

March 15, 1964

This Week

MAGAZINE

Minneapolis Sunday Tribune

LBJ's D.C.

*What's happened
since Texas took over
the Capital*

the Soveliest Girl in the World

*A love story by
John D. MacDonald*

Mark Kaufman

EASTER BUNNIES: Shirley MacLaine and friend

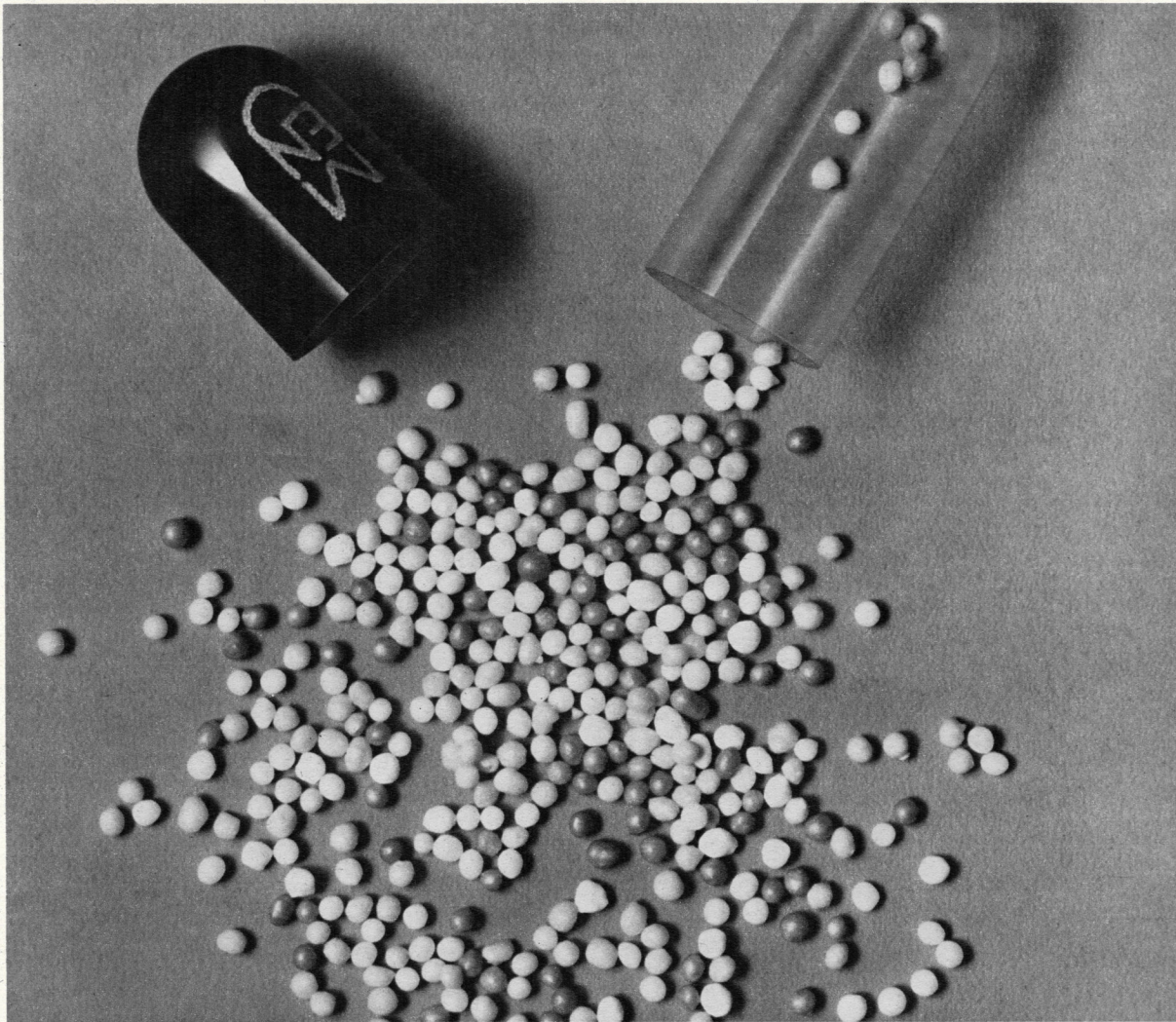


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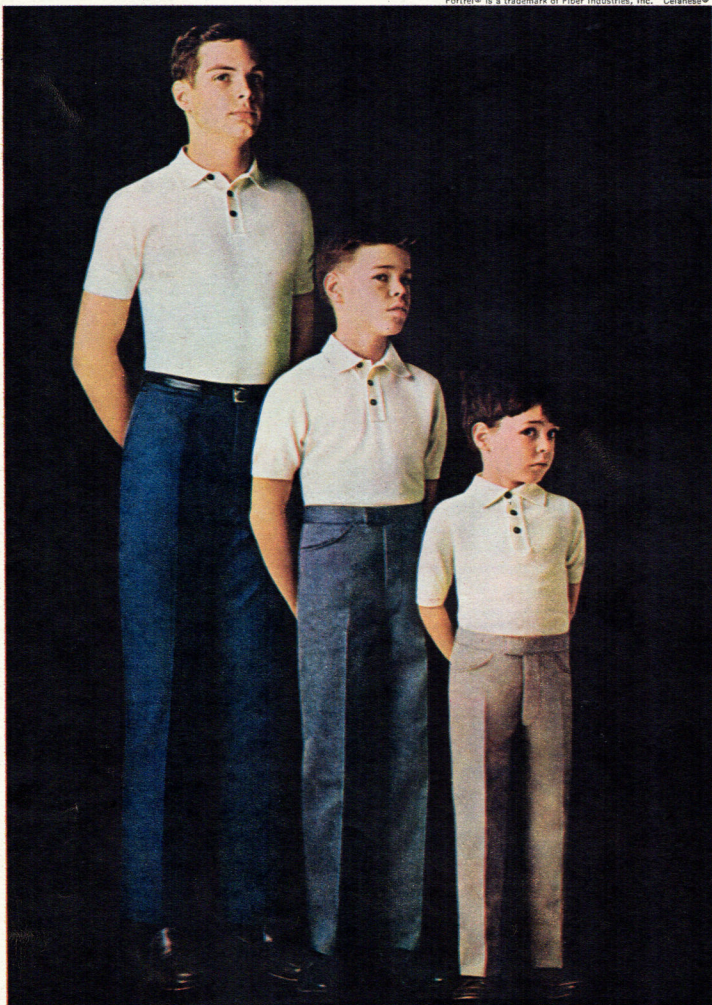
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New Syntrel slacks from Billy the Kid—year round slacks of Fortrel polyester and cotton. Fortrel makes sure these slacks perform the way boys' slacks should: easy washing, quick drying, little or no ironing. And they'll take all the punishment even the most active youngster can dish out! New Billy the Kid Syntrel slacks are measure-made to fit your boy as if tailored for him. He'll like the neat, trim fit—and the large selection of "Colors Galore". Best of all, the value is exceptional, as you'd expect from Billy the Kid. Syntrel slacks are only \$3.98. Sizes 3-12. Belt loop and continental styles. In a wide variety of popular colors. (For High-Schoolers, ask for Key-Man Syntrel slacks.) See opposite page for store where you can get Syntrel slacks.

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- 1 Find your own particular talent.
- 2 Be big.
- 3 Be honest.
- 4 Live with enthusiasm.
- 5 Don't let your possessions possess you.
- 6 Don't worry about your problems.
- 7 Look up to people when you can — down to no one.
- 8 Don't cling to the past.
- 9 Assume your full share of responsibility in the world.
- 10 Pray consistently and confidently.



By **CONRAD N. HILTON**

Of these ten rules for living, Conrad N. Hilton, president of Hilton Hotels Corp., says: "They worked for me." Adapted from "How to Get What You Want Out of Life," edited by J. Mel Hickerson, copyright © 1962. By permission Appleton-Century.



March 15, 1964

The National Sunday Magazine ...

This Week

World's largest circulation ... 14,553,575

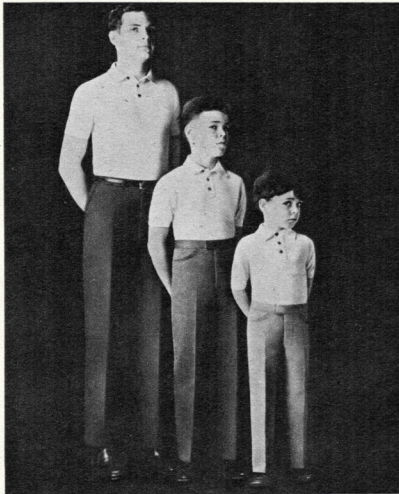
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SEE FRONT COVER



SLINKY PINK: The pink-wigged, pink-furred lady with the rose-colored rabbit on our cover is usually-auburn-haired Shirley MacLaine, in the pink for her new role in 20th Century-Fox's "What a Way to Go!" Shirley's on-screen husband (Gene Kelly) is an actor named Pinky, and she's a living ad for him. She lives in a pink house, drives a pink Rolls-Royce—and has two pink afghan hounds to keep her rabbit company.

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Write or phone your order to leading Department stores and Boy's Stores in your city.* Please give age, waist size and whether Regular, Husky or Slim. Denote light or dark color choice of Blues, Greys, Browns, Greens. (Available in White & Black.)

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*Or to Hortex Manufacturing Company, El Paso, Texas. Hortex®

CHARLIE RICE'S PUNCHBOWL

But You Can't Do That!



A bit of odd ball information appeared in this column recently: Despite Hollywood and TV scripts, there is no truth in the notion that a ship's captain has the authority to perform marriages. If a captain does perform a marriage, it has no more legal standing than if the cabin boy performed it.

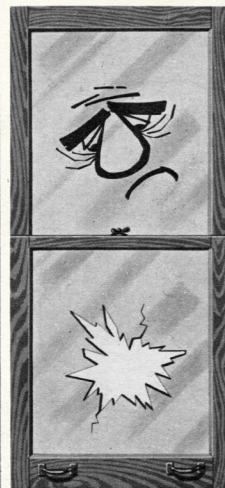
Since that column appeared, my doctor, my lawyer and everybody short of my Indian Chief have told me about things that people can and cannot do. See how many of the following questions you can unravel, hit or myth:

1. If a doctor is on an automobile trip and sees an accident, can he always try to save the victim?
YES NO
2. In court, can a wife testify against her husband?
YES NO
3. Can a policeman arrest you at his discretion?
YES NO
4. When Casey Jones "mounted to the cabin," was he boss of the train? Is an engineer free to run his train as he, and he alone, sees fit?
YES NO
5. Which one of these three things could a convicted bank-robber do? Run a barroom Serve on a jury Become President of the U.S.

ANSWERS

1. No is correct. If the doctor does not have a license in the particular state, he might run the risk of imprisonment for a felony if he tries to help a victim. Fortunately, a number of states have now passed a "Good Samaritan Law" which protects doctors against such hazards.
2. Yes is correct. In general, a wife can testify against her husband, contrary to many TV dramas. The point is, she cannot be forced to testify.
3. No is correct. A policeman has no right to make an arrest for an offense that he hasn't seen with his own eyes. In cases of felony, he may make an arrest if he has good reason to believe that a particular person has committed a particular felony. But the reason had better be pretty darned good, or he might get sued for false arrest!
4. No is correct. Casey Jones and all his descendants, have taken orders from the conductor. The conductor is boss of a train — even a freight train.
5. A convicted bank-robber could not run a barroom or serve as a juror — the law says that felons can't do such things. But nothing in the Constitution says a bank robber couldn't become President. But don't worry too much about it — the Bank-Robber vote is just a splinter faction!

Charlie Rice



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RELIEF IS JUST
A SWALLOW AWAY

L.B.J.'s D.C.

A practical guide to what's in and what's out in hats, food, color schemes and dogs in the nation's Capital now that Texas has moved in

By **FRANCES SPATZ LEIGHTON**

WASHINGTON, D. C.

It's THE MIRACLE OF THE AGES how LBJ has put his brand on the Capital of the nation.

It's LBJ's DC now. And proof of the pudding, pardon, we mean proof of the deermeat sausage, is that all the natives of the Capital ranch — a sort of newly acquired Washington extension of the Texas LBJ Ranch — are living by the LBJ rules, and seem to be thriving.

Washington, D. C., is literally a city with no style of its own. It just copies the style of its No. 1 Man, or Número Uno as we say in Texas. There have been a lot of changes in the past — a new game every four or eight years. But, although the Capital remains saddened by the tragic death of President Kennedy, rarely before has the game of Follow-the-Leader changed the city's customs and habits so completely and dramatically.

Cocktail parties are OUT and work parties are IN.

You don't have cocktail parties any more. You have work parties, and you state the reason for the party. It is to look into the Malaysian situation — bring in new thinking. A few drinks are naturally served to help the thinking process.

If the top rancher stops by — that's the President — he may have one Scotch. Moderation, you know. And if the bash is held at the LBJ-WH ranch — that's White House — the top rancher will check out early, say midnight, with a few ranch hands, to get a little paper work done before the morning roundup.

Chowder is OUT and chili is IN.

So are jalapeño peppers and deermeat sausage. It used to be that hostesses exchanged chowder recipes. Now seafood is a forgotten word and you have to know at least three distinct and separate chilis to be *anybody*.

For a starter, there's Dallas Jailhouse Chili, Scooter Miller's recipe, made with pink or red beans. Then there's Pedernales River Chili without beans — that's the special Johnson chili named for the river that flows through the LBJ ranch. And then there is chili soup. Yes, there really is. And it's delicious.

As for the deermeat sausage — delicious for breakfast with hominy grits — there is not room enough for the whole Texas-size recipe, but it starts out, "Take one deer and one hog and grind . . ."

The Georgetown crowd is OUT and Perle Mesta and Scooter Miller are IN.



Perle Mesta: All is forgiven

UPI
Perle Mesta, who had a momentary lapse of judgment and backed Richard Nixon in 1960, did not set foot in the White House for three years. But she was back in full glory at the first White House dinner for a foreign dignitary — Italian President Antonio Segni. Because LBJ, who never has a memory lapse, remembered that before her switch in '60 she was for LBJ All the Way.

Pets: Beagles have taken over — Him and Her greet the Boss



Wide World

But most *in* of all is Scooter Miller, because she never, never, had loyalty for anyone but LBJ and all things LBJ. Same goes for her husband, Dale. He represents the city of Dallas and Texas firms in Washington, D. C.

The Millers were at the White House party for Segni, too, but the difference is, *they* don't have to wait for formal parties. They are practically family.

Going back to that Georgetown crowd for a moment, we're not trying to say *nobody* from Georgetown will have the President's ear. But the trouble with a lot of the Georgetown crowd can be summed up with something Lyndon Johnson's Daddy used to say — LBJ likes to quote his Daddy — "So-and-so is a damned smart man. But the fool's got no sense." Which is to say, you have to be not only *book-smart* but *practical*, to be *in*.

Terriers are OUT and beagles are IN.

Charlie, the Welsh terrier, used to pretty much rule the White House, and in fact, anywhere the First Family went — because Charlie was first into any moving vehicle.

Now it's the era of the beagle, or shall we say, beagles, because there are two at the White House — Him and Her.

Pink is OUT and yellow is IN.

Forget pink. Don't think pink. The color to bet your wardrobe or your wife's on is *yellow*, be it the yellow of the Yellow Rose of Texas or the color of the Texas sun. It's the

favorite shade of LBJ and, by happy coincidence, of the First Lady.

It's the color she looks best in and feels happiest in and surrounded by. It is the color of the Johnsons' favorite room in the White House, the private sitting room on the second floor. If you get tired of yellow try a clear, true red. It is another LBJ favorite.

Sailboats are **OUT** and powerboats are **IN**.

LBJ does not have the patience needed for fooling around with sails as the late President delighted in doing, so instead he has an 18-foot power boat. But even when aboard, he keeps in constant touch with things by use of a two-way radio.

The city slicker look is **OUT** and cowboy boots are **IN**.

So is the cowboy hat. Downtown Washington hotels have noted an influx of ten-gallon Stetsons that would do justice to a Western rodeo. Your hat can look new but to get the proper casual air, stuff up those boots before you put them on. Sandpaper does the trick nicely.

Toddlers are **OUT** and teeners are **IN**.

The accent is no longer on sweet little children, but on the dating and doings of the bright young set, 16 and up. Lucy is 16 till July 2, and Lynda Bird's birthday this Thursday marks the end of her teens. So the early 20's will get spotlighted, too.

Now the emphasis is on serious doll collections, record collections, and weddings, thanks to Lynda Bird who takes fantastically good care of her discs, has dolls that are several hundred years old, and who is engaged to a nice young lieutenant, j.g.



Mrs. Johnson with teeners Lynda Bird and Warrie Lynn Smith

And the emphasis is on pets, telephone talkathons, and giggling girl friends, thanks to Lucy who has plenty of all three.

The country wants to know what it's like to have a Secret Serviceman come along on a date. It's like Wow. Or in other words, all they need is a mantilla and you'd have a duenna, which is Texas talk for a chaperon.

Sinatra and his ratpack are **OUT** and Carol ("Hello Dolly!") Channing is **IN**.

Chances are very remote that Frankie boy will again get the royal treatment in Washington. The more wholesome and

robust charms of Carol Channing are appreciated by the First Family.

The New Frontier is **OUT**, the Modified New Deal is **IN**.

You don't hear much said these days about New Frontiers. Instead, you hear about the old FDR days and how the country made a recovery from depression to a full dinner pail.

French is **OUT** and Spanish is **IN**.

Throw away the French books and start brushing up on your Spanish. The First Lady is studying it. The President can communicate a bit in it. The children dress with its accent. It's part of the Texas tradition, stemming from having lived under both the Spanish flag and the Mexican flag.

The former First Lady spoke fluent French, and during the Kennedy Administration the Alphands of the French Embassy were really IN, but now with an eye to improving Latin-American relations, preferential treatment will go to the Spanish-speaking embassies.

The reserved greeting is **OUT** and affection in public is **IN**.

It used to trouble people that the late President did not kiss his wife in public and eventually the Kennedys had to explain that they were raised in the Boston tradition of not showing affection in public.

So greetings around Washington had grown rather cool. But those days are gone and now LBJ plants an enthusiastic buss on his wife when he greets her.

The President also shows his great warmth toward his daughters, and gave Lynda Bird a big kiss in front of the cameramen when she was going back to the University of Texas to wind up her studies there.

Many remember that LBJ made history when he kissed the top of Sam Rayburn's head as a happy birthday greeting at one of the last of Mr. Sam's birthday parties before the Speaker of the House died.

Now there is a happy feeling in Washington that around every corner you might find a "kissin' cousin."

The 50-mile hike is **OUT**, the 50-mile ride is **IN**.

No more do you find the weary marchers trudging the old mule towpath along the canal in Georgetown.

Truman used to walk. Kennedy swam while he urged others who did not have his aching back to get out and hike.

Johnson also swims, but he gets most of his exercise just pacing around his offices and attending innumerable functions. So the new Washington attitude, fast spreading into the hinterland, is that standing in a receiving line is good exercise too, especially for the arm muscles.

Extravagance is **OUT** and economy is **IN**.

It's all right for you to go around the house now putting out lights that are not being used. That's what the President does. And you don't need a new dress for every occasion. Even Lynda Bird used the same dress, when she was named queen of local festivities, on two separate occasions.

And by the way, the First Lady buys her dresses off the rack and enjoys a good bargain. So the French designers are out, and the ready-mades are in.

If you, too, are busy cutting corners and watching the electricity it isn't that you are tight. It is that you are just trying to set a good example for the nation.



Christy Minstrels — part of the new cultural smorgasbord

Haute culture is **OUT**, smorgasbord culture is **IN**.

These days you can't just settle for an evening devoted solely to a guy like Casals, or an opera singer, or a string quartet, and think that is it. No, now you must make each party a cultural smorgasbord. That's what the President did when he had both Robert Merrill of the New York Metropolitan Opera and the New Christy Minstrels entertain at his dinner for Italian President Segni.

Many guests were shocked to hear a hootenanny in the White House. But not the Italian President, who said enthusiastically, "That is a kind of music which Europe should find out more about," and he promptly invited the Christy singers to come to Italy.

Privacy is **OUT**, the Press is **IN**.

For a while there, Jacqueline Kennedy had the ladies of the press hidden behind the potted plants so they could see but not be seen by the guests. Now reporters are suddenly honored guests, who can mingle and talk with everyone and are even invited to see the private quarters of the White House, which had been off-limits since the time of Eleanor and Franklin Roosevelt.

The result is that reporters are getting new status all over town, and are invited to the best parties. Just like people!

—THE END



Kiss her in public? Sure

A young girl and an older man who fell deeply, almost irrevocably, in love — a story by John D. MacDonald

SHE WAS A chrysanthemum girl, slender by all sane standards, yet not gaunted to the thinness of a high-fashion model. But very useful for the consumer items. You called the agency and you booked this Lya Shawnessy, which was what the agency had named her for obscure reasons of its own, and what they sent you was this Jean Anne Burch, basically from Canton, Ohio, one and the same girl.

And useful. More useful now in the late part of spring than she had been back in the winter, because now her understanding of what Joe Kardell wanted of her was more instantaneous. Also, when he would go dry on a special problem, and Ritchie couldn't come up with anything either, she sometimes would have a shy idea that would work. It was a good product face, the bone structure so good it could even take flat lighting. And if the deal was to enchant the people with the idea of gobbling Yum-Bars, there she was staring out of the color advertisement, all a glowing textured innocence of delight in the masticatory wonders of Yum-Bars. Yet in all that innocence there was a subtle additive — something in the fullness of upper lids, in the modeling of the mouth — expressing a sweet sensuous innocent pleasure in everything, symbolic of the ideal consumer.

She took color beautifully, and direction well, and had few bad angles even in black and white. Joe Kardell had started using her in the winter, using her for things exactly right for her, and he wondered at what subtle and self-deceiving point he had begun using her for jobs not exactly right, jobs where another face would have been better, jobs where he could overcome that small discrepancy through his total mastery of his tools.

At least he had avoided location work, preferring as always the big bare studio on East 35th, where he had total control, Ben on props and lights and scut work, Ritchie loading the cameras, keeping the running record of the shots, music holding the mood, the three of them and the model working with the swift minimum of confusion of a good surgical team.

SHE HAD CHECKED IN at one on this drizzly spring afternoon, and been ready at ten after. It was one of the jobs suited to her, a college fashion thing for fall, a sort of hood and parka thing, and he was at the point where he knew he should not use her again for anything no matter how right she was. And he knew that Ben knew it, and Ritchie knew it. All that awareness. How could they miss it?

"You beat your buddies up the hill," he said. "You're out of breath, waiting, smiling a little on account of you beat them, and the sun has got you squinting a little bit. Good. Now chin an inch up and an inch toward me. Good. Now you're alone. They've turned back. Smile sad. Good. Now look up into the pretty trees at the pretty leaves. Good. Push the hood back a little. Little more. Good."

It went swiftly. He made his small professional adjustments in depth of field, composition, lighting, nailing her in her beauty into the emulsion, until near

the end, when he knew he had it, and thought himself safely lost in work, she was turned toward him and suddenly his eyes filled and he could not see her in the ground glass. There was the music and the three of them waiting, and he could not see and he could not look up. He took the shot and turned away.

"That does it," he said.

Ritchie said, "That's only eleven on . . ."

"I told you that does it!"

The rudeness shocked them. Ben cut the music.

Out of the corner of his eye, Joe Kardell saw Ritchie shrug, saw Jean Anne head for the dressing room. He did not look directly at any of them.

Ritchie took the rolls out to be marked for the color lab pickup and came back and said quietly, "We got the little kids here for the candy thing, Joe. Any ideas how we should set it up?"

"You do it," Joe said.

Ritchie looked blankly at him. "But you were going to . . ."

"Do I get arguments, or do you take pictures?"

Ritchie's face was white. "I am not going to take this kind of . . ."

"I'm sorry. I'm very sorry, Ritchie. I . . . don't mean any of this. I've just got to get out of here. I'm taking off. You'll do a good job on it."

"You taking off with her?"

"Don't push it, Ritchie."

"Okay. I work for you. But I thought I was your friend. Am I?"

"I'm not keeping track lately," he said and walked away. He got his hat and topcoat and waited in the corridor. She came out in her rain cape, carrying her kit and stopped when she saw him, her look startled, glad, apprehensive.

"Joe?" she said, her voice soft and tentative.

"We'll drive around," he said.

"All right." Maybe she was supposed to be somewhere else. But it couldn't matter to her. Not even enough to mention it or phone in about it. That was the way it took you. It pushed everything else out of focus, like a long lens that brought the clarity to just here and now and the dear beloved face.

THEY WALKED DOWN the street to the parking garage and stood silent in the grubby gloom while they brought his car down. All the years of scrupulousness and he could not feel any sense of holiday out of walking away from his work in the middle of the day. He felt heavy, troubled, yet so glad to be with her.

They got into the car and he turned the wipers on when they turned out into the slow soft rain. He went up to 42nd and west, and then up onto the highway and north, past the piers and the ships and the yellow-gray look of the river. He remembered how it was a thousand years ago, a brassy kid with a used Rolleiflex, the first decent camera he had ever owned, taking that winter essay on the tramp ships and the men, working in the cold pearl light of dawns until his hands were too numb to set the lens. Then all the labor in the borrowed darkroom, cropping, editing, dodging, bringing it all down to fifteen pure, savage prints. Nothing sentimental. Just the hard flavor of how it was to be working on the ships in the winter.

"Jean Anne," he said, "we have to . . ."

"I know, darling," she said. "But not here. Not like this. Where I can see you. Driving along, it's like talking on the phone sort of."

"How did it start? Can —continued on page 10

*the
Loveliest
Girl in
the World*

Illustrated by J. Frederick Smith



He thought he was lost in his work, but . . .



Joe wondered at what self-deceiving point he had begun using her for jobs not exactly right — jobs where another face would have been better

we talk about that part of it while we're riding?"

"The day you had the headache, Joe. That's when it started for me. When we all started making bad jokes, all trying to make you feel better, and we all got laughing. Was it then for you?"

"Sooner. Two weeks earlier. On that eye thing."

"I wondered about that. I wasn't right for it . . ."

"No. But I wanted you there. The jobs I used you on, they seemed more fun for everybody. I told myself that's all there was to it."

"Like I did. That's what people tell themselves, I guess, when they know it can't be anything more. I didn't want it to be anything more."

"Do you think I did?"

"Now we're getting into the what-do-we-do part of it, darling, and I have to look at you when we talk about that."

HE TOOK THE CROSS COUNTY over to the Throughway. Traffic was light. He had fifty dollars on him, blank checks, credit cards. She did not ask him where he was going. She had all that quality of trust, of gentle compliance. He wondered how it would be to just keep going. He knew he could not. But he wondered.

He exited at Suffern and drove to the motel road

that went up the mountain, turned up that road and, out of some obscure impulse of cruelty, said no word of explanation. He glanced at her. She sat with that blind acceptance of all of it, and there were no tears. But her face was set for tears.

Atop the mountain he drove past the motel office and on to the restaurant. He drove into the lot, parked, started to open the door to get out. She put her hand on his arm.

As he took her in his arms to kiss her, he realized this was the third kiss for them. Such a weight of guilt. Three kisses. In his despair he made it too rough a kiss. When he realized it was too rough, he made it more cruel, hurting her mouth. The kiss said, at first, this is a man. Not some game. It was pride, and then it shamed him and he released her and got out of the car and walked around and let her out.

They went to the big restaurant. Quarter to four. The lounge was empty.



She had few bad angles

"Want a drink?" he said. "I don't think so. Tea, maybe."

So they went to the restaurant. It was big and nearly empty. They took a table for two by the windows where they could look far into the gray misty distance, down at a half-seen cloverleaf, a few cars crawling. The waiter brought tea and some small cakes.

HE MADE A professional measurement of the quality of the light against the left side of her face and thought, I would use the Nikon with the 105mm lens, a Plus-X load, go back six feet about . . . portrait of a girl who thinks her heart is breaking, taken by a man who knows his is.

"Mostly it's how much you are," he said.

Her eyes lifted. "I'm not fluff, Joe. I'm of consequence. I have value. I take pride. I'm twenty-three."

"A very old party."

She took a little cake, bit a corner off of it, put it down. "Not a pretty child. Nobody started saying ah until I was nineteen. Now a pretty woman. Pictures to prove it. But it — continued on page 21

The look "SPORTIVE"
The feel "FABULOUS"

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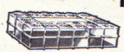


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Eight Ways To Kill Your Pet

By **MARLIN PERKINS** Director, St. Louis Zoo



Misguided owners can harm their animals with too much pampering, warns this zoo expert

ST. LOUIS

ZOO PEOPLE long ago learned that an animal only thrives on food and environment that closely approximate what his ancestors always had. This simple rule, which you can see being used in any zoo you visit, is also a very good one for pet owners to keep in mind. Too many of the country's 75 million pet owners are killing their pets with kindness.

Out of the goodness of our hearts we are softening our animal friends with human-type luxuries. So psychologically "enlightened" are we, and so under-dog-conscious, that we treat our dogs and cats as if they were people. As a result we make them neurotic and shorten their lives.

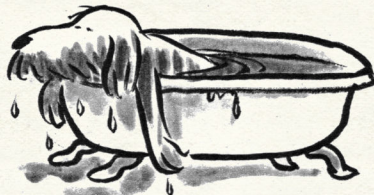
Here are eight ways I've observed in which some misguided owners pamper their pets excessively:



1. The perpetual feast: Just because the refrigerator's bursting and the supermarket is on the corner, don't keep your pet's dish filled like an eternal smorgasbord. Contrary to general opinion, animals don't know when to stop eating, and overweight is as bad for them as it is for you. No matter how soulful he looks, feed him at mealtime—*his*, not *yours*. And giving a pet ice cream, cake and other desserts and table dainties is tantamount to poisoning him with love. The practice of teaching birds to enjoy sips of beer or wine, coffee, cocoa, tea, etc., is barbarous.

2. The hothouse life: The modern living you find so comfortable may be bad for your pet. The sudden change from air-conditioned rooms to the outside heat of summer, from overheated rooms to the icy streets of winter is too quick a switch for pets to stand. For example, one of the surest ways to reduce

a bird's resistance to many ailments, is to allow it to remain in the kind of draft stirred up by air-conditioning. The body temperature of birds is very high. Even an electric fan moving air around slightly may reduce it to the point of danger.



3. The bathtub menace: Millions of owners imagine that pets should be as well-scrubbed as their masters. But bathtubs are a dog's worst enemy, and the same goes for most other pets. Soap removes natural oil from the skin and may cause minute cracks which become infected.

4. Hi-fi Fidos: A dog who lives in a house "blessed" with an ear-shattering hi-fi set is likely to end up a nervous wreck. To a dog's extrasensitive eardrums, a hi-fi turned up too loud adds up to pure-and-simple cruelty to animals.



5. Over-petting: Most animals like to be petted, but some—birds especially—are not used to human hands touching them. They interpret such contact as a sign of attack. Some birds, for instance, don't like to be stroked—nothing in their millions of years on earth has ever petted them, and they don't interpret such a caress as affection.

6. Perils of travel: Animals need exercise—even more than humans. A terrier-sized dog should walk at least two miles a day to stay healthy. A soft-cushioned ride in a car instead will make him short of breath and prone to infection. If you must take him in the car, don't leave him inside with the windows shut tight while you do an afternoon's shopping.

As for long-distance travel, household animals are happiest when they're secure in a daily routine. Domestic animals are just that—they aren't made for island hopping and they'll live longer if you don't drag them on long trips.



7. Over-dressing: When we put fancy blankets on long-haired furry animals to protect them from the cold, what we actually are doing is lowering their resistance. Women don't wear cloth coats over their minks. Furry dogs shouldn't either.

8. Freedom vs. security: Some liberty-loving Americans think the finest gift they can give a pet is freedom. It isn't. It may be the cruelest. A pet raised from babyhood in captivity is no longer equipped to deal with problems and enemies he meets in a wild state. The housebroken skunk, deprived of his aromatic weapon, will be defenseless. Birds liberated inside the house often kill themselves trying to fly through a windowpane.

If for any reason you must get rid of your pet, try to find a new home for it. Your local animal society may help. But don't try the St. Louis Zoo—we have all the skunks and monkeys we can use!



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A fabric softener
that whitens as it softens
better than any other!

New from
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new *Final Touch*

with **SOLIUM PLUS**
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NEXT WEEK

Tastes from Everywhere

by Clementine Paddleford

Our famous Food Editor brings you a preview of the good eating in store at the New York World's Fair. An international buffet menu features a dozen wonderful dishes that you'll want to try.

• • •

Portrait of an Informer

by Milton Lewis

The exclusive story about a man without a future — underworld informer Joe Valachi. Constantly in fear for his life, he has created a prison existence that has never before been revealed.

• • •

Much of a Woman

by Duvan Polk

A tender fiction story of love and self-sacrifice.

Now Many Wear FALSE TEETH With Little Worry

Eat, talk, laugh or sneeze without fear of insecure false teeth dropping, slipping or wobbling. PASTEETH holds plates firmer and more comfortably. This pleasant powder has no gummy, gooey, pasty taste or feeling. Doesn't cause nausea. It's alkaline (non-acid). Checks "plate odor" (denture breath). Get PASTEETH at drug counters everywhere.

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Cut This Cushioning Foot Plaster To Right Size, Shape For Fast Relief!



EXTRA PROTECTION WHEREVER FEET HURT! When shoes pinch or rub, cushion feet with Dr. Scholl's Kurotex foot plaster. Thicker, softer, more protective than ordinary moleskin—yet costs no more. Easy to cut to size. Fast relief for corns, callouses, tender spots. Self-adhering. 1 1/2", 4 1/2", 6 1/2", \$1.15.

Dr. Scholl's KUROTEX

Billion-Dollar Hat War

By LESLIE LIEBER

Milliners and hair stylists are in the middle of a knockdown, drag-out, hair-pulling fight

ANY MAN who has a roving eye for the ladies — or a bouffant stack of bills from his wife's pet hairdresser — knows that women's hats have been slowly disappearing from the female cranium where they had perched in defiance of all laws of gravity ever since the first cave-lady stuck a chicken-feather in her hair many millennia ago.

What have the changing winds of the crass mid-20th century done to those chic flowered confections and floppy superstructures that once added an extra twinkle of mystery to the flirtatious eye beneath the brim? Is there perhaps some sinister anti-hat revolt afoot — perpetrated by a clever clique of international coiffeurs who deliberately tease and toss milady's tresses into wild omelets too frothy for any hat to encompass?

And what, in an age when women have evidently blown their topper, is happening to the once-prosperous millinery business — an industry which in the good old days of chivalry and chapeaux could count on every woman having at least five hats in the closet and one on her head?

A personal hatcheck

To make sure the hat famine wasn't just a figment of my own imagination, I planted myself on two successive Saturdays on a busy street corner in a large Eastern city to make a spot hat-check. The weather on both occasions — cold and blustery — practically begged for some kind of head covering.

During my long vigil with pencil and paper, 3,578 women scurried by. Of these only 946 — barely one out of four — wore a hat and they were older ladies. The army of 2,632 hatless women broke down into 1,209 stalwarts who were ploughing — continued on page 18



Don Wynn

SALLY VICTOR says: "A hat does more for the ego than anything but a husband"

How to decide which haircoloring makes you look younger...prettier

Because a woman's looks depend so much on the natural look and tone of her hair, read these frank answers to your questions about haircoloring and what it can do for you.

Does hair color really make such a difference?

The right hair color can make the beautiful difference between a faded, "old" look and a fresh, lovely appearance. Why not take a mirror right now and study your hair? Is the color fresh, lively, the most becoming shade it can be? Or does it seem a little lifeless lately? Maybe gray hair is beginning to show! In any case, you'll want the most natural-looking haircoloring you can get.

What is the most natural-looking haircoloring?

Miss Clairor® Hair Color Bath is the natural-looking haircoloring. Its clear shining color penetrates deep into the hairshaft to shine outward, the way natural pigment does. This is different from old methods that coat the hair with color or new ones that can shampoo in unevenly. And this beautiful difference is what makes Miss Clairor the finest haircoloring you could use from any viewpoint. Not only can it lighten, brighten or darken your shade but it is the most effective way known today to cover gray. What's more, Miss Clairor assures you more natural-looking, even color time after time.



What's the right age to begin?

Any age is the right age if you're just a hair shade away from looking younger, prettier. Time has a way of dimming the glow in red and blonde hair in the early twenties, while brunette hair shows gray long before a woman is prepared to go gray. With Miss Clairor, you can cover gray and/or brighten your color to a more becoming shade about as casually as you change your lipstick.

What about products you "shampoo in"?

It all depends on the type of product you're going to use. Semi-permanent coloring (the Hair Color Lotions, for instance) can be shampooed in since the color lasts only 4 or 5 weeks. Permanent coloring (the sort you mix with a developer) should not be shampooed in—particularly if you are now using a haircoloring product. Your own good sense tells you why. As hair grows out, color must be applied first to the new growth or it won't match, ending up uneven and unnatural. That's why professional hairdressers don't shampoo in permanent color.



They know from experience only a haircoloring treatment like Miss Clairor does the job so beautifully, so evenly every time, yet is so easy to use.

How much time does all this take?

Much less time than you'd think! As little as five to forty minutes depending on the degree of change you are making. Every Miss Clairor treatment goes on quickly and easily. If you're timid about that first step, ask your hairdresser for a Miss Clairor Glamour Bath. This takes three to five minutes and adds just enough "lift" to give you an idea of the wonderful possibilities available.

How will my hair like it?

Many women tell us Miss Clairor actually leaves hair in better condition than before. As important as the soft, natural-looking color in Miss Clairor are the rich conditioning oils and fine creams that carry the color into the hair shaft, leaving it supple, glossy, easy to manage.

How do I know what color?

It's easy! Most women, as they mature, find a lighter, livelier color more flattering. But the best

way is to consult your hairdresser. She'll show you through the Clairor color chart, which of the thirteen Miss Clairor shades will do the most for you

How will my family and friends like it?

Haircoloring has become a matter-of-fact as correct make-up or any other aid to a youthful appearance. When color is as soft and natural-looking



as Miss Clairor, everybody likes it. Husbands are proud of wives who stay young and attractive. Employers say a youthful appearance helps hold down a good job. But best of all, you'll be happier with your looks and this can make a world of difference in your confidence, your personality.

What else should I know about Miss Clairor?

Perhaps the quality that sets Clairor haircoloring apart is the high caliber, integrity and long experience of the Clairor scientists. The well-being of your hair, the natural look of color are their chief concerns. You see beautiful examples of Miss Clairor all around you but unless you're told, you can't tell ... because "only her hairdresser knows for sure!"

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HAIR COLOR SO NATURAL ONLY HER HAIRDRESSER KNOWS FOR SURE!™

THIS WEEK Magazine / March 15, 1964

Sweeps, swoops and brims



LILLY DACHE did this swept-back black straw



ADOLFO'S striped ribbon hat worn off the face



MR. JOHN'S boater has high crown, wide brim

HAT WAR — Continued from page 16

into the wind completely bare-headed, and a contingent of 1,423 whose heads were wrapped in scarves, babushkas, and assorted "headkerchiefs" which bring no coin into millinery cash registers and are anathema to America's very mad and harried hatters.

Checking up on industry figures was tough because the millinery business had lost so much status that the Bureau of Labor Statistics in 1961 gave up reporting its earning figures. However, here's the story we pieced together.

There simply aren't enough women wearing hats. The golden age of the hat business came during the cloche klondike of the '20's, at which time ladies'

hats were a \$500 million industry with over 1,000 manufacturers employing more than 30,000 workers. Today, despite the population growth, which has catapulted other consumer products to stratospheric new records, the millinery industry has plummeted to an old plateau of around \$360 million. Today there are fewer than 800 firms hiring 16,000 production workers — and the rate of company failures has

FASHION REPORT FROM ARLENE FRANCIS:



"Great news for gals on the go, like myself. Paradise Kittens deliver a 'soft touch' in fashionable footwear . . . all day long.

"I've always felt I had to sacrifice comfort to get the chic look I want in my shoes. But, since I slipped into Kittens, I've enjoyed a light-footed feeling I didn't know was possible in smart footwear. Join me. Get fashionable . . . in the 'soft touch' of Paradise Kittens."

Arlene Francis



paradise

Kittens Kittenettes

About \$11.00 to \$17.00

BOLLS SHOE STORE

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MINNESOTA—Albert Lea: Plymouth Shoes • Austin: Austin Bootery • Blue Earth: Hanson Shoes • Duluth: Glass Block • Fergus Falls: Skrove Shoes • Luverne: Merrill Shoes • Mankato: Vosbeck's • St. Paul: Besden-Kennedy • Virginia: Ketolas • Worthington: Schmidts Shoe Store N. DAKOTA—Bismarck: Richmond's Bootery • Devils Lake: Mann's • Dickinson: Dickinson Shoe Store • Fargo: Hall-Allen Shoe Store, O. J. Delendrecie Co. • Grand Forks: Rand Shoe Co. • Minot: Taube's • Williston: Joseph's S. DAKOTA—Aberdeen: W Ebb's Shoe Store • Brookings: Juel's Shoe • Huron: Potter Shoe Co. • Milbank: Liebe's Family Shoes • Mitchell: Blynn's Shoe Store • Mobridge: Barker's Bootery • Pierre: Bert's Shoes • Sioux Falls: Fantle's • Watertown: Kjos Shoe Store • Winner: Shaheen Shoe Store WISCONSIN—Eau Claire: Culver & Sons • La Crosse: Doerflinger's Dept. Store

YOUNG - QUINLAN

Rothschilds

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Reference to leather on this page applies only to the upper

been leveling off to around 25 every year. Put another way, there are between 65 and 70 million women in the United States who, according to milliners' reckoning, should be wearing hats. But only 60 million "units" are being sold — less than one \$6 hat per American woman — a catastrophic and highly unstylish statistic.

After one particularly alarming Easter in which the expected seasonal bonnet boom had boomeranged into a 10 to 15 per cent loss, industry leaders closed ranks and founded the Millinery Institute of America. They prevailed upon millinery millionaire Charles Rothenberg to come out of retirement and masterminding the uphill campaign for a full-fledged hat-comeback.

Blame it on the boys

"Years ago," Mr. Rothenberg, a jovial, ruddy-complexioned ball of fire, told me, "a woman bought hats the way men buy ties. Sometimes she might wear last year's dress — but never an old hat. Hats lent distinction, helped a woman 'make an entrance.' But then somewhere in the '30's, it became a sign of virility among American men not to wear hats. Women mistakenly imitated them. Then after the war along came the hairdressers who succeeded in creating the fictitious notion that the hairdo — not the hat — is woman's crowning achievement. And, given free rein, what did these virtuosos of comb and scissors crown our women with? They mass-produced an upswept, look-alike population of zombies with bowling-ball heads too big for their bodies. They frizzled, teased and broom-stiffened tresses to an extreme that endangered the hair — and women knew they were losing it. Add to this the \$5 to \$15 cost of visiting a beauty salon once a week, and you have the makings of a swing back to hats. And that, thank the Lord, is exactly what we have.

"Every month since December 1962, the industry has been registering a ten per cent rise over last year's sales. The bouffant hair style is dead. Hats can once more fit the shorter, flatter hairdo's, and a Lost Generation of American youth that has gone hatless since birth is taking to the hat habit for the first time. A straw in the wind is the most recent Miss America Contest. For many years all of the contestants arrived in Atlantic City hatless. For the past few years all fifty-two have been hatted."

Chapeaux for the ego

Next stop in our chapeau survey was the salon of Sally Victor, a queenpin of the industry, who has been designing an average of 1,000 original hats (inspired by everything from cantaloupes to Chagall paintings) every year for the past 30.

"A hat can do more for a woman's ego than anything except a husband," said Mrs. Victor, awash in a sea of her creations. "And, glory be, the millinery business is now entering a period of complete renaissance. Three

factors are bringing us back. One, the inflated hairdos have collapsed and are completely passé; second, the hat industry, answering a long-felt need, is now bending every effort to design hats with strict head sizes to fit every customer's head. Up till now, you either had to stretch the hat or shrink the client. Third, couturiers like Yves St. Laurent in Paris are launching ensembles in which the hat is so much a part of the total silhouette that you can't imagine the clothes without the headgear."

What's in the offing style-wise? Hattier hats with sweeps, swoops, and mobile brims. A Panama hat revival, led by Sally Victor, has the South American desk of the United States Department of State in seventh heaven.

"The State Department is very excited and credits the hat industry with working a miracle in Ecuador where thousands of people depend on making Panama straw hat bodies for their livelihood," Mrs. Victor told me.

The latest communique from the Millinery Institute of America is brimming over with optimism that hats will soon make a triumphal comeback. Sales have already picked up, Paris couturiers are presenting hats as essential to the total effect of the ensembles they create, and fashion editors have begun to put hats on almost all their models. It's all part of the trend toward a soft, ladylike look in fashions — a switch from the casual, sporty approach of the past few years.

Sabotage in the salon

Meanwhile, back at the Beauty Salon, are the coiffeurs of the world going to take the predicted hat bonanza lying down? You can bet your bottom dollar they aren't. They are plotting a tricky little bonnet-busting gambit which was explained to me by Ruel of Coiffures Americana.

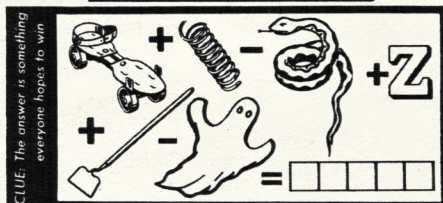
"Hairdressers are about to bring back curly coifs," he whispered to me in mortal fear of being overheard by diners at a restaurant in New York's clothing district called "The Hatbox." "The new coiffure shape will introduce a full-blown head of curls — sometimes bursting into a frothy bloom at the top."

Can a would-be hat-wearer balance a bonnet on top of that curly, frothy pinnacle? Of course not! So let militant milliners take heed: they may have won the bouffant battle. But the electrifying news that the hairdressers of the world are rushing fresh curlicues into the line, proves that, over the long haul, the battle for American woman's head is far from over. —THE END

NOTE: The term "The Incomer" to designate a working woman, which we used in the February 9, 1964 issue of THIS WEEK, is the creation and trademark of Macshore Classics, Inc., New York City. —THE EDITORS

SOLVE THIS PUZZLE-WIN A PRIZE!

COSTS NOTHING TO TRY



Do you like to solve rebus puzzles? If you do and submit the correct answer on the coupon below you win a prize that will bring you hours of fun and entertainment. This is a free contest—everyone over 18 years of age is eligible to enter—and everyone who submits the correct answer, wins!

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The prize is the famous and challenging book "Everything's a Puzzle", containing almost two hundred pages of rebus puzzles, including the answers.
Yes, here is the perfect book for rainy days—or when you're babysitting—or just want to relax. Solve the puzzle, get your copy FREE!

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We want to know how many readers of this magazine know how to solve rebus puzzles. If you think you can, solve the puzzle above, print the solution in the coupon, fill in your name and address and mail it to PUZZLE SURVEY, Box 605, Biscayne Annex, Miami, Florida. If your solution is correct, you will receive your prize book by return mail.

PUZZLE SURVEY, Dept. X4
Box 605, Biscayne Annex, Miami, Fla.
Here's my solution to the rebus puzzle.

If it is correct, send me my prize book. I am over 18 years of age and understand that there is no obligation of any kind on my part.

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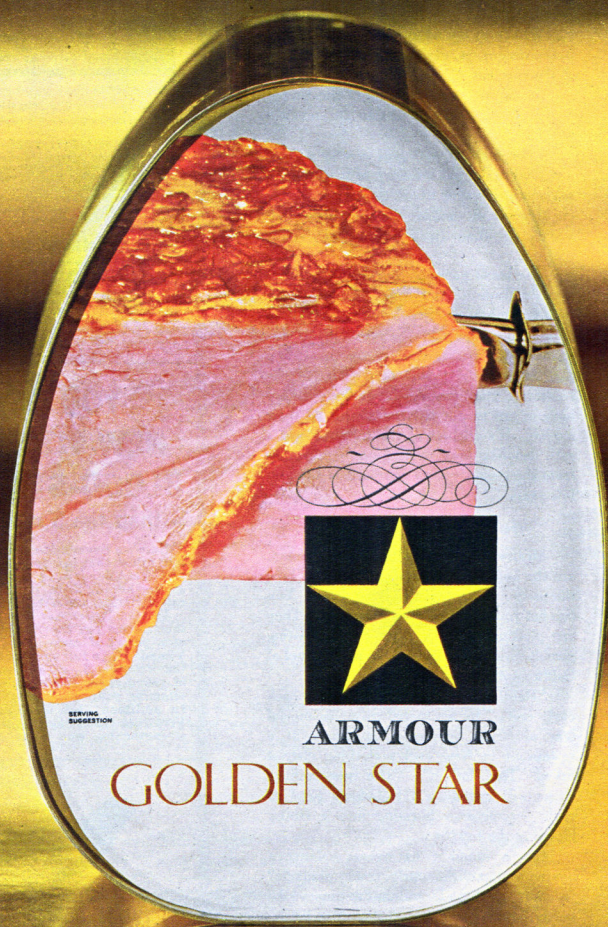
YOU GET MORE FROM NEW VITAMIN TABLET WITH BLOOD-STRENGTHENING IRON — than the 5 other leading vitamin tablets!

Here's a remarkable new vitamin tablet that can do more for you because there's blood-strengthening iron in it. It's called BREAKFAST VITAMINS. Just one BREAKFAST VITAMINS tablet gives you the Vitamin B₁₂ of a pound of cooked ham, the Vitamin D of a full quart of milk, the Vitamin B₆ of 3½ ounces of round steak and seven other vitamins your meals may lack. In addition each BREAKFAST VITAMINS tablet contains blood-strengthening iron — as much

iron as you get in four ounces of beef liver.

You no longer have to worry about vitamin-slimpy breakfasts when you start the day with BREAKFAST VITAMINS. Start the day right—with Vitamin Power plus blood-strengthening iron. Get BREAKFAST VITAMINS today.





This star
is the new
symbol of
our finest ham
in 97 years

Everything good we've learned about ham making in 97 years, has gone into this new Armour Golden Star Ham. It's the royalty of hams from hard-grain fed porkers — the lean, pink center section of ham with bone, connective tissue, and most inside-outside fat removed. Cooked, and sweet-hickory smoked, Armour Golden Star is everything you'd expect in a ham that took 97 years to perfect. It comes by its Golden Star honestly. Try it.

Cooking Is a Girl's Best Friend

Broadway's Carol Channing cooks with her son, the chef

"HELLO DOLLY!" What are you doing so pert and pretty at home in the kitchen? This is Carol Channing, star of the musical Broadway hit of the season. This is Carol's son Channing Lowe, just ten.

Guess what? The two are cooking. Channing is the super chef and Carol is his assistant, so their "high bonnets" read. The day is Sunday after Sunday school. That's their time to star together making something nice for Daddy.

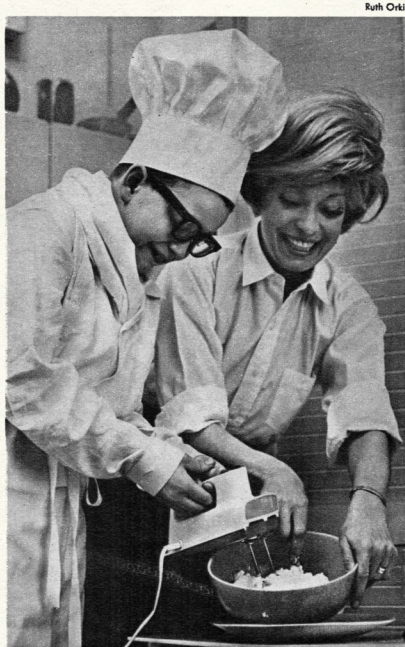
"We are expert with the omelet," Carol said cheerfully. "That's our dish for Sunday brunch." Channing put in, "But we are better cooks with the mixer."

Dialogue between chefs

Apparently the little hand mixer needs a repair job for on "high" it roars like a rocket taking off for the moon. Anything this pair of comedians can mix they give a whirl. "Let's show her how we make whipped cream," said Channing. He poured a half pint of heavy whipping cream into a bowl, then added sugar and vanilla to taste. Carol had the hand mixer ready.

"Switch on," called Channing.

"Switch on," Carol said briskly.



MIXERS: Carol and Channing whip cream with a whirl

"Contact," said Channing. Carol turned the switch to second speed, then the word: "Clear for take-off!" She set the mixer at high.

"Roger," called out the super chef.

"Roger," answered his assistant.

Less than three minutes later — whipped cream! This was for a dessert, a Carol creation called Maple Rice. At Christmas a Vermont friend sent Carol a tin of very best maple syrup. Good on waffles of course, but Carol can't make waffles. Maybe she could with a cookbook, but she doesn't have a cookbook. She can make rice however, and being an inventive soul prepared a batch of the instant kind, cooled it, then blended in the whipped cream. This mixture was chilled, covered, for two hours. Spoon into crystal dessert dishes and add maple syrup as a golden sauce.

Okay from Daddy

"Really delicious," Carol said with a wide smile. "I wouldn't say so myself, but Daddy says so."

Daddy is Charles F. Lowe, the television producer-writer. A brave man! He eats every bite of everything Carol and Channing devise. He refers to their Sunday fixings as "the Lowes' concoctions."

We never did get around to making an omelet, although Carol insists it's their best dish. But Channing thinks omelets aren't so great because you whisk up the eggs by hand. No take-off to the moon! —THE END

LOVELIEST GIRL

Continued from page 10

came along late enough so I know what it is. So I don't give it the wrong value. Strong, too."

"Are you strong, Jean Anne?"

"I'm sure of that about me. A lot to give. But is there enough strength for us? That's what I don't know."

HE RUBBED HIS PALM slowly across his forehead. "It's how much you are. Like I said. And funny to have it focused on me. I mean what the hell. I'm Joe Kardell. Going bald. Thick in the middle. Two teen-age kids. Why me?"

She shook her head. "You word it wrong. Why us? I love you. You are a good man. You are kind and wise and sensitive and funny. But I don't love you because. I just love you."

He stared at his fist. "All the choices are lousy."

"I know, darling."

He did not dare look into her eyes. "Take Ruthie. Fifteen years married. She's a good woman. My God, that sounds patronizing. It's more than that. I love Ruthie. We've got a good thing going."

"I accept that," she said.

"But I keep thinking I could do it a lousy way. I could just sort of . . . turn myself off. You know? Stop all communication. And she would get frantic. Her nerves would go bad. Then I could turn that into fights. And I could turn it into a big enough fight, after four or five months, so I could give a very plausible imitation of a guy walking out on a shrew."

"It makes me feel sick. If I turned you into that kind of a man, Joe, then neither of us would be very much."

"I know. What do we want? We want an affair? Just like that?"

"If . . . if you . . ."

"Shut up! Don't you know what you'd be doing to yourself?"

She tried to smile. "Run along, girlie, and find some nice young man." But I want Joe Kardell."

"Do me the honor of allowing that maybe I do love you, Jean Anne. I mean maybe I've been caught in what you could call an occupational hazard, but you did come along and neither of us were trying to start anything. Right?"

"Right, darling."

"So I love you, and I don't want Jean Anne in an emotional mess with an older man, even if it's me. In a deal like that, I get one of the loveliest girls in the world on a very selfish basis."

She said, "Falling in love is supposed to be such fun." And the tears came, one tracking down to the corner of her mouth where her tongue nipped out and licked it away, a very young and very childish and brutally touching gesture.

"So what we

—continued on next page



Look Better Longer

That's why Florsheim wearers spend less in the long run—by the month or by the mile. Economy's doubled when you consider you can have the finest for as little as \$19.95.

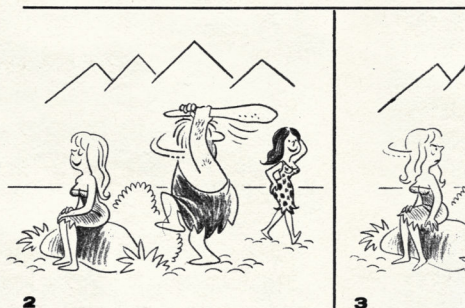


Top: The BLAZER, \$19.95; plain toe blucher. Black calf, 21693; driftwood, 31740; perfecto, 31722.
Bottom: The BLAZER, \$19.95; overlay front blucher. Black calf, 21692; driftwood, 31739; perfecto, 31720.

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY • CHICAGO 6 • MAKERS OF FINE SHOES FOR MEN AND WOMEN
A DIVISION OF INTERNATIONAL SHOE COMPANY

LAST LAUGH By JACK TIPPIT

Going S



2

3

LOVELIEST GIRL—Continued

talk about," he said, "what we have to talk about is knocking it off before it gets a fair start."

"A fair start!" she said, her eyes going round. "What would a fair start be? I think of you every waking moment, and I've never been so wretched in my whole life. How could there be any more of a start than this?"

"You'll get over it quick."

She raised a cool eyebrow. "And you too?"

"Real quick. In eighty-eight more years I won't remember a thing."

"I wish we had . . ."

"Don't start sentences that way. Please, girl. I've got sixty of them I can start that way and none of them do any good, because the wishing doesn't do any good. There's just one thing clear. We get out now or we get in deeper. There's no such thing as holding it right where it is. You know that."

"Of course I know that."

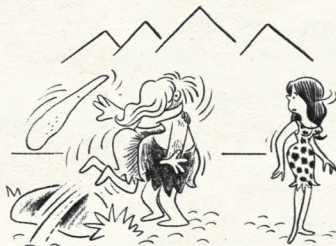
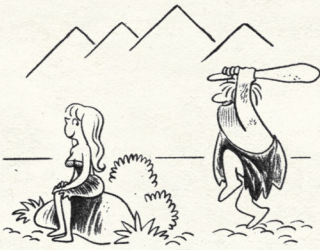
THE TEA WAS GONE, the cakes untouched except for one. He sat in silence for a little while and then said, "We better head on back to town." The lounge was beginning to fill up. Some people had come into the dining room.

"You run along," she said.

He stared at her. "I can't just leave you way the hell and gone out here."

"You have to, Joe. I have only so much strength, and I'm right at the end of it. You just have to walk out right now, and never never ask for me again, because if

eady



you do it will be more than I can take. I have money in my purse and I am used to finding my way from here to there, so just stand up and walk out. Now!"

He stood up slowly. "You'll be all right?"

She turned her head and stared fixedly out at the gray light of the gathering dusk. They had turned the inside lights on. Her fist rested on the edge of the table, her knuckles white with the strength of her clasp. It was a small wrist and hand, as vulnerable-looking as the hand of his daughter. He picked up the check for the tea and walked away.

When he was out by his car, as he opened the door he looked down toward the motel office. It was a cheap and plausible solution, and, of course, no solution at all. But he thought of all the people he knew who seemed to thrive on such deadening compromises. The irony and impossibility of it bit into him deeply. The deadened people were never loved by such a one as Jean Anne. He gave the roof of his car a mighty smack with his fist, got in, and drove away from there.

He drove back into the city and parked on the street and unlocked the studio and went in. He pawed around in the office and found the

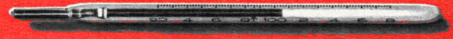
test Polaroids of the candy job. They looked all right. He sat at the desk and checked the scheduled jobs. He breathed a deep sigh of mingled regret and relief when he saw that there was nothing within the next week on which he could conceivably use Lya Shawnessy.

SHE HAD MADE it totally clear. Phone me and I come running. But he was safe for a week. And, maybe, at the end of the week, he could endure another week. And then another.

He sat quite still for a little while, a stocky man with dark quick eyes and a blue shadow of beard. He took his hat off and leaned forward onto the desk, his head in his arms. He made a snorting sound which startled him. He sat up, snuffled once, looked at his watch and phoned Ruthie. He said he was sorry, but he had been too busy to let her know he would be a little late. He told his wife he would be home by twenty past eight.

As he turned out the light he thought it was probably a very ordinary thing. If you could look at it sort of from the outside. And that was the trick from now on. Keep it ordinary. Keep everything very very ordinary. —THE END

For Colds and Flu...



DOCTORS RECOMMEND:

1. Rest in bed
2. Drink plenty of fluids
3. Take aspirin to reduce fever and relieve pain



REPORTING ON a Government-Financed Study of Five Leading Pain Relievers, an article in *The Journal of The American Medical Association* showed that Bayer Aspirin was unsurpassed by any of them for speed and strength of relief. The report also showed that Bayer Aspirin was as gentle to the stomach as any product tested, including the higher-priced buffered product. On the other hand, the two combination-of-ingredients products tested upset the stomach considerably more often.



They DREW their way from "Rags to Riches"

Now they're helping others do the same

By REX TAYLOR

ALBERT DORNE was a kid of the slums who loved to draw. He never got past the seventh grade. He had to quit school at 13 to support his family. But he never gave up his dream of becoming an artist.

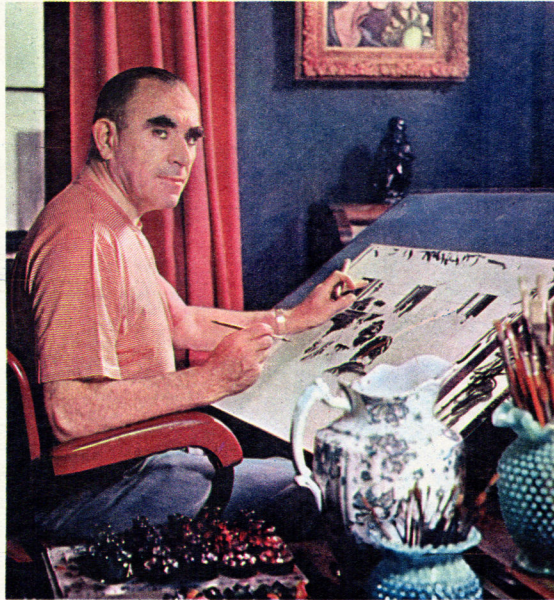
Although he was working 12 hours a day, he began to study art at home in his spare time. Soon he discovered that people were willing to pay good money for his drawings. At 19 he was well launched in the field of commercial art. By 22 he was earning \$500 a week. Dorne rose higher and higher—until he became probably the most fabulous money maker in the history of advertising art.

Dorne's "rags-to-riches" story is not unique. Norman Rockwell left school when he was 15. Stevan Dohanos, famous cover artist, drove a truck and worked in a mill before turning to art. Harold Von Schmidt was an orphan at 5. Robert Fawcett, known as the "illustrators' illustrator," left school at 14. Austin Briggs, who struggled to support his family in a cold-water flat when he first broke into art, today lives in a magnificent contemporary home over 100 feet long.

A plan to help others

Over 12 years ago, these men gathered in Dorne's luxurious New York studio for a fateful meeting. With them were six other equally famous artists—Al Parker, Jon Whitcomb, Fred Ludekens, Ben Stahl, Peter Helck, John Atherton. Almost all had similar "rags-to-riches" backgrounds.

Dorne outlined to them a plan for sharing their good fortune with others. Dorne pointed out that artists were needed all over the country. And thousands of men and women wanted very much to become artists. What these people needed most was a convenient and effective way to master the trade secrets and professional know-how that the famous artists themselves had learned only by long, successful ex-



ALBERT DORNE—one of the top money makers in commercial art. From window of his luxurious studio high above New York, Dorne can see the slums where he once lived.

perience. "Why can't we," asked Dorne, "develop some way to bring this kind of top-drawer art training to anyone with talent . . . no matter where they live or what their personal schedules may be?"

The idea met with great enthusiasm. In fact, the twelve famous artists quickly buckled down to work—taking time off from their busy careers. Looking for a way to explain drawing techniques to students who would be thousands of miles away, they turned to the modern methods of visual training. What better way could you teach the art of making pictures, they reasoned, than through pictures? They made over 5,000 drawings specially for the school's magnificent home study lessons. And after they had covered the fundamentals of art, each man contributed to the course his own special "hallmark" of greatness. For example, Norman Rockwell devised a simple way to explain characterization and the secrets of color. Jon Whitcomb showed how to draw his famous "glamour girls." Dorne showed step-by-step ways to achieve animation and humor.

Finally, the men spent three years working out a revolutionary, new way to correct a student's work. For each

drawing the student sent in, he would receive in return a long personal letter of criticism and advice. Along with the letter, on a transparent "overlay," the instructor would actually draw, in detail, his corrections of the student's work. Thus there could be no misunderstanding. And the student would have a permanent record to refer to as often as he liked.

School is launched; students succeed

Thus was born the Famous Artists Schools—whose campus is the U. S. mail, whose classrooms are the students' own homes and whose faculty is the most fabulous ever assembled in the history of art teaching. The school's activities started in a converted old barn in Westport, Conn. It grew rapidly. Today it occupies its own modern building and has thousands of active students in 62 countries. The twelve famous artists who started the school as a labor of love still run it and are fiercely proud of what it has done for its students.

John Busketta is a good example. He was a pipe-fitter's helper with a big gas company until he enrolled in the school. He still works for the same company—but now he is an artist in the advertising department, at a big increase in pay.

Gertrude Vander Poel had never drawn a thing until she enrolled. Now a fashionable New York Gallery exhibits and sells her paintings.

Don Golemba of Detroit stepped up from railroad worker to the styling department of a big automobile company—by showing his work with the school. Now he helps design new car models.

A great-grandmother in Ohio decided to study painting in her spare time. Recently, she had her first "show," where she sold thirty water colors and five oil paintings.

Eric Ericson worked in a garage while he studied art at night. Today he is a successful advertising artist, earns seven times as much . . . and is having a new home built for his family.

"Where are tomorrow's artists?"

Dorne is not surprised at all by the success of his students. "Opportunities open to trained artists today are enormous," he says. "We continually get calls and letters from art buyers all over the U.S. They ask us for practical, well-trained students—not geniuses—who can step into full-time or part-time jobs.

"I'm firmly convinced," Dorne goes on, "that many men and women are missing an exciting career in art simply because they hesitate to think that they have talent. Many of them do have talent. These are the people we want to train for success in art . . . if we can only find them."

Unique art talent test

To discover people with talent worth developing, the twelve famous artists created a remarkable, revealing 12-page Talent Test. Originally they charged \$1 for the test. But now the school offers it free and grades it free. Men and women who reveal natural talent through the test are eligible for training by the school.

Would you like to know if you have valuable hidden art talent? Simply mail the coupon below. The Famous Artists Talent Test will be sent to you without cost or obligation. And it might lead you to become one of the "famous artists of tomorrow."



NORMAN ROCKWELL—this best-loved American artist left school at 15.

Famous Artists Schools
Studio 7266, Westport, Conn.

I would like to find out whether I have art talent worth developing. Please send me, without obligation, your Famous Artists Talent Test.

Mr.) _____ Age _____
 Mrs.) _____
 Miss) _____ Please Print

Address: _____

City: _____ Zone: _____

County: _____ State: _____

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