

APRIL

7¢

# Woman's Day

GARDENING

DECORATING

FICTION

MENUS and RECIPES

FASHIONS

HOW TO SECTION

NEEDLEWORK

YOUR CHILD

KITCHEN PLANNING

OUTDOOR STORAGE

BEAUTY

COLLECTOR'S COOKBOOK



Pinafore-dress pattern  
for child and doll  
SEE PAGE 2





Unretouched photo of the hands of Mrs. Michyl Veach, St. Louis, Mo. Only right hand was given Jergens care.

## PROOF: A few drops stop "detergent hands"

In a scientific test\*, over 450 women soaked *both* hands in detergents 3 times a day. In several days, left hands not treated with Jergens Lotion became coarse and red. But right hands, treated with Jergens, stayed soft and lovely. No other lotion similarly

tested kept hands so soft and smooth. Jergens Lotion stops *all* chapping and dryness. It doesn't "glove" hands with sticky film... it *penetrates* to help replace natural moisture lost to wind and weather, indoor and outdoor chores. Only 15¢ to \$1.

\*Notice to doctors and dermatologists — for summary of test write The Andrew Jergens Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.





Diane's new tooth will get a good start with Ipana—best bacteria destroyer of all leading tooth pastes

## THIS SPACE RESERVED for a tooth that must last for 68 years

**YOU:** I try to make sure my daughter always brushes her teeth.

**US:** Wonderful! Hope she uses Ipana with WD-9.

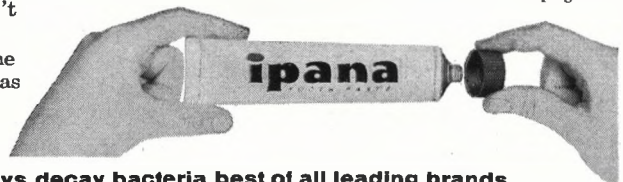
**YOU:** What's so spectacular about WD-9?

**US:** The way it kills germs! Ipana with WD-9 destroys decay bacteria best of all leading brands, including fluoride tooth pastes.

**YOU:** That wouldn't help much if my daughter didn't like the taste.

**US:** She'll love Ipana's new, minty flavor—everyone does! And Ipana's just as good for your teeth as for children's. Try a tube soon?

- New king-size cap is easy-to-use, hard-to-lose.
- Tube can stand upright.



**New-formula Ipana® with WD-9 destroys decay bacteria best of all leading brands**

Another fine product of Bristol-Myers, makers of Bufferin and Vitalis

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**On the Cover:**

Child and doll in look-alike dresses and pinafores. Both outfits are included in Woman's Day-Advance pattern 8302. For pattern views, mail order coupon and fabric information, turn to page 89.

# Woman's Day

"The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart:  
the commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes." PSALMS 19:8

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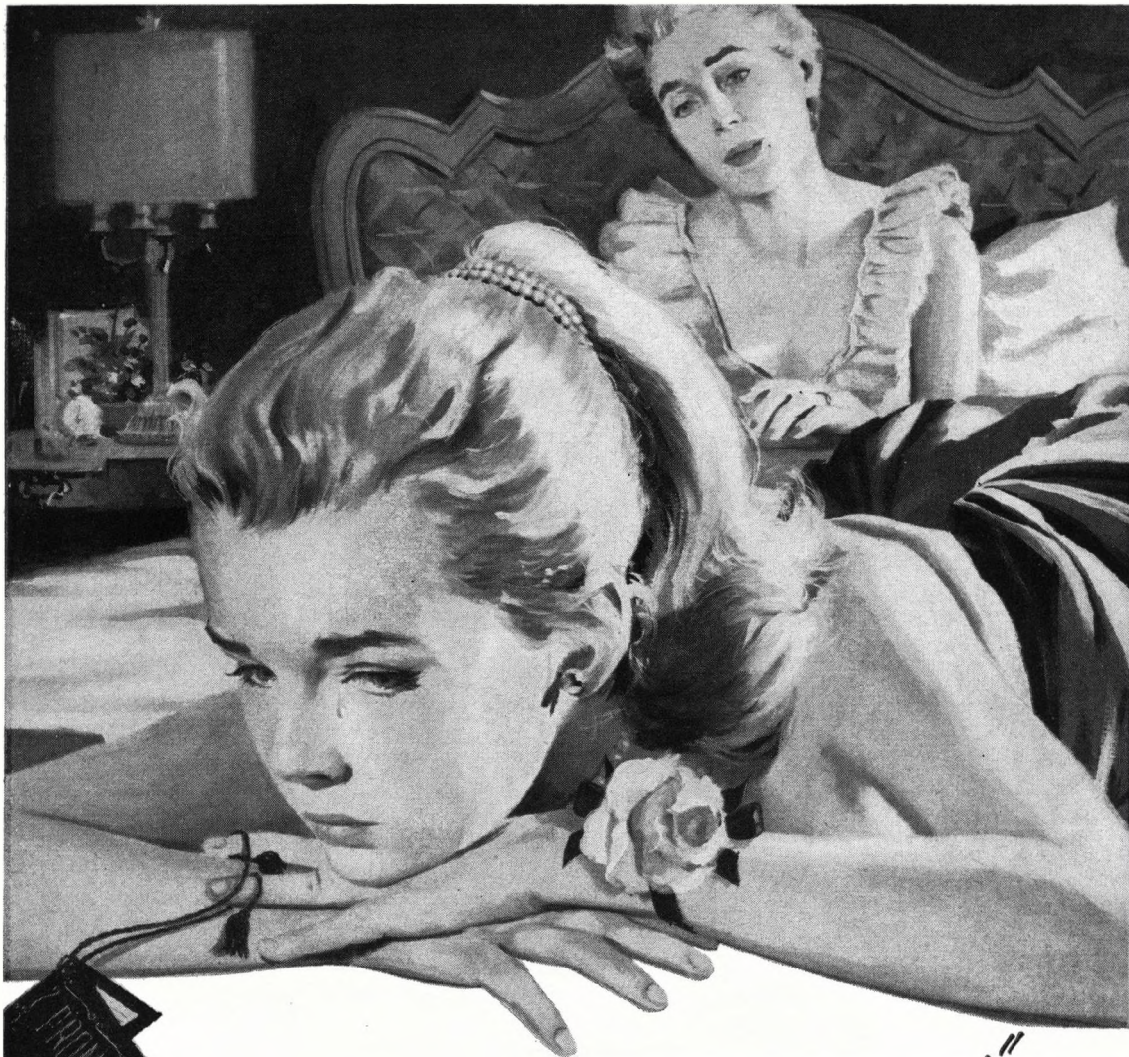
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*"You'd think I had halitosis or somethin'!"*

Molly's remark was intended as a bitter little joke. She'd had a miserable time at the dance . . . even the boy she invited was neglectful. Molly had no way of knowing that what she blurted out in jest was actually the truth. There's no thermometer that registers when your breath offends . . . that's why it pays to use Listerine *regularly*.

**The most common cause of bad breath is germs  
 . . . Listerine kills germs by millions**

Germs—which ferment the proteins always present in your mouth—are the most common cause

of bad breath. The more you reduce these germs, the longer your breath stays sweeter. Listerine kills germs on contact . . . by millions.

**Tooth paste can't kill germs  
 the way Listerine does**

Tooth paste can't kill germs the way Listerine does, because no tooth paste is antiseptic. Listerine IS antiseptic. That's why Listerine stops bad breath four times better than tooth paste. Gargle Listerine Antiseptic full-strength every morning, every night, before every date!

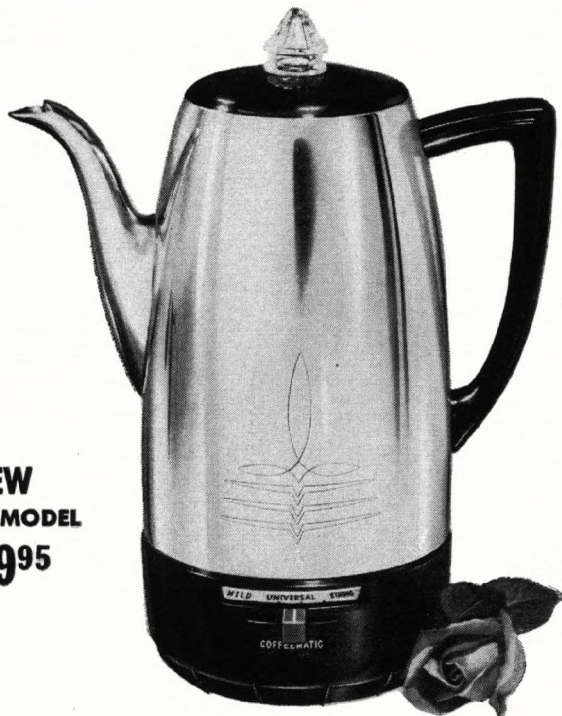
**LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC**  
**. . . stops bad breath 4 times better than tooth paste**





# UNIVERSAL Coffeematic

with the FLAVOR-SELECTOR



**NEW**  
**8-CUP MODEL**  
**\$19.95**

**Only UNIVERSAL gives you  
Chrome on Solid Copper at this low price!**

*With this new model at a new low price, everyone can enjoy real coffee made exactly to the strength they choose, quickly and automatically. For now there's a Universal Coffeematic priced to fit any budget. Get all the famous Coffeematic convenience and all the famous Coffeematic quality of chrome on solid copper . . . get the finest of them all . . . a Universal Coffeematic.*

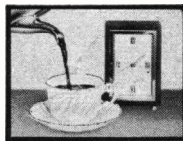
*Ten-cup model, \$29.95; in copper, \$32.95*



**NO GUESSING**  
Flavor-Selector gives the exact strength you prefer every single time.



**NO WAITING**  
Cold water pump starts perking quickly. Coffee never comes to a boil.



**NO REHEATING**  
Heat-Sentinel keeps your coffee at the perfect serving temperature.

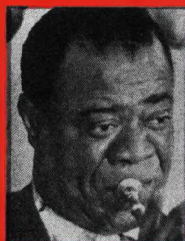
**UNIVERSAL**  
LANDERS, FRARY & CLARK, NEW BRITAIN, CONN.



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# What goes on here

**WE** are in position to give you the inside lowdown on spring. Not the season, but your personal spring, in terms of what goes on in body and soul. If you'll quit yawning and looking at the clouds we'll pass on some pretty tricky information.

Spring finds you no little mixed up, is the gist of it. This will be particularly true if you are a child, a mailman or a skiing enthusiast, not so true if you spent most of the cold season indoors.

We pause here, because spring is no time to expect sustained thought. But details of this fascinating awakening, actually more of a remodeling coupled with an age-old false alarm, will be found further along in this department, under the title "Your Spring."

## Get a bus

*They did—and now travel by "busler"*

A lot of people are willing to go along with a gag to a certain point, but some folks in Louisville, Kentucky, went along with one all the way to Florida.

Three families involving nine children had been taking vacations together for five years, but in three cars. "What you need," a friend said with a grin, "is a bus." They agreed, never dreaming that they would end up going on jaunts in a converted bus of their own.

The fourteen who had been making joint trips were Mr. and Mrs. Robert Doyle, and their two children; Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Willinger, with their four; and Mrs. Paul Terstegge, Jr., a young widow, with her three.

Idle joke turned into reality two years ago when Mrs. Terstegge's father, Dr.

George Dwyer, who thought the idea sounded sensible and promised a good deal of fun, bought a 1942 Mack bus from the Louisville Transit Company for \$500, and presented it to the group.

When you are riding a crowded city bus as a passenger a bus doesn't seem big. Considered as a private vehicle, however, it's a monster. This baby is 29 feet long, eight feet wide, and weighs something more than seven tons. When

the transit company had it in service it was supposed to seat 31 passengers with as many more, in rush periods, standing in the 21-inch aisle.

The travelers pitched in to remodel and redecorate. The bus was dark green with buff at the top. They painted it a strikingly visible Kelly green, enhanced with big white shamrocks all around. If that doesn't get a double-take from all who see it lumbering down the high-



*All in one bus: Pullman trailer, one-room apartment, cottage*

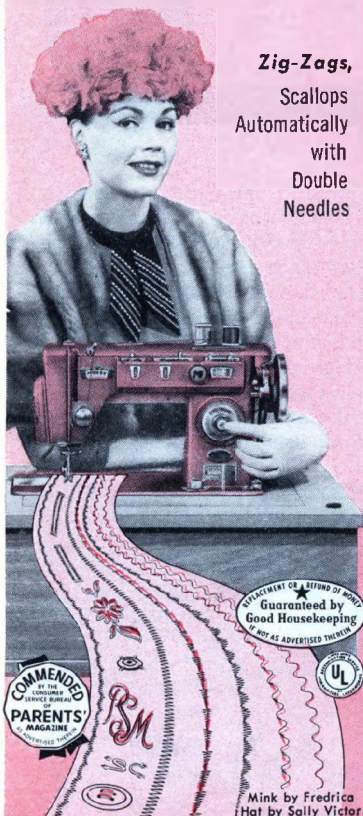


Be smart...be elegant...

with the PUSH BUTTON

**MORSE**

DUOMATIC



Zig-Zags,  
Scallops  
Automatically  
with  
Double  
Needles

Mink by Fredrica  
Hat by Sally Victor

WIN ONE

**FREE 40 MORSE  
DUOMATICS**

Win one of TEN Morse Duomatic Zig-Zag Sewing Machine to be GIVEN AWAY FREE EACH MONTH in this Morse Contest!

**HOW TO WIN:** Get entry blank from your nearest Morse Dealer or fill in coupon below in a few words. Paste on postcard and mail to:



**MORSE** Sewing Machine & Supply Corp.

122 West 26th St., New York 1, N. Y.  
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"I'd love to own a completely automatic Morse Push Button Duomatic Zig-Zag Sewing Machine because:

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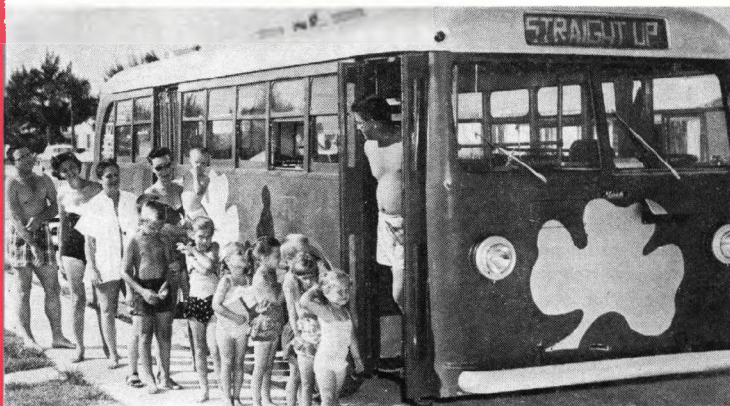
Phone No.....

4 Monthly Contests, starting March, 1957  
This Month's Contest Closes April 30, 1957

**MORSE** SEWING MACHINE  
and SUPPLY CORP.

## What goes on here

continued



Line-up time in the morning: They never lost a man

way, the destination route-sign will.

There is the standard little window in front, where buses are identified as running to the Union Station, down Broadway, or out to Cherokee Park. This bus would have no fixed destination, and what to say in the sign presented a problem. Finally, because this uncommon carrier had been blessed by a priest, the letters were turned to spell "Straight Up."

Inside, they created a mixture of bus, Pullman sleeper, trailer, one-room apartment and summer cottage. Most of the seats were removed. Canvas bunks, Navy style, were strung on steel poles welded into the floor. These bunks, double and triple deckers, line the aisle. The double seat just behind the driver was left in. Behind that are two more double seats, facing each other. There are also two double seats up front on the other side of the aisle. The bus sports a water cooler, an ice box (bolted to the floor), and three stoves.

Other domestic touches include linoleum on the floor and screens at the windows. With nine children aboard, the bus might not be able to make ten continuous miles without clamor for a restroom stop. But the Louisville adventurers licked that problem by adding a bathroom where a rear door had been.

After a few short shakedown trips, the foot-loose fourteen felt they were ready for a real run. Last July they took off for Florida. The trip was a smashing success. Everybody had a fine time and the cost came to only \$200 per family. That was because they shared the rent of a so-called cottage in Daytona

Beach, a cottage which had four bedrooms, two baths, a kitchen, an over-size living room and a big dining room.

Round-trip bus fare, in commercial buses, was \$37.46, so the saving in tickets, for the adults, was \$187.30. Including the nine children at half-fare, the total they did not lay out for bus fare was \$355.87.

The trip took three days each way. The bus owners stopped in trailer courts, so that everyone could have a hot shower every night and a substantial hot dinner, which was cooked outside. All hands slept in the bus.

The girls figured out many ways to simplify the housekeeping or bus-

●Puccini, the great Italian composer, was rushing to an appointment one day when he passed an organ-grinder indolently grinding out an aria from Puccini's opera, "Madame Butterfly." The composer winced at the agonizingly slow tempo, and without breaking his stride, he cried, "Good heavens, man. Faster, faster."

Several days later he ran into the same organ-grinder. This time, however, there was a sign around the man's neck, with this blithe legend: "Pupil of Puccini."

—A.M.A. Journal



keeping. They used rubber air mattresses which could be deflated and stored during the day. Each morning, bed linens, blankets and pajamas were stored in plastic pillowcase covers. Plastic bags were also used for dirty clothes. Each child kept toys and crayons in a string potato bag with the child's name on it.

The children were wonderful. "Of course, about four times a day you wanted to kill yourself," says Mrs. Doyle. "Bedtimes and mealtimes were hectic as always. But there wasn't one case of fisticuffs."

She adds that the only bad thing about this style of traveling is that you can't stop without drawing a crowd, and occasionally you feel a little like a circus.

A Florida newspaper ran a story on them and after that they had to leave their cottage almost by daybreak if they wanted to get on the beach. Otherwise, they spent their time showing the bus to crowds of the curious. And each afternoon when they lined up the nine children to wash the sand off at the outdoor shower, traffic would be jammed for twenty minutes or so. Everyone wanted to see "what they looked like."

Mrs. Terstegge recently married William Downs, who has a daughter, Deborah, 6, and she says that the next use of the bus will be a one family, 7-person trip to Maine this summer.

## When's Easter?

### *It can be all over the place*

About this time of year, conversations representing two-way bafflement go on in millions of homes, offices and plants. "When's Easter this year?" somebody asks, feeling stupid for not knowing. And now both parties feel stupid, for the answer almost invariably is "I don't seem to know and come to think of it, I never do."

It may be consoling to know that confusion on this point is thoroughly justified. Easter can fall anytime from March 22 to April 25, a wide variation of 35 days. And the reasons go back 1,632 years to times considerably unlike our own.

This year Easter falls on April 21, and while at it, we can fix you up with the dates for the next ten years.

In 1958—April 6; 1959, March 29;



## Stop Dry Skin Problems in these 5 "Danger Zones"



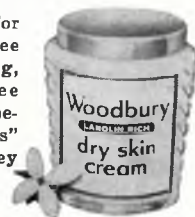
- ★ Frown lines!
- ★ Crow's feet!
- ★ Flaky patches!
- ★ Expression lines!
- ★ Crepey throat!

If you have dry skin problems in these "danger zones," then start using Woodbury Dry Skin Cream today. It softens and moisturizes. It makes these "age-revealers" less apparent with your very first treatment!

Unlike creams that work only on the

surface, Woodbury Dry Skin Cream contains a special penetrating ingredient. Its unique blend of emollients and beauty-giving lanolin goes *deeper than ever before.*

Use Woodbury for seven days. See younger-looking, softer skin. See "danger zones" become "beauty zones" — or your money back! 25¢ to \$1.



**WOODBURY LANOLIN-RICH DRY SKIN CREAM**





## HOW LITTLE BODIES

# GROW **B**IG AND STRONG

Start off with the natural processes of good old Mother Nature. Add the "helping hands" of wholesome food and sweet sleep. These are just some of the ingredients that go to work for your baby's growth.

SPECIFICALLY, "growing tools" might be important to baby are the complete proteins that help develop all body structures. Gerber Meats for Babies are rich in proteins; offer a significant source of vitamins and minerals, too.

ONLY SUCCULENT, savory Armour cuts are used in Gerber Strained Meats. They're thoroughly pre-cooked and specially processed to remove most of the fat and coarse tissue for easy digestibility. The result: a smooth purée of pure meat, with just enough broth to brighten the flavor and smooth the texture. Gerber Junior Meats have an evenly minced texture for tots with teeth.



GERBER MEATS FOR BABIES are the products of two great specialists: Gerber, famous for fine baby foods—Armour, famous for fine meats.

BABIES ARE OUR BUSINESS  
... OUR ONLY BUSINESS!

# Gerber

MEATS FOR BABIES

8 STRAINED MEATS • 5 JUNIOR MEATS

## What goes on here

*continued*

1960, April 17; 1961, April 2; 1962, April 22; 1963, April 14; 1964, March 29; 1965, April 18; 1966, April 10; 1967, March 26.

For an explanation of this puzzling situation we are indebted to two men whose curious job it is to know almost everything. They are Mr. Harry Hansen of New York and Mr. Leo Murphy of Philadelphia. Mr. Hansen edits that re-

markable compendium of assorted information, the annual *World Almanac*, published by the *New York World-Telegram & Sun*. Mr. Murphy does the same for a similar volume, likewise invaluable, *The Bulletin Almanac*, issued each year by the *Philadelphia Bulletin*.

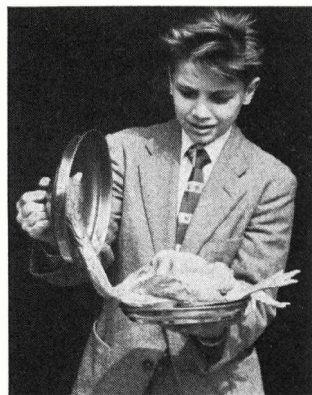
Here is their amalgamated answer:

In 325 A.D., the Council of the Christian Churches at Nicaea, in what now is Turkey, established a formula by which nature would set the date for Easter Sunday. There were great Easter

## Now you see it

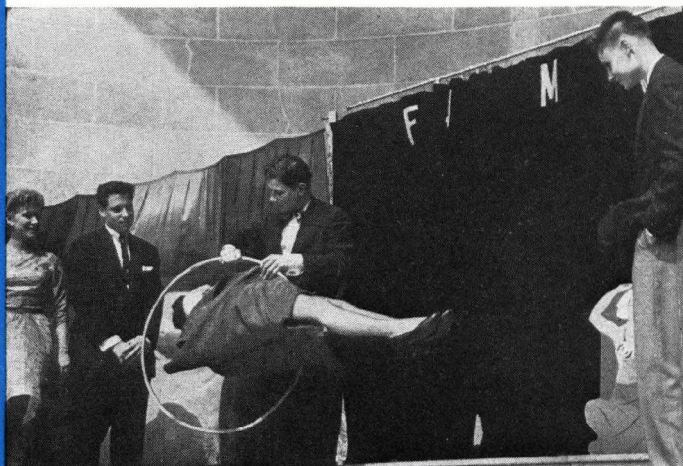
"FAME," is the pleasantly prophetic abbreviation for an interesting organization whose full name is "Future American Magical Entertainers." Meeting regularly in New York City's Park Department gym, FAME consists of half a hundred of the nimblest teen agers who ever conjured a rabbit from a hat.

This unusual form of fun is sponsored by the Park Department. The effect is to provide wholesome stimulation for quick young minds. "Nothing's better than a little magic," says Antoinette Deutsch, the group's guardian angel, "for turning a gauche, shy, unprepossessing youngster into a self-confident and poised gen-



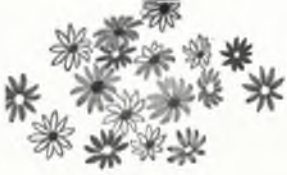
Richard Saunders

tleman." One by-product: less delinquency in delinquency-ridden times. It is a scheme any well-wishing organization can adopt: hardly a town exists without a talented amateur magician to show the way.



*FAME'S* youngsters are self-assured. They have to be to suspend a person in mid-air or pull a steaming roast chicken from an empty pot





# BRINGING UP BABY<sup>®</sup>



HINTS COLLECTED BY  
MRS. DAN GERBER  
MOTHER OF 5

Those first brave attempts at toddling are bound to be accompanied by assorted tumbles, bumps and bruises. That's just part and parcel of the important business of growing up. Of course you'll want to comfort baby, but it's not wise to over-sympathize, since this may instill a fear of trying to go it alone. I think perhaps a hug, a kiss and a quick distraction work more of a magic cure than dwelling on the hurt.

## BITING STORY

Teething can often dampen even the brightest of spirits. Pleasant way to help relieve aching gums: Gerber Teething Biscuits. They're extra-hard so baby can get real biting satisfaction. The surface is smooth and soothing -- the flavor mild and pleasant, and they're baked in a tapered shape for easy grasping.

*Refreshing afterthought.* Offer your teether frequent sips of cool (not cold) water or juice. Baby will welcome the cooling temporary comfort.

## HOW A FELLOW MAKES A FRIEND



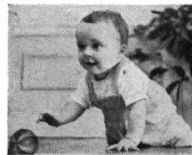
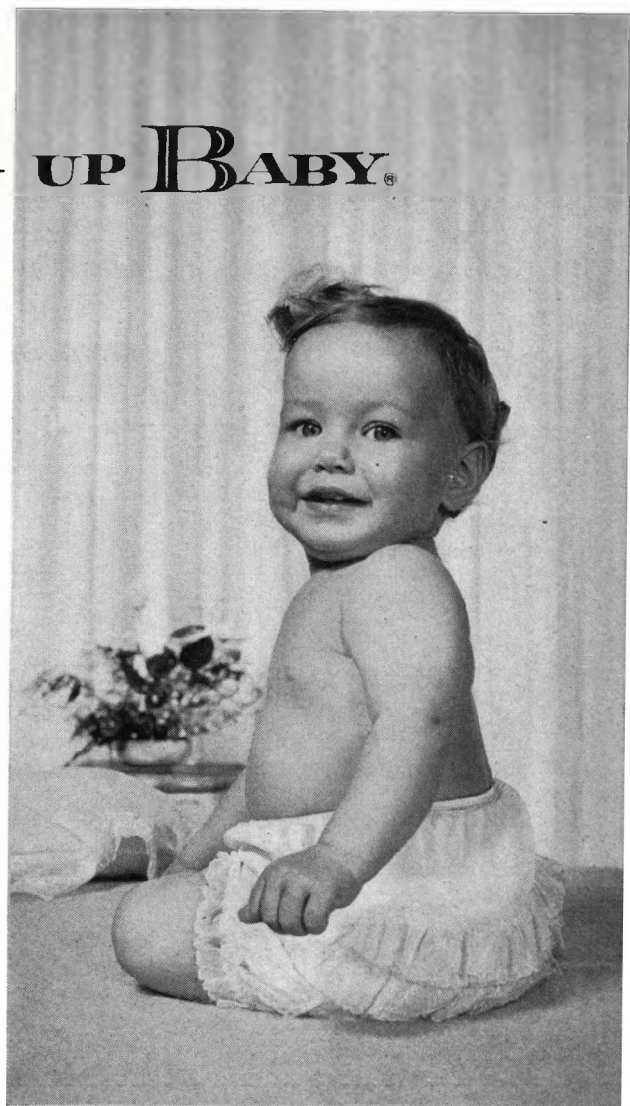
Some of the most successful visiting adults I know make friends with shy year-olds by "delaying action." Ignoring the little one at first often arouses enough interest to make the lad or lass gravitate toward the stranger. Once interest has been indicated, the friendship can usually be furthered with a chain of jingly keys, a bright-colored hankie or most any safe, indestructible item.

## FRUIT REFRESHER

*1 cup whole milk                    1/2 container of any  
1 egg white, beaten               Gerber Strained Fruit\*  
    Sugar to taste*

Combine ingredients and blend thoroughly with a rotary egg beater. Wonderful as an after-nap snack for toddlers.

\*Gerber Strained and Junior Fruits are famous for tempting, true-to-nature colors and luscious flavor. Delightful by the spoonful -- a delicious addition to cereal, puddings or ice cream. 9 Strained varieties. 7 heavenly Junior Fruits.



## OUNCE OF PREVENTION

When baby begins to creep or toddle it's most important to see that all electrical cords are in good condition and electrical outlets are not left exposed. Keep lamp cords out of sight, iron and toaster cords well out of reach.

## FEATURE OF THE MONTH *Gerber Junior Vegetables and Turkey*

It's new! It's Turkey and rice and everything nice, including flavor-fresh vegetables. That just about sums up this delightful Gerber main dish for toddlers. Nourishing because it combines 3 food groups to give baby a variety of nutrients plus unusual flavor interest . . . all in one dish.



BABIES ARE OUR BUSINESS... OUR ONLY BUSINESS!

# Gerber<sup>®</sup> BABY FOODS

FREMONT, MICHIGAN



## What goes on here

continued from page 8

festivities, to which pilgrims made long journeys.

Their travel, it was reasoned, would be easier if they had moonlight when they halted for the night.

March 21, usually but not always the first day of spring, the vernal equinox, was made the first element in the formula. On or after that date there would of course be a full moon. And Easter Day would be the first Sunday after that full moon. To make things additionally intricate that is the Paschal Full Moon and the moon is not necessarily full. This "full moon" is the 14th day of a lunar month computed centuries ago and not necessarily in accord with astronomy.

There have been attempts to fix Easter more definitely. Since the date is man-made, nothing would hinder setting a date once and for all. The British Parliament once suggested the first Sunday after the second Saturday in April. But other nations showed little interest and the ancient way of computing things still is used.

The earliest possible date is March 22, usually the second day of spring. That happened 139 years ago, in 1818;

it won't happen in this century. In 1943, Easter fell on April 25, the latest day possible. That won't happen again in our century, either.

## Your spring

*An ancient terror makes you caper. It says here.*

Let's get back to spring (continued from page 5) and the magic (or sabotage) it works in body and psyche. We get our dope from Delos Smith, science editor of the United Press, who checked some learned biochemists, physiologists and psychologists of his acquaintance. To begin with, they agreed that spring fever is real and more than a phrase. It's chemical, as what isn't?

What happens is that spring seems to catch the body unaware. All winter the body chemistry has been shutting out the cold, or endeavoring to. Your skin, though you may not have noticed it, became a little thicker, especially those parts exposed to the weather. The pores contracted. Stores of fat, in muscle and fiber, were drawn upon to keep the internal furnace stoked. Now that you are all fixed up for winter, here's spring.

So the skin's got to be thinned a bit,

● Two men met on a subway train. Hadn't seen each other for years. "Well, well, what's with you?" said one.

"Been doing a little experimenting in crossbreeding," came the answer. "Matter of fact, I successfully crossed a parakeet and a tiger."

"Good Heavens, man," the other exclaimed. "What kind of creature is the offspring?"

"Dunno's I can say," he reflected, "but I'll tell you one thing: when he talks, I listen."

—DOC QUIGG

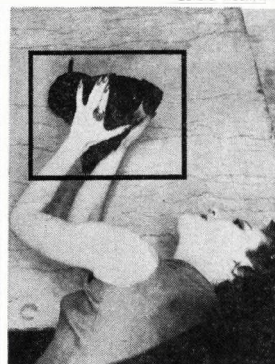
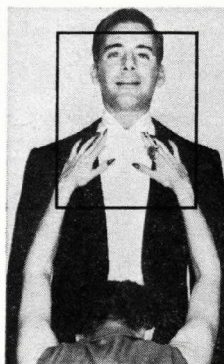
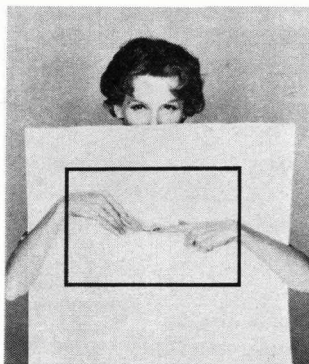
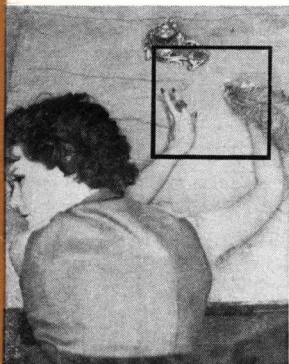
orders have to go through that less fuel will be needed. The body is prepared for cold weather, but there is no cold weather. During the body's adjustment you get the letdown called spring fever.

Children, mailmen and skiers get it worse because they were out in the cold more. People who spent most of their time indoors don't have so much adjusting to do.

Actually, though you may feel listless, you're a bundle of energy. For a time the body is producing energies for which there is no need.

Perhaps the most interesting aspect

## ACCENT ON THE HANDS



Gerald Hochman

No, this lovely lady isn't shy. Neither is she bowing to the formally dressed gent or crooning a tune to a dachshund. What she IS doing is making a living, and a tidy one.

She's Mary Jane Russell, fashion

model of the first rank. One of her specialties (one of many) is her hands. In the uncropped pictures above you see the ducking, dodging and hiding she must go through so that only her hands will show. Boxes

indicate how the photographs would actually appear in advertisements, but here in each case you see the whole picture. For more of Miss Russell's hands see "How to take care of your HANDS" on page 73.



of the whole thing is the explanation of springtime exultation. People no longer dance around Maypoles, but spring does lift the spirits, sometimes when there is very little logical reason for feeling happy. Smith's sources attributed this to "race memory."

Far, far back in the story of mankind there was a time when a terrible thing came to pass. The foliage turned brown, the flowers died. Birds disappeared, so did insects and many kinds of animals. Most terrifying of all, the sun withdrew to the south. Snow and ice covered the earth. It must have struck bleak terror into the poor humans of the day. The very sun was deserting them. The trees had lost their leaves. Poor Ogg, the primitive man, could only assume he would be next. The world was dying. The jig was up.

"Caution is the most valuable asset in fishing, especially if you are the fish."

DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER

What a winter that must have been! Then, incredibly, things began reversing themselves. Life stirred on the planet once more. The sun decided to come back. "Think how you'd feel about spring if you hadn't known about it in advance," says Smith. "If you hadn't been at all positive that spring was in the cards. When it came you'd be wild with joy and overwhelmed at the miracle."

A trace of that old fear has lingered. And now you know why you would gambol like a lamb, if you weren't so inclined to sit in the sun and yawn.

## Movies

*As Hollis Alpert sees them*

High fashion is back in movies, if several of this month's offerings are proper evidence. Paramount's **Funny Face**, with an interesting star combination, Audrey Hepburn and Fred Astaire, is not only a lively musical, but offers the ticket buyer a fashion show (seems we haven't seen one for years) in which Miss Hepburn is the model. Used to be we could count on at least a half dozen [Continued on page 94]



Not the old way: no more tissue-burning antiseptics that make children resist first aid



But the new way: gentle Johnson & Johnson First Aid Cream doesn't sting, speeds healing

Mother...stop hurting  
your child with old-fashioned,  
harsh antiseptics!

**Johnson & Johnson First Aid Cream fights infection, relieves pain, speeds healing...yet does not sting!**

This new cream antiseptic promotes faster healing of minor skin injuries because it does not irritate tissue.

Johnson & Johnson First Aid Cream combines effective ingredients to fight infection while it relieves pain.

Soothes...never stings.

As a cream, it penetrates deeper, protects longer. Stainless, greaseless.



For cuts, burns abrasions—no other antiseptic is so effective, yet so safe!

Johnson & Johnson



Cleaning  
short cuts with  
new **BRILLO**  
Soap Pads



Stove burners and ovens gleam without hard scrubbing. New Brillo Soap Pads whisk off grease, scorch, burned-on foods!



Shop tools stay sharper, last longer, work better when kept shining clean with Brillo. Sturdy metal-fiber pads lift off sticky resin and stubborn rust!



Roasters sparkle up fast with New Brillo Soap Pads. Now crusty pans get cleaned and shined at the same time!

Nothing shines aluminum like ...



There's special soap with Jeweler's Polish in every pad!  
**THRIFTIER! 5 and 12 pad boxes**

# NEIGHBORS

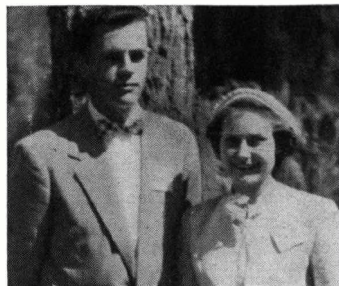
By our readers—for our readers

*Signs of spring in the city are much the same as those in the country: new warmth, color, reawakening. If they sometimes take a slightly different form, no matter. It's spring when the flower vendors' carts are full with the first lilacs. Tree tops are a blur of pale green. The ice cream man is back. Public parks are rediscovered. Friends are visiting. Store windows display midsummer clothes. There's suddenly more time to stop and talk, and everyone's talking about spring.*

## Our hippity-hoppity hats

At my five-year-old Barby's birthday party her older cousin, Julie, and I discovered a way to make cute bunny hats which all the children enjoyed very much.

We blew up oblong balloons, knotted them, and cut a slit on each side of colored paper plates. We slipped the balloon knots and some crepe-paper ties into the slits. The ties go over the hat



The Scotts, enjoying Tampa, Fla.



Barby Eastman is front row center

and under the chin. The hats are so simple and inexpensive to make, and the children had fun assembling them.

Mrs. A. M. Eastman  
Ann Arbor, Mich.

bulbs, flower seedlings, or some other plant from her own yard. Since our friend's yard had been prepared for seeding, the ground was soft, but we brought along a few small garden tools to make the planting easier. Several of us brought cookies and soft drinks.

We spent the afternoon installing our gifts, under her direction, and then adjourned to the living room, where the refreshments were served and one of the women showed her color slides of our town's prettiest gardens. Our "yard-warming" was a success, and we now enjoy watching our friend's yard grow almost as much as our own.

Mrs. Harold Scott, Florence, S. C.

## It's theater life for me!

I have always loved the theater and, when I lived in the city, managed to see most of the good shows that came to Chicago. However, since moving to the suburbs, I find that the traveling distance is too great for me to go often, to say nothing of the dent it puts in my budget. So I joined a little theater group,

## We gave a "yard-warming"

When a good friend completed a long-awaited new house, we other members of her Sunday-school class thought of this relatively inexpensive way of helping to make it a home: we gave her a "yard-warming."

Each of us brought a shrub, a few



and it has been a happy substitute.

At grandmother age, I hesitated to join the group, since the other members are much younger. But I have been made to feel welcome and, although I don't care to act in the plays, have found many things to do. I work on props and makeup, sell tickets, etc., and enjoy all the talk and activity in getting a play together. There is always a casual, relaxed feeling among the group members, and I certainly have found a lot of life and fun in my work with them.

Mrs. D. A. Craine, Palatine, Ill.

### Geography by association

Our oldest daughter, Cecilia, learned something about geography before she ever heard the word in school. When she was four, she became interested in other parts of our country, largely because of visits of relatives. As we read to her, she would ask, "Where is that?" "How do you get there?" and we found a way to answer her which she could easily understand.

We drew a large outline map of the United States with only the state borders and, in small printing (for the use of her parents), the names of the states. On this map we helped her place an appropriate "symbol" in a state when she had reason to associate it with a particular person or situation. Two were pasted on as soon as the map was made: a snapshot of her aunt, who she knew lived in Illinois; and a small magazine picture of skyscrapers, like the ones she had seen in New York City. The map was hung on her bedroom wall, low enough for her to see and touch it.

Other symbols were soon placed on the map, but we were careful never to add more than one or two a month, and then only if she were really interested and quickly associated the picture with the name of the state.

Mrs. Luther W. Allison, Ludlow, Vt.

### Easter baskets the year round

Last year I hit upon an idea for Easter baskets that turned out to be a real treat for our five youngsters. With a limited budget, I bought five plastic cereal bowls, all very sturdy and in different colors, some "grass," and a sheet of transparent covering. Including the candy, the total cost for the five baskets was two dollars, and all year long the children could eat cereal from their Easter baskets.

Mrs. Harry E. Truax, Fulton, N. Y.

Six dollars will be paid for each submitted letter published and three dollars for each brief, practical suggestion from a letter. Address NEIGHBORS, Woman's Day, 19 West 44th Street, New York 36, N. Y.

## "IT'S JUST SCRUMPTIOUS

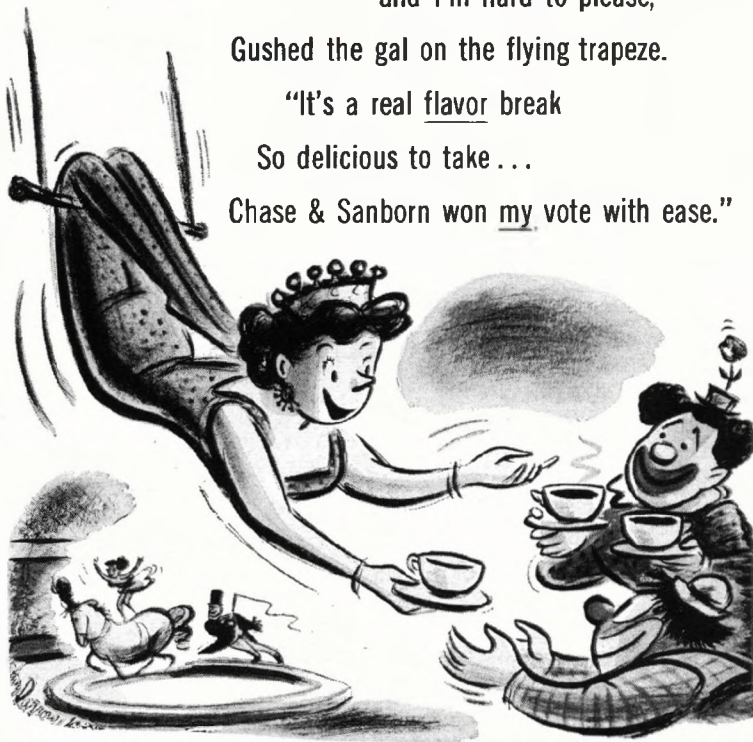
and I'm hard to please,"

Gushed the gal on the flying trapeze.

"It's a real flavor break

So delicious to take . . .

Chase & Sanborn won my vote with ease."



Give yourself a **FLAVOR BREAK**



ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF  
STANDARD BRANDS INC.

Breakfast, "break" or after-dinner cup . . . don't just make it *any* coffee. Give yourself a Flavor Break with Instant Chase & Sanborn.

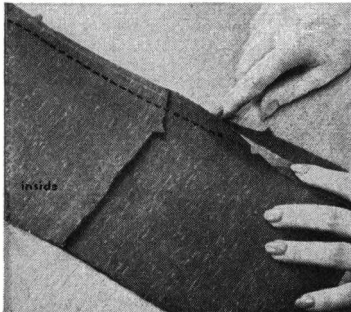
Instant Chase & Sanborn is the *full-bodied* coffee . . . roasted and brewed to perfection . . . designed to please even the most exacting coffee drinker.

Next time coffee is served in your home, give yourself, your whole family a break—a *Flavor Break* with Instant Chase & Sanborn. Remember the name. You'll never forget the flavor!

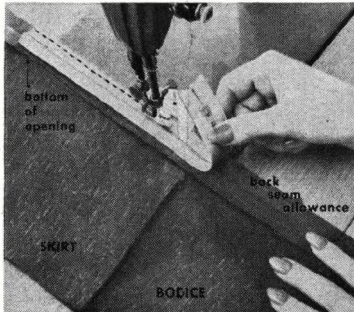
**INSTANT CHASE & SANBORN**  
—the *full-bodied* coffee



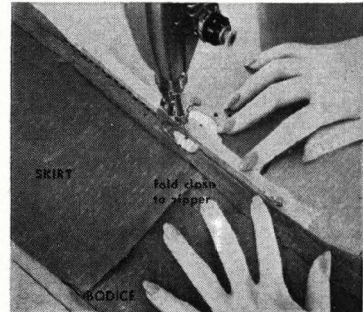
# It's as easy as 1-2-3 to sew in Coats & Clark's Dress Zippers



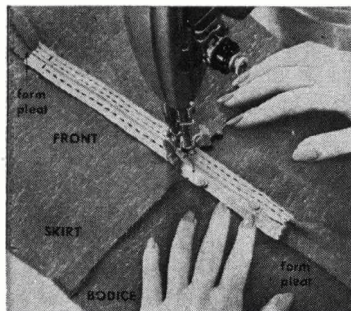
**Preparation:** Check opening—length equals metal parts with tab UP. Trim waist seam-allowance. Machine-baste opening together. Widen front seam-allowance (if less than  $\frac{5}{8}$ " ) by topstitching seam-tape. (Do all stitching inside, bottom to top.) Press seam open.



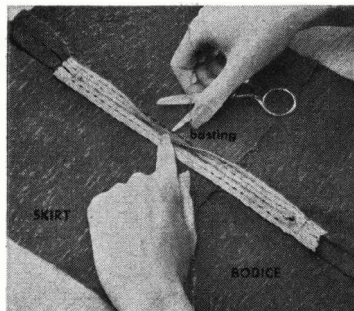
**1. Stitch\* zipper to back seam-allowance.** Put zipper in place face-down, with full width of chain on back seam-allowance, and edge of chain along seam line. Stitch—with edge of regular presser foot against chain. Check position every 2" or 3".



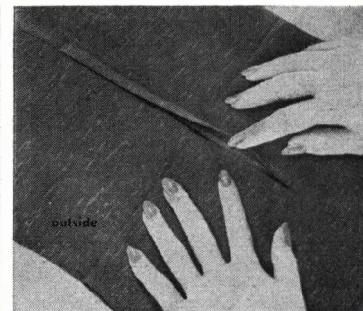
**2. Topstitch back seam-allowance.** Change to zipper foot. Turn zipper right side up, folding seam-allowance close to zipper chain. Topstitch fold close to chain, continuing to end of zipper-tape.



**3. Stitch zipper to dress front.** Arrange dress with zipper face-down over front seam-allowance, forming a pleat at each placket-end. Be sure tab is DOWN. Stitch, through all thicknesses, from seam line across bottom, then along zipper close to chain and across top.



**Finishing:** Press placket on wrong side. Remove machine-basting, clipping every few inches if necessary. Press placket on right side, using tailor's ham to maintain shape. Coats & Clark's Dress Zippers have automatic locks to keep zipper from slipping open.



**Neat placket . . .** you can also sew in zipper by hand—as in custom dressmaking—to get the most inconspicuous closing. It's the only satisfactory way for pile fabrics like velvet, or fine fabrics like chiffon. In cleaning or washing, keep zipper closed. Open zipper fully when dressing.

*\*Stitching retouched for easy-to-see demonstration. In actual stitching, use 12-15 stitches per inch.*



**NEW WAYS** to make sewing easy. Send 10c for booklet, "It's Sew Easy," to Coats & Clark Inc., Dept. ZW4-7, 430 Park Ave., New York 22, N. Y.

**You get trouble-free zipping, too**—because Coats & Clark's Zippers are molded with rounded edges, so they won't wear unevenly, mis-mesh and jam. You also enjoy trouble-free shopping—with the See-Thru Packs and Self-selector display, you can instantly see the color, type, and length you want. Each color is numbered so you can easily pick Coats & Clark's O.N.T. Thread to match the zipper perfectly. Ask for Coats & Clark's Zippers wherever Coats & Clark's O.N.T. Thread is sold.

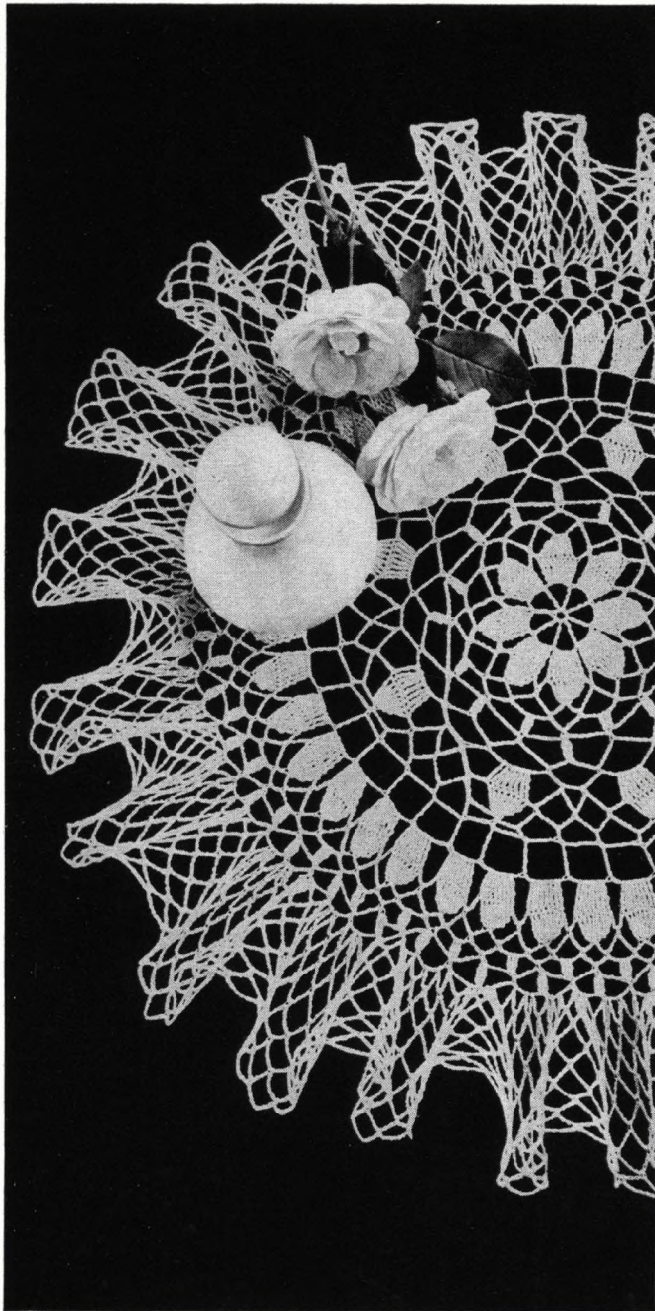
Make your time count, make it with

## Coats & Clark's Zippers **O.N.T.** Threads

CUT OUT AND SAVE THIS PAGE



CUT OUT AND SAVE THIS PAGE



Complete directions right here

## “AMERICAN BEAUTY”

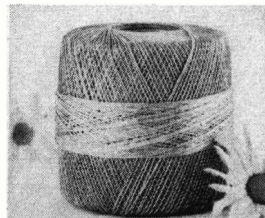
Fashion accents the feminine with a ruffled doily of Coats & Clark's Crochet Cottons

**Materials:** J. & P. COATS BIG BALL BEST SIX CORD MERCERIZED CROCHET, Art. A. 104, Size 20: 2 balls of Ecu, or CLARK'S BIG BALL MERCERIZED CROCHET, Art. B. 34, Size 20: 2 balls of No. 61 Ecu. Milwards Steel Crochet Hook No. 9. Doily or centerpiece—about 16 inches in diameter.

Starting at center, ch 8. Join with sl st to form ring. **1st rnd:** Ch 10, (d tr in ring, ch 5) 7 times. Join with sl st to 5th ch of ch-10 (8 sps). **2nd rnd:** Sl st in next sp, ch 5, 7 d tr in same sp, \* ch 5, 8 d tr in next sp. Repeat from \* around, ch 5. **Join. 3rd rnd:** Ch 5, holding back on hook the last loop of each d tr, make d tr in next 7 d tr, thread over and draw through all loops on hook (cluster made): \* ch 7, sc in next loop, ch 7, make an 8-d tr cluster over next 8 d tr. Repeat from \* around. **Join. 4th rnd:** Sl st to center of next loop, sc in same loop, \* ch 7, sc in next loop. Repeat from \* around. **Join. 5th rnd:** Sl st to center of next loop, ch 4, 2-tr cluster in same loop, \* ch 7, sc in next loop, ch 7, 3-tr cluster in next loop. Repeat from \* around. **Join to tip of cluster. 6th rnd:** Sc in same place as sl st, \* ch 9, 3-tr cluster in next sc, ch 9, sc in tip of next cluster. Repeat from \* around. **Join. 7th rnd:** Sl st to center of next loop, sc in same loop, \* ch 11, sc in next loop. Repeat from \* around. **Join. 8th rnd:** Sl st in next 4 ch, sc in same place as last sl st, \* ch 7, skip 3 ch, sc in next ch, ch 9, 8 d tr in next loop, ch 9, skip 3 ch of next loop, sc in next ch. Repeat from \* around. **Join. 9th rnd:** Sl st to center of next loop, sc in same loop, ch 9, sc in next loop, \* ch 9, 8-d tr cluster over next 8 d tr; (ch 9, sc in next loop) 3 times. Repeat from \* around. **Join. 10th rnd:** Sl st to center of next loop, ch 7, half dc in next loop, \* ch 5, sc in tip of cluster, (ch 5, half dc in next loop) 4 times. Repeat from \* around. **Join to 2nd ch of ch-7. 11th rnd:** Ch 12, tr tr in next half dc, \* ch 7, tr tr in next sc, (ch 7, tr tr in next half dc) 4 times. Repeat from \* around. **Join to 5th ch of ch-12. 12th, 13th and 14th rnds:** Repeat 2nd, 3rd and 4th rnds. **15th and 16th rnds:** Repeat 5th and 6th rnds, making ch 5 (instead of ch-7) on the 15th rnd; and ch 7 (instead of ch-9) on the 16th rnd. **17th rnd:** Sc in same place as sl st, \* ch 7, in next loop make (sc, ch 7) twice; sc in tip of next cluster, ch 7, in next loop make (sc, ch 7) twice; sc in next sc. Repeat from \* around, ending with ch 3, tr in first sc. **18th to 25th rnds incl:** Sc in loop just formed, \* ch 7, sc in next loop. Repeat from \* around, ending with ch 3, tr in first sc. Break off at end of 25th rnd. Starch lightly and press.

**ABBREVIATIONS:** ch—chain, sl st—slip stitch, sp—spaces, d tr—double treble, tr tr—triple treble, sc—single crochet, half dc—half double crochet, rnd—round, \*—repeat instructions following the asterisk as many times as specified. Repeat instructions within parenthesis as many times as specified.

Enter the Nationwide Crochet Contest



Make your time *count*, make it with

# Coats & Clark's **ONT** Crochet Threads



About the men who wrote the music in your life

# Bela Bartok

By DELOS SMITH



THE leading candidate right now for the distinction of having been the greatest composer of our century is Bela Bartok. Of course, this question will be decided by posterity, but Bartok may well be the choice.

The reason is the astonishing growing power of his music. On first hearing it is likely to sound unattractively strange, even repellent. With more hearings, you find it has gotten into your very being. For Bartok discovered very human materials and learned to handle them effectively.

When he died in 1945 he was little known to the big music public. Now, twelve years later, he is more consistently performed than a number of masters whose immortality is proven.

Shy and self-conscious, Bartok lived behind a wall of reserve and gave the minimum of his private self. He permitted his fierce inner fires to show only in his pride in being a Hungarian, in his deep hatred of hate-

makers, like Hitler, and in his music.

Bartok was born on March 25, 1881, in the obscure Hungarian (now Rumanian) village of Nagyszentmiklos. His mother was an amateur pianist of superior ability. His father directed the government agricultural school, but music was both his pleasure and his obsession.

This child was not yet two when he was demanding private piano recitals of his mother. At four he was playing from memory, with one finger dancing over the keyboard, the melodies of 40 songs. At five, he was given his first piano lessons.

Yet he was a sickly, backward child and, to climax his troubles, his father died when he was eight. After this, circumstances closed him even more upon himself and music.

His mother, who now had a daughter as well as a son to support, became a teacher in the state school system, which meant a great deal of moving about among small towns. For some years Bela was never in one place long enough to make firm friends or to become a part of anything. But he was developing a remarkable mentality as well as a remarkable musicality.

At nine he composed his first piece. His mother had to write it down because he couldn't, and she wrote down the subsequent pieces until he learned how. At ten he made his first public appearance as a pianist.

At the age of 18 he was sent by his mother to Budapest and the Royal Academy of Music. There, during the four-year course, he distinguished himself for a scholarly mastering of piano-playing and music in general,

rather than for the inspirational and intuitive mastering which so often marks a genius.

When graduated, he was the author of several compositions decidedly superior even to the better of conservatory-student compositions, but heartless. He played the piano on the virtuoso level, so he made a number of tours. Then in 1907, at 26, he succeeded his own teacher as professor of piano at the Academy. He continued to compose, but his music was tentative still.

What he felt about himself was part of what he called his private life, and even the slightest notice of his private life by other people made him furious. For instance, there was his love for Marta Ziegler who was 14 when she became a member of his first piano class at the Academy. A year later he composed a little piano piece which he called *Portrait of a Girl*. He inscribed it, "For Marta." Yet no one realized he was seriously interested in her.

As she progressed musically she became a private pupil and so went to his home, where his mother was mistress, for her morning lessons. One day Bartok told his mother that Marta would stay for lunch. Just before dinner, he emerged from his studio and announced Marta would stay for dinner. Mother must have shown surprise. At any rate, he added an explanation he evidently wouldn't have offered if it hadn't been required: he told her that he and Marta were married.

Their only child, Bela, was born a year later. [Continued on page 92]



Is your husband  
the same man  
you married?

Of course he is. But, does he *look* the same?

Hasn't he added an inch here and there? Naturally, you can't suggest this to him—even indirectly. (You know the male ego.) But you can quietly cut down his calories . . . plan your meals around Diet Delight Foods. They're so good-tasting he'll never know they're not the old pound-adders . . . except in his trimming figure.

He will thoroughly enjoy them and compliment your cooking too. Diet Delight preserves natural, fresh flavor without adding calories—even when sweetening is needed. The secret is Sucaryl® (calcium cyclamate, which has neither calories nor a peculiar aftertaste). The result is downright delicious. You'll find a wide variety of Diet Delight Foods at your grocer's. To show you how appetizing any diet can be we have a **FREE** recipe and sample menu booklet, "How To Diet Delightfully." Drop a card to: RICHMOND-CHASE COMPANY, Dept. DW, San Jose, California.







**Washed  
with another  
leading  
shampoo!**

**Washed with  
"curl-keeping"  
NEW  
WOODBURY!**

Unretouched photo of Lois Gunas, Red Bank, N. J. (See her pretty face below.)



**GOOD HOUSEKEEPING MAGAZINE** proved in its famous testing laboratory: New Woodbury Shampoo holds curl better, keeps set longer! Example shown above: The left side of Lois Gunas' hair, washed with her usual shampoo, got limp, straggly. Right side, washed with Woodbury, is springy, curly, beautifully manageable.

**Leading shampoos** were tested this way on hundreds of women. Results were checked by Good Housekeeping Magazine's laboratory. New Woodbury with its curl-keeping ingredient held waves best! Protects hair from drying out—leaves it shiny-clean, without dull soap film! Costs *less* than other brands — a generous bottle is only 39¢. If it isn't the finest you ever tried, we'll return your money! Fair enough?



**WOODBURY HOLDS CURL BETTER, KEEPS SET LONGER**

## Small world

By James Reid Parker



### Act of kindness

**T**HIS past winter my wife and I have been living in a subleased furnished apartment in New York, and from the very beginning I dreaded the case of gripe I knew I'd get before the winter ended. This year, just for variety, it turned out to be an exceptionally fancy form of flu.

The apartment is in Greenwich Village, a neighborhood I've been familiar with all my life. Thus it was only natural for me to call in a doctor I'd known ever since we both were kids. In the course of getting me over my illness, Mike remarked that he'd like me to drop in at his office for a complete physical.

Much to my relief, he found I was pretty much all right. "Except," he complained, "you don't look at all the way you used to, not so many years ago."

"Who does?" I said with a shrug.

"Judy Holliday," he said promptly. "She's the same age we are. Why, she used to live right here in this block. You remember."

"Sure I remember."

"Well, consider Judy," he said, leaning back and relaxing, as if he felt he need say no more.

"Gladly. There's nothing I like better than considering Judy, but what's that got to do with my health?"

"She keeps fit and full of beans," he said. "Just look at her! How much more do you weigh now than when you were twenty-one?"

"About thirty pounds," I said.

"Get rid of them," Mike said. "That's my only prescription. And now beat it. My nurse says the waiting room is jam-packed this afternoon."

"But how? What do I do? Diet or exercise?"

"Stop talking like a rich old hypo-



# yours free



this new Kotex belt with  
the self-locking clasp  
—doesn't "dig in"  
as metal clasps do,  
yet won't ever break

**You'll agree**, this new Kotex belt does wonders for your comfort. The unbreakable clasp flexes with the body so it can't "dig in" as metal clasps do. And it holds the napkin firmly and securely, never lets it slip or slide. The specially-woven elastic, top, stays flat and snug. No matter *how* much you move around, the edges won't curl or twist.

**To get your free Kotex belt**, send the end tab from any box of Kotex napkins with the coupon below. We will send you a certificate that's as good as cash.



Now's the time to discover new Kotex napkins with Wondersoft covering . . . so gentle it won't rub, won't chafe. And the new Kotex napkin goes with the new Kotex belt perfectly, to complete your comfort.

More women choose Kotex than all other brands



KOTEX and WONDERSOFT  
are trademarks of Kimberly-Clark Corp.

K-C  
P. O. Box 7565  
Chicago 80, Illinois

I enclose the end tab from a box of Kotex napkins. Please send me a coupon good for one free Kotex belt at my favorite store.

My name is \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

Offer expires May 31, 1957



However you "cream" your coffee -

**You'll love the fresh taste  
and the convenience of**

**PREAM!**

Get it now in the

**BIG  
NEW  
ECONOMY  
SIZE!**



**EXTRA CREAMINESS** Pream is made entirely from fresh sweet cream and other milk products. The exclusive Pream process captures their fresh taste for your table.

**EXTRA CONVENIENCE** "Creams" up to 70 cups of coffee. Never spills or spoils. Always handy when you need it.

**EXTRA ECONOMY** Buy Pream® in the big new Economy Size and save. Look for it at your favorite food store next time you shop!



If you like it "with" . . . you'll love it with **PREAM!**

**DISCOVER PREAM  
FOR COOKING, TOO!**

Pream gives rich, old-fashioned goodness and delicious freshness to simple, basic recipes. Send for new, free folder of tested recipes. Write Sally Kass, Pream Test Kitchen, Box 447, Columbus, Ohio.



© 1957,  
H. C. MOORES CO.,  
COLUMBUS 16, OHIO

chondriac!" he commanded with sudden irritation. "Do whatever you did when you were twenty-one. Your heart's perfectly all right. What did you do back in those days? You were on your college swimming team, for one thing. I remember that. And you did a lot of skating and skiing. Take up, in moderation, all your old sports, except of course football, and eat whatever you used to eat when you were in training. Another thing, didn't your coaches used to prescribe special exercises for you fellows to do in your own rooms?"

"They sure did," I said. "Especially the swimming coach. He was forever nagging us about stuff like that."

"Okay, so what are we arguing about?" Mike asked with exasperation. "You know what to do!"

Great waves of embarrassment swept over me as I returned to our apartment. I had no wish to report this conversation to my wife or to our Arthur, who is twelve. I knew them well enough to know they'd merely hoot derisively. For this reason I decided to proceed with caution.

**T**HAT night at dinner I served myself plenty of roast chicken and salad, but omitted the mashed potatoes and gravy. Also, I ignored the cloverleaf rolls and butter. No one noticed. In fact, the dinner-table conversation proceeded in much the usual way. And when I assured my wife the chicken



had been so sensationally good I'd eaten too much of it and couldn't even think of going on to pie, she actually seemed pleased. "That was because I not only rubbed the skin with garlic, but brushed it with soy sauce and sprinkled the tiniest suggestion of powdered ginger over it, Chinese-fashion," she said. "It's such fun to have you appreciate things!"

"Why don't we go ice skating next Saturday morning?" I suggested to Arthur.

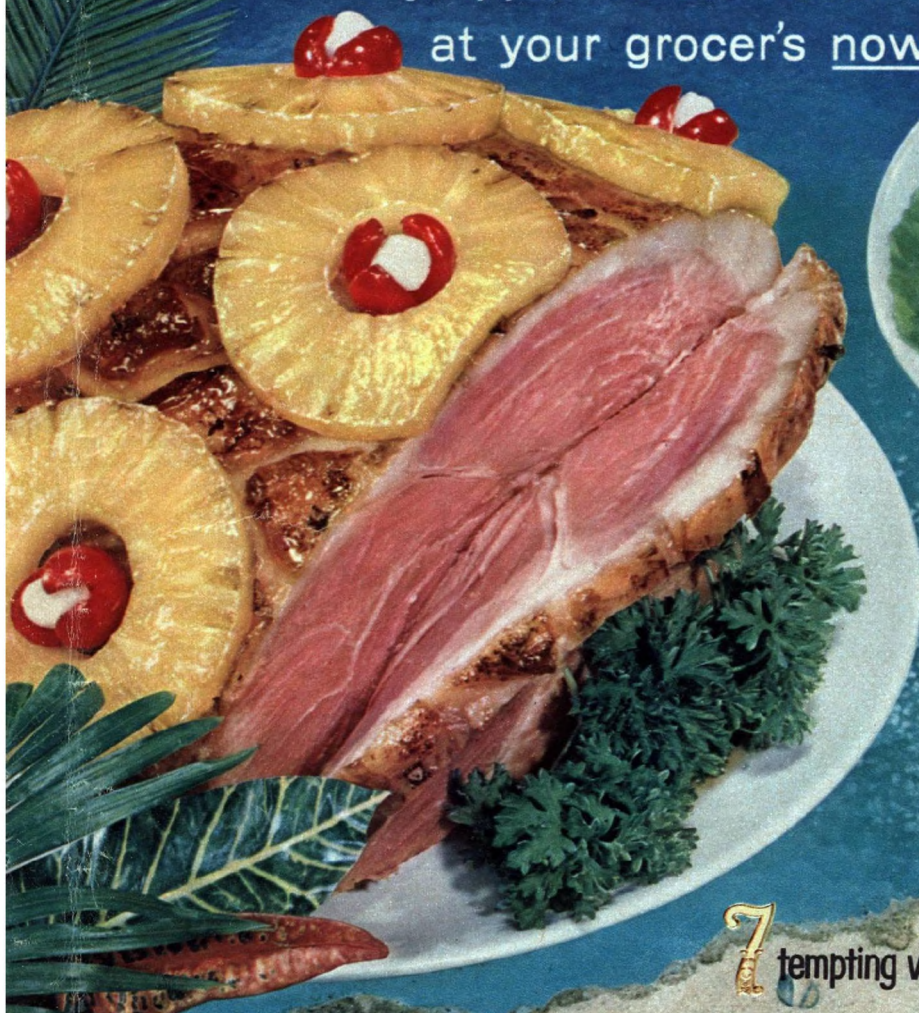
He stared at me with amazement.



# DOLE HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE GOLDEN TREASURE

Tempting DOLE Hawaiian Pineapple adds golden goodness to meats, salads, desserts. Perfect for Lenten dishes like cottage cheese-pimiento salad, and to glorify your Easter ham. Get some today!

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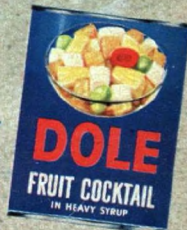
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JUICE



PIE FILLING



and  
fruit  
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# Our Soups really taste better!

See if we don't make tastier soups  
with our fussy ways and long years  
of coaxing out hidden flavors.  
You can really taste the difference!

CONDENSED  
to give you  
twice as much

COSTS NO MORE  
than other kinds

Next time reach for the tastier soup  
in the red, white and blue can.

Heinz Soups  




"Do you know *how* to?" he asked, and his skepticism perhaps did more to strengthen my new and high resolve than anything else in the world could have done. That night I began the training exercises in the bedroom while my wife was out in the living room, busily bringing her correspondence up to date.

Skiing is something a city man can hardly do without his family's knowledge, but swimming is easy to manage. I simply told my wife that for business reasons dinner would have to be an hour later in the future, and began to visit a hotel swimming pool for a workout every day, directly after leaving the office.

"I can't understand why you never want toast and marmalade any more," my wife remarked in a puzzled tone one morning. "And yet on the other hand I never can seem to keep enough fruit in the house. I bought six pears only yesterday and now they're all gone. Where do they go?"

"I suppose I tend to eat them between meals and before I go to bed."

"I don't *mind*, you understand. But it's so strange. You always used to fix yourself a bacon-and-egg sandwich before bedtime, or eat some leftover dessert. Now the refrigerator always has more dessert leftovers in it than anything else!"

I said maybe she was making the desserts in too-large batches. "Anyway, in general I'd rather have fruit," I added, and she said lightly that this was good news because it would mean less work.

**HEY!** Arthur said with awe, when I took him to the ice-skating rink on the roof of Madison Square Garden. "You never told me you could do stuff like this. I mean fancy tricks and all!"

"I need practice," I said, "but give me time and maybe more will come back to me."

"But you're *good!*" Arthur insisted. "Wow-dee-dow! I can't get over it. Will you teach me some of those things?"

"I tell you what. Let's skate together twice a week." Arthur was delighted.

There came a day when my wife said critically that she didn't think my clothes were right, somehow. "Your jackets are floppy and your trousers look all bunched-up underneath the belt. I think you've lost some weight. You don't feel sick, do you?"

"Not a bit."

"Well, I must say you don't *seem* sick," she admitted. "Actually, you look sort of *younger!*"

"That's because he's so athletic," Arthur interposed with pride. "You should see him do a half-gainer. Last Saturday [Continued on page 82]



# Pear Ginger Cake

*New Dessert  
Idea!*



## Pear Ginger Cake

Arrange 9 well-drained canned Bartlett pear halves in greased 8x8x2-inch pan. (Decorate with maraschino cherry halves, if desired.) Then pour Gingerbread Mix batter over pears. Bake at 375° F. 30 to 40 minutes. Serve warm with whipped cream.

**An upside-down gingerbread you make  
with canned Bartlett pears**



A flavor surprise—the delicate goodness of Bartlett pears and the spicy fragrance of hot Pillsbury Gingerbread! So easy when you use Pacific Coast Canned Pears, tender and perfect as pears can be . . . and Pillsbury Gingerbread Mix, the rich, moist kind with real New Orleans Molasses right in the mix.

**Pillsbury  
Gingerbread  
MIX**





# Shine as a cook



## Shine your pans with S.O.S.<sup>®</sup>



### Simple recipe:

Take one S.O.S. pad; add water; squeeze to bring up soap. Place in pan and rub briskly. Rinse.

Result: Sparkling pans that look better and cook better.

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## LET'S STOP UNDERSELLING OUR CHILDREN

By Marjorie Mattern

I'M tired of the way modern mothers talk about their children," exclaimed a childless friend of mine. "They're afraid to say anything nice about them in public. They call them 'menaces' or 'little monsters.' And to their faces. Now I know they think their kids are wonderful, but do the kids know it?"

The tendency developed, I suppose, as a reaction against those parents who, with photographs and home movies, or just plain talk, go on and on about dear, uniquely brilliant little Jimmy, or how precious Eileen looks in her organdy.

Little Eileen may be no beauty, but her chances of being happy about her appearance are considerably greater than those of Betty, whose more modern and very attractive young mother says to a friend, "Honestly, doesn't Betty look awful? That child doesn't seem to care how she looks." Secretly, of course, she is convinced Betty is the prettiest child on the block.

Most parents have heard enough about educational psychology to realize the importance of encouraging and praising their children at home. And yet how much can honest, private encouragement do for a child, if we persist in the deprecating, humorous remark in public?

ONE of my good friends has five children. They have their faults and their problems, which their mother and I have talked about privately, affectionately, and with concern. But at casual social gatherings, she always says blithely that her children are wonderful. She mentions each child's best point, may drag out just one picture of those not on view, and that ends the subject.

This attitude is so old-fashioned it is downright refreshing. It also has social virtues. If a parent insists on running down her child, then you have to be polite and say, "Not at all, very charming . . ." and so on. My friend's approach merely requires one to agree that her kids are fine.

Someday, though, the deprecating mama may get her comeuppance. Her favorite son may remark to his pals, in Mother's hearing, "Oh, don't mind Mom. We all know she's a dope." And he may mean it!

THE END



# NOW VELVEETA IS RICHER THAN EVER IN VITAL NON-FAT FOOD VALUES\* FROM MILK!



\*High-quality protein, calcium, phosphorus, riboflavin



**Extra good for youngsters**  
—delicious Velveeta sandwiches like this

If you have to coax to get a youngster to drink the needed quart of milk a day, here's happy news for you! A single 2-ounce slice of Velveeta (the amount you put in a husky sandwich) gives *more* high-quality protein, *more* calcium, *more* phosphorus, as much riboflavin and *more* vitamin A, than a big 8-ounce glass of fresh, whole milk. And how the youngsters go for the rich yet mild cheddar flavor of this fine pasteurized process cheese spread! Get Velveeta in the two-pound size.



**Extra good for you, too,**  
**both before and after the baby comes**

You young mothers know your *particular* need for milk's vital food values both before and after baby comes. Possibly you also have to watch your weight. You'll certainly be interested to know that Velveeta's special goodness comes from the *non-fat* part of the milk. A single ounce supplies *more of milk's vital food values and no more calories than a 6-ounce glass of fresh, non-fat milk*. So, for snacks and dessert enjoy Velveeta 'n crackers and Velveeta with fresh fruit.

## VELVEETA BY KRAFT is full of health from milk



# Modern design in *Light refreshment*

**T**ODAY'S active, attractive people have a design of their own for everything—including a modern design for eating. The lighter food and drink they favor work magic for their figures. Pepsi-Cola goes along with this modern diet, too. Today's Pepsi, reduced in calories, is never heavy, never too sweet. Refresh without filling—always say "Pepsi, please."



**Pepsi-Cola**

*refreshes without filling*





WOMAN'S DAY APRIL 1957

# Gardening is a family affair

**for children: the magic of seeing things grow**  
**for parents: the creation of something beautiful**  
**for all: a new enjoyment of nature**







# What kind of a garden do you want?

**A**re you a doer or a thinker? A worker or a sitter? Do you like to put your hands in the soil and do you get a thrill when plants flower in response to your care? Or is your enjoyment in the fruits but not the labors of gardening? However it goes, whatever your inclination, a garden can be planted to suit your way of life.

Gardens are for family living, entertaining and recreation. If you make the planning a family affair, the approach one of enjoyment rather than work, your family will grow in understanding while your garden grows in beauty.

So let your garden be as big and varied as you desire, but no more than you can comfortably maintain.

These pages are a guide toward this goal. They offer ideas you can adapt to your garden this year or any other year.

**MORE** →

## A Pool Enhances a Garden

Every home property, regardless of size, has an appropriate place for a pool. In any form, water lends a feeling of tranquillity and cool beauty to its surroundings. A reflection pool need be only a few inches deep; but if it is to hold water lilies you must provide a depth of eighteen to twenty-four inches. This simple pathside planting is charming in itself, yet it has an ever-fresh appeal, almost an added dimension, because of the tiny circular pool.

There is perfect harmony between it and the gay, low-growing clusters of iberis, white and purple violets, muscari, pansies, English daisies, alyssum and arabis. The garden background of shrubs and a pine-needled path, plus the big, green-foliaged clumps of summer-flowering hosta, give this diminutive scene a well-varied, spring through fall interest. A cement pool is inexpensive, and you can soften the stiffness of its rim with weathered boulders.

*On preceding page: A bank and set of steps are planted with mountain pinks, flowering shrubs and evergreens to make a bright transition to the house. Photograph by Roche.*



## GARDENING continued



Paul E. Genereux

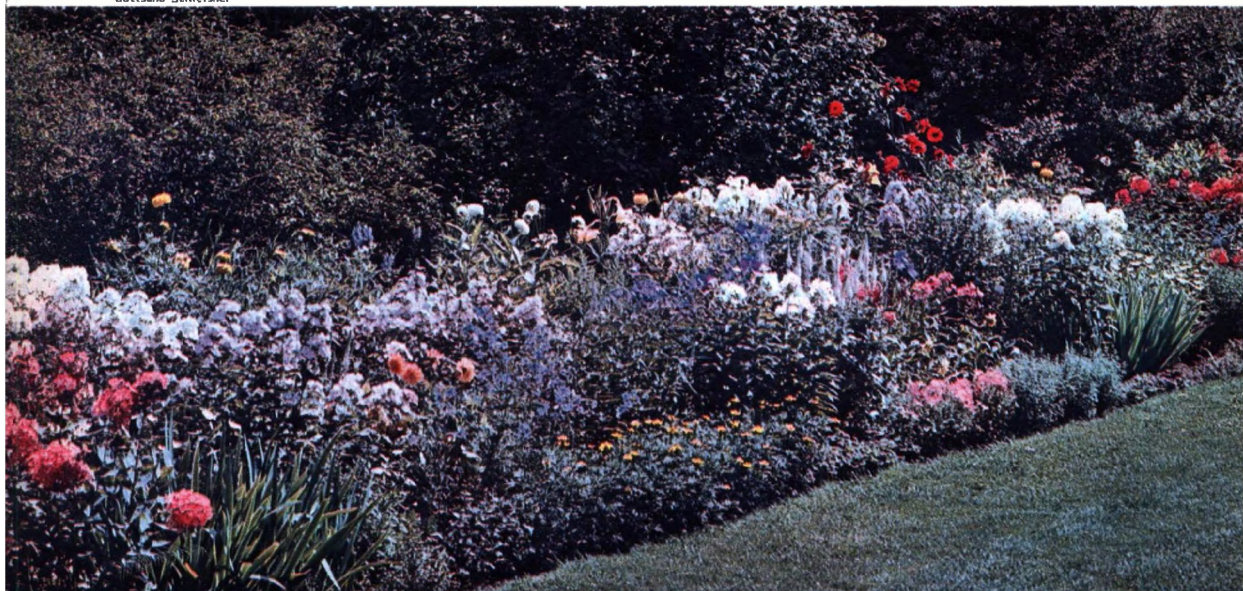
Gottschö-Schleisner

### Fence-Corner Garden →

Poppies, iris, foxgloves and delphiniums make an ideal boundary planting. They lend graceful height and rich colors to this fence corner. Such a grouping of tall flowers will catch the eye from the house as well as the street.

### Quick-Growing Annuals Garden

For the new home owner or beginning gardener, annuals will be a lifesaver. They grow quickly and bloom profusely. Even a bed of this size, with its edging of ageratum and masses of marigolds and gay zinnias, can be yours this year.



### Long-Life Perennial Garden

Perennials are rightfully called the backbone of a garden. Some are dainty, others dignified; all are beautiful and generally long-lived. However, a handsome bed like this is not achieved overnight. If you are just starting a garden

this year you have a limited choice of perennials for spring planting. But by investing in a few established specimens of phlox, delphinium, daylily, etc., you can enjoy at least some of this magnificence before summer wanes.





Gottsch-Schleisner  
Roche

### Window-Box Garden

Plant containers, especially window boxes, are valued by gardeners everywhere. And in a sunny exposure a window box can be bright with a variety of vivid flowers, indoors as well as out. This outdoor box is a rich blend of white petunias, pink geraniums and the blue of ageratum.



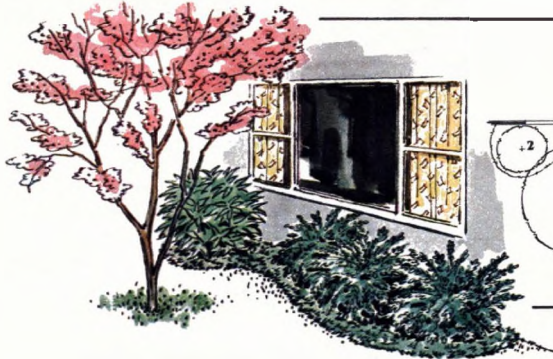
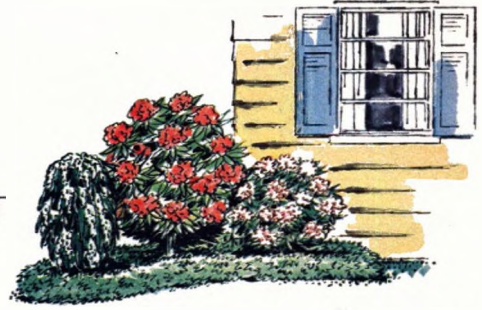
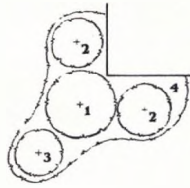
**MORE** →



# Landscaping ideas for your new lot

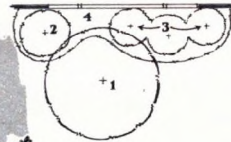
## Corner planting helps tie a house to the ground

- | SUN  | SHADE   |
|--|---|
| 1. Firethorn (or) Lilac                                  | Rhododendron (or)<br>Japanese holly                   |
| 2. Slender deutzia (or)<br>Kerria                        | Azalea (or) Inkberry                                  |
| 3. Rock cotoneaster (or)<br>Anthony Waterer spirea       | Japanese andromeda<br>(or) Japanese skimmia<br>(Same) |
| 4. Common myrtle,<br>Japanese spurge, and<br>English ivy |   |



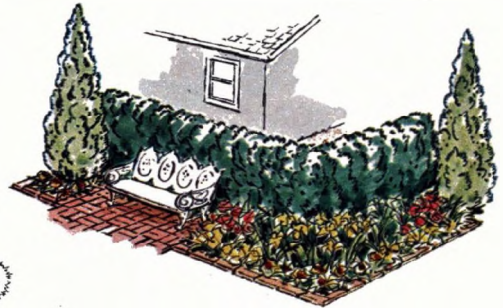
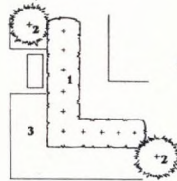
## Window planting must not hide a view

- | SUN  | SHADE  |
|--|--|
| 1. Gray birch (or)<br>Crab apple                         | Flowering dogwood<br>(or) Redbud                           |
| 2. Weigela Bristol Ruby<br>(or) Slender deutzia          | Mountain laurel (or)<br>Rhododendron                       |
| 3. Dwarf-winged<br>Euonymus (or) Dwarf<br>Japanese yew   | Convex-leaved<br>Japanese holly (or)<br>Inkberry<br>(Same) |
| 4. Common myrtle,<br>Japanese spurge,<br>and English ivy |  |



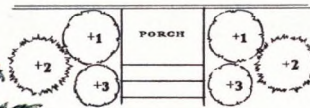
## Screen planting will give you privacy

- | SUN   | SHADE  |
|---|--|
| 1. Upright Japanese<br>yew (or) American<br>arborvitae                        | Canada hemlock (or)<br>American holly                |
| 2. Hinoki false cypress<br>(or) Pyramid<br>Chinese juniper                    | Japanese holly (or)<br>Rosebay rhododen-<br>dron     |
| 3. Floribunda roses<br>(or) mixed flowers;<br>Iris, Chrysanthem-<br>ums, etc. | Daylilies (or)<br>Caladiums and<br>Tuberous begonias |



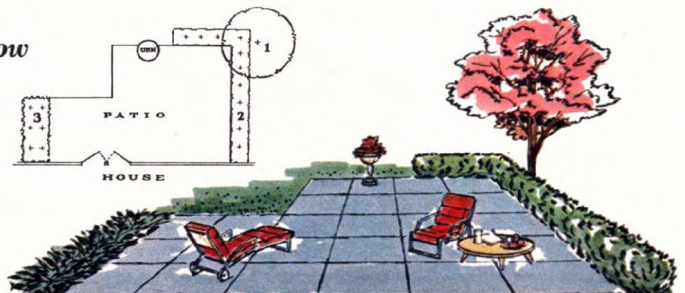
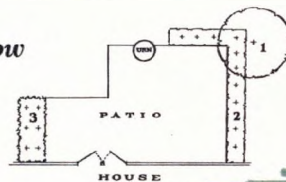
## Entrance planting welcomes guests

- | SUN  | SHADE  |
|--|--|
| 1. Flowering<br>quince (or)<br>Fragrant<br>snowball  | Japanese<br>andromeda<br>(or) Mountain<br>laurel                 |
| 2. Pfizer's<br>juniper (or)<br>Oregon<br>holly-grape | Drooping<br>leucothoe (or)<br>Inkberry                           |
| 3. Mugo pine (or)<br>Dwarf Japanese<br>yew           | Convex-leaved<br>Japanese holly<br>(or) Rockspray<br>cotoneaster |



## Patio plantings should be kept quite low

- | SUN  | SHADE  |
|--|--|
| 1. Crab apple (or)<br>Saucer magnolia  | Flowering dogwood<br>(or) Redbud   |
| 2. Dwarf hedge yew (or)<br>Common boxwood                                    | Convex-leaved<br>Japanese holly (or)<br>Inkberry                             |
| 3. Andorra juniper (or)<br>Creeping juniper<br>Urn: Geraniums<br>or Petunias | Winter creeper (or)<br>Canby pachistima<br>Tuberous begonias or<br>Caladiums |



Landscape designer, John R. Rebhan

Sketches by Ardis Hughes



# Things you should know to make your garden grow

By HERBERT C. BARDES

A combination planting of tall, medium, and low shrubs at the corners of your house helps integrate it with the surrounding landscape. The architectural line is softened with such a planting, and because it extends a little beyond the corner line, your house appears broader than it actually is. Space the shrubs at least four feet apart. The planting may appear sparse at first, but the shrubs will soon grow together into a unit.

Low shrubs beneath a window hide the foundation of your house and enhance the window too. Little pruning is needed to keep them from blocking the view. A flowering tree may be strategically placed to shade the too-sunny window, and it can be pruned quite high so that when you look from the window you can see through its interesting branches.

Hedge plantings are a neighborly way to screen an adjacent yard and gain privacy for outdoor living. They may also be used to screen a garden work area or an unsightly view. They grow rather fast and soon provide a nice foil for a bed of colorful flowers. An accent tree or two set out in front of the hedge provides good contrast and makes an interesting skyline. You may shear hedge any height.

Shrubs are an inviting way to accent doorways, the center of interest of most front yards. Select low-growing types that will not overpower the appearance of the doorway. Identical plantings on either side of the door, as shown here, are best for houses of traditional design and doors which are centered in the façade.

Well-chosen plantings emphasize the architectural form of your terrace or patio and at the same time enable you to make it blend with the surrounding lawn or gardens. Plants should not be so tall that when seated you do not have a view of your property. A flowering or specimen tree provides spring color and accent. A large tree may be substituted, however, if shade is your object.

WHAT'S the most enjoyable and the most healthful hobby in the world? Why, gardening of course, a response that will be echoed again this year from New Hampshire to New Mexico by more people than ever. And there would be even greater enthusiasm and rewards if new gardeners, and old-timers too, paid closer attention to this truism: There's more to gardening than seeds and harvests.

You'll get the full meaning once you recognize that gardens, whether of flowers or food crops, are merely segments of the home landscape. Equally important are lawns, trees and shrubbery, and all four are closely related under the term "gardening." Thus, before you get too far into your gardening program this spring, give some thought to these segments. Each needs and deserves a share of your available time.

## THE LAWN

Veteran gardeners know that even a healthy, established lawn takes a big chunk out of a week's allotted gardening hours. As basic an operation as mowing cannot be overlooked as a time consumer. The real time-devouring job, though, is starting a lawn from scratch. Labor or no labor, you can minimize the lawn just so much and no more. You might conceivably get along without flowers, shrubs and trees, though it's hard to imagine, but a good lawn is indispensable if you want your house to be attractive. And, as borne out in four of the six scenes on the preceding pages, a lawn has no peer as a setting for other plantings.

In the case of a new house, the first lawn-making step this spring, after the soil has dried out enough to be workable, is to clear the area of all construction trash to a depth of at least eight inches. With that out of the way, all new lawn makers are on equal footing. Now, dig and turn over the soil to the full depth of your garden fork. Make sure to keep the grade sloping away from the house. Incorporate sand if the soil seems excessively heavy in clay; add organic matter if it's too sandy. At the same time, work in a complete lawn fertilizer in the proportions recommended on the package. Apply lime only if a soil test indicates the need. Next, rake and re-rake the ground until it's smooth. As you rake, remove from the top inch or so of soil all stones larger than a peanut. Water the area thoroughly and let the ground settle for three or four days. Then give it a final raking to even off any new depressions.

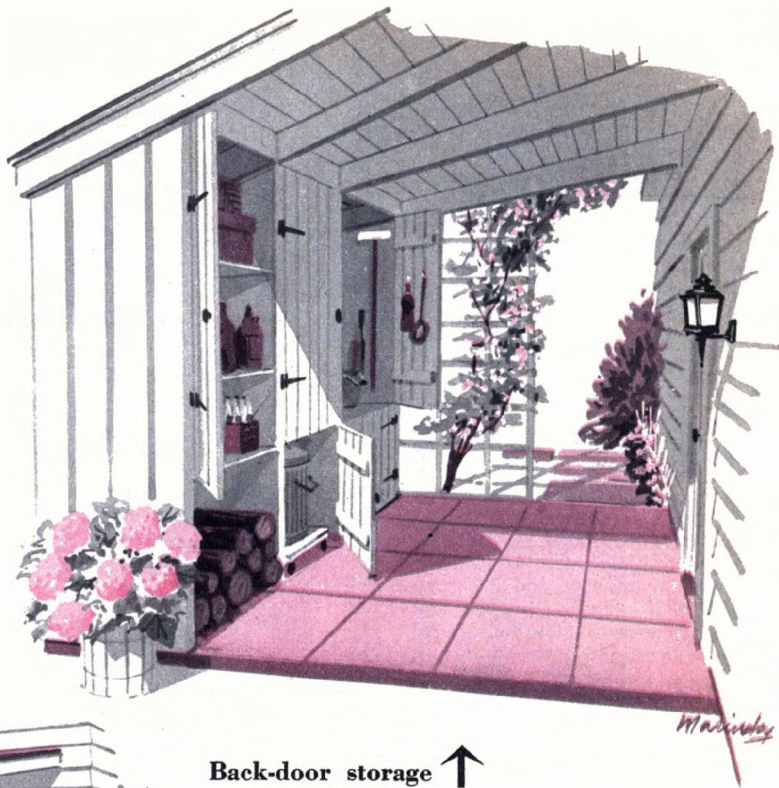
The soil is now ready to receive the seed, and that is where many gardeners make their first big mistake. They buy either cheap grades of seed or seed mixtures that are not suited to their region. On the first point, the best advice is to avoid "bargains" and buy seed only from reputable firms. To settle the question of proper seed mixtures, consult your county agricultural agent or state college. The type of grass you select should also be based on the kind of foot traffic the lawn will get.

Once the seed is sown, the soil surface must never be allowed to dry out until the grass is well established. Sprinkle it lightly every day, or oftener if dry-weather conditions dictate. Is the job finished now? Definitely not. You have at least four months of feeding, weeding, crab-grass control and other maintenance [Continued on page 114]



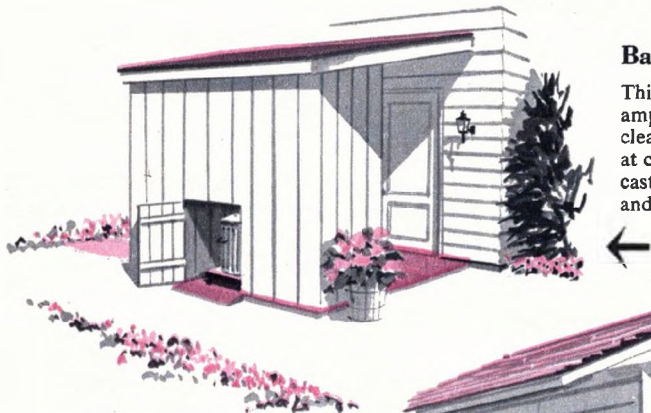
# Outdoor Storage

Here are 5 storage units, designed by Woman's Day, for the competent amateur carpenter. Any one of the units will add to the value of your property and the livability of your home.



## Back-door storage ↑

This design provides a sheltered entranceway as well as ample storage space. Closets which face back door are for cleaning equipment, cartons and firewood. Two-way closet at center is for garbage pail which, mounted on dolly with casters, is easily accessible, can be filled on inside and removed on outside. Building materials match house.

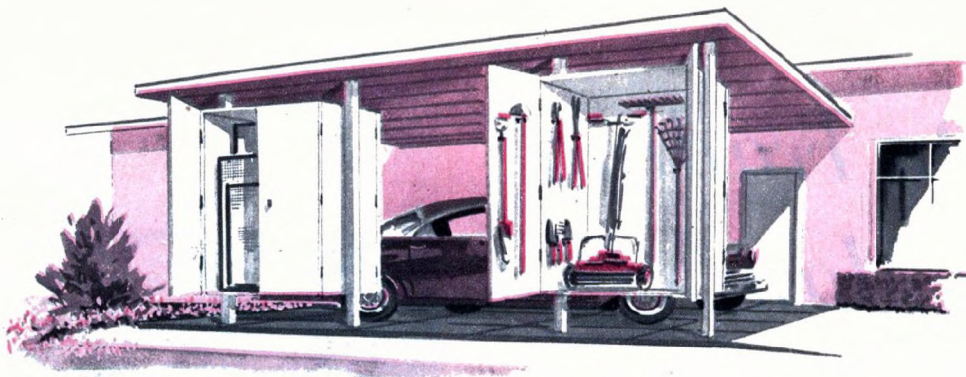


## Back-of-garage storage →

Two closets, 3' deep, 3½' wide, placed against back wall of a garage, are joined by a bench with a hinged top and bins for toy storage. Closets, with double doors above and below, hold storm sash, screens or outdoor furniture. Built-up roofing covers closet tops. Gaily painted plywood panels give decorative touch. Trellis offers partial shade.







### Carport storage ↑

Hang storage units 2' deep, about 7' high, between supporting posts of a carport to hold garden equipment and screens. Doors can face into carport, or as shown here. On 2-x-4 frames, unit is built of plywood.

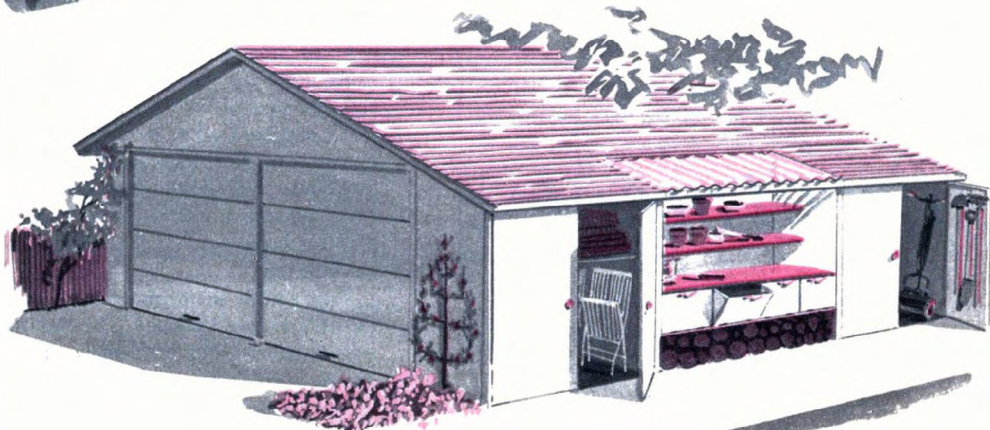


### ← Window-box storage

Alongside of house, build a 10" deep unit to match house, with planting box on top and cabinets with hinged doors below for garden tools and screens. Perforated hardboard on back of central cabinet offers ideal place to hang your long garden tools.

### Side-of-garage storage ↓

Continue roof of garage to cover two large closets 2½' deep, for storing garden tools and furniture. Connect them with a potting bench 3' high. Build shelves above and bins below for peat moss, humus and soil. Underneath bins is room to keep firewood. Roof over bench can be open, or covered with translucent plastic to let in light.



*To obtain architect's plans and directions for building these five outdoor storage units, send coupon on page 106.*



## YOUR HUSBAND

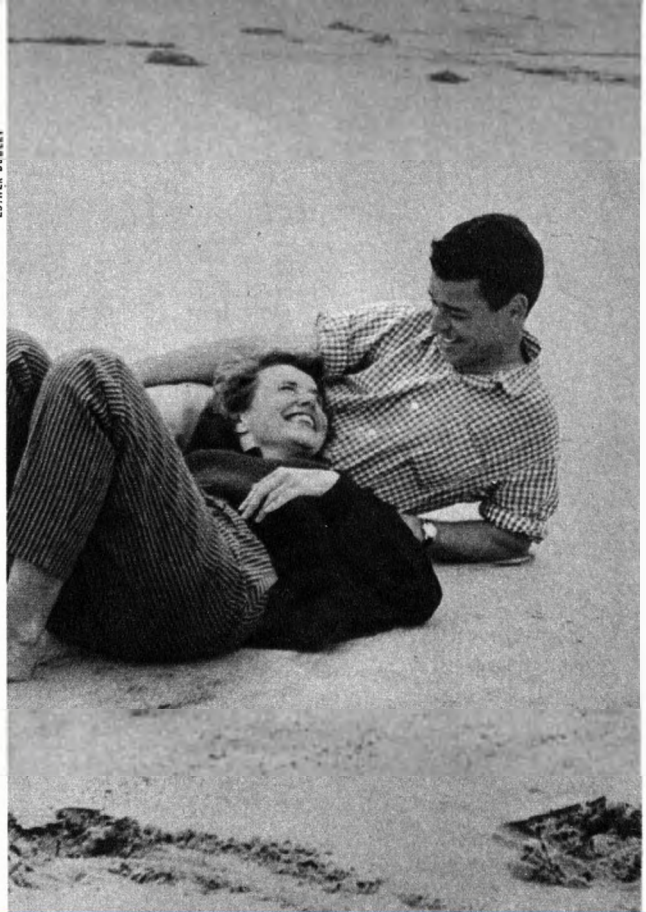
# *On Trading a Man for a Mink Coat*

By HANNAH LEES

*From a forthcoming book  
"Help Your Husband Stay Alive!"\**

\*TO BE PUBLISHED BY APPLETON-CENTURY-CROFTS  
COPYRIGHT BY HANNAH LEES, 1957

ESTHER BUBLEY



## YOUR CHILD

# *The Love Treatment*

By MARY W. LITTELL

WHEN Elise knocked at our door and quietly announced in French that she understood we were looking for a maid-of-all-work, I thought I had let in an ordinary woman with chapped hands. We were Americans living in southern France, not too familiar with the language. But it seemed to me that she made a point of saying that, in response to our advertisement, she had *chosen* us, because she adored children and we had two little boys.

I remember pulling myself out of an absent-minded smile, and hastening to tell her that our youngest, then eighteen months old, was difficult to manage. I explained that I expected her to do nothing more than supervise him and take part-time care of his four-year-old brother. The house could sink under a mountain of dust as far as I was concerned, and the clothes could go to the laundry. My only hope was that she would be able to cope with the little one.

Elise smiled an enigmatic smile of polite disbelief at the dark picture I painted. The children were beautiful, well-mannered little gentlemen, she declared out loud, and they would have a fine time together.

The children drew close to her, as to a magnet, and two pairs of round blue eyes looked and passed judg-



**S**PENDING money is clearly a major American pastime. Even when it isn't the greatest pleasure in a man's life it is apt to be a very real and sustaining one. So it would be silly to suggest that we try to change all that overnight, that we women just make up our minds to stop wanting things. But it might be interesting next time we think we need something new to ask ourselves what we need it for. Do we need it to use and enjoy, or just to help us patch up our personalities?

Many of us know a woman down the street who is terribly lucky because she has wall-to-wall carpeting even in her bedroom and a fully automatic kitchen complete with garbage disposal. Many of us envy the glamorous boss's wife or daughter who wears a royal pastel mink jacket and Dior originals and drives her own El Dorado convertible. Maybe those women are lucky and glamorous, but maybe on the other hand they are going around with the uneasy feeling that without all those possessions they would just disappear. This is true of thousands of women today in almost every income bracket. Men aren't the only ones who feel empty and insecure, but while men try to feel important by rushing after success, women are likely to try to feel beautiful and useful by buying a lot of beautiful and useful things.

We are almost certainly living in the most materialistic society in the entire history of the entire world, and

this urge to prove our worth by the expensive things we buy is pretty universal. Empty women are not the only ones. We all have it in us to some degree. Yet most of us who love luxuries and possessions don't love them for their own sake. Often we have come to want the expensive possessions because our having them seems to say that our husbands are big shots. It makes us feel we have had something to do with their success, because look, they are bringing it home and wrapping it right around us. There would be nothing wrong with this if we hadn't got seduced into thinking we *have* to have the symbols of success or nobody will believe the success is there. This might be all right if it really made a man feel successful and made him happy and kept him healthy, but there is so much evidence that the way we are living *isn't* agreeing with him and some of it seems to say that men who are working to make a lot of money die younger than men who are working because they like what they are doing.

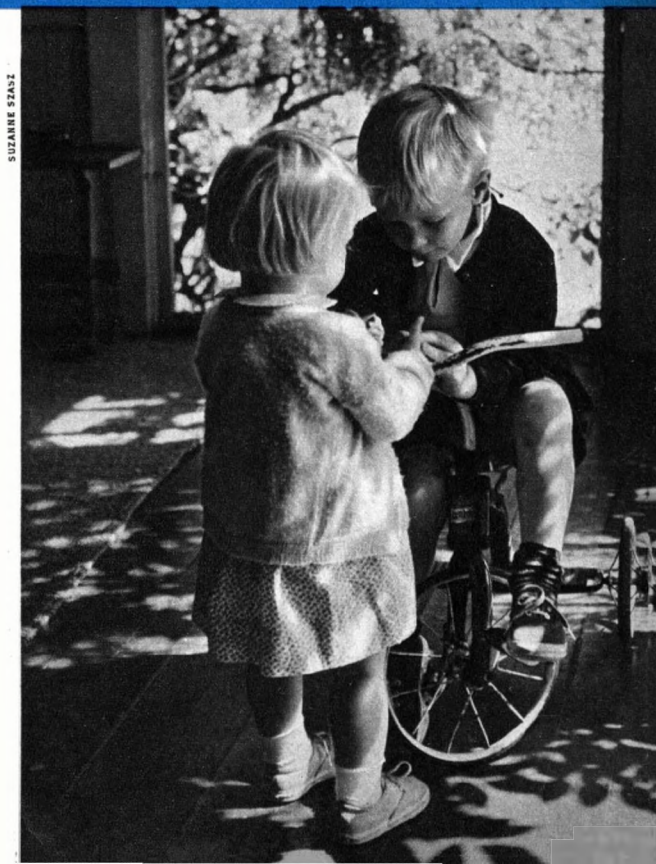
Heart disease is the biggest cause of death today, and Metropolitan Life Insurance studies have found that agricultural workers, skilled workers, teachers and ministers are the men least likely to die of heart disease. If you start thinking about this group you realize that these men are probably not driving so hard toward making more and more money. Most [Continued on page 99]

ment. Both raced to hand her an apron, and they positively glowed when she thanked them. As she began methodically to wash the stack of dishes in the sink, she kept up a conversation with them, and they did their best to be as polite as she.

I stared in disbelief at their display of company manners. At first glance, Elise looked like any of the other women in France who scrub and clean and do heavy menial work for a living. Her forty-five years had not treated her too kindly, and her dismal black cotton dress and felt shoes, the uniform of her trade, did their best to wrap her in a cloak of anonymity. But when she laughed and her blue eyes shone with warmth and friendliness, I could feel the force of her personality. She had a dignity that denied her work-roughened hands and lined face.

As she worked, Elise spoke to me through the children. She told them that she had one son, now a man grown and hard at work all day. Sometimes she was so lonesome for a little boy of her own that she was downhearted. Then she heard of us, the new American family in town, with two boys to love, and she knew we must be looking for her.

The children positively [Continued on page 101]







# THE

THEY were married four years ago, in Budapest, when he was twenty and she was eighteen. Like a good many young couples in America when housing was short after the war, they had to live with her parents. Much of Budapest had been destroyed in the fighting between the Germans and the Russians, and her parents didn't have a real home; all they had was a converted store, 12 by 18 feet, on the ground floor of a large building, with a metal shutter that covered the windows, the way most European stores have. Bathrooms were a problem; there were some around the corner, in the alley, that belonged to the building, but they were dirty and it was nicer to go several blocks to a place where you paid. The store was damp: there was mold on the sheets and often on the clothes and paint peeled off the walls, so that as a principle, the water tap was turned on for very short periods and water was never allowed to stand in the basin. The young couple rigged up a curtain across one end of the store to make a bedroom for themselves, and while they sometimes quarreled with each other (he felt guilty that he wasn't making enough money for them to have a place of their own, and she was a little confused, as girls usually are, by the emotional responsibilities of marriage), they did not quarrel with her parents and everything went better than you might expect in such crowded quarters. When they had been married two years the girl became pregnant, and her parents were able to find another apartment and

*This is the story of a young couple from Hungary who endured great hardships in a struggle for freedom. When you read their story you will discover that what makes courage so rare is its price.*



By HAROLD BRODKEY

# MANY FACES OF COURAGE

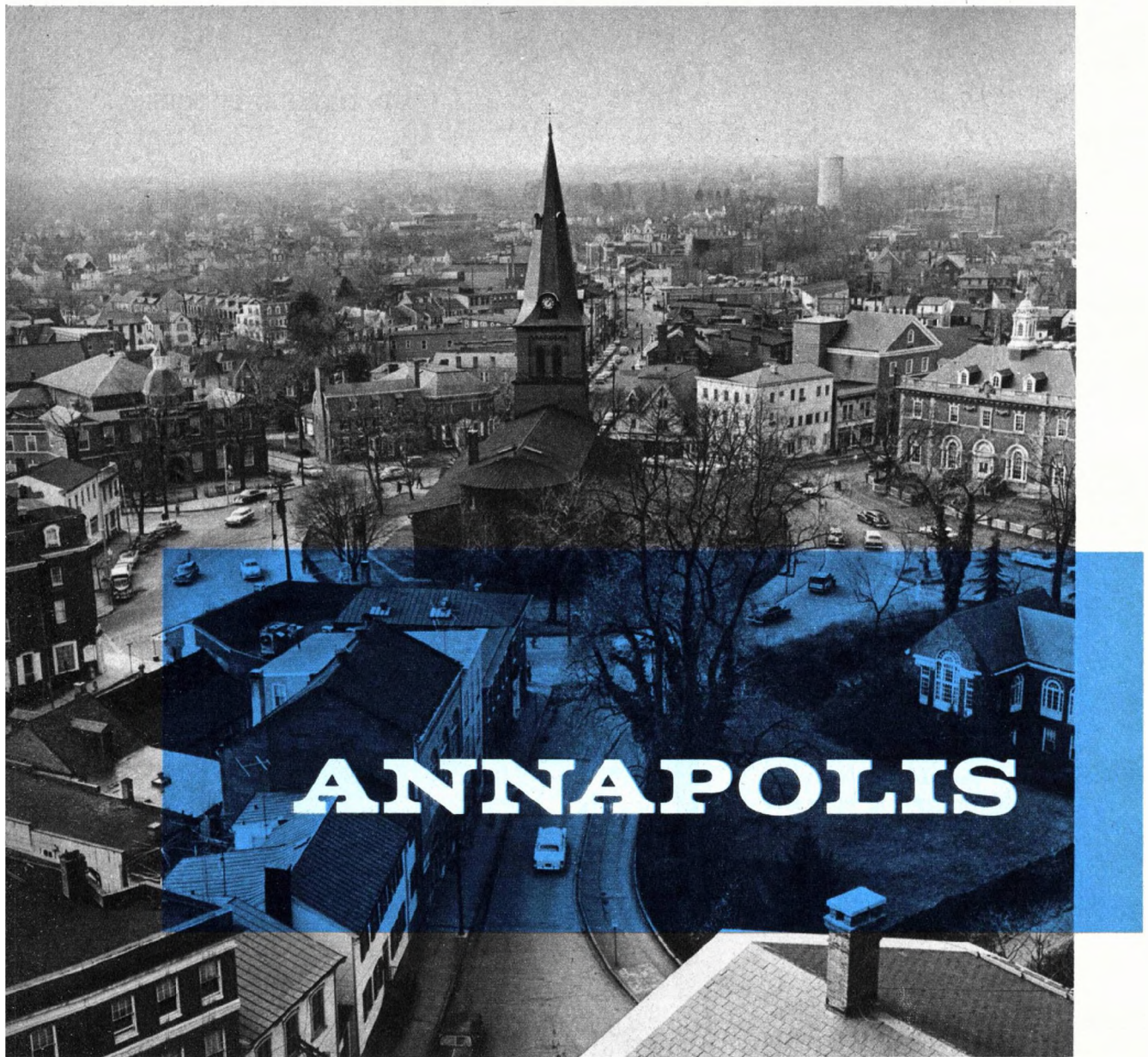
move out. There were money problems. Her husband earned 1200 Forints a month in the factory. By the official rate of exchange, this was \$120 a month, but by the black-market rate, which is a more accurate index of purchasing power, he earned \$40. Out of his salary, the factory deducted about 85 Forints for union dues, social security, and the not quite voluntary peace loan. Rent was 100 Forints, electricity another 100, and bus fare to work, 60, leaving about 850 Forints for food, or less than a dollar a day. Breakfast alone was six Forints, just for bread and milk and a roll for the baby with hot milk poured over it. This left about 20 Forints for the rest of their meals, and it cost 30 Forints a pound for the cheapest meat. The staples of their diet were noodles and potatoes. Sometimes, her mother gave her fruit for the baby, apples or pears, and she would grate it and make a purée of some kind.

Her husband was paid on the twelfth and twenty-seventh of the month. He was paid in cash, and he would wrap the money in a piece of paper so it wouldn't get stained from his coveralls (issued every two years and so oily they were practically water repellent) when he went home. They were always broke by payday, and the girl would be waiting by the door for a few Forints to rush out to the store to restock the cupboard.

They had a ritual. He would lay the money out on the dinner table bill by bill so they could look at it while they ate. He would point out to her that they [Continued on page 107]







# ANNAPOLIS

*There are many towns in the United States which are rich in history, antiquity and tradition. They are rewarding to the visitor for a number of reasons: beautiful old homes, lovely gardens, fine museums, historical churches, and inviting small inns noted for regional dishes. You will want to explore these towns on your own or on guided tours when the famous houses and gardens are open to the public. We call them America's Treasure Towns, and the first in the series we are preparing for you is Annapolis.*



## AMERICA'S TREASURE TOWNS

BY NELSON LANSDALE

ANNAPOLIS rings a bell in almost everyone's mind, a ship's bell. The name conjures up midshipmen, June Week ceremonies, newly commissioned officers. It is only on second thought that one realizes that Annapolis is a dignified old Southern town on the Severn River, an hour's drive from Baltimore. To visit Annapolis is to visit early America, to know it is to know one's own ancestors. It is a town as rife with tradition, color and historical gossip as it is with uniforms, parades and drills. Rich in colonial architecture, it is a lode of fact and anecdote, ready to be mined by the casual visitor or the student of American history.

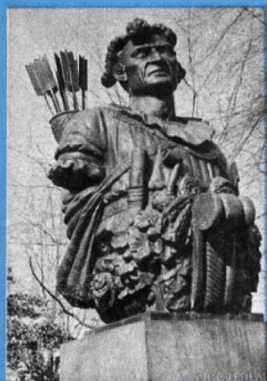
Annapolis did not grow haphazardly. Its very conception was a unique one. After the Great Fire of London in 1666, Sir Christopher Wren, architect of St. Paul's Cathedral, drew up a new plan for the burned-out British capital which was never used in London. Instead, it was carried out across the Atlantic Ocean in colonial Annapolis.

Annapolis's history, then, goes back further than 1694, when it became the provincial capital of Maryland. Later, in 1783, it was the temporary seat of the Federal Government, before the city on the Potomac was decided upon. It has few rivals where stately pre-Revolutionary houses are concerned. Williamsburg, perhaps, has had more attention, but the visitor need not feel he must choose between the two. Both are show places of the nation's treasures: Williamsburg was restored by the Rockefellers, Annapolis was revitalized, unintentionally, by the new and young blood of the Naval Academy, which began modestly as a Naval School in 1845.

But by 1845 Annapolis was already looking back peacefully on its days of greatest glory, when it earned the title "Bath of America," metropolis of fashion, wit and the art of living. Never so large as Boston, Philadelphia or New York, in colonial times Annapolis was livelier than any of them. There were few Puritans or Quakers to object to the several theaters, the numerous men's gambling clubs, a race track at which young sportsmen like Colonel George Washington of Virginia were frequent visitors, and a continual round of balls and parties in the big houses of the tobacco-rich planters.

In 1782, an aide to Rochambeau wrote: "For some years all the commerce has gone to Baltimore; however the richest men of the State have preferred Annapolis, which brings there a charming Society." The ladies and gentlemen who graced it have passed on, but

**MORE →**



**MARYLAND'S HISTORIC CAPITAL  
IS THE NAVAL ACADEMY'S HOME**

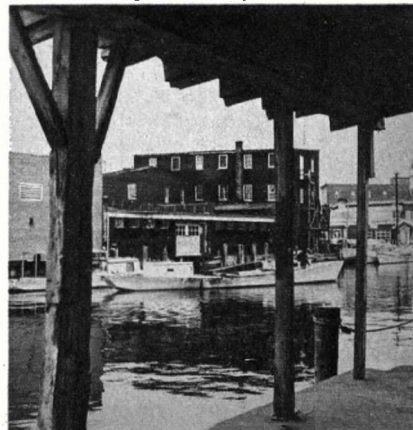
*Hammond-Harwood House, built in 1774.*



*Interior, Hammond-Harwood House.*



*On the Annapolis waterfront.*



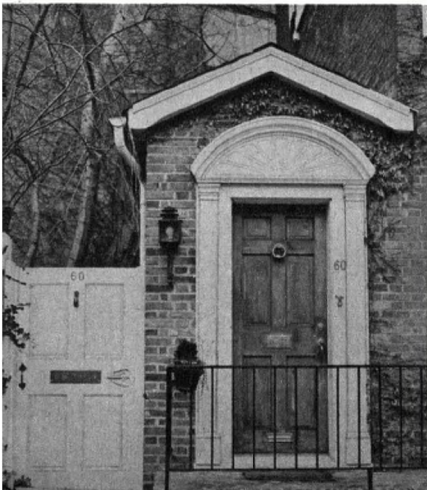


# ANNAPOLIS *continued*



*Outside the Naval Academy's Bancroft Hall, with Tecumseh at left.*

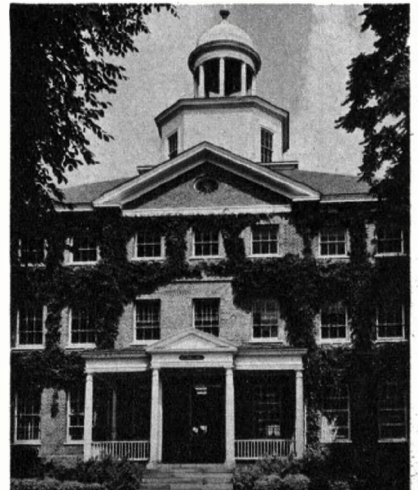
*Pre-Revolutionary doorway.*



*A fine eighteenth-century mantel.*



*McDowell Hall, St. John's College.*







their fine homes remain.

The Ogle House is now the Navy Alumni Association's home which allows visitors inside at those times when no major social event is under way; the Paca House is part of Carvel Hall Hotel. At the Chase-Lloyd House, now an old ladies' home maintained by the Episcopal Church, visitors may see the parlor where Francis Scott Key, the author of *The Star Spangled Banner*, was married. The home of the Tory merchant Anthony Stewart has been lovingly restored from private funds. In 1774, ten months after the more famous Boston Tea Party, he was forced to burn his own ship, the *Peggy Stewart*, loaded with tea on which the hated tax had already been paid.

The untouched Ridout House, where the Washingtons often stayed when they attended the races before the Revolution, is still maintained by descendants of the original owners but is closed to the public. However, during Heritage Week, October 12 to 19th, visitors may enter some houses not ordinarily open. The entire Hammond-Harwood House, often referred to as the most perfect colonial town house in America, and furnished in period, is always open to visitors for a small fee. The perfect proportions of its every detail, the exquisite carving of the interior, have earned the admiration of designers from Thomas Jefferson, who made a drawing of it, to architects of the present day.

Tories owned most of the big houses, but they had been on friendly terms with Colonel Washington before the war, and it seems likely that many of them were present in the State House on December 23, 1783, when George Washington made the most eloquent speech of his career, resigning as victorious Commander-in-Chief of the Continental Army. The following year the treaty of peace with Great Britain was ratified by Congress in the same State House. Resisting all efforts to move it to Baltimore, the State Capitol remained in use on State Circle as it does today. [Continued on page 120]

## TRADITIONAL MARYLAND CRAB RECIPES

### IMPERIAL CRAB

1 pound crab meat	1 tablespoon
Crumbs, from two	Worcestershire
slices dry bread,	1 tablespoon
no crust	lemon juice
½ cup mayonnaise	1 tablespoon capers
1 tablespoon prepared	Dash Tabasco
mustard	Buttered crumbs

Pick over crab meat, mix with bread crumbs, mayonnaise and seasonings. Fill buttered ramekins, cover with buttered crumbs and bake for 30 minutes in 350°F. oven. Makes 4 servings.

### CRAB CAKES

2 slices bread with	1 tablespoon
crusts removed	Worcestershire
Milk	1 tablespoon
1 pound crab meat	chopped parsley
¼ teaspoon fish-herb	1 tablespoon
blend	baking powder
½ teaspoon salt	1 egg, beaten
1 tablespoon mayonnaise	

Break bread into small pieces and moisten with milk. Mix with remaining ingredients, and shape into cakes. Fry until brown. Makes 4 servings.

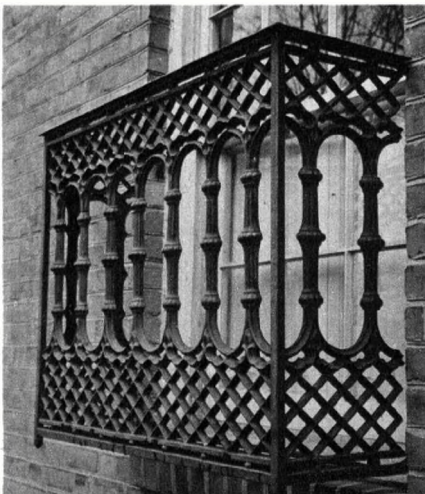
### DEVILED CRABS

Flake 1½ cups crab meat. Melt 1 tablespoon butter; add ¼ cup cracker crumbs, and ¾ cup milk or cream. Bring to boil. Remove from heat. Beat 2 eggs, ¼ teaspoon salt, ¾ teaspoon dry mustard, 1 teaspoon prepared horse-radish, a few grains of cayenne, dash of Tabasco. Add slowly to milk. Add the crab meat. Pack into crab shells or ramekins. Brush the tops with melted butter. Bake in a moderate oven, 375°F., about 20 minutes. Makes 4 servings.

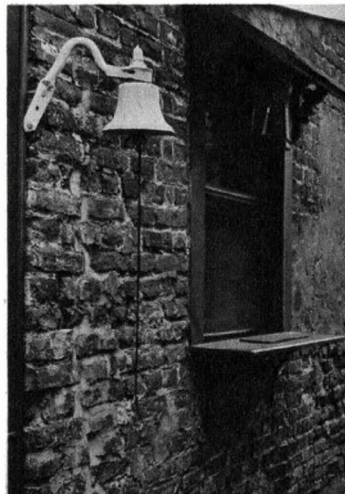
### FRIED SOFT-SHELL CRABS

Dip crabs in flour or bread crumbs, then in 1 egg diluted with 3 tablespoons of water, and finally in crumbs. Fry them until golden brown in deep fat at 375°F. Turn crabs while they are frying. Drain on absorbent paper. Sprinkle well with salt and pepper. Serve with tartar sauce or drawn butter with almonds.

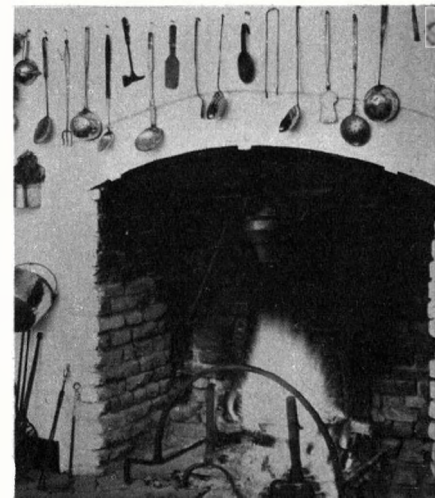
*A touch of the Victorian era.*



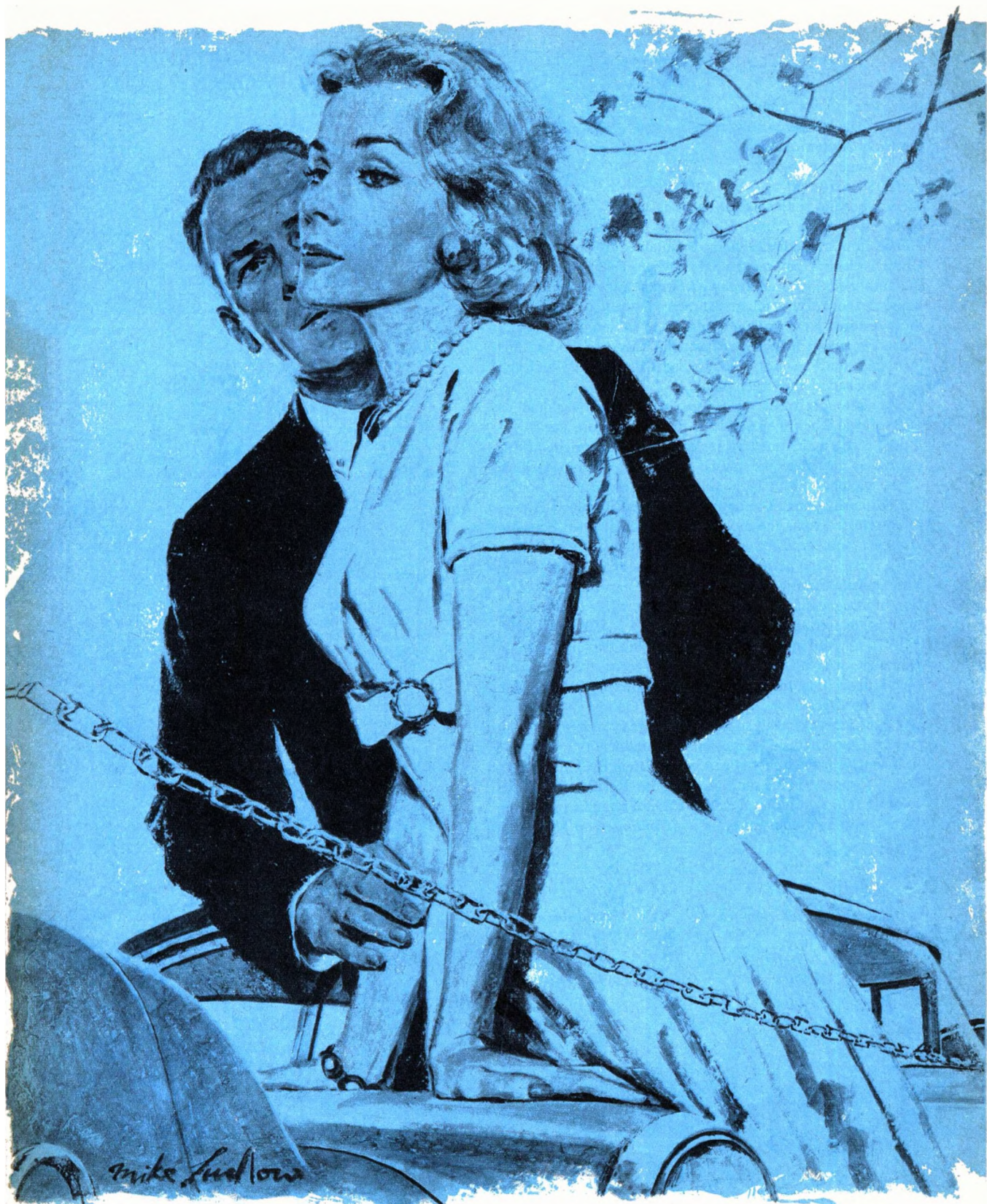
*Old slave kitchen, King George St.*



*Pre-Revolutionary kitchen hearth.*









# The heart has eyes

IT was the second Commencement Day that week. Since Carl Roedean considered himself a modest academic failure, he noted these days when the bright grain of youth was harvested for the hungry world, leaving parents and teachers like odd stalks in the lonely fields.

He drove his old Ford down the driveway that took him from the taupe-colored wooden Gothic mansion on the lake where he lived with his invalid wife, to the small denominational college where he headed the English Department. The college commencement had taken his own students, and he did not miss them. He was no Mr. Chips. He did not feel those he taught were his children, but, rather, young strangers who came and took what they could and went away to opportunity he would never have.

This morning he had to transport his usual passengers to the high-school commencement at which he was to be guest speaker. He might hold himself in poor opinion, but the old town of Port Hendrick, in upper New York State, respected his learning and reputation. His summer seminars on the drama brought many and unusual students to the town. George Avranapoulis was one. Carl winced, thinking of that dark Greek voyager in the drama. How disturbed Elizabeth had been that summer when George stayed with the Roedeans!

Carl's passengers were grouped around the RFD mailboxes. He had been picking up passengers for more than twenty years, a jitney service which helped pay the upkeep of his car. He tried to tell himself that at this distance it was not possible to recognize the turn of one head, when all four girls looked more or less alike in their white dresses. But the heart which has its own

reasons also has eyes to see with. His saw Linnea.

"Hi, Carl!" Ruth Miller shouted. She was the buxom, busy twin. Her sister, Helen, rose and shook out her piquè skirt. "Good morning, Carl."

The third passenger was Linnea Harvey, who taught at the high school, and who smiled, with care, as she greeted Carl. The effort touched him. He remembered that on the day of Elizabeth's delayed arrival in Port Hendrick, Linnea, then in the third grade, had given him a homemade bouquet of daisies and black-eyed Susans.

"It's for Mrs. Roedean," she said gravely.

"I'll put the flowers where she'll see them the first thing," he had said.

Now Linnea had become a beautiful woman who seemed to carry her own summertime with her. She had fine, fair hair which she had inherited from her Swedish mother. She had gone away to study and come back to teach.

Carl said, "How lovely you all look." His own smile seemed to him as worn shabby as his Commencement Day dark suit.

"Look at my new dress," cried thirteen-year-old Dorothea. "My father sent it to me!"

It was a bit ornate and small, as though indeed bought by a stranger. Dorothea's mother had left Port Hendrick and returned after the war with a small child and no husband, though she called herself Mrs. Brockman. The town drew its own conclusions.

"And my father's coming to see me graduate today!" Dorothea said in wild excitement.

Linnea, seated beside Carl in front said sadly in a low voice, "I suppose there'll be another telegram to say he can't come."

Dorothea's father [*Continued on page 110*]



*With a small puppy as an ally,  
he achieved something sensational in the neighborhood.*

# *Never Push a Pekingese*

A story by ROBERT SHERMAN TOWNES





EAGERLY as Davy looked forward to the annual visit of his elegant Aunt Lucinda, he wished that the whole house did not have to be turned upside down in preparation. His grandfather's housekeeper and cook and maid paid no heed at all to his mother's soft-voiced attempts to direct them. To them, the young widow of the old General's only son was just a nuisance. But she kept trying, anyway. Davy knew how much she stood in awe of her late husband's chic, dashing sister. To Davy, his Aunt Lucinda's great achievement was her daring to talk back to the old General and even to tease him. It seemed superhuman.

From his grandfather's rooms (or "quarters" as the General insisted on calling them), Davy heard an advancing roar, as though a full cavalry charge was being swept along the dark-paneled hall. As always when

he heard that parade-ground voice, Davy tried to make himself invisible.

"You there, sir!" came the hoarse roar. "Where's that mother of yours? What kind of a battery is she running around here? *No organization!*"

The hawklike face with thick white eyebrows was thrust toward Davy and stormy gray eyes pierced his wide gray ones. Deep inside Davy, another person, strong and at ease, flung back into the General's teeth the arrogant "that mother of yours." But the General saw only the outer Davy, a mop-headed ten-year-old who was too thin, too pale, and always seemed tongue-tied when a man asked him a simple, civil question.

The wintry gaze flicked to the large framed photograph on the piano, of a lean-jawed young man in a flawless uniform, with the gold leaves of a major and a row of medals, including the Distinguished

Service Cross. The DSC had been posthumous, and the General had had the photograph retouched to include it. Davy preferred the picture on his mother's dressing table, a laughing man with his collar unbuttoned. The General's exasperated regard swung back to Davy.

"Fire and W. T. Sherman!" he thundered. "No use asking *you* anything! Skull full of clouds!"

And off he marched, David Putnam Warren, Major General, U. S. A., Retired, rigid, splendid, and inexorable. Slowly, Davy unfroze, sadly reminding himself that this had been the "next time," when he had planned to stand up to the old ogre. From down the hall he could hear that his mother was under fire now. The rampaging voice rolled on.

". . . and so timid he's even afraid to take out that outrageously expensive [Continued on page 102]





As long as rooms have windows, there will be window decorating problems. Matchstick blinds offer a fresh, inexpensive solution for every window in the house. Some blinds can be rolled, others can be hung from a rod and drawn, curtainwise. Both are available in all sizes and lengths. When the blinds are decorated with yarn or tape, or stenciled with paint, they make curtains or draperies unnecessary. On these four pages are suggestions for embroidering, weaving, and stenciling matchstick blinds for any room and any decorating scheme.

# Matchstick Blinds



## Embroidered with wool yarn →

*In a boy's room where frills are out of order, a natural matchstick blind has a simple dart design embroidered with wool yarn that matches the walls. An embroidery needle slips easily between the slats, and the yarn doesn't interfere with the blind's rolling action. The blind is hung flush with the glass, so the deep sill can serve as a shelf.*

## ← Woven, and framed with wood

*In a living room, a blind with a bold woven design is framed in a shadow box of clear pine to give importance to the window. Weaving materials, twill tape, upholstery gimp, Venetian-blind tape, and wool yarn vary in texture, but are not too bulky to be rolled up. They are tacked to the back of the blind at top and bottom.*

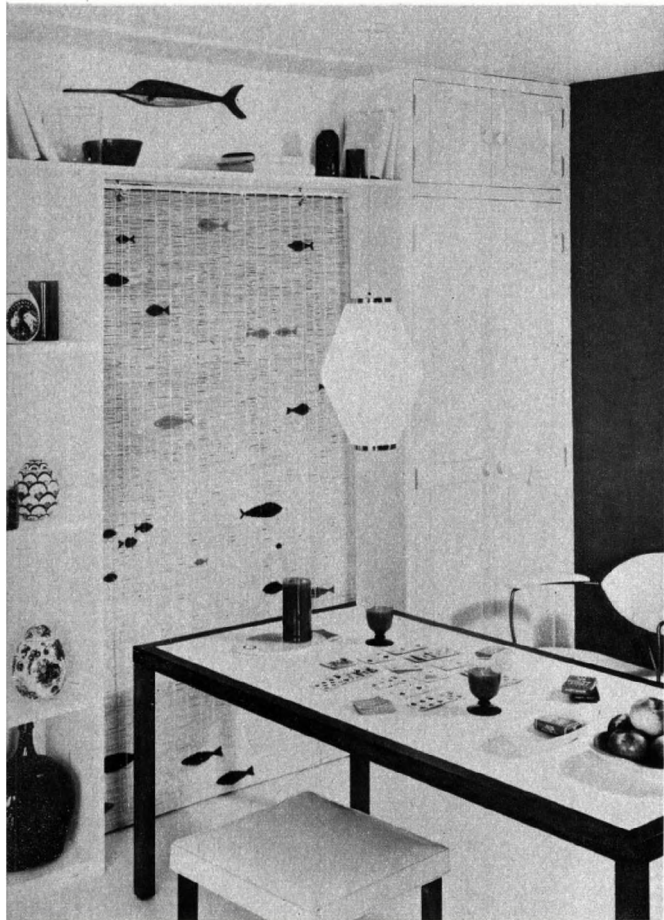
**MORE →**








# Matchstick Blinds *continued*



↑ **Embroidered in color**

*In a family room, this full-length blind with an amusing fish motif unifies the window and surrounding shelves and cabinets. The fish designs can be cut from cardboard, traced on the blind with a light pencil, then filled in with yarn using the colors of the room's accessories.*

**Matchstick blinds are a decorative window treatment almost any budget can afford. Adapt them to any room, trim them yourself**

See  **HOW TO, PAGE 119**



↑ **Woven, and hung to be drawn**

*In a bedroom, the rickrack border of the spread is repeated on a pair of blinds which hang from a rod and can be drawn in the same manner as a pair of curtains. To simplify weaving through the slats, fold Scotch tape over the ends of the rickrack. When finished, stitch ends to the back of the blinds.*





↑ **Stenciled, and with shutters**

*To dramatize a dining area, matchstick blinds are combined with slender shutters, painted the same color, and hung as a floor-to-ceiling curtain. The fleurs-de-lis are painted from a stencil and then outlined in black with careful hand strokes. Each one is tied in the center with thin gold cord.*

**Stenciled, and accented** →

*The stencils on these kitchen blinds echo the utensils on the pegboard wall; the felt awning adds a gay accent to the snack bar. Use small amounts of paint to stencil, and apply several coats.*





By *ROBERT FONTAINE*

As a child, I prayed swiftly and comprehensively. At night, I said the Lord's Prayer and "Now I lay me down to sleep." I ended by requesting the Lord to bless the members of my immediate family. And that was all.

During the day, however, I prayed voluminously. I prayed that I not be late for school. I prayed that my teacher would not be angry because I did not know my lesson. I prayed for divine guidance in the matter of being permitted to carry home the books of a girl named Sally.

My early prayers were as much a part of my life as breathing. I do not believe I ever came up to bat in a game between the Lower Town Nine and St. Brigid's Athletic Club without praying softly, "Please, God, make me sock one out of the park. Amen." That I did not sock one out of the park every time did not upset me. By careful calculation I was socking more home runs than a boy my weight and height was normally entitled to, and I felt the difference was due to my piety.

Alas, I did not care for the prayers in church or school. They seemed too sonorous, too made up, too general. Also, there were too many references to themes of which I had no knowledge and too much about evil, with which I was little acquainted.

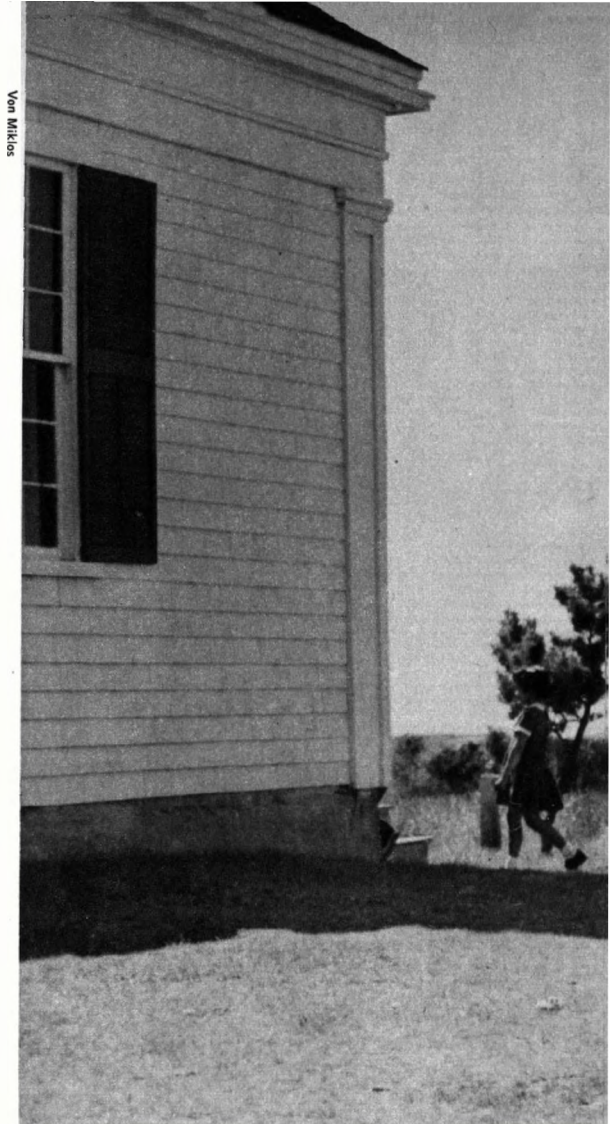
As the years went by, my praying fell off. I am not quite sure why. Maybe I began to think that I could manage alone, that it was a sign of weakness to ask for divine assistance in every move I made. On the other hand, I may have discovered that my record in obtaining answers to my prayers was not very good, and so I abandoned them as superfluous.

There were times, in the twenty years or so I neglected my prayers, even the nightly converse with heaven, when I found myself, in desperation, begging for help from above.

And yet, as often as I began, I stopped midway, chiding myself for my childishness or, rather, what in my pride I considered childishness, and then abandoned the matter with melancholy but definite reluctance.

I had become a realist. I had become a realist in the worst sense. I had become a materialist. My reading and my experience had led me to believe that the world functioned without intelligence, that it functioned blindly and casually. My prayers were merely exhortations to myself and, once recognized as such, were worse than useless.

The mystery, the humor, the drama, the beauty, the tragedy of the world, I foolishly considered acci-



Von Miklos

dental. And, yet how could I? When I had become a professional writer, when I had realized the enormous patience and intelligence required to make drama or humor or mystery or beauty or tragedy, it seems pathetic that I could not calculate a stupendous Intelligence behind the world.

And then, after years of roaming about, with considerable lack of success, I found myself at home again, sleeping in the same house with my father and mother, speaking of the things of childhood and the things of love and hope.

When I went to sleep at night, there came back, like the gentle melody of an old hymn, drifting through my mind, the old blessings, the old pleas, the old belief. And, once again, in the midst of my most hopeless days, I found, without intention, the simple hope of childhood, wherein I would sock the



# *The evolution of my prayers*



***For a child, praying is easy; it is just speaking simply and directly from the heart.***

ball out of the park because heaven was with me.

Again I prayed. At first I prayed for everything, and then, when I had thought on the matter a great deal, I found myself praying for only those things I felt I simply could not achieve without help. I prayed for the health of my parents and for my own decency in life. But I did not ever pray for success, for fortune, for fame.

I can recall only two occasions when I actually prayed for good luck or financial gain. When a book I had written was finally published, I prayed it might have a reasonable success. I believe I even fixed the total number of copies that would suit me, enough to give me some money to repay my parents and to help me write another book, but not enough to make me lazy and conceited.

And then, once again, when my book had been

dramatized, I prayed, just before the curtain rose, that the play be reasonably successful. I set the minimum run at six months. I thought this was fair enough, after all the work involved.

Except for those two instances, I have kept my prayers in the realm of the spirit and the emotions.

I find now that I pray for my parents and my wife and children. I ask that they be blessed with good health, a reasonable amount of happiness, and that they be endowed, at least in a modest degree, with generosity, courage, and loving-kindness.

And then again, there are melancholy days when the pain and despair of so many people assail me that I include in my prayers almost everyone whose name I can recall and, finally, the anonymous ones whose broken dreams I do not know but surely can sense.

[Continued on page 92]







# The Popular Look

Fashion has a new look this year. It's that indefinable, ladylike, well-bred-to-the-bone look that adds up to great femininity. Colors are like pale mists, often in shades of early blooming fruits. The silhouette is softer, more supple; full skirts that drift in a bell-shaped direction; narrow skirts that have a gentle ease are all part of the picture. Our six make-it-yourself patterns for any season in the sun show why the new look is the popular look *and* the prettiest look. Versatility is important. Our drawstring chemise dress has its own coat. A shirtdress can be bared for a tan or for balmy evenings. The two-faced sheath takes a blouson. The jacket of a suit plays several roles. A playsuit plus an overskirt leads a double life. There's a bonanza of fabrics, too. Silks that look luxurious but are budget priced; new dacron blends, cotton lawns, prints, polka dots, and plaids with a garden-party air.

## The drawstring dress and its coat

New format for the ensemble: elegance plus color. Two perfect examples: This cowl-necked, wafer-thin cotton dress with a puckered waistline has big polka dots in blended pastels which prove color can be ladylike. The coat hangs straight but stresses the new wide-top look with the deep-set armholes. For dress and coat we predict a long practical future, together or apart. The coat, our pattern 8317. The dress, our pattern 8308.



Howell Conant

**Fabric information and  
order coupon for Woman's Day-  
Advance patterns, page 90**

Photographed at Longwood Gardens, Kennett Square, Pa.

Hats by Sally Victor  
Shoes by Evins  
Gloves by Kislav  
Beads by Marvella

**MORE**



## The Popular Look

*continued*

### The softened shirtdress

Our shirt and skirt separates in this summer's softer, more feminine version span daytime to evening with the added plus of a bare-shoulder halter. The demure shirt-blouse with its tiny neckline tucks, ladylike collar and all-in-one puffed sleeves hardly resembles its little boy cousin of last season. The new bell-shaped skirt, kind to any figure, is definitely designed for fewer petticoats. These, the high-throated halter and a wisp of a cummerbund, all in the same delicate watercolor print on cotton lawn. It's the popular one-piece look, the softer dress look. Our pattern 8315.







## The two-faced sheath and blouson

The new profile for a sheath is a bodice high in front, dipping low in back, and a skirt slightly rounded at the hips, tapering to the hem. The brief-sleeved dress in pale-pink silk can be as dressy as you like. Its casually bloused jacket, ending at the waist, is in matching pink and white checks. The costume, our pattern 8316. *Editor's advice:* Accessories add to the effect. Chalk white is big fashion news this year. Consider it for a big-brimmed hat, a slimmer bag, and shoes with a narrowed heel to toe cut.

Fabric information and order coupon for Woman's Day-Advance patterns, page 90

Bag by Greta • Stole by Vera • Jewelry by Ben Reig

**MORE**

APRIL, 1957





## The Popular Look

*continued*

### The cotton topper suit

One prediction about our suit that's ready to go places with never a thought to time; you'll wear it in Southern climes, in steaming city streets, on a commuting train, or in the suburbs. In handsome ribbed cotton, the color is beige, a café-au-lait shade. The longer, flared jacket makes an ideal topper for summer clothes, can be combined also with the playsuit on the opposite page. Easy to make because of the raglan sleeves and facings cut in one with the jacket. With it, wear even paler shoes, a deeper toned beret, all in beige. This suit, our pattern 8314.

Fabric information and order coupon for Woman's Day-Advance patterns, page 90



Bag by Coronet  
Coral rope by Bobbley  
Flowers by Flower Mode





## The playsuit and skirt

This playsuit with a feminine flair owes its charm to a wide, deep neckline, a whittled-down waist, and bloomers that are briefed for a long, leggy look. Away from beach or pool, put on the full-blown overskirt and you are charmingly dressed. Pale plaids have a new freshness, especially in combinations of gray, beige, and white. Add a bib of pastel beads and you're ready to cross the country-city line in the evenings. The playsuit and skirt, our pattern 8313.







*A predominantly white kitchen with a fine Mary Cassatt aquatint on the wall between the two windows.*

## A good kitchen deserves a good cook



**T**ODAY'S kitchens, their equipment, planning and decoration, make entertaining a joy and creative cooking a must. In this plan, for example, all free wall space is devoted to convenient work areas and generous storage cabinets. Cabinet tops, except for the cutting board, are of polished Italian marble, no costlier to install than many more commonly used surfaces, and of great decorative value. Stainless-steel surface cooking units have easy-to-see top controls; refrigerator has a freezer top to hold dishes that have been cooked ahead. All these, and beauty too, make today's kitchen the headquarters of family hospitality.

*Electric wall oven and broiler are at convenient working height.*

Owners: Mr. and Mrs. Rockwell Gardiner,  
Stamford, Connecticut





## HOT OR COLD

# SATURDAY-NIGHT SUPPERS

Robert E. Coates



**HAM** See page 62

It's an American tradition to get together with friends on Saturday night. Young or old, no matter how hard the week, no one likes to spend the evening alone. If it's your turn to entertain, you can't go wrong with the universal favorites: ham and potato salad. On this and the following pages, you will find recipes for glazing a hot ham, a glaze, garnishes and sauces for cold ham, and a variety of hot and cold potato salads. Whatever menu you serve, be sure to have on hand big bowls of pickles and relishes, a tossed green salad, plenty of dark bread, ice cold beer, chilled wine, and hot coffee.



**POTATO SALAD**

See page 64

### Glazes for Hot Baked Ham:

1. One-third cup molasses,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar, and  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon dry mustard, mixed well.
2. Three-fourths to one cup cranberry jelly or currant jelly, mashed with a fork.
3. Three-fourths to one cup orange, peach, or apricot marmalade.
4. One-half cup crushed pineapple and  $\frac{3}{4}$  cup brown sugar, mixed.
5. Three-fourths to one cup honey.
6. Three-fourths cup brown sugar, 2 teaspoons dry mustard, and small amount ham fat, mixed.
7. One cup strained applesauce,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup light corn syrup, and 2 table-

spoons prepared mustard, mixed.

8. Liquid from sweet pickles.

9. One jar junior pears-and-pineapple, 1 cup brown sugar, 1 tablespoon dry mustard, and  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon cinnamon, mixed.

### Directions for Glazing:

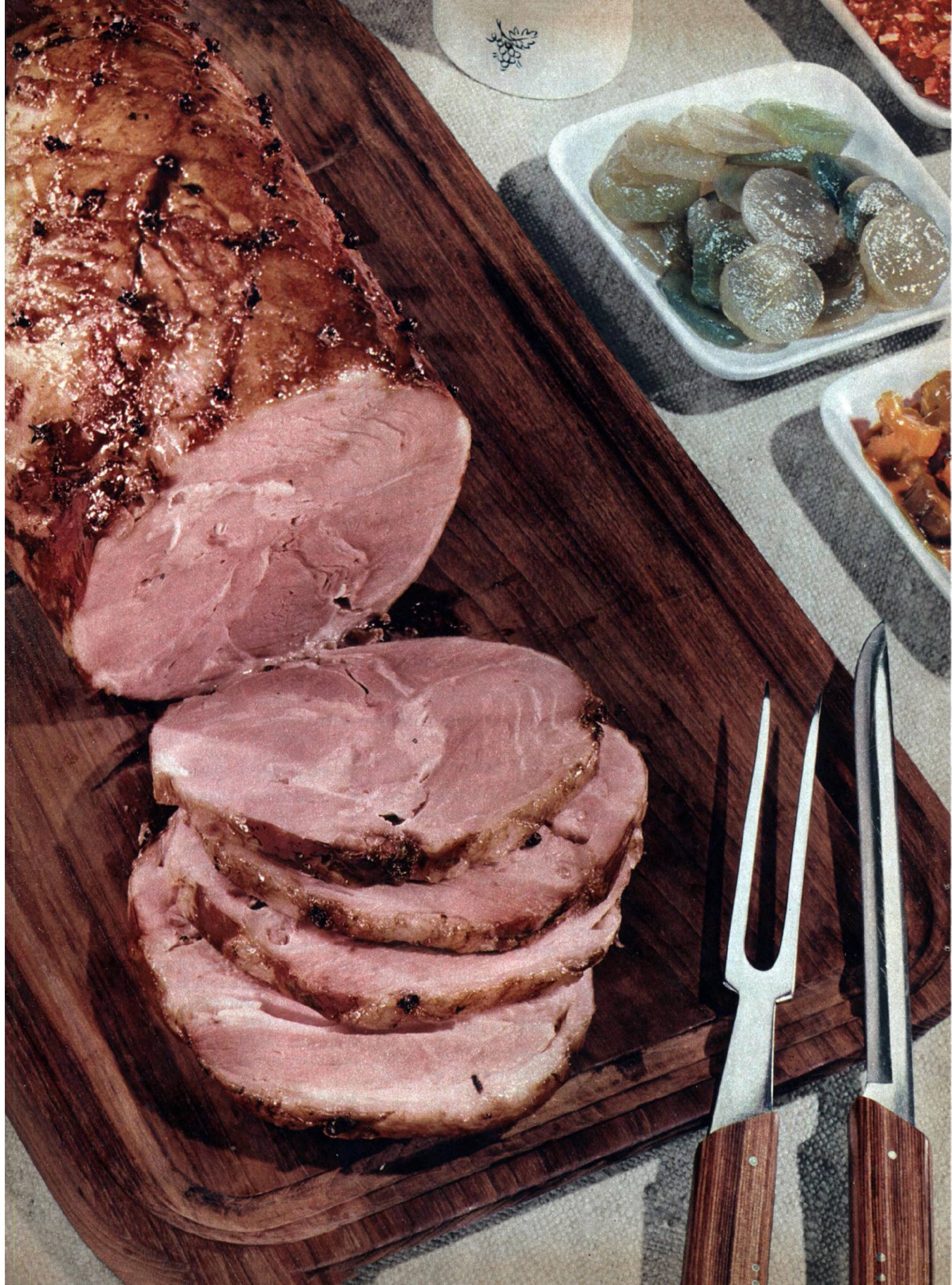
When ham is done, remove any rind, and score fat in diamond shapes with a sharp knife. Insert whole cloves, if desired. Cover with glaze, and put in hot oven, 400°F., about 15 minutes. For easier slicing, let stand 15 minutes after removing from oven.

### Garnishes for Cold Ham:

Watercress, parsley, spiced peaches or crab apples, ginger pears, mara-

**MORE** →







# HAM

continued

schino cherries with stems, sweet pickled peaches, pineapple rings browned lightly in butter, or slices of Edam, Gouda, Muenster, Swiss, or other cheese.

## Glaze for a Cold Ham:

Put  $\frac{2}{3}$  cup cold water in small bowl; sprinkle with 4 envelopes unflavored gelatin. Put 1 cup sugar in heavy skillet, and cook, stirring constantly, until golden brown and syrupy. Remove from heat, and *very gradually* stir in  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup hot water. Then add 1 cup sugar mixed with  $\frac{1}{8}$  teaspoon ground cloves and 1 teaspoon dry mustard. Stir and cook 2 or 3 minutes longer, or until mixture is the consistency of whipped cream. Remove from heat, and add gelatin; stir until dissolved. Add  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup cold water; cool. Put scored ham on rack on a tray. Pour glaze over top and sides of ham, spreading evenly with spoon. Add remaining glaze for a second coat. Let ham stand until glaze is firm—about 15 minutes. (Canned hams are especially attractive-looking when glazed this way.)

## Sauces for Cold Ham:

**Whipped Cream Horse-radish Sauce:** Mix  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup drained bottled horse-radish, 1 tablespoon lemon juice,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon minced parsley, and a dash cayenne. Fold in  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup heavy cream, whipped.

**Spicy Cranberry Sauce:** Crush 1 can cranberry jelly with fork, and beat until smooth. Add  $\frac{1}{8}$  teaspoon each ground cloves and cinnamon, and 2 tablespoons port or Madeira.

**Hot Mustard Sauce:** Mix  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup English-type or Dijon prepared mustard, 1 teaspoon dry mustard,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup salad dressing or mayonnaise, and 2 tablespoons sour cream.

## And with ham, hot or cold:

Relishes: sweet, mustard, dill, or watermelon pickle, mustard-pickle relish, spiced fruit.

Bread: rye, pumpernickel, or Georgia Raised Biscuits (see Hotbread Cookbook).

Beverages: chilled Chablis, red Burgundy, beer or hot coffee.

# POTATO SALAD

## Cold, with Sour Cream (Photographed page 64)

5 cups sliced cooked potato	1 cup sour cream
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup minced celery	Salt and pepper
4 green onions, sliced	Cayenne
$\frac{1}{4}$ cup French dressing	Finely sliced green- onion tops
	Paprika

Combine potato, celery, and onion. Pour French dressing over mixture, and let stand in refrigerator for several hours. Just before serving, fold in sour cream. Season with salt, pepper, cayenne to taste. Sprinkle with onion tops and paprika. Makes 4 servings. *Woman's Day Kitchen.*

## Hot, with Vegetables (Photographed page 64)

5 or 6 potatoes, cooked	1 cup hot cooked carrots and peas
$\frac{1}{4}$ cup French dressing	Salt and pepper
1 small minced onion	Cayenne

While potatoes are still warm, break into bite-size pieces with a fork. Combine with next 3 ingredients. Season to taste, and toss lightly with a fork. Makes 4 servings. *Woman's Day Kitchen.*

## Hot and Cold, with Cheese

6 cups diced cooked potato	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup French dressing
1 medium green pepper, chopped	1 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups mayonnaise
1 medium onion, chopped	Salt and pepper
1 cup chopped celery	2 cups crushed potato chips
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup diced pimiento	1 cup shredded sharp Cheddar cheese
1 cup chopped dill pickle	

Combine first six ingredients. Mix lightly with French dressing, and let stand in refrigerator until thoroughly chilled. Fold in mayonnaise, and season to taste. Chill several more hours. Just before serving, put in shallow 2-quart broiler-proof baking dish. Mix potato chips and cheese, and use to cover entire top of salad. Put under broiler until cheese is bubbly, but salad remains chilled. Serve at once. Makes 6 to 8 servings. *Woman's Day Kitchen.*

## Cold, with Eggs (Photographed page 64)

4 cups hot diced potato	1 cup sliced celery
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup French dressing	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped sweet pickle
Salt and pepper	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup mayonnaise
Cayenne	Parsley
	2 hard-cooked eggs

Mix potato lightly with French dressing; season with salt, pepper, and cayenne to taste. Add celery, pickle, mayonnaise, and chopped egg whites. Add more seasoning if necessary. Just before serving, garnish with parsley and hard-cooked egg yolks forced through ricer or sieve. Makes 4 servings. *Woman's Day Kitchen.*

## Hot, with Bacon (Photographed page 64)

4 quartered slices bacon, cooked	1 tablespoon prepared mustard
1 $\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons flour	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup vinegar
1 tablespoon sugar	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup water
1 teaspoon salt	4 cups sliced cooked potato

To 2 tablespoons bacon fat add

MORE →



# POTATO SALAD

continued

flour, sugar, salt, mustard, vinegar, and water; cook, stirring until thickened. Add potato; heat, mixing lightly. To serve, sprinkle with bacon. Makes 4 servings. *Woman's Day Kitchen.*

## Cold, with Sherry (Photographed below)

4 cups diced cooked potato      ½ cup sliced stuffed olives

1 cup cubed Bel Paese cheese  
1 cup chopped green pepper

¼ cup olive oil  
½ cup dry sherry  
Salt and pepper

Combine potato, cheese, green pepper, and olives. Pour olive oil and sherry over mixture, and refrigerate several hours. Season. Makes 4 servings. *Woman's Day Kitchen.*

[Continued on page 88]



Robert E. Cantler



#3

THE  
COLLECTOR'S  
COOKBOOK

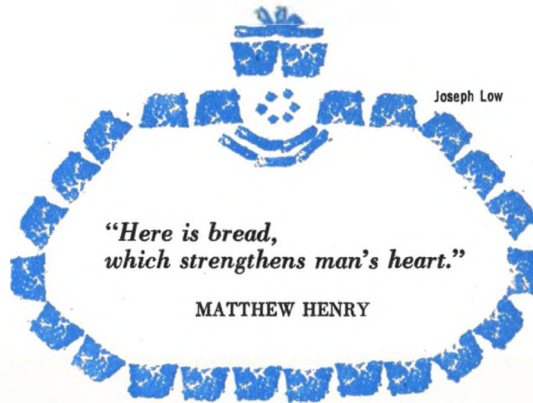


HOT BREADS

*Woman's Day Kitchen*

CUT OUT ALONG DOTTED LINE





## SWEET: *with yeast*

### PETIT-DEJEUNER BRIOCHE

<p>1 package active dry yeast          ¼ cup lukewarm water          ¼ cup soft butter          ¼ cup sugar</p>		<p>½ teaspoon salt          ½ cup milk, scalded          4 cups sifted flour          3 eggs          Melted butter          5 egg yolks</p>
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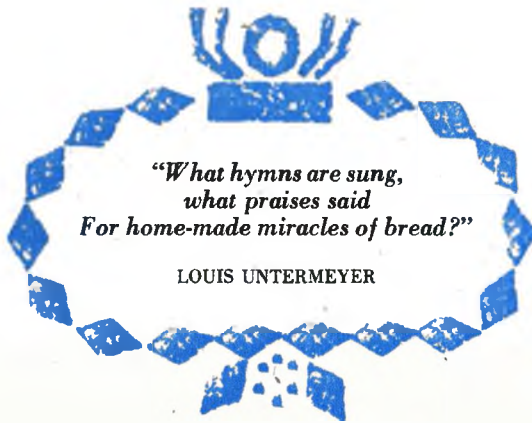
**CAN BE FROZEN** Soften yeast in water; let stand 5 minutes. Meanwhile, in large bowl combine soft butter, sugar, salt, and milk; cool to lukewarm; mix thoroughly. Add yeast and ½ cup of the flour; mix well. Add 1½ cups more flour gradually, beating after each addition. Add eggs and egg yolks one at a time, beating after each addition only enough to form soft dough. Add remaining 2 cups flour, and beat about 5 minutes. Put in large greased bowl; turn to bring greased side up. Cover with waxed paper and towel, and let stand in warm place (80-85°F.) 1½ hours, or until double in bulk. Punch down, cover, and set in refrigerator about 12 hours. Punch down dough occasionally as it rises. To prepare for baking, remove from refrigerator, punch down dough, turn out on lightly floured board; let rest 10 minutes. Shape ⅔ of dough in eighteen 2-inch balls. Put one in each cup of greased muffin pans; with finger, make an impression in top of each ball. Divide remaining ⅓ of dough into 18 small balls, and roll each to cone shape between palms of hands. Insert tip of a cone in each impression in large balls to make top hats. Cover with waxed paper and towel; set in warm place to double in bulk. For a nice glaze, brush tops lightly with 1 egg yolk beaten slightly with 1 teaspoon milk. Bake in hot oven, 425°F., 15 minutes, or until golden brown. Loosen with spatula, and lift gently out of pans. Serve warm. Makes 1½ dozen.

### DOUGH FOR SWEET ROLLS

<p>2 packages active dry yeast          ½ cup lukewarm water          4½ to 5 cups sifted flour</p>		<p>½ cup milk, scalded and cooled to lukewarm          ½ cup sugar          1 teaspoon salt          2 eggs          ½ cup soft butter</p>
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Soften yeast in water; let stand 5 minutes. In large bowl, mix 3 cups of the flour and remaining






ingredients; beat until smooth. Gradually add enough of remaining flour to make a soft dough. Turn out on floured board, and knead 5 minutes, or until smooth and elastic. Put in large greased bowl; turn to bring greased side up. Cover with waxed paper and cloth, and let stand in warm place (80-85°F.) 1½ hours, or until double in bulk. Punch down, cover, and let rise in warm place about ½ hour. Turn out on floured board, and let rest 10 minutes. Shape as desired, cover; let rise, and bake as directed.


*To prepare all or part of dough for early-morning baking:* Cover shaped coffeecake or rolls, and let stand in refrigerator overnight. Remove from refrigerator about ½ hour before baking time, set in warm place to rise, and bake as directed.

*To hold dough for later baking:* After first rising, punch down the dough; cover, and set in refrigerator. Punch down occasionally if dough rises too much in refrigerator. When ready to bake, remove dough from refrigerator and set in warm place until double in bulk. Punch down again, shape as before, and bake as directed.

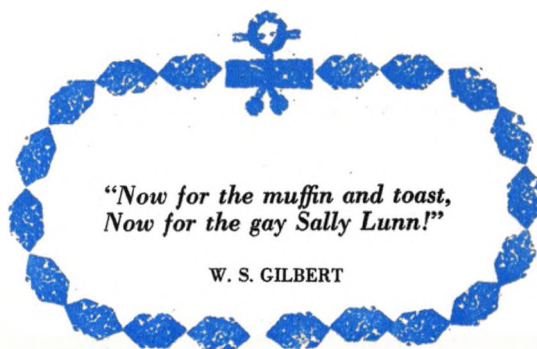
### Rum Rolls

 **CAN BE FROZEN** After second rising, roll ⅓ of sweet dough in rectangle ¼ inch thick. Brush with melted butter; sprinkle ¼ cup dried currants, ¼ cup sugar, 1 tablespoon Jamaica rum, and ¼ teaspoon nutmeg over dough. Roll up, jelly-roll fashion. Cut roll in 1-inch slices, and put dough, a cut side down, in greased 9-inch square pan. Flatten rolls with hand until they cover entire bottom of pan. Cover, and let rise about 2 hours in warm place. Bake in very hot oven, 450°F., about 20 minutes, or until browned. Frost with icing made by mixing ½ cup confectioners' sugar, 1 teaspoon melted butter, 1 tablespoon rum. Serve warm. Makes about 1 dozen.

### Streusel Coffeecake

 **CAN BE FROZEN** After second rising, roll ⅓ of sweet dough into circle to fit 9-inch layer-cake pan. Sprinkle top with mixture of ⅓ cup flour, ⅓ cup sugar, and 3 tablespoons soft butter which have been rubbed together until crumbly. Cover, and let rise until double in bulk. Bake in hot oven, 400°F., about 25 minutes. Serve warm.





## SWEET: *without yeast*

### ORANGE VELVET CRUMBCAKE

1½ cups biscuit mix	2 tablespoons cream
¾ cup granulated sugar	1½ teaspoons orange juice
1 tablespoon soft butter	1½ teaspoons grated orange rind
1 egg	½ cup moist canned coconut
¾ cup milk	¼ cup chopped nuts
3 tablespoons melted butter	
½ cup light brown sugar	

**CAN BE FROZEN** Combine biscuit mix and granulated sugar. Add soft butter, egg, and ¼ cup of the milk; beat vigorously 1 minute. Stir in remaining ½ cup milk, and beat ½ minute. Pour into greased and floured 9-inch round or 8-inch square cake pan. Bake in moderate oven, 350°F., about 35 minutes. Mix melted butter, brown sugar, and remaining ingredients; spread on hot cake as soon as it is done, and set about 3 inches under broiler 3 minutes, or until brown and bubbly. Serve warm.

### QUICK SALLY LUNN

½ cup butter	3 teaspoons baking powder
Sugar	¾ teaspoon salt
2 eggs	Cinnamon
1 cup milk	
2 cups sifted flour	

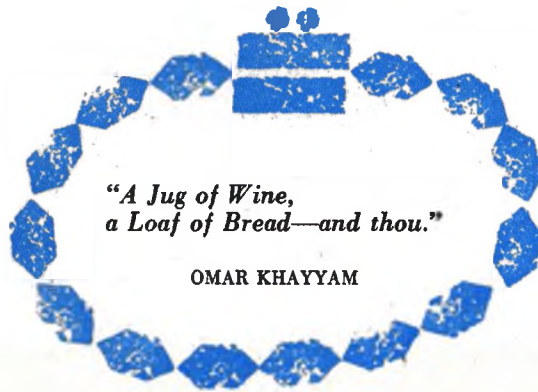
**CAN BE FROZEN** Cream butter; add ⅓ cup sugar gradually, creaming until light and fluffy. Beat eggs well; add milk. Add sifted dry ingredients and liquid alternately to sugar mixture, beating until smooth. Turn into two greased 8 x 8 x 2-inch pans. Sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon. Bake in hot oven, 425°F., about 20 minutes. Cut each square in 9 pieces, and serve warm. Makes 18.

### PEANUT-HONEY SQUARES

½ cup peanut butter	¼ cup honey
2 cups biscuit mix	¼ cup milk
1 egg, beaten	½ cup salted peanuts, chopped

Cut peanut butter into biscuit mix with pastry blender. Mix egg, honey, and milk; add to first mixture, and stir just to blend. Fold in peanuts. Pour into greased 9-inch square pan. Bake in hot oven, 400°F., about 25 minutes. Cut in squares.





*"A Jug of Wine,  
a Loaf of Bread—and thou."*

OMAR KHAYYAM

## NON-SWEET: *with yeast*

### SEEDED BREAD SQUARES

<p>1 package active dry yeast Butter 2 tablespoons salt 2 tablespoons sugar</p>	<p>1¼ cups nonfat dry milk Sifted flour (about 5½ cups) Caraway, sesame, celery or poppy seed</p>
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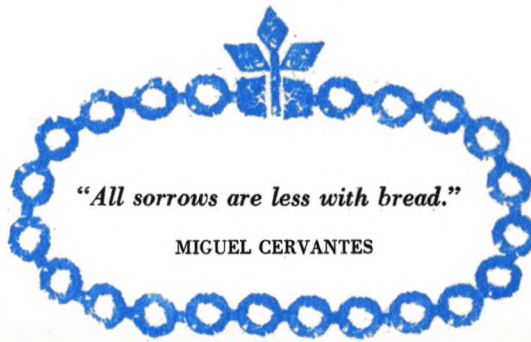
**CAN BE FROZEN** Soften yeast in ¼ cup lukewarm water; let stand 5 minutes. In large bowl put 2 tablespoons butter, salt, sugar, and 1 cup boiling water; mix well, and add ¾ cup cold water; cool to lukewarm. Add yeast. Sift dry milk and flour together. Add 3 cups to yeast mixture; beat with spoon until smooth. Add 2 cups more flour mixture, or enough to make a dough that doesn't stick to sides of bowl and can be kneaded. Use remaining flour mixture for kneading. Turn dough onto floured board, and knead for 10 minutes, or until smooth and elastic. Put in large greased bowl. Turn to bring greased side up. Cover with waxed paper and towel, and let stand in warm place 1½ hours, or until double in bulk. Punch down, and divide in two equal parts. Shape in square loaves, and put in two greased 9-inch square pans. Let rise about ½ hour. Bake in hot oven, 400°F., about 25 minutes. Cool slightly on rack. Cut each loaf in 16 cubes. Dip in melted butter, then in seeds. Return to pans. Heat in moderate oven, 375°F., 10 to 15 minutes.

### GEORGIA RAISED BISCUITS

<p>1 package active dry yeast 2 cups lukewarm water 5 cups sifted flour</p>	<p>2 teaspoons salt 1 tablespoon sugar ½ cup soft butter Melted butter</p>
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**CAN BE FROZEN** Soften yeast in water; let stand 5 minutes. Sift dry ingredients into large bowl. Cut in butter. Add yeast, and mix. Roll about ¼ inch thick on floured board, and brush with butter. Cut with floured 2-inch cutter, and put on baking sheet, putting biscuits in pairs, one on top of another. Let rise in warm place (80-85°F.) 1 hour. Bake in hot oven, 425°F., about 10 minutes. Makes 5 dozen.





### BUTTERY DINNER ROLLS

<p>1 package active dry yeast  <math>\frac{1}{4}</math> cup lukewarm water  <math>\frac{1}{2}</math> cup milk</p>	<p>Butter          1 tablespoon sugar          1 teaspoon salt          2 eggs          2 cups sifted flour</p>
---	---

**CAN BE FROZEN** Soften yeast in water; let stand 5 minutes. Scald milk; stir in  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup butter, sugar, and salt; cool to lukewarm. Add unbeaten eggs, yeast, and flour. Beat vigorously; cover, and let rise in warm place (80-85°F.) about 1 hour. Stir well, and spoon into greased muffin pans, filling them about half full. Let rise in warm place until double in bulk, about 30 minutes. Pour  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon melted butter over each roll; bake in moderate oven, 375°F., 20 minutes. Makes sixteen 2½-inch rolls.

### Dough for NON-SWEET ROLLS

<p>2 packages active dry yeast  <math>\frac{1}{2}</math> cup lukewarm water  <math>\frac{1}{4}</math> cup sugar          8 tablespoons butter</p>	<p>2 teaspoons salt          2 cups milk, scalded          7 to 8 cups sifted flour          2 eggs, well beaten          Melted butter</p>
---	---

Soften yeast in water; let stand 5 minutes. In large bowl mix sugar, butter, salt, and milk; cool to lukewarm, and mix well. Add 1 cup of the flour, and beat until smooth. Add softened yeast; mix well. Add about half of remaining flour; beat until smooth. Beat in eggs. Add enough remaining flour to make soft dough. Turn out on floured board, let stand 5 minutes, and knead 5 minutes, or until smooth and elastic. Put in large greased bowl, turn to bring greased side up. Cover with waxed paper and towel, and let stand in warm place 1½ hours, or until double in bulk. Punch down, cover, and let rise ½ hour as before. Turn out on lightly floured board. Shape dough in desired rolls; put on greased baking sheets or in baking pans. Brush with melted butter; sprinkle with poppy, sesame, or other seed if desired; cover; and let rise about 15 minutes. Bake in hot oven, 425°F., 15 minutes, or until browned.

### Croissants

**CAN BE FROZEN** Roll raised non-sweet dough in 12-inch circle  $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch thick; brush with melted butter. Cut in 16 wedges. Roll each wedge separately, beginning at wide edge. Put on baking sheet with wedge point underneath, and shape into crescents.






*"The Muffin reigns  
in realms beyond his own."*

OLD ENGLISH SONG

## NON-SWEET: *without yeast*

### DATE-NUT MUFFINS


- |                           |                         |
|---------------------------|-------------------------|
| 1 cup milk                | ¼ cup sugar             |
| 1 egg, well beaten        | ½ cup chopped nuts      |
| 2 cups sifted flour       | ½ cup cut-up dates      |
| 1 teaspoon salt           | ¼ cup butter,<br>melted |
| 3 teaspoons baking powder |                         |

 Mix milk and egg in bowl. Add sifted dry ingredients; mix well. Add nuts and dates, then butter, and mix only enough to blend. Half fill greased muffin pans, and bake in hot oven, 400°F., 20 minutes, or until browned. Makes 9 large muffins.

**Wheat-germ Muffins.** Add 1 cup wheat germ to milk and egg, and let stand 5 minutes; omit 1 cup flour; use ¼ cup brown sugar in place of granulated sugar; omit dates and nuts.


### CHEESE POPOVERS

- |                    |                                      |
|--------------------|--------------------------------------|
| 2 eggs             | ¼ teaspoon salt                      |
| 1 cup milk         | ¼ cup grated sharp<br>Cheddar cheese |
| 1 cup sifted flour |                                      |

 Beat eggs slightly; add milk. Then add flour and salt; beat vigorously 2 minutes. Pour batter into very hot greased custard cups or iron popover pans, filling two-thirds full. Sprinkle with grated cheese. Bake in hot oven, 425°F., about 40 minutes. Serve at once. Makes 6 large popovers.

### HERB BISCUITS

- |                                 |                              |
|---------------------------------|------------------------------|
| 2 cups biscuit mix              | 1¼ teaspoons<br>caraway seed |
| ¼ teaspoon nutmeg               | ½ cup milk                   |
| ½ teaspoon crumbled<br>dry sage | 1 egg, beaten                |

 In bowl combine biscuit mix, nutmeg, sage, and caraway seed. Add milk all at once. Stir to mix, and beat about 15 strokes. Turn out on board floured with biscuit mix; knead about 10 times, and roll to ½-inch thickness. Cut with 2-inch floured cutter, put on greased cookie sheet, and brush with beaten egg. Bake in very hot oven, 450°F., 10 minutes, or until browned. Makes about 1 dozen.





*"Bread is worth all,  
being the Staffe of life."*

JOHN PENKETHMAN

### CUSTARDY CORN BREAD

¾ cup white corn meal	1 teaspoon baking powder
¼ cup sifted flour	1½ cups plus 2 tablespoons milk
1 to 2 tablespoons sugar	1 egg, well beaten
½ teaspoon salt	2 tablespoons butter

Sift dry ingredients; stir in 1 cup plus 2 tablespoons milk and the egg. Melt butter in 8-inch square pan, and pour mixture into pan. Just before baking, pour remaining ½ cup milk over batter; do not stir. Bake in hot oven, 400°F., about 30 minutes. Makes 4 to 6 servings.

### SESAME-SEED DIPS

2¼ cups sifted flour	1½ teaspoons salt
1 tablespoon sugar	1 cup milk
3½ teaspoons baking powder	¼ cup butter
	Sesame seed

**CAN BE FROZEN** Sift dry ingredients into bowl. Add milk, and mix with fork. Turn out on well-floured board; sprinkle lightly with flour. Knead about 10 times. Roll out, making rectangle about 12 x 8 inches. With floured knife, cut strips 4 inches x ½ inch. Meanwhile, melt butter in 13 x 9 x 2-inch pan in very hot oven, 450°F. Remove pan from oven, and dip strips in butter, covering all sides. Lay in rows in the same pan, sprinkle with sesame seed, and bake about 15 minutes. Serve hot. Makes 48.

### DOUBLE-CORN STICKS

1 cup sifted flour	1 teaspoon salt
1 cup yellow corn meal	¼ teaspoon soda
2 tablespoons sugar	2 tablespoons butter
1½ teaspoons baking powder	1 egg
	¾ cup cream-style corn
	¾ cup buttermilk

**CAN BE FROZEN** Sift dry ingredients together. Cut in shortening. Add egg, corn, and buttermilk; mix only enough to dampen dry ingredients. Fill well-greased corn-stick pans ¾ full. Bake in hot oven, 425°F., about 20 minutes. Makes 1 dozen corn sticks. **Note:** Corn-stick batter can be baked in regular muffin pans, if preferred.



# How to take care of your HANDS

**H**ANDS are everywhere, talking. They tell a busy story. Hands keep America's homes bright and clean, and cook the best meals any man (by his own admission) ever sat down to. Hands serve ably in the church kitchen, children's clinic or Red Cross blood bank. Hands efficiently change a fuse or automobile tire, scrape old paint off walls or do over a chair or a sofa.

They can also, despite their busy routine, tell a story of beauty. Here are the hand-care secrets of a top model whose hands are in the kitchen sink or digging in the garden as often as they are posing for the camera.

Her beauty routine: she washes off all soap after hands are in suds and rinses them in running water. After drying thoroughly and pushing the cuticles back from her nails with a towel, she rubs on a good juicy hand cream. If her hands are to be in soap and water for a long time, she never fails to put on rubber gloves. To paint, clean her brushes or grub in flower beds, she wears canvas gloves.

Because long nails are her stock in trade, they have to be coddled and used with care. The precautions she takes are ones you can too. Learn to use only the cushions of your finger tips in opening jars, peeling potatoes, dialing a phone, pulling on a girdle.

When a snag threatens a nail, remove the polish and mend the tear. For a patch, use a tiny bit of cloth from an old linen handkerchief. Saturate it in a clear liquid glue, designed



Beautiful hands are part of the art of being well groomed.

for nail mending, and smooth it over the snag. Tuck in a lapover of linen, and glue it underneath the nail. When dry, the patch is polished.

To learn more about the art of nail care, we visited a salon in New York where they know how to coax short stubby nails into long, glamorous tips.

There, they advocate a nail that is carefully shaped to be almost as broadly curved at the tip as at the base. To eke out the life expectancy of nail tips, file them gently with the coarse side of an emery board, and keep them supple with oil. Nightly lubrication pays off in less dry and breakable tips and in softer cuticles.

They deal with cuticle this way: softened and pushed back as far as its rubbery rim will stretch, it is never cut. Only shreds of skin underneath it are snipped. But care is taken to probe, push up and cut out from under the rim any thin, stringy film of cuticle growing down on the nail.

One final trick: they insist that a customer keep her hands immobile for 15 minutes while wet polish sets and out of the thick of things for still another 15 or 20 minutes while the polish becomes as hard as diamonds.

When you know you look your best, all the way to your finger tips, your whole personality reflects it.





# THEY GO TO YOUR FEET

**T**O see a daisy growing up out of your shoe is a startling experience. It gives you the idea that anything can happen to your shoes. A quick glance around these pages will show you that's true. You can walk around in everything from silk to suède, burlap to plush. The mixture of posies and turned-up toes, Ivy League prints and carved wooden heels goes right to your head.

Actually, your head ought to go to your feet. You only have two, feet that is. They have to last for the rest of your life. You'll have to combine fact and fancy when you buy, judgment and fashion taste when you dress.

A conversation with a professor of orthopedics brought out this guiding principle: the purpose of shoes is to protect your feet. Structurally your feet are mature right now, although they may change in size. The ideal shoe gives enough protection and resistance to control the shape of your foot.

The best shoe for steady wear, advised our consultant, is the Oxford-type of shoe, a shoe with the smallest opening at the top, substantial coverage of your foot and with a stiff sole. Into this description fall many of your favorites: saddle shoes, some loafers and tie shoes.

## IT'S A GIRL'S WORLD

By SUSAN BENNETT HOLMES

- 1 Stiletto-toed flat; Sandier of Boston
- 2 Elegant shell of silk; Capezio
- 3 Softly printed sandal; Pappagallo
- 4 Piqué pump with a noseqay; Pappagallo
- 5 Slip-on in sailcloth; Pappagallo
- 6 Open sandal of print and patent; Capezio
- 7 Oriental scuffer, carved heel; Capezio
- 8 Ivy League print tie; Pappagallo



Ginnie Hofmann





Playtime is the time to be gay on your feet. Let your imagination run riot in the skimmer, sandal and pump department. Don't, however, give up the rules for proper fitting. The most beguiling shoes are manufactured to fit any foot. They won't look well unless they fit yours. If the upper part of the shoe bulges out at the edge of the sole, the shoe is too narrow. If you can gather leather over the instep, the shoe is too loose. During the day your foot elongates from a half to one inch, so allow for it. The ball of your foot should be directly over the sharp curve of the sole edge. THE END



- 9 Plush softie; Sandler of Boston
- 10 Very classic moccasin; Reider
- 11 Suede with a tie; Penobscot
- 12 Burlap saddle; Sandler of Boston
- 13 Colonial flat; Arthur Murray
- 14 Buckle pump; Sandler of Boston
- 15 Daisy skimmer; Pappagallo
- 16 Dress-up pump; Arthur Murray





# New Crocheted Hats


Designed by John Frederics for Woman's Day

**E**ASY and quick to crochet or knot in raffia, these gay new hats designed by John Frederics are destined to go places. They're ideal for the beach, gardening, or top-down driving.

Above left, a version of the popular stocking cap. A navy and white polka dot headband anchors the knotted white raffia tail with its red tassel. Above right, a hat that's all brim and no crown is sure to become a beachcomber. Below left, an oversized cartwheel repeats the double-barreled brim, is crocheted in alternate color triangles, and attached to a babushka. Below right, a shaggy snood like Cleopatra's, starts off in white, ends in brilliant fringe. Directions for making and information about a new synthetic lightweight raffia, perfect for hats, are in How To.



Howell Constant

See  HOW TO, Page 117

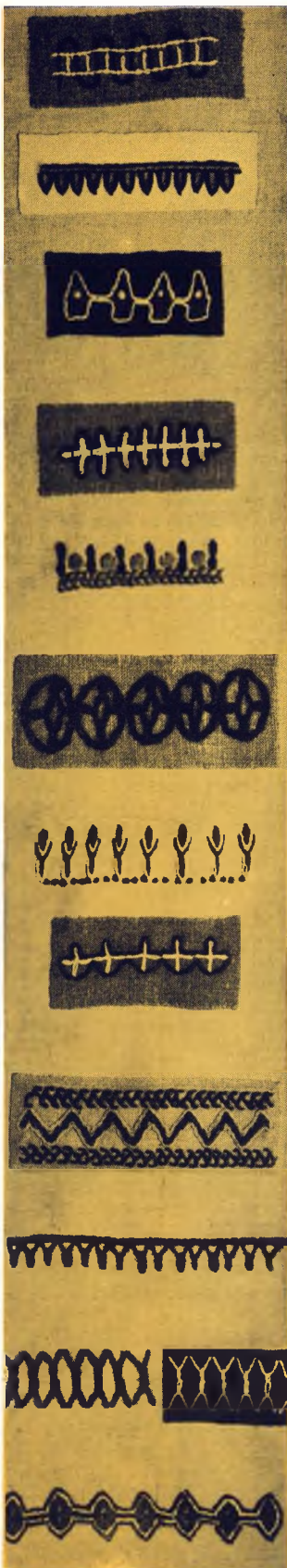


Woman's Day

# COLLECTOR'S CRAFT BOOK

There is a great upsurge of interest today in all crafts; in ceramics, mosaics, woodworking, leather, jewelry, needlework, weaving, hooking and metal work. These are truly creative crafts, and they fill a need, common to all of us, to produce something of lasting beauty.

They offer us an opportunity to create original



WALL PANEL IN APPLIQUE See page 79

and colorful objects that delight the eye and enrich the home. The techniques are old but the use of them is new. And it is in this modern spirit that we offer you our new monthly feature: Collector's Craft Book.

MORE →

SAMPLER OF EMBROIDERY STITCHES See page 79



# COLLECTOR'S CRAFT BOOK

continued

## PICTURES IN POT HOLDERS



*Fruit designs and a rooster enliven four identically sized pot holders crocheted of rug yarn in a special stitch invented by Helen Hird, who trains future teachers of the crafts at the City College of New York.*

**SIZE:** Approximately 5¾" square.

**MATERIALS:** Kentucky Soft Spun Rug Yarn (colors listed under individual directions); bone crochet hook No. 5 or plastic crochet hook size E or 2.

**GAUGE:** 4 sts = 1"; 4 rows = 1".

### General Directions

**PATTERN STITCH:** Starting at lower edge inside border, ch 24. **1st row** (right side): Sc in 2nd ch from hook and in each ch across; ch 1, turn. **2nd row:** Make rsc as follows: \* With yarn in front of hook, insert hook from back to front in next sc, wrap yarn around hook (see drawing of stitch), and draw lp through, O, draw yarn through both lps on hook. Repeat from \* across; ch 1, turn. **3rd row:** Sc in each rsc across; ch 1, turn. Repeat 2nd and 3rd rows for pattern.

### WORKING WITH TWO COLORS:

On first row, where 2nd color (B) is to be used, attach it at beg of row. Work over it with first color (A) for required number of A sts. Do not complete last A st, but leave 2 lps on hook. Draw B through the 2 lps. Work over A with B for required number of B sts. Complete row, changing colors as indicated. Work all rows in this manner, pulling the yarn that is worked over firmly every few sts, so it will not show.

### WORKING WITH THREE COLORS:

If a 3rd color is to be used in a row, work over it along with the other carried color for 4 sts before it is to be used. Work required number of sts with 3rd color (working over the other 2 colors), then work over 3rd color for several sts, and leave it out for rest of row. On following row, when 3rd color strand is reached, work over it until needed, and continue as before. Clip ends of 3rd color close to work.

**BORDER. 1st rnd:** With right side facing, attach yarn to upper left corner, and work 3 sc in same corner; keeping edge flat, work sc around piece, working 3 sc in each corner. **2nd rnd:** Sl st loosely in back lp of each st around; ch 8 for loop, sl st in first st of rnd. Break off.

### Rooster

Blue (color A), maize (B), white (C), red (D), black (E).

Work first row in pattern st with A. Attach B. **2nd row:** 7 A rsc, 6 B rsc, 10 A rsc. **3rd row:** 10 A sc, 1 B sc, 2 A sc, 1 B sc, 9 A sc. **4th row:** 9 A, 1 B, 2 A, 1 B, 10 A. Break off B; attach C. **5th row:** 10 A, 1 C, 2 A, 1 C, 9 A. **6th row:** 8 A, 6 C, 9 A. **7th row:** 7 A, 8 C, 8 A. **8th row:** 7 A, 9 C, 1 A, 1 C, 5 A. **9th row:** 3 A, 1 C, 1 A, 11 C, 7 A. **10th row:** 6 A, 13 C, 1 A, 1 C, 2 A. **11th row:** 2 A, 8 C, 2 A, 5 C, 6 A. **12th row:** 6 A, 4 C, 3 A, 7 C, 3 A. **13th row:** 3 A,

6 C, 3 A, 4 C, 7 A. **14th row:** 7 A, 3 C, 5 A, 4 C, 4 A. **15th row:** 12 A, 3 C, 8 A. **16th row:** 3 A; start working over D and C tog; 4 A, 1 D, 3 C, 12 A. **17th row:** 12 A, 3 C, 8 A (bill and eye to be embroidered later). Break off C. **18th row:** 8 A, 3 D, 12 A. Break off D. **19th and 20th rows:** 23 A. Break off. With E, embroider straight st for eye over center C st on 17th row. With B, embroider 2 straight sts in V-shape for bill on same row as eye. Work border (see General Directions) with C.

### Strawberry

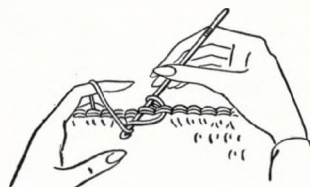
White (color A), red (B), green (C).

Work first 4 rows in pattern st with A. Attach B. **5th row:** 14 A sc, 3 B sc, 6 A sc. **6th row:** 5 A rsc, 4 B rsc, 14 A rsc (berry seeds to be embroidered). **7th row:** 13 A, 5 B, 5 A. **8th row:** 4 A, 6 B, 13 A. **9th row:** 6 A, 3 B, 3 A, 7 B, 4 A. **10th row:** 3 A, 8 B, 2 A, 4 B, 6 A. **11th row:** 5 A, 5 B, 2 A, 7 B, 4 A. **12th row:** 1 A; start working over C and B tog; 4 A, 4 C, 3 A, 6 B, 5 A. **13th row:** 4 A, 7 B, 2 A, (1 C, 1 A) 3 times; 4 A. Break off C. **14th row:** 11 A, 8 B, 4 A. **15th row:** 4 A, 7 B, 12 A. Break off B; attach C. **16th row:** 13 A, 4 C, 6 A. **17th row:** 5 A, (1 C, 1 A) 3 times; 12 A. Break off C. **18th, 19th, and 20th rows:** 23 A. Split strand of A in half and embroider berry seeds with small straight sts, following photograph. Work border (see General Directions) with B.

### Apple

White (color A), red (B), brown (C), green (D).

Work first 3 rows in pattern st with A. Attach B. **4th row:** 7 A rsc, 4 B rsc, 1 A rsc, 4 B rsc, 7 A rsc. **5th row:** 6 A sc, 10 B sc, 7 A sc. **6th row:** 6 A, 11 B, 6 A. **7th row:** 5 A, 12 B, 6 A. **8th row:** 6 A, 12 B, 5 A. **9th row:** 5 A, 12 B, 6 A. **10th, 11th, and 12th rows:** 5 A, 13 B, 5 A. **13th row:** 6 A, 1 B; start working over C and A tog; 3 B, 1 A, 1 C, 1 A, 4 B, 6 A. Break off B. **14th row:** 11 A, 1 C, 11 A. Attach D. **15th row:** 7 A, 3 D, 1 A, 1 C, 1 A, 3 D, 7 A. Break off C. **16th row:** 5 A, 5 D, 3 A, 4 D, 6 A. **17th row:** 5 A, 4 D, 5 A, 5 D, 4 A. **18th row:** 3 A, 4 D, 8 A, 3 D, 5 A. Break off D. **19th and 20th rows:** 23 A. Break off. Work border (see General Directions) with D.



Reverse Single Crochet



## Plum

White (color A), plum (B), green (C), brown (D).

Work first 2 rows in pattern st with A. Attach B. **3rd row:** 11 A sc, 4 B sc, 8 A sc. **4th row:** 7 A rsc, 6 B rsc, 10 A rsc. **5th row:** 9 A, 8 B, 6 A. **6th row:** 6 A, 8 B, 9 A. **7th row:** 9 A, 8 B, 6 A. **8th row:** 6 A, 7 B, 10 A. **9th row:** 5 A, 4 B, 2 A, 5 B, 7 A. **10th row:** 13 A (stems to be embroidered), 6 B, 4 A. **11th row:** 3 A, 8 B, 12 A. Attach C. **12th row:** Start working over C and B tog; 2 A, 5 C, 5 A, 8 B. 3 A. **13th row:** 3 A, 8 B, 3 A, 6 C, 3 A. **14th row:** 3 A, 6 C, 4 A, 5 B, 5 A. Break off B. **15th row:** 15 A, 3 C, 5 A. **16th row:** 8 A, 3 C, 12 A. **17th row:** 10 A, 6 C, 7 A. **18th row:** 6 A, 6 C, 11 A. **19th row:** 12 A, 6 C, 5 A. Break off C. **20th row:** 23 A. Break off. Embroider stems with D in outline st, following photograph. Work border (see General Directions) with C.

**ABBREVIATIONS:** St—stitch; sl st—slip stitch; sc—single crochet; ch—chain; lp—loop; rnd—round; rsc—reverse single crochet; O—yarn over hook; beg—beginning; tog—together. \*—Asterisk—means repeat instructions following asterisk as often as specified, in addition to first time. ( )—Parentheses—mean repeat instructions in parentheses as often as specified.

## WALL PANEL IN APPLIQUE

**SIZE:** 21½" x 50½".

**MATERIALS:** Heavy linen or cotton fabric for background, either ¾ yard 54" wide or 1½ yards 36" wide. Scraps of cotton dress fabric. (Panel has blue and white, red and white, and black and white gingham and prints, with solid red for coach wheels.) Scraps

of felt. (Panel has black for hair, hats, shoes, dog, bird, leaves, and for tail and mane on horse; white for faces, arms, legs, bodies of geese, and for flower; brown for bills, legs and feet of geese.) Six-strand embroidery floss, 3 skeins white, 1 skein light blue, and scraps of red and black.

Cut background fabric 24½" x 53½". Make 1" finished hems turned to right side, as shown in photograph. Enlarge diagram (each square equals 2" square). Transfer drawing to background as follows: Tape background fabric over drawing to window and trace lightly onto fabric. Make paper pattern of each piece on drawing. Cut pieces, allowing ¼" extra for seams on cotton, and omitting seam allowance on felt. Appliqué in place with buttonhole stitch, using blue embroidery floss for geese, and white floss for all other pieces. Using outline and satin stitches, embroider features and other details with red and black floss.

## SAMPLER OF EMBROIDERY STITCHES

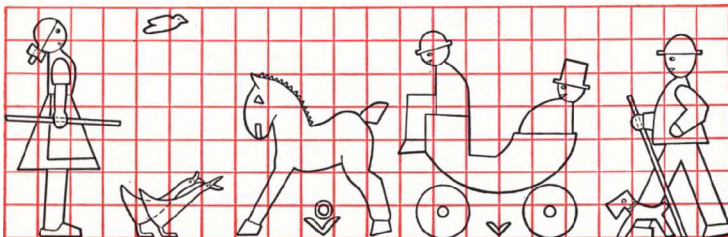
*Well-known designer, Eve Peri, has made a lasting record of simple embroidery stitches in yarn by combining them to colorful effect on a long decorative panel.*

**SIZE:** 7½" x 40½".

**MATERIALS:** Linen strip 8" x 50"; scraps of linen and cotton fabrics; small amounts of cotton and wool yarn.

Hem linen strip. Lightly draw on scraps of fabric and linen strip the general outlines of designs shown in photograph. Embroider over outlines, using couching stitch, stem stitch, satin stitch, French knots, lazy-daisy stitch, feather-stitch, and arrowhead stitch (see stitch diagrams).

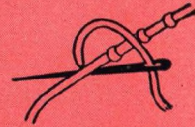
Appliqué pieces on linen as shown.



*A wall panel, brought from Bavaria, with appliqued figures cut out of gingham and print. Small objects cut from felt.*



French Knot



Couching Stitch



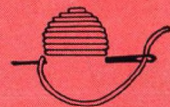
Arrowhead Stitch



Stem Stitch



Lazy Daisy



Satin Stitch



Featherstitch

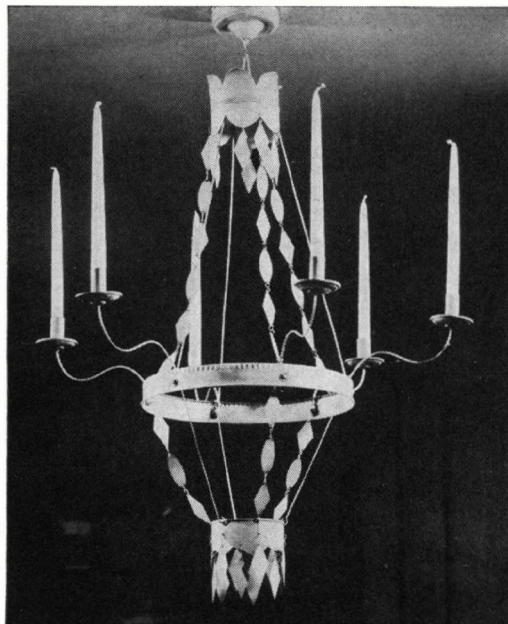


# COLLECTOR'S CRAFT BOOK

continued

## FRENCH CHANDELIER IN TIN

*Tin cans of various sizes and wire coat hangers were used to copy a Provincial chandelier from the French Antique Co. Diamond and oval links of tin can be fastened with bent paper clips, the chandelier painted white and antiqued.*



### General Directions

**SUPPORT WIRES:** Use wire from heavy coat hangers or buy wire.

With cutting pliers, cut off hook and neck of hanger. Straighten remaining wire, using pliers on each side of bend; tap flat with hammer. Cut wire with metal-cutting saw or cutting pliers. For curves, bend wire around a can; for loops, use pointed pliers.

**TIN:** Remove ends from tin can with safety opener. With tin snips, cut along seam, then cut off rims at ends; press tin flat. Cut diamond and oval links; file smooth.

To punch holes in tin, use hammer and small nail. File edges smooth.

To make concave candle-drip saucer, use ball-peen hammer to tap uncut and unpunctured end of can. To re-

move, cut around outside of rims with safety opener; file smooth. Punch hole in center.

**TO JOIN LINKS:** Straighten paper clips with pliers, then bend to shape. Cut off excess.

**FINISHING:** Apply 2 coats of enamel; rub down each coat when dry with fine steel wool. To antique, make thin mixture of pure oil color, turpentine, and a few drops of boiled linseed oil. Brush on; let set briefly; wipe off most with soft cloth.

**A.** Coffee can. Remove top; cut 6 pointed scallops; bend out tips.

**B.** Coffee can. Remove top; cut 6 rounded scallops. Cement B to A, and punch holes for C and D wires.

**C.** 12" wire. Bend as in detail and insert through A and B.

**D.** 22" wire (3). Insert through A and B.

**E and F.** Diamond and oval links. Cut from tin. Attach E link at each B scallop. Alternating E and F, make 3 long and 3 short chains, joining links with G, paper clips.

**H.** Rim of garbage can, 14 $\frac{3}{4}$ " in diameter. Cut out top to within  $\frac{1}{4}$ " of rim; drill 6 equally-spaced holes around.

**I.** Bolt, nut, and 2 washers to fit each hole.

**J.** 12" candlestick wire (6). Bend lower end around bolt I.

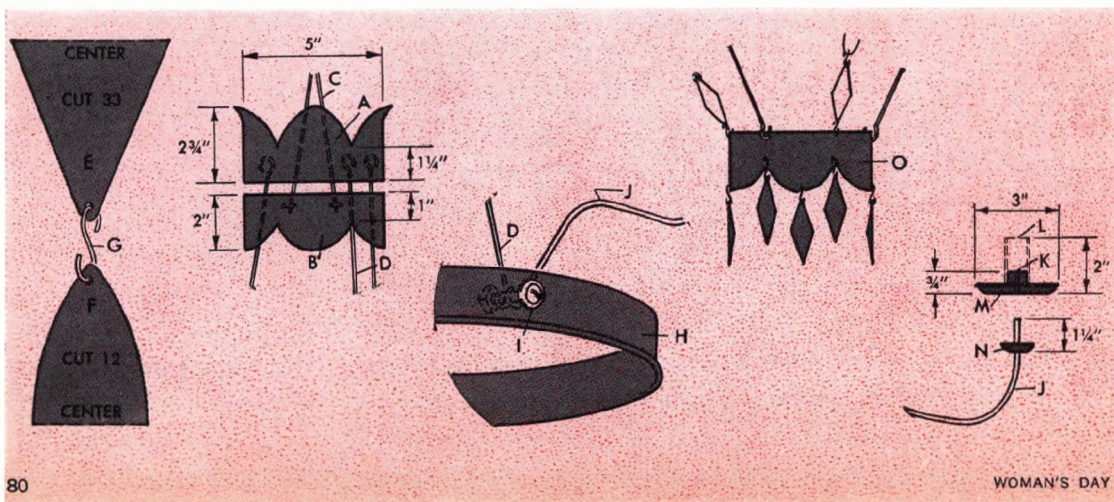
**K.** 1" dowel (6). Drill hole in center.

**L.** Bouillon-cube can (6). Punch hole in bottom; cement K into can.

**M.** Drip saucer (6). Cement to L.

**N.** 1" button mold (6). Cement to M. Cement J wire into M, L, and K.

**O.** Coffee can. Remove top and bottom; cut scallops as on B. Attach 12 E links to lower edge.





# What a difference with Miracle Whip!

## Yet it adds only 1¢ to the cost of a salad for four



Sliced peaches molded in raspberry gelatin makes a wonderfully delicious salad. But remember—the success of any salad depends on how much folks like the dressing. Delicious *Miracle Whip* is the best-liked dressing by far.

**T**HE difference in cost between the one-and-only\* *Miracle Whip* and “bargain” salad dressings averages out to about 1/5th of a cent per serving . . . or less than 1¢ on a salad for 4. Compare that with the difference in flavor, in body, in texture. See if you don’t find that the real bargain is America’s favorite—Miracle Whip Salad Dressing!

*\*Miracle Whip tastes different because it is different. Kraft’s secret recipe and exclusive beating process make Miracle Whip a unique creation, combining the best qualities of spicy old-fashioned boiled dressing and fine mayonnaise.*



## Act of kindness

Continued from page 22

afternoon he took Joey and me swimming with him at the pool he says he goes to on his way home from the office, and boy! he showed us all *kinds* of dives."

"I had no idea you swam after work," my wife said, astonished.

"It was Mike's idea," I explained. "He thought it would be good for me."

"And so he showed us all these dives, and was Joey jealous of me!"

"Why?" I asked.

"Because I have you around to teach me anything I want to learn," Arthur said happily. "It made me feel you were pretty hot stuff. Confidentially, Joey's father doesn't take care of himself at all. In fact, he's *fat!*"

"That's too bad," I said sympathetically. "He could so easily solve the whole problem by weighing what he weighed when he was twenty-one. Just like Judy Holliday and me."

"What on earth has Judy Holliday got to do with it?" my wife asked in a helpless tone.

"It was simply an act of kindness on Doctor Mike's part," I said. "He pointed out to me that he and Judy and I are the same age, and that the reason she looks so nice is that she probably gives a certain amount of thought to keeping healthy and fit."

"Well," said Arthur admiringly, "it's a relief to me to know you can skate and swim and dive and stuff like that. Because all kinds of arguments come up at school. Arguments about grown-ups, I mean. And if I'm able to tell people you can do practically anything, and not be telling a lie about it, brother, that *helps!*"

**A** COUPLE of days ago I took my place in Dr. Mike's waiting room, and sat there patiently, eager to demonstrate to him that I now, at long last, weighed exactly what I'd weighed at twenty-one.


Presently the nurse showed me into the doctor's inner office. "This gentleman insists on seeing you," she announced almost crossly. "Says he has something very personal to discuss."

"Sit down, young man," Mike said kindly, riffling through some papers on his desk. Then he took a good look at me, blinked a couple of times in disbelief, and said, "You aren't Jimmie Parker, are you?"

"Dear Mike!" I said.

THE END

(This article begins on page 18)



Who put the new  
EXCITEMENT  
IN CATSUP?



**Del Monte**® chefs did ...  
with pineapple  
distilled vinegar!

The real secret of DEL MONTE Catsup's rich tomato flavor is the fine vinegar that goes into it. Exciting pineapple distilled vinegar coaxes out every bit of flavor in ripe tomatoes and tangy spices. That's why DEL MONTE Brand Catsup has the livelier flavor you want for hamburgers, beans or fish. Try it!





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*... nothing else is the same!*



# Come for Brunch!

Brunch is a fun meal . . . and this light and lofty omelet suits the menu and the season. Its feathery texture and the luscious pure fruit filling of Ann Page Preserves give it the very taste of spring . . . the *best* omelet you ever tasted!

Ann Page Preserves spark appetites at mealtime and between times. They're made as you'd make them . . . of pure, sun-ripened fruits and pure cane sugar. Try Ann Page Preserves for breakfast tomorrow...*you never tasted finer!*



## My Day of Rest

*What happens when the woman of the house decides to spend the day in bed.*

By Sylvia Aldrich

**E**VEN though I have lived in New England for some odds and ends of seventeen years, my system has not yet adjusted to the whimsies of New England living: the weather, which is here today and gone tomorrow and knows no season, and just daily putting up with and coping. So occasionally, as a very last resort and only after due deliberation, I go to bed exhausted. I say occasionally. The last time I did so before *this* time was in 1944.

We do not go to bed lightly in our family. For one thing, each member is always afraid he will miss out on something exciting unless we are all together in a happy heap. The usual result is that most of the excitement is sheer noise of so many people standing up for, or on, their rights, in one room.

In spite of this family's being small, one husband, two daughters, thirteen and five, and myself, there seem to be an awful lot of doors opening and shutting, telephones ringing, odd sizes of people coming and going, clothes zipping on and off, plans being laid, plans being canceled. With me always in the middle as social secretary, hand ironer, short-order cook, kindly old rosy-cheeked mother, and baseball umpire.

Just let me go to bed, though, and everything comes unstuck. Though it is almost noon, I know the living-room curtains are still drawn and every lamp in the room is lit "because it is so dark." Loud, shattering whispers of "Be quiet, Mummy's sleeping" fill the air. There are two telephones in the house, yet the one right outside my room is always answered.

My husband, Tom, with at least six muffers to his name, cannot find the one with red spots. I am not to bother, he will find it, and toward this end the



Only 20¢ a serving\*

### STRAWBERRY OMELET

4 eggs • 2 tbsp. orange juice

- ¼ tsp. grated orange rind • ¼ tsp. salt • 1 tbsp. flour
- 1 tsp. sugar • 1 tbsp. butter
- ½ cup ANN PAGE STRAWBERRY PRESERVES

Set oven at 325°F. Separate eggs, beat whites until stiff. Beat yolks, blend in orange juice, orange rind, salt, flour and sugar. Fold yolk mixture into beaten whites. Melt 1 tbsp. of butter in a 10" skillet. Pour in omelet mixture. Cook slowly until bottom is browned. Place in oven until top is set, about 10 minutes. Spoon Ann Page Strawberry Preserves over ½ of omelet, fold over. Extra delicious with a garnish of sour cream. Serve at once to two.

\*Cost based on A&P Super Market prices at press time.

Ann Page Pure Preserves are made in A&P's own modern Ann Page food kitchens, sold only at A&P stores. This eliminates needless in-between costs, and you share the savings.

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Fine Foods  
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# NOW! Made by a great new recipe!

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Tomato Vegetable • Beef Vegetable



**Chicken Noodle Soup** gives you rich homey chicken broth filled with tenderest egg noodles.



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attic is searched. Loud, crashing footsteps right over my head indicate his route. (Why the attic, when he wore this muffler the day before yesterday and has never, to my knowledge, been in the attic?)

I come out of a drugged, grippy nap of five minutes to find that Bunny, our five-year-old, has tenderly placed a plastic grand piano on my stomach and is playing her version of *Deck the Hall with Boughs of Holly*. This, she says, is a special attention to make me feel better on this damp gloomy day. I wish I were dead, but feel too weak to protest. Eventually Bunny and her piano depart and I sleep again.

**Y**EARs later, I wake to the sound of china breaking below me in the kitchen like the surf on Norman's Woe. Tom and the girls are fixing me a tray. A splendid affair soon arrives, tastefully decorated by Bunny with her most cherished, and dirtiest, stuffed animals, surrounding an only slightly burned fried egg that eyes me balefully from a huge, cold dinner plate. There are also a cruller and a glass of chocolate milk. Exhausted by my gratitude, I sink back against my pillows, all six of them having been solicitously piled up in

back of me by my older daughter, Ann.

Then Tom and the girls decide they will go out to eat, as they are quite wearied by their efforts on my behalf. Besides, says Tom, there do not seem to be any clean dishes. I mention the dishwasher. The dishwasher is busy with the last load, and it is too long to wait, and do I realize it is three o'clock? Feeling responsible, somehow, for the hour, I apologize.

As soon as the coast is clear, I crawl out of bed to take my tray down to the kitchen, where I unload it in the garbage can. I also inspect the contents of the dishwasher. Two large kitchen spoons, three cups, and eight knives. Stepping high over the debris, I hurry back to bed, feeling much worse.

I have barely touched home plate when the telephone rings. It is a call from my mother and father. They fondly tell me to speak up, I sound hoarse. I say I *am* hoarse. Who is looking after me? Have I taken my temperature? What does the doctor say? They will be right over. I say, ashamed, I have no fever, I have not called the doctor, Tom and the girls are looking after me, I am sleeping, I do not wish to see them. They say, Fine, we will be there around four-thirty.

So instead of getting back into bed and having a good healing sleep, I start picking up the room, which now looks like a picnic ground the day after the Fourth of July. I abandon my cozy, dowdy nightgown and, shivering, put on something thinner and more presentable. Slipping and sliding over the pieces of a thousand-piece jigsaw puzzle, which seems to be all over the room, I go to bed again, exhausted and weak from my efforts. I don't care about the puzzle; I have washed my face and combed my hair, and that's enough for any mortal to accomplish.

**I** WAKE later, feeling radiantly beautiful and delicious. Mother and Father are by my side eyeing me reproachfully. They say they have never seen me looking better, and obviously I'm not too sick to wear my best nightie, and am I not rather young to give in so? Perhaps if I took up French or history and went out more, I wouldn't need to go to bed like this. Neurotic. I try to look wan and delicate and *spirituelle*.


Tom and the girls then burst in, full of food and energy, but looking quite shabby and unwashed and neglected. Why wouldn't they look unwashed? They *are*. To the best of my knowl-



**Only PY-O-MY Blueberry Muffin Mix**  
makes naturally sweet muffins. Can of blueberries and baking cups in the package!



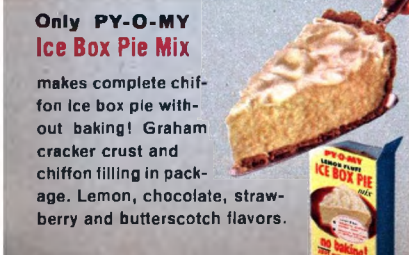
**Only PY-O-MY Puddin' Cake Mix**  
brings this new dessert. Cake with sauce—baked together! . . . Vanilla, chocolate, caramel pecan and lemon flavors.



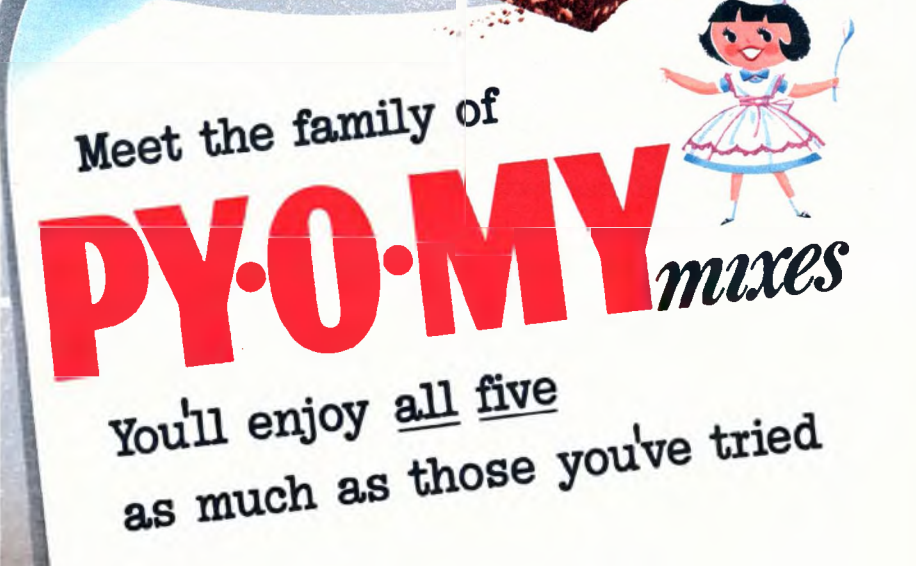
**Only PY-O-MY Brownie Mix**  
comes right in the handy aluminum baking pan! They're tops with youngsters to make and to eat—anytime!



**Only PY-O-MY Coffee Cake Mix (with yeast)**  
makes so many things. Take your choice of easy, new one rise way—direct from batter— with no dough to handle. Or the way you've always used.



**Only PY-O-MY Ice Box Pie Mix**  
makes complete chifon ice box pie without baking! Graham cracker crust and chiffon filling in package. Lemon, chocolate, strawberry and butterscotch flavors.



Meet the family of  
**PY-O-MY** mixes  
You'll enjoy all five  
as much as those you've tried



edge, Bunny hasn't touched soap and water since the day before yesterday. And for once, they're all wearing just what they wish.

Tom has on old (woolen) dyed Army pants, his favorite heavy (woolen) shirt, and patched jacket (woolen). Heavens, he says, throwing open all the windows, how can you stand it so hot? Ann sports torn dungarees, which, because they *are* torn, she considers smarter than her newer ones, and a dingy white shirt. As for Bunny, she is truly splendid. The weather has shifted, and it is now a fine, sparkling day, just like me. Bunny's chubby size-six form is firmly encased in size-four jacket and pants, plus helmet and face mask, such as are worn by Navy patrols flying the Arctic. I lift the flap of her mask, and hastily drop it back into place. There is a very pleased smile underneath a palimpsest of fudge sauce, hamburger, and just plain dirt.

Before our disbelieving eyes, Bunny slowly disrobes. On her head under the helmet are two huge rosettes of green satin ribbon from an old candy box. In her eyes is all of her hair, matted. Her underlayer of clothing is a complete cowboy suit, with gun belt sagging over two other belts that *should* hold up her trousers, which *shouldn't* need any belt, as they are so tight.

MY mother and father turn from me, all rosy and spick-and-span, to my family, who closely resemble three unmade beds. But they say nothing. They kiss me rather sadly and leave. I know that in a few days they will send me a long letter, carefully edited and rewritten so as not to hurt my feelings, but at the same time suggesting something constructive, perhaps a reminder that a united family is a happy family. Affection will forbid my replying that my family is so wrong I sometimes feel like Laocoön.

Ann now informs me that there is the little matter of a dinner for half a dozen of her friends before dancing school at seven, which I had promised weeks ago. Seven tonight, that is. Bunny announces happily that they had lobster stew and two hamburgers apiece and ice cream with fudge sauce, and she's not very hungry. Tom says he's not very hungry, either, as lobster stew was a dollar and a quarter a bowl, which he didn't discover until the die was cast.

Feeling no longer radiant, I start clearing away the shambles of My Day of Rest in Bed, wondering if it was worth the effort and energy involved. Reason, also weary, does not answer.

THE END

(This article begins on page 84)



Lounge and Club cars are inviting . . . homelike



On  
**UNION  
PACIFIC**  
it's  
always  
a

*“Woman's Day”*

Because it is so much a part of their life, women are especially receptive to beauty and good taste in interior design. No wonder then that so many have enthusiastically commented on the colorful decor of our Domeliners in service between Chicago, St. Louis and the Pacific Coast.

Women travelers also say very nice things about the varied selection and quality of the freshly prepared foods and the gracious service characteristic of our dining-car attendants.

Another tribute women pay to Union Pacific is our concern for children. There are special menus and half portions of healthful food. Coloring books are provided the little folks for their added enjoyment.

We could go on talking about various comforts and conveniences but let's just say that it certainly is a “woman's day” in rail travel on Union Pacific.



The Astra Dome gives you an ideal view of western scenes



From the main dining room, stairs lead to the Dome.



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and we'll send you free

- 1 a Family Travel Plan leaflet
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*new color note for your dressing table*

# Pom-Pom<sup>+</sup> Cosmetic Cotton Balls

Handy puffs of soft, fluffy, colored cotton... for make-up, cleansing, hair-tinting, home permanents, removing nail polish. (Baby care, too.)

Three pastel colors in a clear plastic bag that shows how many you have left.

Get Pom-Pom Cotton Balls at your cosmetic counter—soon.

60  
for  
39¢

**Bauer & Black**

Division of The Kendall Company



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## **Saturday-night suppers**

*Continued from page 64*

### **Hot, with Cream**

Broken lettuce, romaine, escarole, or other salad greens	1 tablespoon olive oil	Salt	Pepper
1 cup heavy cream	2 tablespoons vinegar	4 cups hot diced potato	2 tablespoons minced onion
		Few sprigs parsley, chopped	

Put salad greens in bowl. Heat next 3 ingredients. Season with salt and pepper to taste, and pour over greens; toss lightly. With fork, mix potato and minced onion, and mound on salad greens. Sprinkle with chopped parsley. Serve at once. Makes 4 servings.  
*Woman's Day Kitchen.*

### **Hot, with White Sauce**

2 tablespoons butter or margarine	2 tablespoons flour	1 cup milk	1 teaspoon salt	Pepper to taste	4 cups diced cooked potato	1 medium onion, minced	1 pimiento, minced	1 cup diced celery	½ cup minced ripe olives	6 hard-cooked eggs, chopped	½ cup salad dressing or mayonnaise
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Make a white sauce with first five ingredients. Add potato, and heat; then add remaining ingredients; mix lightly. Season with salt and pepper to taste. Salad can be made ahead and then reheated in top part of double boiler over boiling water. Makes 4 servings.  
*Woman's Day Kitchen.*

*And, to use up the leftover ham:*

### **Cold, with Meat**

1 cup sliced fresh mushrooms	½ cup olive oil	¼ cup lemon juice	1 small onion, chopped	4 cups diced cooked potato	½ cup shredded raw carrot	1 cup sliced celery	2 cups diced left- over cooked ham	Mayonnaise	Salt and pepper	Salad greens
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Cook mushrooms in olive oil until golden brown and tender. Remove from heat. Add lemon juice and onion. Mix with potato, and let stand until cold. Add next three ingredients. Fold in enough mayonnaise to moisten, and season with salt and pepper to taste. Serve on salad greens. Makes 6 servings.  
*Woman's Day Kitchen.*

THE END

*(This article begins on page 61)*



For the prettiest  
color scheme-  
Take **NORTHERN** colors-  
they're a DREAM!



And **NORTHERN** is  
the SOFTEST tissue-  
the very SOFTEST  
I could wish you!



YOU KNOW WHEN IT'S NORTHERN, IT'S NICE !

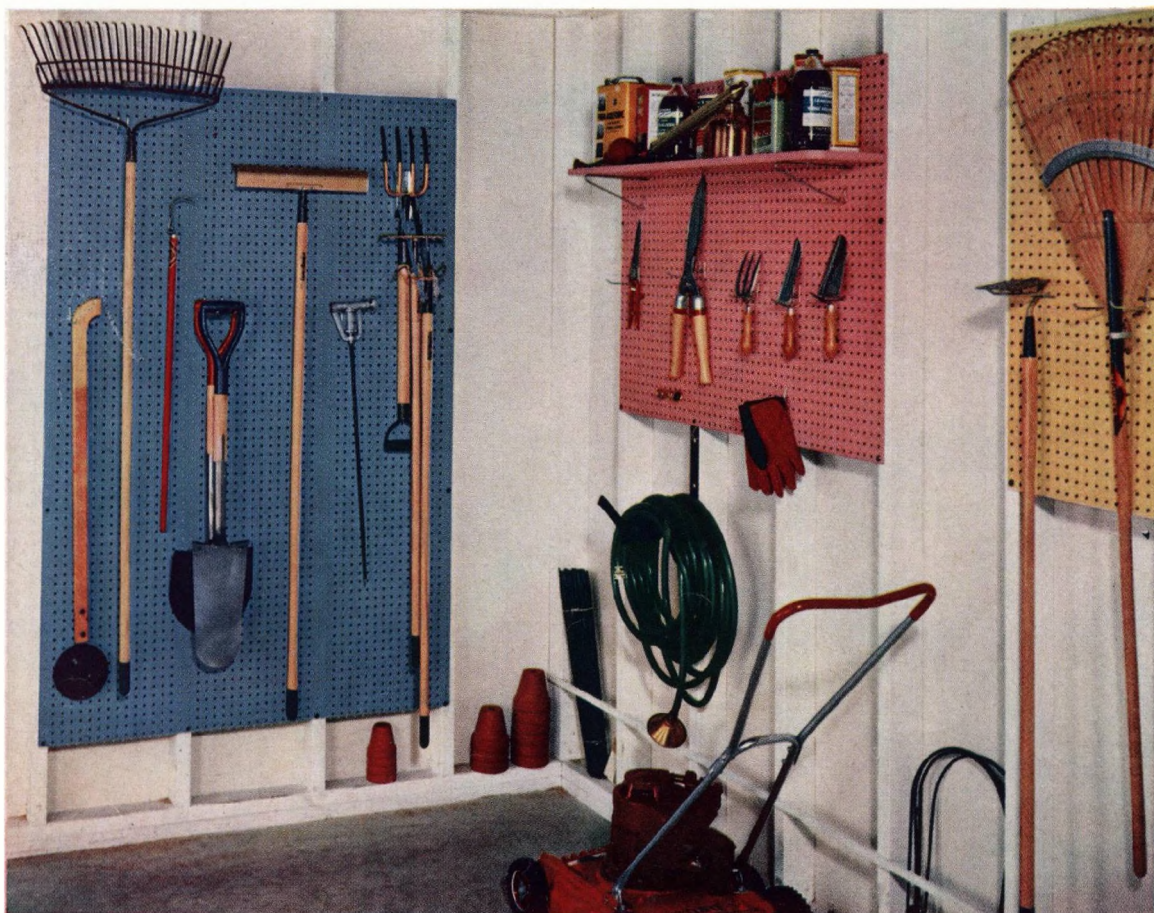


# Garden Tools and Equipment



**Mobile Garden Cart.** This storage wagon can be used to make gardening easier. The sides are perforated hardboard for hanging small garden tools. Hinged bin in front carries peat moss or humus. Open shelves are protected to keep pots from spilling out. To make cart, see How To, page 124.

**Garage Storage.** Large panels of  $\frac{1}{4}$  inch perforated hardboard, hung vertically or horizontally, take up little space, are ideal for storing hose and other garden equipment. Panels can be used also for car-repair or woodworking tools if the garage doubles as a workshop. Paint panels in gay colors.





# Cover dress and pinafore



**WOMAN'S DAY—ADVANCE 8302;** price 35¢. Children's sizes 2, 3, 4, 6. Pattern consists of child's dress and pinafore with duplicate dress and pinafore for 14" and 16" doll.

Dress buttons down the back, has small puffed sleeves, and full gathered skirt. Pinafore, with self binding, ties at shoulders and side waist, and has complete coverage fore and aft.

Without nap fabric yardage given for size two includes doll's clothes.

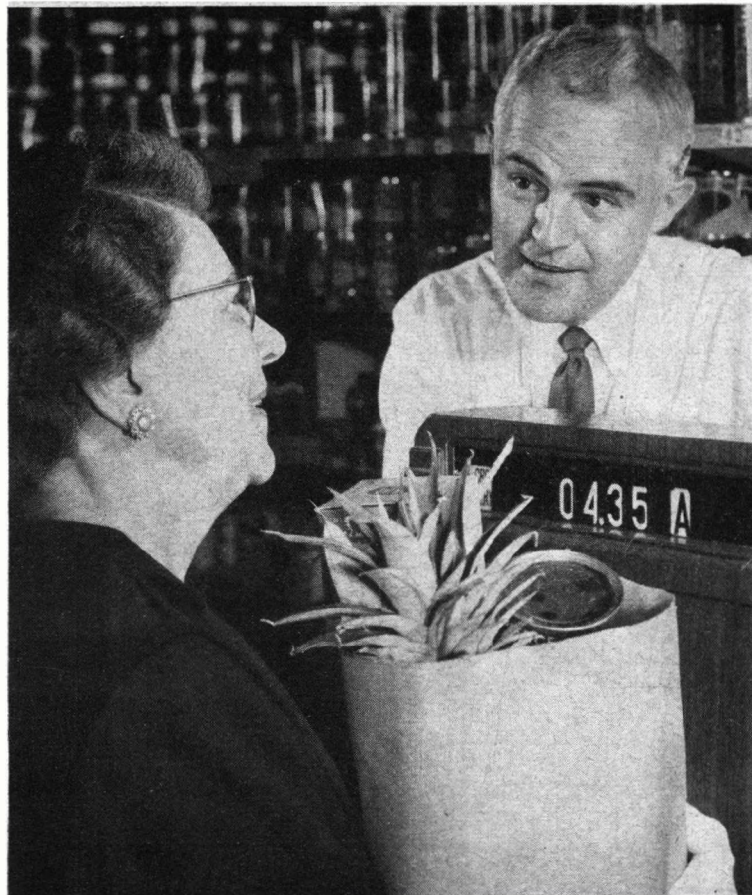
Dress: 40/41" width. 2½ yards (includes bias for pinafore binding).

Pinafore: 40/41" width, 1 yard. Full-eriset Dip 'n Dry, crease-resistant solid and striped cotton by Fuller Fabrics, 1407 Broadway, New York 18, N. Y.

## CHILDREN'S SIZE CHART

Size	2	3	4	6
Bust	21	22	23	24
Waist	20	20½	21	22
Height	29	31	33	37

**TO ORDER, USE COUPON ON  
NEXT PAGE**



## "Judy called us last Sunday!"

"Sounded just wonderful. She and Ed are bringing the children home to see us this week end. We can't wait to see them!"

Why not telephone your out-of-town family and friends? It keeps you close. It's easy to do. And you can talk as long as you like. The cost is low.

Isn't there someone you'd like to call right now?

### LONG DISTANCE RATES ARE LOW

For example:	Station-to-Station Calls	
	First Three Minutes	Each Added Minute
Buffalo to Cleveland	55¢	15¢
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Pittsburgh to New York	80¢	20¢
Cleveland to St. Louis	95¢	25¢

These rates apply every night after 6 and all day Sunday.  
Add the 10% federal excise tax.

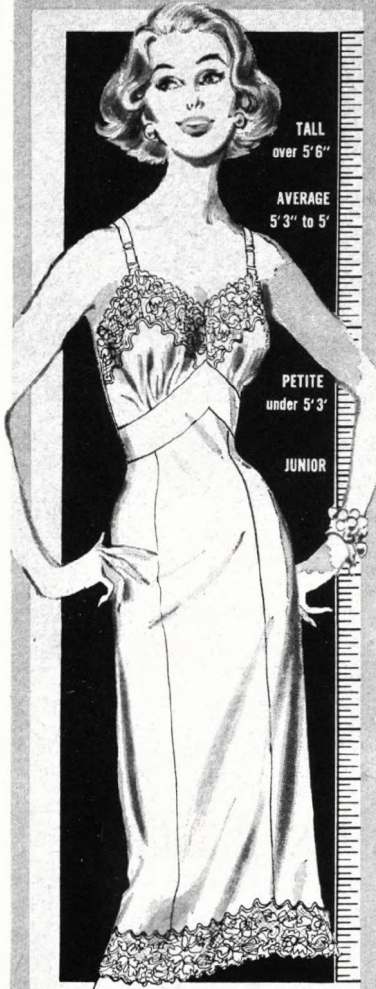
**BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM**  
Call by Number. It's Twice as Fast.





# Movie Star's

"GOOD BEHAVIOR" SLIP



### PROPORTIONED TO YOUR FIGURE

You'll thrill to a new glamour in your figure the moment you see yourself in this 4-gore opaque Nylon tricot Movie Star Slip. It's sized to YOUR height... made for YOUR figure. Lavishly iced with NYLON LACE... SCALLOPED onto the slip in a hand-made manner. Tall, average, petite (32-44) or junior (9-15). White. **\$2.98**

Write Dept. WD for store nearest you.

**MOVIE STAR Inc.** 392 Fifth Ave. N.Y.C.

# The Popular Look

(See pages 54 through 59)



8313

**WOMAN'S DAY—ADVANCE 8313;** price 50¢. Misses' sizes 10 to 20. Pattern includes one piece playsuit and matching skirt. Playsuit has deep back zipper opening; modified bloomer legs; elasticized adjustable shoulders. Matching bell skirt has unpressed pleats; attached cummerbund.

*Fabric required for size 14: 44/45" width (without nap), 5 7/8 yards. Galey & Lord combed cotton by Burlington Mills, 1407 Broadway, New York 18, N. Y.*



8314

**WOMAN'S DAY—ADVANCE 8314;** price 50¢. Misses' sizes 10 to 20. Topper suit emphasizes side-flared jacket and straight, three-gored skirt. Buttonless jacket is top stitched for trim; all-in-one sleeves can be cut short or elbow length.

*Fabric required for size 14: 35/36" width (without nap), 5 1/4 yards. Cotton faille is by Hope Skillman, Inc., 1407 Broadway, New York 18, N. Y.*



8315

**WOMAN'S DAY—ADVANCE 8315;** price 50¢. Misses' sizes 10 to 20. Separates pattern includes shirt-b blouse, bell-shaped skirt, halter and cummerbund. Blouse features all-in-one sleeves with shirthead cuffs, tiny rolled collar and sunburst tucks at neckline. Gored skirt is slightly tapered for this year's straighter look in unpressed pleats. Halter bands crisscross close to throat and tie at back.

*Fabric required for size 14: 35/37" width (without nap), 7 yards. Paisley print on combed cotton lawn by Pavillon Fabrics, Ltd., 1407 Broadway, New York 18, N. Y.*

### WOMAN'S DAY-ADVANCE PATTERNS MAY BE PURCHASED AT LEADING STORES, OR BY MAILING THIS COUPON TO:

Woman's Day-Advance, P. O. Box 18, Murray Hill Station, New York 16, N. Y.  
In Canada: Woman's Day-Advance, 30 Duncan Street, Toronto 2-B, Ontario.

#### SEND PATTERN(S)

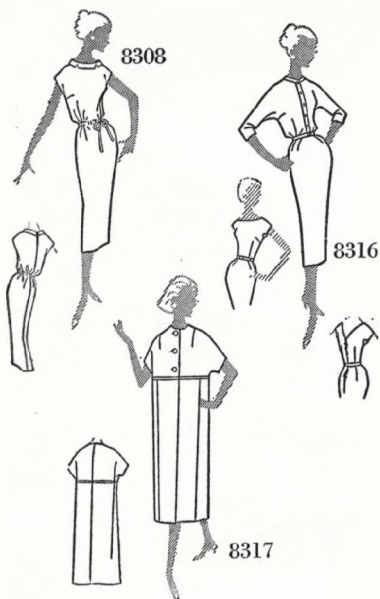
8302 SIZE(S).....	35¢	(40¢ in Canada).....
8313 SIZE(S).....	50¢	(60¢ in Canada).....
8314 SIZE(S).....	50¢	(60¢ in Canada).....
8315 SIZE(S).....	50¢	(60¢ in Canada).....
8308 SIZE(S).....	35¢	(40¢ in Canada).....
8317 SIZE(S).....	50¢	(60¢ in Canada).....
8316 SIZE(S).....	50¢	(60¢ in Canada).....

TOTAL ENCLOSED (no stamps, please).....

Name .....  
Street .....  
City ..... Zone ..... State .....

PLEASE PRINT





**WOMAN'S DAY—ADVANCE 8308;** price 35¢. Misses' sizes 10 to 18. Bloused chemise dress with adjustable drawstring waistline is cut with rolled, notched collar, briefest of sleeves.

*Fabric required for size 14: 35/37" width (without nap), 3¼ yards.* Fine combed cotton lawn print by Pavillon Fabrics, Ltd., 1407 Broadway, New York 18, N. Y.

**WOMAN'S DAY—ADVANCE 8317;** price 50¢. Misses' sizes 10 to 20. Coat features new wide-top look with deep-cut armholes and straight fullness hanging from lowered yoke. Sleeves can be cut short or ¾ length.

*Fabric required for size 14: 44/45" width (without nap), 3¾ yards.* Dacron and flax blend by Travis Fabrics, Inc., 1071 Sixth Ave., New York 18, N. Y. La Mode buttons by Blumenthal & Co., 1372 Broadway, New York 18, N. Y.

**WOMAN'S DAY—ADVANCE 8316;** price 50¢. Misses' sizes 10 to 20. Sheath and cardigan blouson. Dress accents neckline that is high in front, deep V at back; new tapered skirt with upper hip pleats; short gusset sleeves. Cardigan with ¾ push-up sleeves is finished with grosgrain ribbon.

*Fabric required for size 14: 40/41" width (without nap), 2¾ yards for sheath, 2 yards for coordinating blouson jacket.* Silk de soi in matching plain and woven checks by A. P. Silk Co., 1412 Broadway, New York 18, N. Y.

Stores displaying these fashions:

**GEORGIA**

Atlanta: Rich's

**ILLINOIS**

Chicago: The Fair

**MASSACHUSETTS**

Boston: Jordan Marsh Co.

**MISSOURI**

Clayton: Welek Fabrics  
St. Louis: Welek Fabrics

**NEW YORK**

New York: Macy's—Herald Square

**PENNSYLVANIA**

Pittsburgh: Kaufmann's

**A swish!**  
**A squeeze!**

—and the bathroom's clean

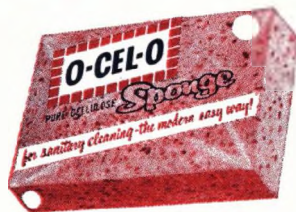


**O-Cel-O**  
**"VACUUMS"**  
**dirt away!**

*No other leading sponge is so absorbent, yet lasts so long!*

**Swish!** Super-absorbent O-Cel-O vacuums the surface sparkling clean! Size for size, no other kind of sponge has this super-absorbency that vacuums dirt away!

**Squeeze!** dirt goes down the drain and O-Cel-O's ready for the next job—basin, tub, tile or mirror. O-Cel-O fits your hand so comfortably—cleans a wider area so quickly and neatly.



—and so nice to use!



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# SUPER PLY ENAMEL

is so easy...

and so economical, too!

My home is brighter, even seems larger, with light-colored, modern-looking woodwork. And, I did it myself with SUPER PLY Alkyd Enamel.

Painting with high-quality SUPER PLY Enamel is fun because it brushes on easily, dries quickly. It resists soiling and mars... will stand repeated washing.

There's double economy, too... low initial cost plus superior one-coat coverage on woodwork, cabinets, other enamel surfaces. 54 decorator colors. **\$179** **\$598**  
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And I use SUPER PLY Satin Washable Wall Paint on my walls and ceilings. I buy it in such delightful and pleasing colors, which make my rooms so **\$149** **\$479**  
attractive! QT. GAL.



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**F. W. WOOLWORTH CO.**  
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1957 - 100th ANNIVERSARY - 1957



## Bela Bartok

Continued from page 16

They seemed so well matched that the intimates of his musical life were entirely unprepared for what happened 14 years after their marriage. He asked Marta to divorce him. It was a sacrifice he asked of her, he knew, but there was a human reason which he considered a "commandment." The reason was Ditta Pasztory, a girl in her middle teens and one of his piano students. They were married in 1923, when he was 42 and she was 17. Their only child, Peter, was born a year later. She was his wife for 22 years, until his death, and close to him musically as well as personally.

WHEN he married Ditta he had already acquired an international reputation as a musical scholar. In his

## The evolution of my prayers

Continued from page 53

Thus I have made the complete circle, except that I have come to feel I am entitled to be bestowed only with such glories as are (and I have used the word enough to make it clear) reasonable; no fortunes for me, no world-shaking successes, no enormous triumphs. These, should I ever achieve them, must come through the qualities I have asked for and perhaps, fortunately, been granted.

THERE is one thing, however, that disturbs me. I have taken, as I grow older and more professional in the matter of rhetoric, to making my prayers considerably more polished and literary than is really necessary. I seem to be acquiring a style in my communications with heaven. At first I considered it unworthy. I thought that perhaps I should be more simple, more stark.

And yet, after much thought, I have decided that perhaps the polished phrase, the poetic nuance, the rolling sentence may even please celestial ears; so I have gone on to the point where I enjoy the creation of my prayers, and I am almost convinced the angels may, too.

THE END

(This article begins on page 52)

# Secrets FROM FAMOUS KITCHENS



**Ilka Chase says it's fun to glamorize leftovers—serves delicious Chicken Crêpes**

"Here's a main dish with a French accent," says actress Ilka Chase. "Little 'Yeast-Riz' pancakes filled with leftover chicken. They have a crispy lightness, a wonderful continental flavor that only yeast can give. Fleischmann's Active Dry Yeast, I mean. It's so fast and easy—and keeps for months!"

### Chicken Crêpes

Scald 1/2 cup milk. Stir in 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 teaspoon salt and 1/4 cup shortening. Cool to lukewarm. Measure into bowl 1/4 cup warm (not hot) water. (Cool to lukewarm for compressed yeast.) Add 1 package or cake Fleischmann's Yeast, active dry or compressed. Stir to dissolve. Add lukewarm milk mixture, 1 beaten egg and 1 cup sifted flour. Beat until smooth, about 1 minute. Cover. Let rise in warm place, free from draft, until doubled in bulk, about 40 minutes. Stir down. For each crêpe, pour 1/4 cup batter onto moderately hot, slightly greased griddle; spread to 6-inch diameter. Bake over low to medium heat until bubbly and edges seem dry; turn once; stack on warm plate. Place 1/2 cup hot chicken filling across center of each crêpe. Fold ends to center; place flap side down in baking dish; pour

sauce across center. Sprinkle with 3 tablespoons Parmesan cheese. Heat in 450°F. oven 5-10 minutes. Makes 6 servings.

#### Chicken Filling and Sauce

Cook 1/4 cup minced onion in 1/4 cup margarine until tender. Blend in 1/4 cup flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon dry mustard, dash cayenne pepper. Slowly stir in 2 cups light cream. Cook until thick and smooth. Slowly stir into 1 slightly beaten egg; return to heat. Bring to boil, stirring. Remove from heat. For filling, combine 1 cup sauce and 2 cups cubed chicken; heat to use. Keep remaining sauce warm over hot water.

Get the new "Triple-Fresh" Pack



Fleischmann's Yeast is another fine product of Standard Brands Inc.



early manhood, he'd discovered a little known musical language, the ancient music of the Hungarian peasants.

For years he spent his summers and other holidays in remote regions, first in Hungary, but later in Rumania and European Turkey, lugging recording equipment and persuading bashful peasants to sing and play the music their parents had taught them.

This peasant music with its timbres and rhythms and harmonies of barbaric force was as close to basic humanity as the peasants were. However rough, it made much "art music" seem bloodless.

Having the command of this language, Bartok began using it in his own compositions, not imitatively, but originally, to express his own substances. That is why the music upon which his great reputation is based, is likely to repel at first. Its grammar is more than strange; it is utterly foreign to ears trained to the refinement and general niceness of the main musical language. But that also is why it sticks. The language grew and developed out of human emotions in order to meet human needs.

This Bartok music began making its way, though slowly, until, in the years immediately before the outbreak of World War II, he was in growing demand in Europe as pianist and conductor for his own works. The Hitler cataclysm was spreading over eastern Europe. Bartok would have gone into exile if his mother had been able to go, too. She died in the autumn of 1939. In 1940 he came to the United States for professional appearances. He returned to Hungary only to close his affairs, and was back, a refugee.

America treated him kindly but not well. At first the public wasn't very interested in his music. Then his health began to fail. But the life of his music blossomed. In the fall of 1944 he received a tremendous ovation in New York. A week or so later he got another in Boston. Less than a year later, on September 26, 1945, he died.

**R**ECOMMENDED recordings are: **Concerto for Orchestra** (as recorded by the Philharmonia Orchestra under Herbert von Karajan—Angel); **Music for Strings, Percussion and Celesta** (London Philharmonic—London); any one of the last five of his string quartets (Juilliard String Quartet—Columbia); **Concerto for Violin and Orchestra** (Tibor Varga and the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra—Decca); the third Piano Concerto (Leonard Pennario and the St. Louis Symphony—Capitol); and **Mikrokosmos**, a collection of short but variegated pieces for piano (Gyorgy Sandor, piano—Columbia). THE END

## Outdoor dining is more Fun with **ROYLPRINTS**



**Roylprint**  
PAPER PLACE MATS

It's fun to eat outdoors! And Roylprints add an extra measure of gaiety—in patterns designed especially for the occasion. Mother's happier, too—because Roylprint Paper Place Mats are used once and tossed away—there's no linen wear...no laundry work. And talk about economy—Roylprints cost only about a cent a serving. Pick up a supply at your Variety, Supermarket or Department Store.

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**REMOVES RUST & STAINS**  
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Give names of your dealers.  
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BRUSH FISH  
(before cooking)  
with  
**GRAVY MASTER**  
CONTAINS NO MEAT



the  
only foil made  
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## It's "QUILTED" for EXTRA STRENGTH

**So much stronger!** Resists splitting and tearing because this heavy-duty foil (heavier than household foil) is "quilted"!

**So flexible!** There's "give" to it because of the "quilting." Clings tighter—wraps stronger—holds longer!

**Wider, too!** Only Kaiser "quilted" foil is 14 inches wide (2 inches wider than ordinary foil)... exactly fits standard broiler pan.

Bake Your Ham in  
**KAISER BROILER FOIL**

Ask for new "gondola" recipe

## What goes on here *continued from page 11*

a year. Also back is that plot in which girl meets fashion photographer, girl loses photographer, and girl gets photographer in time to wear those featured wedding clothes. Paramount hired for the dress designs a chap named Givenchy—hero, at the moment, of Place Vendôme.

As for the picture, no complaints. Fred Astaire is as elastic and inventive as ever, and Audrey Hepburn unveils a voice that is pleasant, if a trifle thin, and dances opposite Fred Astaire. This she does with vigor and ability. From time to time Kay Thompson of night club and *Eloise* fame gets into the act; she's a delight. The songs are from an old Gershwin Broadway musical not coincidentally called *Funny Face*. New plot, though. An extra dividend is the imaginative color photography. The clothes? They look fine on Audrey, but where would anyone wear them?

M-G-M's *Designing Woman* also incorporates a fashion show into its story. Lauren Bacall designs the clothes in the movie, and Helen Rose, M-G-M's designer, designs the clothes that Miss Bacall designs. All straight? The picture may have started out as a musical, but all that's left is a smattering of mu-



*"The Great Dog Robbery,"* the charming "novel for dogs" that appeared serially in *Woman's Day* beginning with the June, 1956 issue, will be published in America late this month by Viking Press. It will be called *The Hundred and One Dalmatians*, which is the title its English author, Dodie Smith, gave it when it was first written.

sic and dancing. It sticks mainly to telling about a fashion designer who marries a sports writer, and their career conflicts. Most of it is fairly funny stuff, and both Miss Bacall and Gregory Peck perform amiably.

Christian Dior outfitted Ava Gardner for her chores in *The Little Hut*, a farce about a wife, a husband, and an extra man marooned on a desert isle. If you're interested in what to wear on a desert island, Mr. Dior has some ideas for you, particularly on modes in grass skirts. If you're interested in an enjoy-



Audrey Hepburn dances with enthusiasm in "Funny Face"



ble movie, best stay away from this one.

A much better movie is **The Happy Road**, in which Pierre Balmain designs a costume for Barbara Laage, a French charmer who costars with Gene Kelly. (No dancing, by the way.) Mr. Kelly directed the picture, too, and did a nice job. The story involves two kids who run away from a Swiss school. The parents try to head them off, and, after several funny adventures, the kids win. So, it turns out, do the parents. The children, Bobby Clark and Brigitte Fosse, are fine. The clothes: exactly right for travel between Switzerland and Paris.

### MOVIES WORTH YOUR ATTENTION:

**Battle Hymn.** Stars Rock Hudson as the famous Colonel Hess, a Protestant minister turned Air Force pilot. While in Korea Hess devoted much of his time to looking after orphaned children, eventually establishing an orphanage on Cheju Island, off Korea.

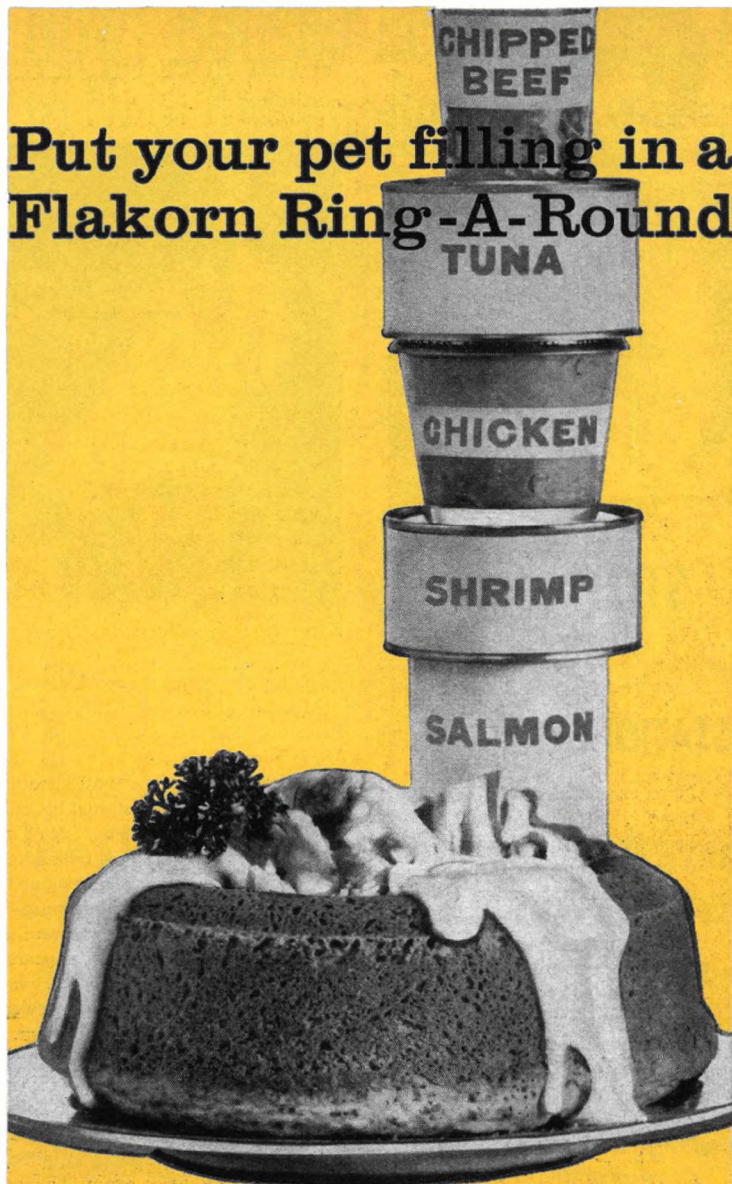
**Albert Schweitzer.** Theologian, organist, philosopher, and doctor, Dr. Schweitzer has devoted more than forty years to his hospital in French Equatorial Africa. The movie is a record of a man's service to humanity. Profits will go to the hospital.

**The Saga of Satchmo.** Documentary story of a trek with trumpet through Europe and Africa by Louis Armstrong. Produced and narrated by Edward R. Murrow, this feature length picture gets under one's skin, mainly because Armstrong's personality emerges in it as so warm and winning.

## TV gossip

### As Jack Cluett hears it

Pat (*Ain't It a Shame?*) Boone will be on ABC next fall with a weekly half-hour show. So will Guy (*Singing the Blues*) Mitchell . . . If you have a talking dog Will Rogers, Jr., will pay him \$500 per two-syllable word spoken on *Good Morning* (CBS). No foreign language please, Rover! . . . *The Lone Ranger* has brought 1,248 villains to justice in



Put your pet filling in a  
**Flakorn Ring-A-Round**

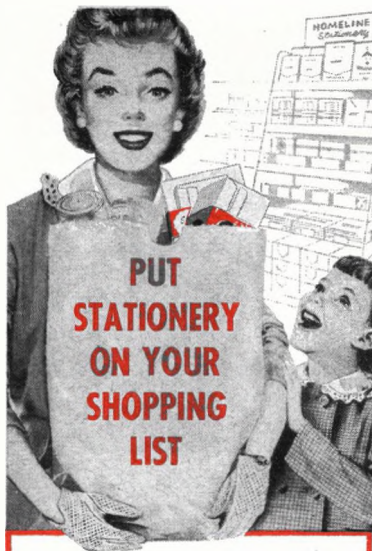
## And make a hearty meal...

You'll never believe what hearty elegance tuna, chicken, meat or seafood fillings can have until you try nesting them in a golden Flakorn corn bread ring. Quick and easy to prepare, it's a tempting 1-dish dinner you can mix in minutes ■ But remember—ONLY Flakorn's exclusive 12 oz. pack gives you the extra-measure mix it takes to make the generous *family-size* servings you need ■ For muffins, corn breads, casseroles, breakfast treats too—no other mix can make so much, so easy!

- .....
- ..... Just 2 minutes from package to pan .....
- ..... Prepares Flakorn batter as directed. Pour into greased 8" .....
- ..... (5 cup) ring mold. Bake 30 min. at 400°. Turn onto platter .....
- ..... and add filling. Makes 4-6 dinner-size servings. ....
- .....







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Need envelopes? Writing paper? School supplies? Look for the Homeline stationery rack in your favorite supermarket. Here you'll find a wonderful selection of stationery — everything for the whole family, including loose-leaf fillers and typing paper. They're all made by United States Envelope Company — makers of:

*-writing and school supplies  
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ENVELOPES

"they seal  
without licking"



UNITED STATES ENVELOPE COMPANY  
Springfield 2, Massachusetts  
World's Largest Manufacturer of Envelopes



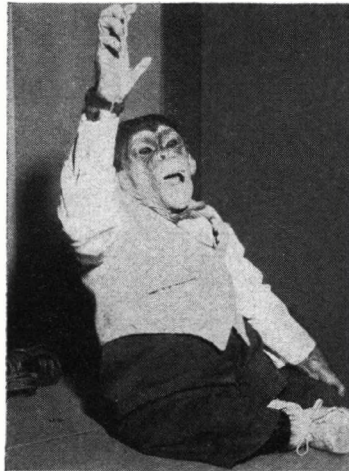
Raise lower tab



Press down upper flap



## What goes on here *continued*



**Kokomo: New face on "Today"**

his 24 years behind the mask (ABC).

Marvin Miller, who plays John Beresford Tipton's secretary on *The Millionaire* (CBS), has handed out over \$100 million of his "boss' dough on the program. Miller started his own radio career at \$5 per week... *Do You Trust Your Wife?* (CBS) is falling into the big-name rut rather than sticking to amateurs who are much more refreshing for a change... The war veteran suffering from amnesia who appeared on last October's real-life *Big Story* has drawn hundreds of letters from viewers who thought they could identify him.

Ralph Edwards' *Truth or Consequences* (NBC) is back with Bob Baker as emcee... Tennessee Ernie (NBC) is well on the road to raising \$1 million for Hungarian Relief, a penny at a time. His effort is called "Operation Penny-drop" and largely because of it the Los Angeles Red Cross received 80,000 letters in 10 days.

Word that S. J. Perelman, who did the award-winning screen play of "Around the World in 80 Days," may write a TV comedy series is indeed cheering news... Jack Webb will make at least 78 more Dragnets, just when it looked as though Sgt. Friday would turn in his badge... NBC's ambitious production help to the nation's 22 educational TV stations got under way last month with five series of programs on mathematics, music, liter-

ature, world geography, and American government. Stations unable to pick up the series live are using film recordings.

If anyone had told me 15 years ago I'd one day be watching the Chicago Fine Arts string quartet on *Today* (NBC) at 7:30 A.M., I'd have had his head examined... Directors Lichtman and Foster have racked up 100,000 miles just visiting hospitals for material for *Medical Horizons* (ABC).

Mike Wallace, whose *Night Beat* was the talk of New York City, has been wooed over to ABC for \$100,000. His new interview show, to premier the 28th, will be called *Mike Wallace's Profiles*... Ernie Kovacs' recent no-dialogue program on NBC proved conclusively why Chaplin, Lloyd, Keaton, *et al* were so successful 30 years ago in silent pictures. It was a brave experimental step backward in the midst of a pretty dull TV season... Bill Stern is the most recent sportscaster to turn disk jockey.

J. Fred Muggs has retired from Dave Garroway's *Today* (NBC) and his replacement is 17-month-old Kokomo, Jr., lately of Miami and the Belgian

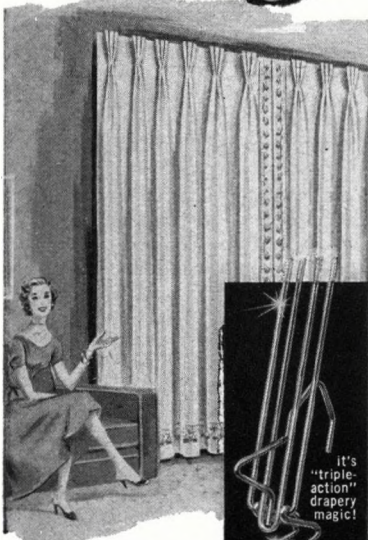
### WORTH LOOKING INTO

- 1st—**Producers' Showcase.** *The Great Sebastians*, starring Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne (NBC)
- 3rd—**Ford Theater.** *Exclusive*, starring Phyllis Kirk and Everett Sloane (ABC)
- 10th—**Hallmark Hall of Fame.** Gilbert and Sullivan's *The Yeomen of the Guard*, with Alfred Drake and Celeste Holm (NBC)
- 28th—**Mike Wallace's Profiles.** Network premiere of his no-punches-pulled interview show (ABC)
- 28th—*America Salutes Kate Smith*, on her 26th year in radio and TV (ABC)
- 18th—**Climax.** *The June Taylor Story*, with Jackie Gleason himself (CBS)
- 29th—**Producers' Showcase.** Sadler's Wells Ballet presentation of *Cinderella*, with Margot Fonteyn, Frederick Ashton and Michael Somes (NBC)



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CONSO, 27 West 23rd Street • New York 10, N. Y.

APRIL, 1957

Congo. Kokomo, Jr., chews bubble gum, eats spaghetti and meat balls with gusto, and already has a reputation—"real ham." His trainer is a magician and claims that Kokomo, Jr., will be the only chimp in the world performing magic tricks.

The attorney for CBS-Radio is a woman, Geraldine Bone Zorbaugh. She's also a v-p... Vic 'n' Sade, a gem that lasted 14 years on radio, has been revived on Chicago TV Station WNBQ with most of the original cast. Bet there'll be cries of "Network!" from people all over the country who want to see what they used to hear.

### The Signals and the Signs

Poster in a midwestern soda fountain: "Banana splits. 35 cents. Without bananas, 30 cents."

Invitation extended in the window of a serve-yourself laundry in Los Angeles: "Grime does not pay. Let us help you lead a clean life."

Sign in the window of a Milwaukee tavern: "Fish Fry Fridays. Including Wednesdays."

## Helping hand

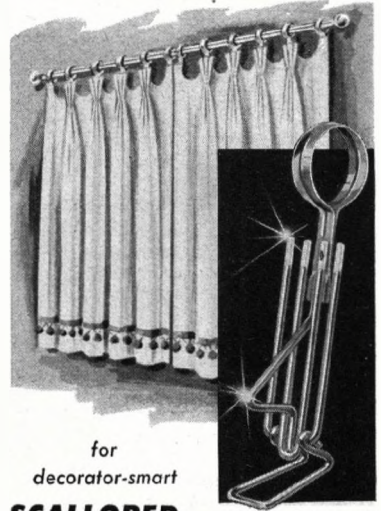
### Be the one to give it

We have a brand-new provision in our Social Security law: one which someone of your family or acquaintance should perhaps be taking advantage of at once. Briefly, it's protection at age 50 (you used to have to wait until 65) against a severe and long-lasting disability which makes it impossible to go on working. About 400,000 persons, disabled before January 1st, could become eligible to draw their first checks in August, but a lot of them are going to lose out if they don't make application before the end of June. (Checks will start coming one month after the first month of eligibility.)

If someone between 50 and 65 in your family or a friend's family is in this fix, it would be an act of substantial kindness to make sure he or she knows about this new situation. Depending on

# HERE'S MORE EXCITING NEWS!

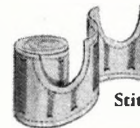
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## FREE Charm Booklet



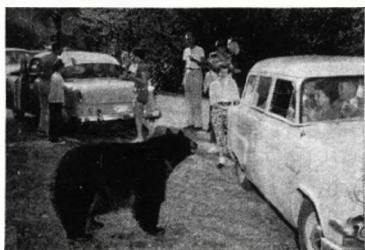
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## What goes on here

*continued*

what the individual was earning before, benefits will range from \$30 a month up to \$108.50. You're not barred just because you are already receiving pension payments from a company.

It's also important that men and women who are *under 50*, and disabled, apply at this time to have their Social Security records "frozen." That way, the months without earnings won't count against them. But they can lose heavily if they don't act now.

So pass the word, and the word is "Get in touch with your local Social Security office."

## Sportswriter

### With a Phi Beta key and a yen for speed

Press boxes make room grudgingly for women, and the one set up at the Indianapolis Speedway for the annual Memorial Day 500-mile grind is no exception. It was breached a year ago, and the first of her sex to get seated was a young woman with a Phi Beta Kappa key and a Jaguar in which, on occasion, she had driven 140 m.p.h.

"Imagine," said Denise McCluggage

later, "they wanted to keep me out because they said women had never been permitted in their press box. How many of the men up there would be able to put the mufflers back on their cars after they had finished racing them?"

Denise can, of course. She always believed that doing the thing made writing about it easier, so when she came east from Topeka to become a sports writer for the New York *Herald Tribune*, she decided to participate as well as report. Today she can write knowingly about racing because she is a race driver. Last year she was runner-up in the women's division during the Bahamas Speed Week; this spring she raced in the big 12-hour grind at Sebring, Florida.

Denise does a man-sized job in a field usually considered 99 percent reserved for men. She is the *Herald Tribune's* skiing expert; she writes about golf, tennis, and interviews all manner of sports personalities. She drives to all her assignments, of course, and has never gotten a ticket for speeding. Denise believes everyone should race automobiles because then no one would break the speed laws.

"When you race you get a healthy respect for speed," she says. "Show me a racing driver and I'll show you a driver who will stay within five miles of the speed limit anywhere."

Anyone want a lift to the ball park in a law-abiding V-8, 2.5-liter 280-h.p. Ferrari?



Denise McCluggage knows whereof she writes



## On trading a man for a mink coat

Continued from page 37

agricultural workers are not chafing to be in the city trading shares of Minnesota Mining and Manufacturing. Most skilled workers know they are at the top of their trade. They let the union worry about their pay raises. Teachers would never turn to teaching if their first interest was making money, men are not apt to go into the ministry to make a fortune. Turned inside out, probably very few of these men's wives either beg or scold for mink coats. Could this be one reason those men seem to live longer?

Each family has just so much money to spend during any one year and it is largely the wife who decides how this money is going to be spent. The man may not think she does. He may even be one of those old-fashioned men who doesn't hold with such nonsense as a husband and wife planning together. Still if a wife says, "Dear, we simply must redecorate the living room" often enough and plaintively

enough, he is likely to revise his budget so as to get the living room redecorated. This is just one proof of how much power we have. Anyone who can get new living-room furniture with a little persistence ought to be able with the same persistence to get her husband to give her more of his *time* instead. But the point right now is who determines how most of the money is spent? We do. So if it is spent in ways that put constant new burdens on our husbands it is largely our fault. What's so hard about deciding to spend money in ways that give us all a good time instead of a lot of new things to take care of?

I know several families who are remarkably relaxed about money. They are always ready to go to the theater or out to dinner if someone suggests it. They turn up in Spain or Mexico or the Canadian Rockies every summer. They have considerably smaller incomes than many of their friends who perpetually go around saying, "We can't afford it." Everyone wonders how they do it, but the secret is simple. These comfortable families always budget their fixed expenses way below their income. If, with pinching, they could afford a two-bath house they settle for one bath. If they could afford

two cars they get along with one. Whether these are twenty-thousand dollar families or ten-thousand or five-thousand, they always budget as if they had quite a little less. Then what's left is surplus to have fun with and to be extravagant on.

Many women will read this with violent protest, feeling that *their* family budget is all taken up with grim necessities. There can be times when this is true, but there is almost always a cheaper house that can be made attractive. There is almost always a cheaper car that will get you where you need to go. There is almost always a cheaper dress that will be becoming. Years ago, my husband and I decided I could go out and buy a terrific evening dress even if it cost a hundred dollars. I shopped and I shopped in all the plushiest stores and I just didn't see anything that really looked like a hundred dollars. The one I finally found that looked marvelous on me was a draped white jersey which cost sixteen seventy-five. It would cost thirty-nine seventy-five today, but the principle is the same. I never had more fun in any dress or got more compliments. But then it always felt like a hundred dollar dress. Reduced to its simplest terms, this budget-

## How long since you felt like this?

Feel the bubbling bouyancy of youth! Enjoy the lilt and laughter of life at *any* age with the help of California's wonder fruit—*delicious* prunes.

They're laden with precious things that promote the glow of health. Quick fruit energy. Iron and other minerals. Vitamin A, thiamine, riboflavin, niacin. A mild aid to regularity, too!

Today's plump, tender prunes are wonderful for breakfast, in salads, desserts and between-meal snacks! Why not serve prunes in your house several times a week? And drink to your health with prune juice, too!

for the glow of health

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and prune juice



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Invented by a doctor—  
now used by millions of women

ing philosophy says: save on the big things so you can splurge on the little things; budget your money so you never have to think whether to have one or two scoops of ice cream in your milk shake.

What we want for our children can complicate any budgeting philosophy and leave a husband and wife teetering way out in space. It seems perfectly normal in America today for parents to want their children to have a better life than they have had. I don't know why we all take such a dim view of our own lives that our children don't seem to be doing all right unless they do much better. But the chief trouble with that *better life* concept is that it usually means an *easier* and *more luxurious* life. Thousands of couples, as soon as their children are born, buy or build a big house in the country or in some suburb for the children to bring their friends home to. They tell themselves that it was worth doing for the children but the chances are that Father has been home so little the children have often found the house somewhat dreary and would have had more fun with less house and more Father. It is almost certain Mother would have had more fun with less house to take care of and more husband.

A woman who would really rather have a husband than a mink coat or a house in the country has to get it clear in her mind that a definite choice is involved. She cannot have the prestige of possessions and also have a full life with her husband. It shouldn't be a hard choice, for when you look around, the people with real prestige are apt to be the people who live simply and do the important, worthwhile things.

LIVING is important, and making life seem worth living is important, and carrying on the thread of life and love and awareness from generation to generation. Love and laughter and happiness are important because people die without them. And those are a woman's job. Never have they been more needed and never have we had more free time to devote to the job of making them.

Today women are the lucky ones, I think. It is men who are oppressed, trapped and belittled. But not—let me make this clear right away—not by women. American men are oppressed, trapped and belittled by a way of life which they have worn themselves out to create and are busily killing themselves to maintain. Women have merely aided and abetted them, largely unconsciously, largely without realizing what was happening. But once we do realize, we need not stand by and continue to watch it happen.

THE END

(This article begins on page 36)



# THOSE POOR FINGERNAILS

## How to restore splitting, breaking nails

New medical research brings help. Seven out of ten women restored cracking, splitting nails to normal by drinking KNOX GELATINE in water, fruit juice or bouillon. Send for FREE BULLETIN. Address Knox Gelatine, Box WD-53, Johnstown, N.Y.



In the May  
Woman's Day

## Patchwork Goes Contemporary

The old Star of Bethlehem quilt design—  
interpreted in a modern way

# Tense, Nervous Headaches Need This Relief

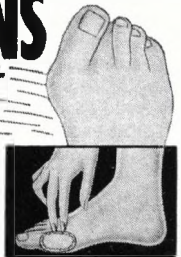
A survey shows 3 out of 4 doctors recommend the famous ingredients of Anacin to relieve pain. Here's why Anacin® gives better total effect in pain relief than aspirin or any buffered aspirin:

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Super-Soft Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads



## The love treatment

Continued from page 37

wriggled with pleasure at being chosen by Elise. Watching her, I thought back on the past eighteen months.

Our first son had seldom cried, had eaten heartily and digested beautifully. But our second son wouldn't eat or sleep normally, and our ears rang with the sound of his crying day and night, although the doctor pronounced him physically perfect.

When we moved to France for a year of study for my husband, we joked lamely that our crybaby might like it better in another country. This had not been true. The only times he slept at night were when I held him on my shoulder, and daytime naps were a thing of the past.

It was at this point that my husband announced that we must hire someone, anyone, to take over and give me a few hours of rest and relaxation every day. Elise had come as our only applicant.

In a week she was in command of the children and, at her insistence, the house and the cooking. As she entered, I fled, to sleep long hours or to walk in the park. I began to laugh again at my husband's jokes and took time to dress carefully and to go to the beauty parlor. When I came home at the end of the day, the house shone with cleanliness, the children were scrubbed and sweet. Elise, showing no signs of wear, would present my two for damp good-night kisses and whisk them off to bed.

The first week I prayed she wouldn't quit. The second week I raised her wages. The third week I would have done anything for her. But a little demon of worry kept gnawing at me. How did she manage it?

Then began my period of skulking around, coming home unexpectedly, sneaking to the door, and quizzing our four-year-old about the day's events. And a whole new world of child psychology opened up before me.

How did she manage to keep the younger one from his favorite occupations of turning on the gas stove, eating or destroying anything within reach, teetering from high places, and breaking bottles? Elise told him not to, as I did, but when he continued his actions, she didn't spank or scold him. She picked him up, hugged him, smothered him with kisses. She told him he was a perfect treasure, a little chicken, a little cabbage, and that she loved him. Then she sat him down again, and as my four-year-old declared, "It really works!"

And work it did. Before my disbelieving eyes, Elise was actually loving him out of being disobedient. She sang songs to him about himself and read him stories in which he always turned out to be the central character.

From the time she arrived until she sang him to sleep at night, a stream of flattery, praise and affection poured over him. No matter how naughty the act (and they were many), no matter how obstinate he grew or how violent his temper tantrums, Elise would brush back her salt-and-pepper gray hair, twinkle at him from her bright blue eyes, and maintain an iron calm.

As I got to know her better, I learned of her past life and wondered at her happy nature. She had lived through two world wars in embattled France, and her life had been hard and joyless. But her cheerful nature dismissed these hardships. She summed up the bad years with, "It's finished now."

And such was her attitude toward the children's misdeeds. Once they were over "it was finished," and she would smile at the funny things they did next. She constantly showed the little one things to be gay about, until his perpetual frown and angry look disappeared. She divided her attentions equally when with both boys and taught them to respect and love each other.

She talked always of their best characteristics and ignored their bad. When I explained that I had not been able to train the younger one to stay dry during the day, she looked surprised. Not at him, but at me. And in a few weeks she convinced him that only dry pants were fitting for such a perfect baby. One by one his bad moods and temper tantrums became fewer, too. When someone is holding you, loving you, and laughing with you, it is hard to remain a Desperate Dan, even at only two.

When he was in my care, I adopted Elise's tactics and found they worked, even for me. The Mr. Hyde in him had receded to such a manageable degree that our home life was once more on an even keel.

WHEN our year in France ended and we had to part with Elise, I don't know whose heart was the heaviest. All four of us wept as we said good-by to the woman who had taught us a sweeter way of living.

Now back in the United States, as I give my little boy a big hug or kiss, I think about Elise and wonder whose child she is loving till he's good. Our children keep and treasure their yearly birthday cards that come without fail from Elise. For without quite remembering why, they know these cards come with love from a very special person.

THE END

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Your household goods are safe and clean in a United @Sanitized van. @Sanitized is the exclusive hygienic process which inhibits the development of bacteria, mildew, mold and odors that could be harmful, especially to upholstered pieces, rugs, bedding, draperies and clothing.

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## The danger in waiting for your child to outgrow pimples

by MARCELLA HOLMES  
NOTED BEAUTY AUTHORITY  
(former beauty editor of "Glamour" magazine)

I've received so many urgent letters from adolescent girls with pimples I want to alert mothers to this problem. Pimples undermine poise and self-confidence, can cause permanent damage to the personality and, if neglected, can even leave permanent scars.

Fortunately, today there's a modern, scientific pimple medication that really works. It's called CLEARASIL. In doctors' tests on 202 patients, 9 out of

every 10 cases were completely cleared up or definitely improved while using CLEARASIL.

Oil in pores helps pimples grow and thrive. So don't use skin creams which contain oils pimples 'feed' on. Use a true oil-absorbing medication—CLEARASIL, which helps remove these oils, actually 'starves' pimples.

CLEARASIL is skin-colored to end embarrassment immediately. Greaseless, fast-drying, antiseptic . . . it's guaranteed to work for you, as it did in doctors' tests, or money back. Only 69¢ at all drug counters (economy size 98¢).



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Unlike iodine and other harsh liquid antiseptics which may sting and actually burn delicate tissues—new Unguentine works these four ways:

1. Relieves pain fast!
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For scrapes and burns—helps ease the pain! Soothe on—no sting! Wash off—no stain!



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AND COMPLETE EASTER EGG DECORATING KITS.

## Never push a Pekingese

Continued from page 47

automobile, with a real gas engine, no less, heaven help us! that Lucinda brought him last year. Scared, mind you, madam, scared of the other boys."

Davy knew the rest of that speech. Why doesn't the boy fight back, stand his ground, etc., etc.? Davy had no answer.

THE day of Aunt Lucinda's arrival was exquisitely blue and fresh.

It startled Davy, and his mother as well, when his aunt sailed in, all in misty-blue tweed, and flung her arms around the General's neck and burred in his ear. "Chuck refused to come this year. Says he just can't go through the Mexican Campaign again."

"Insolent pup," the old man tried to growl.

Davy was swept into an embrace of fresh lavender and Martinis.

"Oh, but you're growing so old," she chirped into the happy, wide-eyed face.

All through lunch, the table had never been so jolly, Davy kept wondering what his present was to be. Once it had been a microscope all in shiny old brass. And then, of course, there had been the automobile.

After dessert came the presents. For Davy's mother, an emerald, small, but clear as the running sea, and unset.

For the General there was a pair of magnificent antique bronze cannons.

The old man clucked and hawed. He almost twittered.

Then Lucinda clapped her hands like a stage magician. Her maid marched in with a small basket. Davy strained forward. Even the General was caught up in the suspense. With another conjuring flourish Lucinda flipped open the top of the basket. She might well have been a real sorceress, for the tiny face that popped up could belong only to a djinn. Davy gasped.

The General rumbled. "Great heavens and Douglas MacArthur! What is that thing?"

Sparkling up at them was a pair of bright black eyes protruding from a bulging dome, which was deeply creased down the middle and covered with soft brown fur. The velvety black snout appeared to have been pushed in by some violent pressure.

"But it's a Pekingese!" Davy wailed, too stunned to conceal his dismay.

His aunt seemed not to notice the reactions all around her. She fished



some papers out of her gigantic hand-bag.

"Yes, a Peke," she said happily. "Already housebroken. And a thoroughbred. Pedigree way back to the Ming Dynasty, practically. Here are the AKC papers and the complete kit, even to a book of instructions."

The General snorted.

"A fool sissy lap dog. I don't get it, Lucinda. Not like you to foul up. *That* wee monster is no dog for a boy. But, then, I guess..."

"It's really very sweet," said his mother, in her small, peacemaking voice.

Davy turned on her, his eyes blazing. "Don't you ever stand up for *anybody*?" he cried and rushed from the room.

"Come back here at once!" roared the General. "Apologize to your aunt. That's an order!"

Davy paid no attention.

**D**AVY lay on his bed, blankly gazing at the ceiling. Well, now he knew where he stood. No more pretenses. A man finds out his friends. Downstairs he heard a shrill yapping. *He'd better not come up here*, he thought. ominously.

"I'm mutinying," his mother whispered with forced gaiety as she slipped in with a tray of food.

Davy replied with a look so direct and steady that she could not meet it.

"Why do we have to live here?" he asked bluntly.

"Why—why this is our home."

"We aren't happy here, are we?"

She looked down. Was he too young, she wondered, to understand.

Davy slept heavily, the scene at the table tormenting his dreams. An ice-cold button touched his nose, and a warm wet flannel was slurped across his eyes. He woke with a start to look straight in to an ugly little face, grinning at him in the moonlight.

He heaved himself angrily and the comic mask vanished; there was a soft thump on the floor and an indignant yelp.

Davy was awakened early in the morning by a delicate nibbling at his ear lobe. He took the puppy in his two hands, stood it on his chest, and carefully studied the pushed-in face.

"I suppose you can't help being bow-legged and funny-looking," he said thoughtfully.

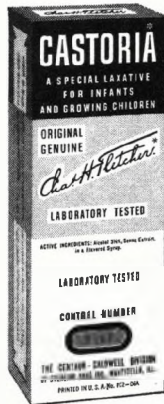
The puppy seemed to agree amiably, waving the feathery tail to and fro. The popped black eyes shone with solemn affection, and suddenly the face was beautiful. Davy was amazed.

After breakfast, he got out the Pekingese Book from the basket of beauty tools that came with the puppy.

The puppy went rummaging in the

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**BATTER-WAY COFFEE CAKE**

1 cup warm water (110°-115°)  
2 pkg. Red Star Special Active Dry Yeast  
3/2 cups sifted all-purpose flour  
1/2 cup sugar 1/4 cup soft shortening  
1 whole egg and 1 egg white (store milk for topping)  
Shredded rind of 1 orange 1/2 tsp. salt

**POUR** warm water into a medium-sized bowl. Add yeast. Let stand a few minutes then stir to dissolve completely. **ADD** about half the flour, the sugar, salt, egg, fruit rind, and shortening. Beat 2 minutes with wooden spoon or with electric mixer on medium speed. **STIR** in the remaining flour a little at a time until it disappears. **SCRAPE** down batter from sides of bowl. Cover with waxed paper and let rise in warm place until doubled—20 to 30 minutes. Meanwhile grease 2 pans: 9-in. layer pans, 8- or 9-in. square pans, or one 9x13x2-in. oblong pan. **BEAT** down raised batter with spoon. Grease fingers lightly and press the batter evenly into pans. Cover and let rise in warm place 20 minutes. Prepare topping. When cakes have doubled, add topping ingredients in order given. **BAKE 30 to 40 minutes**, or until well browned, in quick moderate oven (375°). Remove from pans and cool on rack.

**ORANGE-SUGAR TOPPING:** Egg yolk, mixed with 1 tsp. water, 1/2 cup sugar mixed with rind of 1 orange. **STREUSEL:** Egg yolk, then a mixture of 1/2 cup sugar, 2 tsp. flour, 2 tsp. butter, 1 tsp. cinnamon, 1/2 cup chopped nuts.

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equipment basket. Probably by chance, he came up with a shiny red leash. Very well, they would go for a walk.

The General was in the garden making war on the aphids who had invaded his roses. He had a snort for Davy when he saw the red leash.

"Well, sir. Out-of-doors for a change. Some good in my idiot girl's giftie, after all."

Davy smiled weakly.

**I**N the lower meadow, even the but-tercup were taller than the puppy. The crooked little legs made a speed Davy found it hard to match. Together they ran into disaster. The puppy darted out of the underbrush at the edge of the field into the path of four boys headed for the lake to swim.

Alec Hawkins had, at twelve, the cool, handsome assurance that marked the future Big Man on Campus. Leading came naturally to him. Beside him trotted his five-year-old brother Peter, who was universally known as Squeaky Pete. Joey Wilde was called Wild Boy and often had to strain himself to live up to the name. Billy Burke was given the title "BB" not so much for his initials as in honor of an episode involving an air rifle. The last two were a year younger than Alec, and they followed him as naturally as they would have followed any other certified hero.

"Ooh! Look at the funny animal," shrilled Squeaky Pete.

Davy tried to scoop up the puppy and slip away, but in an instant the boys were surrounding him. They were not hostile, only curious.

"Crazy-looking critter," declared Wild Boy. "What the heck is it? If anything."

This sally got a general laugh, so he repeated it louder.

"It's a pecking-geese," announced BB importantly. "Society ladies have them. They're Jap dogs."

Davy smiled a weakly ingratiating smile and started to withdraw. His foot brushed against BB's.

"Hey! Watch whose feet you're tramping on!" shouted BB.

He gave Davy a slight push. The puppy let out a furious little bark. The high, sharp sound was an igniting spark. BB shoved Davy again, harder in the direction of Wild Boy, who at once shoved him back again.

"Better hand me the pup," Alec said, "so he doesn't get hurt."

Accustomed to being obeyed without hesitation, he reached for the now excited puppy. Davy saw that he intended to pick it up by the scruff of the neck, so he knocked the hand away. It was a rougher gesture than he had intended because of the way he was

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**DELICIOUS TIPS**

**EASY "HOW-TO"**  
*Brownie Pie, at right*

- 1 Prepare shell from pkg. fudge brownie mix. Put into greased 8" pie pan. Grease bottom 2nd pan, same size; press down evenly to push dough up sides. With 2nd pan on, bake 20 min., 350°F; preheat. Remove 2nd pan; bake 5 min. more. Cool.
- 2 When ready to serve, mound qt. coffee ice cream on shell. Whip 1/2 pt. cream, spread on. Sprinkle with 2 tbs. instant coffee. Add cherries and nuts.



being buffeted back and forth. Alec, irritated by this unfamiliar resistance, grabbed the puppy by the front legs and pulled him out of Davy's arms. With a miniature growl, the puppy snapped at Alec's thumb. Alec swore, slapped the pushed-in face hard, and dropped the fluffy fury to the ground, where it attacked his ankles with the energy of a hungry lion. Alec reached down and fetched the puppy a clout on the side of the head that sent him spinning. He got up dazed and wobbly.

Shaking his head until the ears seemed to whirl like helicopter blades, the puppy braced his tiny crooked legs and charged straight at Alec's ankle. This time he was not alone. Davy, ignoring the two boys at his sides, lowered his head like an angry buffalo and lunged forward. The back of his head caught Alec Hawkins on the underlip, smearing blood across the chin. Although reeling, the bigger boy kept his balance. His handsome face was still registering bewilderment when a thin fist flew out of nowhere and almost closed his right eye. With that, he started fighting, smaller kid or not.

The other two boys stood by without interfering, according to the timeless rules. When Davy preemptorily or-

dered BB to take the puppy out of the way of the footwork, he obeyed, albeit handling the tiny battler most gingerly.

**D**AVY'S lip was swollen and felt like wax. A busy trickle flowed from both nostrils, warm and salty on his dry tongue. One ear felt as though it had been torn off with hot pincers. He kept his head down by instinct and, by the same natural knowingness, never relaxed the wild speed of his clumsy blows. Alec was a methodical type, but not very quick. With a sudden flurry of punches to the face, combined with a wholly illegal foot maneuver, Davy accomplished something never before seen in the neighborhood. Alec Hawkins went sprawling flat on his back in the road. BB and Wild Boy gasped simultaneously.

Alec rose to his feet with leisurely dignity, as though he often rested in the middle of the road. Davy held his stance, poised on the balls of his feet, head lowered.

"You ought to come down to the Y," said Alec soberly, "and learn how to fight right. You'll never get anywhere with that crazy windmill technique."

Now everybody had to bustle about

saving face. Davy nodded thoughtfully.

"The little mutt is quite a scrapper," said Alec, and they all knew what he meant.

But Petey was still implacable.

"Ol' mushmouf!" he squeaked at the puppy, wrinkling up his face until they looked alike.

"Mushmouf," repeated Davy thoughtfully. The sound appealed to him. "That's what I'm going to call him, 'Mushmouf.'"

"I just named Davy's dog," Pete shrilled, swelling with importance.

"Whatever happened to that jazzy little sports car you used to have?" asked Alec casually, although they all knew what had happened.

"It's in the garage. I may have it out tomorrow."

"Can I have a ride, hey?" said BB.

"Of course," said Davy airily.

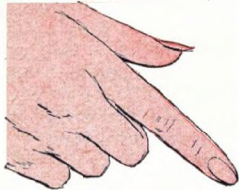
"Me too? Me too?" shrilled Petey.

"Shut up," said Davy, and Squeaky Pete knew that this meant of course.

"You better get patched up," said Alec.

"I guess *we* better had," said Davy.

**T**HEY parted with an odd, ceremonious handshake that they would never use, or need, among themselves



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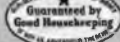
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SMARTING, PERSPIRING FEET

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**JOHNSON'S FOOT SOAP**

— LORAX, IGOLIDE AND BHRN —

again. When Davy slipped into the kitchen, with Mushmouf trotting beside him like a pennon-bearing squire, his mother burst into tears.

General Warren came storming in. Lucinda was with him.

"Great jumping Jeb Stuart!" he roared, surveying Davy's ruined face. "I heard it but I couldn't believe it. Took on half a dozen bigger lads, eh?"

"Not half a dozen, sir," Davy murmured through puffed lips. "Only four. And one of them was only a tiny baby. And I really only fought one."

"Yes. Yes," rumbled the General who did not like to see a good story ruined by technicalities.

The old man lay a heavy hand on Davy's shoulder. It hurt the bruised bones, but Davy would not have moved for anything. His daughter-in-law wheeled on him, eyes flashing.

"Well," her voice was strangely harsh and tense. "Are you happy, now, General? My son is a full-fledged brawler. Does that please you?"

"I didn't like it," Davy said, putting a hand on her wrist. "I really didn't. I had to, you see. My dog."

"Madam!" barked the old man impatiently. "That's no way to dress a wound. Here, let me."

"General Warren," said his mother coldly, "if ever again you have the bad manners to address me as madam. I will take my son, your son's son, and leave this house for good."

FOR a split second of time, Davy saw the frightened face of a lonely old man peering out from the arrogant soldier mask. With a flash of insight that hurt with its depth, he knew how terrible in the heart it would be to live in a big house with nothing but

hired servants and a colored photograph. He moved his shoulder, imperceptibly, reassuringly, under the General's hand and felt an answering pressure.

Davy wondered why his Aunt Lucinda, who was nuzzling Mushmouf's neck, looked so smug. The General noticed it, too. A light dawned in his sharp gray eyes.

"You . . . you!" he sputtered, his hand banging the top of Davy's head as though he had forgotten it was not an oak desk top. "I thought that that pup was a peculiar gift for a smart girl like you to give a boy. You . . . you meddling vixen!"

Davy's mother, at first puzzled, caught on. Lucinda stepped back, fingering her pearls nervously. When Davy's mother stood up and faced her, she fled. Davy's mother pursued, her heels clicking like castanets. The General thundered. "Whomp her one for me, Elizabeth."

He picked up the puppy with a gentleness Davy did not know was in him. "Got a name yet for this battling dust mop?"

"I'm going to call him 'Mushmouf.'" "Mushmouf!" What kind of a name is that! The AKC will have a stroke."

Davy explained, his one good eye glistening wickedly. The General burst out laughing and zoomed Mushmouf through the air, the ears and tail flying like battle plumes. And from a sudden change of expression on the General's face, as he looked into the comic little mask, Davy knew he did not have to explain about how Mushmouf became beautiful if you just looked.

THE END

(This story begins on page 46)

## OUTDOOR STORAGE

(Pages 34 and 35)

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## The many faces of courage

Continued from page 39

could budget more carefully, and he would maneuver the money into little piles to illustrate his point, while his wife nodded her head, pleasantly hypnotized by the prospect of getting more for their income. The boy, like most husbands, found it hard to give up hope of saving a little money, and he would say, "Well, if we cut down our food to twenty Forints a day, we can put a little aside this month. We won't notice a few less noodles, will we?"

"My baby wasn't growing as fast as other babies," the girl says. "She was almost a head shorter than she should have been at that age." The doctor had warned them that the baby was not doing well in the damp apartment and would probably get TB if they didn't move. But they couldn't move. Apartments had to be paid for under the counter, and one with windows—that is, not a converted store—cost ten thousand Forints, and they couldn't possibly ever raise that much money.

Because of their inadequate diet, the girl's neck was swollen. She blamed herself for her baby's condition because her milk dried up when the baby was three months old. She began suffering from headaches and losing weight. Some days, she had to wait in line at the government store from 8 A.M. to 4 P.M. because it took that long for enough eggs to arrive to supply the women waiting in line. She got a job washing cars from 4 in the morning to 9, but she was so run-down she soon caught a bad cold, and had to give up. The boy saw his family's health deteriorating and himself without the power to change anything. His stomach was upset half the time with frustration and thwarted anger. His great pleasure was listening to the Voice of America because it talked about events in Hungary in terms he considered accurate. The Hungarian radio by continually boasting of how well things were going simply set his nerves more on edge than before.

AND then the unbelievable happened; the Hungarian radio began discussing abuses and ways to correct them, and his wife well remembers the first night this happened.

"He was sitting by the radio, gloomy as usual, and suddenly he froze, listened, all ears, and then he jumped up, almost to the ceiling."

The next day he walked into the factory where he worked and raised his hand and said, "Liberty, my comrades."



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# PHILLIPS'

MILK OF MAGNESIA

The other men smiled because he was so young and so excited.

But the optimism was contagious and soon the workers and a lot of other people they knew were as excited as they were. When the girl lost her temper and spoke out against the government in the grocery store, the other women instead of shushing her and frowning and edging away, now laughed and egged her on. Spitzli (stool pigeons) no longer pushed into the front of every queue or were treated with careful, hypocritical politeness; and the long repressed housewives turned all the force of their gossip and ridicule on the Russian army of occupation.

Then, one afternoon, when the girl was waiting in line at the Kőzert, a rumor ran through the crowd of women, the way that rumors do, and everyone left the line and went home to their radios. Gero, the secretary of the Hungarian Communist Party was making a speech; she listened, and suddenly, the speech was broken off. She sat in the store which was their apartment, dazed, excited, a little frightened, when her mother came hurrying in, having run all the way across town to tell her the fighting had started, there was shooting all through downtown Budapest, the young people had gone mad. She knew her daughter was wild, like the other young people, and she had come to beg her to stay home, for the sake of God and her parents and her baby, who would be parentless if something happened to her. "At least, let the baby have one parent," her mother pleaded.

HER husband didn't come home at the usual time. She got the baby to sleep and she went out on the street. Trucks and tanks were rolling down the street, carrying Hungarians waving flags and shouting, "Come join us." Her husband finally came at nine o'clock and there was blood on his shirt. He begged her to stay with the baby. Then he went out again. She stayed in as long as she could and a little after ten o'clock she went out on the street. She took shelter in the doorways and kept close to the walls because there was fighting all around. She kept ducking back to make sure the baby was still asleep. Every two hours or so, her husband would come back to make sure she was all right. He kept begging her to stay inside, but she couldn't.

For three days, Budapest was free. Then she went to her parents because the Russian tanks had arrived and were firing into apartment buildings and since their store was on the first floor, it was very dangerous. His family came, too, to her mother's apartment. No one ate. No one slept. But there was some soup for the baby. The fighting stopped.

She looked out the window and saw a man walking down the street with a young son about fourteen years old. A Russian truck drove up, put the boy on the truck and drove off, leaving the father sobbing on the sidewalk.

Her husband didn't come home until late that night and, when he did, he told her he'd been taken to be deported, but the Russians overloaded the truck and couldn't use their guns easily. Since the Russians couldn't speak Hungarian, the boys made their plans. At a signal, they threw the Russians off the truck and escaped in the darkness.

His sister screamed that she couldn't stand it, that all the young people were being killed or deported and she wanted to run away. Living in Hungary was like burning in hell before you were dead. This was the first mention of leaving the country.

THEY discussed it. The baby was too frail, and it was November. The boy refused to leave without his wife, and though she didn't want to leave the baby, she was terrified that her husband would be taken by the Russians a second time and deported. And, to keep him from dying or being sent away, she would have done anything.

They got out on a truck which was carrying other young people fleeing for the border. Russian guards stopped them at various points and asked for their papers. Like most armies of occupation, the Russians had grown corrupt and were bribed by bottles of whiskey and what little cash the refugees had.

They left Budapest at nine and, by four o'clock in the morning, they were close to the border. A peasant on a cart warned them to avoid the next town, because it was one of the final stopping points where the guards couldn't be bribed. So they drove around the town, but were stopped on a side road where the Russians ordered all the young men off the truck. Her husband got off the truck, milled around in the crowd of prisoners, and then taking advantage of the darkness slipped past the guards and climbed back on the truck.

Two miles from the border they abandoned the truck and some peasants led them across the fields. There was a canal separating Hungary from Austria and a bridge. When they reached the bridge, they found refugees turning back, including one woman and her injured child whom the Russians had shot as an object lesson for the forty or fifty refugees milling about near the bridge. The peasants said they knew a dam upstream where the refugees could cross, but just then the Russians turned a searchlight on the crowd of people and began to fire, and the refugees ran into the woods.



**I**n the woods they got separated from their guides and lost their way. A peasant directed them back; they were going parallel to the border, instead of toward it. They found the canal and a crowd of people crossing and they joined the line. There was nothing on the other side but a swamp. They wandered in the swamp for six hours, often in water up to their thighs. The girl's feet were frozen.

He began running ahead, afraid that, if he didn't find a way out for her soon, she would do permanent damage to her feet. Not far away, he saw an Austrian soldier patrolling the edge of the swamp. The Austrian soldier embraced him, and he shouted crazily in the darkness.

The refugees in the swamp called out to find out what had happened and he told them to come ahead, he had found an Austrian soldier who would lead them out of the swamp. The refugees began to laugh and cheer and in their emotion of the moment, they jumped into the water, splashed each other, and danced in the icy stream.

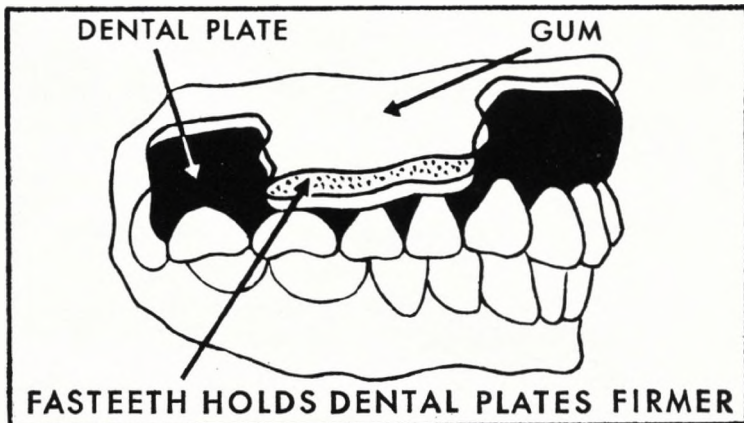
This was November 22. They spent three weeks in Austria in a refugee camp and then were flown to this country, landing here on the fifteenth of December where they were housed at Camp Kilmer. They had no relatives or friends here, but they were at Kilmer only four days when an American couple offered them shelter and help until they could get on their feet.

They have received one letter from Hungary so far, and it tells them everyone is doing well and the baby is fine, but the girl fears that her sister-in-law will grow too attached to the baby. The excitement of the escape is still with her; one might almost say she is in a state of shock and hardly realizes what has happened to her or what her problems will be now. But the pain of leaving her baby behind is slowly penetrating her and there are moments when she looks young, confused, and a little stricken. On the other hand, her husband's pride in himself and his exploits fills him with confidence; he has his intelligence and his ambition and almost boundless hope. In Hungary he wasn't able to take care of his wife or child and he wants to make up for that now. She is even more determined that their life shall have some meaning. She never allows herself to think she might not be able to get her baby out of Hungary. All they want to prove is that they are hard-working and respectable young people; that's all they wanted from the beginning; that's all they hoped to earn with their courage; and it seems little enough, somehow.

THE END

(This article begins on page 38)

# DENTISTS HELP OVERCOME THE SHOCK OF NEW FALSE TEETH



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In the May Issue

## The Well-Chosen Wardrobe

How to be well-dressed by concentrating on a few carefully chosen clothes to suit the life you're leading. Six basic-outfit suggestions from young fashion designers.



*Thick Rich*

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**In next  
month's  
Woman's  
Day**

## ***The heart has eyes***

*Continued from page 45*

was not, supposedly, dead, but a prisoner of war in Russia. Perhaps her mother knew what she was doing in perpetuating this myth.

Carl looked at Linnea. For all the guilt and suffering he felt for sins never committed, it made him happy to look at her. She was like sunlight.

Linnea said, "I've been offered a good job in Albany. But if I stay here they'll give me a raise."

"Which are you going to do?" Carl asked, impersonally, and saw how hurt she looked at his tone.

The streets of Port Hendrick were busier than usual at this early hour on Commencement Day.

Carl saw Dorothea run flashing the news about her father everywhere. Linnea walked slowly, and Carl felt a twinge of pity because she was young and constantly deciding.

By the time Carl took his place on the platform, the auditorium was filled.

Someone began to play the piano, and the graduates filed in from the rear of the auditorium.

People looked searchingly at Carl Roedean, who was forty-five, and whose academic life had dwindled to a narrow, limited route along which he shuttled back and forth. It had been different at his bright beginning. His fellowship had taken him to Oxford, and there he had fallen in love with the shy daughter of one of the professors. She lived with her elderly father and still more elderly aunt, in the country. Carl was going to rescue her with love, but at first Elizabeth would not have him. "I promised Father I'd stay here."

"It was an unfair promise!" Carl said hotly.

He stormed in to see her father and was shamed quiet when the old professor told him that he had a fatal and progressive illness.

"I don't want to die away from home," he said reasonably. "And my sister's too frail for my care. Leave Elizabeth with us for just a little while."

Carl cried, "Not unless we're married, at least!"

"Marry, by all means," said the old professor, sighing.

Carl and Elizabeth had a brief honeymoon in Greece, then returned to Oxford and a painful parting.

**I**t was three years before Carl saw his bride again, by a complication of circumstances and finances.

Elizabeth charmed Port Hendrick. She loved the old house on the lake,

miles out of town, which his grandparents had left him.

"When we go away," she said, "I do wish we could keep the house and bring the children in the summers."

**T**HE house had many single-purposed rooms: a hall to receive in, a sewing room, a laundry, a library, and one magnificent upper room overlooking the lake. When a paneled wall swung back and was hooked to the ceiling, two parlors united into a ballroom.

"But that sounds like cold cotillions and formality," Elizabeth decided. "It's a gay room. Let's give a huge party!"

"Perhaps we should wait," Carl said, because she was expecting their first child. But he indulged her.

The afternoon before the party, Carl went home about twilight. It was a dark, raw afternoon; the lake was troubled.

The house was quiet and cold. Carl looked everywhere downstairs, then upstairs and not until he opened the door into the dancing room, as Elizabeth called it, did he hear a kind of scrabbling noise and hoarse pleading. He turned on the lights. Elizabeth's head moved from side to side on the floor, but the rest of her was concealed under the heavy paneled wall. The ancient metal clasps and hooks must have given way without warning; the wall had caught and crushed her under it.

"Dead!" Carl thought. Then he remembered the sounds he had heard and made some connection between them and Elizabeth. At the hospital, though of course she lost the child and was in danger for weeks, Elizabeth stayed alive. She would never have another child nor be completely well.

Carl took her home to the downstairs corner suite of rooms his grandparents had last lived in. "It's just for a little while, my darling," he said.

Elizabeth gave him a queer, angry look. At first, her only way of achieving privacy as an invalid, was to set up black moods to serve as screens.

Carl said quietly, "I've accepted a teaching job at the college here. It seems best, since we have the house."

He saw that Elizabeth was crying.

From that day, Carl's route was established: Gothic mansion to college and back again.

He rarely left Port Hendrick. In summers, he gave his seminar. Sometimes the students lived at the house, which helped their finances. One such student had been George Avranapoulis. Often in the late afternoons Carl had gone home and found Elizabeth and George having a drink on a vine-shaded porch, arguing violently or just talking.

After the first, Elizabeth had not used mood screens so much, but had, in-



stead, varied her setting as the big house permitted. . . .

SOMEONE nudged the speaker, and Carl rose automatically and began by quoting from two men. "Henry James said learning is anything that stimulates passionate understanding. Notice the word passionate. It takes our hearts to learn anything of consequence. And Kierkegaard said that the main duty of a human is to become what he already is."

Carl stumbled, wondering how to tell these graduates to feel and to learn and to be what they were. Suddenly he was astonished to see a stranger sitting beside Mrs. Brockman.

*Why, the father is real.* Carl thought.

There was a sudden stir in the audience as Dorothea flung herself by Linnea's restraining hand and rushed into the stranger's thin arms.

"Here's my father!" she shouted.

Carl, waiting for the excitement to die down, was shaken by the evidence that what was real could also be miraculous. He met Linnea's glance and knew she could not leave Port Hendrick until he set her free. Feeling is not imaginary. You could do everything you should, live honorably, but still every heart has its own concerns, growth and truth and love from whatever source, and its own obligations.

He finished his speech quickly, and a sudden brilliant pity lit the whole occasion for Carl.

Hurrying through the crowd to Linnea's side, he took her hand and pulled her impatiently along until they were outside, near his car in the parking lot.

"Did you see Dorothea's father?" Linnea asked.

"Yes. So he's true," Carl said, and with great effort, breaking the bonds of silence that made them innocent, he added, "And what we feel is just as true."

She bent her head. "I never meant to make you say it," she said.

He said, "I do love you." It was necessary for one moment in their lives to cease doing the technical right and do the true right, which was to make someone believe in her own feeling. "I will never forget you," he said.

Linnea said, "I couldn't go away until you'd said something. Not knowing and being so miserable, I couldn't seem to make up my mind about anything. I don't feel so awful, loving you, now, and I won't stay around Port Hendrick any more."

"I know," Carl said, smiling faintly.

Driving alone back along the route that was so familiar to him Carl had a curious conviction that it was already autumn.

Elizabeth had pushed herself out on-

to the big balcony that opened from their rooms, and he saw that she had put on a special celebrating dress for Commencement Day.

He kissed her and she put her hand up to his face, and he thought how he loved her: with passion and with memory and with knowledge.

"I was thinking as I came down the drive," he said. "We won't sell the house, even to be comparatively rich. It suits us too well."

"Oh, no," she said. "It's a wonderful house, really. You've said good-by to this year's passengers."

"Yes," he said. "Incidentally, Linnea's going to take a job in Albany."

Elizabeth said nothing, but her awareness was her answer.

"Why don't we let your summer seminar students clear out the dancing room and do plays there?" Elizabeth said. "It's a beautiful, gala room."

He looked at her sharply. There had not been students around the house in summers since the Greek had been there. Carl knew now, just as he knew about himself and Linnea, that George and Elizabeth had, in some way, loved each other. The way was never simple, as it appeared to outsiders.

"Noisy," he said. "Hammers and voices and scenery slamming down. . ."

She shrugged. "I don't care. I like the idea of being able to watch young people working in plays, making noise, and having strange love affairs."

She laughed. Her voice, as various as water, was one of her great beauties.

"I've been thinking today, as all the children get ready to go away," Elizabeth said. "Carl, we've had a queer, nice, long, unexpected marriage."

He saw the wide cheekboned face he knew so well, like the lake, in as many lights and shadows and hours.

"I like it very much," Elizabeth said. "I didn't always. I like it as I like this house, it's big enough for both of us."

She put out her hand. "We say good-bys," she said. "Things happen. We do other things. We've gone along what must look like a tedious road to some people, like your shabby route to college and back. But you can't say you haven't voyaged as far as Ulysses, can you?"

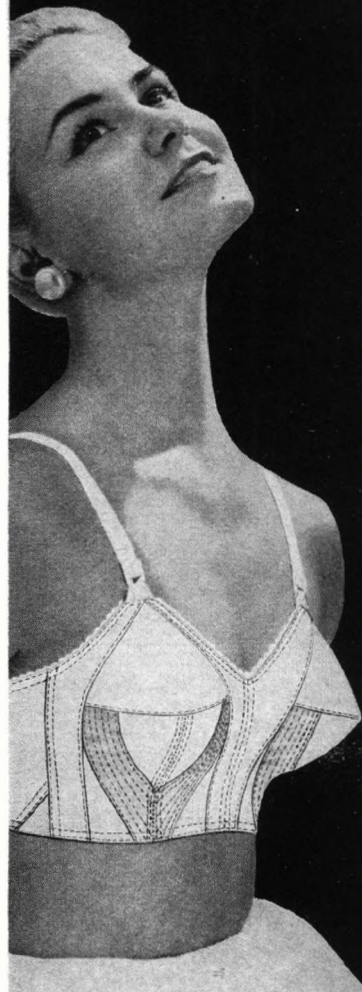
"No," he said. The route had been unimpressive but the journey had been magnificent, and the riches of his travels were all around him in the evening air.

He held Elizabeth's hand and felt in it many summers, the frozen lake, the creak of snowy branches, the flight of birds in autumn and of students in June. They had known loves of many kinds, sad farewells, but also countless bright moments of arrival, like this one.

THE END

(This story begins on page 44)

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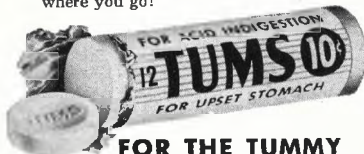


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## I TAKE WHAT I LIKE

By DOROTHY DE ZOUCHÉ

*Being choosy adds greatly to life's fullness*

MY first vague realization that there was such a thing as choice occurred when I was nine. For two summers it had been my custom and, as I then considered it, my blessed privilege to visit the zoo with my next-door neighbor, Johnny. Johnny loved the animals as God loves the human race, all equally. For hours he would plow his way relentlessly from caribou to zebra, from pelican to monkey, standing enchanted before each cage. I found monkeys unlovely and uninteresting. During my seventh and eighth summers I suffered them in silence, standing by icily while Johnny's heart swelled with love for the little creatures.

Then, in my ninth summer, on a memorable June morning, fortified by a bottle of strawberry soda and a bag of popcorn, I allowed my fluttering independent soul to be born. I nudged Johnny. "I'm leaving," I said.

"Huh? We only just got here."

"I know." I looked at him through narrowed lids. "I hate monkeys."

Johnny blinked.

"I hate monkeys. But I love lions. I'm going to see the lions. Good-by."

Johnny looked stunned, then wounded, as I turned and marched off. I must admit he recovered promptly, however. Forced to choose between monkeys and me, he didn't waver. He chose monkeys.

In my opinion, my spiritual stature had increased. I was filled with awe at a new discovery: I could take what I liked, and the sky did not fall. I could choose. I could have lions without monkeys. I didn't have to take the whole zoo. I was drunk with power.

Why this astounding revelation didn't alter my life at once and forever I don't know. Perhaps human beings are like civilization: periods of remarkable progress are followed by periods of stagnation or even retrogression. In any case, my briefly swaggering spirit settled back into timidity. My mind couldn't sustain the idea that in areas other than animals I was capable of choice.

Through adolescence and early youth I thought I had to take everything. If I liked Early American furniture, I had to like it all, including those wilted geese hanging in pine frames above the dry sink. If I found my history profes-

sor's opening remarks stimulating, I had to swallow his whole lecture.

Now, at last, I have learned to toss out monkeys and keep lions. My spirit has grown sturdier. In fact, it is practically invincible. I can take what I like, and don't have to clutter up my life with everything that goes with it.

I like to get a sun tan, but only lightly, so I take that much and not what my friends consider smart. I am moved to wonder at cherry blossoms, delicate, fragrant, and inexpressibly lovely in the early-morning hours, but I don't like cherry-blossom festivals. So, early in the morning, I enjoy the blossoms, the sweet wonder of them, and while the queen is being crowned, I stay home and read a book. I like Cézanne, but not all of him; and Virginia Woolf, but not *Orlando*; and *Appalachian Spring*, but not all Aaron Copland's music. So these are what I take.

I can read a book now on how not to worry, and although I may agree with six of the author's seven suggestions for not worrying, I can turn down flatly the seventh one and continue to worry contentedly in just that way. But I don't toss the book down the incinerator. I take what I like, and it serves me well.

Doctors used to terrify me. If they told me to sleep ten hours a night on a concrete mattress. I thought I had to do it. Now I know that fewer than ten will serve, and that a bedboard may not be the answer. I know that just because Doctor Jones' liver shots were helpful, I don't have to eat the spinach he recommends, too. It's true I can't remove my own appendix (yet), or set my broken elbow (give me time), but I know how to cure a cold. So I listen respectfully while he tells me why my fingernails are brittle, and I let him shove my misplaced elbow into place; but I cure my own colds.

I have learned to say, "This much I accept; that I reject." Whatever comes to me as truth, and I can demonstrate to myself is true, I take. Whatever ministers to my needs is mine. All else I toss from my mental windows.

I am not so drunk with power as I was at nine when I threw monkeys out of my life, but I am more permanently in command of my spirit. I take what I like, and I love it.

THE END



## I LIKE BEING A NURSE

By Grace Spicer Stewart, R.N.

WE nurses often seem a hard-boiled lot. Our apparent lack of emotions (called discipline, and the result of many a tough lesson in self-control) has earned us the reputation for callousness. Nothing could be less true.

Nurses as a group are sentimental, even though brusque at times. They are idealists, if impatient at the end of a busy day. They are romanticists with tired feet.

There are days, of course, when the best nurse will ask herself, "Why did I spend three long, hard years training for this?" Her back aches, her feet hurt, the doctors are curt, the supervisors ill-tempered; the patients are full of complaints. Then, just when she's at her lowest ebb, a patient smiles and says, "Thank you, nurse. You've made me feel much better." Her troubles vanish, and she forgets the patient next door, who has just said something far more colorful and less complimentary.

"Why are you a nurse?" a patient once asked me.

"Oh, I don't know," I said, smiling. But in every nurse there is a persistent whisper: "I like being a nurse. I like the hospital smell of medicine, and ether, and iodoform gauze, of disinfectant, and recently mopped tiled floors. I like the sight of a line of freshly made white beds, of the corridor as it stretches emptily before me at dawn, a winter sunrise streaking the sky, shining along the waxed floor.

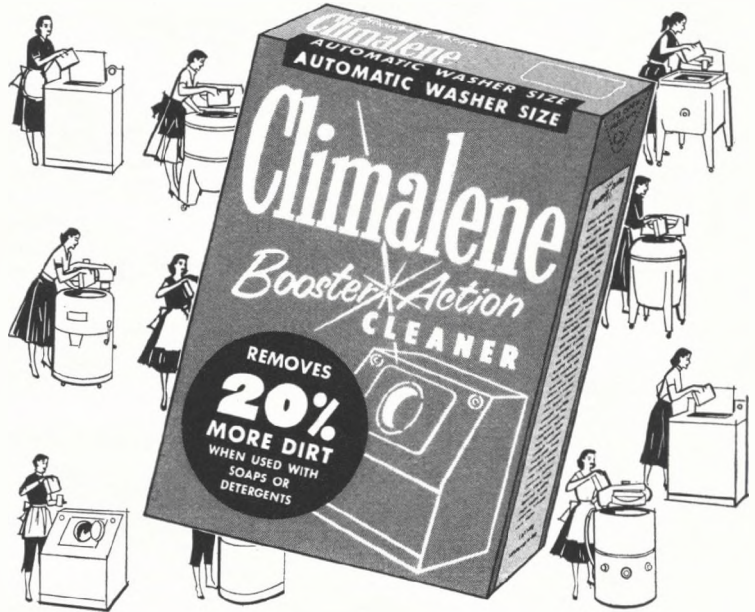
"I like the feel of a crisp uniform, the swish and rustle of the skirt as I walk briskly down the wide hospital corridors.

"I like the decisiveness of modern medicine, the specific diagnosis based on laboratory work and X rays as well as on a physician's knowledge and, at times, uncanny intuition.

"I like to see a patient's face light up when a nurse enters his room. I like knowing that while I work with sickness and death, there are comfort and new life around the next bend in the hall. Most of all, I like to care for someone who is ill, watch him gradually take faltering steps toward convalescence, and see him regain his self-respect, his confidence, his ability to laugh once more. I like to help restore his hope and his faith."

There is no greater thrill than to hold out a hand to another human being and lead him back onto the road of health and happiness. THE END

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## Your garden

Continued from page 33

chores ahead of you. And you can't let up on them if you want your expensive, laboriously made lawn to pull through the summer in good shape. A fall-sown lawn does not have to face hot-weather hazards until it's almost a year old. Thus new homeowners are often advised to sow a cheap, temporary lawn, of domestic rye grass, buckwheat, etc., in spring and start the permanent lawn during the last week or two of August. This, of course, does not apply to homeowners who can use grasses that thrive in torrid weather.

For homeowners who have established lawns, spring is an important though a much less hectic period. It is a time for fertilizing and perhaps liming, plus limited weed control and reseeding of bare spots.

## THE FLOWER GARDEN

There are just as many variables in this gardening segment as in lawns. The list of annual and perennial flowers you can successfully grow is limited to some extent by the environment, climate, rainfall, soil, where you live. Also, some flowers, such as snapdragons, that are grown as annuals in areas of sub-freezing winters are considered almost perennials in milder climes; conversely, certain northern perennials, such as delphiniums, may have to be treated as annuals in warm-region gardens. In addition, within your garden you doubtless have sunny and shady areas and other specific conditions that are suitable for some plants but not for others. With just a little forethought and planning, however, you should be able to enjoy a richly varied selection of flowers from annuals and perennials. The actual choice of varieties is a personal decision to be based on your taste and budget. The All-America Selections are tested, outstanding varieties.

Although the real green-thumber may boast most about his perennials, he will concede that annuals comprise a wonderfully versatile, colorful and undemanding group of plants. They are easy to raise from seed, they grow very rapidly, are generally adaptable to various environments and, in most cases, their bloom not only starts early but runs late. Annuals are inexpensive, so you can have lots of them, as many as five or six packets of seed for the price of one good perennial plant. They can be freely massed or spot-planted to sup-

ply color wherever it is needed. You can start your own seedlings or, if the budget permits, you can buy young plants from a grower.

There's plenty of interesting variety in the list of popular annuals that can be expected to thrive in almost any section of the country. Petunias, zinnias and marigolds are probably the national "big three." Other superior kinds are snapdragons, cosmos, sweet alyssum, salvia, portulaca, ageratum, salpiglossis, nasturtium and calendula.

But ah, those perennials! There's something special about them. Perhaps it's their simple beauty or their durability or the fact that they require, and richly reward, skillful care. I would grow perennials if only for the thrill of seeing the plants bloom year after year in response to my skill in carrying them through all kinds and degrees of weather. Again, the selection of perennials you can grow is affected by your individual situation, and for northern gardeners, spring planting imposes additional limits: certain perennials, such as peonies, Oriental poppies, dicentra, lupines and early iris, should be planted in the fall for proper spring bloom.

However, in most sections of the country it will be possible to have plenty of perennial bloom in the garden this spring and summer. The chief requirement is money. You will have to buy, or beg, established clumps and transplant them to your garden with the utmost care in order to avoid any setbacks in their growth and bloom timetables. Pot-grown plants are best in this respect. Of course, late summer and fall-blooming perennials, such as asters and chrysanthemums, present no such problems. Small, inexpensive plants can be set out this spring, and with normal care will give a full display right on schedule. In addition to mums, other premium perennials you can have in bloom this year, and that are suited to almost any climate, are daylilies, phlox, dianthus, delphiniums, platycodon, campanula, gaillardia, veronica, columbine, heuchera, iberis, coreopsis and rudbeckia.

## SHRUBS AND TREES

To the average new homeowner, the addition of more shade trees to the property is pretty much out of the question at least for the first year or two. But there's no question about the value of trees. They shade the house and property, frame it and give it an over-all dignity. Although most evergreen and deciduous trees are best planted in fall, you can be thinking about and planning for them now.

Shrubs are a tremendously valuable segment of gardening. The needed



evergreens, such as the various yews, are valued for their year-round foliage. The broad-leaved evergreens, such as rhododendrons, have both foliage and flowers to recommend them. But for variety in flowers, growth characteristics and bloom seasons there's nothing like the deciduous flowering shrubs: forsythia, lilac, spirea, hibiscus, etc. With a proper selection, most gardeners can have continuous shrub bloom from earliest spring to late fall.

## ROSES, BULBS

These two groups, in the eyes of many home gardeners, are just as important as any other gardening segment, perhaps more so. It's easy to agree with this viewpoint, for there is great variety of flower color, size and shape, as well as growth habits, among and within the different classes of roses. And the great thing about these widely adaptable, hardy plants is that, even in the north, they can be set out this spring for full-scale display right up until frost.

Much of this praise may also be applied to flowering bulbs. Of course, nothing, except planning, can be done now about spring-flowering bulbs, such as tulips. But spring is the time to plant the summer and fall-flowering kinds, both bulbs and tubers. Gladiolus, dahlias, tuberous begonias and many types

of lilies, to name just a few, will add immeasurably to your garden's interest.

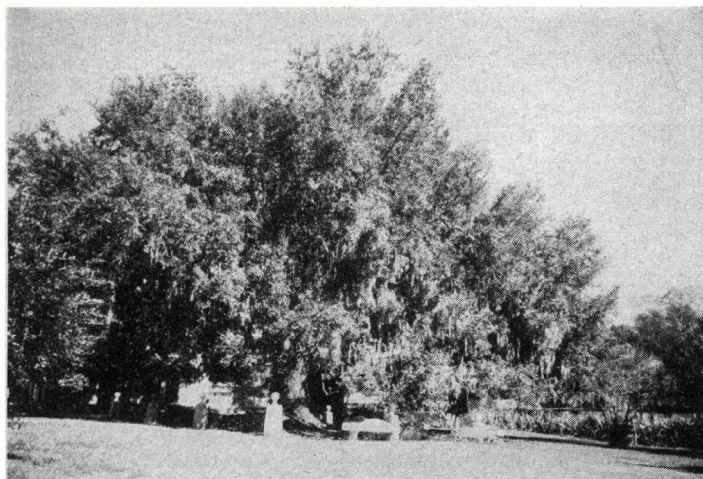
## A HELPING HAND

For the money, no single source of gardening information is more valuable than the catalogues offered by mail-order seedsmen and nurserymen. They list each year's new varieties as well as the old faithfuls in annuals, perennials, bulbs, shrubs, fruits and vegetables. The habits and needs of each plant are specified, including height, flower size and color, soil preference, water and sunlight or shade requirements, and the necessary spacing between plants to allow ample growing room.

Most catalogues also offer data on making and maintaining lawns, plus preferred lawn-seed mixtures for various sections of the country. In fact, wherever necessary the information is keyed to differences in regional climate. In addition to all this guidance on plants, the catalogues will inform you about garden tools, supplies and equipment, and fertilizers, weed killers and insecticides for particular purposes. With a catalogue in one hand, a trowel in the other and a plant or seed packet in the other (yes, three hands will be helpful), you're set for the garden of your dreams this year. **THE END**

(This article begins on page 33)

## FAMOUS TREES OF THE UNITED STATES



### The Evangeline Oak

ONE of the most cherished trees in Louisiana is this centuries-old live oak, growing on the banks of the sleepy Bayou Teche in the French town of Saint Martinville. The tree is 70 feet high, with a trunk over 18 feet in circumference and a magnificent

branch spread of 102 feet. According to legend, the Acadian girl Emmeline, whose constancy inspired Longfellow's poem *Evangeline*, was reunited with her childhood sweetheart under this oak after years of wandering in exile.

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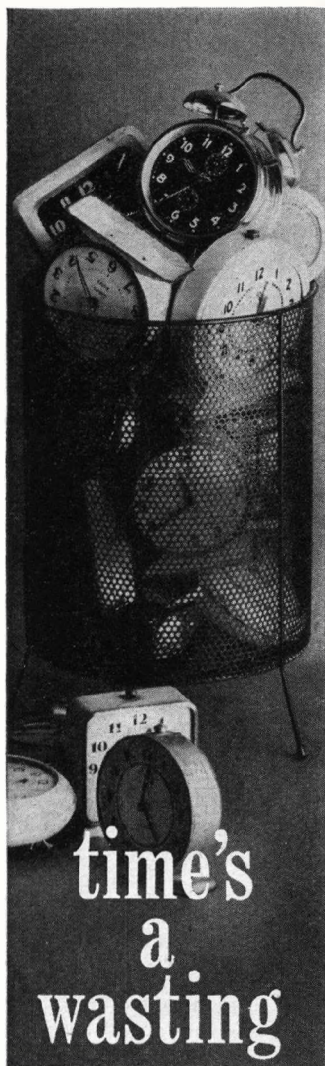
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## This issue

**Right man for the job:** Herbert Bardes ("Things You Should Know To Make Your Garden Grow," page 33) considers himself



a lucky man in that he earns his living telling people about his favorite hobby. As assistant garden editor for *The New York Times* he must

be away much of the time from the scene of that hobby, but if inspiration fails he need only glance through the window of his Manhattan office toward the Jersey shoreline. There, slightly over the horizon in Morris Plains, is his all-absorbing passion, half an acre of land which he, his wife and two youngsters are gradually turning into one big garden. Mr. Bardes finds gardening a four-season adventure in which "there's always *something* to be done." His advice to would-be gardeners: "Don't be overwhelmed, just plant! I can't imagine anything else where you will get so much satisfaction for the time and effort spent."

**There is a story behind** "On Trading a Man for a Mink Coat," on page 36. Author Hannah Lees reports: "One



night my husband, who is a doctor, was reading in bed. He handed me a news item comparing the life expectancy of men and women. I got to thinking about a man's life as compared to a woman's life, and I found there were thousands of things I wanted to say about it. I put some of them into an article for the *Saturday Evening Post* called 'Our Men Are Killing Themselves.' To my amazement Appleton-Century-Crofts asked me to write a book on what women can do about it. In doing the research I uncovered a great many facts that disturbed me and I was delighted to have the opportunity to say what I felt for 300 straight pages and get paid for it!"

The article in this issue is a section of

her book, *Help Your Husband Stay Alive*. Hannah Lees has been writing for most of her 25 married years: novels, mysteries, short stories, and articles, mostly about medicine. Her novel, *Woman Doctor*, has been reprinted three times in paperbacks. She and her husband live in Philadelphia. They have two children, Sandy and Nan, both in college.

**The four-year-old son** of Mary Littell ("The Love Treatment," page 36) had quite an introduction to French schools. (His father, a French teacher in an American public school, was on sabbatical.) The Littells had told the headmaster to treat young Johnny just like all the other youngsters, despite the fact he knew no French. According to custom he was seated at a long table across from another child his age and told to go to work. The schoolmistress was aghast: everything that "Jean" wrote was upside down. Johnny was frank to say the only way he could keep up was by copying what the boy opposite wrote, and from his point of view that was the way it all looked.



**Treasure Town:** With this edition we start a series of articles on America's Treasure Towns. The first, on Annapolis, appears on

page 40. Its author, Nelson Lansdale, has lived most of his life in Maryland. His father's family settled there more than 200 years ago and before Nelson was ten years old he "had Maryland history coming out of my pores." Mr. Lansdale's great-great-great grandmother jilted a Maryland governor to marry the governor's secretary. Subsequently the secretary became governor. "Since then the Lansdales have stayed out of Maryland politics," he says. Currently Mr. Lansdale lives in New York City where he is busy writing articles about art, music and travel. "I still think of Maryland as home, though, and I can't wait till June when I'll go back for vacation." In the May issue of *Woman's Day* the Treasure Town will be St. Augustine, Florida.





# HOW TO Crocheted Hats

Page 76

Raffeta, a lightweight, Swiss synthetic raffia, is available in Orange, Turquoise, Royal, Red, Yellow, White, and Black.

A 200-yard spool costs \$2.00; postage and handling for your complete order, 25¢. Make check or money order payable to Scandinavian Import Co., Box 347 Madison Square Station, New York 10, N. Y.

## Stocking Cap

**MATERIALS:** Raffeta, 1 (200-yard) spool each colors A and B;  $\frac{5}{8}$  yard 36"-wide cotton fabric;  $\frac{1}{4}$  yard heavy-weight Pellon.

**TO START:** Cut thirteen  $5\frac{1}{2}$ -yard strands color A. Fold in half and run steam iron over them to straighten. Cut about 1 yard of cord and knot into ring. Catch this ring over a hook, doorknob, or around instep of foot. Take a folded strand of raffia, fold in half again, draw folded end through ring, then draw other ends through folded end and pull tight. Work in same manner with all folded strands, keeping them close together on ring. Remove ring from hook and untie it. Knot it again to form small ring, completely covered by knotted strands (lower end of net). Knot ends of original ring and catch over hook again.

**TO KNOT CAP:** **1st rnd:** Take 2 strands attached to ring in left hand and 2 adjacent strands in right hand. Tie them together into square knot (see diagram) about  $1\frac{1}{2}$ " from ring. Continue around, knotting strands together. **2nd rnd:** Knot together  $1\frac{1}{2}$ " from last knot, 2 strands from one group and 2 strands from next group. Continue around. Repeat 2nd rnd until piece measures 19" when pulled taut. Make 1 rnd of knots  $\frac{3}{4}$ " from last rnd.

**FINISHING:** Hold finished piece taut and run steam iron over it. Cut raffia ends about 1" from knots. Cut off cord that was caught over hook, clipping 1" from knot forming small ring.

**Band:** Cut 6" strip of bias fabric  $\frac{1}{2}$ " longer than head size. Cut strip of Pellon same size. Fold Pellon in half lengthwise and stitch ends together with

$\frac{1}{4}$ " seam, forming ring. Stitch ends of fabrics together and fold over Pellon. Turn in  $\frac{1}{4}$ " along long edges of both pieces. Insert last round of knots between these edges; blind-stitch closed. Fold band in half to outside.

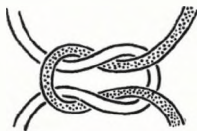
**Tassel:** Cut sixty-five 11" strands B. Run steam iron over them. Fold in half; bind together 1" from folded end. Sew to ring at cap end.

## Crownless Hat

**MATERIALS:** Raffeta, 1 (200-yard) spool; steel crochet hook No. 0;  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yards millinery wire;  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yards  $\frac{1}{2}$ " grosgrain ribbon to match raffia;  $\frac{1}{4}$  yard 36" cotton or linen to match raffia;  $\frac{1}{8}$  yard heavyweight Pellon; small can colorless spar varnish.

**GAUGE:** 1 cl = 1"; 3 rows = 2".

Starting at crown, crochet firm chain to head size, having a multiple of 4 sts. Ch 4 more. **1st row:** Sk 7 ch, O, draw up  $\frac{3}{4}$ " lp in next ch (draw up all lps to  $\frac{3}{4}$ " throughout), draw raffia through all 3 lps on hook (first cl made), \* ch 1



Square Knot

firmly, ch 1 loosely (cl ch made), make cl as follows: O, draw up lp in ch where last lp was drawn up, O, sk next 3 ch, draw up lp in next ch, draw raffia through all 5 lps on hook (cl completed). Repeat from \* across. Ch 1 firmly. **Break off.** **2nd row:** Sk first cl made on last row, attach raffia in first ch after 2nd cl, draw up lp, draw raffia through lp, O, draw up lp in ch after next cl, draw raffia through all 3 lps on hook (first cl made), \* make cl ch, make cl by working in same ch with last lp and in ch after next cl. Repeat from \* to within last cl, making evenly spaced increases as follows, so brim will lie flat when forming circle: Complete a cl ch, O, draw up lp in same ch where last lp was drawn up, draw raffia through all 3 lps on hook, make cl ch (inc completed). Ch 1 firmly at end of row. **Break off.** **3rd and 4th rows:** Work as for 2nd row, working increases as before, but not over increases of previous row. Now work round and round as follows: **1st rnd:** Insert hook in first st of basic ch and in 5th st from end of same ch, attach raffia and draw up lp (hat joined at back into ring), draw raffia through all lps on hook, make cl ch, work along shaped end as follows: Work 6 cl plus cl ch and 1 inc along



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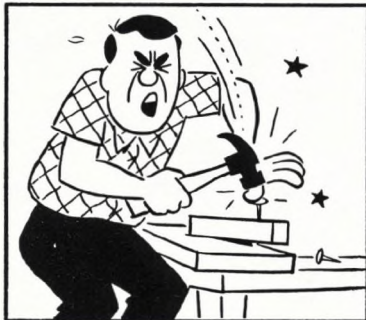


The box for you  
is blue

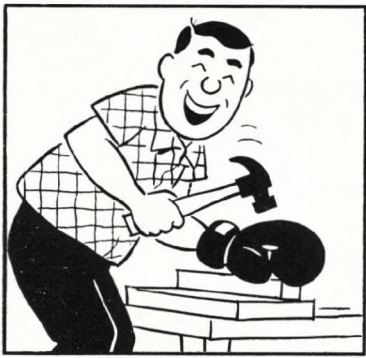
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end. Continue in pattern, working increases where necessary, and working across other shaped end as before. Work round and round for 5 rnds more (or desired width), increasing to keep hat flat. **Last rnd:** \* Make cl ch, sl st in ch after next cl. Repeat from \* around. Break off.

**FINISHING:** Pin hat out flat to desired shape on brown paper. Paint with varnish. Let dry thoroughly, then varnish other side of hat. Fold ribbon over wire and stitch in place. Whip wire beneath brim, about 2½" from edge.

**Band:** Cut 3½"-wide bias strips from fabric; join with diagonal seam to fit around crown of hat. Cut Pellon 3" x crown measurement. Fold Pellon in half lengthwise; whip ends together. Seam fabric into tube; fold over Pellon. Turn in edges; sew to crown.

## Cartwheel

**MATERIALS:** Raffeta, 1 (200-yard) spool each colors A and B; steel crochet hook No. 0; 1½ yards millinery wire; 1½ yards ½" grosgrain ribbon color A or B; approximately 28" x 28" x 42" triangular bandanna, or ⅞ yard 36" cotton fabric.

**GAUGE:** 2 sp=1"; 2 rows=1".

**CROCHETED WEDGE** (Make 3 of each color): Starting at wedge point, ch 5; dc in 5th ch from hook; ch 5, turn. **2nd row:** Dc in sp, ch 2, dc in 3rd ch of starting ch-5; ch 5, turn. **3rd row:** (Dc in next sp, ch 2) twice; dc in 3rd ch of ch-5; ch 5, turn. **4th row:** (Dc in next sp, ch 2) 3 times; dc in 3rd ch of ch-5; ch 5, turn. Continue in this manner, increasing 1 sp on each row until there are 21 sp on row. Ch 1 and turn at end.

**Shaped Edge:** **1st row:** (2 sl st in next sp, sl st in next dc) twice; ch 3, dc in next sp, (ch 2, dc in next sp) 16 times; dc in next dc; ch 1, turn. **2nd row:** Sk first dc, sl st in next dc, 2 sl st in next sp, sl st in next dc, ch 3, dc in next sp, (ch 2, dc in next sp) 13 times; dc in next dc; ch 1, turn. **3rd row:** Sk first dc, sl st in next dc, 2 sl st in next sp, sl st in next dc, ch 3, dc in next sp, (ch 2, dc in next sp) 10 times; ch 3, sl st in next dc. Break off.

**Edging:** Attach raffia to one end of shaped edge. Keeping edge flat, work sc along it. Break off.

**FINISHING:** Sew wedges together. Block by pinning hat out flat on brown paper, dampening it and letting it dry thoroughly before unpinning. Fold ribbon over wire and stitch in place. Curving wire to shaped edge, sew to inside of hat, about 1½" from edge.

**Tassel:** Cut about forty-six 12" strands color B. Run steam iron over

them. Fold in half and bind together firmly. 1" from folded end. Attach tassel with crocheted loop to center of hat.

**Bandanna:** Use ready-made bandanna, or cut and hem triangle from fabric. Sew to inside of hat, tacking it in folds to fit back of head. Tie on head as shown, knotting it over back point.

## Shaggy Snood

**MATERIALS:** Raffeta, 1 (200-yard) spool color A, 1 spool each colors B and C; steel crochet hook No. 0; 2 combs.

**GAUGE:** 2 sp=1"; 3 rows=2".

Starting at center with A, ch 7. Sl st in 7th ch from hook to form ring. **1st rnd:** Draw up lp on hook to ½", draw raffia through lp. \* ch 2, make long hdc as follows: O, draw up ½" lp in ring, draw raffia through all 3 lps on hook. Repeat from \* 8 times more; ch 2, sl st in top of first st of rnd. **2nd rnd:** Ch 5. \* long hdc in next sp, ch 2, in next sp work long hdc, ch 2 and long hdc (1 inc made), ch 2. Repeat from \* 4 times more; join with sl st in 3rd ch of ch-5. **3rd rnd:** Ch 5, (long hdc in next sp, ch 2) 3 times; \* inc in next sp, (ch 2, long hdc in next sp) twice; ch 2. Repeat from \* 3 times more; inc in last sp, ch 2; join. **4th rnd:** Ch 5, (long hdc in next sp, ch 2) 5 times; \* inc in next sp, (ch 2, long hdc in next sp) 3 times; ch 2. Repeat from \* 3 times more; inc in last sp, ch 2; join. Continue in this manner, making 5 increases on each rnd, and working each inc in sp after inc of previous rnd. Work until snood measures about 20" in diameter. Break off.

**FINISHING:** Pin snood to desired shape on brown paper. Dampen and let dry thoroughly before unpinning.

**Fringe:** Cut six 5" strands B or C and fold in half. Draw folded end through a sp on last rnd; draw loose ends through folded end and pull firmly. Divide last rnd of sps into 6 sections. Tie color-B fringe into each sp of first section, C fringe into next section. Repeat around. Run steam iron over fringe. Trim evenly.

Fold snood so ends of fringe on one half just meet tops of fringe on 2nd half. Roll fold over tops of combs; sew.

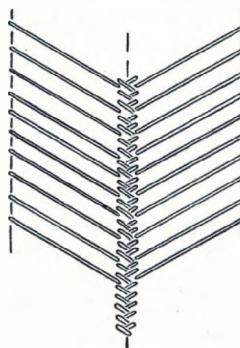
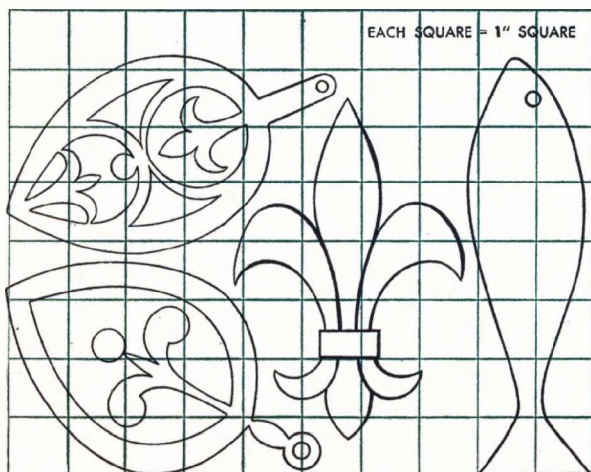
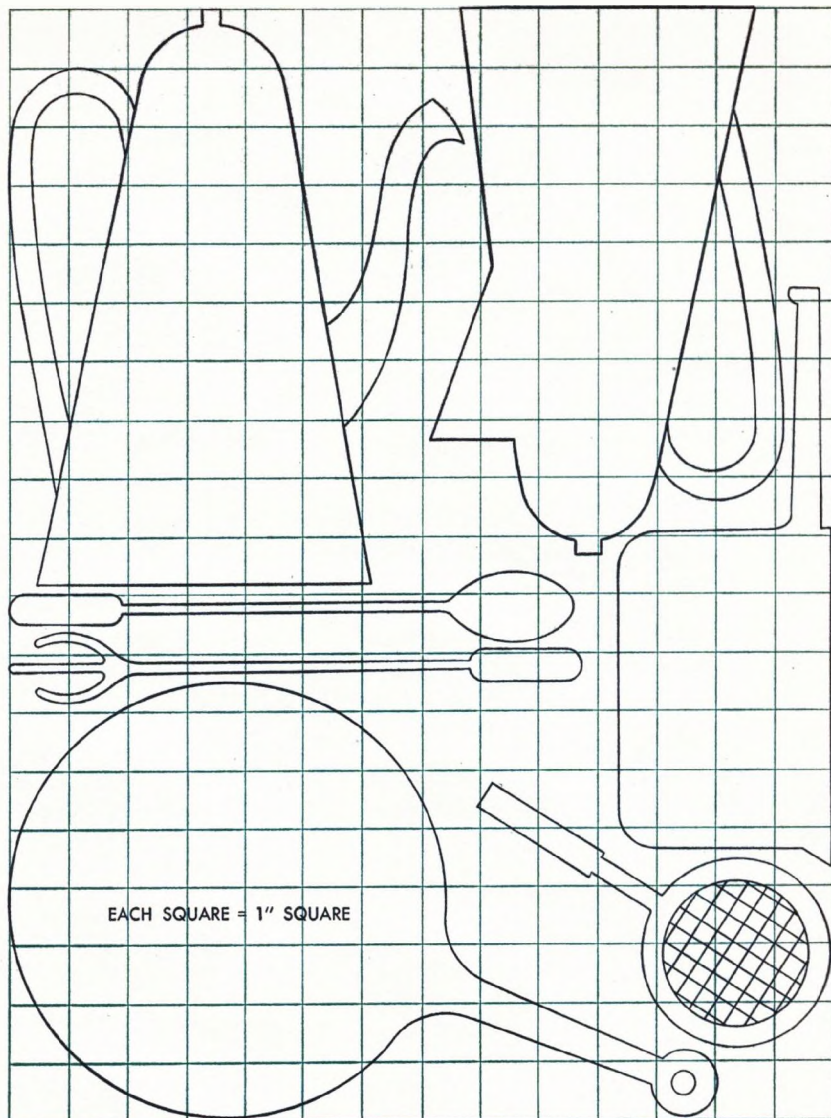
**ABBREVIATIONS:** Ch—chain; sl st—slip stitch; st—stitch; hdc—half double crochet; dc—double crochet; sp—space; lp—loop; sk—skip; cl—cluster; rnd—round; inc—increase; O—raffia over hook. ( )—Parentheses—mean repeat instructions in parentheses as many times as specified. \*—Asterisk—means repeat instructions following asterisk as many times as specified, in addition to the first time.



# Matchstick Blinds

Pages 48 through 51

**Note:** To paint blinds, spray or brush on thin flat enamel.

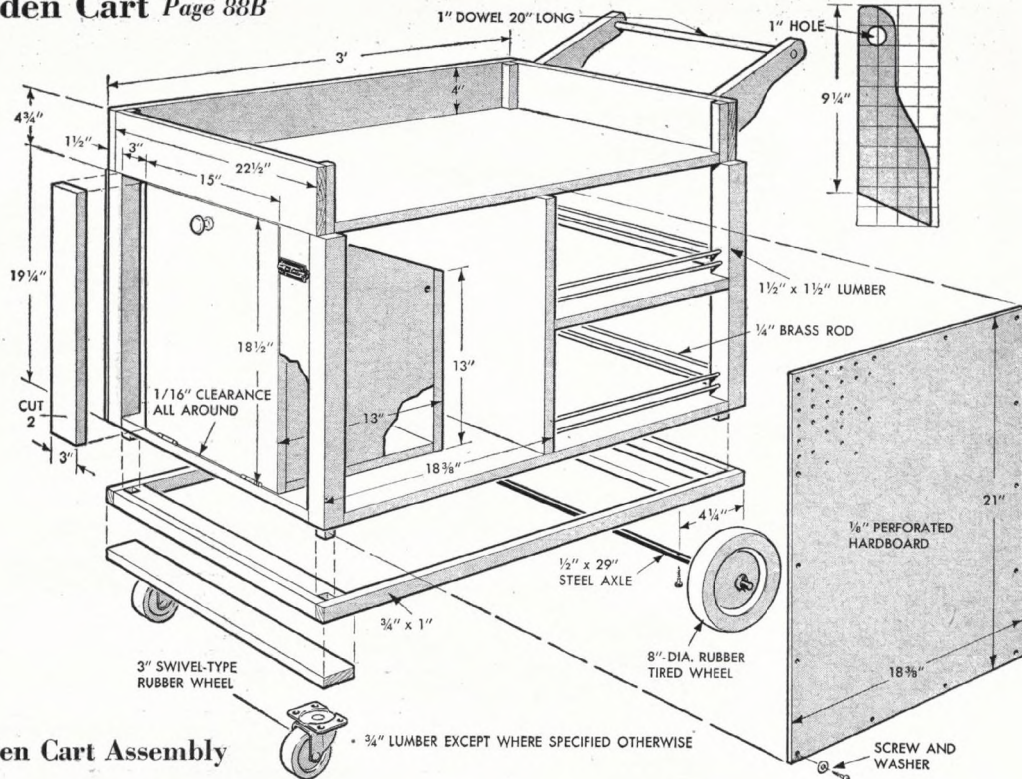


**Dart Design.**  
Weave Yarn Over  
Matchsticks  
and Strings,  
Then Wrap Over  
Center String

*Continued on Next Page*



## Garden Cart Page 38B



### Garden Cart Assembly

Add  $\frac{1}{2}$ " and  $1\frac{1}{4}$ " screws with washers to fit, cotter pins, waterproof glue to materials shown in diagram.

Notch  $1\frac{1}{2}$ " x  $1\frac{1}{2}$ " post ends to  $\frac{3}{4}$ " x  $\frac{3}{4}$ "; notch corners of cart top and bottom to fit. Fill cracks and nailheads with plastic wood. Finish with 1 coat primer, 2 coats exterior enamel.

## Annapolis

*Continued from page 43*

The days of the mighty vanished with the sedan chairs and the shiploads of tobacco. But as the new Naval School expanded, after 1845, it revitalized Annapolis with new blood and new faces. Each year nearly 3,000 midshipmen from all over the United States and on occasion from friendly countries assemble there under officer-instructors who have lived and fought all over the world. On every level of life the ubiquitous uniform lends color, romance and inspiration to the town.

Visitors to the Academy Chapel may go into the Crypt which contains the remains of the Navy's hero, John Paul Jones, and they can see the organ where two Academy men composed *Anchors Aweigh* for a 1906 football game.

In Bancroft Hall, where the midshipmen live, parents and friends can see a sample midshipman's room.

Near the entrance hangs the original flag flown by Oliver Hazard Perry at the Battle of Lake Erie in the War of 1812, inscribed with the legend every schoolboy knows: "Don't Give Up the Ship." Other souvenirs and ship models are in the nearby Naval Museum.

Best-known monument on the grounds is "Tecumseh," a bronze replica of a figurehead from the U.S.S. Delaware (1817), which somehow became the stern "God of 2.5," the Navy's passing grade. En route to exams, cadets toss pennies to the Indian chief, hoping to squeak by, a custom adopted by many visitors to the campus.

In addition to its superb colonial houses and the Academy campus, there are other things to see and do in Annapolis. This year, for instance, there will be the added attraction of a Craftsman at Work Show on June 22. All within easy walking distance, for the visitor who likes to explore on his own, are other points of interest. In St. John's College, a short stone's throw from the Academy grounds, the town has a much older institution of higher learning.

In the United States, only Harvard and William and Mary are older. The cross-shaped Provincial Council House, dating from 1696, is the oldest government building in Annapolis. It is now a small museum open to visitors.

St. Anne's Episcopal Church, which still treasures the communion silver presented by King William III, numbered among its early pastors the Rev. Jonathan Bucher, an Arch-Tory who was eventually obliged to leave town. Later he recalled the good old days with nostalgia: "It was the genteel town in North America. . . I hardly know of a town in England so desirable to live in as Annapolis was then."

And as a matter of fact, it would be hard to think of one now.

Guided Tours of Annapolis  
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# Gold Medal — the "flower of the wheat" makes a flower of a pie



**SUNDAY CHICKEN PIE** — a quick and easy recipe for an old-time, flaky-crust, all-chicken treat that could *only* be a "homemade." Just be sure you bake the crust and make the sauce with Gold Medal. It's the very best — the "flower" of the wheat — to help you make *everything* better.

**PASTRY**

1 cup sifted GOLD MEDAL Flour  
 1/2 tsp. salt  
 1/3 cup shortening  
 2 tbsp. water

**FILLING**

6 tbsp. chicken fat or butter	1-3/4 cups chicken broth
6 tbsp. GOLD MEDAL Flour	2/3 cup cream or rich milk
1/2 tsp. salt	2 cups cut-up cooked chicken
1/4 tsp. pepper	1/4 cup cut-up pimiento

**FOR PASTRY:** Make pastry, following standard method. Roll out to fit top of 1-1/2-qt. baking dish. Divide, prick, and fold back as illustrated. Bake 8 to 10 min. at 475° on baking sheet. **FOR FILLING:** Make a white sauce using first 6 ingredients. Add chicken and pimiento. Pour into baking dish. Top with baked pastry. Bake 5 to 10 min. at 350°, until hot and bubbly. 6 servings.



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