

"Fine. Don't you think so, Mother?"

home's wreckage, was unable to turn for affection to either of her parents. She was going to college next fall. She was old enough to live her own life, but still, she must mind terribly. And that was why she had spoken so bitterly about large families—Eleanor belittled such things to hide her own loneliness. Coco realized that she might have said the same things if she'd been in Eleanor's place, and she wished there were some way to make up to Eleanor, just a bit, for what she had lost.

After the younger children had gone reluctantly to bed, Coco curled up in the cretonne-covered wing chair to wait for Father. She was drowsing, after midnight, when she heard the car in the drive, and ran to the kitchen door to meet him.

He beamed. "We have a little girl—and we've decided to call her Deborah."

Coco clasped her hands together delightedly. "Debbie! I love her already! Mother—how is she?"

"Fine!" Father tossed his hat on the table. "But we've had a bit of bad luck with Mrs. Stormer. She's down with the flu, and I doubt if we can locate anyone else. Mother and the baby will be home in five or six days."

"I'll just have to stay home from school," Coco said. "Don't worry—I'll manage."

Father chucked Coco under the chin. "What would we do without you, honey?"

her house-

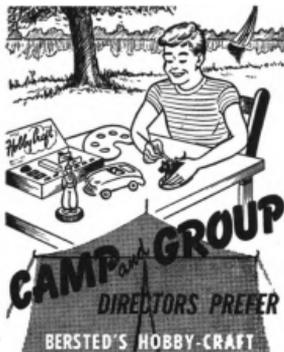
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"What if dinner were a mess, just once? Instead she said, "I'd love to, but not tonight. I'm needed at home."

Though she looked disappointed, Eleanor made no comment and drove Coco to her house.

As Coco got out and thanked her, she added, "I hope you have a good time at the canteen, Eleanor."

"Umm," said Eleanor. She pushed her foot against the accelerator, then lifted it and gazed at the lacy elm boughs above, just delicately green. "I don't think I'll go, after all. In fact—I don't know exactly what I will do. Nothing seems to be important enough to bother with."

Coco looked in swift sympathy at Eleanor, divining everything that lay behind those words. She recalled with what generosity Eleanor had always shared what she had with her friends, and she wondered now what she could give in return, to meet Eleanor's need. How could she offer that which she possessed in such heaping measure—affection and loyalty and security—in a way that the reticent girl could accept easily?

"Look," said Coco, "if you don't really have something else you have to do, you could help me out no end. I'm stuck here, with the woman who promised to come down with the fish. I don't see how I'll manage, even though the kids — about halves."

help me get dinner, I hope you'll stay and eat it with us."

Eleanor took the key out of the car, and jumped out beside Coco. "It's a bargain. Dad won't be home for dinner, anyway."

They laughed as they ran into the house. Eleanor threw her light beige coat on the divanport, and the cat jumped up on it immediately, working his claws in and out in ecstasy.

"Oh!" gasped Coco, snatching it up and taking it to the closet.

"Never mind," Eleanor laughed, in a way that showed that she really didn't mind herself. "Where's an apron?" She hurried to the kitchen, an eye on her watch. "Five o'clock. We'd better hurry, hadn't we?"

Coco pulled an apron out of a drawer, and as Eleanor slipped it over her head, her gray eyes took on a wistful expression.

"There are lots of things I want to learn about this sort of life. Cooking, and all. And do you suppose—" her voice became soft and dreamy, "do you suppose, Coco, that I could be trusted to handle the baby when it comes home?"

Coco's breath caught chokingly, and she dived hastily in the box under the sink to fish around for potatoes to peel. Imagine, she thought, that from a... of large...

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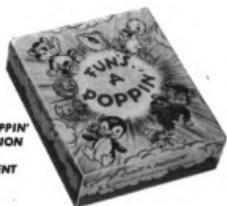


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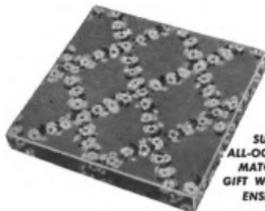
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the answer to that. There would be an empty spot in her life. But she would be free of tormenting doubts—free to live the kind of life she wanted to. But was freedom worth the price?

She was in her room when Hugo arrived. Coming down, she found him in casual, almost gay conversation with the cousins, and felt a wave of shame as she remembered his horrible idea of playing out to them. Was that what he was doing now? And the even worse idea that he and she might take advantage of Cousin Retta's light of generosity about the house.

Hugo flashed his best smile at her, as if there had been no rift. Resolving not to take her hand as she joined the group, he held it warmly in his as he listened with deference to what Cousin Felix was saying. Was that deference part of the playing up? If only he hadn't that way of melting all her resentment by his smile, by his touch on her arm, by the something in his eyes she could not resist. She felt his charm, yet she knew she must balance it against the differences in their ideas of life. She knew she had to make the decision she had so long evaded.

The first yellow-green of spring was returning to the park, and they took their old path around the edge of the lake. Before long Hugo said, "You're too quiet, Chris. Haven't you forgiven me yet?"

"I don't know," said Christine. "Do you want to be forgiven?"

"Absolutely. Why wouldn't I? I want things to be the way they used to. Don't you?"

"No," answered Christine slowly. "I want things better than that."

They talked for a long time, and at last Chris said, "I'd better not see you any more, Hugo. We don't think alike on much of anything. So we haven't a thing to build on."

But Hugo simply refused to consider anything so drastic. "Of course you don't mean that," he said, still cheerfully. "You've had three days to make something small into something big, that's all. Forget it, darling. Perhaps we shouldn't wait till fall. Once we're married and doing everything together, you'll find plenty we think alike about. We'll be happy then."

When they got back to the house, she told him again, "I do mean it, Hugo. I'm not going to see you any more. Don't come to the house, or call me up."

"But I've been building my whole life around you, Chris," he protested.

She answered firmly, "Build it over, around some other girl. It's all a mistake, Hugo. I'm not 'the one.'"

The parting was abrupt, when it came. Hugo wouldn't agree not to telephone. "Of course I'll telephone," he said. "I'll call you in a week. By that time you'll have changed your mind. But it will be a long week for me, darling. Maybe it will be that way for you, too."

Christine knew it would, and suddenly she felt she couldn't talk about it any more. "Good night, Hugo," she said in scarcely more than a whisper, and stepped inside the partly open door. Good night, but what she really meant was good-by, and at the final moment it seemed she could not have it that way. She dared not linger for fear she would call Hugo back and begin the whole struggle over again. Before she could do that she closed the door. Her eyes were

full of tears. Had she been right, or wrong?

The week did indeed seem long. Most of the time she held to her belief that what she was doing was right. Better for Hugo, too. He would find someone else. But there was little joy in thinking that. The next night she could not work but went down to sit with the cousins.

"No Hugo?" Cousin Felix asked, lifting his eyebrows at Chris. She had to tell them sometime. It might as well be now.

## INDIAN MOONS

by CRAVEN GRIFFITH



### JANUARY

MOON OF SNOW

January—Moon of Snow

Hear the mighty blizzard blow

The raging fury of his shrieks

Echoes in the mountain peaks

Moaning over the plateau

January—Moon of Snow.

The American Indians used to, and in some tribes still do, identify their months by moons. Each moon was given a name and a symbol. These names and symbols were really meaningful to the Indians, because they described something about nature and the out-of-doors that was important in their lives. Names of the moons varied among the different tribes. For January, the name adopted and approved by the American Indian Association as being most nearly correct and most widely used is "Moon of Snow." January was also known as "Cold Moon" by some tribes.

"I'm not seeing Hugo any more."

To her surprise, Cousin Retta said, "Fine. You can do better than Hugo. After all, there's your writing to consider."

"Oh, Retta!" Cousin Felix was laughing.

"I know," Cousin Retta said, with complete composure. "But she has sold something. I never thought she would. And John Summerfield says she has a future; some of her father's talent. Maybe she has."

"Retta has respect for the printed word," said Cousin Felix.

John Summerfield says she has a future. Perhaps she could work better now, with her mind free. She would give up everything but writing, from now on. At the end of the week, when Hugo called, the conversation was short. "Okay," he agreed finally. "That seems to be the way you want it. I wouldn't have believed you were like that,

but if you are, it's just as well to find it out."

And Christine, struggling a second in calmness, said, "I wish you the best of luck"—not at all what she had meant to say.

"Thanks," said Hugo. "I'm not having it now. Are you?"

"No." Her voice was blurred by the ache in her throat. "But this is what I must do."

For weeks after that there was the empty place that Hugo's going had left. But she filled it with work. She did try to write a longer story, and John encouraged her.

"Some day you'll have what some editors want," he assured her. So she kept at work.

When her birthday came, the cousins gave her a new typewriter.

"You've needed it long enough," said Cousin Retta. "Now take it upstairs out of the way. And put a ribbon in your hair or something, to celebrate. John Summerfield's coming to dinner."

That was the night that Christine was started to hear John say to Cousin Retta, "I found those dates for you, Miss Graham. Your first command performance in London—" and they went on together checking when she had done this, when that.

"You should have kept a diary," said John.

"I did," Cousin Retta replied dryly, "every year. Last spring I had Lena burn the whole business in the furnace."

John dodged and said, "Owl" as if someone had stuck a pin into him.

After that it wasn't much of a surprise to find that Cousin Retta, using the dictaphone and Miss Joyce from Cousin Felix's office, was writing the book Christine had urged her to do. Brown, Shippen and Green was going to publish it. Cousin Retta would be an author, while Christine was still struggling for a foothold in the publishing world.

Glad as she was that Cousin Retta now had a new interest, Christine couldn't stifle a little pang of envy. She worked harder than ever. Writing, reading what she had written, rewriting, rereading, an endless round. She would start for bed, then come back to look over the last pages, and often sit down again to work.

"You're growing thin," Cousin Felix said. "Don't work so hard."

Christine's answer was an absent-minded, "Five chapters left to do."

She was trying to bring her story to its climax without a wasted page or paragraph. But there were so many threads to gather up. After a while it was three chapters, then two, and finally, wearily, triumphantly, she reached the end. John looked over market lists with her, and they selected ten publishing houses that handled junior novels.

"Take them in order," John advised, "and when the manuscript comes back, don't keep it to mourn over. Get it going again."

The first time it came back there was only a printed rejection slip. Christine set her lips tightly when they wanted to quiver, crossed the first name off the list, and looked at the nine names that were left. "I hope they do it fast and save me from going mad." The manuscript went back into the mail that night.

It was the next afternoon that John telephoned, saying he could not get to the shop and suggesting that she meet him for dinner.

"The boy friend won't object, will he?" Christine ignored the question about the

boy friend. She wished she had worn her new suit instead of the old tweed, but perhaps there would be time to go home and change. "Will seven be all right?" she asked. "Seven's perfect."

When she joined him at The Vanderbilt, he looked at her approvingly.

"You look like a million," he said. As John proceeded with the ordering, she found herself comparing him with Hugo. Hugo was taller and heavier, a football-hero type. And he had the flashing smile, the eyes that said so much more than his words. John had a smile, too, one of those crooked ones, with more than a hint of making fun in it. John's eyes had never tried to say things to her, as Hugo's had. They had possibilities, though.

"Got me cataloged, helper?" asked John, with the crooked smile she had been appraising. He had caught her studying him. It was lucky he didn't know what she was thinking about. She had no need to think such thoughts. Her relations with John were fixed, and perfectly satisfactory.

Not long after that, the manuscript of her novel came back again, bearing only the comment: "Not suited to our present needs."

"Who's next on your list?" asked John. "Plum & Baxter. Gertrude Lee, Juvenile Editor."

"I know her," said John. "I like her, too. Good at her job."

So the manuscript went out again.

ONE THURSDAY night Priscilla Caldwell reported to the club that she had sold her book.

"Not really?" Ginny's voice was almost a squeal.

"The very first one from the group," cried Sue.

"Yours will be next," someone said to Christine.

She shook her head. It was hard not to be depressed.

Two days later the wrapped manuscript lay on her desk. There was a letter this time, though. She began to read. The letter was a disappointment. It might as well have been a printed slip. Just the same old "we don't want it," she thought, put into polite phrases. Then she discovered the second sheet underneath.

This wasn't part of the letter. It was headed "Report on SECOND CHANCE by Christine Meredith." One paragraph and short. "No vestige of knowledge," it said, "of the things she presumes to write about—night schools, stepmothers—she knows absolutely nothing of modern teen-age girls and boys. Wonder what she does know about anything? Surely we don't want this stuff—"

"No!" Christine whispered. "No, she couldn't say things like that about me. I can't be as bad as that."

When John came in she scarcely looked at him as she said, "I've had enough rejections. I'll take it home tonight and throw it in the furnace."

John started toward her. "Where Miss Graham burned the diaries that she'd give heaps of gold to get back now. You won't burn anything up. You'll do exactly what I say."

"You sound like Hugo," Christine said coolly, with a slight smile. Then fiercely, "Don't you tell me what to do. From now on, I'm on my own, and writing isn't any part of my plan."

(To be concluded)



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AG 1-51



## Your Own Recipe Exchange (Continued from page 23)

1½ pounds lean pork  
1 cup quick rolled oats  
Dash of pepper  
¾ teaspoon sage  
¼ teaspoon salt  
Flour  
Shortening

Cook pork in salted boiling water until tender. Remove from water and grind or chop fine. Add oats to broth in which pork was cooked. Add enough water to cover.

Cook slowly, stirring until thick. Combine with pork, sage, and pepper. Pour into greased loaf pan, cover, and chill until firm. Cut into slices ½" thick, coat with flour, and sauté in small amount of melted shortening, browning on each side. Serve with maple syrup, corn syrup, molasses, or honey.  
Sent by ANNE SOLLER, Cincinnati, Ohio

### SCALLOPED EGGS

There's no excuse for skipping breakfast when you can prepare this tasty dish the night before. Pop it into the oven and let it bake while you are getting dressed.

3 hard-cooked eggs  
¼ cup ground ham  
flaked fish, crabmeat, or diced chicken  
2 cups medium white sauce  
¼ cup fine bread crumbs  
1 tablespoon butter

Arrange alternate layers of sliced eggs and meat or fish in buttered baking dish. Pour white sauce over mixture. Sprinkle with bread crumbs and dot with butter. Brown in a moderate oven (350°F.) 20 to 25 minutes. Serves 4.  
Sent by CAROL DORSEY, Berlin, Connecticut

### HAM-AND-EGG SHORTCAKE

This super breakfast dish is for Saturday or Sunday mornings when you have plenty of time, or serve it for Sunday supper.

**Shortcake:**  
3 cups sifted flour  
4½ teaspoons baking powder  
¾ teaspoon salt  
6 tablespoons shortening  
1 cup milk

Sift dry ingredients together in bowl. Cut in shortening. Add milk, a small amount at a time, until a soft dough is formed. Roll out ¼ inch thick on floured board. Cut with biscuit cutter and bake on buttered griddle sheet 15 to 20 minutes at 450° F. Split and butter while still hot. Pour creamed ham and eggs between and over halves.

**Filling:**  
2 cans cream of mushroom soup  
1 cup milk  
1½ cups diced ham  
5 hard-cooked eggs, diced

Combine soup and milk slowly in saucepan, stirring until well blended. Add ham and eggs and heat 5 minutes over low flame to blend flavors. Serves 8.

Sent by JOYCE KRUSKO, Binghamton, New York

### FRENCH TOAST SANDWICHES

Who said sandwiches weren't appropriate for breakfast? You'll certainly want to add this to your recipe collection.

2 eggs, slightly beaten  
½ cup milk  
¼ teaspoon salt  
6 slices bread  
3 slices American cheese  
3 slices boiled ham  
Butter or margarine

Combine first three ingredients and beat slightly with fork. Make 3 ham and cheese sandwiches and dip in egg mixture. Brown in butter or margarine melted in skillet, turning carefully. Makes 3 servings.  
Sent by MIRIAM ALEXANDER, New Haven, Connecticut

### HAM WAFFLES

You'll want to get out that tucked-away waffle iron for this tempting dish.

1½ cups sifted flour  
3½ tablespoons baking powder  
½ teaspoon salt  
3½ melted shortening  
1 cup milk  
2 egg yolks, well beaten  
2 egg whites, stiffly beaten  
1/3 cup chopped ham

Sift together flour, baking powder, and salt into bowl. Add shortening and milk to egg yolks, mix, then pour into dry ingredients. Mix gently. Fold in beaten egg whites. Add ham. Bake on hot waffle iron until golden brown and crisp. Serve with scrambled eggs.  
Sent by ESTHER McHUGH, Dillonvale, Ohio

### WHOLE-WHEAT PINEAPPLE CAKES

Leftover wheat can be covered tightly and stored in the refrigerator over night.

1 cup sifted flour  
4 teaspoons baking powder  
1½ teaspoon salt  
1 cup whole-wheat flour  
4 eggs, well beaten  
3 tablespoons melted shortening  
½ cup well-drained crushed pineapple  
1½ cups milk  
1 tablespoon sugar

Sift flour with baking powder and salt. Add whole-wheat flour. Blend thoroughly. Combine eggs, shortening, pineapple, milk, and sugar. Add to dry ingredients and blend thoroughly. Bake on hot griddle. Serve with butter and maple syrup, and if desired with crisp bacon curls.  
Sent by RUTH FUCHS, Bellerose, New York

THE END

## April Recipe Exchange

Subject: PIES

Date Due: JANUARY 20

• The AMERICAN GIRL Magazine is offering you an opportunity to have your very own cooking department in which your recipes will be published. Entries for the April issue must reach us by January 20.  
• Each month we'll announce in the magazine the kind of cookery to be featured in the "Recipe Exchange." Your recipe MUST be one that you have used successfully.  
• JUDITH MILLER, our Cooking Editor, will test and judge the contributions, and choose the recipes which will appear in the magazine. For every entry that is printed, The AMERICAN GIRL will pay \$1.00.

### FOLLOW THESE RULES CAREFULLY!

1. Recipes must be typewritten or neatly printed in ink, on one side of the paper.

2. In the upper right-hand corner of the page, give your name, address, age, and the source of your recipe.

3. List ingredients in the order of use in the recipe, and give level measurements, if any special techniques are involved, describe them fully.

4. All recipes submitted become the property of The AMERICAN GIRL Magazine and cannot be acknowledged or returned. If your recipe is published in the magazine, you will receive a check for \$1.00. Decisions of the judge are final.

5. Address all entries to Judith Miller, American Girl Magazine, 30 West 48th Street, New York 19, New York.

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Joyce has earned her Nutrition badge, among others, but her favorite concoction when she gets into the kitchen is—you guessed it—fudge!

**T**HE YOUNG North Country skater zoomed to national fame and newsreel appearances as a figure skater at the age of nine. Joyce placed first in the juvenile skating division and third in the finals of the Eastern States Figure Skating Competitions, held at Lake Placid's Olympic Arena in February, 1948. Twentieth Century-Fox featured her in a movie short, "Belle of the Blades," that year. Joyce, who had toddled out on the Olympic Arena on skates even before she entered kindergarten, had already been under the tutorage of Gustave Lussi, who has trained such champions as Dick Button. At seven, Joyce was the youngest girl at that time ever to pass the difficult second test in figures.

"Threes," "brackets," "rockers," and "loops" are all skater's jargon for various maneuvers on the ice, which you've probably seen executed if you ever watched an ice show with soloists skating to music. The advanced-school figures are based on the simpler figures, made more elaborate and intricate by combinations of various maneuvers, and additional changes of "edge" (of the blade of the skate). Advanced figures are known by such curious names as, for example, outside-and-inside-forward-change-three, change-double-three-change-bracket, and many others. Following these intricate, planned patterns on the ice, and performing with skill and grace before judges, is an art and a science.

"There are so many things the judges consider in rating you," declares Joyce. "There's your 'form'—and that of course means the way you appear while skating. There's your 'tracing'—the imprint you leave on the ice. And you may have excellent form, and your tracing may be practically perfect, but if you don't repeat the figure three times, tracing upon tracing, you lose many points."

Joyce is that rare phenomenon, a figure skater turned speedster. Old hands in the skating world have always held that "once a figure skater, always a figure skater," but Joyce confounded them by winning her first speed-skating title on figure skates when a spur-of-the-moment impulse led her to enter her first speed competition.

Joyce now has the title, North American Champion, that every girl in both the figure and speed skating world hopes to attain, for she was winner in the Midget Class in the 1950 North American Outdoor Speed Skating Championships. In addition to this and the figure-skating titles already mentioned, she has twenty-seven medals representing seventeen titles she has won in speed, figure, and dance skating competitions.

Until the past winter, when she was too busy with speed-skating meets to participate, Joyce has served as a princess in the court of the annual king- and -queen ceremony which takes place in the big Olympic Arena in Lake Placid. Kings and queens are chosen from among the celebrities wintering at Lake Placid; Joyce's favorite king was Roy Rogers. Joyce is a good friend, too, of Barbara Ann Scott and Dick Button. It was Barbara Ann who remarked, when Joyce was skating at the Arena at the age of seven, that she "never saw a child who could spin for so long."

"Spinning," in the skater's lingo, is the graceful and dizzying whirl that makes the skater look like a human top.

"Be sure and be centered over your skates," Joyce advises novice figure skaters. "Otherwise, you'll wobble just like a toy top that you've started off center. You can go on spinning forever as long as you can change feet; it's not half so hard as it looks—just a question of a stiff back and momentum." She added that she had spun about forty times on one foot, "just for fun."

Both Donna and Joyce are emphatic on the subject of plenty of sleep and proper food, and they practice what they preach.



#### QUEENIE BEANIE

**Let the winds bluster and blow! This perky little crocheted hat will still cling snugly to your head. The braided trim gives it an unusual touch, framing your face becomingly and swirling around in the back. Make it in your school colors, or in any combination that harmonizes with your wardrobe. If you crochet well, you can make a beanie in less than three hours, at a cost of about \$1.00. For complete instructions, send a large, stamped, self-addressed envelope, requesting Item Q-8, to Betty Brooks at The American Girl, 30 West 48th Street, New York 19, New York.**

"You have to pass up goody sundaes when you're in training," Donna said, "and go in for meats, cheeses, and milk. Anything, just so it's spelled p-r-o-t-e-i-n." Joyce's blond mother added that her daughter has always liked spinach and carrots! The girls' health precepts must be good ones, because they are both in the pink.

While the young champions' mothers see that they get their share of calories and vitamins, we find that each girl has a dad who is intensely interested in her sports career and instrumental in her success.

Joyce's dad, Harold Durgan, was brought up on a Saskatchewan ranch and early learned to rope and ride. When Joyce was a toddler, her dad hung exercise bars from the stout pine beams in the hall of their lodge. Joyce was a gymnast while other tots were riding tricycles. It was her dad who strapped on her first pair of skates when she was four and helped her take her first tumbles bravely. Joyce gives him all her runner-up medals to wear on his watch chain.

Donna's dad, who boxed when he was younger, is still keen on sports. As a member

of the Illinois Skating Association Board, he watched his fleet-footed daughter win the following speed-skating championships in the Juvenile Class for the 1949-50 season: City Champion (Chicago); Tri-State Champion (Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin); Western Open Champion (all States west of Ohio); and National U. S. Champion. Donald MacKenzie has introduced his daughter to swimming, diving, softball, and tennis. She admits that while she may skate circles around him, he can beat her at tennis any old day. Donna, who was born on Washington's birthday, was named for her dad.

Both Donna and Joyce remain unspoiled, friendly, and unaffected by their success. Donna was voted the "typical American girl" by the Pierce Playground group, sponsors of her skating club. Joyce was queen of the Saranac Lake Winter Carnival last winter, and could go on into Olympic competition, except that she has another ambition—a future career as a concert pianist.

Joyce's piano teacher, Carl Lamson of Boston, who is Fritz Kreisler's accompanist, says, "Joyce could make a Carnegie Hall debut in two years if she would work hard."

But that big "if" would cut out most of the skating and Girl Scout activities which are so important to Joyce. She gets up early to practice the piano in the morning before the school bus comes by, and in the eighth grade at the Petrova School she plays the bell lyre and the tubular bells in the orchestra. Right now she thinks she'd like to attend the Paris Conservatory of Music after high school. But her mother and dad wisely feel that the four years between Joyce and her high school diploma will give her plenty of time to decide on the future.

"If you want to figure skate," Joyce says to girls who are eager to strap on the rocker-bladed, hollow-ground, saw-tooth-tipped skates and perform those graceful pirouettes on ice, "you've got to remember that it takes practice, practice, and more practice. I used to practice all summer long on a 'patch'—that's a small square of ice allotted to each skater—in the Arena. When you feel at home on the ice, concentrate on your stroke. Try for an easy glide instead of a choppy stroke. Ballet classes can be very helpful to a figure skater; I've taken ballet."

For girls who are too far away from an artificial rink to practice in summer, Joyce recommends hiking and bicycling to keep in trim. Both these sports help strengthen muscles that are needed for winter skating. And if you think you can't skate because of "weak ankles," remember that chances are they merely feel weak because of lack of exercise. Structurally weak ankles are rare.

"Pushing with the toes is one of the most common mistakes made by would-be figure skaters," Joyce told us. "Push with the inner edge of your blade. It's much less tiring and gives you more power."

Both young skaters care for their skates as a Heifetz cares for his violin. They always use leather guards when walking off the ice. Like all top-notch speed stars, they don't entrust their skates to someone else to sharpen, and usually, during races, the skates are sharpened between each race. The sharpening is done by hand with an oil stone, and the keen edges give the young skaters the assurance of a fast, sure start. When putting away their skates at the end of

(Continued on page 54)

# SPEAKING OF MOVIES



**MR. MUSIC**—Bing Crosby delights as an irresponsible composer of Broadway musicals, Frank Merri- cke, he gets a \$15,000 advance against an unwritten show from his producer, Alex Conway (Charles Corburn), but a guardian-secretary (Nancy Olson) pays the bills only when Merrick works. Conflicting romances and Merrick's ingenious means of finding backers for his smash hit make for a lively picture. There's fine music and a fine cast with Robert Stack, Ruth Hussey, and Donald Woods. (Paramount)

**THE GOLDBERGS**—This popular family of radio and television fame now comes to you on the silver screen in a laugh-provoking story. When a wealthy ex-beau of Mama Goldberg appears, the family tries to impress him and find him a proper wife. The complications that arise are surprising and hilarious, but Mama and her friends manage to work everything out satisfactorily. The cast includes Gertrude Berg, Eli Mintz, Philip Loeb, and Arlene McQuade. (Paramount)



**KIM**—Colorful, mystic, romantic India comes to life in Technicolor as the background of Rudyard Kipling's story of little gamin-sahib, Kim (Dean Stockwell). The swashbuckling horse dealer, Mahbub Ali, Kim's friend and protector, is portrayed by Errol Flynn; Paul Lukas is the lama for whom Kim becomes guide. Kim's resourceful participation in the great game of protecting India against warlike intruders captures the imagination in the picture, just as it did in Kipling's famous story. (MGM)

**THE MAGNIFICENT YANKEE**—Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes is portrayed by Louis Calhern in a beautifully enacted, stirring story of this great American. Ann Harding portrays the part of Fannie, his wife for fifty-seven years. Pictured against a Washington background, this brilliant jurist's steady backing of the Constitution in all his decisions, his gentle humor and unflinching humanitarianism tellingly demonstrate the American way of life and thought in action. (MGM)



by BERTHA JANCKE LUECK



Is your own personal "treasury" getting low? Do you need extra cash for clothes, furniture, or a lot of little "extras"? Then here's good news! Now you can make **BIG MONEY** in your spare time by an easy, proven way!

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easy orders will bring you sensational earnings . . . and lots of fun, too!



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401 Adams St., Elmhurst, New York

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can be cut to your specifications. You'll certainly work on a sheet at least 11" x 14", though most posters are larger than that, and if you need "fins" or cardboard props to make your poster stand, you'll probably find them in the store at a few cents apiece.

Of course you'll also find scores of fascinating shades in both poster (show card) paints and in lettering inks, but don't lose your head at the sight. Stick to that color scheme, the one involving only two or three colors, and all will be well—if you've made certain that your shades will harmonize when they dry and that they'll maintain strength at a distance. (Some colors, such as members of the yellow family, appear very bright at close range, but are not good "carriers.") The salesgirl in your art store can help with problems like this. Ask her to steer you clear of paint that may fade after a few hours in a sunny shop window! If you're still vacillating between poster paint and ink, remind yourself that poster paints can be used straight from the jar or diluted with water, and are readily blended, while the inks are often harder for a beginner to use as they tend to dry darker at the points where the strokes overlap.

For use with poster paint, you'll find a vast selection of brushes, both flat and round, in many sizes and with price tags depending mainly on the length and quality of the bristles. Best are the red sable brushes, but almost any good, springy brush of medium width with a flat chisel edge will be satisfactory. Your brush deserves the best of care. Don't use it as a mop in mixing colors. Do wash it immediately after use and dry the bristles carefully before you stow it away flat or in a jar—bristle end up. As for lettering pens to use with inks, here again there's a rich choice: "roundshoe" pens, speedballs, ruling pens, and many other types—all in various widths.

All the supplies you need won't set you back any tremendous sum. Here are some typical costs: Poster board, 22" x 28", 20¢; illustration board, 45¢, mat board, 25¢ (both 20" x 30"); poster paints, 25¢ for each 2-ounce jar; lettering ink, 25¢ for a 3-oz. jar; brushes, 25¢ up; lettering pens, 10¢ each.

**H**OME WITH your supplies, you set up shop at a large table of comfortable height, in good light, or prepare to work on a drawing board or breadboard, to which your paper can be thumbtacked. With your rough layout before you, start in first sketching in the general areas of type and illustration. Then do the illustration and let it dry thoroughly before tackling the lettering.

In choosing your style of lettering, remember that simple lettering is easier to do and easier to read. Any of the Gothic types are fine—especially Futura Display type. A manual from your town or school library, showing various alphabet styles, will help you tremendously here, but whether or not you have one, take a cue from the professional letterer who usually rules guide lines in charcoal or soft pencil (easily brushed off or erased later), and blocks in the letters with considerable detail, avoiding these beginner's pitfalls:

Individual letters cramped too closely together.

Words spaced too far apart. (The space of one letter is usually about right.)

Apex of "A" tilted toward right.

"C" and "G" slanted at top, curve flattened.

Upper lobe of "S" and "B" too large.

Like the professional, too, you'll practice on scratch paper first, concentrating on the importance of a free-arm motion for each large stroke. You'll hold your pen or brush loosely, so that it's easy to roll or twist it on the curves; you'll mix enough color for the whole job, keeping it dry enough so it won't puddle at the end of the strokes, but not so thick it looks ragged and lumps on the paper. This above all: you won't hurry, for haste, as you know, makes waste. Yet if in your zeal for forming perfect letters you find you've made an error in punctuation or spelling, you'll repair it, for mistakes on a display card are often long remembered. Glue a patch over the error—or paint it out with white—then work over it, condensing or expanding the correction to fill the space. If your paint has caked in drying, you may find your mistake can be scraped off with a razor blade.

When you go past the store window where your finished poster stands, stop and look at it objectively, studying its weak points as well as its strengths. Ponder the compliments and criticisms your friends make, too, and salt them away for your next poster-making effort. To make that next job more fun and even more successful, why not start a notebook for ideas that may occur to you, and for quick sketches, inspired by effective layouts you notice in professional advertisements? Next time, you may want to try a splatter-print poster, using toothbrush and screen or an old atomizer or to experiment with abstract textural effects through a combination of fabric scraps and other materials. Perhaps blueprint paper will lend itself to your use, or a simple silk-screening process. And if you're a photo-finishing fan, think of the possibilities in blowups, vignettes, and the like.

Spend an hour or two on a quiet Sunday afternoon practicing your lettering. It's fun—and it's time well spent. For a well-developed poster-making flair can be a helpful hobby and may even prove to be one of the signposts to the career you will choose.

THE END



## Rules for Contributors' Page Entries

**H**AVE YOU SENT an entry yet for your own Contributors' Page? There's terrific interest in this new feature of the magazine. Hundreds of entries are flooding in, from all over the country. Do send them each month—but be sure to follow the rules exactly, if you want your entry considered for publication.

Entries for the May, 1951, issue may be sent in now; they must be mailed on or before February 1. Readers under eighteen years of age may send entries. Only material never before published will be considered.

### SHORT STORIES

Any subject with appeal to teen-agers. Not over 800 words.

### POEMS

Any subject—two to twenty-five lines.

### NONFICTION

Suggested subject for May, 1951—Nature. Almost any type of nonfiction—description, biographical or human interest sketch, episode from real life. Not over 400 words.

### DRAWINGS

Any subject. Black and white only, on stiff drawing paper or poster board; may be done in pencil, black writing ink, India ink, charcoal, tempera, or wash. Not smaller than 5" x 7". **WARNING:** Wrap carefully for mailing. Drawings that are smudged, creased, or otherwise damaged will not be considered.

### RULES

1. Entries for the May, 1951, issue must be mailed on or before February 1, 1951.

Entries will be considered only for the one issue of the magazine for which they are submitted.

2. On the upper half of the first page of all manuscripts—or on a sheet attached to drawings—there must be written:

The name, address, and age of sender.  
Her troop number if she is a Girl Scout.  
(The number of words in the piece submitted [for stories and nonfiction].)

The following endorsement, signed by parent, teacher, or guardian:  
"I have seen this contribution and am convinced that it is the original idea and work of the sender."

3. Manuscripts must be typewritten or neatly written in ink, on one side of the paper only.

4. Age of the contributors will be considered in judging, and the decision of the judges is final. A contributor may send only one entry a month—not one of each kind, but only one.

5. All manuscripts and drawings submitted become the property of The American Girl magazine and cannot be acknowledged or returned. The American Girl reserves the right to cut and edit manuscripts as seems necessary.

### AWARDS

Awards will be made for all material published: for contributions that, in the opinion of the judges, merit top award, \$10 will be given; for all others published, an award of \$5 will be given.

Each month we will also publish a list of those contributors whose work is worthy of Honorable Mention. No cash award will be made for these Honorable Mentions.

Send entries to:

Contributors' Page Editor  
The American Girl Magazine  
30 West 48th St., New York 19, N. Y.

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**HERE'S HOW TO MAKE EXTRA CASH QUICK** Sell wonderful Regal all-occasion greeting cards in spare time. Terrific box of \$1 only 1.00. Includes birthdays, anniversaries, etc. Over 75 other marvelous boxes. Also America's outstanding initial and name stationery exclusive with us. Cash profits to 100%, plus bonus. Write for free samples. Kit on approval. **REGAL GREETING CARD CO. Dept. AG-30, Hazel Park, Mich.**

## ARE YOU GOING TO MOVE?

Give The American Girl at least six weeks' notice, so as to not to miss any issues. Be sure to send your old as well as your new address to The American Girl, 155 E. 44th St., N. Y. 17.

## When Writing to Advertisers Please Mention The American Girl

**The American Girl Index for 1950** The American Girl Index for the past year will be printed separately, and a limited number will be available on request. The index will be classified, as usual, under the program fields of Girl Scouting. If you'd like to have a copy of the index, please address your request to The American Girl, 30 West 48th Street, New York 19, New York, and enclose a large, stamped, self-addressed envelope.

# CROSSWORD PUZZLE

by DR. HARRY LANGMAN

1	T	A	N	G	5	6	V	A	S	9	10	C	A	R	D	13
14	O	D	I	Y	M	15	W	M	I	T	16	A	G	E		
17	P	A	N	N	E	18	O	N	T	O	19	M	U	L	E	
20	A	G	E	21	W	O	T	E	22	23	24	W	E	E	L	S
25	W	E	S	T	26	F	E	S	T	27	28	W	O	R		
				30	A	S	31	D	I	A	L	33	34	A	V	O
38	39	40		41	S	L	A	N	T	42	P	A	T	I	S	44
45										46	U	N	G	E	A	L
49				50	A	P	T	I	L	E	51	52	T	U	B	E
53				54	W	E	S	T	55	56	T	A	R	57	D	O
				59	59	D	A	R	E	61	62	E	A	63	64	65
67	67	68							70	71	72	G	A	M	E	73
74									74	75	T	O	M	76	77	78
78									79	80	L	O	O	P	81	82
81									82	83	F	O	R	84	85	86

### ACROSS

- Argentine dance
- Girl
- Piece of paste-board
- Abhorrence
- Leave out
- Exchange premium
- Soft velvety fabric
- To a position on
- Hybrid animal
- Time period
- Musical sound
- Rotors
- Gusto
- Festive gathering
- Conjunction
- Like
- Indicator
- Acknowledge
- Inclines
- Fixed line in rotation
- A prayer
- Coagulate
- Chanted
- Liable
- Besought
- Bulbous roots
- Bird's home
- Small pastry
- Perform

### DOWN

- Semiprecious stone
- Proverb
- Baseball teams
- Shooting implement
- Significant sign
- Pillaged
- Forgetful state
- To rest
- Pack
- Picture-taking device
- Fever and chills
- Small stream
- Acts
- Concerning

- An exclamation
- Sharp flavor
- Motor car
- Dance movement
- Scraped linen fiber
- Arm of windmill
- Above
- Marries
- Scrutinize
- Easy gallow
- Insects
- Seasoning
- Round-headed nail
- Heavy metal
- Musical instrument
- Cavalryman
- One who makes clothes
- Trudges
- Pronoun
- Printer's measure
- Separate
- Concise
- More secure
- Mincid oath
- Auction
- Serve as a model
- Small valley
- Rim
- Also
- Achieved

For solution, turn to page 58

# Jokes

## SUB-ZERO

**SOPHOMORE:** But I don't think I deserve quite a zero on this paper.

**TEACHER:** Neither do I, but it's the lowest mark I can give.

Sent by SHARON KOLSTAD, Minneapolis, Minnesota

## ONE PLUS ONE

The question of the correct plural of the word "mongoose" was solved by a gentleman who wanted a pair of these interesting and affectionate creatures.

He wrote to a dealer: "Sir, please send me two mongooses."

He did not like the look of this, tore up the paper, and began again: "Sir, please send me two mongooses."

This version did not satisfy him any better than the first, so he wrote: "Sir, please send me a mongoose, and, by the way, send me another."

Sent by JOAN McDONALD, East Jordan, Michigan

## A WHOPPER

**TEACHER:** What's the fastest growing thing in nature?

**PUPIL:** A fish, from the time my dad catches it until our next party.

Sent by CAROL ANN PEARCEY, Hattiesburg, Mississippi

## FOOD FOR THOUGHT

**ADVERTISEMENT:** Dog For Sale. Eat Anything. Fond of Children.

Sent by DONNAJEAN KAY, Chicago, Illinois

## THAT FOLLOWS

**COWBOY:** One spur! Why do you want just one spur?

**DUDE:** Well, I figure if I can get one side of the horse to go, the other side will come along, too.

Sent by CLARA FAYE UNDERWOOD, Murfreesboro, Tennessee

## THE PLOT SICKENS

**AUTHOR:** This is the plot of my story! A midnight scene. Two burglars creep toward the house. They climb a wall and force a window open. They enter the room. The clock strikes one . . .

**LISTENER (breathlessly):** Which one?

Sent by BEVERLY CORNER, Detroit, Michigan

## RAPID GROWTH

**MANAGER:** Didn't you apply for a job here a month ago?

**BOY:** Yes, sir.

**MANAGER:** And didn't I tell you we wanted an older boy?

**BOY:** Yes, sir. That's why I'm here now.

Sent by PHYLLIS ANN WIENBERRY, Festus, Missouri

## REVERSE PLAY

**DOCTOR:** Were you hurt while you were on the football team?

**BOY:** No, sir—while the football team was on me!

Sent by ANNIE GILUSO, Hammond, Louisiana

## ANCIENT HISTORY

**JANE:** I hear your little brother got F in history.

**LOUISE:** It wasn't his fault. The teacher asked him about things that happened before he was born.

Sent by BETTY MADOLE, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

## CANINE GENIUS

**JANE:** My dog is extraordinary.

**JAN:** What can he do?

**JANE:** I ask him what the answer to the problem of two minus two is and he says nothing.

Sent by FROSTY HOLLADAY, Portland, Oregon

## SIMPLE SUBSTITUTE

**TEACHER:** What is a synonym, Bobbie?

**BORRIE:** That's a word you use when you can't spell the other one.

Sent by CARMEN CHRISTIANSON, Osoyo, Wisconsin

The American Girl will pay \$1.00 for every joke printed on this page. Send your best jokes to THE AMERICAN GIRL, 155 East 44th St., New York 17, New York. Be sure to include your name, address, and age, and write in ink or on the typewriter.



"My weight is all right, but I'm four inches too short!"

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City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_  
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B. \$1.99		
B2. \$1.99		
C. \$2.99		
D. \$2.99		

Spring Fashion Book, enclosed 10¢ coin stamps to cover postage and handling.

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ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ ZONE \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

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A. SHEER BATISTE "Dancing Doll" blouse. Cleverly embroidered yoke. Val type lace edging on yoke and collar. "Pretty baby" sleeves. By LISA STEVENS. White only. Sizes 32 to 38..... **\$1.99**

B. Long sleeve classic shirt in PEBBLE RAYON CREPE with French cuffs, long spear collar, flange shoulders. White only. Sizes 32 to 38

**\$1.99**

B2. Also available in COTTON BROADCLOTH. White, pink, blue, maize ..... \$1.99

C. HANDKERCHIEF SHEER BATISTE. Shadow stripe organdy yoke and embroidered organdy band across front and on Peter Pan collar . . . with real imported French Val lace. White only. Sizes 32 to 38.

**\$2.99**

D. IMPORTED SWISS SHEER BATISTE. Intricately embroidered yoke and collar. Perky embroidered organdy ruffle outlining bib front. Puffed "pretty baby" sleeves. By CLIK BLOUSE. White only. Sizes 32 to 38..... **\$2.99**

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Do you want a wardrobe chock-full of the latest fashions and finery? How about a Television Set all your own? Or a shiny bicycle? Perhaps you'd like a set of smart luggage. Sure—you want all this. But it takes money to buy it. So here's how to get the money you need—in your spare time!

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Most Beautiful Cards You've Ever Seen!**

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You don't need experience. Just show Artistic Everyday Cards to your family, teachers and other folks you know. The beauty and value of these cards will bring you all the orders you want. At up to 100% profit, your spare time earnings grow—fast!



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YES! I want to join your EXTRA MONEY CLUB and have big spare-time earnings! Rush Sample All-Occasion Assortments ON APPROVAL. Also include FREE Imprint Samples.

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City.....Zone.....State.....



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