

MARCH, 1946

# Woman's Day

2¢





Lenten Favorites

# Jane Parker Hot Cross Buns

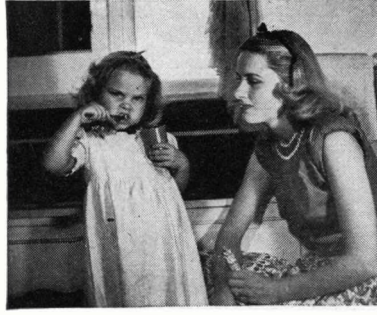
Yes, delicious Jane Parker Hot Cross Buns are here again! Made from a recipe that calls for plenty of plump raisins, currants, fruit tidbits, and delicate spices, they're "crossed" with luscious, creamy-white icing. Wonderfully fresh, too . . . because they're delivered fresh daily to your A&P Food Store throughout the Lenten period. Serve these tasty favorites to your family . . . all through Lent!

AT ALL A&P FOOD STORES . . . Except on Pacific Coast





**Backyard canters** like this have plenty to do with Susie's and Pinkie's robust health. But Mother gets credit for those sunny smiles. College-educated Mary Brewer knows that today's soft foods don't give gums the exercise they need—that Ipana is specially designed, with massage, to wake up circulation in lazy gums.



**Model background** for a model smile. "No girl is more beautiful than her smile," is the Brewer family slogan. And a lovely smile depends on sparkling teeth—which, in turn, call for healthy gums. So Susie massages a little extra Ipana on her gums after brushing, to speed up circulation and help keep gums from becoming tender.



**There's a lesson for grownups** in this typical classroom scene. Not only is the importance of gum massage being taught daily in thousands of schools: 7 out of 10 dentists recommend massage, according to a nationwide survey. (Same survey shows dentists prefer Ipana 2 to 1 over any other dentifrice for their own use!)

## What kind of Mother does a Model make?

Susie Brewer's chubby health reflects her "model" mother's model care



**DO MODELS** make good mothers? In the case of Beverly Hills' lovely Mary Brewer, the answer is a big, resounding "yes!" One look at tanned and sturdy 4-year-old Susie and 2-year-old Pinkie will testify to that.

And Mother's "model" care extends to teeth and gums, too. For Mary Brewer has learned what every successful model knows so well: the importance of a lovely smile. So this well-known fashion model has already started her youngsters on the dental routine that gets so much credit for their mother's glorious smile: *Regular brushing, followed by gum massage with extra Ipana Tooth Paste.*

Which proves that California-born Mary Brewer also knows what thousands of dentists and schools are teaching today—that a radiant smile depends on sparkling teeth. And that sparkling teeth call for firm, healthy gums.



Product of Bristol-Myers

**Firmer Gums—Brighter Teeth with Ipana and Massage**

"Why can't I do that?" muses Susie, who'd like to follow in mother's toe-dancing steps as faithfully as she now follows her daily routine of Ipana and massage for teeth and gums. Neglected gums often signal their warning to "see your dentist!" with a tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush. He may suggest the "helpful stimulation" of Ipana and massage." Get Ipana today!

## Ten Cents A Plate

by GLENNA MCGINNIS

You can make 4 generous servings of any one of these hearty main dishes for 40 cents

**I**NEXPENSIVE hamburger and regular macaroni are used to keep the cost down in the following recipe. If you use chopped sirloin or if you buy elbow macaroni, the cost will be increased about 5 cents a plate.

### HAMBURGER-MACARONI HOT POT

Costs 40 cents (February 1946)

Serves 4 Woman's Day Kitchen

3/4 pound hamburger	1 6-ounce can tomato paste
1 onion, chopped	1/8 teaspoon pepper
1 clove garlic, minced	5 cups water
2 teaspoons salt	1/2 pound macaroni

Without adding fat, cook hamburger slowly until lightly browned in a large heavy skillet or Dutch oven. Add onion, garlic, tomato paste, salt, pepper and water. Cover and simmer 20 minutes. Break macaroni in pieces and add. Cover and cook very slowly 1/2 hour or until macaroni is tender. Add more water if necessary to prevent sticking.



A little hamburger serves four in this Hamburger-Macaroni Hot Pot

**I**F you don't have your own home-canned tomatoes and you can't find any in your store, serve a creamed onion sauce or fried onions with this omelet. The cost will be about the same. If you use grade-A eggs, the omelet will cost a little more.

### POTATO OMELET WITH STEWED TOMATOES

Costs 40 cents (February 1946)

Serves 4 Woman's Day Kitchen

2 cups hot mashed potatoes	1 small onion, grated
1 tablespoon fat	1 tablespoon chopped parsley
1/4 cup milk	2 tablespoons fat
3 eggs, grade B	3 cups well-seasoned home-canned stewed tomatoes
1 teaspoon salt	
1/8 teaspoon pepper	

Add melted fat and milk to mashed potatoes, beat until fluffy. Beat eggs until light; combine with potatoes, add seasonings. Heat fat in skillet; add potato mixture and cook slowly until well-browned on the bottom. Fold and turn out onto a hot platter. Serve with stewed tomatoes.

**Y**OU can save 2 or 3 cents in the rice and cheese dish below, if you use chopped parsley instead of green pepper.

### RICE AND CHEESE SKILLET DINNER

Costs 40 cents (February 1946)

Serves 4 Woman's Day Kitchen

1 cup rice	1/3 cup chopped green pepper
2 tablespoons margarine	2 cups tomato juice
1 large onion, chopped	Salt and pepper
1 clove garlic, minced	1/2 pound process American cheese, shredded

Cook rice in boiling salted water about 18 minutes or until barely tender. Drain, re-

serve water. In large heavy skillet cook margarine, onion, garlic and green pepper together slowly for 5 minutes. Add rice and tomato juice. Cover and cook 25 minutes, stirring several times. If mixture begins to stick to skillet, add a little rice cooking water. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Remove from heat; sprinkle cheese over top, cover 1 minute. Serve.

**W**E used salt codfish in the next recipe; to cut the cost a little a 5-ounce package of shredded dried codfish could be freshened according to package directions and used instead of the cooked salt fish. Evaporated milk is used instead of fresh milk; dry skim milk powder mixed with water would be even cheaper.

### SALT FISH AND POTATOES

Costs 40 cents (February 1946)

Serves 4 Woman's Day Kitchen

1/2 pound salt codfish	1/2 teaspoon thyme
3 tablespoons margarine	1/4 teaspoon pepper
1 small onion, minced	1 cup undiluted evaporated milk
1 tablespoon chopped parsley	1 cup water
	4 hot boiled potatoes
	1 egg, grade B

Cover fish with boiling water; drain; cover again with boiling water and simmer until tender. Melt 1 tablespoon margarine in skillet; add onion, parsley and seasonings and cook 3 minutes. Add evaporated milk and water; bring to boil. Add fish which has been drained and flaked. Mash potatoes with remaining 2 tablespoons margarine; add egg; combine with fish mixture; add salt if needed. Pour into greased 1 1/2-quart baking dish; put under broiler until brown.

**T**O keep the cost down to 10 cents a serving in the scrapple dish, we used bulk scrapple at 19 cents a pound.

### CHILI SCRAPPLE CASSEROLE

Costs 40 cents (February 1946)

Serves 4 Woman's Day Kitchen

1 1/2 pounds scrapple	1 teaspoon salt
1 onion, minced	1/8 teaspoon pepper
1 teaspoon chili seasoning	1 10 1/2-ounce can tomato purée

Cut scrapple into 1-inch cubes and put in shallow baking dish. Bake in moderately hot oven, 375°F., about 20 minutes or until lightly browned. Combine remaining ingredients. Pour over scrapple. Bake 1/2 hour.

### New Contest—Sugar-Saving Desserts

**S**UGAR is still short and probably will be for some time. Nevertheless, most families want dessert at least once a day. What are you serving for desserts using little or no sugar? Send one or more of your own best sugar-saving recipes; you may win a prize.

There will be one \$10.00 prize and ten \$5.00 prizes for recipes considered best in the opinion of the judges. Winners will be announced in the June issue of Woman's Day. Send your entry on or before March 15th to Food Contest Editor, Woman's Day, 19 West 44th Street, New York, 18, N. Y. Please print or type your name and address and don't forget to say: "I authorize you to use my material."

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**This is Only a Partial List of All the Subjects Covered.**

Everything is indexed for quick reference!

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THREE DISCARDS MAKE SMART SUITS



**1 This man-tailored suit** (Fig. 1a) was useless because it was much too snug through the waist, bust and armholes, and it was definitely showing its age. A gusset under each arm gave an easier fit and there was enough material in the sleeve seam to enlarge it a bit. The lapels (with newly rounded points) were pressed flat, then rolled back into a higher closing with another buttonhole added. The skirt was worn and needed reversing. Since the iron took the pleats out readily, we gathered in the extra fullness instead of replacing, for the change it brought. Then we decided the jacket front, cut shorter and rounded (Fig. 1b), best suited the skirt fullness.

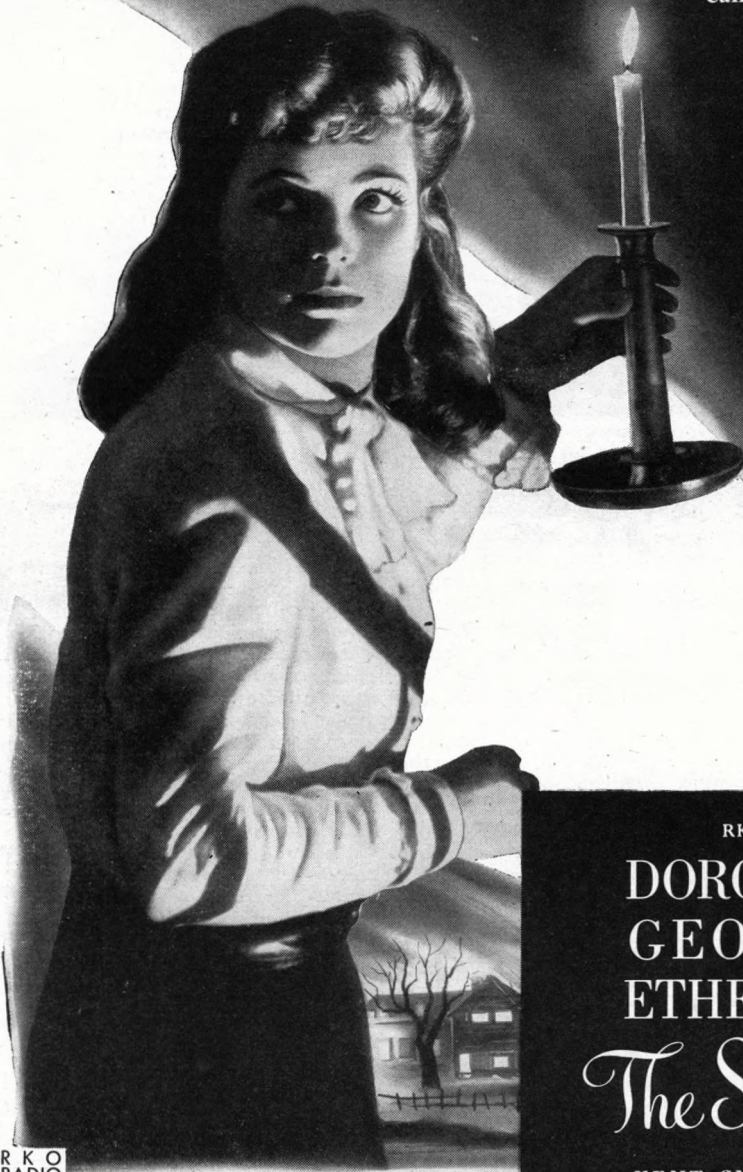
**2 The fitted coat and pleated skirt** (Fig. 2a) were of handsome plaid wool, but it was a hopelessly bulky and unbecoming suit and it fitted so badly that it was useless to its owner. We decided to recut the entire suit to a new pattern—a slim-skirted, lumberjack style. The suit was ripped apart, leaving only the sleeves intact. The skirt was cut to Butterick Pattern 2900, and the jacket—Butterick 3384. To provide the interest of solid color against the plaid, we bought a wide suede belt and sewed it to the jacket in place of the usual fabric waistband. The old lining, still in good condition, was recut for the new version. To order Butterick patterns see page 67.

**3 The gabardine side** of this reversible raincoat (Fig. 3b) was badly stained, but the brown tweed side was in good condition and was easy to transform into a smart little bolero suit. First we removed the gabardine, then off came the collar, pocket flaps, and, from both sides of the front closing, a narrow strip of buttonholed fabric (see Fig. 3a). Next we divided the coat, cutting it 1" above waistline. Bolero was finished by adding shoulder pads, lining and brown grosgrain binding. Using Butterick 2900, we made the lower half of coat into a slim skirt. Pocket slashes were closed and trimmed with brown grosgrain for a pocket effect.

**IF YOUR EX-GI HAS SOME GOOD CIVVIES** which no longer fit perfectly, here are some alteration tips from clothing specialists of the U. S. Department of Agriculture. Coats to men's suits are usually difficult for the amateur to alter, but vests and pants can easily be made a few inches larger or smaller. To alter a vest, rip lining at back of neck and turn to wrong side. Then rip lining along sides, and readjust to allow more or less room. Most vests have an outlet of about 1½". A trouser seat has a generous seam allowance running up the middle of back. To let out seam, baste in new seamline, rip old stitching and fit trousers before sewing by machine. Or if seam needs taking up, pin to fit, and reseat. Then rip out old stitching and press new seam. A too short crotch can usually be let out about 1". Rip seams on inside of leg down from crotch point for about 12", opening back and front rise enough to free seam allowances. Let out seam at crotch as needed, resew tapering off to meet old stitching lines. Press new seam, reseam front and back rise, press again.

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# FOR LUNCH

by *Betty Crocker*



Salmon au Gratin  
Salad of  
Orange and Grapefruit  
Sections with  
Crispy Lettuce Hearts and  
Ruby Red Dressing  
Date Muffins

(Quick with Bisquick . . . Just add milk, an egg, a little sugar, plus dates, to Bisquick.)  
Coffee Milk

● **SALMON AU GRATIN:** It's yummy! Nice enough for "company". Yet so easy.  
2 cups Salmon (1 lb. can)  
2 cups Medium White Sauce

Flake salmon into rather large pieces. Arrange, in alternating layers with the white sauce, in well-greased baking dish (about 7-inch). Sprinkle with

$\frac{3}{4}$  cup grated Sharp Cheese  
Add  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup crushed Wheaties  
( $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups uncrushed)

Dot  $\frac{1}{2}$  tbsp. Butter  
over top. Bake 20 to 25 minutes in quick moderate oven, 375°. 6 servings.

**Medium White Sauce:** Melt 4 tbsp. butter. Blend in 4 tbsp. Gold Medal Flour, 1 tsp. salt,  $\frac{1}{4}$  tsp. pepper. Remove from heat. Blend in 2 cups milk. Then cook until thickened, stirring constantly. Cook about 10 min. over direct heat or 20 over hot water.

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Add 4 tbsp. Salad Oil  
2 tbsp. Lemon Juice or White Vinegar  
Dash of Salt  
Few drops Onion Juice or 1 slice Onion

Continue beating until smooth. (If a slice of onion is used, place it in dressing just a few minutes before serving; then remove.) Makes enough for 12 to 14 servings.

● **DATE MUFFINS:** Something sweet, yet easy on your sugar! Delicious, too, made with Bisquick. We use only quality ingredients in Bisquick. And they're blended more skilfully than is possible at home. Actually, Bisquick is more reliable than the old "start from scratch" method. I hope you're using Bisquick!

General Mills, Inc.

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NINTH YEAR

SIXTH ISSUE

# WOMAN

A N A T I O N A L M A G

**Our Authors** If one of your children takes to writing stories on brown paper bags, watch out. That's how Henrietta Ripperger ("An Old Food for New Babies," page 38) got started at the age of six. She's been at it ever since—in fact, she does what we consider one of the toughest writing stints. A monthly story—the "U. S. Today" series which has been running in *Redbook* for five years, and which was brought out in novel form as "112 Elm Street" and "The Brettons of Elm Street" . . . Another newcomer to Woman's Day is Jack Leonard ("Uncle Jethro Finds a Directive," page 48) but he chose the life of a writer after mature reflection. On graduating from Harvard, Mr. Leonard looked around for the "freest and most irresponsible profession." He thinks he's found it because it allows him leisure for cabinet-making and agriculture.



Authors, left to right: Catherine Lee Clay, Henrietta Ripperger (in conversation with Air Force Major Bobby Jones), and Jack Leonard

We can't quite see where the leisure comes in because, in addition to books on science and economics, magazine articles, children's books, political writing and whatnot, Jack Leonard is Latin American editor for *Time* magazine. If that's loafing, give us a good old-fashioned eight to six job. Catherine Lee Clay ("Lightning Strikes Once," page 40) says she has "always written," which if one looked into it might threaten Mrs. Ripperger's title for six-year-olds. We don't know. Anyway, Miss Clay has turned out a prodigious number of stories, a couple of novels, and has discovered California. At the drop of a hat, she'll burst into song about oranges and sunshine. As Mrs. Jacob Ter Veer, she is the mother of a cub scout named Reynell . . . It is with the greatest sadness we realize that the illustration for "Ann Story," page 22, was the last painting completed by N. C. Wyeth before his tragic and untimely death. We can think of few artists who contributed more to the American scene—few whom we shall miss more.

**Out Of The Mouths Of** —the five-year-old who listened carefully to the lecture read him on Christmas eve. "Just because tomorrow will be Christmas is no reason for your not going to bed as usual. Do you understand?" "Yes," said Bobbie, "but I'd rather not live that way." —the seven-year-old who was asked by some fatuous grownup what he wanted to be when he grew up. "I'll be a man they put stone pictures of in the park," he announced simply. (Maybe that's the real recipe for fame—set your mind on becoming a celebrity and then when you get around to it decide what steps should be taken to make the grade.)



**Hands Across The Dishpan** In a British women's magazine we find the usual article full of good old clichés about us and our downtrodden husbands, our passion for keeping up with the Joneses, etc. (Sometimes we wonder what kind of Americans these Britishers visit. And how do the hosts and hostesses like those bread-and-butter notes their guests publish when they get back home?) Well, this



# 'S DAY

"As for man, his days are as grass: as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth."  
PSALM 103:15

## A Z I N E F O R W O M E N



piece includes a photograph of a middle-aged man, sleeves pushed up and apron enveloping him, washing dishes while his two children help. The caption is: "The American father thinks nothing of doing the washing-up . . ." The American fathers we know, unfortunately, think less than nothing of it.

**Come Right In** The Yugoslav Cook Book, supposedly the first to be published in the United States, has a recipe for Slatko od Tresanja (cherry jam to us) and a note beneath it states: "In certain sections of Yugoslavia, Slatko is served to guests on arrival. The guest is offered a teaspoonful of Slatko and a glass of water." Somehow the thought of tripping into a room full of people with one's mouth open like a child getting its cough medicine is unnerving.

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Susie S. says:  
"Knocks out dirt, doesn't hurt sinks and pans or dainty hands!"  
ASK FOR SUNBRITE, THE SAFE, SPEEDY CLEANSER



# Cheese Soufflé



It's delicate brown and a golden puff inside!

It's mild yet mellow, with a tang of American Cheddar! It's this new dream-soufflé—made with that grand cheese-food-of-a-hundred-uses, Borden's Chateau!

Quick! Get yourself some Borden's Chateau. (Better get the 2-lb. package—you'll use it for salads, sandwiches . . . *everything!*) Then try this wonderful recipe . . .



## CHATEAU SOUFFLÉ

2 tablespoons butter  
2 tablespoons flour • ½ teaspoon salt  
¼ teaspoon dry mustard • ¾ cup milk  
½ lb. Borden's Chateau, diced  
4 eggs, separated

Melt butter over low heat. Remove from heat, blend in flour and seasonings. Add milk; mix until smooth. Cook, stirring constantly, until thickened. Add cheese; stir until melted. Add beaten egg yolks and cook over low heat for 2 minutes. Beat egg whites until stiff but not dry. Carefully fold ¼ of cheese mixture into beaten egg whites. Continue adding cheese mixture in fourths, making as few folds as possible. Pour into buttered 1-quart casserole. Place casserole on 2 thicknesses of paper toweling in shallow baking dish filled with water to depth of ½ inch. Bake in slow oven (325°F.) 1¼ to 1½ hours. Serves 4 to 6. © Borden Co.

**BORDEN'S FINE CHEESES**

IF IT'S BORDEN'S, IT'S GOT TO BE GOOD!



# FROM THE NEW BOOKS

Some brief excerpts which held our attention in this month's reading

ANNE L. STEVENS

### Two Worlds

A grownup blushes too. A grownup feels uncomfortable inside too.

It is curious the various ways in which the adult world and the child's world first meet. The bump. The pieces which break and crumble. The beginning of coming together to merge slowly into each other.

From "Echo Of A Cry" by Mai-mai Sze (Harcourt, Brace). A cheerful book of childhood memories. The author is Chinese-born, but has lived most of her life in other countries.

### Women Are Like That

Without a word he picked up his broad-brimmed hat and went out of the door, wondering why it was that Matilda could never see him settling down to take a little comfort without she'd think up a job for him. It wasn't one of the things you could argue with a woman. Every woman he ever saw thought she spent her whole life doing little things to make some man comfortable.

From "January Thaw" by Bel-lamy Partridge (Whittlesey House). An old Connecticut house and the old Connecticut couple who bring drama into the lives of a successful author and his family.

### Broken Trust

... His was the simplest, most innocent nature. I remember how shocked and hurt he was, one time in London, when having lost his ticket on the underground, he was compelled to pay another twopenny. He that could have traveled from one end of Ireland to another and back again on his word alone.

From "Lovely Is The Lee" by Robert Gibbings (Dutton). Poetic delicacy characterizes this travel book filled with Irish lore and whimsical anecdote.

### From All Sides

That was one of the things they had learned at Canyon de Chelley—that an Indian will lie three times, but if asked a fourth, he will tell the truth, because if he doesn't, his lie will come at him from all four sides, from the east and west and north and south, and trap him.

From "Spin a Silver Dollar" by Alberta Hannum (The Viking Press). A city couple's adventure in living at a Navaho trading post.

### Master Painter

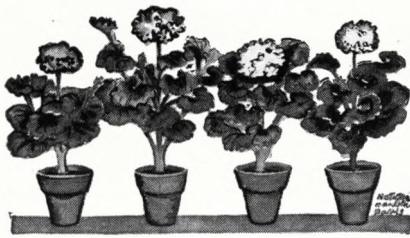
He painted the women with masterly strokes that described their beauty or ugliness or mediocrity in irrefutable terms. If, when he had finished such a portrait, it was discovered that the sitter had a slightly longer nose in the portrait than in real life, it was immediately seen that Goya was right, for, in adding that infinitesimal measure to the nose, he had described the woman correctly. Her friends all knew her to be officious and excessively enterprising. Thus it turned out that the sitters were sometimes wrong, the artist never.

From "In The Blazing Light" by Max White (Duell, Sloan and Pearce). The love story of Francisco Goya, 18th-century artist.

### Through the Mill

It was the mill that took Felicia's mother fresh and smiling in the morning, and returned her stumbling with weariness at night. It was the mill that dulled even Mr. Sikorski's eyes. If you had a white collar job like Komar's, all right, but otherwise—It was the mill that kept you alive, and left you Sundays to live in.

From "My Felicia" by Paul Driscoll (The Macmillan Company). Brisk, stripped-down picture of a New England mill town in the twenties—centering around Felicia, the sensitive, forthright daughter of Polish immigrants.



## A GREEN THUMB FOR GERANIUMS

by CHLORIS KILLIAN

YOU can have a window of gay geraniums the year around and develop a hobby that will prove of lasting interest. How do you start? Let's look at the window space first. Don't crowd geraniums! They need enough space for free circulation of air around each plant. Give them plenty of sun in a window that's cool enough, about 65 degrees with a drop to 55 at night. Keep a pan of water in the window with the plants for evaporation to furnish the necessary humidity. Water the plants *thoroughly* when the soil seems dry to the touch, using rain water whenever possible, otherwise tepid rather than cold water. Be sure that the soil is not too loose or spongy. Geraniums like tight pots, a bit of crockery in the bottom for drainage, a soil mixture of two parts garden loam, one part sharp sand, one part humus or leaf mold. Add a teaspoonful of bone-meal to each pot mixture.

Do you know that geraniums must rest part of the year? After six months of bloom cut the mature plants back to about three pieces of three-inch stalk. Set them in a cool spot, 50 degrees. Water them once a week and do not feed them at all. In four or five months, or when they show an active interest in new growth, move them back into the sun and feed them again. Plant tablets should be inserted into the soil twice a month or water the plants several times a month with a solution of one part cow manure to five parts water.

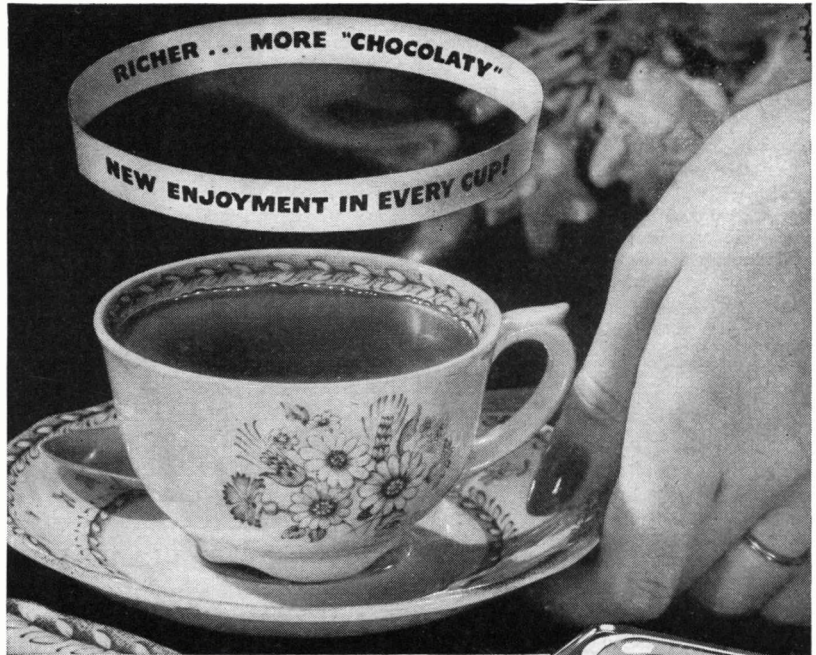
IF you want year-around bloom, provide for it by a consistent program of growing your own new plants. Take cuttings from old plants just before you set them to rest. Cut pieces about four inches long with a sharp knife, slanting strokes, a little below one of the joints. Strip leaves from lower stem, leaving several at the top. Then you set them into a pot of moist sand, placed in a sheltered light spot out of the direct sun. The sand should be kept moist, never soaked, and in several weeks roots will have formed; the small plants can be moved into two-inch pots. A month or so later you can move the plants into four-inch pots and wait for their flowering. In this starter period, from sand to four-inch pot, the one-stem plants must be forced to branch. Pinch out centers of the plants to encourage branching along the stem. Keep turning the plant so that the sun can equalize growth. Snip off any early buds that appear at this time.

YOU SAY IT'S CALLED  
BAKER'S DE LUXE?



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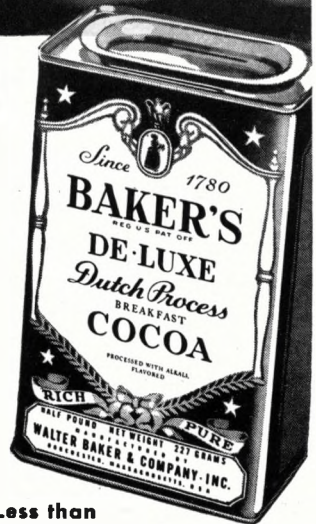
YES... IT'S SOMETHING  
REALLY NEW IN COCOA



**AT OUR EXPENSE** we invite you to try it! This new de luxe Walter Baker blend of rare and costly cocoa beans, Dutch-Processed the old Holland way, produces a cocoa richer in flavor than even the finest imported cocoas. Even before you take your first sip, the aroma will tell you that here is a truly superb product . . . your family and friends will tell you they never knew cocoa could be so good. Whether you serve Baker's *De Luxe* as a beverage, or in any recipe that calls for cocoa, it's richer, more "chocolaty"—the finest-flavored cocoa that money can buy!

THE MOST DISTINGUISHED COCOA  
EVER MADE IN AMERICA

Less than  
25c the half pound



**FREE!**

Please send me, free of charge, your generous sample package of Baker's De Luxe Dutch Process Cocoa. WD-3-46



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—paste on penny post card and mail to: Walter Baker & Company, P. O. Box 547, Battle Creek, Michigan.

Cash value 1/10 of 1¢. This coupon is void in any state or municipality where prohibited, taxed or otherwise restricted. Offer expires Dec. 31, 1946. Good only in the U. S. A.

# SNACK KNACKS



by **CLAUDETTE COLBERT**

Star of "TOMORROW IS FOREVER"  
An International Picture

**SERVE DONUTS—HOT!** Just put donuts in a paper bag and heat in oven for a few minutes. The freshness and added flavor will surprise you. Serve with best-tasting Royal Crown Cola. M-m-m!



**TRY THIS SNACK!** Split donuts and toast them. A little extra knack: Sprinkle cinnamon and sugar on toasted surfaces. Served with Royal Crown Cola, it's a tasty and economical combination. Remember, you get two full glasses with each 5¢ bottle of RC.

**IT TAKES NO KNACK** to give yourself a quick-up and fresh start. Just do as Claudette Colbert does: Enjoy Royal Crown Cola. Try it today! Say, "RC for me!" That's the quick way to get a frosty bottle of Royal Crown Cola—the only cola that's best by taste-test!



**ROYAL CROWN COLA**

Best by taste-test



*Many behavior problems are caused by smothering a child with attention and concern*

## Try a Dash of Neglect

by **GLADYS HUNTINGTON BEVANS**

**H**AVE you a discontented child? Have you a spoiled child? Have you a demanding child? And are you baffled as to what to do about it? If so, try a little neglect—a wholesome neglect. A neglect which is merely the opposite of a smothering, over-solicitous, almost apprehensive care. The opposite of overwhelming attention.

This advice is not for those women who (and we may as well be realistic about it) are tickled to death to find an excuse to get out from under, where the care of their children is concerned. Not for the ones who let their teen-agers run free, or, when maids and nurses were plentiful, or other kinds of help available, turned their children over to others for long stretches of time. Such mothers wouldn't be bothered with their responsibilities, beyond providing the primitive needs of food, clothing and shelter. They wanted to amuse themselves—or do nothing.

My advice is for the really loving, devoted woman whose great concern is her children's happiness and well-being but who, in a very excess of zeal or lack of judgment or loss of perspective, is overdoing the devotion and depriving her children of some of the very happiness and well-being she wishes for them. It is for that mother and the problems confronting her, that I'm recommending the use of a little wholesome neglect.

And what are the behavior maladies which require this kind of cure? Usually they are a chronic discontentedness, a general resistance or disobedience, a

whining, a refusal to eat, high jinks about going to bed, and sometimes an insistent demand to hold the center of the stage.

These ways of behaving may not exist all at the same time in the same child, but when some of these symptoms become marked enough, look for too much attention as a cause.

**S**OMETIMES grownups get into the habit of looking at a child a great deal, a child they have seen since his first walking and talking days, and love dearly. He is a delight to their eyes. Each day his ways have the charm of change, his bodily movements are a joy—for a young child is full of grace.

This is all especially vivid to me right now because my small grandson (who has just departed from my room so I can write) enchants my eyes dozens of times each day. When he is in the room I can scarcely keep my eyes off him. In fact, we've all begun to guard our glances, so he won't catch us watching his every move, or hear us tell of each new charming, or absurdly clownish thing he may have done. For even at fifteen months this baby was beginning to be aware of such goings-on. We've stopped calling openly to each other, "Come quick—this is *something*."

The reasons for "spoiled" behavior often has its beginning in our first noticing (then carrying to an extreme) every little thing our small one says and does: his quaint turns of speech, his mastery of some big word, and each new and clever thing he learns to do.

But this is not all. Too often the child's health becomes everyone's concern—according to the doctor and the book he *must* have this and that in his diet. So at mealtimes all eyes are riveted upon him.

What he does eat and what he doesn't eat is openly talked about—often with unhappy results. I remember one particularly distressing example: This lovely-looking example, a little girl of four, would sit at the table with the family and a possible guest or two. After refusing her food and locking her lips against the feeding efforts, some one would at last literally shove in a large forkful of vegetables. She would hold them in her mouth, glance about, from under lowered, beautiful long lashes, and then spray the food over the table. Then consternation, scolding, mopping-up and a general excitement which she viewed with smug satisfaction.

THE same open solicitude extended to all the other routines: the child's nap and her bath and her dressing and her going to sleep at night, and even her elimination. The way these were, or were not accomplished, was all audibly and obviously noticed. Everything the youngster said and did was discussed before her, by parents who seemed to be, otherwise, highly intelligent and commonsensible people.

And I know one family with four children—it's not just an "only child" problem—in which the parents sit with guests and the children present, and discuss the latter's looks, achievements, health and pranks for a whole evening.

Another factor which contributes to the trouble is the constant fussing with a child who is busily playing, happily drawing, or "just being"—as children sometimes are. Instead of keeping companionably in the offing, going about the normal affairs of housekeeping, a mother or aunt or grandmother (!) will repeatedly break in, exclaim, or remark upon or praise what the little boy or girl is doing. While they may subconsciously resent this interference in the play business of their lives, children get so that they expect this attention.

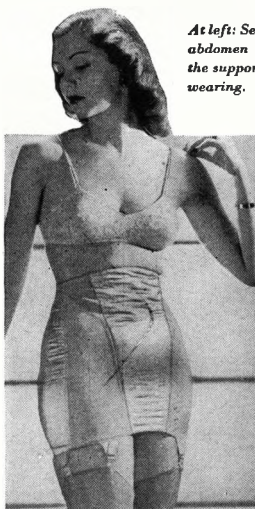
Of course a child should have interest and praise, and when he turns to us for it, it should be on tap. But it is a fine thing when children can lose themselves utterly in what they are doing—become oblivious of surroundings and people and things. An excess of notice is an obstacle to the development of this important faculty.

ANOTHER form which the deluge of concern takes is that of proffered entertainment—when someone is always on hand to entertain, read to, talk to, and play with a little boy or girl. A child hasn't, then, the time or composure to find or create his own diversion. The result is often whining, aimlessness or mischief—or a repeated, "What can I do now?"

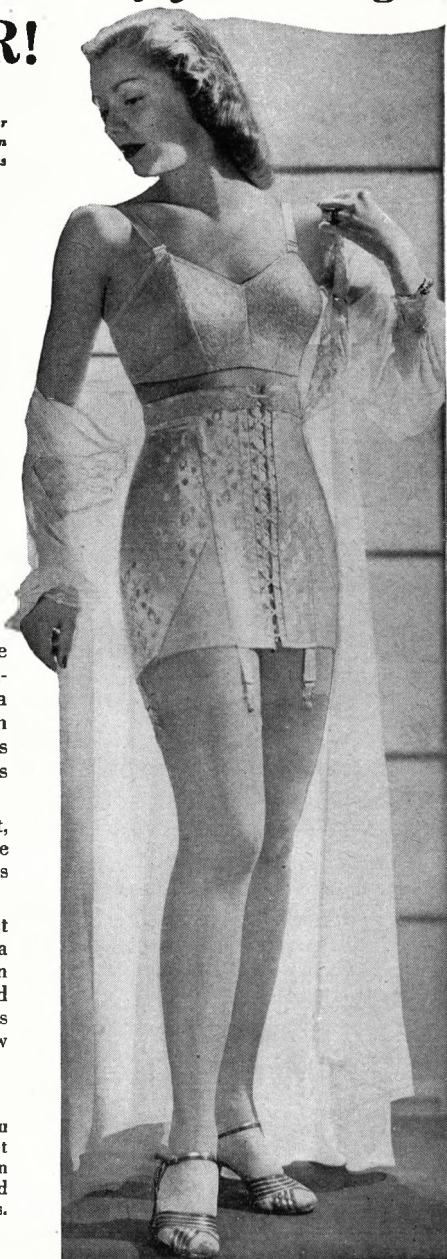
The remedy is a campaign of wholesome neglect. But this is a dose to be administered with discretion.

One thing wholesome neglect defi-  
[Continued on Page 103]

# Have you a Bulging Abdomen? You'll really get rid of your bulges in a SPENCER!



At left: See how her abdomen bulged in the support she was wearing.



In her Spencer Fashion support and breast support she is slim and lovely

If your abdomen bulges—if you have spreading hips or an unlovely backline, it's just common sense to get a Spencer. For a Spencer does much more than *conceal* your figure faults . . . it corrects the cause of your bulges and they actually vanish.

Your abdomen will be youthfully flat, your hips smartly slim, and your backline gracefully erect. And your Spencer is guaranteed never to lose its shape.

Your Spencer will effectively correct any figure fault because we create a fashion support *especially for you* in which every line is individually designed to solve your figure problem—and yours alone. And you'll be amazed to find how little your Spencer will cost!

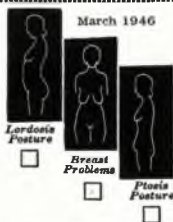
## Have a Figure Analysis

Any dealer in Spencers will gladly give you a complete figure analysis. You'll find it fascinating! Spencers are sold by women dealers who are expert corsetieres qualified to consult with you on your special needs.

## See Your Future Beauty Lines In Interesting Free Booklet

To receive booklet send coupon below—or look in telephone directory for "Spencer corsetiere" or "Spencer Support Shop."

Do you want to make money in a professional type of business? Experience not needed—we train you. Profitable—interesting. Check here  for information.



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SEND TODAY

143 Derby Avenue, New Haven 7, Conn.  
Please send your free booklet. I have marked my posture problem at left.

Name..... (Please print)

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**SPENCER** INDIVIDUALLY DESIGNED **SUPPORTS**

HERE'S HOW TO MAKE

# RICH BROWN GRAVY

No matter how weak-looking and pale your gravy is



Just add Kitchen Bouquet. Adds color—brings out true meat flavor, too.

## Saves Time • Saves Money, Too!

Want to be known as a champion Gravy Maker? Here's all you do.

Simply add Kitchen Bouquet—blended of 13 vegetables and choice spices. It adds that deep brown appetizing color. It brings out—magnifies—enhances the true rich taste of the meat.

It's magic—for gravy, stews, meat pies, croquettes, hash, etc.

NOTE: To minimize shrinkage when roasting meat, keep oven "low." Merely "rope" roast with Kitchen Bouquet and add a little to the gravy—to give both a gorgeous "brown."

# KITCHEN BOUQUET

*It Makes the Gravy*

—RICH, BROWN, DELICIOUS



ONE OF GROCERY STORE PRODUCTS CO. QUALITY FOODS



## The HOLLYWOOD PICTURE

by SALLIE BELLE COX

THE above is *not* an advertisement for a new Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture. Neither is it the first cousin of a Centaur. It is a double exposure, or reasonable facsimile thereof, of March roaring in like a lion, snarling and gnashing our teeth, and I'm very much afraid that our claws are showing. I don't know *what* March is mad about, unless it just crawled out of the wrong side of the calendar, but my rage is due to Publicity, P-U-B-L-I-C-I-T-Y—and if you spell it backwards I don't like it any better. I am deluged with it. And my living room looks like the last round-up of a paper chase.

But I carefully read every line of publicity sent to me by the picture studios, even though some of it goes down like oatmeal which has unaccountably been mixed with birdseed. This rigidity in sticking to the line of duty is partly due to a desire to know all there is to know about movies, and partly a result of having been exposed to the New England conscience. Obviously, it is part of my job to lend an attentive ear to what Hollywood has to say about itself, and that I do, but if the publicity is to further

the cause of the pictures and performers, in my particular case more harm than good is done by all the unrestrained bragging and ballyhoo.

TAKE for instance, the towering stacks of publicity I had on **THE BELLS OF ST. MARY'S**. This is a Rainbow Production, produced and directed by Leo McCarey, and starring Bing Crosby and Ingrid Bergman, which information I first received sometime back in July. From that time on, this same information, plus a great deal more, was steadily hammered and dinned into me, until I finally reached the stage where I felt that I had seen the picture several times before it ever actually appeared on the scene. "The Bells of St. Mary's" had been insistently ringing in my ears until they had attained the deafening proportions of the anvil chorus. Plus the maddening monotony of a dripping faucet.

Shortly after the first announcement, I received another which said: "Bing Crosby and Ingrid Bergman, Academy Award Winners, have already completed their co-starring roles in the Rainbow Production, 'The Bells of St. Mary's,' produced and directed by Leo McCarey."



Ingrid Bergman, Joan Carroll and Bing Crosby in the much touted "The Bells of St. Mary's"—sequel to "Going My Way"

*Above the lion's roar come snarls of rage at the ballyhoo of Hollywood*

More of the same trickled in during August, and September, during which month I was informed that "the ten luckiest girls in Hollywood were the unknowns chosen by Leo McCarey to play the nuns of St. Mary's Parochial School in 'The Bells of St. Mary's' which stars Bing Crosby and Ingrid Bergman." I was tempted to wire and ask them *why* these girls were the luckiest in Hollywood, as I doubted the veracity of that statement, but I desisted, knowing that Hollywood doesn't want *my* opinion.

**B**Y November, the publicity really got going. On the first I received a billet doux telling me that "Bing Crosby, co-star of 'The Bells of St. Mary's' was vacationing at his Nevada ranch. It will be the Holiday Season attraction at the famous Radio City Music Hall. . . ." (What, the ranch?)

On November sixth I was informed that Una O'Connor and Martha Sleeper had headed for New York after completing their supporting roles in "The B of St. M's" which co-starred Bing Crosby and Ingrid Bergman. (Why tell me? Was I supposed to meet the train?)

On November seventh I received a long paragraph telling me that Martha Sleeper, having finished "The B of St. M's" which was scheduled for the Holiday Season attraction at the Radio City

Music Hall, was going into a play on Broadway with Spencer Tracy. Miss Sleeper, it reiterated, in "The B of St. M's" was prominently featured in support of Bing Crosby and Ingrid Bergman.

On November twenty-first, Bill Gargan's appearance in "The B of St. M's" ("which will be the Holiday Season attraction at the Radio City Music Hall") was explained to me. The funniest thing was that I hadn't even wondered up to that time how he got into the picture. Well, it seems that on the RKO set Leo McCarey was having his character read from a sample of his handwriting when the analyst told him: "You never forget old friends."

"That reminds me," said McCarey, and leaping to the telephone like mad he called his friend, Bill Gargan, for the role of Joe Gallagher.

Well, what do you think of *that*? What do you suppose Bill thinks? What do you suppose the handwriting analyst thinks? Do you care? I don't.

On November twenty-sixth, my mail included a whole page headed TRIBUTE TO INGRID BERGMAN. It told me all about the gold bracelet with five gold "St. Mary's" bells which was presented to Ingrid Bergman on the RKO set. The bells were engraved with the names Bing, Leo, Bill, Bobby, and  
[Continued on Page 101]



Paulette Goddard, Burgess Meredith in his screen play "The Diary of a Chambermaid"



**PHILIP MORRIS! — proved less irritating to nose and throat—famed for finer flavor and aroma . . . keener smoking pleasure!**

No curative power is claimed for  
PHILIP MORRIS, but—  
**AN OUNCE OF PREVENTION**  
is Worth a Pound of Cure!

**CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS**



America's Finest Cigarette



All eats are treats  
...seasoned with  
**DERBY** spicy savor!

Something mighty good is coming your way . . . when it's made with Derby Barbecue Sauce. Here's a man's flavor that wise wives use to make good food better, ordinary food exciting. No wonder famous hotels buy it by the gallon. If you're a good cook now, Derby Barbecue Sauce will make you a genius.



Send for Free Recipe Book with dozens of easy-to-fix dishes.

• Derby Sauces Include—Steak Sauce . . . Barbecue Sauce . . . Worcestershire Sauce . . . Hot Sauce . . . Chop Suoy Sauce

**GLASER**  
**Derby**  
Barbecue Sauce

Glaser, Crandell Co.  
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Send copy of your FREE colorful recipe book with illustrated suggestions.

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FIRST AID FOR CLEVER COOKS

# LISTEN HERE



Don't look now, but if this year's Honor Roll seems slightly repetitious blame the networks, not me



Comedian  
**FRED ALLEN**  
Comedienne  
**GRACIE ALLEN**  
Supporting Comedian  
**MIL BLANC**  
Supporting Comedienne  
**MINERVA PIOUS**  
Mystery  
**COUNTERSPY**  
Stunt Show  
**TRUTH OR CONSEQUENCES**  
Comedy Show  
**FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY**  
Dramatic Show  
**RADIO THEATER**  
Public Service Program  
**ASSIGNMENT HOME**



Quiz  
**INFORMATION PLEASE**  
Scripting  
**DON QUINN**  
Master of Ceremonies  
**CLIFTON FADIMAN**  
Mistress of Ceremonies  
**ARLENE FRANCIS**  
Commentator  
**H. V. KALTENBORN**  
Sportscaster  
**TED HUSING**  
Dance Band  
**GUY LOMBARDO**  
Children's Program  
**AMERICAN SCHOOL OF THE AIR**  
Most Promising  
**F. H. LAGUARDIA**



LOOKING back over the past twelve months of radio leaves me rather cold. Just one year ago, I ran my list of "Bests" for the preceding twelve-month, and now that March is here again, so is another Honor Roll.

The choice is more difficult this year than last because so little progress has been made by the industry in the interim. The war and its attendant inroads on available talent was partially to blame. But also there seems to have been a tendency on the part of producers to shun anything new in the program field. Indeed, the entire emphasis seems to have been placed on stealing the other fellow's thunder. For instance, one network no sooner came out with "Your FBI in Peace and War" than a rival countered with "This is Your FBI." Any resemblance of the two shows to each other is not purely coincidental.

The scores of stunt shows on the air are all variations of an incident which dates back to that first little boy in history who got a big laugh from the crowd by knocking off a gentleman's high silk hat with a snowball. Radio uses sundry variations of the original premise and props but the effect is the same, to wit, tiresome and repetitious monkey business.

As for quizzes, their numbers are countless. Some are good, some fair,

others frightful. They all stem from "Professor Quiz," who started out a decade ago. The air is now so full of questions and answers the birds and bees have as high an I.Q. as you and me.

Dave Elman, with his "Hobby Lobby" and "Auction Gallery," seems to be one of the few producers who ever dares embark on anything new. I hold no brief for either program but I'll donate a medal to Mr. Elman for having the courage to strike out for himself with something new and original. If there were twenty Elmans instead of one I'm sure radio would not now find itself up to its hubs in a quiz-dizzy quagmire.

THE audience participation programs are becoming more and more dependent on the Cinderella theme. Money and prizes, once of nominal value, now run into thousands of dollars. "Queen for a Day" is running the Irish Sweepstakes a close second in the value of its prizes. First thing we know these King Midas programs won't cut any ice at all unless the winner gets a B-29, an estate on Long Island and an unlimited checking account at the Chase National Bank. I wish before another year rolls around that someone would take an ax and kill the geese that lay these golden eggs. Frankly, I still like good old "Dr. I. Q." and his "Give that lady nine silver dol-



lars." I like him because the show he puts on is informative and down to earth. The proceedings give some consideration to the listening audience rather than to the contestant. In other words, entertainment for 10,000,000 listeners is more important to the Doc than a life annuity for one single contestant.

Another obvious stumbling block which has held radio progress in check this past year is the guest-star menace. It is impossible, I maintain, to build a solid show around a few dozen stars who flit from one program to another, roosting just long enough to lay an egg, and then fly back to their own coop. The theory seems to be that if Fred Allen is funny on his own show he'll be funny on Ed Gardner's, or that if Bergen makes you laugh on his program he'll be a scream on Cass Daley's. This is a fallacy. It's a millstone around radio's neck. The solution lies in (a) better vehicles, (b) new talent and (c) fewer (if any) guest appearances.

**S**TARTING at the top of this year's Honor Roll you'll note that I've selected Fred Allen as best Comedian for the second year running. In spite of the fact that, for the first five minutes of his program, Bob Hope outranks him, Allen can stretch his laughs out for about twelve minutes before he begins to falter. Then his guest star begins to snafu the proceedings.

I can't go along with other radio polls and name Joan Davis as top Comedienne. In my book Gracie Allen has forgotten more comedy than Miss Davis will ever learn. My second choice is Fanny Brice.

Last year's nod for Supporting Comedian went to Jack Benny's Rochester. This year it's Mel Blanc, the hilarious dialectician who plays the stuttering "Snafu" for Bob Hope, the "Unhappy Postman" for Burns and Allen, "Hubert Peabody" for Jack Carson and "Pedro" for Judy Canova.

Minerva Pious is still the outstanding Supporting Comedienne. Her "Mrs. Nussbaum" (third house in Allen's Alley) is superb.

I see no reason for side-tracking "Counterspy" this year. It's still the best Mystery Show on the air, I think, although "Gangbusters" is usually excellent, as is "Suspense."

Thanks to that able emcee, Ralph Edwards, "Truth or Consequences" stays right where it was a year ago as best Stunt Show of the past fifty-two weeks. "People Are Funny" is good and so is "County Fair." (Of course, I'm awaiting a thing called "King for a Year" which I fear is bound to come.)

Fibber McGee and Molly preside over the best Comedy Show of all time, period.

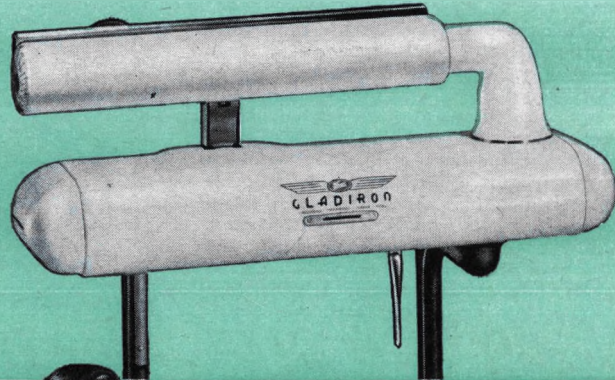
The Lux "Radio Theater" is a repeater for the best in Dramatic Shows, but "Theater Guild" is running it a close second.

I've inserted a new category this year called Public Service Program. "Chicago Round Table" and "America's Town Meeting" are excellent, but "Assignment Home," dealing as it does with the manifold problems of veterans' reemployment

[Continued on Page 105]

The world's most widely used ironer is now even more amazing

## The new THOR AUTOMAGIC GLADIRON



YOU'LL IRON SHIRTS IN 4 MINUTES  
... USE A SINGLE KNEE LEVER  
... HAVE BOTH HANDS FREE!

Now the famous Gladiron roll that was made for shirts turns them out faster than ever . . . *automagically*. There's no other ironer like it.



FOLDS AND TUCKS AWAY INTO CLOSET SPACE!

The THOR Automagic Gladiron folds into less than two square feet of space; can be stored in any closet.



TRAVELS TO ANY ROOM! With the THOR Automagic Gladiron you do your ironing wherever it's pleasantest . . . kitchen, dining room, or porch.

This famous ironer . . . used and approved by more women than any other . . . now irons more easily than ever . . . *automagically*.

You use a single knee lever (a touch controls it!) to start, stop, open and close the Gladiron. You have *both* hands free to guide clothes through, turn out perfectly ironed shirts, smooth, smooth sheets . . . *in minutes*.

And, you'll SIT DOWN to iron comfortably instead of standing over a hot, steaming ironing board . . . then *fold* your Gladiron and tuck it away. Your Thor dealer has, or will soon have, the new Automagic Gladiron. See it for yourself and you'll know why it's called a *glad iron*.

HURLEY MACHINE DIVISION, Electric Household Utilities Corporation  
Chicago 50, Illinois  
Thor-Canadian Company, Ltd., Toronto, Canada

# How to be a Girl

by Susan Bennett Holmes

**Aurful Possibility Note:** Heard about a girl whose telephone calls are rationed. Little idea complete with card devised by her father. She gets so many calls a month and has to mark the card every time she calls. But by the fifteenth of the month you have to call her! Comes from overworking the instrument!

**T**HIS month's Series Thoughts are on: "Who chooses your friend—you, your parents or Aunt Maud?" A subject more familiar under the title: "You're not to go out with that Lawrence boy again and that's final!" It's something that comes up all too often around the home and is strictly from argument. You know the routine: it goes two ways. Either you snag a lovely guy whom the family mistakes for a clay pigeon and takes shots at; or they introduce you to the Trimbles who have a girl just your age, dear, and if she's anything like her mother she ought to be a grand pal! Ugh! A creep's a creep to you whoever its mother is. Their stated objections to the Lawrence boy make you froth. Your one-word description of Mrs. Trimble's little girl turns them purple. Still, you have to see friend to friend with the family or dire things can happen like maybe they make you get dates for the Trimble darling.

How to solve this. Wiping out your parents as unjust or giving them cause to point out that they've lived longer than you have (!) is putting the issue on the wrong runway. This is not a battle of the generations. You are as good or better at judging your own gang in many respects because you're with



Ted is strangely different

them more and see them under more circumstances. Your parents have met many more kinds of people and can spot things you haven't run up against. It does not matter *who* it is that's doing the objecting to proposed candidates. What does matter is what *kind* of objection are they making? Is it an important one or an unimportant one? This is the chewy part.

Very important is people's character. If you can point out that Ted is strangely different from others you could name, in that at the end of the evening he is sober and able to drive home, you are on good, righteous ground. And your mother's objection that he stays glued to the chair when she comes in, isn't going to stand up too well against you. He's responsible and you trust him. You're packing the weightier

[Continued on Page 110]

## They'd rather be the band!



Blurbed across the program of an event we attended was the item that between the halves the Hempstead High School Band would do its act. This stirred nothing in us. We knew all about school bands.

They're what you put peanuts down big horns of. We weren't expecting what gave, therefore. A great symphonic band marched on. A hundred and fifty kids stepping high in blue and white suits, blue wool capes lined with white and faced with red flung carelessly over a shoulder, and shako hats with pompons. Believe us, this is a band what am! They had formations, dancers, side acts and running teams of cheer leaders. *And*, this above all, they had music out of space! We called their

Bandbox to learn more. They rehearse forty minutes a day every day. They play for games, bond rallies, soldier inductions, and give public concerts every six weeks. Any money they get goes into the kitty, the Music Activities Fund, for whatever the band needs. (They raised the cost of their swathe-cutting uniforms, at \$35 a swathe.) And as far as we can see, the trick to it is that they work their heads off and they love the band. Give you any ideas?



## Line anent our soothing parents:

*They keep throwing oil on troubled daughters.*

## Ye Compleat Epistle-Scribbler

Chap. I: "The Toll House Cookies and Cocoa Letter." Divine as the week end was, particularly her older brother, it turns up very difficult to put that across on your gray and yellow stationery when you get home. Jeepers! What comes out is positively rigid. Something snags the old enthush when you pick up the pen. Let's make a horrible example and see what's wrong with it.

*Coupla weeks later*

*Stilted. Could be heated up a bit?*

Dear Mrs. Gish:

Thank you very much for the nice visit. I had a lovely time.

I did not have any trouble getting home. My train got in at six-thirty. It was good to see the family again.

I hope I'll see you soon.

Sincerely yours,

Sue

*—Too later!*

*—Why put that in? To fill up space, match!*

*—Not precisely going all out on this?*

*Maybe, but it sounds more like an easy exit.*

Here are a few solid principles to save you jagged nerves. The letter should be written within twenty-four hours after you get home. You have to write to your hostess, and your hostess' mother or grandmother or whoever is in charge of the house.

[Continued on Page 112]



WHY BE A KITCHEN JUGGLER? ... Why juggle many foods ... to get at a few?

**Twice the front shelf storage space!  
Only Crosley Shelvador\* has it!**

EVERY REFRIGERATOR does all of its business through its door—the many times a day you put things in—or take them out. The exclusive Crosley SHELVADOR\* doubles the ease and speed of all these through-the-door transactions.

Today's SHELVADOR\* is better and more attractive than ever. It has every modern engineering improvement—new and better materials combined with new skills to new quality standards.

All this plus the practical SHELVADOR\* that makes food "juggling" old-fashioned.

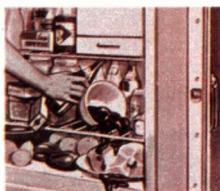
\*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



Twice as much food to the front



IT'S EASY to see that the Crosley SHELVADOR\* makes twice as much food get-at-able in front row space. That means only half the shuffling of foods.



SHELVADOR\* avoids much of the food shuffling and chances of tipping and spilling because it puts the foods most often needed in front row space—at your finger tips.



THIS ELIMINATES many a clean-up job occasioned by tipped-over foods. Every clean-up costs time and money plus the loss of cold air through the open door.

**CROSLEY**

THE CROSLEY CORPORATION, CINCINNATI 25, OHIO

REFRIGERATORS • HOME FREEZERS • KITCHEN SINKS AND CABINETS • RANGES • LAUNDRY EQUIPMENT  
RADIOS • RADIO PHONOGRAPHS • FM • TELEVISION  
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HOME OF WLW—"THE NATION'S STATION"



RANGES



HOME FREEZERS



LAUNDRY EQUIPMENT



KITCHEN SINKS AND CABINETS



RADIOS AND COMBINATIONS

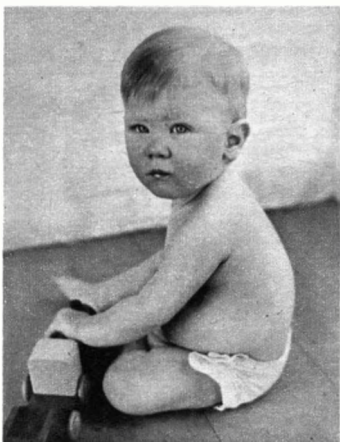


# NEIGHBORS

Edited by DOROTHY BLAKE



Harrie and Terry Partridge enjoying life on a lake-front bench in the windy city



Robert Malcolm Merchant, Jr., called Bobbie. Hair golden red, eyes very blue



Mother and daughter—with Margie Conry quite content to have mother back home

**M**ARCH is one of the months that could just be dropped out of the year as far as I'm concerned. It isn't winter and it isn't spring but a general mess of cold winds, slushy mud and vain hopes that something in the shape of lovely weather will arrive—someday. It always does—sooner or later. Just skip March and it's all right with me. About the only thing that helps me to ignore it is to clean shelves, putting on gay new paper edgings, or dig into some room that needs a face-lifting job by way of fresh paint on window sills and a few odds and ends of cushion covers or lamp shades. The attic trunk really gets a workout of being searched for usable scraps of material. And I get a lot of fun in figuring what I can do with which.

## *My Brother Lies In France*

My brother was killed in the Argonne and I decided, almost at once, that to have his remains brought home would be too hard an ordeal for my aged father to go through and, as the years went by, I felt that it was a wise decision.

A soldier is buried where he falls and later removed to a national cemetery. To bring his body home means another removal, perhaps after a lapse of months or even years, when the first awful shock of his death is beginning to ease a little. I will never forget the acute anguish I felt as I saw a caisson bearing the flag-draped casket of a young overseas veteran passing by my house early one morning. It was cold and dreary and snow was beginning to fall on the cortege. The roll of muffled drums added to the desolation. A heartbreak for everyone.

Through various events I have become as familiar with my brother's resting place as if I had actually been there. The United States government established a cemetery near Romagne, France, for those who fell in the Meuse-Argonne offensive and the Red Cross sent a picture of the grave and location. A white marble cross bears his name and rank. Before leaving France on Memorial Day in 1919, General Pershing went there to speak and he closed his remarks with these words: "Farewell, dear comrades. Here under the clear skies on the green hillside and amid the flowering fields of France, in the quiet hush of peace, we leave you forever in God's keeping." A soldier soloist sang "Lead Kindly Light" and the solemn ceremony concluded as a bugle corps sounded taps and the American flags were raised to mast top. I have often seen accounts of services and I have cut out the articles and pictures showing acres of crosses, 14,231 of them. I feel that it is right that he should be buried there. He was

an infantry captain and many of the boys he trained and led are with him.

My sons write me that the cemeteries in the Pacific are also beautifully cared for—many overlooking the white beaches and blue Pacific where our boys fell. My advice to any one in doubt is to leave them there. They will never be forgotten. Relatives grow old and die and a grave may go untended, but a national cemetery is forever a part of the country's possessions, and even in the remote outposts of the world a heritage that will be cherished for all time.

FLORENCE G. ROBINSON, Franklin, Mass.

## *Imagination Plus Elbow Grease*

When we needed a nursery I converted my sewing room, so I thought someone else might like to hear about it. For a crib we used the iron one that had been my husband's when he was a baby. He cleaned it and painted it with white enamel. So that the baby wouldn't bump his head on the iron bars I made pads which matched the curtains and couch cover. A couch had been in the room and since there was no other place to store it (and now I'm glad it is there for it is grand for diapering the baby and dressing him), I made a ruffled slip cover of unbleached muslin. The pillows were covered too and ruffled. This, the pads for the bed and the straight sill-length curtains were tinted a lovely shade of blue.

The walls of the room were painted pink. About a foot from the top we made an inch-wide blue stripe and on that we rested every kind of animal that you can name. My husband used the thin boards, from the sides of cantaloupe crates, to cut out the animals. They were from three to five inches tall and were painted with show-card colors, then shellacked. On the wide wall space over the

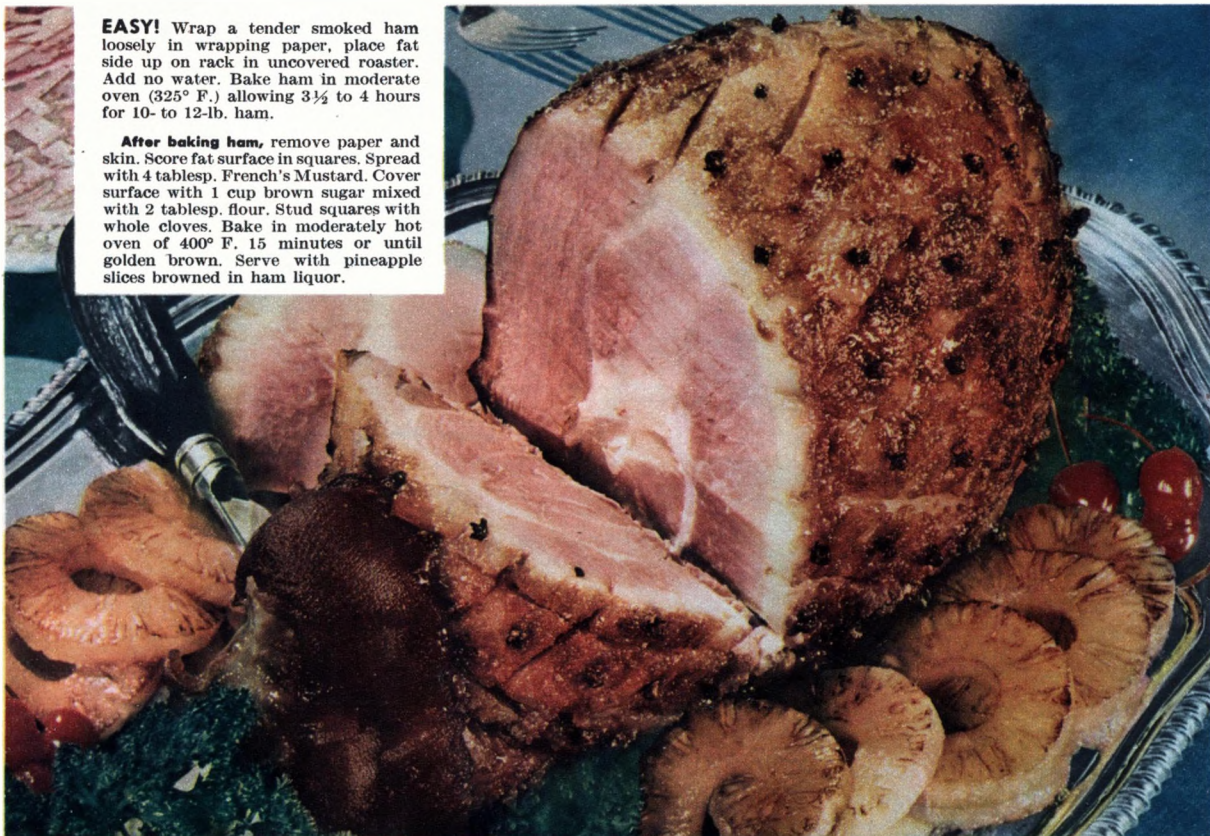
[Continued on Page 80]



# M-m-m-mmm COMPANY HAM WITH THAT FRENCH'S FLAVOR!

**EASY!** Wrap a tender smoked ham loosely in wrapping paper, place fat side up on rack in uncovered roaster. Add no water. Bake ham in moderate oven (325° F.) allowing 3½ to 4 hours for 10- to 12-lb. ham.

**After baking ham,** remove paper and skin. Score fat surface in squares. Spread with 4 tablesp. French's Mustard. Cover surface with 1 cup brown sugar mixed with 2 tablesp. flour. Stud squares with whole cloves. Bake in moderately hot oven of 400° F. 15 minutes or until golden brown. Serve with pineapple slices browned in ham liquor.



## SMOOTHER-CREAMIER

A blend of the finest spices and mustard seed money can buy

No wonder French's is the nation's favorite prepared mustard—it has just the right combination of zesty flavor and smoothness. It brings out *all* the good meat flavor—doesn't cover it up as cheap harsh mustards do. Serve with cold meats, too—use it in salad dressings, sandwich fillings. So creamy it blends perfectly.

Largest selling prepared mustard in U. S. A. today  
Also made in Canada



### Ham Patties . . .

Chop leftover ham, combine with equal amount cold chopped boiled potatoes and shape into patties. Brown over low flame in 2 tablespoons melted fat mixed with 1½ teaspoons French's Mustard.



### FREE!

**NEW RECIPE BOOK**  
Send for new recipe booklet in full color, "Mealtime Magic" . . . Dozens of practical suggestions to make food go further, meals taste more delicious!



Write to The R. T. French Company, 1251 Mustard St., Rochester 9, N. Y., and this booklet will be sent you FREE.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
(Please print)

Address \_\_\_\_\_  
(Please print)



## There's Sunshine in His Smile!

A happy baby is a joy to the home! And a happy baby . . . means a *healthy* baby! That's why so many mothers choose White House Evaporated Milk for infant feeding. Doctors approve this choice, for they know that White House is fortified with the minimum daily requirement of "sunshine" vitamin D<sub>3</sub>, in the precious form produced naturally by the sun's rays. In addition, creamy-rich White House is sterilized as well as homogenized for safety and easy digestibility. It provides each essential nutrient of fresh milk. Ask your doctor about White House. *There is no better evaporated milk!*

### HERE'S EXTRA "SUNSHINE" VITAMIN D<sub>3</sub> FOR YOUR FAMILY'S MEALS!



#### WHITE HOUSE SPLIT PEA SOUP

1 cup dried quick-cooking peas  
6 cups cold water  
2 tsp. salt, ¼ tsp. pepper  
4 slices bacon  
2 tbsps. chopped green pepper  
1 medium onion, chopped  
2 tbsps. butter or bacon fat  
2 tbsps. flour, 1 cup water  
1 cup White House Evaporated Milk  
Cook bacon and remove from pan. Sauté green pepper and onion. Add to peas, cold water, salt and pepper. Cook until tender. Add flour to fat, add milk and water. Cook over low heat, stir constantly. Combine with pea mixture, add bacon. 8 servings.



#### WHITE HOUSE FISH SOUFFLE

3 tbsps. melted butter or margarine  
3 tbsps. flour, 1 tsp. salt, ⅛ tsp. pepper  
½ cup White House Evaporated Milk  
½ cup water, 2 tbsps. chopped onion  
3 egg yolks, 1 cup cooked, flaked fish  
3 egg whites, stiffly beaten

Add flour and seasonings to butter. Gradually add milk and water. Cook over low heat. Stir constantly. Remove from heat. Add onion, egg yolks one at time. Beat after each addition. Cook for 1 min. Add fish, cool. Fold in egg whites. Pour into greased 1½-qt. casserole. Set in pan of hot water, bake in 350° F. oven about 50 min. 4 servings.

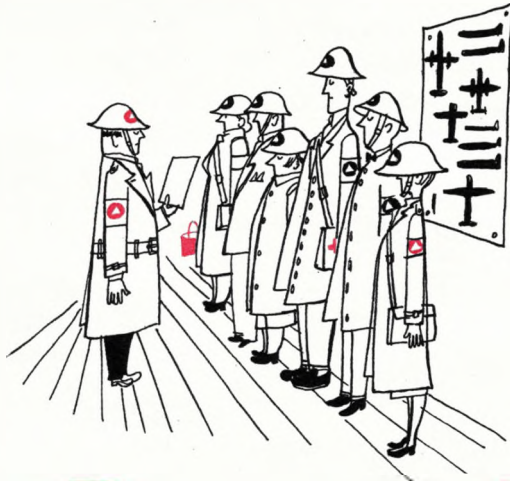
FORTIFIED WITH 400 U.S.P. UNITS  
OF SUNSHINE VITAMIN D<sub>3</sub> PER PINT



## WHITE HOUSE EVAPORATED MILK

*There's None Better!*

SOLD EXCLUSIVELY AT A&P FOOD STORES AND SUPER MARKETS



# All Responsible People

by VIRGINIA CARVILLE



*An ex air-raid warden speaks gaily of those days gone by, when she gave her all in the fight against the bombs that never came*

NOW it can be told. Now that the Office of Civilian Defense has been not only officially disbanded but also relegated to the limbo of half-forgotten memories, revealing the A. R. P. with its back hair down no longer comes under the heading of high treason. Air-Raid Precaution may have been the literal title, but from the beginning we were told the A. R. P. really stood for All Responsible People—we wardens being the responsible people of course. We convinced with an ease bordering on the sensational, as I remember it.

Back in 1941 everyone felt sure if raids did come, his locale would be the first target. It was a game in which local pride won out over innate caution. Enthusiastically every inhabitant of every coastal city bragged of the splendid lures his particular city offered, and cited with deep pride the long list of targets certain to attract enemy aircraft. Even remote inland hamlets caught the germ and pointed smugly to the peanut-butter plant now turning out K-rations, or the factory which made ladies' bloomers now miraculously turned into parachutes—both of which spots, they were convinced, were marked with bright red X's in the briefing rooms of the Luftwaffe. In my home city we didn't surmise; we *knew*. With us it was never a question of "if"—just "when."

I always felt guilty when they started on that responsible-people angle, because I knew I was in under false colors. My motives in joining up were not 100 per cent altruistic; they weren't even 3.2 per cent. All I had wanted to know—and strictly within the confines of my own four walls—was what *not* to do when the bombs fell. What I didn't count on was the lack of fervor in my particular locality. I didn't know that I'd be one of only four to enroll—and the sole female at that.

[Continued on Page 62]



ILLUSTRATIONS BY LEONARD SHORTALL



ILLUSTRATION BY N. C. WYETH

The real-life heroine of this tale was one of the great women of the Green Mountain State. From a safe and settled little town in Connecticut, she pioneered into the wilderness of early Vermont. Her high courage lives on as a part of every American's heritage



# ANN STORY

by DOROTHY CANFIELD FISHER

**I**F you wanted to give Chinese readers some idea of who George Washington was, you wouldn't start with Washington, himself. You'd start with some account of the colonial America in which he grew up. You would be pretty sure nobody could make head or tail of Washington's character and life story, without knowing something about why Americans of his day—some of them—fought the Revolutionary War. I don't think anybody could make head or tail of Ann Story's character and deeds, without some idea of why the people who settled Vermont recklessly risked their lives to fight against remaining subjects of the British crown and—as hotly—against becoming “York State folks,” to use our own phrase.

I don't mean that Ann Story is in the same class with George Washington. Or anywhere near that. The very fact that she is not, that she was only one among many stout-hearted frontier women of our early history, is the point of her story.

So let me stand back far enough to get a run at it, before I take the jump into the tale of Ann Story, who she was, what she means. Means to Vermonters? Yes, but to you too, no matter where you live in the U.S.A. She is spiritually one of your great-grandmothers. Perhaps she is in actual fact, for she had five children, whom she brought up, every one of them, to strong, useful maturity. They all married, had children and moved with their families here and there in our country, as is the American way.

The French-and-Indian War (the last one in which our colonial ancestors fought for the British) ended in 1763. The ferment of opinion, political, economic and social, which boiled into our Revolution, was bubbling hotly (among younger people) in the settlements to which the colonial soldiers returned after they were mustered out at Quebec. That was only ten years before the Boston Tea Party, twelve years before the shooting at Lexington and Concord and the rhetorical demand by Ethan Allen for the surrender of Ticonderoga. Men who had been young soldiers in 1763 were still radical younger generationers when, a decade later, they set out to make homes in the Vermont forests.

**V**ERMONT was then new country—an unbroken wilderness of forests. Its only roads were lakes and streams and a few Indian trails made by wandering hunters. The hunting and fishing was fabulously rich. And wherever the huge trees were cut down, Vermont land was strong, deep and black. Up from the towns of Massachusetts and Connecticut they came, these adventurous young men with their cheerful, hardy wives and children, following old Indian trails to a new freedom.

For there was more in the migration to Vermont of men like Ethan Allen and his brother, and Seth Warner and Matthew Lyons, and Ann Story's husband, than

[Continued on Page 74]



*As they paddled away, they could see the  
Indians come whooping into the clearing*

# TOKYO TOBOGGAN

*An artist visits the land of the little people who took one of the biggest slides in history*

by **C. C. BEALL**  
SKETCHES BY THE AUTHOR

THE War Department had issued to me my secret travel orders. They plainly stated 8-D-601 JE. All of which meant I was to go to "Manila." I put on my uniform with its shoulder patch shouting that I was a "War Correspondent." This would distinguish me from the disinterested, and warn all official sources of information to "clam up." The take-off would be from Hamilton Field outside San Francisco. Thousands of forms were filled out, interviews had and records of inoculations for diseases scanned.

When done, I had to see a moving picture called, "Ditching." It was a must. "Ditching" showed the interior of a C-54 (cargo transport plane) filled with lean, competent people, and one who looked exactly like me. The ship was forced down. Everyone did exactly right except me, and all in all the works were very nearly gummed up. The competence and intelligence of everybody else, however, saved the situation. Three very hot, thirsty and hungry days in a rubber boat, then a dandy rescue. Lights went on and I left the hall, definitely shaken but brave in a falsetto sort of way.

There was a gathering of some sixteen officers, all majors or better—they had that quality about them that you get from Washington indoors—and fifteen

[Continued on Page 54]

*The huge slide is amazing in a country where everything else is scaled so small*



*Fashion Note  
- Babies  
are being worn*



*Believe it or not they're  
waiting for a streetcar*

*The shabby little men  
are actually called  
policemen*



*At least the horse  
will eat this winter*



*No place to work,  
No place to play, but  
they're busying themselves  
about getting there*

# THE WATERMELON PICTURE

If painting pictures was the way out,  
then Mom would manage it somehow



by PAN STERLING

**L**OOKIE, Mommy," Paula screamed and ran on the boardwalk to the kitchen.

Her mother was pouring white beans from a sack into an iron pot, her quick other hand gathering dirt lumps and withered ones. She took the playing card in a pinch of two fingers and lifted the stove lid. The red hats on the Jacks of Spades waved in the flame. She wiped her fingers down her dress. "Go wash your hands," she ordered.

"All right, Mommy."

"Don't bring things like that into this house."

"All right, Mommy."

"Don't even touch them."

"Poppy touches them," Paula thought.

She washed her hands, then held the screen door with her heel to splash the washpan suds beyond the porch where it steamed in August heat.

"Hello, Ron," she called to Baby by the rabbit pen.

"See A'buckle," Ronnie told her, and when she swung back to the house her mother was not mad any more. She was

humming. It was in that moment, Paula decided afterwards, that her mother knew she could paint the watermelon picture. She, who never had drawn even a paper doll for them or watched them with their crayons, lifted her hand from the rattling beans, wiped her fingers on her apron, went to the dining room, and got the magazine picture of the watermelon from the machine drawer.

"I'm going uptown a minute," she said.

She took her apron off. She combed hair from her neck and got her pocketbook from under the mattress. Baby ran to her when she went out. She took him by the hand and his feet went fast on the walk that led to Dillon's Photograph Store beyond Langley's store. When she came back she had brushes, tubes of paint, a canvas on a frame, and a strange clothes-rack-looking thing with a pencil in it.

She cleared the kitchen table, measured and remeasured the canvas, and measured the picture. She pasted the picture on a cardboard, then Paula knew what the gadget with the pencil was. An enlarger. It drew a big picture of the little picture on the canvas; a round half-melon, a long slice, a pyramid bite and rows of seeds like teeth.

"Now," said her mother. "Come out and hold the cellar door."

**A** WATERMELON was down there keeping cool on the clay. It was heavier than Ronnie. Mommy carried it upstairs and into the house in her arms and cut it like the melon in the picture.

"You *must* have taken lessons," people said later when they saw rind and meat and seeds look real.

"How could I of?" the mother said. "I got married when I was sixteen and had seven youngens and lost two by the time I was twenty-six."

She practiced on butcher paper, then she put the canvas on a chair and sat on another chair. Her children came one by one from play and stood back of her, Paula, Kitty, Ruthie and Ronnie, and when Loring came with feed for his rabbits, he stood too in the breeze that lifted the stove's heat.

Ronnie and Ruth begged for pieces of melon and their mother said no. Kitty did not ask. She would bend and hug Mommy's neck when everyone had gone and Mommy would say, "Well, just a sliver."

"I wish Poppy could see how she does it," Paula thought.

He was in another town delivering an oil stove. He would come back tonight with money.

"Go out and play," the mother said, and all but Kitty went.

**L**ORING opened the gate to his rabbit pen and his Belgian hares padded to meet him.

"A'buckle," Ronnie begged, opening and closing his fist toward baby rabbits, soft mamas and dirty-legged papas. A great gray papa came quickly and Loring held him by the ears while Ronnie got a hold on his middle. Arbuckle had been the first of Loring's rabbits. He had spent almost half his life in the yard, guarded by children, and for most of the other half he had been in the house, hopping under beds and bureaus and around the coal box.

They took him to the house now, through the side door to the front room where the paper dolls were. He squeezed out of Ronnie's grip and leaped softly to jump his delicate way to the bed. It began to be a happy time in the vine-cooled room. Kitty came from the kitchen, tonguing her lips. She and Paula got their paper dolls and sat side by side to play.

"Why is a card wicked?" Paula asked.

"I don't know," Kitty said.

"Uncle Emory and Billy play them."

"I know it."

"Right in their house."

"I know it."

"Oh!" Paula breathed at sight of the picture. It was red and juicy. Seeds hung in the cut piece, black as the seed things on the Jack of Spades.

"It's purty, Mommy."

"I'm going to sell it too."

[Continued on Page 64]

**"Maybe Pop didn't gamble all the money," Kitty comforted her mother**



# TWO-IN-ONE APARTMENT

*Eva Tuthill  
prefers a tradi-  
tional room  
in keeping with  
her Oriental  
rug*



*Dorothy von  
Bloeker likes  
utilitarian  
furniture,  
space planned  
for living*



by MARGUERITE DODD

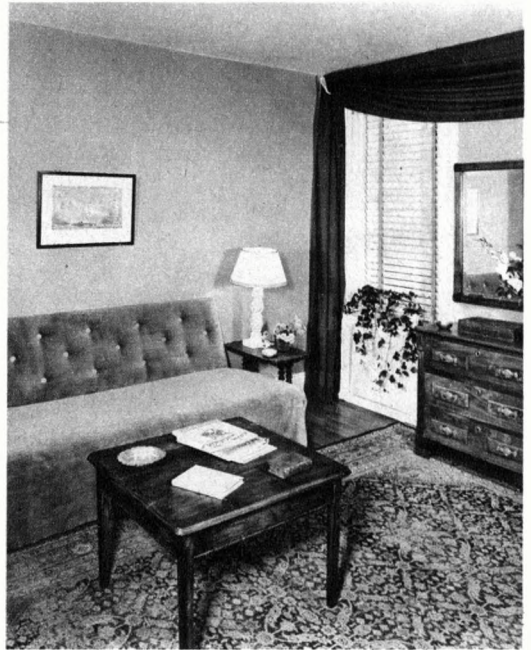
*Two girls share a two-room apartment and each has her own private bedroom-sitting room decorated to her taste*

WHEN two business girls share an apartment the economy of the arrangement is often outweighed by the friction that occurs because of differences in taste. As Miss Tuthill put it, in describing how difficult it is for two girls to agree on room furnishings, "When a husband and wife disagree, they can usually compromise—they get what the wife likes—but another girl never wants to give up her own ideas."

When we took over, the girls were sharing the two rooms, considering one their living room and the other their bedroom. We decided the solution to their problem was for each to have a room solely her own—a place to entertain her own friends, to enjoy her leisure hours in private, or even to growl in when feeling bearish. They possessed one double day bed, so a second bed for the other room was purchased.

Miss Tuthill's Oriental rug dictated our choice of plain fabrics and dignified colors in doing a traditional room for her. The wall is a warm rich gray and the corduroy bedcover a deeper gray

[Continued on Page 57]



*Designs for the built-in closets and desk-table are described on pages 57 and 60*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROBERT E. COATES

MISS von Bloeker was at a slight disadvantage because the kitchen opened from her room and it was necessary to eat meals in her room. So we designed a compact desk which could become a dining table when needed. This she agreed more than made up for the inconvenience. There was no closet in this room, so we built cupboards in

on either side of the fireplace. The right-hand one combines a wardrobe, an upper compartment for suitcases, and a lower bin for firewood and coal. The left-hand cupboard is for dishes (behind the metal grill), with extra storage space top and bottom. We joined the two cupboards into a unit with a wide connecting mantel shelf and fireplace facing. (Instructions

for making these pieces on pages 57 and 60).

This was a dark room, despite its two windows, so we gave the impression of sunlight by curtaining the whole wall with thin cambric in a cheerful yellow. The walls were a lighter tint of the same color and the chair slipcovered in a sharp

[Continued on Page 60]

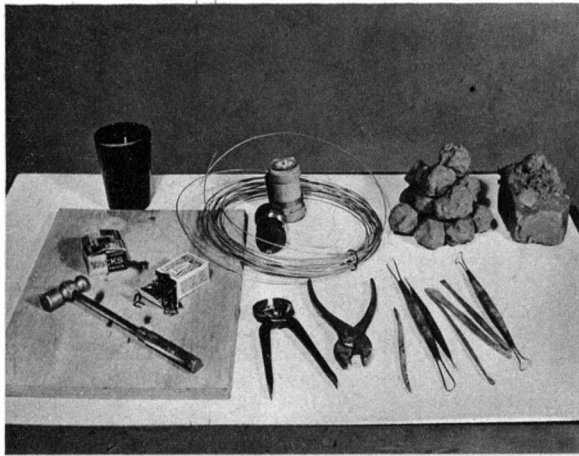


# MUD PIES

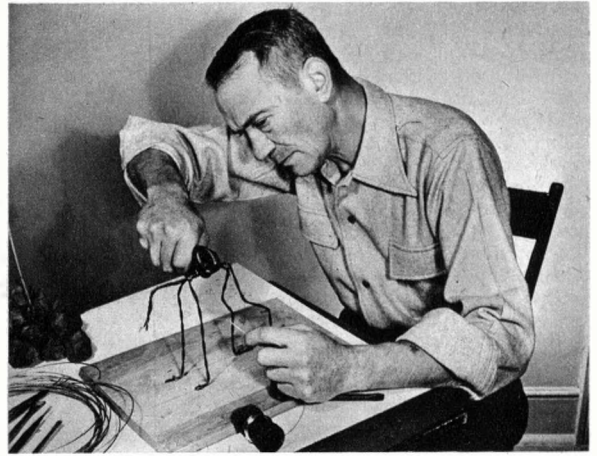
## *for grownups*

Clay modeling isn't a mysterious skill limited to artists.

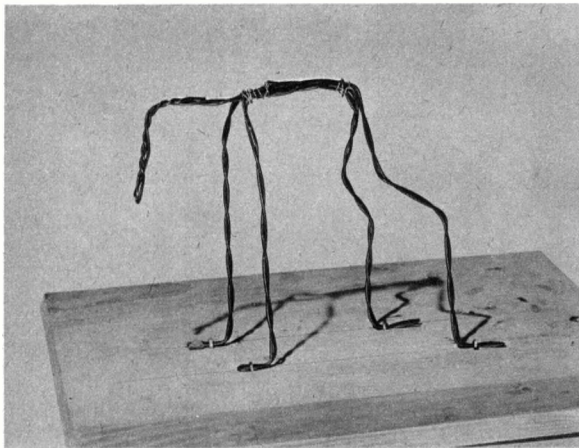
John Held, Jr.—one of our ablest sculptors—says that anyone can do it



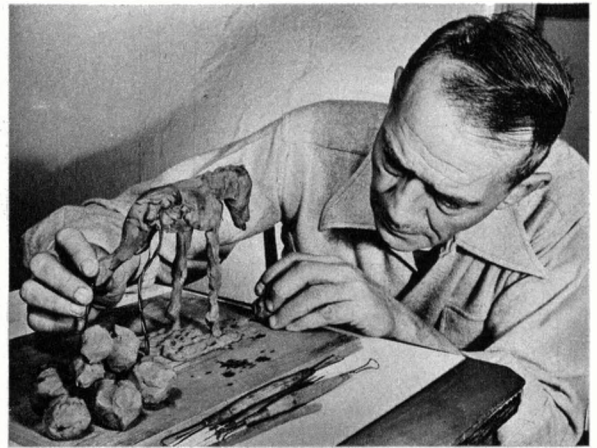
1. Equipment for sculpture includes hammer, tacks, staples, heavy (14-gauge) and light (16-gauge) wire, pliers, modeling tools, a cheap breadboard to work on, and clay (called Model-Light) that needs no firing and can be finished with an enamel or metallic paint



2. After deciding to model a leggy young colt, Mr. Held constructs an armature (or skeleton) of the figure, using three pieces of heavy wire—an L-shaped piece for the head and backbone, a more or less U-shaped one for the left legs, and another for the right legs

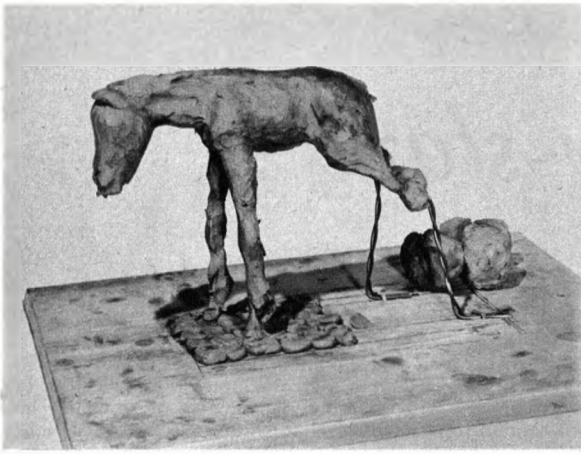


3. The colt's feet are stapled lightly to the board, and the backbone is bound with light wire to the legs at neck and rump. If you plan to make a figure as tall as seven inches, better use two strands of heavy wire twisted together to form a stronger armature

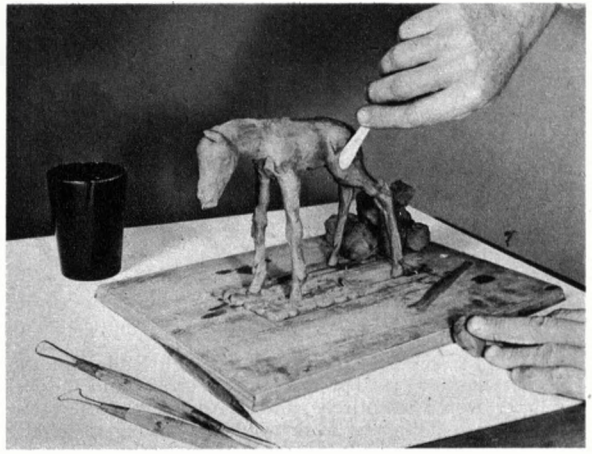


4. Modeling clay is easier to handle when worked into little balls. Our sculptor pinches tiny pellets of clay from a ball and builds up the shape of his colt, molding the pellets firmly together. (If clay hardens, it can be moistened with a little water)

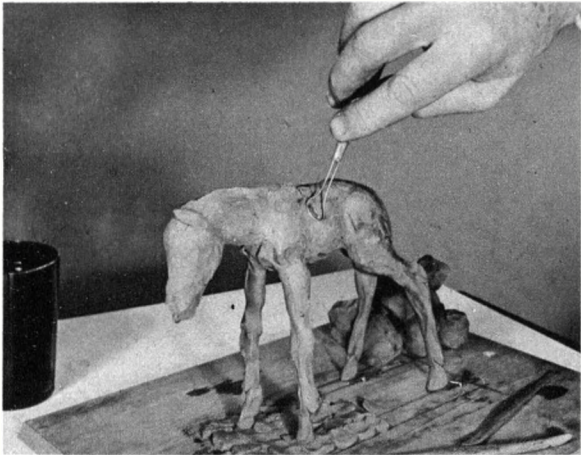




5. Here's young Dobbin, nearly built. Mr. Held is giving him a half-inch of clay cobbles to stand on—later they will be molded into a clean-cut platform. (If you have to stop before your figure is finished, covering it with a damp cloth will keep clay from drying)



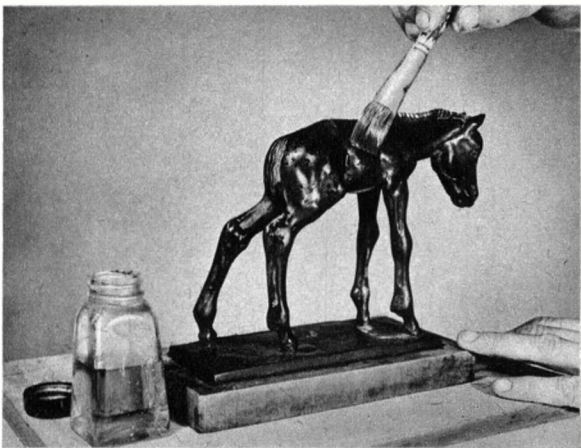
6. After building up the whole figure, the sculptor promptly proceeds to tear it down—in a careful way. A small spatula (a wooden spoon or orangewood stick will do) helps to mold the large areas and bring out the lean planes of a colt's awkward young body



7. Regular modeling tools (or a razor blade, a small knife, or a hairpin wired to a penholder) are used to carve out the smaller areas and to model the final shape. If you find you've rashly carved away too much, you can rebuild the hollow spot by adding more clay



8. After smoothing the surface to a satin finish, details of eyes, mane, and so on, are cut in. The platform is given a precise slab effect by careful measuring and trimming. When bone-dry, the piece is pried from the breadboard and glued to an inch-thick wooden base



9. The clay is coated with clear shellac and, when dry, greenish-black enamel is applied (you might like terra cotta, oyster white or bronze paint for yours). After drying a few days, the enamel is dulled with pumice. The base is finished with blond stain and then waxed



10. The completed figure—groomed and gleaming as a young thoroughbred. Subjects for mud pies might be your baby, your dog, the family canary, or the neighbor's cat—whatever comes to mind. Main thing, according to John Held, is to round up the materials and play



# Galley-slave GERRITY

**G**ERRITY stepped down from the high ladder for the last time; only a few more brush strokes and the kitchen would be entirely painted. And well he knew that any other man doing the work would be willing to let the end of it go any way at all, but not Dennis Gerrity. He would finish as he had started, for good workmanship was as much a part of him as the ten knuckles of his fists.

At last he was done. He straightened up to his full height and a thousand needles danced on the arms and neck and shoulders of him, until he felt as if the old sacroiliac pain was on him again. And, to add to it, the exhaustion had such a hold on him that the miracle was he didn't fall prone to the ground.

Up at the ceiling he looked and then around at the walls. The painting was as fine as he had ever seen. But the work had not been without its cost. Gerrity knew that from the pains he was suffering, and each passing second brought the fact home to him more sharply.

He bent down again to clean the paintbrush and the

muscles of his arms and shoulders pulled at the soul of him. And Gerrity realized what a great simpleton he had been to burden himself with painting the kitchen. Why hadn't he been content to let Hadley the landlord take care of the job? It was only because Dennis Gerrity was a goon of the first water, to be taken in every time Mary put the long expression on her face. He was remembering her face at the dinner table; he was also remembering the words she had used—the words he had been fool enough to let sway him.

"I can see the apartment will never be painted before we leave for the bungalow, Dennis," Mary had said heavily.

"Why not, Mary? We're not going for another three weeks," Gerrity had reminded her.

"I know, but the painter was so sick today all he could do was wash the ceiling and walls in the kitchen. I knew when he left that he wouldn't be able to get back this week. And just before you came in Mr. Hadley called to say the man is very sick and that he can't get another painter." Mary had sighed, and then she had added: "I suppose it really doesn't



Mary was radiant. "Dennis is so quick. I never dreamed he could finish it tonight"

**Himself was never the one to be doing things by halves—and never would he be counting the cost**

matter. But I did want the apartment all finished before we left for the summer."

"The place looks all right as it is," Gerrity had assured her.

And to Gerrity everything did look all right. Didn't Mary spend her days keeping the place shining?

Then Mary had made the suggestion that drove Gerrity into his overalls and out to the kitchen with ladder and paint pails.

"Dennis, I was just thinking," Mary had said gently, "that if you will do the ceiling for me, I can manage the walls myself tomorrow and we'd have at least one room done before we go away."

A picture of Mary on the ladder, with her skirts and her apron bows, had flashed into Gerrity's mind. He was not the one to let his wife do a man's work. And he had got to his feet at once.

"Rattle up the dishes as fast as you can, Mary. And I'll paint the kitchen."

And now as he put the cleaned brush carefully away, he knew that his case was hopeless. Mary could push him and pull him and keep his nose to the grindstone, and never would he know it was happening until he was ready for his box. A galley slave he was, as surely as if he lived in ancient days and ran a barge up and down the Tiber.

**F**ROM the dining room, Mary's voice came in to him, as she talked to Mrs. Martin, their upstairs neighbor. Mary's voice was gentle and low and Gerrity couldn't tell what it was she was saying. But when she laughed he knew just how she was feeling, and she was laughing now with the quick delight of a woman who had things as she wanted them. Small laugh there was in the situation for Dennis Gerrity though, with himself ready for his box from the sacroiliac pain. He turned as Mary spoke to him from the doorway.

"Dennis, Mrs. Martin has come down with coffee and sandwiches." Mary stepped into the kitchen, Mrs. Martin with her. But neither woman noticed Gerrity. They were too busy walking back and forth across the room, taking in every part of it.

Mrs. Martin was the first to speak.

"Mrs. Gerrity, your kitchen is beautiful!" she said.

"Yes," Mary was smiling radiantly, "and Dennis finished it so fast. I never dreamed he could do so much tonight."

"Mr. Gerrity, you're far better than a professional," Mrs. Martin said. "Have you ever worked at painting?"

"Only on and off, at the bungalow," he said.

Gerrity had put a fine pleasant smile on the face of him when the two women came into the kitchen. For how could he do different than put a good face on himself before a neighbor, and she giving him her kind words? Nor was that all; she had gone out of her way to bring coffee and sandwiches, and was Dennis Gerrity a churl entirely to show anything but a fine courtesy to a woman? Gentleman that he was, he could do no different.

**T**HE two women walked around the room. They examined the walls; they looked into the closets; they noted the woodwork, and they peered behind the stove and the refrigerator. Two fine overseers they were, Gerrity told himself, anyone watching them would think they were paying him time and a half, that much scrutiny they were giving his work.

"Dennis!" Mary seemed to remember he was there. "You've done it beautifully! There isn't a kitchen in the house like it."



**He was that exhausted, the miracle was he didn't fall on the floor**

"It's like a magazine room," Mrs. Martin said. "You ought to feel very proud, Mrs. Gerrity."

"And proud I am," Mary admitted, "but to tell you the truth, Mrs. Martin, anything that Dennis does, he does wholeheartedly."

Gerrity still stood with the smile on him. And he told himself that Dennis Gerrity shouldn't be his name at all, but Gargoyle Gerrity it should be, with the smile almost round to the ears of him. Not that he was taken in by the palavering words of the women. He knew they were smoothing the velvet and Dennis Gerrity was not the man to be turned by it. His head was on him at all times, and well he needed it with a wife like Mary ready to drive him harder than the oxen in the field.

"Dennis, are you ready for the coffee now?" Mary managed to take her attention from the kitchen.

"I am, Mary, as soon as I get my hands clean."

"Well, hurry then, Dennis, before it gets cold."

At the table Gerrity looked at the fine sandwiches but he had small appetite for them. Nor would he ever have an appetite again, the way the agony itself was paralyzing him from the toes of him up. Yet he gave no sign of what he was feeling, and just for the courtesy of it, he took a sandwich

[Continued on Page 90]

1. Ankle-long nightgown with its up-to-the-knee shortie.  
Butterick 3707, sizes 12-20, 30-38, 25 cents



2. Embroidered underthings,  
long or short slip and pantie.  
Butterick 3710, sizes 12-20,  
30-42, 35 cents



3. Bedroom ensemble, lacy negligee  
and nightdress. Butterick 3709,  
sizes 12-20, 30-40, 35 cents

# FOR THE BRIDE

## KATHERINE LANITIS

A lingerie trousseau . . . nine pretty boudoir things . . . designed especially for Woman's Day. You can make them all from four Butterick patterns, the cost depending on the materials you choose.

1. Long wisp of nightgown topped with triple-tier froufrou ruffles. Graciously feminine with its squared-out neckline, its ballerina air. Little girl shortie is trimmed with flirty lace. Lovely to make them both in an almost sheer pastel crepe.

2. Sleek long slip to go under the wedding gown. It's scalloped, princess-lined and embroidered in "something blue." Bouquet transfer included in the pattern with matching short slip and pantie. Very fitting to make all three in softest taffeta.

3. Froth of gossamer cameo lace sweetens this demure bedroom ensemble. Prim, high-collared negligee envelops a soft young nightdress. For the nightie, we'd choose a sheer, sheer rayon satin; for the negligee, a filmy chiffon.

*At right*, shining morning gown, most elegant of all the trousseau, of heavy satin cloth. The midriff is dull-side-out satin appliqued with cut-out hearts of gold brocade, splattered all over with sequins and bugle beads. No embroidery pattern necessary. It's fun to design the belt motif yourself. Cost to make and appliqué a size 14, under \$12.00. Also a bedjacket, not shown but same as bodice of gown, to make in cozy rayon quilt.



PHOTOGRAPH BY  
GEORGE KARGER

*At right*, morning gown. Butterick 3708,  
sizes 12-20, 30-38, 35 cents

For a hearty dinner, add salad and dessert to any one of these main dishes

# SIX PRIZE-



## PORK AND EGG CASSEROLE

Costs \$1.07 (February 1946)

Serves 6 *Woman's Day Kitchen*

2 pounds shoulder pork	1/4 teaspoon pepper
1 onion, sliced	6 hard-cooked eggs
2 teaspoons salt	1 1/4 cups crushed soda cracker crumbs

Simmer meat, cut for stewing, with seasoning in water to cover, about 2 hours until meat is very tender. Skim some fat from broth, cut meat into 1/2-inch cubes, discarding bone and some fat. Mix meat with cracker crumbs and chopped eggs, reserving a few slices of egg for garnish. Pour broth seasoned to taste over meat mixture in 2-quart casserole until liquid barely covers meat. Bake in moderate oven, 350°F., about 35 minutes. Garnish with sliced egg.

*Mrs. Fred Boatman, Bainbridge, Ind.*



## SWEET AND SOUR FRANKFURTERS

Costs 46 cents (February 1946)

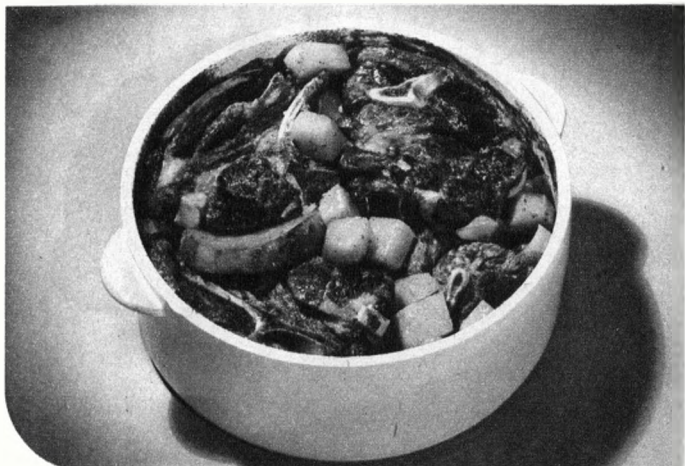
Serves 4 *Woman's Day Kitchen*

3 cups cooked carrots	3 tablespoons dark corn syrup
1 1/2 cups sliced tart apples	Juice 1 lemon
Salt and pepper	4 frankfurters

Arrange several layers of sliced carrots and apples in 1 1/2-quart casserole, sprinkling each layer lightly with salt and pepper. Pour syrup and lemon juice over all. Cover and bake in moderate oven, 350°F., about 20 minutes; top with scored frankfurters, and bake covered about 25 minutes longer until apples are well-done.

*Mrs. Elizabeth Daniel, Birmingham, Ala.*

*Note: Thick slices of bologna or sliced ham may be used instead of frankfurters*



## LAMB AND VEGETABLE DINNER CASSEROLE

Costs 77 cents (February 1946)

Serves 4 *Woman's Day Kitchen*

6 cups diced rutabaga	1 clove garlic, minced, if desired
1 large sweet potato, sliced	2 teaspoons salt
4 shoulder lamb chops, or 2 lamb shanks, cut up	1 teaspoon ginger
	1 teaspoon sugar
	1/4 teaspoon pepper

Arrange vegetables and meat in 2 1/2-quart casserole; add garlic if used. Mix seasonings with 1/2 cup water and pour over meat mixture. Cover tightly; bake in moderate oven, 350°F., about 2 hours until very tender. Add liquid if needed, but it should be nearly evaporated when done.

*Mrs. Jack Jacobs, Forest Hills, L. I., N. Y.*

# WINNING CASSEROLES

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN BORROWS FEATY

## HOT SPICED TONGUE CASSEROLE

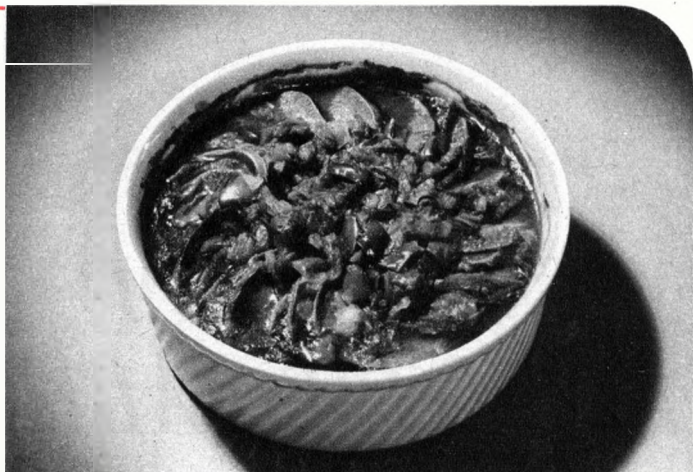
Costs \$1.22 (February 1946)

Serves 6 to 8 Woman's Day Kitchen

- |                        |                             |
|------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 1 smoked beef tongue   | 2 teaspoons chili seasoning |
| 2 tablespoons fat      | 1 cup canned tomatoes       |
| 1 tablespoon flour     | 1 tablespoon vinegar        |
| ½ cup chopped onion    | 1 cup tongue liquor         |
| 1 clove garlic, minced |                             |
| 1 green pepper         |                             |

Cook tongue in seasoned water to cover 3 hours or until very tender. Remove skin, trim and slice tongue; arrange in 1½-quart casserole. Melt fat; add flour, onion, garlic, chopped pepper and chili seasoning. Cook 2 minutes. Add remaining ingredients. Bring to a boil. Pour over tongue. Bake in moderate oven, 350° F., for 40 minutes.

Mrs. M. S. Bradshaw, Milwaukee, Wis.



## HOT SEA-FOOD SALAD CASSEROLE

Costs \$1.40 (February 1946)

Serves 4 Woman's Day Kitchen

- |                    |                            |
|--------------------|----------------------------|
| 1 cup crab meat    | ½ teaspoon salt            |
| 1 cup shrimp       | Dash of cayenne            |
| 1 cup diced celery | 2 teaspoons Worcestershire |
| ½ cup green pepper | 1 cup mayonnaise           |
| Chopped parsley    | ⅔ cup soft crumbs          |
| ¼ cup minced onion | 2 tablespoons butter       |
| Juice ½ lemon      |                            |

Use cooked, fresh or canned crab or shrimp. Carefully pick over sea food. Combine all ingredients except crumbs and butter. Put mixture in 1-quart casserole or in 4 individual baking shells. Sprinkle crumbs mixed with melted butter on top. Bake in moderate oven, 350° F., 25 minutes. Garnish with lemon if desired.

Mrs. C. H. Wright, Watertown, N. Y.



## CORNED BEEF WITH STUFFED EGGS

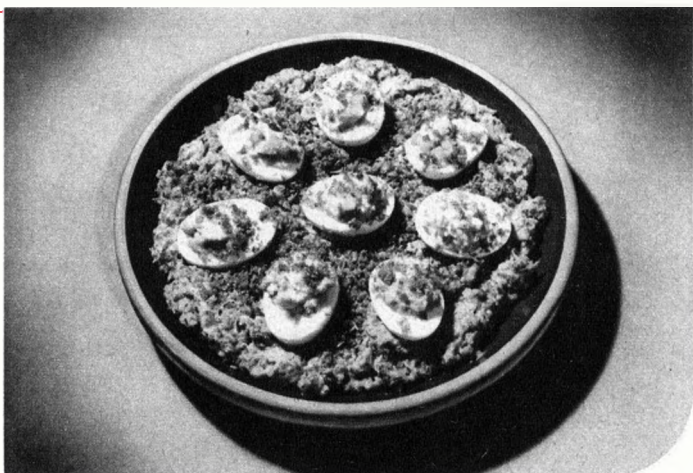
Costs 45 cents (February 1946)

Serves 4 Woman's Day Kitchen

- |                     |                              |
|---------------------|------------------------------|
| 3 tablespoons fat   | 4 hard-cooked eggs           |
| 3 tablespoons flour | 1 1-lb. can corned beef hash |
| ½ teaspoon salt     | ⅓ cup crushed corn flakes    |
| 1 teaspoon mustard  |                              |
| ½ cups milk         |                              |

Make white sauce of 2 tablespoons fat, flour, ¼ teaspoon salt, mustard and milk. Cut eggs in halves; mash yolks with 3 tablespoons white sauce and ¼ teaspoon salt; refill whites with mixture. Combine meat and remaining sauce, put in 1-quart baking dish. Arrange eggs on top, sprinkle with corn flakes mixed with remaining fat. Bake in moderate oven, 350° F., 20 minutes.

Mrs. John Sobolewski, Milwaukee, Wis.



*The author, a member of the Board of the Children's Welfare Federation, tells—in conjunction with Dr. Miner C. Hill, Pediatrician-in-Chief of New York's Meadowbrook Hospital—about the importance of mother's milk during the first month of life.*



## ***AN OLD FOOD FOR NEW BABIES***

**A** BUMPER crop of babies is the aftermath of war today as it has always been since time began. It raises anew an old question: Is artificial feeding for the newborn just as good as mother's milk?

The answer is a clear and simple *no*. Artificial feeding is not so good as breast feeding for the child *or for the mother* (the incidence of breast cancer is smallest among women who have borne children *and nursed them*). We now know that mother's milk is a vital diet for the normal, well baby and a must for the very sick or premature one; that it can be drawn off and stored in bottles, or frozen and so preserved for weeks, even months. Most startling of all, we now have a completely satisfactory process for canning mother's milk so that it can safely be shipped to any point on earth.

**T**HE first few weeks of life are the critical ones. The last reported census shows that of every 1,000 babies that survive birth, 40 die during the first year—25 of these during the first month of life. The first year is the hardest; the first weeks are decisive.

In the thirty years between 1915 and 1945 that accurate records have been kept, death rates among children have been slashed right and left. The death rate, during

### **IS IT TRUE THAT . . .**

*A woman who nurses her baby is less subject to cancer?—Yes*

*A nursing mother can regain her figure more rapidly?—Yes*

*The first few weeks are the most critical ones for the baby?—Yes*

*Breast feeding for the first month is vital to the baby's health?—Yes*

*The breast-fed baby is less subject to disease?—Yes*

*The breast-fed baby has far greater resistance if he does contract a disease?—Yes*

*Nineteen out of twenty mothers can nurse their babies?—Yes*



the first year of life, has been cut by more than half. The death rate during the first *month* of life, however, has been cut by only a third. This is true despite the fact that even a few years ago only a small proportion of mothers had their babies in hospitals as against 72 per cent born in hospitals in 1943. The neo-natal period, i.e., the first month of life, is therefore the danger zone. If we are to convoy a baby safely through it, we need to take every known precaution.

**T**WO problems deeply concern mother and doctor. They are nourishment and disease. Will the baby thrive? Will he keep free from infection or if he does "catch a bug" will he have so much resistance that it won't prove serious?

The record tells us that there are 20 bottle-fed babies who contract respiratory infection, for every 1 breast-fed baby. In the case of the common cold and the ills that follow it (the kind brought into the house by the neighbors' children, by aunts and grandmothers—all of whom like to hover over a child), the odds are 20 to 1 in favor of the baby who is entirely fed on mother's milk.

Even partial nursing helps; the incidence of infection among babies half on the breast and half on the bottle falling halfway between the other two.

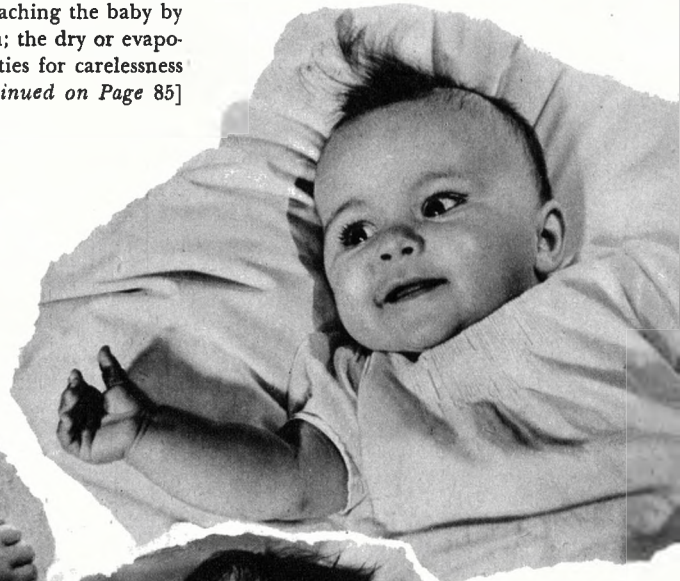
In the case of gastro-intestinal infections, 7 bottle-fed babies were susceptible to every 1 of the breast-fed, and here again partial nursing brought partially better results. All-breast feeding proved best; partial-breast feeding second best and decidedly better than none.

The breast-fed baby also builds up greater resistance. If he does come down with something, it is far less likely to prove serious. The baby on mother's milk was found to have a 10 to 1 chance, against the artificially fed, of throwing off disease—that is, of life itself.

There is nothing emotional about these findings. There is nothing halfway about them either. They tell you why the good baby doctor likes to see his tiny patient entirely on mother's milk if possible, and why he believes that even some is better than none.

But immunity and resistance are not the only good results of nursing. There is a third. Nursing cuts to a minimum the chances of infection reaching the baby by mouth. The cow's milk may leave the dairy in perfect condition; the dry or evaporated milk is sterile in the can. But there are many opportunities for carelessness

[Continued on Page 85]



PHOTOGRAPHS  
BLACK STAR  
RUTH ALEXANDER NICHOLS

by CATHERINE LEE CLAY

# LIGHTNING

The story of a home-coming and of a faith that held firm beyond all reason and all evidence

**I**N ten minutes Purth's train would be coming round the bend. I paced up and down the cinders in front of the Sycamore Valley station feeling worse than a man cornered by a crazy she-bear. It would be tough enough to tell any returning soldier what had happened, but to tell Purth Grady would make you feel like you were committing blasphemy. Purth had faith, that was the trouble. A special kind that his mother had taught him after his father's death. Anna believed in it so strong that it's no wonder the boy learned to figure the same way, and up to now it had worked out one hundred per cent.

There was the time she came to the post office with the notice from the War Department saying Purth was missing in action. She handed it to me without a word.

I read it over two or three times trying to think of the right thing to say. "Now don't you worry," I told her at last, "there's a fair chance he may turn up in good shape."

"Good shape?" Her eyes flashed and she seemed to be looking straight through me. "War or no war, Purth's safe under the protection of the Lord."

I looked at her flabbergasted, and still not wanting to dispute what she said. Running the general store and the post office the way I did, I knew the folks in the Valley pretty well, and I realized that there was nothing I could say now that would ease the shock for Anna if it did come.

It had been the same with Purth the winter his mother had had pneumonia. Even after Dr. Busby gave her up, Purth wasn't fazed. He went to work and saved her himself. One day after she'd got past the crisis he came into the store, and I said something to show how worried I'd been.

*Shielding his face from the heat, Purth was staring at the still smoldering ruins*



# strikes once

He looked at me sort of funny for a second, and then said, "Sure, Ma was bad off, Mr. McKittridge, but I knew she was going to pull through. After all it's just Ma and me now."

I nodded, understanding what he meant by that. Years before his father, Jess Grady, had been sawmilling in the mountains when a bad thunderstorm came up. The lightning struck a big oak and when it crashed Jess was killed by one of the limbs. After that Anna bought a farm in the Valley, and raised Purth up with the notion that calamity wouldn't hit the Grady family again because, as everybody knew, lightning never struck twice in the same place. If the Gradys needed punishment, they had had it, and from then on they were under the special protection of Providence.

**T**HE whistle of the train brought me back to the present. It came long and eery through the cut in the mountains, and even though it was a nippy morning in late September, I began to sweat. I looked round hoping somebody would come out and stand by, but there wasn't a soul in sight. Just as they said they were going to do early that morning at the fire, they'd left the job up to me. They insisted that Purth had confidence in me and it was my duty to break the news. I figured they were staying away now to make it easier for him.

I took another turn up the track and just as I came back past the station somebody said, "Howdy, Mr. McKittridge."

I jumped and turned. It was Tazz, the Valley idiot, but I was glad to see him. "Hello, Tazz. Nice morning."


He stared at me out of his empty-looking blue eyes, and kicked at the cinders. "Soon be hunting time," he mumbled.

Hunting time? Sure, that was right. The maples along the road were beginning to color up, and the thicket of sweet gums this side of the water tower was already a mighty pretty sight if a man had time to think of things like that.

"Reckon Purth will want to go hunting?" He laughed in a funny sort of way and hitched the suspenders up over his faded plaid shirt. His mother kept him clean, but it was

[Continued on Page 95]





# PRACTICE MAKES PASTRY

*Eight pastry recipes for you  
to try, one of them may be the very one  
you've been looking for*

## IT'S HOW YOU DO IT

Perhaps you've never hit upon a pastry recipe that gives you the tender, flaky pastry you consider perfect. Here are eight recipes for you to try and to work with until you decide upon one that seems to be the most promising. Then keep on with the recipe that appeals to you until you're able to make it perfectly. The proportions of ingredients in pastry-making are important, but we believe there's a knack in making pastry that comes only from lots of practice in putting ingredients together and handling the dough. Don't despair. With practice you develop a light touch. Too much water gives a tough crust, too little water an unmanageable one. Too much flour on the board, or too much handling tends to give a streaked tough crust. A canvas pastry cloth and a ribbed stocking cover on rolling pin will help you roll pastry thin. Each recipe makes 2 single 9-inch crusts or 1 double crust. Pastry may be rolled out at once or chilled in wax paper until an hour before using.

STANDARD METHOD PASTRY	2 cups sifted flour	1 teaspoon salt	2/3 cup vegetable shortening	
	About 5 tablespoons cold water			
Sift flour with salt. Cut in shortening with pastry blender or 2 knives until shortening is the size of small peas. Add water a few drops at a time, mixing with finger tips or fork, adding water each time to a dry portion of the ingredients. Mix lightly and use only enough water to make a ball of dough with no unmoistened flour left in bowl.				
LARD PASTRY	2 cups sifted flour	1 teaspoon salt	1/2 cup lard	About 1/4 cup cold water
	Sift flour with salt. Cut in lard with pastry blender or two knives until lard is the size of small peas. Add water a few drops at a time, mixing with finger tips or fork, adding water each time to a dry portion of the ingredients. Mix lightly and use only enough water to make a ball of dough with no unmoistened flour left in bowl.			
EXTRA-TENDER PASTRY	2 cups sifted flour	1 teaspoon salt	2/3 cup vegetable shortening	
	About 5 tablespoons cold water			
Sift flour with salt. Cut in half the shortening with pastry blender or two knives until mixture looks like coarse corn meal. Cut in remaining 1/3 cup shortening until shortening is size of large peas. Add water a few drops at a time, mixing with finger tips or fork, adding water each time to a dry portion of the ingredients. Mix lightly and use only enough water to make a ball of dough with no unmoistened flour left in bowl.				
BOILING-WATER PASTRY	2/3 cup vegetable shortening	1/3 cup boiling water	2 cups sifted flour	
	1 teaspoon salt			
Put shortening in mixing bowl, add water gradually, creaming with fork until well mixed. Add sifted dry ingredients, mixing thoroughly with fork.				

**FLOUR-PASTE PASTRY** 2 cups sifted flour 1 teaspoon salt 1/4 cup water 2/3 cup vegetable shortening

Sift flour and salt into mixing bowl; put 1/3 cup of this flour mixture into a small bowl and add water to form flour-and-water paste. Cut shortening into remaining dry flour mixture until pieces of fat are the size of small peas, using pastry blender or two knives. Add flour-and-water paste to dry mixture, mixing lightly but thoroughly with finger tips or fork until a ball of dough is formed with no unmoistened flour left in bowl.

**HUNTER PASTRY** 1/2 cup lard 2 tablespoons butter 4 1/2 tablespoons water 3/4 teaspoon salt  
2 cups sifted flour

Put all ingredients except flour into saucepan. Bring to boil and keep over heat until shortening is dissolved, stirring constantly. Pour liquid slowly into flour, stirring with a fork. Cool until firm enough to form a roll. *Mr. D. Hunter, Toledo, Ohio.*

**EXTRA FLAKY PASTRY** 2 cups sifted flour 1 teaspoon salt 7/8 cup vegetable shortening  
About 5 tablespoons cold water

Sift flour and salt into bowl. Put aside 1/4 cup shortening; cut in remainder until shortening is the size of small peas. Add water a few drops at a time to a dry portion of the ingredients. Mix lightly and use only enough water to make a ball of dough with no unmoistened flour left in bowl. Divide dough into two parts, one for each crust. Roll one part to large thin sheet, dot with 1 1/2 tablespoons reserved shortening; fold over; dot with 1/2 tablespoon shortening, fold over; roll out as usual. Repeat for second crust.

**CREAM CHEESE PASTRY** 2 cups sifted flour 1/2 teaspoon salt 2/3 cup vegetable shortening  
12 ounces or 4 3-ounce packages cream cheese

Sift flour and salt into bowl; work in shortening and cheese. Do not add any liquid.

#### DIRECTIONS FOR USING PASTRY IN PIE MAKING

##### *For One 2-crust 9-inch Pie:*

Divide dough into 2 equal parts and shape into rounds before rolling. Roll 1 piece of dough on floured board or heavy pastry cloth to about 1/8-inch thickness and about 1-inch larger all around than the pie pan. Fit dough into ungreased pie tin, patting dough lightly to push out the air. Trim edges even with pan, using knife or scissors. Roll pastry for upper crust to 1/8-inch thickness and slightly larger than pan. Make a few cuts for steam vents. Put filling in bottom crust; moisten edge of lower crust with a little water. Put top crust on over filling. Tuck top crust under lower crust. Flute edge with floured fingers or seal the two edges together with tines of fork. For a well-browned top, brush with evaporated milk. Bake in very hot oven, 450°F., for 10 minutes to set crust; reduce heat to moderate, about 350°F., to finish baking, time depending on filling.

##### *For Criss-Cross Pie:*

Line pie pan with pastry, cut off edge even with pan, add filling. Place narrow strips of pastry over filling, lattice fashion. Seal ends of pastry strips to

bottom crust with tines of fork; if fluted edge is wanted, have pastry a little larger than pan, turn under, then crimp with floured fingers. Lattice strips will require nearly as much pastry as a full top unless only a few strips are used. Bake as 2-crust pie.

##### *For Baked Pie Shell:*

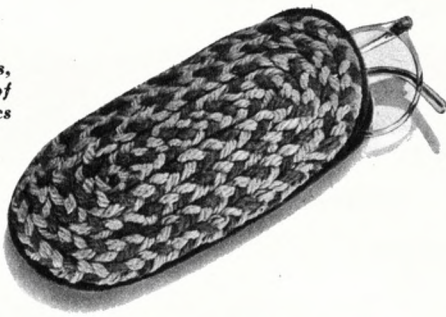
Trim edges of pastry 1 inch larger all around than pie pan; tuck edge under and flute, having fluted edge well out on rim of pie pan. Prick pastry all over lightly with tines of fork to prevent crust from blistering and losing its shape as it bakes. Bake in very hot oven, 450°F., about 10 minutes until nicely browned.

##### *For Tart Shells:*

Tarts are made like baked pie shell. Place tart pan lightly on rolled-out pastry and trace a circle 1 inch from edge; cut. Place a round of pastry on the outside of each tart pan. Trim edges and carefully prick all over with tines of fork. Place tins, pastry side up, on cookie sheet. Bake in very hot oven, 450°F., about 10 minutes. Cool and carefully remove tart shells from pans.



From left-over yarns,  
braid a scratch-proof  
haven for your specs



# BRAIDING

by ELIZABETH M. ROTH

Plump little footstool has  
a braided crown of green  
and yellow calico scraps



Old sheeting plaited into firm, oval mats will give  
you excellent hot-dish protection

**B**RAIDING is something that anyone can do. You may be completely baffled by the intricacies of crochet, and awed by the gyrations of a knitter's needles, but the chances are you do know how to make pigtails. That simple technique, plus enough sewing ability to slip-stitch the braids together, is all the skill you need to make any of the braided articles shown here and on page 52. And whether novice or expert needlewoman, you'll soon find that braiding requires less concentration of mind and vision than other types of needlework. You'll also appreciate the economy of braiding. To make some of these things, you may want to use new materials, but many of our most effective braided pieces are made from rags and scraps of yarn.

In this collection of things to braid, you'll find the familiar round and oval pieces, and you'll also find braiding used in some new ways—braids worked into square and rectangular pieces; flat yarn braids joined together to produce a firm-textured fabric with a herringbone weave; braids fashioned into wearables; and braids made from every kind of material, all the way from old sheeting to gilt cord.

[Continued on Page 52]



Cerise velvet ribbon and silver-gray tape make crinkly,  
braided scuffs for 95 cents

A placemat for rugged duty.  
You can braid one of cotton  
rug yarn for \$1.25



Upholstery cord makes a shoulder-strap  
bag. A lot of effect for \$6.50

Cylindrical toque to drape like this, or any way  
you please. Braided in rust worsted for \$1.85





HANDMADE RUG FROM F. SCHUMACHER & CO.

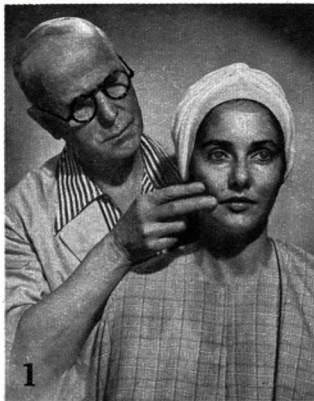
PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROBERT E. COATES

*Warm-hued and welcoming, this charming rug is braided from remnants and old stockings*



# MAKE-UP FOR NIGHT LIGHTS

*A minimum of cosmetics is right, and smart, for daytime—but evening is your chance to go Cinderella. Morgan Jones, expert for the movies, shows how to make up professionally*







PHOTOGRAPHS BY KARGER

*Cinderella shining—with the magic of make-up. The hairdo was created by hair stylist John Hall to dramatize her high forehead and wide blue eyes*

**1—Foundation** Morgan Jones uses one of our staff to illustrate. He dots a cream foundation over her thoroughly cleansed face and neck, blending from the center outward

**2—Shadow Play** Brown eye shadow is smoothed over her lids to add mystery and depth. Her nose is slimmed with a discreet blending of shadow on either side, and shortened with a smudge under the tip. A film of shadow under the jaw brings out a receding chinline

**3—Powdering** Powder is tapped lavishly over face, eyelids and neck—Mr. Jones uses a big puff, bunched up to avoid rings, and warns that rubbing it in will spoil the finish

**4—Brush-off** After removing excess

powder with a soft brush (a fluff of cotton will do), he uses a bent pipe cleaner to brush powder from the little crevices around eyes and nose

**5—Eye Emphasis** A small pointed brush, blacked with cake mascara, is used to force a narrow line close to the upper lashes. Another line of brown shadow, under the lower lashes, makes our model's eyes look saucer-big. Next they are extended at the outer corners with brown eyebrow pencil

**6—Neat Brows** After touching her eyebrows with wave set, Mr. Jones combs them straight up and then slicks them back into line. Brown pencil is used to lengthen brows

**7—Lip Tricks** After outlining our

Cinderella's mouth "as is" and filling it in with color, he curves her upper lip more generously, stroking from the corners to the center, then dusts a little dry rouge over her cheekbones

**8—Fringed Lashes** Lashes are brushed from root to tip with mascara and then swept upward and outward

**9—Finish** For a final touch of good grooming (and to camouflage any freckles or tiny blemishes), shoulders, back and arms are sponged with cake make-up to match tint of foundation

•Morgan Jones used Albolene for cleansing; Max Factor's #22 Satin-Smooth Foundation, #24 Powder, #22 Liner for shadowing, #2 Special Lip Rouge; Pond's "Natural" Rouge



# UNCLE JETHRO

*The story of a foolish man—one foolish enough*

*to play fast and loose with*

*Cape Codders—and the local pork supply*

**T**HERE was quite a flurry of interest when my Uncle Jethro Bodfish took charge of the Rationing Board. He made no secret of his intention to “fix” the unpatriotic. But on the whole there wasn’t much scope for his crusading spirit. Cape Cod has always been at the end of the longest food haul in the country. Its only edible products of any importance are fish and cranberries, and you can’t live on them except poorly. Even in peacetime, supplies are apt to fail, and the people have made their adjustments. Going without is a habit with them, even a recreation.

“There’s nothing like a famine,” they say, “for keeping expenses down.”

The town got real satisfaction out of the earlier shortages. “A joyful relapse to the economics of scarcity,” said a man from New York who wrote books in a shack and talked about them in the post office. Perhaps he was right in smaller words. It certainly looked that way.

When the range-oil failed, the people dragged out wood stoves which hadn’t been used for a generation and said they gave healthier heat. When gasoline failed, they fixed up high old bicycles and rejoiced in their economy. When they couldn’t see friends at a distance, they discovered pleasanter people near to home. The national scrap collection collected much scrap on Cape Cod, but it also brought to light from barns and attics a supply of forgotten equipment for the old-new way of life. The people complained, of course, for complaining is pleasant and free, but they also admitted that each forced substitution brought a welcome bonus of cheapness.

My uncle observed and approved, though somewhat sadly. “I’m loaded and ready for action,” he said, “but nobody’s giving me any. They’re saving so much money they don’t even

want to cheat.”

One incident gave him a workout.

Our town has many summer residents. Some are artists of sorts and provide a lot of amusement. Their sun-trapping costumes are highly enjoyed in the case of the smaller women. Their speech is studied and copied for fun, and if they paint nightmare pictures, as most of them do, the local people can’t see that they do much harm.

There are other types as well—boys who come to meet girls they won’t have to see again, and girls who come to meet boys to keep for better or worse. We have people who like to fish in the surf. We have people who love our quaintness and people who love our clams. The town sits back and enjoys nearly all of them.

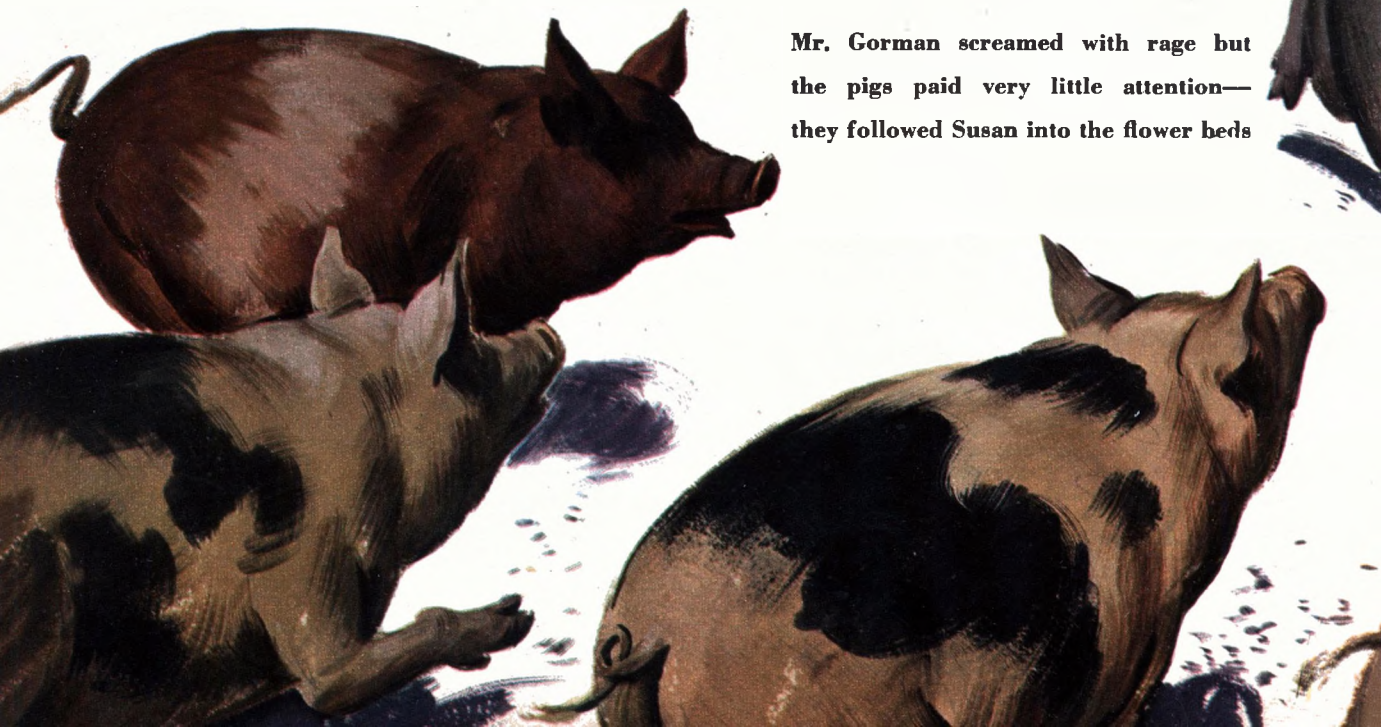
There’s a lemon or two, of course, and the sourest lemon of all was a man named George G. Gorman who lived on a hill called Peavey’s Neck. He owned an elaborate house inhabited much of the time by guests as unpleasant as he. He owned a glorious view, a glorious beach and a high barbed-wire fence to exclude the unauthorized.

**M**R. Gorman did the town no material harm, but his petulant arrogance made him more disliked than if he’d been actively damaging. The subject was sometimes discussed in the post office while the evening mail was sorted.

“He likes to put you down,” said Eldred Sears, a clammer and selectman. “He paid me double for clams, for instance, though I asked the going price. I gave him double clams and kept my mouth shut.”

“I got some satisfaction, too,” an air-raid warden said. “I was up there during a blackout. Mr. Gorman had lights shin-

[Continued on Page 69]



**Mr. Gorman screamed with rage but the pigs paid very little attention—they followed Susan into the flower beds**

# FINDS A DIRECTIVE

by JACK LEONARD

ILLUSTRATION BY ARTHUR SARNOFF





# SOS FOR MOTHER

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROY PINNEY

by DOROTHY BLAKE

Anybody else in the family can be sick and life goes on—but when mother gets down it could be a major catastrophe

**I**N New York City The Children's Aid Society has been meeting, and solving since 1934, the problem of children temporarily needing a mother's care. Their visiting Homemaker Service is a honey! Other big cities have, undoubtedly, a similar service but almost any town or community could start one and meet a real need. Middle-aged women, their own families successfully brought up, are naturals for this job of stepping in and taking over when the mother of the family is sick in bed at home, or carried off to that terrifying, to children, place called a hospital. I wish I could show you pages of pictures, or put into words, the day I spent on the job with Mrs. Brady, an old hand at the substitute mother business for Children's Aid. Four children in this family—Larry ten, Patsy eight, Madelaine six, and four-year-old Georgie of sturdy and infinite charms. The house was spic and span, the youngsters cared for and content. A sense of relaxed hominess came with the first whiff from a kettle of home-made soup bubbling on the stove.

(Above) The two girls give Mrs. Brady a conducted tour to market, while brother Georgie stays home—a kindly neighbor standing guard

1 The Homemaker brings back ice cream—she knows that about the quickest way to a young man's heart is through his stomach

2 "Encourage the children to work with you," is a Children's Aid tip to their Homemakers

3 Georgie calls Mrs. Brady "Grandma" and even lets her slick up his hair and wash both ears

4 His Nibs is hollow to the toes and a glass of milk is good First Aid for the Before Bedtimes Blues—when supper's not quite done

5 Bedtime gives a fellow a swell chance to ask all the questions that are bothering his mind

6 A bedtime story always makes a hit—sometimes the big kids listen too.



1



2



3



4



5



6

# First Choice on every count

... the easy way to have beautiful floors!



Remember! Tuesday night is the big night on the radio! Tune in Fibber McGee & Molly, NBC.



## New! DRAX for clothes and fabrics

Johnson's DRAX is a protective rinse for clothes and fabrics that will make them resist dirt, shed water, keep fresh longer!

1. Look for the DRAX tag on garments you buy.
2. Many laundries and dry cleaners can give you DRAX service.

## More women use Glo-Coat than any other floor polish

There must be a reason for Glo-Coat's tremendous popularity . . . and there is! Beauty, Cleanliness, Protection . . . that's a lot to expect from one product . . . but that's what you get when you use Glo-Coat on your linoleum and other floors. And what's more, Glo-Coat takes practically no work, requires no rubbing or buffing. You simply apply and let dry — come back in 20 minutes and find your floors gleaming with beauty, never streaked or uneven.

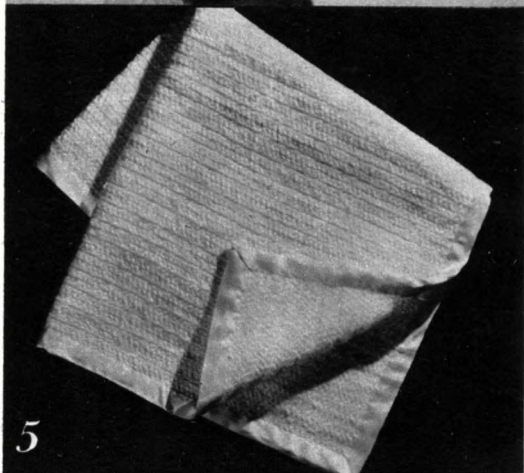
Glo-Coat adds greatly to the life of your linoleum . . . keeps its colors and patterns bright and new looking. The tough film of Glo-Coat protects the finish against dirt, wear, moisture. Spilled things are wiped up in a jiffy.

Yes, on every count—for Beauty, Cleanliness, Protection . . . to save yourself work and save your floors, too . . . take a tip from the millions of women who prefer Johnson's Glo-Coat.

© S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc., Racine, Wisconsin, 1946

**FIVE FAMOUS JOHNSON POLISHES:** Self-Polishing Glo-Coat, Paste Wax, Liquid Wax, Cream Wax, Carnu for cars

# BRAIDING (continued from page 44)



- 1** Brighten your kitchen with chair seats braided of red and white cotton rug yarn. Cost to make one, \$1.50
- 2** An infant's sacque of soft wool yarn uses braiding in a unique way. You can copy this design for \$1.25
- 3** In a jiffy, a teen-ager can make a headband from odds and ends of bright grosgrain ribbon
- 4** A snug little hat that anyone can wear. For 95 cents you can make it of green worsted with a crest of nailheads
- 5** A luxurious white carriage robe with a rich, woven texture. You can braid it of worsted for \$6.80
- 6** Glitter at your waistline. A dress up belt that combines black with gold milliner's cord for \$1.95
- 7** Thick, chunky braids of cotton rug yarn make a wonderful fringed bath mat for \$3.85

*We have prepared directions for making all of the items shown here and on pages 44 and 45. If you would like a copy of this instruction leaflet, called "Braiding," please send a 3-cent stamp with your request, to the Home Service Editor, B, Woman's Day, 19 West 44th Street, New York 18, N. Y.*

MORE THAN EVER, SWIFT'S **Prem** IS THE PICK!

*It's the one with*  
**TENDER BEEF ADDED!**

**PREM IS THE PICK FOR BETTER FLAVOR!** Fine beef and pork are delicious alone, but combined this way—they're wonderful! One taste is enough to prove that Prem is more tempting and savory.

**PREM IS THE PICK FOR BETTER NUTRITION!** Prem gives you the nutritional benefit of *both* beef and pork. That means plenty of high quality *proteins*, important minerals, and B vitamins.

**PREM IS THE PICK FOR BETTER TEXTURE!** Prem is firm and solid . . . delightfully tender and juicy. Served hot or cold, it slices cleanly and evenly.

**3 TO 1 PREFER BEEF ADDED!**

Tender, flavorful beef has been added to Prem because American homemakers wanted it, by better than 3 to 1! From their own cooking experience, they know that the combination of beef and pork produces a better-flavored loaf. So try Prem soon. See how different it is—how much better you like it.



*Prem, baked with bread dressing, and glazed with marmalade.*



*IT'S* **Swift's** ... *SAY* **Prem!**

# TOKYO TOBOGGAN [Continued from Page 24]



*Grifter's game - begging a light for his butt gets him a whole cigarette*



*The honor guard at MacArthur's living quarters can't use umbrellas*



*The sleeping Wacs weave themselves into a pretty pattern on the floor of the plane*

very pretty Wacs dressed in slacks. We climbed aboard the plane at 6:00 p.m. Some C-54's have plush seats, as in the American Commercial planes. Ours did not. Bucket or litter seats stretched most of the way on both sides.

The flight sergeant, who was the boss for that leg of the hop, ordered us to put on our "Mae Wests" and fasten our seat belts. He followed with a lecture on the rubber boat, should we be forced to "ditch." I wished that he had been a little less dramatic. I didn't want to be thrilled, I wanted to be comforted. The surrounding officers were no comfort. They looked too much like me to be anything but problems, but as my eyes passed over the sergeant and the lean and competent Wacs, hope came back. Three days in a raft was the worst that could happen.

The motors revved. The plane started to taxi for the take-off. A nervous quiet was upon us. Even when the plane had leveled off, we were still quiet.

"Undo your seat belts, take off your Mae Wests, and smoke if you want," said the sergeant.

**T**HE tension broke, everybody talked at once, card games were started. About ten o'clock we began to get drowsy but nobody could possibly sleep in their seats. They were so shallow you had to sit bolt upright. There was only one place that could be a bed, the bare floor. It looked almost warm and comfortable. Everybody thought so too. In this mixed company the first sex to make a move would determine who took possession. A nice problem, but solved by a very pretty Wac across from me. She laid one blanket down, fell on it, then covered herself with another, and before you could say "Theodore Bilbo," was asleep. This started it. All the Wacs were with her immediately and gradually wove themselves into a pretty O.D. pattern that completely covered the floor. As the seats were vacated, the spaces were filled with officers stretched out at full length. One major I recall, with loathing, placed his feet just below my lower left rib and pushed himself comfortable. Everybody, save this observer, was soon asleep. Nine hours later we landed at Hickam Field, in Hawaii.

To my amazement, a staff car met the plane, segregated me from my companions, and drove to a lovely duplex apartment. I found a room with a bed in it, an unoccupied bed, one that had been my dream for thirteen hours. Shedding my clothes, I climbed in. I lay there, trying to keep awake, wanting to remain conscious of my comfort. How long this lasted I will never know for it seemed immediately the sun was streaming into the room.

In Honolulu, Major George Durno was the fellow I had to see if I wanted to get to Manila. He said he could get me away in about three hours, which was the next scheduled flight.

*[Continued on Page 56]*





# **P**romise of Pleasure

Just as fragrant blossoms will fulfill the expectations of this flower enthusiast—so the superb flavor of A&P Coffee lives up to the promise of its inviting aroma. For this *real* coffee is kept in the whole bean until you buy... then it's Custom Ground exactly right for your coffeemaker. Coffees ground days or weeks before they're sold can't possibly match the grand, fresh flavor of America's best-liked coffee—A&P Coffee!

Each of the three distinctive A&P blends fulfills its promise of pleasure. Try your favorite today!

**A&P COFFEE**  
AT ALL A&P FOOD STORES



*There's no finer  
coffee in any  
package at any  
price!*



At one o'clock in the afternoon, with fewer passengers this time, we took off for our next stop, Johnson Island—an island very little larger than its runways. It is run by the Navy and like everything the Navy runs it is clean and the food is good. We stopped only long enough to refuel.

Eight hours later we reached Kwajalein in the Marshall group. It was very early in the morning and it was raining. It wasn't like any rain I had ever known. The ground was muddy, but not from the rain falling then. It seemed to have lodged in a hood of hot mist three feet about our heads—a ceiling that closed us in and smelled like old laundry. All about us there was dejection, almost despair, on the faces of the American soldiers we saw. The whole picture was as unbelievable as a bad movie.

We stayed one long hour. It was enough.

OUR next flight took us to Guam and a long tiresome and uneventful flight it was. Major George Carroll, the PRO at Guam, told me my good friend Clayton Knight was there. I got in touch with him and was invited by his host, Colonel Carl R. Storrle, to dinner. He lived seven miles from ATC headquarters. Colonel Storrle was the commander of the 513 Wing of the 20th Air Force. The wonderful Seabees had used their bulldozers on the jungle, and had built him as nice a bungalow as you will ever find. Only the bathroom was imported. The house and furniture were built from the materials of the jungle.

There I met General Armstrong, the man who was later to make the first non-stop flight from Japan to Washington. It was his wing, the 515th, that first bombed Japan by radar. He was so enthusiastic about his job that we made a date for a radar flight the next morning. I spent the night on the porch of Colonel Storrle's bungalow.

At 11:00 a.m. sharp, Clayton Knight and I met at General Armstrong's office. He took us over to the briefing room. This was the most fascinating place of its kind in the Pacific. A Hollywood art director had designed and conceived it. There was a large domed roof, a stage, and about 200 seats for the fliers. The briefing was done with all the lights out save those that hit the charts on the stage. These charts were painted, for each mission, with luminous paints. The fluorescent lights that hit the paint gave off a beautiful dramatic effect, but better than that they created the closest approximation of what can be seen in a radar scope.

We left the briefing room and climbed into the general's personal B-29. He had stripped it of all guns, save those in the tail, and it was almost a roomy plane. We flew over Saipan at about three thousand feet. The runways, hills, rivers and trees could be plainly seen through the Plexiglas nose of the plane. He then showed me the same Saipan in the radar scope. I could see only part of the island, a leaf gold island chased with different shades of gold for its runways, against a black ocean. It was all very beautiful but I couldn't then see why the radar scope.

## TOKYO TOBOGGAN

[Continued from Page 54]

I could see all that with the naked eye. Then we climbed to twenty thousand feet. The air was thick, white soup. We couldn't even see the sky. The radar scope, however, showed Saipan as clearly as we had seen it at three thousand feet.

\* \* \*

It was Thursday, August 30th. Friday the surrender would be signed, I thought. When I left New York the date had been set for the 31st. I had seen no papers and heard no radio news since then so I was pretty surprised when Clayton said, "Are you going to cover the surrender aboard the *Missouri* next Sunday?"

"Next Sunday?" I queried. "The surrender's tomorrow isn't it? That's the date the last paper I saw said it would be, and besides my orders say 8-D-601 JE."

"What do you want to go to Manila for?"

"Why-er." Well there he had me. Just why did I want to go to Manila? Now that there was the time to get to Tokyo Bay there might also be the means.

"We'll see the boss." So, with that we both went hunting for General Curtis E. LeMay. After we had told him our story, Clayton pulled out a telegram from General Hap Arnold, authenticating himself. This left me unauthenticated but I'd been unauthenticated before.

### FROM HOME—TO HIM

by SOPHIE KERR

THAT man in uniform—he's still on duty, thousands of him, far away from his own country and his own people; and it's not exciting, it's not colorful or thrilling, this duty, it's just a hard dull necessary job that must be done by the armed services.

And the man in uniform is homesick, he's lonely, and he's impatient to see the end of his task. His loneliness is increased when his best friends—with more points—tell him good-by and leave for civilian life.

Here is where the USO comes in, with comfortable, homey-looking club rooms for him to come to, with food cooked American style, with American hosts and hostesses who talk home-talk and know the home-places. One of the many USO camp shows is around, too, to joke and sing and dance in the home way. And for a little while, the man in uniform who's on duty far away, will relax in this atmosphere of home and will go on with his service knowing that he and all those serving with him are not neglected or forgotten by their own people.

This is why the USO must carry on so long as there are American service men in faraway places—to bring them the assurance that faithful friends are thinking of them and waiting for them with a joyful welcome when they, in the not too distant future, take transport for home.

LeMay seemed not to notice this discrepancy for he agreed we should both see the signing. We took off in a B-29. The flight, however, was to be only to Okinawa because then they had found no fields in Japan sturdy enough to take the landing of so heavy a ship. From Guam to Okinawa was a big step toward Tokyo.

In four hours and a half, flying at an average speed of 291 miles per hour, the plane was over Okinawa. We saw the greatest congregation of transports, battleships and planes, yet seen in the Pacific. Two hundred and fifty C-54's were on the runways, more C-54's than had ever been in one place at the same time before. In fact, it was practically all the C-54's there were in the world. Never before in my life had I ever been so proud of being an American.

At Okinawa, General Doolittle arranged for me to take off that same day for Japan. The plane landed at Atsugi Air Field early the next day. It was late in the morning, however, before I reached Yokohama and found a place to stay.

Yokohama, once a city the size of Boston, is now little more than one street long. When General LeMay's bombers flew over the city, it took them just three hours to do all the damage. Most of the bombs were incendiaries, so there were few craters. Since few of the houses had cellars, the city was literally flattened. Now there were miles of little cities, cities made of little rusty, corrugated iron buildings ten feet square by seven feet high. The streets were as miniature as the houses and had no relation to the plan of Yokohama as a city. I felt as if I were looking at it from a great distance, even when I was within a few yards of it.

There had been an edict forbidding people to be on the streets. The only ones I saw, save an occasional American soldier, were little shabby men in blue uniforms—they are called policemen. It was an eerie feeling to be practically alone on a street that was unfamiliar to anyone, even the Japs.

I WANDERED through a park along the bay and found three lonely children there in a playground, children too young to read edicts. They were sliding on the biggest slide I have ever seen. The Notre Dame football team could frolic there as comfortably as those three ragged kids. It was a slide that would be impressive in a city where things were really big. As contrast, there was a tiny public air-raid shelter a few feet away. Five anybody, but Japs, would overcrowd it. In the same park was an underground factory, a war factory. Little hand lathes, drill presses and other machinery were set so close together that it seemed impossible that grownups had ever operated them.

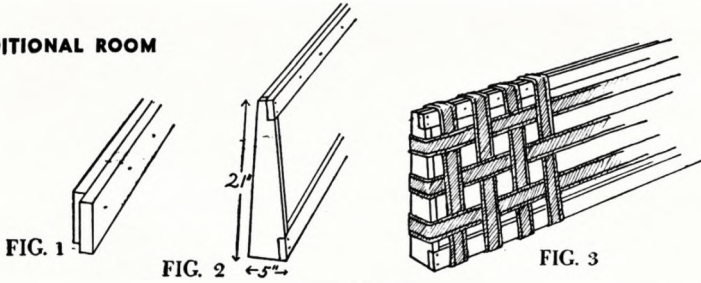
As I left the park and started back to my hotel, I was stopped by an old, withered and dirty Jap. In his mouth was a short frayed and bent cigarette butt which he pointed to and, by means of signs, suggested I light for him. I automatically offered him a fresh cigarette, and a match. He took them and bowed

[Continued on Page 60]

# TWO-IN-ONE APARTMENT

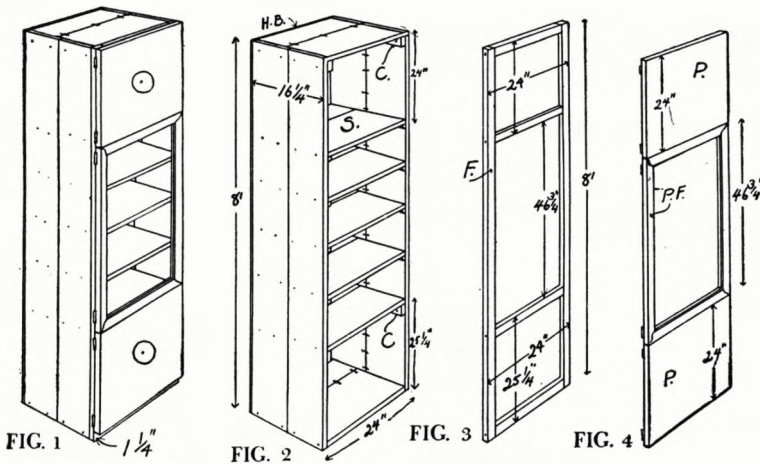
[Continued from Page 29]

## TRADITIONAL ROOM



**BACK REST FOR DAY BED.** Wood frame made of  $\frac{3}{4}$ " lumber notched at corners. (See fig. 2) The top is two boards thick. (See fig. 1) Overall length same as day bed. Weave upholstery webbing and tack on back of frame (see fig. 3), cover with several layers of cotton, then stretch corduroy around the whole piece tacking it firmly on back. Buttons are sewn from the back with a long tufting needle. Hang on wall with rawl plugs.

## MODERN ROOM



**CUPBOARD.** Fig. 1, finished cupboard. Fig. 2, cupboard carcass, shelving in place. Note that sides and shelves (S) are two boards  $\frac{3}{4}$ " thick glued together and held with corrugated nails. Cleats (C) support top and bottom shelf. Support shelves by thin nails from outside and quarter round molding under each shelf. HB—hardboard back. Fig. 3 shows frame (F) (made from  $2 \times \frac{3}{4}$ " wood) to fit over cupboard front. Fig. 4, doors (P) made of  $\frac{3}{4}$ " plywood. Door frame (P.F.), of stock picture framing. Tack perforated metal to back of frame.

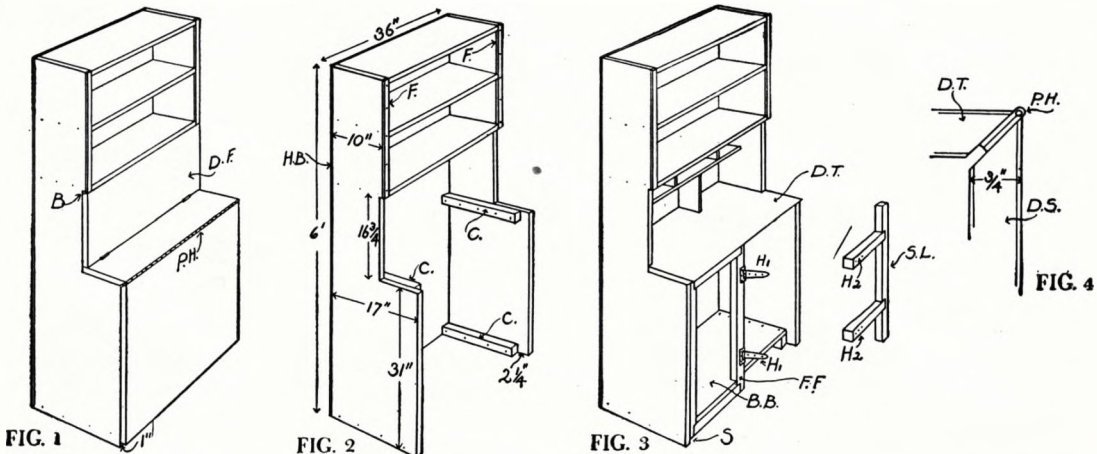
with a silver cord marking off the edge of the tufted back. The back is made to hang right on the wall and the bed pulls away, leaving it in place. We slipcovered the old chair and made a swag for the window, all in deep blue to tie in with the color of the rug. Miss Tuthill was most anxious to have a dressing table, so we slipcovered a small round table (concealing a shelf for cosmetics) in lime-green gabardine. The corduroy on the little old chair matches it.

The coffee table was a cut-down kitchen table belonging to the girls. We refinished it, also the kitchen Windsor chair and the chest of drawers and mirror. The bookcase was made from an old china closet cut down to fit the wall space, with bookshelves of new lumber on top.

## MATERIALS AND FINISH

The cupboard and wardrobe doors and desk were constructed of fir plywood. A plywood with a less conspicuous grain, such as white pine or maple, would have been preferable but this was the only type available in the still tight market when these pieces were made. To kill the fir grain as much as possible we stained the pieces dark gray by mixing lamp black with a little turpentine and adding a small amount of flat white to give it an opaque quality. When dry, a coat of thin white shellac rubbed with steel wool and waxed gave the pieces a satiny finish. We painted the inside of the desk and shelves Venetian red. To cut costs, cupboard sides are made of spruce and backs of construction board.

When ordering lumber for the cupboards you might want to have the lumberyard cut your pieces for you. We found that they would do this for a nominal sum if provided with a list of the pieces needed, the sizes accurately given. All you need do then is put the pieces together. The desk is a more difficult design and would need additional fitting.



**DESK.** Fig. 1, finished desk. D. F.—desk front, P. H.—piano hinge for drop table top. Note one-inch clearance at bottom. Fig. 2, carcass of desk made of  $\frac{3}{4}$ " plywood, F— $\frac{1}{4}$ " facing used to cover plywood edge; HB—hardboard back nailed firmly all around. C.—Cleats. Fig. 3, desk top is plywood and pigeonholes are made of  $\frac{1}{2}$ " lumber glued and nailed into place. Fig. 3 shows gate-leg framing with attached hinges (H1) to be screwed to the swinging leg (S.L.) at H2. Note how the

$2 \times 2$ " pieces used for this construction are notched together. At S the frame is set back  $\frac{1}{2}$ " from front edge. The bottom board (B.B.) is shown in place on top of frame and cut back on right side to allow room for the swinging leg. Allow  $\frac{1}{2}$ " between side of desk and leg when closed. Fig. 4 shows how piano hinge (P.H.) is set in between desk top (D.T.) and the drop shelf (D.S.). Both pieces are  $\frac{3}{4}$ " plywood, cut long enough to allow for the mitered corner. (For wardrobe, see page 60)

# A FLAT DRINK IS A FLAT FAILURE



KEEP YOURS

**LIVELY**

WITH



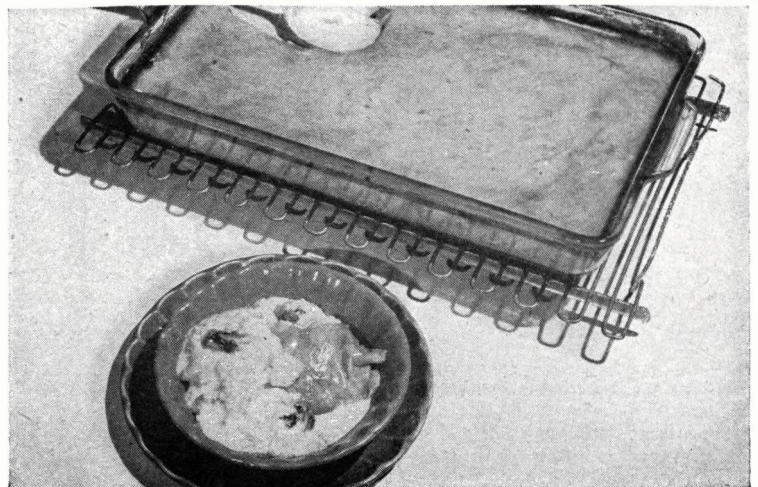
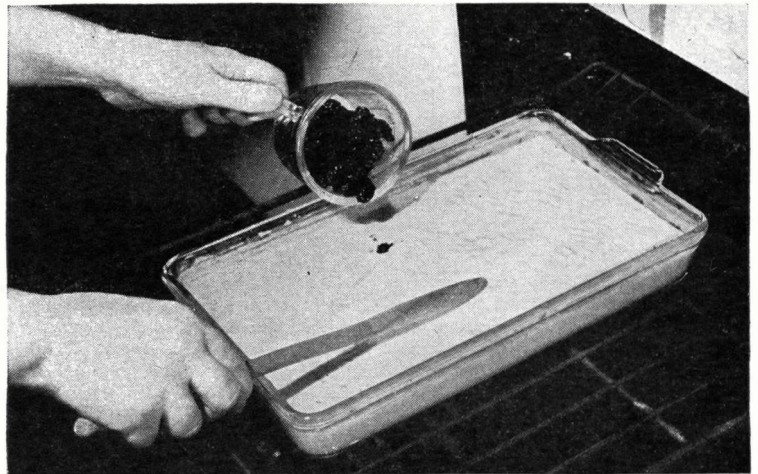
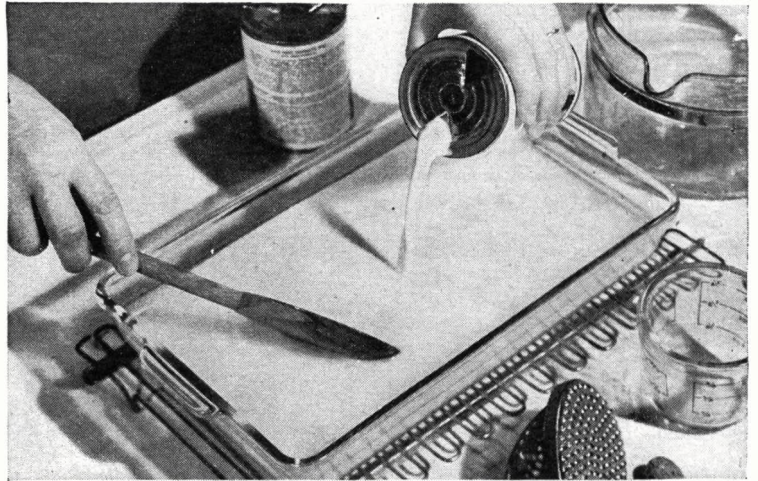
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Canada Dry Water is entirely different from ordinary club sodas. Original "PIN-POINT CARBONATION" insures life, to the last sip. And Canada Dry's exclusive formula *points up* flavor. Be sure—with Canada Dry Water.

**CANADA DRY**  
WORLD FAMOUS  
**WATER**

# BAKED RICE PUDDING

*Two hours is enough baking time for this old-fashioned creamy rice pudding*



# Keep set up for "snack service"!

## HOW TO SAVE AN HOUR

← An old-fashioned rice pudding calls for very little rice, lots of milk and long slow cooking in an oven. By pre-cooking the rice on top of the stove we save an hour's baking time. Upper photograph at left shows evaporated milk being added to cooked rice before baking. To prepare pudding, pour  $\frac{1}{3}$  cup rice into large saucepan containing 5 cups boiling water. Cook uncovered or partly covered until rice is tender, about 20 minutes, stirring occasionally; do not drain, pour into shallow 2-quart baking dish. Add  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar and 1 teaspoon salt; stir until dissolved. Stir in 2 tall cans undiluted evaporated milk. Grate a little nutmeg over top of pudding, or use  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon grated nutmeg. Bake pudding in slow oven, 300°F., for 2 hours, stirring three times.

## IF YOU LIKE RAISINS

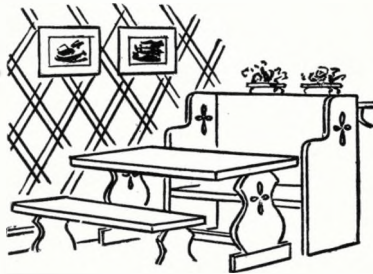
← Don't add raisins until pudding has baked  $1\frac{1}{4}$  hours. (If you put them in sooner pudding has a tendency to curdle.) Stir in  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup washed and drained raisins (center photograph opposite page), then continue baking about  $\frac{3}{4}$  hour longer until top of pudding is a nice light brown; do not stir in this brown top. Raisins may be omitted, or white raisins, currants, chopped dates or figs may be used instead.

## GOOD HOT OR COLD

← Pudding is shown served warm in lower photograph at left. This recipe makes 8 servings. Leftover pudding will keep several days in the refrigerator and is good served cold with cream or top milk. If you prefer the leftover pudding hot, stir in a little milk and heat it in a double boiler.

*For Brown Rice Pudding:* use  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup brown rice and proceed as above; brown rice will need to be boiled longer before baking.

*For Sugar-Saving Rice Pudding:* Use 1 cup light or dark corn syrup instead of sugar, and reduce water to  $4\frac{1}{2}$  cups. Or use  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup honey instead of sugar; do not decrease water.



## 1. WITH A "SNACK STALL"

Just "prettify" your *dinette*. Smart trimmings are easy... inexpensive. Use splashy wall-paper, flower prints, potted plants. And there! You've a place to be gay in whenever guests surprise you!

## 2. BY ALWAYS HAVING RITZ

on hand. For golden Ritz is the "party-maker" of crackers! Ready to add its own zip to any drink—share its unique *nut-like* flavor with any spread. Ritz is always crunchy—always tangy-delicious! Folks scoop 'em up by handfuls! So, remember—the more Ritz, the merrier!



# TWO-IN-ONE APARTMENT

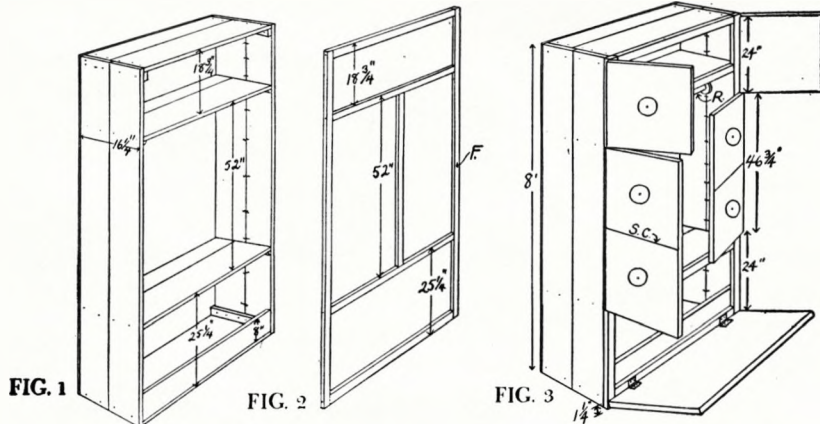
[Continued from Pages 29 & 57]

MODERN ROOM

yellow sailcloth. This chair was a lumpy maple lounge chair. We sawed the back and arms off square, padded them out, rewebbed the seat and covered the whole in muslin. A gray sailcloth cover was made to cover the made-up bed in daytime. The girls' two kitchen chairs were painted gray-green, the backs shortened a little, and canvas covers made for the seats and backs. The space behind the drop leaf of the table was planned to accommodate additional folding chairs for dining.

We made covers for the two low radiators and framed perforated metal for the fronts. They were a handy height to use as little tables.

Lamps for the apartment were made from materials we had around the workshop, and inexpensive shades were bought. The ones in the modern room are simply 14" lengths of 4 x 4 nailed to a larger board for a base and painted white. The floor lamp belonged to the girls and needed only a new shade. The dressing-table lamp is a length of wood floor-lamp pedestal and the sofa lamps are table legs attached to wood blocks for better balance. All were simply made with the fixtures screwed to the top and the cords hanging free. The girls allowed themselves between two hundred and two hundred fifty dollars for the entire job. The total spent was \$226.99.



**WARDROBE.** Figure 1, carcass with shelves. Follow same construction as outlined for Cupboard on page 57. The 8" board at bottom holds coal or wood in bin. Figure 2, framing (F) fits front of wardrobe. Figure 3, cupboard and wardrobe doors swing out, bin door drops down. The bin door should have a supporting chain from door to frame, to relieve strain on hinge. A saw cut (SC) across the center of the wardrobe door simulates effect of two square doors when closed. Round off cut and door edges with sandpaper. When hanging doors, allow a space the thickness of cardboard between the edges so they will not jam together. Cupboard handles are camera reflectors—we found second-hand ones. Cheap metal ashtrays make a good substitute. R—wardrobe rod.

his thanks. This means of getting American cigarettes has probably swept Japan.

The night before the signing I spent aboard the *Ancon*, the Navy communication ship. All the correspondents assigned to the Navy lived there. The food would have been good anywhere, but after what I'd been eating, it was superb. The clean salt air made sleeping easy too.

We were taken the next morning, by launch, the short distance from the *Ancon* to the *Missouri*. All correspondents were assembled on deck and each person with his assigned ticket had a spot to fit the ticket. The little space of deck, which was to be the stage for the little group of actors, was small. The large audience had very little more room. It was estimated that only 601 persons could possibly see the proceedings—that is 601 persons piled on top of each other, hanging from anything. The count was 603—two couldn't see a thing.

**T**HE ceremonies have been written for every newspaper, shown on every screen and voiced through countless loud speakers throughout the world. These near-sighted eyes saw only the shabby little representatives, of a shabbier little people, put their signatures to a document that marked finis to the greatest piece of impudence in history. I saw the nine fountain pens that were used by MacArthur to souvenir the event. The ceremonies were clocked at exactly thirty-six minutes. It was a gray thirty-six minutes, gray until MacArthur pronounced, "These proceedings are at an end." and brought out the sun. We made our way back to the *Ancon*, conscious that we had seen one of the epochs of all time and

## TOKYO TOBOGGAN

[Continued from Page 56]

depressed because we were not more impressed.

The life of a correspondent is not all surrenders and my instructions didn't include even one. "Draw or write about the people of Manila." Obeying these orders, less than to the letter, I went to live with a regiment of paratroopers stationed just outside Yokohama—the 511th of the 11th Airborne Division. A doctor, who had been augmenting the staff of a hospital ship drove me to their headquarters in his jeep.

The eight mile drive was past parts of Yokohama that were new to me. It was hard to look at one ruin and be sure it wasn't the same ruin I'd seen somewhere else. No land marks were left except trolley lines, and only the Japs knew where they went. Little women, wearing their babies, and little men carrying their bundles were going, day and night, from one rubble pile to another. The stores were closed so they couldn't have been shopping. I even wished I were a Jap just for a minute, so I would understand what I was looking at.

Our drive was along a beach that lined part of Tokyo Bay. What I took, in the distance, for thousands of many colored birds, fluttering and picking at the sand in the shallow waters, proved to be Japs getting their living as they have for centuries, from the sea. It was too bad my transportation didn't allow me time for a sketch of the strange and pretty picture they made.

This part of the very outskirts of

Yokohama had not been a target for our bombers. It would be the shopping center of the suburbs, if its stores had been open. We drove through a little tunnel, and when we came out we found we had left all buildings behind. Someone had changed the scenery. We were in the country. We were in Connecticut, but if we were, why did we see so many Japs?

About a mile further out, we saw no more Japs, but we did see an American soldier with a rifle on his shoulder. He stopped us. The doctor showed him our trip pass and we were admitted to the grounds used for billets by the 511th paratroop infantry. There were a number of big wooden buildings which were formerly used as barracks by the Jap Navy. The largest housed the headquarters office, its officers and the enlisted personnel.

The colonel in charge gave me a third of a room and introduced me to the other two-thirds—Lieutenant Gilmore MacDougal, a nephew of the cartoonist, Fontaine Fox, and Lieutenant Roy H. Deetz of the regular army. The room was bare, save for a make-shift table, a chair and my eighty-five pound, black trunk. We made our beds on the floor. I was given two Jap blankets. They were Jap length and exactly flea color. Many years of soft living have provided me with a body made up, mostly, of cushions. The hard floor was not uncomfortable. The very lively blankets made the nights long, but never dull. The complete absence of any kind of plumbing was about a quarter of a mile away, in the dark.

A paratroop outfit travels light. That was the reason this unit was selected as the first troops of occupation in Japan.

[Continued on Page 62]

DON'T WAIT ANOTHER DAY TO TRY

# G-E "SPEED COOKING"



The new G-E Range is at your dealer's . . . ask for a demonstration—today!

You're missing plenty if you haven't tried G-E "Speed Cooking"—the new kind of cooking that's yours with the G-E Range!

See this shining beauty of a range at your dealer's . . . See how *fast* General Electric's speedy Calrod Units start giving out heat. Find out about the

cool *cleanliness* of the new G-E Range . . . its wonderful *safety* . . . its *economy*.

Read about—and see—the marvelous, exclusive features the G-E Range offers. Then decide to get a "fresh start" in your *all-electric* kitchen with *today's* new way to cook! General Electric Co., Bridgeport, Conn.



**No-Stain Oven Vent!** Helps keep oven vapors from staining walls, ceiling, and crisp white curtains. Helps keep your kitchen sunny-bright.



**Super-Speedy Calrod Units!** The fastest electric units you can imagine! Five cooking heats . . . with even, controlled temperatures that make meal-getting so much simpler! And what a breeze to clean! (When gummy food's spilled on Calrod, it *cleans itself!*)

G-E "Stratoliner" Ranges give you all these grand features!



**Tripl-Oven!** Only G-E has it! Master Oven, 20% larger than most, contains both a Super Broiler (with radiant, charcoal-type broiling) and a Speed Oven that preheats up to 400 degrees in  $5\frac{1}{2}$  minutes—*faster than any other range oven!*



**Tel-A-Cook Lights!** Only G-E has them! No more need to guess "what's cookin'." Lights of different colors on control panel tell at a glance what heat's on and where.



**Automatic Oven Timer!** Imagine! You can put a whole meal in the oven, take in an afternoon movie, and have dinner *cooked automatically*—ready to serve when you get home! Wonderfully economical, too. An oven dinner for 5 persons can be cooked in the new G-E Range at an electricity cost of only  $3\frac{1}{4}$ ¢ (based on national average rates)!



AUTOMATIC ELECTRIC

## RANGES

# GENERAL ELECTRIC

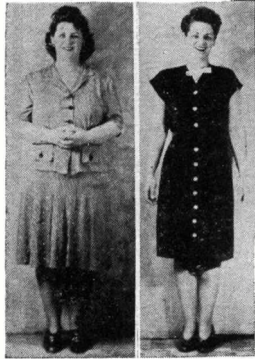
**"You may doubt it  
— but IT'S SO!"**

**"I went from size 44 to size 16," says Mrs. Juanita Bowman, Stillwater, Okla.**

"I had tried many diets without any real results. Frankly, the DuBarry Success Course was a last resort, but I found it a plan that really works. To my surprise, I had all the food I could eat, and the exercises were easy.

"In three weeks I lost 18 pounds... in four months, 75... in six months, 90! Yes, I went from 225 pounds to 135—yet my flesh is firm and my skin clear.

"My husband is proud of me now, and my little girl says, 'Look, I have a beautiful new mother!'"



"I doubted those 'before' and 'after' pictures myself," says Mrs. Bowman, "but my own experience is proof that they're real."



**HOW ABOUT YOU!** Are you satisfied with the way you look and feel? Have you the vitality to live a full life? The DuBarry Success Course analyzes your needs, shows you how to achieve your ideal weight, care for your skin and hair, use make-up for glamour. You follow the same methods taught by Ann Delafield at the Richard Hudnut Salon, New York.

**Why not use this coupon now to find out what this Course can do for you?**



**DuBarry Beauty Chest Included!**  
With your Course you receive this Chest containing a generous supply of DuBarry Beauty and Make-up Preparations for your type.

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Please send the booklet telling all about the DuBarry Home Success Course.

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Accepted for advertising in publications of the American Medical Association

It would take ships to bring field kitchens and normal food. These would come later, but then the food was the hated "K" rations.

I left headquarters of the 511th in five days. It was all I could take of their kind of living. Those kids will take it though, for the Lord and MacArthur only know how long.

General MacArthur's headquarters had been moved to Tokyo which was no longer out of bounds to correspondents. The bridges across the river were no longer marked, "Lieutenant Generals or better." They were for everybody. Those of us who had seen the battered city secretly, could throw away our dark glasses and false beards and walk around openly.

Tokyo is a city so large that bad as were its bombings, it is still a city. It is like a sightless, snaggle-toothed man who is being led and who goes willingly, chattering and grinning. We were quartered in The Dai-iti Hotel which was built to take care of the athletes who were to be in the Olympic Games Japan had proposed to hold. Of course the war stopped all that. It is surrounded by flat ruins, but the hotel itself has no scars. Not even a window was broken.

Headquarters notified every correspondent that he would have to conclude his world-shaking reports not later than the fifteenth of October, or go home by civilian transport. There was no civilian transport and October 15th is my birthday. Wheels would have to turn as a general exodus was imminent and every means of conveyance, stateside, would be in use. Russ Mathews, the unofficial mentor for his good friends, would find a way. Russ did. Not being a member of the Army he could be unorthodox. Unorthodoxy to the Army is as sinful

as not filling out a form in triplicate.

Russ had given a room to two Air Transport pilots, against army orders. They were Major Lou Bills and Captain Bob Spott. Their room had been gradually expanded to a suite, and the couple to an entourage. If the door was opened quickly you would surprise two former PW's, a Hindu interpreter, three members of the crew, an Italian, and a dog. Everyone was there against orders. Only Russ and I knew they were there. For these services Russ had made friends of both the Major and Captain, for life. When you have two friends who can grant a favor and one who needs one, it's a natural. They would let me stow-away aboard their C-54.

I got my orders to San Francisco, drove out to Atsugi Air Field and, as a sight-seer, went on the runway to look over the ship, sneaked aboard on the side away from the authorities, and stayed on. The weather was very bad, but it is never so bad that the ATC stays on the ground. There is a saying out there, "A C-54 will take off when the birds won't."

When we reached Saipan that night, a typhoon was letting loose. It was impossible to see the landing lights, so we missed the field. I was standing in the cockpit when I heard the pilot say, "We'll have to circle the field again, but where the hell is that mountain we missed as we came in." At these words, I lost most of my composure but as is the way out there, no flight is without at least one narrow escape. We landed, took off an hour later when the weather was worse, and safely reached Guam, our destination, in a really raging storm.

It's a long, tiring flight from Guam to America. You lose twenty pounds in the doing. So please permit this final remark—"I am ended happily."

**ALL RESPONSIBLE PEOPLE**

[Continued from Page 21]

My admittance to the ranks of the A. R. P. was therefore all but automatic. I wasn't sworn in; I was shoved in. There was I, an innocent bystander, interested only in the protection of my modest little tarpapered shack, suddenly being appointed guardian angel of three streets on which were 57 dwellings in which lived 103 families which made up a total of 482 people. Responsible was the word all right!

In our A. R. P. course we had the works. High explosive and demolition bombs we discussed as casually as rayons and nylons. The properties of the deadly gases we compared as though toying with the relative merits of butter substitutes. Chloro-aceto-phenone, ethyl-iodo-acetate, bromo-benzyl-cyanide we'd chant lightly and then beam at one another. Next to us the boys in the Chemical Warfare Service were novices. The only thing they knew that we didn't was how to shoot a 4.2 mortar.

Following theory came practice. At once our attic had to be prepared for a little bundle from heaven in the form of an incendiary bomb. It was a discouraging two-way process. Down came eight

stacks of old magazines; up went a long-handled shovel. Down came three floor lamps, a Morris chair and a discarded mattress; up went a tin cover, a pair of heavy gauntlets and a stirrup pump. We swapped Great-great-uncle Willie's Civil War uniform for a bomb-scoop—a startling creation in flaming scarlet like a giddy and bewildered coal hod clinging nervously to a long pole; and we traded the crayon portrait of Great-aunt Lucy for a bucket of sand. Lifting a bucket of sand even two inches off the floor is a task to rock Superman. Carrying a bucket of sand from the cellar to the attic remains my single greatest contribution to the war effort.

All that, it seems, was necessary to put out an incendiary. Even so, the method of attack was simple. With the tin cover held in front of one like a gladiator of old and armed with the gauntlets, the shovel, the stirrup pump, the bomb-scoop and the sand, one simply advanced upon the thing and put it out. The trouble was they kept changing directions. No sooner would we digest one set of rules than a new and entirely different type of in-

[Continued on Page 64]



# "We were raised on Clapp's - and look what it's doing for our baby now!"

"I guess there's nothing very unusual in babies being raised on Clapp's and doing fine.

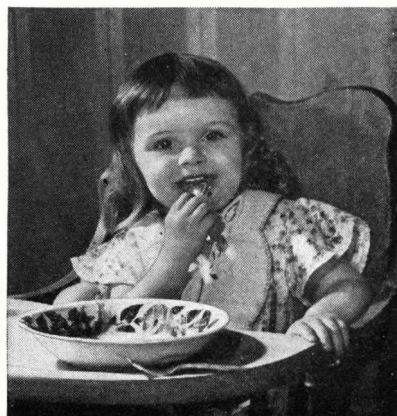
"But I wonder if there are many babies eating Clapp's today whose mothers *and* fathers ate Clapp's when *they* were babies the way Susan's father and I did," writes Mrs. Walter Williams, Jr., of Irondequoit, New York.



"Seeing our daughter Susan now, you'd never guess she's been a 'problem' baby. But indeed she was! The first few weeks she cried continually, and was such a skinny little thing, we thought we were in for real trouble..."



"But at 6 weeks the doctor put her on Clapp's cereal—and she started to pick right up. Soon afterward she got Clapp's strained foods, and we couldn't believe our eyes when we read the scales. At 1 year she weighed 22½ lbs.—more than triple her birth weight.



"Here's what I really wanted to tell you, though... About the time Susan started on Clapp's, and our feeding problems were really over, my husband and I were comparing notes about what our families had mentioned about *our* babyhood..."



"And we realized that both of us had been Clapp-fed babies, back in the days when Clapp's made the very first baby foods! So that makes *two* generations in our family brought up on your wonderful foods. And we've all thrived!



"Our Susan is 22 months old now. She started walking at 10 months, and sometimes it seems as if she hasn't sat down since! I know her well-rounded diet has a lot to do with her health and bounding vitality. That's why I'm grateful to Clapp's!"

## Why your baby will thrive on Clapp's

• Ever since Clapp's *originated* baby foods 25 years ago, we've made all our foods to fill doctors' requirements.



• We've constantly improved formulas, added foods, according to doctors' suggestions. Now we offer "the world's largest baby menu."

• We make every test we can, because we want to.

• We discard many fruits and vegetables that would be acceptable for adults, but not, in our judgment, for Clapp-fed babies.

• All our foods are *pressure-cooked* —to help retain vitamins and minerals, fresh color and flavor.



• We have seen two generations raised on Clapp's. Our business, we believe, is the most important business in the world. It is our *sole* business, not a side line.



• Perhaps this is why so many doctors prescribe Clapp's regularly.



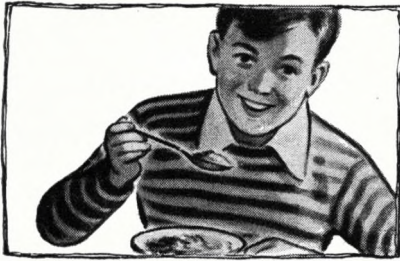
PRODUCTS OF AMERICAN HOME FOODS, INC.



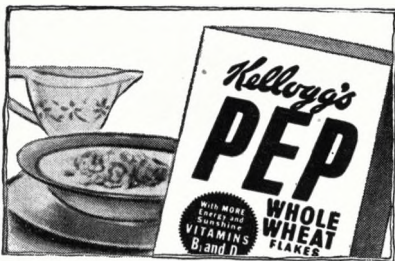
# CLAPP'S BABY FOODS

25 YEARS OF THRIVING BABIES!

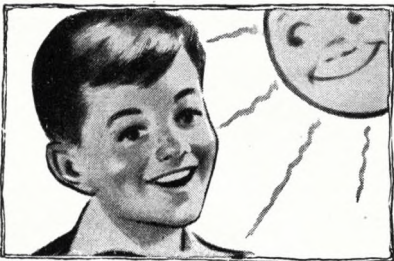
# Kellogg's PEP coaxes kids



*to eat better  
breakfasts!*



*It's more nutritious  
than whole wheat!*



*An average serving  
gives the day's need of*  
**SUNSHINE VITAMIN D!**



## PRIZES FOR KIDS!

Now a new set of 18 grand comic pin-on buttons—favorite characters from the funnies! One in every package of Kellogg's PEP. Fun for kids to collect and swap!

MADE BY  
**Kellogg's**  
THE GREATEST NAME IN CEREALS



centiary would be perfected necessitating a new and entirely different method of attack.

Whatever gave me the impression I could put out an incendiary bomb by any method, simple or otherwise, now escapes me. How credulous I was! How trusting in my own ability! I who wince at a firecracker was going to put out an incendiary bomb. I took quite for granted that on hearing the initial impact of the bomb's ingress through the roof, I'd run lightly up the stairs, pick up the sizzling, spitting monster at the precise instant before it exploded in my pretty red bomb-scoop, and drop it neatly out the window. Then I'd strike my hands together in casual fashion, saunter down the attic stairs, and say in languid tones to my adoring family, "Well, that's that."

As it turned out, the master minds finally produced one that Fiorello LaGuardia couldn't have put out, so all that precious equipment was wasted, all that training in vain. Our very last instruction was precise and to the point. It was "Run like hell and let 'er rip!"

But that was later. Much later. Then we were the thin red line of heroes, all that stood between our loved homes and the fierce onslaught of the foe. Oh, there were the Army, the Navy, the Coast Guard, and the Marines, but them we dismissed with a shrug. After all, we were the responsible people. It was a heady thought.

The difficulty was nobody appreciated us except ourselves. The shifting of signals, which the Army announced after each alert, did nothing to add to our prestige. Like the instructions for incendiaries, the program was subject to change without notice. After blackness had reigned for interminable hours, the sirens would give out with a prolonged bellow. Instantly lights would blaze in

every house. We wardens would rush frantically about, blowing shrill blasts on our whistles, screaming hysterically, "No! No! That's only the third signal! That isn't the all-clear." Calling the lie to us, the street lights too would pick that moment to blossom forth in full glory. Then sheepishly twenty seconds later they'd all go out again while we continued to shriek, "Lights out! Lights out!" to the bewildered householders. And out of the darkness would come an enraged masculine snarl: "Why the devil don't you make up your minds?"

**I**N theory I enjoyed the idea of getting into my trench coat, slipping the triangle of the O. C. D. on my arm and the long cord with the whistle attached around my neck, and stepping briskly into the night. Neat, self-contained, and efficient—what the well-dressed warden will wear. In practice it never turned out that way. The arrival of the helmets was only one of the blows. Army rejects, each weighed in the vicinity of twelve pounds with a network of crisscrossing straps inside them that would baffle the National Broadcasting Company. Painted a livid white, mine came down over my ears and rested on my shoulders like a preserving kettle. I resembled a toadstool.

"Please," I used to pray, "let me be ready just once when the alert sounds . . . if not ready, then at least fully clothed." But I never was. Twice I was in bed, once in the bathtub, and once trying on a black satin evening gown. That time I did the only thing I could do: I grabbed my equipment, scuffed into some run-over saddle shoes, gave that long skirt a powerful hike—and fled! The helmet lent the final touch.

To look back now and decide the whole thing was pretty silly is simple enough. Somehow it didn't seem so silly then—not quite anyway.

## THE WATERMELON PICTURE

[Continued from Page 26]

"This picture?"

Her mother did not answer.

"Why is a card bad, Mommy?"

Her mother's hand went quickly and lightly. Paula backed, rubbing her wrist.

"I just wondered," she said.

"Quit wondering," Mommy told her. "Cards are evil. Go out and fill the coal bucket."

Kitty skipped in. She put her arm across her mother's shoulder.

"Maybe Poppy didn't gamble all the money," she said.

Mommy held her brush still. Her face screwed like she was going to cry. "Go on out and fetch the coal," she said.

"Poppy will bring lots of money tonight," Paula told Kitty as they walked on the hard path. "He sold a stove."

"I know it. But he might gamble it," Kitty said.

Had she heard them quarrel in their bed last night?

"Joe, why must you gamble? Think of these children."

"It's for them I do it, Jess. I try to win a little to help out."

"Win? You never win. And if you did I'd not touch the sinful coin."

"If you'd let me play at home—"

"You know I won't."

"I won't play for money any more."

"You've said that before. Have the stove company send your check to me like I told you to. We owe three-months' rent, and Langley's, and the coal yard. Al Langley's not letting us have anything more on the bill. I don't know what we're going to do."

"Jess—"

"Don't Jess me. I'm going to leave you, Joe Norcross, if you don't take care of your youngsters."

"I promise you, Jess. I promise by all that's good and holy."

"You and your promises."

"He won't gamble the stove money," said Paula. "I saw him hug her tight."

"Mommy's going to sell the picture."

"I know it."

"How much will Mr. Langley pay?"

"Maybe ten dollars."

"Ten dollars! Hoo!"

[Continued on Page 66]

# Good Old Bread and Gravy

WITH  
*Rich Brown Gravy*  
EVERY TIME

Good old bread and gravy a-coverin' up your plate . . . That, says Eddie Guest, is "just one bit of eatin' which I hold supremely great."\*



So says "the poet of the people." And so says the whole nation, for March is National Bread and Gravy Month!

To do justice to those big thick slices of enriched bread, smother them with gravy (and *what* gravy!) made with Wilson's B-V. Ummm—gravy that's *smooth! rich! brown! good!*—you get it every time with my fool-proof recipe, using B-V. No meat drippings are needed, but if you use them, trust B-V to add a bountiful amount of extra meat flavor.

To be sure of getting genuine B-V—America's favorite meat flavor—look for it in the orange and blue carton, or ask for it by name at your favorite dealer's. Get some today and have good old bread and B-V gravy tonight!

*George Rector*

Food Consultant to Wilson & Co.

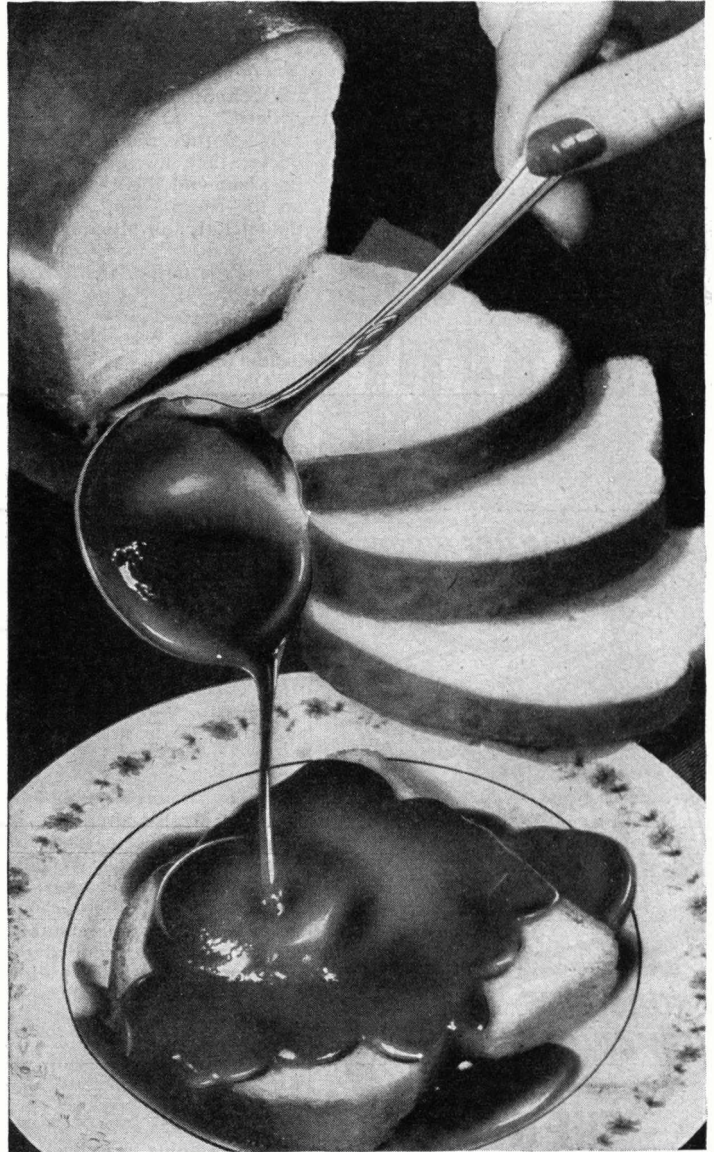
### B-V GRAVY RECIPE

- 2 tbsp. fat or drippings
- 2 tbsp. flour
- 1 cup liquid (water, milk or vegetable water)
- 1 tsp. Wilson's B-V

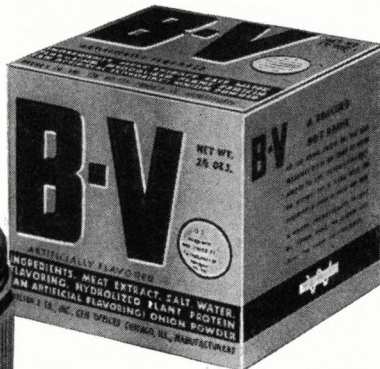
Melt fat, add flour and blend well. Add liquid and stir until smooth. When hot, add B-V which has been dissolved in a small amount of the hot mixture. Cook until thickened sufficiently. Serves 3 or 4.

*B-V is a delicious blend of concentrated meat extract and selected vegetable flavors. Use it whenever rich meat flavor is desired—in soups, stews, hot drinks, casseroles, meat loaves, etc.*

\*See "Bread and Gravy" from *SELECTED POEMS*, by Edgar A. Guest (Reilly & Lee Co.). Quoted by permission of the copyright holders.



MARCH IS  
NATIONAL  
BREAD &  
GRAVY  
MONTH



### WILSON'S "QUICKIE" SHELF

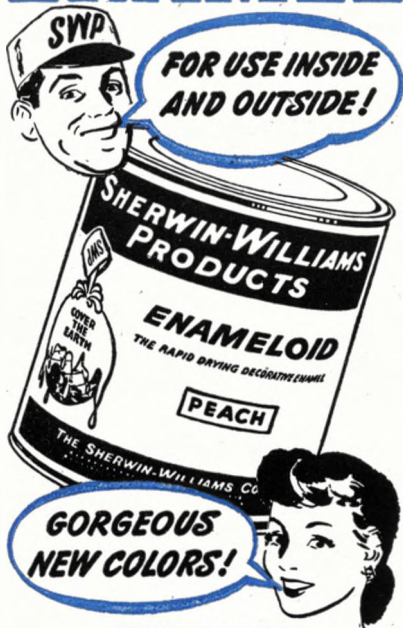
With a handy shelf like this in your pantry, you'll save many steps—many hours—in the preparation of delicious meals. Start your own "quickie" shelf with these quality meat products—Wilson's MOR, Corned Beef Hash, Chili, Tamales, Deviled Ham, and America's favorite meat flavor, Wilson's B-V. *All seasoned the Wilson way.*



The Wilson label protects your table

[Continued from Page 64]

# NEW ALL-PURPOSE ENAMEL



THE NEW  
SHERWIN-WILLIAMS

# ENAMELOID



Give walls, woodwork, toys, furniture beautiful new color with this high-gloss, 1-coat enamel. Use Enameloid, too, for outside woodwork and doors, porches and automobiles.

# SHERWIN WILLIAMS

PAINTS

"Or maybe nine."  
"Mommy would be rich. Ten or nine dollars!"

When they went back with the coal bucket, they saw the canvas frame across the chair and their mother's laced shoes on the rungs. They saw the melon on the oilcloth and Mommy's hand shoeing flies.

"She's an artist," Paula said, and they went in.

"You're good girls," their mother said. "I'll give you extra big pieces of watermelon tonight."

"Oh, your picture's nice, Mommy."  
"It's got to dry before I can do much more. I shouldn't a put the seeds in till the second coat."

Paula wished she knew how to hug her mother like Kitty did. She tried it but she jarred the brush and her mother had to wipe a streak of white from across the red.

"Wash your hands," Mommy ordered. "Then go look after Baby."

In the front room Ronnie and Ruth were quiet as they played with the dolls. Yet there was noise in the room—the sound of tearing paper.

"Stop it, Arbuckle," Paula and Kitty screeched. "Stop it."

They dropped to the floor. He was under the bed, having a meal of wall-paper.

Kitty wriggled after him. Paula threw herself across the mattress to thrust her arm along the wall. When she found Arbuckle's ears, he dropped and stamped his foot and when Kitty caught him and dragged him out he spanked the floor all the way. They pulled the bed and saw that the rip in the wallpaper was as high as the covers. This paper of red roses had been hung on old papering, with none too careful steaming and now two heaved flaps swung. Paula and Kitty watched each other's eyes, then they pushed the bed back and smoothed the quilt.

"You're going right back to your pen," was all they said about the tear.

ALL day their mother worked, sometimes practicing on butcher paper and sometimes wiping away what she had put on the canvas. It was fun to watch worms of paint come out of the tubes and be mashed on the palette. It was fun to see their mother in her chair, holding her brush like a listening ear, deciding what to do next. When Ronnie bothered, she told them to fix him a piece and to eat the applesauce in the crock if they wanted to.

"Your father will see," she muttered, but they knew she meant to be talking to herself.

She looked at the clock several times after it said four and it seemed she worked faster than ever. After five, she got up a time or two and stood at the window. Once there was a sound of a wagon turning on their street and she hurried to sit and look busy. The wagon rumbled on. She looked at her brushes and did not paint.

The girls left her and ran to the corner to see if the dray was coming. Their father had gone away on it with the stove, and it would bring him back.

Half-past five. Six. Fifteen minutes after six. It began to be cooler. Loring came from taking care of Dr. Jenkin's horse.

"Where's supper? Where's Pop?"  
"No telling," their mother said. "Get a little money in his hands and no telling. He should have been in at four."

She got up and stood away to look at her work. "When I get to going on these pictures," she said.

She propped the picture on the machine's hood in the dining room, and while she was getting supper her mouth twitched a time or two like Arbuckle's nose. "We're not going to wait," she said. "You girls pull the chairs up."

THEY had the golden-souped beans, cornbread with honey, and the half-melon. The long slice had to be saved for the finishing of the picture.

Kitty spilled a glass of water and Mommy thumped her on the head.

"I'll tell Poppy," Kitty threatened.  
"Where is Poppy?" Ruth asked.

"Where do you suppose?" their mother said and got up to tighten the screen against flies. She was cranky through the meal but she let them skip to play without doing the dishes. Later, they saw her hurrying on the walk to town.

"To find Poppy," Paula knew.

Later it was dark and a lamp's light came up in the house. "Ronnie! Ruthie!" their mother called. "Come in now."

"He wasn't gambling," Paula thought. "He said he wouldn't and he isn't. He'll bring the money."

Kitty was asleep, her body humped against the ripped wallpaper. At least she was quiet, though Paula wondered if she too was listening. Mommy had the picture on the chair in the kitchen again. She had her palette smeared with paint. The slice of melon was posed as it had been posed before. But Mommy was not painting. She was only ready to be painting the moment she heard Poppy's footsteps sound on the street.

"Bong!" Half past nine, or half past ten, or one of the quarters between. The air was as heavy as heat over the stove.

There had been other nights like this when the clock had struck half past ten, quarter to eleven, eleven, and Poppy had come, smiling sweetly even in the dark, she believed. He had come in quietly, then stumbled, and the sleepers had fretted. Tonight was different. Ruth and Ronnie were asleep in the bed beyond their mother's in the middle room, Ruth at the foot, Ronnie at the head. Mommy had come with a towel while Ronnie slept and had washed his sticky mouth and hands and feet. The other children had washed at the pump. Now all the house but the kitchen was dark. And the dark was filled with turpentine.

Paula heard her mother push her chair and come again to the door. Dogs and crickets were making almost the only

sounds outside. Now and then footsteps echoed but none of them turned up their street. No horses clattered.

Mommy stood at the locked screen for a long time. Later she unhooked it, went to the porch, then on to the street. The gate creaked. Paula got up and looked out of the window. Her mother was on the sidewalk looking toward the dark town. She came in soon, and when Paula rushed to bed the flaps of paper rustled. Her mother leaned against the screen for another long time and Paula drifted to sleep. When her father came, she would wake and hear.

But she did not hear. She did not wake until birds clattered in the vines and the stove lid rattled in the kitchen. She rolled from bed and padded to the middle room. The covers on the bed there had not been turned down. The watermelon was on the machine's high hood again.

Then everyone was awake, Ronnie instantly, Ruth sleepily. Loring coming out of his kitchen bedroom pulling his over-all strap, Kitty running in her long gown to hug Ronnie and say shame to his wet bed. Their mother dealt their plates

### TO ORDER PATTERNS

shown on pages 4, 34 and 35

If these patterns are not sold in your local store, you can order them from The Butterick Company office nearest you. Be sure to state the size and pattern number and include correct purchase price. The Butterick Company offices are:

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Rhodes Building Annex,  
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Dallas 2, Tex.

522 Mission St.,  
San Francisco 5, Cal.

around the table like Flinch cards and rattled their oatmeal bowls. She spaced their cups and poured their Postum. She did not scold. She did not say, "Stop your racket." She said, "Breakfast's ready," and plopped Ronnie into his high chair.

Paula wished she could ask, "Didn't he come, Mommy?" She knew Loring wanted to ask it too. He thought he went unnoticed to look into the middle room. But Kitty could ask.

"Where's Poppy? Didn't he come?"

Their mother pushed the kettle across the stove. "No," she said.

In the safety of breakfast Loring and Paula watched their mother move about the kitchen.

"Don't you want to eat, Mom?" Loring said at last, pushing his chair to get up. "I had my breakfast," she told him.

"Shall I go to the livery stable and see what's happened to the dray?" he asked.

[Continued on Page 68]

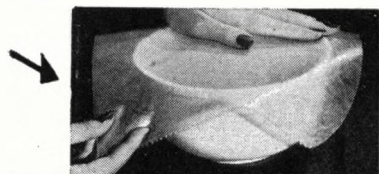


Fits any bowl. No rubber bands needed . . . no stretching . . . no washing.

## BOWL COVERS you can make yourself with Cut-Rite

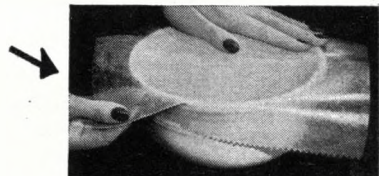
### TEAR OFF TO SIZE . . .

Tear off enough Cut-Rite to extend beyond the rim of the bowl at least an inch on all sides. Center the Cut-Rite on the bowl and hold it firmly in place with your left hand.



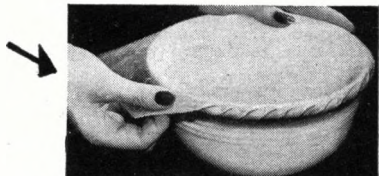
### PLEAT AND TWIST . . .

Still holding the wax paper firmly in place, start by pleating a corner, then twist and tuck under-and-up to the rim of the bowl.



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Continue to twist and tuck under-and-up, working on the bias, and turning bowl away from you as you go . . . until you have completed a snug-fitting roll.



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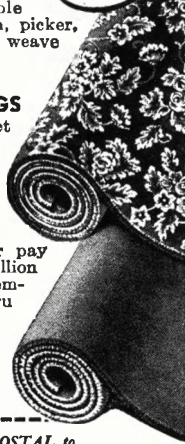
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"Oh, would you?" Mommy said.  
"Sure." Loring pretended he had to get a drink of water and took a long time at it. Then he pulled at his shoulder strap and banged through the screen.

That seemed to get the morning to going, the strange morning when they had no father.

"Finish your breakfasts," their mother ordered. She went into the middle room to pull the covers from Ronnie's bed.

Kitty's teeth flashed over her lower lip and her eyes sparkled to Paula's. "I'll make the front room bed, Mommy," she called and slid from her chair to skip in her nightdress.

"That's a good girl," her mother said.

**"POP** didn't take the dray at all," Loring told them. "He got a ride with a fellow in a spring wagon. Maybe he missed the train back."

"There've been two trains since then," their mother said.

While she worked, they heard her scoldings. "Why wouldn't he pull out? A man who's got five living youngens he can't support better pull out. Well, we can get along." She banged a stove lid. "Paula, I want you to help me carry that picture up to Langley's. You'd have known how late I worked on it if you'd seen the bugs around the lamp this morning. It's wet, but I'm going to get Al Langley to take it on the bill. I'll get Mr. Smith to take one on the coal bill too. I'll paint Stag at Bay and that cat picture and sell a lot of them."

Paula balanced herself on the sidewalk back of her mother, holding the watermelon's face to the hot sky. It was like the carrying of the playing card to show her father's shame. A man on the hotel steps looked down upon it. Hattie Blake, the milliner, slowed to exclaim, "Oh my, who painted that?"

"I did," Mommy said. "It's going to be put in Langley's window."

Hattie Blake smiled and tipped her head. Her hat streamers snapped in the breeze. "Selling it?" she asked and minced off, as though her question was her answer.

"It's better than your old china plates," Mommy muttered.

When they crossed Main Street they met Mr. Dailey coming out of his bank. "Well, what have we here?" he asked.

"A picture I painted," Mommy said, holding her face to him as Ronnie sometimes held his to her, far off, and tilted. "I'm going to paint a lot of them and sell them."

"Hum-n," he said, looking at the picture and at her and pulling his chin.

Mommy's chin went strong. "I'll pay every last debt we've got," she said.

Mr. Dailey reached his hand to her shoulder. "You're a plucky woman, Mrs. Norcross, a plucky little woman."

Mommy got her handkerchief from her pocket and was dabbing her eyes when they turned in at Langley's store and went to the back counter where Al Langley was measuring some toweling.

"I want to talk to you when you're through," she said.

Paula heard them.

"Can't your husband make a payment?"

I can't be taking pictures on bills."

"My husband's left me," Mommy said. "You needn't bank on him to pay."

"Does Emory know?"

"I don't need Emory's help. I wouldn't cater to him. Besides, he's out of town. Joe'd stayed away from cards if it hadn't been for Emory."

Pretty soon Al Langley said, yes he'd take the picture, and Mommy propped it against a bolt of chambray in his window. "Now," she said. "I'll take a quarter's worth of sugar, a sack of flour, a—"

"Jessie Norcross—August 9, 1911" said the writing on the picture's corner. Paula stood with the crowd around the window.

"Your mother is quite an artist," Reverend Stokely said, cupping his fingers down the back of her head.

She grinned at him and saw all the other eyes that looked at the melon and at her. Suddenly she pushed from among them and ran. The trouble of it was that she did not know where to go. The bed at home was not the place to run to. The depot was not the place. Uncle Emory's smokehouse was not right. People were close to them all.

**"WELL,"** Mommy said, pulling sticks of paraffin gum from the sack she had brought home. "I got Mr. Smith to come up and see the picture and he wants one. Mr. Dailey will buy one too, sure as anything. A lot of others will too. They'll buy two or three different kinds when I get them finished. Wait until they see Stag at Bay."

She had another canvas on a frame and she said she could paint this one quicker and easier, and she'd start right now. She got the remaining slice of melon from the covered tureen in the pantry, but it looked like a sore and she could not use it. She had told Loring he'd have to borrow his cousin Billy's wagon and go haul the sack of flour home, and now she said, "And if you find another good melon for a dime, fetch it. Pretty soon I can go from memory, but not yet. You youngens skip now. You're going to see some real work around here today. There's no more room for fooling in this house. Somebody's got to get things done."

"No, you can't watch me use the enlarger," she said when they crowded around. "Next picture I'll let you watch me all the way through, but this time I've got to hurry. Go play."

They went across the vacant lot to the shade of Uncle Emory's smokehouse. They chewed the white gum and foraged Uncle Emory's roasting-ear patch for corn dolls. They laid a house of brick and began their play.

Ruth was putting a corn doll to sleep. "Why wouldn't the man let Poppy get out of his wagon?"

"Who said he wouldn't, Ruthie?"

"They did. The man'll keep Poppy."

"No-o. Poppy had to get out to sell the stove."

Ruth studied the face of her older sister, then, sitting there pinching off the skirt of her doll, tears began to drop on her lap. "He isn't coming back," she

[Continued on Page 82]

## UNCLE JETHRO FINDS A DIRECTIVE

[Continued from Page 48]

ing over the sea like a barn afire. First he ordered me off the place, but I didn't budge. Then he offered me ten dollars. Then he got on the phone and hollered at Boston headquarters, trying to get me fired. It didn't do him no good. I blacked him out."

"He's quite a sport," said Clifford Cobb, the meter reader. "Back where he lives in winter he's got an airdale dog, and he trains it to hunt pet cats. He says it can drag a cat from under an old lady's chair and kill it without a squeak. He says he gets sued, but he has the money for lawyers."

"He told me that story, too," said my Uncle Jethro, "and mighty pleased with himself."

The conversation shifted to skunks—a favorite topic in country districts. The Lord of Peavey's Neck wasn't worthy of deep discussion. He stayed on his estate, to everyone's satisfaction. His barbed-wire fortifications were never infiltrated. Except for once.

About the time when gasoline got scarce, which was sooner on the Lower Cape than in the rest of the East, the midnight freight left a flat-car on the siding. It carried a single object, a five-thousand-gallon cylindrical tank, brand new and painted red. Mr. Gorman was not in residence, but he must have left instructions, for soon a Hyannis contractor took it up to the Neck on a trailer truck. It was obvious what it was for, but the town was legally helpless. It had no zoning laws or fire regulations. The tank was buried without interference inside the barbed-wire fence. A pump was erected above it, and a fleet of oil-trucks filled it with gasoline.

"If he's fixing to go on clam-bakes this summer," said Eldred Sears, "I'll remember my patriotism and sell him last week's clams."

**B**UT Mr. Gorman had wider intentions. Soon after gasoline went on coupons, a beach-wagon stopped at the drug-store and the driver asked the way to Peavey's Neck. Susan, who was Uncle Jethro's prettiest niece and a junior newspaper woman, happened to be at the counter, involved in a chocolate ice-cream soda. With journalistic presence of mind she went out to the beach-wagon and looked behind the curtains.

"A great big tank," she reported, "so big by so big by so big."

"Just what I expected," said Uncle Jethro. "I'll see he don't enjoy that gas if I have to founder the law."

In about two weeks the beach-wagon made another appearance. The driver confided in Susan.

"He trades it to his friends," he said, "for other stuff that's scarce. It costs them a dollar a gallon, I guess, but they do all the driving they feel like. That tank will last 'til the war is over."

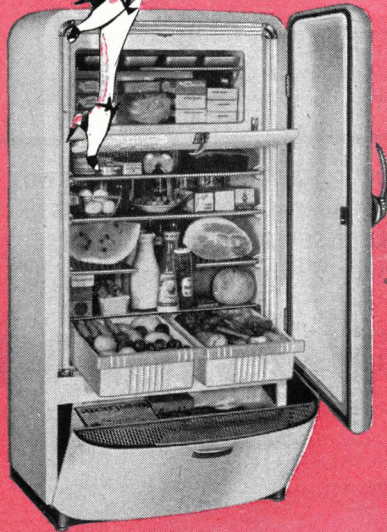
Every few days the Rationing Board got new directives from Washington—fat

[Continued on Page 70]



Strike up the Band!

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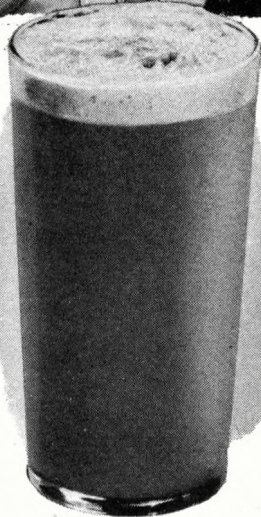
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manila envelopes which my uncle opened eagerly. There was never a thing he could use.

"I dream about that gas-tank," he said. "It spoils my sleep, but I'll fix him sooner or later."

We had a north-east blow about that time, and a fleet of Gloucester druggers took refuge in the harbor. They had used up most of their fuel running against the storm. Some of the boats came in under sail, a thing which modern fishermen consider a disgrace.

My uncle was in the bar of the Central House when the Gloucestermen stopped for a beer. His eyes lit up when he saw them—hard men and tired and mad.

"Been kind of dirty outside," he remarked.

The fishermen weren't in a conversational mood. "Why ain't there gas in this town?" asked one of them angrily. "We're down to the skippers with fish. They're hollering for it in Boston."

"The trucks don't get this far," my uncle explained. "Somebody grabs 'em off."

"Ain't you got any gas?"

"Not quite five thousand gallons."

"What?" The fishermen crowded around him. "What's that?"

My uncle tilted his chair against the wall. "I was up on the cliff a while ago," he said, "and I come across a gas-tank with better than four thousand gallons in it, and not very far from the harbor either. It's locked, but the lock ain't very good. It could be picked with a hack-saw." He rose to his feet with official decorum. "I'm on the Rationing Board, and I ain't got the right directives. But maybe somebody else will tell you where it is."

**I**N about a week the beach-wagon driver appeared at the Rationing Board. "That tank is dry," he complained, "and so is mine. You got to give me some coupons."

The town had gas by then. My uncle gave him four coupons. "You better join the Navy," he said. "Your job has gone to sea."

When the summer season started, Mr. George G. Gorman returned to his estate. His patronizing attitude toward the town had changed to bitter hostility. His inquiries about the robbery had been hampered by ignorance flickering slightly with humor, but he must have gathered some inklings. At last he appeared at the Rationing Board—a smallish, fattish man in hairy tweeds. His mouth was both weak and cruel, not an uncommon combination. He had a pear-shaped figure and light-gray eyes like oysters. He glared at my uncle.

"You know who stole that gas," he accused.

My uncle was always ready for strife. "I'm glad it was stole."

George G. Gorman's face turned red as a traffic light. "You try another trick like that," he shouted, "and I'll put you in jail. I've got the money to do it."

My uncle grinned from ear to ear. "You got the money, I guess, but you ain't got the guts or the brains. If you do any more of your sneaky stuff, you better do it away from here."

Mr. Gorman left the office in a very



belligerent mood, but he seemed impressed with my uncle's advice. At any rate he did not attempt to bribe or browbeat the local Rationing Board. His establishment lived on the fat of the land, unaffected by growing shortages, but he got his special supplies from out of town where my uncle could not investigate.

"I wish I had him on shipboard," my uncle grumbled. "I'd feed him weevils and water and run him round the rigging and swage that belly off him."

THE town was rather annoyed with the plenty on Peavey's Neck, for during the summer its own food situation had gone from bad to worse. Meat was especially short. The town lived on fish and beans, and the worst blow of all was when the salt pork gave out.

"You can't bake beans without pork," said the women. "No matter how mushy you make 'em, they still are dry."

The salt-pork famine brought into popular notice a retiring elderly man who lived in a hollow a mile and a half from town. He'd been in the hollow several years, but no one knew much about him except that he lived on a pension from the Boston Street-Cleaning Department. His name was Gabriel Latt, and he had an odd avocation.

"My hobby is hogs," he explained, and proclaimed the fact on his mail-box—"Gabriel Latt, Hog Hobbyist."

In normal years the town didn't care when Gabriel slaughtered his hogs or what he did with the meat, but this year its interest was greater. My uncle went up to the hollow in June and was pleased

to see that the place had an aspect of mushroom growth. There were four pens now, all made of bright new lumber and squealing with half-grown shotes.

"Congratulations," he said to Gabe, who was sitting by one of the pens. "I see you've expanded some."

"It's agreeable," said Gabe. "I never had so much company."

My uncle felt the wind and took a fresher position. "You get along well with hogs?"

"Yes, I like hogs," said Gabe. "My hobby used to be hens, but a hen is a hen and friendly no matter how old she gets. I never could kill my hens. But hogs are different. The little pigs are cute, and the shotes have got nice characters, but when they get to a certain size, they always rise up and bite you. That's when I sell the parcel of 'em. Glad to get shut of 'em all."

"You're an asset to the town," said my Uncle Jethro, "and I hope they bite you soon."

The summer drew on. Salt pork was only a memory, and the town grew to think of Gabriel Latt, Hog Hobbyist, with passionate expectation. The shotes, numbering twenty-seven, had grown to magnificent hogs—lumbering, fat and delicious. My uncle went up every week or two to keep in touch.

"Have they bit you yet?" he asked one time in September.

"Not yet," said Gabe. "They're the pleasantest hogs I've known."

"We're hoping they bite you soon," said Uncle Jethro. "We've et so many fish we're scared of seagulls."

"These hogs will taste of fish," said Gabe. "I've been feeding 'em fish-heads from the freezer."

"They won't taste of fish so much as fish do."

"I been feeding 'em apples likewise," said Gabe. "They're fond of apples." He took out an apple, polished it bright, and tossed it into the pen. The hogs piled up in a grunting heap. Their master leaned on the pen and looked down at them affectionately.

"It's nice to see them enjoying themselves."

But my uncle had an idea. He scudded back to town without any further remarks.

NEXT morning Susan stopped in at the Rationing Board. She was wearing flame-colored slacks and a tight white sweater.

"That's a pretty powerful costume," my uncle remarked. "I ought to tell the Committee on Public Safety."

"I have a favor to ask." She smiled to match the outfit. "My editor wants a story about the Cape's vicissitudes."

"The salt-pork famine, maybe? You came at a pretty good time."

My uncle took various objects out of a paper bag. First he held a fish-hook down on the desk and removed the barb with a file. Then he threaded a darning needle, attached a button to the end of the thread and passed it through an apple. He tied the apple to the fish-hook so it hung down about six inches.

"I want you to help," he said to Susan. [Continued on Page 72]

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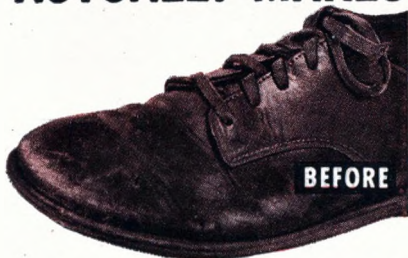
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## UNCLE JETHRO FINDS A DIRECTIVE

[Continued from Page 71]

"Will you come along as distraction?"  
 "Just try and stop me. But what's the apple for?"

"It's an apple of discord—the worst since Adam and Eve."

They got in my uncle's car, stopped to get Susan's camera, and drove to the hollow. Gabriel Latt was feeding his hogs a mixture of corn and fish-heads.

"Gabe," said my uncle, "this lady's a newspaper lady. She heard you're a real hog hobbyist."

Gabe looked at Susan—shyly but closely and long.

"I'm taken aback," he said, "but I'm glad to see you nearby."

Susan opened her camera. "I think you're sweet, Mr. Latt. Now get in the pen like a lovely man. I want a domestic scene."

**G**ABRIEL blushed. His eyes clung tight to Susan. As he climbed the fence of the pen, my uncle stuck the fish-hook in his coattail. The apple hung down redly.

"Do you really love your hogs?" asked Susan.

"They're pleasant hogs. . . ." Like a landslide the hogs were upon him! "Help! Help!" he screamed. "They've got me!"

My uncle was ready. He grabbed Gabe under the arms and snatched him over the fence. The hogs surged against the bars, grunting and squealing loudly.

"God-a-mighty," said Gabe all atremble. "I've been bit by all kinds of hogs, but never so sudden as that."

My uncle pretended to brush him off, removing the fish-hook and thread. The apple, of course, was gone.

"They're savage," he said to Gabe. "I guess it's time to kill 'em."

"I guess you're right, Mr. Bodfish. "They pretty near et me alive."

"Now listen," my uncle said sternly. "I represent the Rationing Board, and we can't have any black markets. You got to sell those hogs to a registered livestock dealer, and Rufus Jones is the only one in town. He'll pay you the going price and tuck 'em away in the freezer."

"I dunno, Mr. Bodfish." Gabriel puckered his brow. "I'll have to tell Mr. Gorman. Those hogs ain't mine. They're his."

"They're his!" My uncle's face turned purple-red. His voice was a fearful bellow.

"He's only boarding 'em here," said Gabe. "He paid for the pigs. He paid for the pens. He paid for the feed. I just had the pleasure of 'em."

"George — G. — Gorman." My uncle pronounced the name with slow and terrible clearness. "The sneaking skunk! Right under my nose he done it."

"I didn't mean any harm," said Gabriel.

"No, Gabe, but the law grinds awful small."

My uncle returned to the Rationing Board and began to sift directives. Late in the afternoon, Mr. George G. Gorman came in. He didn't say a word, but leaned against the wall, smiling contemptuously. My uncle looked up.

"I warn you, Gorman," he growled. "You better leave those hogs in town."

Mr. Gorman laughed. "You natives won't get a single scrap. Not after the way you stole my gasoline."

"Have you got it on paper?"

"You'll find out quick if you try to steal them. I'll put you in jail for keeps."

Mr. George G. Gorman laughed again and left the room.

That night the town hall lights burned late. The Rationing Board was frantically searching through mountains of paper. The selectmen across the hall were studying local law. The prospects didn't seem bright.

"No doubt about it," my uncle admitted, "those hogs are his, and the public won't get a look-in. He didn't farrow the pigs. He didn't build the pens. He didn't do any work at all. He might as well bought them ready-grown, which ain't permitted, but they're his by law though not by moral right."

"He'll burst if he eats them all," said Susan.

"He'll trade them around to his crooked friends for all kinds of crooked stuff, but he'll get the most of his pleasure from taking them out of this town."

Eldred Sears came across the hall from the selectmen's office. "I only found one thing," he said. "We've got a law about boarding houses."

My uncle looked interested. "Does it mention hogs?"

"It don't, but it don't mention people either."

My uncle struck his brow. "I got an idea! It come in a blaze of glory." He pointed to Susan. "Girl, you be here tomorrow at nine o'clock, wearing them pants again."

**N**EXT morning two cars started up toward the hollow. In the first rode Eldred Sears with Susan and Uncle Jethro. In the second were Rufus Jones and three of his men from the freezer. They found the hog hobbyist smoking beside a pen, but viewing the hogs with hostility.

"They're savage," he said. "I had the horrors last night."

"I'm a selectman," said Eldred Sears. "I'm also the township hog-reeve. Are you Mr. Gabriel Latt?"

"That's me all right," said Gabe.

"Have you got a boarding-house license?"

"Why, no."  
 "But you told Cap'n Bodfish that you were boarding hogs."

"Why, yes. They're George G. Gorman's."

"The law don't permit it without a boarding-house license."

Gabriel Latt looked frightened. He shrank from the law. "I didn't mean no harm. He paid for their feed and allowed me the company of them."

"You'll have to give 'em back."

"I'm scared to let 'em out. They're savage."

"We've brought four men with pitchforks to see they don't do any damage."

Gabriel frowned at Rufus Jones. "Mr. Gorman told me he'd put me in jail if I let the freezer get hold of 'em."

"Don't worry," said Eldred Sears. "We'll take them up to Peavey's Neck."

"All right," said Gabe. "I'll be glad to see the last of them. They give me the jumping quivers."

Uncle Jethro hadn't said a word, a difficult thing for him. He sat beside Susan in silence. When Eldred Sears returned to the car, they drove to the entrance of Peavey's Neck, which wasn't far away. The wrought-iron gates were open. My uncle parked his car a little way outside.

"Go up to his house," he said to Susan. "You got an appointment. Dribble him down here slowly. I'll blow the horn like I told you."

She hung her camera round her neck and tucked a bulging handbag under her arm. "It's easy to handle horrid men. They don't get handled often."

SUSAN walked up to the Gorman mansion, which was four hundred yards away and over the brow of a hill. A butler opened the door, goggled a moment, and took her out on a sun-porch cluttered with deep leather chairs. George C. Gorman rose from one. He expected a newspaper woman to photograph his estate, but he wasn't prepared for Susan.

"My dear," he said, "haven't I seen you in the village?"

"I guess you probably have," said Susan. "It's part of my territory. My editor told me to get some pictures of the very finest estates."

"I'm always glad to co-operate with the press, especially when it sends so charming a representative. What would you like to photograph?"

"Flowers. The public dotes on flowers. You're lovely to let me in."

"A pleasure. I'll guide you personally."

They wandered among the flowerbeds. Susan snapped her camera. Then an auto horn sounded over the hill. It blew two blasts. "I remember some beautiful big blue flowers. Mr. Gorman," she said. "They were down by the gate, I think."

He beamed with pride. "*Platycodon grandiflorum*, a special late-flowering strain which cost me nine dollars a plant."

They started down the drive. An auto horn blew three blasts. Susan walked faster. As they crossed the brow of the hill, a petulant squealing sound came filtering through the pines.

"What's that?" asked George G. Gorman.

"It sounds like pigs."

"Pigs?" His jaw dropped open in horror as twenty-seven broad-backed hogs came lumbering through the gate. "Pigs in my *platycodon*!" He ran down the drive, but already the hogs were munching the roots of the nine-dollar plants! He screamed with rage and kicked their sides, but the pigs paid very little attention. Then he looked up and saw Gabriel Latt, armed with a pitch-fork. "What's the idea?" Mr. Gorman shouted. "Get them out of here!"

"I can't," said Gabe apologetically.

[Continued on Page 82]

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just the random itching foot of returned soldiers, and the stories of rich land and plentiful game. They were looking for new land and good hunting, yes, but they were also on fire with the love of liberty, a word which they spelled and pronounced with a capital L, and for which they were, literally, ready to give their lives.

When, before long, they wrote a constitution for their new state, these buckskin-clad farmers laid down their rifles and their axes to write into it (the first time in the Western Hemisphere) a clause forbidding human slavery in any form. The rising wind of the passion for human freedom, for the recognition of the dignity of each human being, sang loudly in the ears of these family men, then British colonials, soon to become Americans, who pushed into Vermont along Indian trails.

Those early Vermonters were all very much the same kind of folk—younger sons and daughters of literate Connecticut and Massachusetts farmers, and they all followed much the same pattern during their first years in Vermont. It is a pattern we, their descendants, know all about for they were literate like their parents and left behind letters, diaries, account-books, many varieties of written records. In addition, the oral tradition is vivid and unbroken. How the Vermont forests were turned into the mellow home farms now all around us we know from the talk, as well as from yellowed letters, account-books and deeds.

ANN Story was a notable figure of her times (notable to her fellow Vermonters), she lived to be seventy-five years old, and was visited and interviewed and "written up" many times. So we have an unusually complete written record of her.

Usually the first to come into Vermont was the father of the family. He brought a helper, a son, if he had one old enough to be a help to him, or a brother, or a friend who also planned to settle in Vermont. If the waterways were right, they came by canoe. But mostly they traveled with a pack-horse, carrying the minimum of tools and supplies—axes, wedges, levers, seed for the first crop of grain, and Indian corn, a kettle or two (very precious) a frying-pan (or spider), blankets, and a very small iron-ration of food to fall back on on the infrequent days when neither game nor fish could be had.

Thus, in September, 1774, did Ann Story's husband, Amos, arrive at the spot in the dense forest which was to become the town of Salisbury, Vermont. With him was his son, Solomon, then thirteen years old. Together through that long, cold, dark Vermont winter, they felled trees, built a strong log-house out of the great oak and maple trunks, and constructed a chimney. As spring came on, the man and boy called the new home done, and turned to clearing a field in the forest, to plant wheat for the family bread the next winter.

And as they toiled together, forward-looking, creative-minded, peaceable young father and sturdy son, disaster struck. A huge sugar maple (we know exactly what kind of tree it was, for this is one of the details of the story, told and written down over and over) did not fall as Amos Story had thought it would. As it plunged downward, its great branches roaring in its fall, it turned and crashing to the earth, pinned Amos' body beneath it. He died instantly.

THE nearest human being lived in a clearing where the town of Middlebury now stands—miles away. The young woodsman knew where the trail ran, followed it, and brought back one Benjamin Smauley (we know the names of the people in this story) and his two sons. They carried Amos Story's body to lie beside the grave of one of Smauley's daughters who, at twenty years of age, had lost her way in the forest and starved to death before she could be found—this as a reminder to the boy of what the wilderness meant. After the funeral, the fourteen-year-old boy set off on foot to go back to tell his mother.

The many accounts of this homespun epic which have come down to us, are entirely factual. The details of what was done we know fully. But not what was felt. Nobody ever told us about the day when young Ann Story (for she was thirty-three when her husband died) back in the Connecticut town, weary with waiting for news, watching the road anxiously, saw her eldest son, footsore, dusty, ragged, his head hanging, trudging in on the highway from the north. But that is the last pathos in this tale. From that point on the story rings with vitality.

Ann Story had planned with her husband the creation of the new home in the north woods where their boys and girls could grow up children of free and independent landowners. Her sorrow over his death seemed to her a mighty motive for carrying out that plan. Without him, she did what they had thought to do together. Buying a pack-horse with the money from the sale of most of her household gear, she gathered her brood around her and set out—young widow with three sons and two daughters, Hannah and Susanna, Samuel, Ephraim and Solomon—such stout old Yankee-Bible names—their ages running from fourteen down.

Ann carried a rifle over her shoulder as her husband would have done, and so did her first-born, because, after plunging into the Vermont forests, they depended largely on what game they could shoot for food. They slept out at night, around a camp-fire, over which, turn by turn, one of them kept watch. Steadily, slowly, held back by the short steps of the younger children, drawn forward by Ann's vision of earned independence, day after day, week after week, they pushed forward through the great dark trees.

It was about a year after her husband had reached the spot in the forest which

was to be their home farm—in the latter part of 1775—that Ann Story led her children into the ragged, bramble-overgrown clearing, saw the log-cabin built by her husband and knelt beside its hearth to strike out the spark which would light the first home fire. Little and bigger, boy and girl, every one of the five stood around her, safe.

She set to work at once to provide for her children, inside the home and out of it. They all grew to be as at home in the woods as the squirrel and partridge. The boys helped as they could to clear the land of the monstrous great trees, to plant the crops for the food there was no other way to get, to cut up the mountains of firewood against the long hard Vermont winter. The little girls helped too, with might and main, cooking, mending, picking and drying wild fruits, making soap out of grease and the lye from the wood-ashes, using this soap to keep the family clothes and home spotlessly clean, smoking the haunches of the deer their mother and the boys shot, trying out the great slabs of fat from the occasional bear brought down by their mother who, like any other pioneer, kept her musket as close to her hand as her ax.

On a diet of venison, fish, bear-fat, wild fruit, Indian corn mush and maple-syrup Ann Story's children grew strong, hardy, muscular, alert, and as boldly courageous as their mother who was said by those who knew her just not to know the meaning of fear. As her grief for her husband's death was buried deeper under the incredible activity and responsibility of every day, she herself grew, too, not taller like the children, but stronger, in mind and body and spirit. An old settler, reminiscing about her in his last years said, "She was a busting great woman who could cut off a two-foot log as quick as any man in the settlement." She had always been good-looking and as she grew in power, she took on a stately handsomeness which became legendary. With her tanned, bright-eyed, skilled and disciplined boys and girls about her (she taught them to read in the Bible she had brought in the pack-saddle, from the old home) she was a model mother, the admiration of all who passed that way.

**B**UT she was more. She was a citizen. And a patriot. All her bold, generous heart was set on that independence for her country, which she coveted for her children and worked so hard to get for them. She had political opinions in times that showed the stuff men and women were made of. In the Revolutionary struggle, she was passionately on the side of self-government by the people.

A Justice of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia speaking forty years ago at the dedication in Salisbury of the monument in Ann Story's honor, said of her: "She gave herself, heart and soul, to the great cause of the people against their tyrants . . . She was brave and strong, and what her mind approved, her arm did not tremble to execute."

What was at stake? For Vermont settlers it was the right to own their land as free men and not be forced into the

[Continued on Page 76]



"Oh, Mom—  
S'pose your face froze!"



**BABY:** Why, Mom! Don't you like being me—and wearing my pretty bonnet?

**MOM:** Frankly, no! I'm learning fast—that in a baby's life, clothes are just one more thing to bother his skin and make him uncomfortable!

**BABY:** Carry that a step farther, Mom. Doesn't it suggest something you could do for me? Like maybe a little attention with Johnson's Baby Oil and Johnson's Baby Powder?

**MOM:** Angel, I've been a delinquent mamma! Gracious—a baby's poor little skin certainly *does* need something to protect it. What do I do?

**BABY:** Now you're talking! First, smooth me all over with Johnson's pure, gentle Baby Oil, after my bath. Use some more when you change me—to help prevent what Doctor calls "urine irritation"!

**MOM:** As good as done. Then what?

**BABY:** You know how chafes and prickles bother me when I get warm and perspire? Chase 'em—with cool sprinkles of Johnson's Baby Powder . . . Well, Mom—that's the story!

**MOM:** Let's hurry the happy ending! Off to the store for Johnson's!



**Johnson's Baby Oil**  
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[Continued from Page 75]

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semi-feudal dependence of those who lived as tenant farmers in New York, dependent on patrons. For Americans in general what was at stake was their right to self-government, not to obedience to an overseas political authority over which they had no control. Ann Story was ready to stand by those causes with as forthright a civic conscience and courage as in her personal life she had shown in taking care of her children.

As soon as the sickening news was heard that the British had enlisted the Indians to fight for them against the Colonial rebels, and were sending them out on war-parties to raid, burn and kill, those few Vermont families who were building up their homes in the region north of Rutland, knew that they would not be safe, scattered in the wilderness as they were, and close to the Canadian border. Giving up their dearly earned log-homes, abandoning their painfully cleared fields, they moved to the southern part of the state, where the settlements were more numerous. But not Ann Story.

It was her home-place, begun by the father of her children, developed by her own efforts. It was all she had for her sons and daughters. It was more. It was an outpost of the fighting front. Because of its position on the very frontier line, she could be of use in the battle for freedom. She was already a valued aid and adviser to the loosely organized guerrilla fighters called The Green Mountain Boys. To them as she boldly announced her determination to stay on, she said, in a phrase well-known to us, "Give me a place among you, and see if I am the first to desert my post." She stayed on. And in the spring of 1776, the Indians came, torch and tomahawk in hand.

THE Story children had been trained to act as sentinels, and there were enough of them so that in every direction around the house, some watchful young Story ear was cocked for suspicious sounds. One of them came running—but silently—to tell his mother in a whisper that an Indian war-party, about half a mile away, was pillaging and setting fire to the cabin of a neighbor (one of those who had gone south for safety, leaving his home empty). The river was high with melted snow, had overflowed its banks and flooded low-lying parts of the forest. Working at top speed, Ann and her children loaded their big canoe with the most vital household belongings—blankets, the precious iron "kettle" and spider, the bags of seed soon to be planted, the wooden tub of maple-sugar, and bear-grease. Stepping in themselves, they paddled swiftly off on the flood-waters in amongst the dense trees, which hid them, but through which they could see everything done by the Indians, who soon came whooping into the clearing. The Story family watched them ravage the carefully kept home, and with relishing shouts, set it on fire in a dozen places. When the cabin was quite burned

down, they shouldered their booty and were off.

Ann and her children waited cautiously till it was safe to return to the desolation which had been their home. We do not need to try to imagine what they felt as they stood by the smouldering logs, for Ann's own words have come down to us through people who heard her tell the story with terse Vermont understatement. She evidently did not even consider the possibility of giving up and beating a retreat to safety. Nor did she waste an instant's time in laments. "If the smoking ruins of our home disheartened us, the hope arose that the Indians had made so little in this excursion, they might not visit the region any more. So we began cutting and laying up small trees, such as the children and I could handle, and it was not long before we had quite a comfortable cabin, made of poles instead of logs, on the spot where the former one had stood."

**I**N the daytime the Story children and their mother could go on, growing food, preparing it, keeping house (and incidentally gathering valuable information for the guerrilla forces on their side) because they could stand guard and at the first sound of danger could take to their canoe and paddle noiselessly out of sight. But at night?

People thought that now, of course, Mistress Story would not stay on, that she could not but abandon the half-created home and move south for safety. But stay on she did, as patriot. Her house

of poles—but a home nonetheless, clean and snug and smelling pleasantly of good food cooking, became like the switchboard of a modern telephone system. To it came singly, or in small groups, men who looked like trappers or hunters, dropping in casually for a chat with the Widow Story over a dish of her excellent venison stew. But they left an important message to be passed on orally to other buckskin-clad, musket-carrying men who were to drop in, some days or weeks later. Or, while the children scattered into the woods in a wide circle, all around the clearing, to keep watch, a canoe would come up the creek, loaded with kegs of gunpowder, which would be hastily rolled out and hidden, till a party of the Green Rangers later arrived with the right password. Often the men dropped in just to get what information Ann and her active children had picked up about British or Indian movements, for the children were everywhere and Ann acquired an F.B.I. ability to piece together isolated odd items to make a clear whole. Or, perhaps the visitors came just to get Ann Story's slant on some new move, political or military. For of course, as always happens, her judgment grew in value with experience and observation.

As to what the family did at night, nobody knew for a long time. Ann kept her own counsel and the children were as mum as young partridges hiding in the dry leaves at their mother's command. But we now know the device.

The banks of the Otter Creek, where

their home stood, were high above the water. Selecting a place where tall old trees stood thickly, their roots intertwining into a strong, wiry network, the Storys began to dig an underground passage-way into the bank. Prisoners digging escape tunnels have trouble hiding the fresh dirt. The Story diggers just slid it into the swift-flowing stream. The mouth of the passage, at the water level, they made just large enough to let the canoe float in, the passengers all lying flat. And they kept that entrance thickly planted with overhanging bushes, so it would not be seen by any of the men in canoes, pro-British, Indian or pro-American, who used the Otter as a road into and out of the northern wilderness. A place to sleep was dug out at one side, well above the level of the water. Here the roots of the trees acted as a natural arch to hold up the roof, over what was a sizable underground room.

Mistress Story placed the cave on the far side of the stream from their cabin, so that, entered as it was from the water, no sign of trodden leaf or broken stick could betray it to the sharpest Indian trackers. A well-worn path led down, naturally enough, to where the canoe lay moored.

**E**VERY night, after dark, they filed silently down, stepped into the canoe, pushed it out without a sound, and glided between the high wooded banks, around a bend in the Otter. With one deft paddle stroke, the light craft was swung

[Continued on Page 78]



## Dey's always Temptilatin', light'n Fluffy AUNT JEMIMA PANCAKES

### RECIPE

#### Try' em with this — OLD SOUTH MOCHA SAUCE

Combine and cook slowly —

1 cup brown sugar    ¼ cup coffee    ¼ teaspoon salt  
Serve hot over Aunt Jemima pancakes.

★ Aunt Jemimas are a quick-fixin' treat for breakfast, lunch or supper. Just add milk or water to Aunt Jemima Ready-Mix & Pancakes. Stir and pop 'em onto de griddle!

For pancakes and waffles, get the red box. For buckwheats, get the yellow box.



[Continued from Page 77]

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around and slid in under the overhanging bushes. The Storys were gone, all six of them, as if they had evaporated.

And then one day one of her children returned from a far-ranging woods expedition, reporting that he had heard somebody crying. Going cautiously to see, noiseless on his moccasined feet, he had peeped through the leaves from a distance and had seen a woman, a white woman, sunk in a heap on the forest floor, sobbing.

Ann Story reflected. It might be an Indian trick. But it might not be. Musket on shoulder, guided by the child, both of them as silent as cloud-shadows, she made her way to a place where she could see and not be seen. The child's story was true. The mother waited a long time, with Indian patience, standing invisible in the forest, till she was sure it was no trick. Then she stepped forward.

What a moment for that girl, abandoned by her Indian captors, when the “busting,” stately Ann stood before her, in her brown homespun.

The girl had come from a settlement, far inside the American lines, which had been raided by Indians in the service of the British. The prisoners were hurried along the trail to Canada. And this girl (here is one name that has not come down to us, so I can only call her the girl) was far advanced in pregnancy. She tried desperately to keep up with the swift dog-trot of the Indians, quite as much afraid of being left to starve in the wilderness as of their tomahawks. But she had finally fallen so far behind, as to be out of their sight. And they had gone on. It was less trouble to leave her there to perish than to turn back and split her skull.

ANN Story knew that the young woman's time was near. There was nothing for it but to add another to the incredible sum of responsibilities on her strong shoulders. The young mother was taken in, the baby was born—Ann Story midwife—and like all babies, he was anything but self-controlled and disciplined. One of the stock sayings of her contemporaries about Ann Story was that “she feared neither Tory, Indian nor wild beast,” because she felt herself to be stronger than they. But she could not keep a baby from crying when he felt like crying. The soundless caution of the canoe-approach to the underground shelter, the whispers of their talk in the cave, were often broken by the baby's lusty yells when something displeased him. You can imagine what the Storys' situation now became.

But Ann never thought of the possibility of evading this responsibility. Babies and their mothers must be cared for, come what may. For the present, till the mother could walk, there was no way of moving them on to another place of safety. So there the baby stayed, crying when the spirit moved him.

And he was the hinge on which a small, but not unimportant piece of American history swung into place—the right place.

The American Revolution was not at bottom a struggle between the colonists and Great Britain. It was between those, everywhere, who steadfastly believed that people should be free to govern themselves, and those who did not. In the colonies—in Vermont too, so new that the bark was still on it—there were plenty of people who took no stock in the republican ideas which, with Cromwell, had shaken the English state to its foundations, and who hated and feared the principles of the American Revolution, so dear to Ann Story—and to us, her descendants.

A BAND of these royalists were, unknown even to the wide-spread intelligence system of the Green Mountain Rangers, leaving the various Vermont settlements in which they lived, starting north, to go to Canada, to join the British Army, to take to them and their allies, the Indians, exact, detailed information about the location and defenses of the American settlements in Vermont and about the movements, organizations and resources of the guerrilla fighters. Their success might very well have meant the wiping out of those settlements altogether. Traveling separately, to avoid detection, they were on the last lap of the journey, crossing the no-man's strip of the extreme frontier where Ann Story lived, and kept her eyes open.

But they went by night. All the keen Story eyes were underground, asleep. The northbound anti-Americans would have slipped through, unobserved, if just before dawn one morning, that baby had not taken it into his head to cry. At the sound, coming from the ground under his feet, one Ezekiel Jenny, following the trail north along the riverbank, stopped and stood still in his tracks. He was of that region, known to Ann Story, and well acquainted with her way of life. So this, he thought in exultation, was the key to the secret of the Storys' vanishing at night.

He tiptoed to the edge of the water, hid himself in the bushes, looking keenly up and down the river, as the dawn slowly broke. Before long, sure enough, just under where he stood, the tip of a canoe was silently pushed through the bushes. It hung there a moment, probably to make sure no one was passing. Then with a swift thrust, it was in mid-stream, and shot towards the bend of the river and the landing place.

Now, thought Ezekiel Jenny, putting his musket on the cock, and darting across the neck of land to lie in wait for the unsuspecting party, now is the time to make that pestiferous woman rebel talk. Crouched in the bushes, beside the landing place, he waited till Ann had stepped out of the canoe and then springing up, he presented the muzzle of his gun at her very breast, and attempted to terrorize her into betraying her allies.

Let Ann speak for herself here. Her own inimitably dry words have come down to us: “I gave evasive and dissatis-



factory replies to his questions. This exasperated Jenny and he threatened to shoot me on the spot; but to all his threats I bid defiance, and told him I had no fears of being shot by so consummate a coward as he; and finally he passed along down the creek." And so it was that Ann Story contemptuously dismissed a bully.

Ezekiel did not shoot her. He had other things to do that day, and had interrupted his hurried secret journey only on a chance. He sped on his way, not dreaming that the woman would take note of which way he went, that she had inside information enough to guess what his purpose was, and means of giving notice of his presence in the region.

What she did was to snatch a fly-leaf from her Bible, the only paper she had, write a hasty note on it, and send one of her boys flying swift-footed along a short-cut trail, to the nearest Green Mountain Ranger. In no time, Daniel Foot, Samuel Bentley and other Americans, had snatched their muskets from the pegs over the home-hearth, and set off in pursuit. From my little girlhood I have always hoped that the men let that Story boy who took them the message go along with them. I'm sure he would not have felt he needed to get his mother's permission.

**S**ILENT as any wild inhabitant of the forests so familiar to them, those American settlers, turned in an instant from family men to guerrilla fighters, followed the trail of the unsuspecting would-be English soldiers. When night fell, the royalists were far enough north beyond the last cabins to venture to make camp and lie down to sleep around their fire. Without a sound, the Green Mountain Rangers closed in around them, and then, on a signal, broke upon them with yells and musket-firing.

But not to kill. Their prisoners had intended the betrayal of American families to fire and tomahawks. But their capture had prevented that. There was no need to kill them. Prosaically, and we think, gloriously, the Rangers marched their prisoners across country to Fort Ticonderoga, then in American hands, and "gave them up to the proper constituted authorities."

Ann Story's monument stands on the spot where her husband built their first log-cabin home. On it are these plain unrhymed words:

Ann Story

In grateful memory of her Service in the struggle of the Green Mountain Boys for Independence.

You might think that those who designed the monument would have put on it that well-known saying of hers to the defenders of Vermont, when she was being urged to turn her back on danger, to be wholly mother and not citizen and patriot—"Give me a place among you and see if I am the first to desert my post."

But to endure, that doesn't need to be carved in stone. It is well-remembered in our hearts.



**SEE**  
with your  
own eyes...

LAID OVER OZITE

(Actual Photo)

LAID OVER BARE FLOOR

**SEE WHAT**

**CIRCLE TREAD**

**OZITE**

**Rug Cushion**

**DOES FOR YOUR RUG**

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Look for the  
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design that tells you  
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**OZITE**

If you laid only *half* your rug over OZITE—you soon would *see* a difference that would make you rub your eyes. OZITE cushions the pounding of hard feet that otherwise crushes down the rug pile and dulls its color and beauty. It's soft, soft, soft and your rug lasts and lasts and lasts.

Insist on genuine CIRCLE TREAD OZITE. Made of All-Hair reinforced with patented Adhesive Center. Stays springy all your life. Permanently Moth-proofed. Odorless because Ozonized. Guaranteed.

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3 absorbencies **REGULAR  
SUPER  
JUNIOR**



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## NEIGHBORS

[Continued from Page 18]

couch there is a clown face cut from a scrap of plywood. The baby already has a wonderful time trying to identify the animals.

A chest of drawers was painted white and nursery decals were put on the drawers. We had a glass top cut which makes a good frame for his war bonds and is a blessing when the baby oil turns over.

I had had book shelves from ceiling to floor in a narrow space between window and wall. The books have now been replaced by his stuffed animals, wood trains, and books. Altogether it is a most attractive room and the money cost was very small.

MRS. R. M. MERCHANT, Arlington, Va.

### I've Changed Jobs Again

Reconversion is wonderful! The more of it I experience the more I am convinced that I am engaged in the most satisfying of female professions—that of keeping house.

I haven't always thought so well of the art of home-making, having spent many years before the war in this occupation. Like numerous other housewives I complained of boredom and pined for a glamorous job.

Then came the war and my husband sailed away for three long years!

I brushed up on various office skills and moved to a larger city where war jobs for inexperienced workers were plentiful. I found an office job immediately, pitched in, and was rewarded with rapid promotions. Yet, after a year, I realized that boredom also lurks in office routine.

My day's program without variation was: early rising, hasty breakfast, preparation of my youngsters for school and myself for work, an overcrowded bus ride, office details until noon, hasty lunch at a crowded restaurant, more office details until five, and another scramble to catch a crowded bus for home. Dinner out of the way, evening duties of shampooing hair or refreshing clothes for the next day, plus the daily letter to my husband left me with no energy to seek amusement.

Then my husband was discharged from service. And now? I still arise early from force of habit but not until I stretch luxuriously in bed, knowing that if I really just don't feel like arising at all, my job will be waiting when I decide to go to work. No time clock to punch. As long as I prepare enough food to keep my family contented, keep the house decently clean and the family clothing in order, nobody complains. My hours are just as long as I wish them to be, depending on the amount of work I map out for myself each day.

MRS. ELSIE CONRY, Springfield, Mass.

### A Little of This and That

The doldrums of March can be chased pretty successfully with a little fun and a lot of odd jobs—and plenty of good home cooking! When it's blowy and

## They say I'm a vamp



• None of this one-man dog stuff for me... I'm everybody's darling!

My secret is personality PLUS sparkling eyes and shining coat, and plenty of energy. The folks make sure that I keep in the pink by giving me Sergeant's Vitamin Capsules (Vitapets) every day... they're made especially for dogs with vitamins A, B, D, G and Niacin. They help guard a dog against diet deficiency diseases.

You'll find Vitapets with other Sergeant's products, at your nearest drug or pet store.



Do you have a copy of the new Sergeant's Dog Book? It's full of good ideas on dog training and care—and it's FREE. Get it at any drug or pet store, or write Sergeant's, Richmond 20, Va.

## Sergeant's VITAMIN CAPSULES

I get vim from  
vitamins *Brenda*



In the April issue . . .

**FAIR EXCHANGE**

a new story by

**NETTIE WOLCOTT PARK**

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*Better. Easier "PICK-UP"*

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rainy and cold outside, the house seems extra cozy and the fragrant homey smells of food, prepared with love and imagination, are better than any exotic perfume—at dollars an ounce. Mrs. F. J. Donnelly, New Hyde Park, N. Y., fixed up a rainy-day game and writes, "Even Dad joins in the fun sometimes!" Here's how she made it—"An empty egg carton has proved a great source of amusement for our six and seven-year-olds. I simply put half of the cover up and the other

half down. Marked each half cover off into six squares and numbered them. Each child takes six marbles and, at a given distance, tries to toss them into the

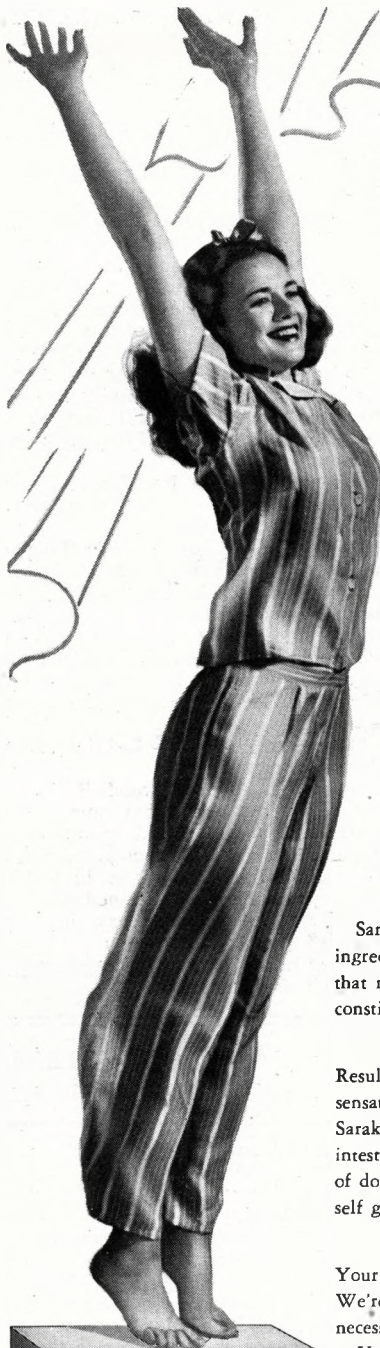
compartments. Highest score wins." Mrs. O. L. Powell, E. Palestine, Ohio. "I always dreaded the job of dusting Venetian blinds until I thought of using an ordinary dish mop. After the dusting is done I wash the mop out in warm suds, rinse and dry thoroughly so that it is ready for the next dusting." Mrs. J. H. Neal, Norfolk, Va. "If you want your cake to have a tantalizing, delicious flavor, just substitute one-quarter cup of pineapple juice for the same amount of milk and use one-third teaspoon of lemon extract to two-thirds teaspoon vanilla flavoring." Mrs. J. A. Jelinek, Omaha, Neb. "A Cornish pasty filling is made by dicing a small onion, one cup diced cooked potatoes, and one cup diced cooked beef or other meat. Add salt and pepper and three tablespoons sour cream or two tablespoons butter. Make the same as fruit turnovers and bake a nice brown."

Woman's Day Kitchen added one-fourth cup diced cooked carrots for color. And I, (D.B.) served my pasties with a bowl of ice-cold, sour cream to be used as a sauce. They're mighty easy eating! Mrs. Robert E. Preston, Miami, Fla. "After washing braided or crocheted rugs, lay them on porch or basement floor and go over them with a rolling pin until perfectly flat. Your rugs will have no bulges and will dry faster!" Ruth Newcomb, Bangor, Me.

"For the child whose small hand does not manage a full-size fork too well—use a salad fork. The shorter handle and wider tines make eating a much simpler process." Mrs. R. M. Richmond, Aurora, Ind. "Fingernail polish remover will take off that sticky goo left from adhesive tape."



Three dollars will be paid for each letter published and one dollar for each brief, practical Neighbor suggestion quoted from letters submitted. Address Dorothy Blake, Neighbor Editor, Woman's Day, 19 West 44th St., New York 18, N. Y.



# LEARN TO Live Again...

**You'll re-discover the joy of living, with Saraka\*... the laxative that's pleasant to take, pleasant after taking.**

How often have you taken a laxative on Monday, and on Wednesday felt the need of another?

Yet you hesitate... fearing the after-effects that come with frequent use of old-fashioned laxatives.

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Forget your fears. Stop worrying about constipation. You can take Saraka as frequently as necessary and find pleasant, easy relief from constipation.

Saraka's balanced combination of two pure vegetable ingredients gives you a mild, near-to-normal action that reminds you of childhood, when the thought of constipation never entered your mind.

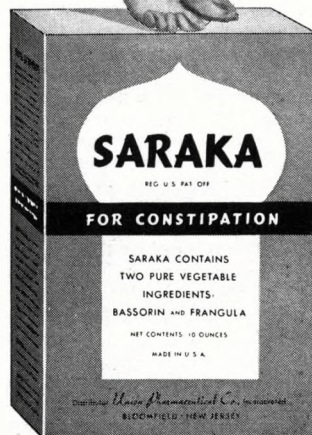
### Pleasant, Easy Relief

Results are so nearly natural that most people have no sensation of ever having taken a laxative. In fact, since Saraka's combination of *Bulk plus Motility* puts lazy intestinal muscles to work... gets them in the habit of doing their own job... you'll probably find yourself gradually decreasing the dosage.

### Ask Your Doctor

Your doctor will tell you about Saraka. Ask him. We're confident he'll say you can take it daily, if necessary, without inconvenience or discomfort.

You owe it to yourself to try Saraka. Stop at any drug counter and ask for a package today. Caution, use only as directed. Or, if more convenient, mail the coupon for a generous free sample... and join the thousands who have learned to live again.



SARAKA, Department 450, Bloomfield, New Jersey.

Without obligation on my part please send free, trial-size package of SARAKA.

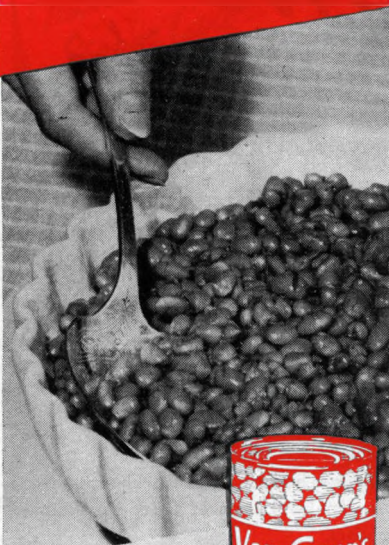
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An invitation to good eating at all times — VAN CAMP'S. For every bean is rich with the flavor of the tangy tomato sauce — each is a delectable, digestible morsel of satisfying nourishment. Van Camp's exclusive flavor-penetration method of cooking does all the work for you — you simply heat and eat.

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FAMOUS SINCE 1861

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## UNCLE JETHRO FINDS A DIRECTIVE

[Continued from Page 73]

"They tell me I mustn't board them no more without a boarding-house license."

"Who told you?"

"I told him," said Eldred Sears, stepping forward. "I'm a selectman and hog-reeve. You got to take care of your hogs, Mr. Gorman, and you can't put them out on the public highway."

Mr. Gorman opened his mouth to reply, but he saw Uncle Jethro among the men from the freezer. His mouth snapped shut and his little gray eyes grew bitter.

"I get the idea," he snapped. "You think you can force me to sell them in town. Well, you can't. I'll keep them right here if I have to. I'll shoot them and bury the bodies."

"They real mean hogs," said Uncle Jethro mildly. "I wouldn't keep them around if I were you."

"Who's scared of a pig? They're nothing but pork on legs."

Susan was close beside him. She looked down nervously at the hogs. "The nasty things!" She retreated into the *platycodon*. Like spokes of a wheel the hogs turned toward her. She uttered a piercing shriek and ran. The hogs pursued.

"Stop 'em!" cried Gabriel Latt. "They're savage!"

Susan dashed into the woods. The local men charged after. From among the pines came shouts and grunts and screams. George G. Gorman stood like a man condemned. In horror he stared at the pines. Then he screamed as a hog bolted out on the driveway, its jaws dripping red. Mr. Gorman turned and ran, but one of the freezer men caught him and dragged him back.

"They're not my hogs," he protested. "We'll see about that," said the freezer man grimly. "Wait till you see what they done."

Uncle Jethro came out of the *platycodon*. He was carrying Susan under the arms. Her head hung limp. Her flame-colored slacks were blotched with crimson. He glared at Mr. Gorman.

"They bit her bad. If she dies, you'll be charged with murder."

"They're not my hogs," cried Mr. Gorman. He pointed at Gabriel Latt. "They're his. I financed him, that's all, to help the meat supply."

"Can you prove it?" demanded my uncle.

"I don't have to prove it. There's nothing on paper."

"Let the little skunk go," said my Uncle Jethro. "There'll be an investigation." He laid Susan down on the grass. "But first we got to get this gal to the hospital."

Mr. Gorman started to run as soon as he was free. My uncle watched him over the hill.

"Get up, Susan," he said. "You're a nice to be proud of."

Susan sat up undamaged. "They certainly went for the apples," she laughed. "They almost got the handbag."

My uncle clapped Gabe on the back. "Those hogs are yourn. You heard him say so. The freezer'll buy them off you, and nowdays they worth real money."

"Who'll pay for my beautiful pants," asked Susan.

"The Rationing Board," said my uncle. "It'll pay for the apples and the red ink too. I'll find a directive for it."

## THE WATERMELON PICTURE

[Continued from Page 68]

sobbed. "He isn't coming home."

They bent over her where she had flopped to the grass. "He'll come, Ruthie. A' course he will."

Ronnie pulled up and ran toward home, sobbing too. He was half across the lot when Paula caught him. "Poppy'll come, Ronnie. Don't cry. You can have my gum, Ron. Please don't cry. Let's get a drink, then we'll see Arbuckle."

They went to the pen and while Arbuckle's nose twitched on sweet paraffin gum, Paula tiptoed to look in at the kitchen door. Her mother's feet were flat on the floor now, sticking from under her skirt where she sat in front of the melon. She was leaning on an arm. Her other hand ran the handle of the brush over the pattern in the oilcloth.

She seemed very busy at the picture, however, when Paula made a noise and went in. Yet there were only wavery lines for the rind and the same flat red for the insides. No seeds at all had been painted.

"The picture yesterday went good and fast," Paula thought. "This one doesn't." Even as she was thinking it, her mother

begun to work fast at the rind and in a moment part of it looked as real as yesterday's rind.

"He's going to see," she mumbled. "We can get along without him."

Paula ran back to play. "Maybe she won't even let him in the house if he comes," she whispered to Kitty.

"Yes, she will," Kitty said. "She likes him. That's why she acts mad."

"I'M not going to have any more heat in this kitchen today," Mommy said firmly. "Your father's always saying he'd rig up one of his oil stoves for me on the porch."

"You didn't want him to, Mommy," Paula reminded.

Loring came from his odd-jobs and his rabbits thumped the floor of their hatch for supper. Ronnie and the smaller girls trailed in. Their mother said, "We'll have a cold snack."

Loring took money from his overall pocket and placed coin on coin in her hand. His blue eyes lifted to her brown ones. She sighed and dropped the money in her own deep pocket.

"We'll get along all right," she said. "You youngsters wash."

She did not move the picture from the chair or the new melon from the table. She would work after supper, she said. They could eat their supper on the porch steps.

They were quiet. Could the other town's marshal have put their father in jail like an out-of-town man was put in jail here? Could three, or five trains have been missed? Was he coming back in the man's wagon?

The man's wagon? Was Ruthie right? Was the wagon man bad?

Sitting there on the steps, Paula started a prayer. "Let the man be good. Get Poppy to come on home, please, God," was as far as she got. For they saw him, their father, coming on the sidewalk from the depot, a gray valise, a new one, pulling his shoulder. All of them scrambled, rattling their dishes. They ran screaming to meet him, Paula dragging Ronnie, Loring loping then slowing, Kitty and Ruth like skipping kites.

"Where've you been, Poppy?"

"What you got, Poppy?"

"Whyn't you come home, Poppy?"

Ronnie rode on his foot: Ruth pulled at his pant leg; Kitty walked at his side, her arm around his waist, his hand cupping her shoulder. Paula slipped her hand beside his on the valise handle and Loring strode quickly to take it from both of them.

**T**HEIR mother was standing with starched lips when they came in at the dining-room door. She said, "Well!"

Poppy lowered his valise. A grinny smile was on his face. He stooped to pick up Ronnie. "Hello, Jessie," he said. "I hope you didn't worry. I'm sorry it didn't work out so's I could let you know where I was."

"Worry?" she echoed. "I don't know why you'd think I'd worry."

He settled Ronnie to the floor and gathered Ruth for her hug, while Kitty patted her way around his coat until she found the striped sack of peanut candy.

"I thought I'd get home last night or this morning by the time a letter would, but I didn't get through. Heard about a job and had to go to Green City right away to see about it."

"You had a job."

"I got a better one."

"Running after jobs don't help. It's what you do with the one you've got."

"I'm going to sell for the stove company on the side too. It'll be that much more money."

"Did you get paid for that stove yesterday?"

"Sure. And I settled with the stove company."

"Why wouldn't the bad man let you out of his wagon?" Ronnie asked. Poppy looked bewildered.

"I thought maybe you'd know I'd stayed to do some business," he said, stooping to let Ruth's arms slide from his neck but looking at Mommy all the while.

Mommy looked down. Poppy went to  
[Continued on Page 84]

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## THE WATERMELON PICTURE

[Continued from Page 83]

stand beside her.

Through the crunching of candy they heard some of his words.

"Sixty dollars a month—travel this territory—wallpaper and paint—send the checks to you—"

"Where'd you get the new valise, Poppy?"

A great grin ran on his face as he stooped for it. "Come on out in the kitchen," he said. But in the doorway he stopped and stared.

"Mommy painted it," they shrieked. "She painted another one yesterday. Mr. Langley bought it on the grocery bill."

Poppy lowered his head, then lifted it and looked around at Mommy. "I'll take some money up to him tomorrow," he said. "And next week we'll pay a month's rent." He kept looking at her and she looked at him, but her mouth was tight.

HE carried the valise on into the kitchen and stood before the picture. "Did you really paint it, Jess?"

"It's not good," Mommy said. "See the one up at Langley's."

"I think it's fine. I didn't know you could paint."

"What's in the valise, Poppy? What did you bring us?"

He opened it on the table back of the watermelon. Out of it he took a long book with wallpaper pages in it. They lay across some of the watermelon's juice when they tried to see.

"And here are my color cards," he was telling them. "Loring and I'll paper the house sometime. I can buy paper wholesale."

"The whole house? The front room?"

"A'course."  
"Let's go pick out the paper." Kitty and Paula cried it together and soon they were doing it, flat on the front room floor, the smelly, beautiful book before them.

"This!" they chose a page of blue roses. "No, this."

"No, *this*." Morning-glories on a pole. They heard their mother, still sounding cranky. "Have you had supper?" They heard the stove lid rattle.

"We're going to have two suppers, I guess," Paula said. "I better get the dishes off the porch."

Scrambling up, she gathered an ankle in a hand and started hopping toward the kitchen. Half through the middle room she saw them and stopped, wavering on her leg. Her mother's head lay under her father's chin, his cheek against her topknot. His hand patted her back. "I'll not cause you any more worry," he was saying. "I'll take good care of my family."

Paula released her foot and ran tip-toe to her place at the book.

"It's all right, Kitty. They've made up."

"A'course."  
There came the sound of rip-ripping. The girls put their heads to the floor to peer beneath the bed.

"Let him eat wallpaper if he wants to," Paula said. "We don't care now."

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## AN OLD FOOD FOR NEW BABIES

[Continued from Page 39]

in formula feeding. The mother herself may understand scientific cleanliness: the cleaning and boiling of bottle and rubber nipples, the protection of the food from the dust-filled air, the two minute scrubbing of the hands of the person who prepares the formula or feeds the baby. But it is difficult, if not impossible, to exact this kind of cleanliness from the hired "sitter" or from some other member of the family who gives the baby a bottle now and then. A helper handling the nipple with half-washed hands, a fly walking on the lip of the bottle or the nipple itself, these are accidents difficult to detect and even harder to prevent.

Most important of all, mother's milk seldom if ever disagrees with a child. The bottle-fed baby has to go through a period of adaptation to cow's milk because it is not his natural diet. This adaptation puts a strain on the digestive system of the newborn. "Nursing," writes Dr. Charles Hendee Smith of the American Academy of Pediatrics, "enables the baby to acquire a gradual education to cow's milk. Even if weaning is necessary in the second or third month, breast feeding is worth while." If the baby is nursed, the evil hour of meeting food difficulties, if they do arise, is put off. After the first few weeks, the child is better able to stand experimentation in his diet. There seems, too, to be a probability that some of the allergies he might develop if put on a formula right after birth would never arise if he were breast-fed for the first few weeks.

"Students of allergy now believe," writes Dr. Smith, "that feeding cow's milk in the early days, before the mother's milk comes in, may be responsible for sensitivity to that food for the rest of life." Actually, the baby needs nothing in the pre-lactile period, that is before the mother's milk comes in, except perhaps a very little sweetened water. The tendency with bottle feeding is to start it the day after birth and so put an undue tax on the tiny digestive tract. Mother's milk is supplied by nature as soon as the baby's stomach is able to handle food, and not before.

**M**OTHERS-TO-BE ought to be told, also, how much simpler nursing is due to the fact that irregularities in feeding are not serious when the baby is on mother's milk. You cannot tamper with the schedule of a formula-fed baby because cow's milk (which means fresh, dried, or evaporated) remains in the stomach for three or four hours. Slipping the baby an extra bottle to quiet him would therefore overload his stomach. Mother's milk, however, is digested in about twenty minutes to an hour. Giving him a little extra food if he is a nursing infant does nothing more harmful than upset his routine. A mother traveling with a baby, for example, can quiet him with small, irregular breast feedings, and the same holds true for the distressing moments, perhaps when visiting, when the baby cries out of turn.

[Continued on Page 86]



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## RIMES ARE SO SCARCE

by NEWMAN LEVY



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# MUSTEROLE

## AN OLD FOOD FOR NEW BABIES

[Continued from Page 85]

Finally, from the baby's angle, nursing is psychologically all to the good. He needs the assurance that comes from a happy infancy. He can hardly get too much warm and loving care. A mother may mean to cuddle her small son while he eats but if she rests the bottle on a bean bag instead and washes the diapers during feeding time, no one can blame her. Nursing, however, necessitates the cuddling. It assures the baby of his place and makes him welcome in the world. Given a choice an infant always shows a preference for it. No one can accuse the baby of being old-fashioned or sentimental, either! Nursing just makes him *feel* better than a bottle does.

Mother's milk means better digestion, greater immunity and resistance to disease and a happier baby. Then why in heaven's name aren't they all started on it?

It's not Nature's fault. Only 1 woman out of 20 is unable to produce a milk supply. Nearly every woman can nurse her baby if she will try, and keep on trying. A woman who has a Caesarean operation can nurse a baby. A woman who has a premature baby can nearly always supply the milk although at first it has to

be fed by a dropper. (Later on, he can nurse like any other baby, and should.) Studies at Bellevue Hospital in New York, one of the largest hospitals in the world, have shown that from 90% to 95% of women were able to nurse their infants if properly supervised and encouraged. There are a few conditions that do unfit a mother for nursing. Tuberculosis is one; partly because it would be unfair to the mother. But doctors know and can recognize these disabilities. Being "too nervous" is *not* one of them. No, Nature is on the mother's and baby's side but she's up against considerable opposition.

**P**ART of the opposition to breast feeding is in the mind of the mother-to-be. She has been led to believe that nursing is a very tricky business. She is afraid of failure, in spite of the fact that inability to feed a child at all is rare indeed. Sometimes this fear of failure is tied up with the emotions. There is a family or a family-in-law against whose standards she dreads being tested, or there is a history of failure with an earlier baby, when her milk may have dried up of itself or have been dried up for insufficient reasons. She may decide therefore to bypass the whole process. "Nobody nurses a baby any more," she tells her world. "This one is going to be on a formula from the start." Or she may be afraid that nursing will hurt her figure, she fears that nursing will make her fat or that it will injure the contour of the breast. Allied to this physical fastidiousness is the feeling that nursing is a kind of messy process. It is a private function which gets far too much public attention for her taste. "I don't mind feeding my child," says a young mother, "but I hate having everyone talk about it." She resents being told, in life or in print that she will find nursing "a glowing experience," something that brings an "incomparable sense of peace," almost as much as being called "selfish" and "unfit for motherhood" if she plans to use a formula. In this connection we need to remember that the *majority* of infants born this year are first babies and that the average age of the mothers is younger than it was before the war. Both are telling factors.

The restrictions on the mother's whereabouts that go with nursing are a deterrent and a real one. Shopping involves a lot of woman-power and woman-time. If the mother is waiting her turn in a crowded market and has to go home to nurse the baby, the family may have to do with a sketchy dinner. It's as simple as that.

Most of these objections have little to back them up. The percentage of honest failures to nurse a child is so small it can practically be written off. Fear of getting fat is unfounded. A nursing mother needs a liberal diet and plenty of fluids but a glass of milk or soup at each nursing time is enough of the latter. The idea that she has to pour into herself a lot of rich extra fluid is nonsense. As to the breast contour, a well-fitted brassière will relieve the strain on the skin. In the six weeks after birth the uterus ought to shrink to normal size and since nursing stimulates the contraction of the uterus, it is a very decided



help in bringing the figure back to normal.

Concerning the more intangible objections to nursing, the mother has to realize that little can be done about them. They must be met with common sense. The simple fact is that nursing is better for the baby, and the intelligent mother accepts the drawbacks that go with it. The most difficult of these in a busy modern world is the fact that the source of milk, i.e. the mother, has to stay pretty close to home. But by learning how to set aside sufficient mother's milk for a relief bottle, a mother can get away now and then and still keep the baby entirely breast-fed.

Added to the difficulties already mentioned is the fact that there is a good deal of pressure on the mother to give up breast feeding before she has even tried it. The suggestion may come from her doctor. "If your heart isn't set on nursing this baby," he may tell her, "we'll put him on a bottle right away and get you back on your feet." To the mother, fresh out of the delivery room, getting back on her feet sounds pretty good. Or he may put the choice directly up to her. Official friends or even nurses may suggest that the baby ought to have a formula, although to quote Dr. Smith again, "The nurse who interferes in the matter is stepping outside her province in a most unprofessional way." But once the mother's milk has been dried up, it is gone for good; it cannot be brought back.

There is also some misunderstanding about the effect of a drug or an anesthetic on the mother's milk. The idea that a moderate amount of medication given to relieve the mother during delivery makes nursing impossible is quite unfounded and the type of anesthetic used in a Caesarean operation passes off long before the mother's milk comes in, a matter of at least 72 hours.

**Y**ET in the face of all we now know, formula feeding is still widely and unnecessarily adopted in hospitals. Bellevue Hospital puts every baby born to a healthy mother to the breast, yet in a nearby institution only 10% are breast-fed, and the average from a group of several New York hospitals runs only from 20% to 40% breast-fed. If these figures meant merely that de luxe patients do not nurse their babies, they would be numerically unimportant because the rich are also the few. Actually, however, they indicate that too often the staff of a hospital is indifferent, if not opposed, to breast feeding. There are practical reasons why babies are often bottle-fed in a hospital. It takes time and patience to teach a sleepy baby to nurse, especially if there is the slightest difficulty. The mother may need help which the nurses are too busy or the helpers too ignorant to give. There is a real shortage of trained personnel in our hospitals. If the baby doesn't eat properly there can be trouble, and hospitals don't like trouble. It is easier to mix formula by the gallon and give it to the babies right in the nursery.

What hospitals do about maternity cases is increasingly important because more and more women are going to hospitals to have their children. 72% of all

[Continued on Page 88]

# BRIGHT IDEAS

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## AN OLD FOOD FOR NEW BABIES

[Continued from Page 87]

cases were hospitalized in 1943; the next figures are expected to be a good deal higher. In such hospitals as the Lying-In in Boston, Long Island College Hospital in Brooklyn, Bellevue in New York and many others, it is standard procedure for the mother to nurse her baby. A formula is not offered unless she fails. This is the accepted method where a pediatrician is the head of the nursery. In an astonishing number of institutions, even with big names, there is no baby doctor in charge. The newborn infant is the patient of the obstetrician or general practitioner who brought him into the world and who is often not deeply concerned as to whether the baby is on a formula or on mother's milk. We cannot go back to the time when there was no safe substitute for mother's milk—and we do not want to—but we can and should give the mother a chance to try to nurse her baby.

VITAL to well babies, mother's milk is an absolute necessity for the very sick and for the premature. Proving that it saves the life of premature infants, and working out methods of getting it where the immediate natural source is not available has been the life work of Dr. Miner C. Hill of New York. Dr. Hill's heart is with the newborn, but the premature is his pin-up girl. "We now know," Dr. Hill says, "that mother's milk, which, because of its chemical composition, is more easily digested than cow's milk, is particularly essential to infants whose gastro-intestinal tracts are not fully developed. We now know that if we can put a premature baby on mother's milk he will grow up just as good as anybody." The number one source of nourishment is and should be the baby's own mother. (Remember that normally the milk comes in after a premature birth.) Dr. Hill's first efforts then, have been directed toward persuading women to go back to nursing their babies. That is the simple and natural solution.

Too often, however, by the time the baby doctor is called in on the case of a very sick or premature infant, the mother's milk has been allowed to dry up. There's nothing you can do about it then. Therefore we must have additional outside sources and this is where the Mother's Milk Bureau enters the picture. In many ways the story of the Mother's Milk Banks is comparable to that of the Blood Bank operated so successfully by the Red Cross. The product is life-giving, hard-to-get. The hurdles are many. There are, at this writing, only eighteen Mother's Milk Bureaus in all of the United States and Canada; a mere drop in the bucket of need. They are and must be operated on the rigid standards set by the American Academy of Pediatrics.

Let's see how such a Milk Bank operates. The nursing mothers or donors are recommended by doctors, nurses or friends. They are given a complete physical going over, including a Wasserman test and X-ray and sputum examinations for tuberculosis. Only mothers who have



"Goodness me! What'll I pack for their school lunch today?"



"S-a-a-y! Thursday's my turn to entertain at bridge!"



"Oh, oh! Bill's invited company for next Sunday!"



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more milk than their own babies can use are accepted. (Here it must be noted, however, that the demand on the mother increases the supply.) The donor's baby's weight and health are checked every two weeks; if her own child is found to need all of her milk, the mother is barred from selling any.

The donors are taught the proper method of drawing off the milk and the average time spent—including the necessary cleansing preparation—is about fifty minutes. The donors are paid once a week, and it is not at all unusual for a mother to make a hundred dollars a month. (Last year the record in New York was held by a thirty-nine-year-old woman who earned \$1,774 during a year in which her own infant tripled his birth weight.) The milk taken is pooled in a giant glass container and then sterilized. Enough to meet the daily demand is put in nursing bottles on ice. Any excess milk is frozen for future use.

Milk is given out by the bureaus only on doctor's orders whether it goes to hospitals or to private homes. It is expensive for those who can pay; to those who cannot, it is given free of charge. It is supplied only for premature or sick infants. It cannot be bought by a rich mother who believes in mother's milk but is not willing to provide it herself.

Where does the milk go? In frozen form and packed in dry ice, it can be shipped for some distance. The famous New Jersey quadruplets were brought up on mother's milk ordered daily from Manhattan by the proud city fathers of Passaic, who footed the bill. The bottled supply is used up in the city and there's not enough to meet the metropolitan demand.

**T**HE Red Cross Blood Banks were a result of the intelligence, energy and emotion, the urge to help, of many people. The war is now over, and it seems to Dr. Hill and others that the Mother's Milk Bureaus would be fitting objects for the same sort of effort in peacetime. They, too, take brains and hard work. Like the Red Cross Blood Banks, the milk bureaus must work hard to get donors. People gave their blood without pay to the Red Cross; no effort has ever been made to collect mother's milk on anything but a pay basis. (Considering the time involved in giving the milk, the donors ought to be paid. Few blood donors went more than three times a year; a milk donor goes once a day.) In the case of the Red Cross project there is no lack at the source; all you have to do is to persuade people to give their blood. But the overall supply of mother's milk is dwindling as more and more women accept formula-feeding for the newborn. That is the core of the problem. It's a very serious situation. (New York City for example, simply cannot find the necessary donors.)

Any organization or community interested in founding a Mother's Milk Bureau to meet the local needs can learn exactly what they're up against, by writing for information to the American Academy of Pediatrics (Evanston, Illinois) which originally requested the founding of the Mother's Milk Bureau in New York

[Continued on Page 90]



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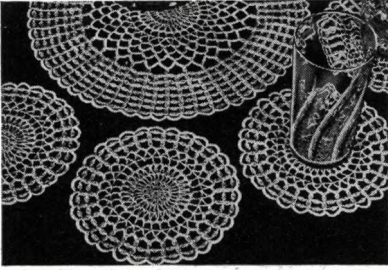
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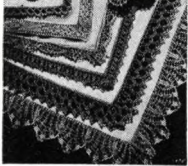
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## LET'S PLAY IT SOFT AND SWEET

by PAUL HUGHES

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## AN OLD FOOD FOR NEW BABIES

[Continued from Page 89]

by the Children's Welfare Federation and has set standards for all such bureaus in the future.

One bureau can take care of large centers. It cannot, however, serve far-off places. This means that the rural areas especially are out of luck in this connection. It was the core of Dr. Hill's conviction that what this country needed was a good canned mother's milk which could be stored without ice and shipped anywhere. It has been his life work to help evolve a successful canning process.

Experimenters elsewhere had run into difficulties. It remained for Dr. Hill to instigate the laboratory activities which resulted in a completely satisfactory product. The milk was collected through the Children's Welfare Federation which operated the Mother's Milk Bureau. It was processed at Syracuse under the directions of Dr. R. S. Fleming. The experiment was financed by contributions from private sources and by the Research Fund of the Federation.

Then came the testing of the product. Eight pediatricians co-operated with Dr. Hill in keeping records of premature babies. The best record, 10.3 deaths per 100 cases, was made by Dr. Martin A. Couney using fresh breast milk. The others ran from 24 per cent on all breast milk to 38 per cent on diet unspecified. The death rate among Dr. Hill's babies living entirely on canned mother's milk was only 11.09 per cent; a one-half to two-thirds reduction on all but Dr. Couney's cases who were breast-fed. Canned milk feedings to premature babies at Johns Hopkins, Meadowbrook Hospital, the World's Fair incubators, Bellevue and others, twelve in all, showed similar astonishing results. Dr. Hill's charts show babies weighing under 2 pounds at birth reaching a weight of 5

pounds at the end of twelve weeks on this diet. An interesting example is the case of boy twins born at Bellevue Hospital. At birth they weighed respectively 4 pounds 9 ounces and 4 pounds 15 ounces. The little one got mother's milk out of the can while the bigger boy got it fresh. Although 6 ounces behind his brother at birth, by the middle of the fifth week the smaller one was up to within 2 ounces of "the big guy." Canned mother's milk had made good. It is now possible to produce a product of uniform quality which can be easily and safely shipped anywhere on earth.

With the laboratory problems solved, the task of making canned mother's milk available, as a means of saving lives of ill or premature babies who might otherwise be lost, is one of organization. From the money-making angle it is not practical. It cannot be marketed commercially, for profit; such a project could never be carried out on a very large scale. It would have to be underwritten by some national non-profit organization or by some concern which has a stake in the public health, like a large insurance company, or perhaps by groups of doctors with sufficient financial backing. We licked tougher problems in order to save the lives of our fighting men.

If hospitals will make it the accepted thing for mothers to nurse their babies at least for the first month of life, if communities will set up Mother's Milk Bureaus to care for their own premature and sick babies; if some public-spirited outfit will back the canning of mother's milk, to meet emergencies anywhere, we can slash that death rate among the newborn who are not only our individual stake in the future but who are, now more than ever and quite literally, the hope of the world.

## GALLEY-SLAVE GERRITY

[Continued from Page 33]

when Mrs. Martin held the plate before him. And when she offered him another, for the politeness of it he took a second, and a third. The coffee—three strong cups of it—he took, but only because Mrs. Martin kept urging it on him.

And when the woman stood up to go, Gerrity forced himself to his feet.

"It was more than kind of you to remember us with the coffee and sandwiches," he said with fine graciousness.

"I was glad to do it, Mr. Gerrity. And you're to be congratulated on the kitchen."

"It does look pretty good," Gerrity acknowledged modestly, "but it will be better tomorrow night, when I get on the second coat."

Gerrity heard himself say the words, but with all his heart he wished he had them back. What had possessed him, he asked himself as he sat down again, to say he'd give the kitchen a second coat? Could he blame Mary for that? He could

not. A galley slave he was, without doubt, but he had put the sign on his own back.

A galley slave he was, too, for Hadley the landlord. Gerrity's anger rose at the thought of the conniving beagle telling Mary he had but one painter when the truth probably was that the weasel had a baker's dozen to call on. Still, why should Hadley call on them? Wasn't Gerrity on hand to pick up the paint brush and whirlygig it over the ceiling? The wonder was that Hadley bothered with a painter at all, or with a plasterer, or with a plumber, or with a superintendent.

"Dennis," Mary's hand was light on Gerrity's shoulder, "don't you think you ought to try to get some sleep? It's getting very late."

That was Mary, thought Gerrity. Now that she had the work done for the night, he was to break his neck racing through the apartment in seven-league boots to reach the bedroom. Had she urged any

rest on him all the long evening when he was twirling the paint brush? She had not, she had just sat with Mrs. Martin upstairs talking and laughing the hours away.

Gerrity gave Mary no reply to her question. Small difference it made whether he slept or not, with what he had before him tomorrow. Even if he never slept again, he could be no more tired than he was this minute. But he had learned a good lesson from the evening. Never again, Gerrity promised himself, would he be taken in by Mary's banshee sighs. The night had cost him plenty in aches and pains and swollen muscles, the coming night would cost him more.

**T**HE next evening Gerrity mechanically ate the big meal Mary had ready.

"You needn't have bothered with it, Mary, for I am not able to touch much."

"You'll have to eat, Dennis, if you're to keep up your strength."

Gerrity managed to swallow a little more. But before he left the table to get into his overalls, he asked suddenly:

"Mary, are you sure you can put your hands right on the insurance papers, if you should need them in a hurry?" There was dead weight in his words and he held on to his chair as he said them.

"Dennis, if you feel like that, do you think you ought to bother with the painting tonight?"

"You want it done, don't you, Mary?" "Yes, but not if you're going to be sick!"

"What I plan to do, Mary, I do." Gerrity started to work on the kitchen again, but one half hour only had he been at it when Mary came to the door. He had heard her coming and had slowly started down from the ladder.

"I really think, Dennis," Mary said nervously, "that you'd better rest now." Gerrity pulled the ladder over a little and mounted it heavily.

"Have no worry, Mary. If I feel worse, I'll call you. Go back now to Mrs. Martin."

Reluctantly Mary left the room. As soon as she was gone, Gerrity went quickly up the rest of the ladder. He'd have to forget his pains if he was to get finished at all.

When the kitchen was at last completed, Gerrity went to the doorway and surveyed it. Mrs. Martin was right. It was a magazine room, only better. No millionaire's kitchen looked as good.

He heard Mary and Mrs. Martin coming, and at once his shoulders drooped.

"I think you've been working much too hard, Mr. Gerrity," Mrs. Martin said. "Mrs. Gerrity is quite upset about it."

Gerrity found a smile for the woman. "I decided to finish it," he said.

Mrs. Martin took a step past him into the kitchen and he heard her quick exclamation.

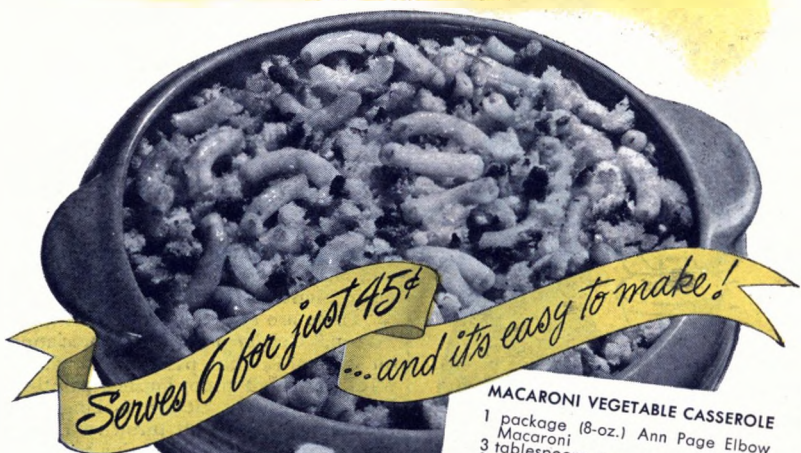
"Mrs. Gerrity, come in here! Isn't this the most beautiful kitchen you've ever seen?"

She could well say it, Gerrity thought, looking around. For the sun itself might have been shining into the room, night

[Continued on Page 92]

# Look!

## THIS GRAND *Benten* CASSEROLE



**MACARONI VEGETABLE CASSEROLE**

- 1 package (8-oz.) Ann Page Elbow Macaroni
- 3 tablespoons margarine or butter
- 1 cup cooked string beans
- 1 cup sliced onions
- 2 tablespoons flour
- 1/2 teaspoon dry mustard
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1/8 teaspoon pepper
- 3 cups milk
- 1/2 cup grated cheese

Cook macaroni according to package directions; drain. Melt fat, add string beans and onions. Add flour and seasonings. Blend. Add milk and cook over low heat, stirring constantly until thickened. Combine with macaroni in 2-quart greased casserole. Top with 1/2 cup grated cheese. Sprinkle with paprika. Bake in moderate oven, 375°F., for 25 minutes. 6 servings.

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An article by MARGARET MEAD

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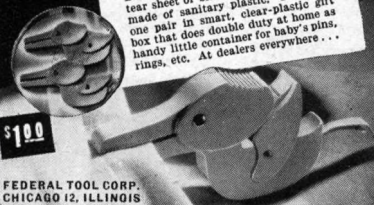
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by BERNICE DUNN

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**GALLEY-SLAVE  
GERRITY**

[Continued from Page 91]

though it was, that perfectly had the yellow paint of the walls been mixed. The white of the woodwork was like frosting and the lines of lettuce green on the shelf edges was the perfect finishing touch.

Gerrity realized Mary had not answered Mrs. Martin. Mary was anxiously watching him, and now as he left the room his step was slow and he made a great effort to straighten his shoulders.

Alone in the dining room, Gerrity was suddenly struck by the sorry appearance of its walls and ceiling, and when Mary and Mrs. Martin came into the room he heard himself saying:

"These are splendid sandwiches, Mrs. Martin," Gerrity put a fine appreciation on his words, "but perhaps I ought to warn you that I'm not finished painting. You see, with the kitchen looking nice, the dining room is all thrown off. So I have decided to give the dining room the brush, too."

Gerrity gave the dining room the brush. And then he had to give the brush to the other rooms. For three long weeks, he mounted and descended the ladder; he washed walls and ceilings; he raised and lowered the brush countless times.



And as the nights and the long Saturdays wore on, Gerrity felt he would never come to an end of it. But because he was made of steel itself, Gerrity continued until the very last spot in the apartment was finished. Nor had he let Mary's reminder that the painter was well again deter him. Did Mary think that Dennis Gerrity would let a painter take over the work he had started? Gerrity had promised himself that he would have everything completed at the end of the three weeks, and he kept his promise, with a whole extra day to spare.

On the evening of the extra day, the day before they were to leave for the beach, as Gerrity rode home on the subway he had ample time to think over the past three weeks. He was glad in his heart that Mary and himself were leaving the apartment the next day. He had never liked the place anyway; he knew that now. He had been willing to stay on only because Mary had wanted the extra space for their nieces and nephews when they came visiting.

Then all at once, Gerrity sat erect. He remembered the day was his birthday. Just as suddenly, he slumped low into his seat again, for the memory of the backbreaking hours was still on him. What good was a birthday to a man who

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never gained an extra year's intelligence from them? He could well imagine what a ridiculous sight he must be in the eyes of his neighbors and even in the eyes of Mary herself. But the greatest laugh of all was for Hadley the landlord. And Gerrity made up his mind the laugh would soon be over. For he'd send the thieving highwayman a bill for the paint job. And, if Hadley gave the least objection to it, Gerrity would up with his fist and knock the coward's block clear off him. For the old Gerrity was gone for good. There was a new Gerrity in his place. And the new Gerrity would pick up no paintbrushes, nor would he be the handyman with his tools for all his relatives and friends.

Friends, was it, Gerrity asked himself? What friends had he at all? Was there one of all he knew that he'd give even the back of his hand to? There was not, for not one of them had the least regard for him. Nor did Mary herself have, for that matter. For with each room that was finished, she had counted the days to see whether he'd be done on schedule. But it was over now and well had Gerrity learned his lesson.

Up on the street he walked, letting his feet go their own way for he had no control over them. The late June weather was most pleasant, but Gerrity gave it no notice. All his strength had left him and he was nothing but an empty shell of a shadow-man pulling himself along. And he had the consolation of knowing that he had done it to himself. He had dug his own grave with a paintbrush. A friendless man he was and the sooner the box was opened for him, the better.

And he made up his mind that from now on, it would be Gerrity first, last and always. Mary and his relatives and friends could get their odd jobs and their favors done by someone else.

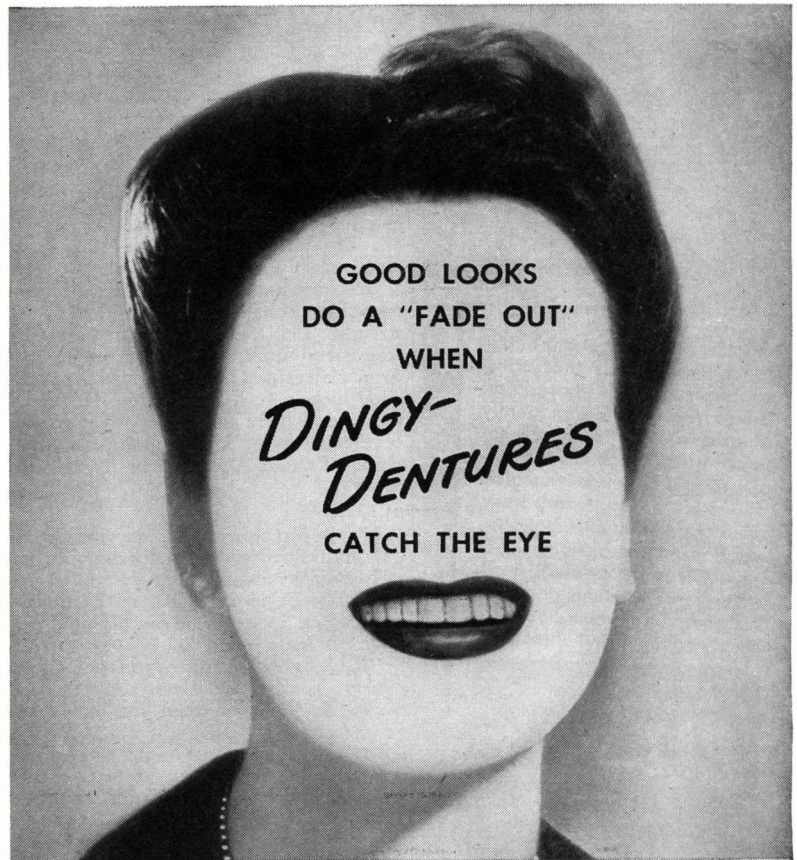
Opening the door of his apartment, he asked himself what was he coming home to anyway? Mary had instructed him to eat downtown since she was going to be too busy packing all day to do any cooking. And eat downtown he had. Mary had also instructed him to be home at eight-thirty sharp so they could get to a late movie this last night in the city, and here he was, right on time. But where was Mary, he asked himself, as he stepped into the dark apartment?

HE put one foot on the threshold of the living room, then stopped with a jerk. For from every part of the big room the voices came to him, swelling up to a loud and joyous chorus, "Happy birthday to you, happy birthday to you!"

Motionless Gerrity stood, trying to focus his eyes under the sudden glare of light. The singing stopped and laughter and talk took its place. Gerrity still stood in the same spot. He felt his hand being shaken again and again: he felt the hearty thumps on his shoulders, sending the sacroiliac pain up and down his spine. He bent again and again to kiss first one and then another of his young nieces. For they were all present—his nieces and his nephews and his friends. He saw the O'Learys and the McGuires; he saw the Rinaldos; he saw the MacShanes and the

[Continued on Page 94]

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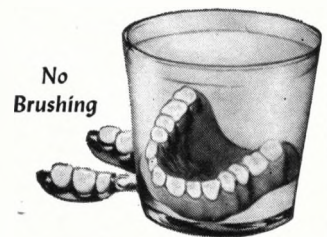
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## GALLEY-SLAVE GERRITY

[Continued from Page 93]

O'Keefes; he saw Radigan and Ellen Cassidy and Sam Brockman; and he saw all the others. And from the far corner he saw the Martins and he heard Mrs. Martin saying:

"You did the painting for your own birthday, Mr. Gerrity!"

And still Gerrity hadn't budged from the spot. It was almost a full hour before he was himself and able to grasp it all. The party was for him—Mary had arranged it so, for his birthday.

Gerrity was standing to his full tallness and his powerful shoulders were straight. Let the sacroiliac pain settle where it would. Looking his many friends over, he realized that few men had his good luck in such a collection. He knew any one of them would walk to the ends of the earth for him, and he'd do the same for them. And then he thought of Mary.

**H**E slipped away from the crowd and found her in the kitchen, a dozen activities on her hands. And she smiled up at him as he looked long at the prettiness of her. Suddenly he put his big hand over her little one.

"It's a great surprise you gave me, Mary," he said. And Gerrity saw the devotion in her eyes when she looked at him.

"I had planned the party some time ago, Dennis. That's why I was so disappointed when the painter couldn't come."

"But you would have taken the brush, Mary, and tried to do the walls yourself."

"Sure, Dennis. I'd be willing to paint the house—inside and out—for you. But it's you who does the giving every time, and it's me who always does the taking."

Gerrity saw her eyes fill up and he knew that birthday parties and weddings always made a woman free with her handkerchief.

"That's enough, Mary!" he said.

"It's true, Dennis—I"

Gerrity saw she wasn't going to be able to check her tears. With a swift, cautious glance around he caught her to him and kissed her.

"Dennis!" Mary looked over her shoulder, "If anyone had seen you."

"They know it happens, Mary."

Mary turned back again to the table. "I meant to tell you, Dennis, Mr. Hadley was here today and I showed him the apartment. And he said you're to send him a bill; whatever it is, he will pay for the fine work you did."

Gerrity went back to the living room, and as he did he looked the apartment over. He noted the splendid size of the rooms and the grand high ceilings of them and he knew he'd never find another apartment like it. Especially not now, with the dining room so beautiful with its warm pink walls, and the bedrooms a pleasure to step into, that soothing was the shade of green he had mixed. The apartment was the work of an artist and it was small wonder that Hadley the



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### THE TRUTH ABOUT MOTHER

by ALICE LAVERICK

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landlord had offered to pay for it. And at the thought of Hadley, Gerrity recalled the long years he'd known the man, and out of the past came the incident of Gerrity's accident, and Hadley's refusal to take the rent until Gerrity was well. Was Dennis Gerrity going to send a man like that a bill for flicking a paint brush a few times? He was not then. Nor was it a case of landlord and tenant with Hadley and Gerrity; it was a case of old friends.

Back in the living room, Gerrity found a place to sit. And immediately a large box was thrust into his arms. He opened the wrappings carefully and looked into the box. He saw the gift his friends had given him—the box of special tools he had wanted so long but which he had put off buying. He saw the well-made ratchet screw-driver, the push drill, the jack plane. And then he saw the handsome electric speed drill, the tool he had looked at every time he stepped into a tool store. The best of their kind the tools were, fitting to be placed next to the splendid collection of tools he already had.

Gerrity knew he would have to put the words of thanks to his friends, but no words did he have. Several attempts he made and no words came. But Dennis Gerrity was not the man to let the silence stifle him. So he pushed the silence to one side and gave his feelings to his friends.

"You all know what I'm feeling," he told them. "and there's little I can give out to you on it, only this! When anyone of you want a piece of work done by these same tools, you're to call on Dennis Gerrity!"

## LIGHTNING STRIKES ONCE

[Continued from Page 41]

only once in a while he'd let her cut his hair. It was pretty long now, and a stranger seeing Tazz might think he was something wild out of the mountains.

"Maybe he will." I answered, "and then again—" I stopped. This time Purth's mother wouldn't be here to hunt with him. It would be the first fall since he could tote a gun, not counting the time he'd been away at war, that he and Anna hadn't gone hunting together. I suppose it was partly because she wanted to make up for the loss of his father, and partly because she just naturally liked it anyway. They were a lot alike, Purth and his mother. Both tall and thin. Both with keen brown eyes. Both quiet. I've heard people say they could hunt all day together and never say a word.

"I hope he ain't mad when he finds out," Tazz said uneasily. "I didn't go to do it. It was an accident." He added, "The big storm would have got him anyway."

"Got who?"

"Darby. I didn't go to shoot him, he just got in the way. I thought he was a rabbit."

Trying to keep my voice down, I said  
[Continued on Page 96]

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## LIGHTNING STRIKES ONCE

[Continued from Page 95]

cautiously, "Whose gun did you have, Tazz?"

"Pa's. Didn't mean no harm. I was just trying it out."

"And you got Darby," I said, more to myself than him. Darby was a purebred English setter, white with orange spots, the only dog in the Valley that had papers. Five years before Anna had gone to a kennel across the mountains and got him for Purth's birthday present. From then on there'd been three in the Grady family. "When did it happen?" I asked.

"Yesterday afternoon," Tazz muttered, "while Pa was gone to town. Ma says the fire woulda got him anyways."

I LET the anger out of me with a big sigh. That was true. When the lightning struck the house and set it afire before daybreak, it would have got Darby as well as Anna. They always let him sleep in the Morris chair in the front room. And what difference did one day more or less make in the life of a dog? But when it all happened at once like that, it made you feel that somehow Providence had forgotten Purth. The boy wouldn't be able to figure it out, not with the faith he had. It would be something he couldn't understand. I didn't understand it myself. How in the name of glory was I going to know what to say to him?

The train whistled again, close this time, and the next thing I knew it was rounding the bend by the water tower.

"You ain't going to tell him, are you?" Tazz shouted in my ear as the engine went pounding by us.

I took a swallow of coal smoke and shook my head. A tall thin fellow in khaki stepped off two cars back. As the train pulled out, I stood there and watched him come swinging down the cinders with his duffel bag in one hand. Soon as he recognized me he waved. "Morning, Mr. McKittridge," he called as casual like as if he'd just strolled up with Tazz. But when he shook hands I could tell by his grip that he was glad to be back. Then he shook hands with Tazz. After that he dropped his duffel bag, and took a long slow look all round, over at the village and up and down the tracks, and across the Valley toward his farm. I thanked the Lord for the hill that cut off the sight of that lonesome chimney.

"Looks just the same," he said with a satisfied sigh.

"Sure glad to see you back in good shape," I said nervously.

He laughed, and it struck me that he looked pretty much the same himself. Maybe a little weathered as if he'd spent a hard winter in the mountains. But he had that same clear look in his brown eyes as if what he'd been through hadn't hurt him any inside. I mean hadn't left him bitter or anything like that.

"Sure, I'm in good shape," he said. "You didn't doubt I'd get back O. K.,

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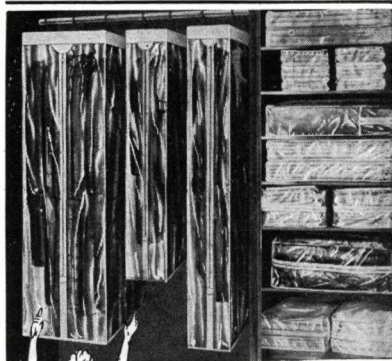
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did you, Mr. McKittridge?"

I felt like groaning out loud. No, he hadn't changed a bit. Whatever had happened to him, it hadn't upset the faith Anna had drummed into him since he was knee high to a duck. I was a little ashamed of myself to realize that maybe I'd been sort of wishing his faith had weakened some. If it had, my job would have been a whole lot easier.

Tazz, who had been fingering Purth's service ribbons, suddenly burst out, "Did you do much shooting?"

"Sure," Purth said as natural-like as you please.

Worrying about what Tazz might bring up next, I said, "Come on over to my house and have a cup of coffee, Purth."

He shook his head. "Thanks, Mr. McKittridge, Ma'll be waiting breakfast for me."

So he figured that was why she hadn't met him, that was why he wasn't bothered. I took out my handkerchief and wiped the sweat off my forehead and off the palms of my hands. It's not a thing that a man ought to have to do. I told myself. It's too much to ask any man to break a faith that's stood through a war.

"So long," Purth said, and started off. "Wait," I called, "wait a minute. I'll walk a piece with you."

He turned and grinned. "O. K."  
"Let me carry your bag," Tazz begged, and Purth let him. It was the custom in the Valley to humor Tazz, and Purth hadn't forgotten it.

As we passed the store, I grabbed at one more straw. "Step in and take a look at my new showcases. Bet you wouldn't know the place."

"Glad to next time I come over." He kept walking.

WE went on down the wide maple bordered road, and I thought to myself that it was as pretty a morning as I'd ever seen. Just a little nip in the air, with the smell of frying bacon coming from the widow Dowser's house, and the sun shining bright on the mountains. Somewhere a dog began to bark, and I could hear the baby crying as we passed Mrs. Miller's.

But nobody was in sight, not a living soul. They'd given me the job of telling Purth, and they weren't going to interfere. I reckoned they wanted to allow him time to get over the first shock before they came to speak to him. The trouble was I still wasn't anywhere near to breaking the news. The words didn't seem to be any place I could get at them.

We came to the end of the maples and stopped on the bridge over Penter's branch. Purth was looking upstream toward the swimming hole. "The big sycamore's down," he said.

I looked and sure enough it was lying flat in the meadow with its torn-up roots reaching into the air like fingers grabbing at nothing. "Must have been the thunder storm," I answered. "Late equinox."

"Too bad." He pulled off his cap and put it under his arm. The breeze did

[Continued on Page 98]

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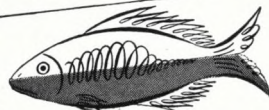
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**LIGHTNING STRIKES ONCE**

[Continued from Page 97]

the best it could with his G. I. haircut. "The big storm," Tazz muttered. "Ma said it sounded like a drove of wild horses going by. You oughta been here, Purth."

"Yeah," Purth said, pulling out a package of cigarettes. He offered me one, then put his hand in another pocket and got out a couple of candy bars. With them I glimpsed something that looked like a medal.

"Did you get yourself decorated?" I asked.

Turning red, he put the medal back in his pocket, and gave the candy to Tazz. "Just a trinket for Ma," he told me.

I knew then I couldn't put it off any longer. When we got to the top of the hill beyond the branch we'd be right overlooking the chimney. I had to tell him before then. Reaching out, I clamped my hand down hard on his shoulder. "I got something to tell you, Purth. I—"

Tazz grabbed my arm and whispered through a mouthful of chocolate, "You ain't going to tell him about Darby!"

I glared at him, shaking my head.

"What's the secret?" Purth asked. "I bet Ma and you all have planned a surprise." He grinned knowingly.

"No, no, nothing like that. It's something serious. I'd give my right arm not to have to tell you, boy."

The grin dropped off his face, and his clear eyes met mine squarely. "What's wrong, Mr. McKittridge? Is Ma sick?"

"Your ma—" I began, and stopped.

"What's wrong with Ma?"

**I** CLEARED my throat, pushed my hat up on my forehead. "You see, the storm that got the sycamore, well, there was a heap of lightning. It struck your house, and—"

"It didn't strike Ma!" he shot out as though daring me to dispute him.

"It was just before light," I mumbled, "the house caught fire."

"Ma wouldn't sleep through a thunderstorm," he answered back. "She's round somewhere. Bet the cows broke out and she went after them."

I shook my head, more miserable than I'd ever been in my life. "It won't do to try to fool yourself, Purth. You got to make up your mind to it."

His eyes sparkled, and he said in a pitying sort of way, "You don't think the Lord would keep me safe through the war, and then take Ma the morning I got back, do you?"

"It's not personal," I groaned. "The lightning wasn't aimed at your ma, it just happened to strike the house."

"But it didn't get Ma. That's where the Lord would come in. Lightning won't strike twice in the same place. Isn't that what the Bible says?"

I didn't answer him, I just turned away and leaned on the railing of the bridge. I knew what he was thinking. He was thinking what Anna had taught him to think. When the Lord took Jess Grady in that sudden way, He'd made a prom-

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same clear, delicate Wesson Oil so many of them swear by. Try these magic-making recipes, using Wesson Oil for both—it's America's favorite salad oil!



**PICAYUNE PATTIES**

- 1 1/2 cups cooked fish
- 1 large onion
- 1 sprig thyme
- 3 sprigs parsley
- Dash of cayenne
- 1 1/2 cups bread crumbs
- 2 eggs, beaten
- Wesson Oil

Into chopping bowl, put fish, onion, thyme, parsley, cayenne; mince fine.

Moisten with half of the beaten egg and 1 tablespoon Wesson Oil. Mix in 3/4 cup bread crumbs. Shape into 6 or 7 patties. Dip in remaining egg; coat with crumbs. Fry in deep, hot Wesson Oil (375°-385° F.). Drain on absorbent paper. (Wesson-fried foods are digestible and have a fresh, delicate flavor! Thrifty, too! Strain Wesson Oil after frying and you can fry in it again and again.)

**SPRING SALAD—for winter-weary appetites!**

Toss well-dried greens in salad bowl. For the dressing, mix and shake in a jar: 1 teaspoon salt, 1/2 teaspoon sugar, 1/4 teaspoon pepper, 1/2 teaspoon dry mustard, 1/2 teaspoon paprika, 1/4 cup vinegar, 3/4 cup Wesson Oil. Stir in 1 hard-cooked egg, 1 small, cooked beet, 1 small onion, all finely chopped.



**Wesson Oil** FOR SALADS AND COOKING

ise to leave her and her boy in peace. Under special protection as Anna always said.

"Excuse me, Mr. McKittridge, but I've got to run home and see about Ma. The cows may have got to the mountains."

**I** WATCHED him shoot over the hill, with his cap still under his arm, and the sun gleaming on his hair.

"He'll be 'sprised, won't he?" Tazz grinned, his mouth black with chocolate. He began tearing the wrapper off the second candy bar.

I didn't answer, I just started out after Purth. My job wasn't done yet, that was certain. I heard Tazz shuffling along behind me, muttering to himself about Darby.

When we got to the top of the hill and looked across at the Grady place, Purth was already there, standing as near, I figured, to the cellar hole as the heat would allow, staring at the bed of red-hot coals. Shielding his face with his cap, he went up a little closer and circled slowly round the foundation. I reckoned he must be wondering about his ma's body, just as the rest of us had wondered when we got there in time to see the house fall in. But it was still too hot to make a search for it, and I doubted if there'd be any use after the embers had cooled down.

At last Purth turned and struck out for the barn, which was about two hundred yards back of the house and hadn't been touched by the fire.

When Tazz and I got to the front yard,

he was coming back. He met us by a clump of Anna's sweet shrub bushes, now all singed and blackened. "The cows and horses are in the barn," he said. "Can't figure it out." He scratched his head, and glanced toward the still smoking remains of the cornhouse, and the shed where they'd kept the farm machinery. But his gaze didn't linger on the mass of glowing twisted metal, it returned to the cellar hole, and the chimney, which somehow made me think of a skeleton.

"She'd want you to make the best of it," I said hurriedly. "Anna was always one to make the best of things."

He stared at me in an absent sort of way as if he didn't hear what I said. "Can't figure it out," he muttered again.

"Where you want me to put this, Purth?" Tazz was holding out the duffel bag.

"Don't matter."

Tazz put the bag down under a sweet shrub, and began snapping the dry twigs off the bush. Suddenly there was a sound like a whispered explosion, and a covey of partridges flew up from some sassafras bushes near the main road. "Gee!" he cried, then he turned to Purth. "You going hunting this fall?"

"Don't know," Purth said. Another idea seemed to strike him, and he looked at me. "Where you reckon Darby is?"

Tazz was making wild signs at me, but Purth didn't notice.

I was silent. There'd been something different in his voice when he asked that question, now there was something different in his face. I could see what he

was thinking. If Darby was gone, his ma must be gone, too. One fact was leading him to the other, and he couldn't see any way round.

Once more I put my hand on his shoulder. "Steady, boy, steady now."

He looked me full in the eye, still fighting the truth. "It don't stand to reason, Mr. McKittridge. Darby would have barked like tearing down the house. Ma would've waked up, and they'd both have run out."

"Lightning's quick," I told him, "and so's fire."

He turned away from me then, and I heard him repeat, "Can't figure it out."

"Don't try. Some things are beyond us, we just have to trust in the Lord and believe everything's for the best." I spoke pretty loud, I guess, trying to convince myself along with him.

"No," Purth said, "He wouldn't let it happen to Ma. I don't believe it."

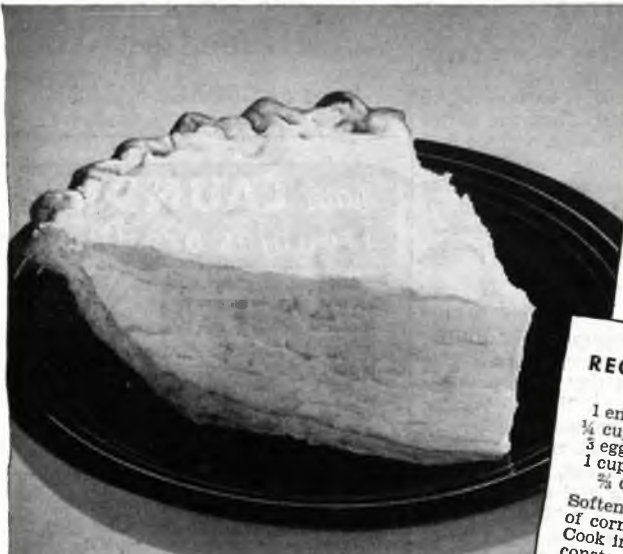
**W**ELL, there wasn't anything more I could say. I'd heard people deny things before when they couldn't stand to believe them. Maybe it was nature's way of easing up the shock. The breeze blew up a cloud of ashes, and Tazz and I stepped back into the lane. Purth stayed where he was, and they settled on his uniform like gray snow. I heard a car coming down the road from the mountains, but didn't turn to see who it was. I wasn't in any frame of mind to pass the time of day with a neighbor.

Purth was standing with his back to

[Continued on Page 100]

## Pie Experts Reveal

# CHIFFON PIE SECRET



**FREE**—Write to Mrs. Charles B. Knox, Box '93, Johnstown, N. Y., for her beautifully illustrated recipe book.

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**WHEN** you use Knox Gelatine and real, fresh lemons, you get not only better texture, but also all the delicious, tangy flavor of the real fruit (and the good fruit vitamins!) ...so thrillingly different from factory-flavored products.

### RECIPE → LEMON CHIFFON PIE

(Filling for one 9-inch pie; uses ¼ pkg.)

1 envelope Knox Gelatine	½ cup lemon juice
¼ cup cold water	½ teaspoon salt
3 eggs	1 teaspoon grated lemon rind
1 cup light corn syrup (or ¾ cup sugar)	1 crumb crust or baked pie shell

Soften gelatine in cold water. Beat egg yolks; add ¼ cup of corn syrup (or ½ cup of sugar), lemon juice and salt. Cook in double boiler until of custard consistency, stirring constantly. Add softened gelatine; stir until dissolved, stirring whites, stiffly beaten with remaining corn syrup or sugar. Turn into baked shell or crumb crust; chill. Serve topped with sweetened whipped cream and chopped nuts, if desired.

**NOTE:** Whenever your recipe says plain, unflavored gelatine remember, the plain, unflavored gelatine is Knox!



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us, staring toward the cellar hole. He looked tall and gaunt and lonesome like the chimney. But somehow or other he didn't look as if he felt alone, any more than the chimney felt alone without the house to keep it company. A strange quiet feeling came over me when I realized why the boy looked that way. He still had his faith.

At last I understood that I wasn't needed. I turned to go, and saw the car coming along the lane. It was coming fast, swinging and swaying over the bumps. Then I caught sight of old man Baker's companion. Well, I didn't believe my eyes. I just stood there gaping like a fool.

Tazz grabbed my arm again. "It's her," he whimpered. "She knows I got Darby!" The car jerked to a stop in front of us, and Anna Grady got out. No mistake about it. It wasn't any ghost, it was Anna herself, bare headed and wearing an old leather coat of Purth's. She was carrying a puppy in her arms.

"Ma!" It was Purth's voice, and I reckon I'll go on hearing that cry to my dying day. There never was so much joy tied up in one word since words were invented. He rushed by me and threw



his arms around Anna, and hugged her until the pup began to yelp. He stepped back then, and they just stood there looking at each other as if there wasn't anybody else in the world.

"I figured we'd make it back ahead of you," she said at last, "but the storm washed out Hailey's bridge, and we had to go round." Looking past him, her eyes, for the first time, took in the ruins of her home, "The stove," she cried, "I must have forgotten to bank the stove—" "No," he answered, calm as you please, "it was lightning."

"Lucky we weren't home."  
"Sure was."

She held out the pup, a pretty little fellow, white with orange spots like Darby and big feet that he was going to have to grow up to. "From the same kennel as Darby," she said proudly.

Tazz caught hold of me again and began whimpering louder. Anna handed the puppy to Purth and came over to pat Tazz on the shoulder. "Don't worry," she told him, "I know you didn't go to shoot Darby. You couldn't help yourself because it was the Lord's way of saving me."

Purth looked sharply from one to the other, and I could see him taking the whole thing in. At last he said, sort of quiet and thoughtful, "Sure, that was it."

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## MEN OF ART

compiled by THOMAS CRAVEN

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## THE HOLLYWOOD PICTURE

[Continued from Page 13]

Barney—standing for her co-star (*No!*), the producer and director, etc. etc. etc. "The B of St. M's," it reminded me, would be the Holiday Season attraction at the Music Hall. (Well, well.)

On November twenty-eighth "the famed boys' choir, St. Luke's Choristers of Long Beach" (I had never heard of them before) came into my life by way of an RKO press release which told me that they would be heard in "The B of St. M's." Bing Crosby would also be heard, it hastily added, singing five numbers, including the "ever popular 'Adeste Fidelis.'" Then apparently fearing that Miss Bergman might sulk, confided that she, *too*, would sing. The first time on the screen! There was the reprise of the old refrain: "The B of St. M's will be the Holiday Season at the Radio City Music Hall."

On November twenty-ninth I received a news flash that "The B of St. M's" co-starring Bing Crosby and Ingrid Bergman would have its world premiere at the Radio City Music Hall on December 6th as the Holiday Season attraction of the celebrated playhouse. This took on a new interest for me due to the fact that December 6th is my birthday, and I thought it nice of them thus to honor the occasion.

THE same day I received a full page of information about the picture—supposedly things I never knew before. I will spare you the full details, but there was a note of insistence regarding the fact that Bing would sing five songs. And, for the first time, Miss Bergman would sing on the screen.

On November thirtieth I was by no means surprised to hear that William (formerly known as Bill) Gargan was supporting Bing Crosby and Ingrid Bergman in *You-Know-What* which would bow on December 6th as the Holiday attraction at the Radio City Music Hall.

On December first the juicy tidbit was: "Bing Crosby has been elected an honorary 'Banshee' member at that organization's tenth annual luncheon meeting in New York." And following the sensational announcement was the inevitable and inescapable fact that in addition to being a "Banshee," Crosby was the co-star of Ingrid Bergman in— which would have its world premiere at the Music Hall on December 6th as its Holiday attraction.

On December third, the news reached me that a father-and-son combination was represented in ????????? by Robert Emmett Dolan, the musical director, and his five-year-old son, Bobby, who played leading "man" in the *Nativity Play* in the picture. This picture, co-starring BC and IB would have its world premiere—same time, same place, Joe.

Same day. A notation that Bing Crosby, co-star, etc., etc., would be master of ceremonies in a radio tribute to Sister Kenney on Wednesday December 5th. The following day Mr. Crosby's picture  
[Continued on Page 102]

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Gentle RAIN DROPS protects dainty hosiery...keeps it fresh and new-looking!...free from Hidden Dirt!

A dash of RAIN DROPS, and just a dash of soap in a bowl of warm water...even the hardest water...makes clouds of soft, gentle, sky-blue suds that get your hosiery really clean, without rubbing.

These soft RAIN DROPS suds gently float away harsh perspiration oils and soap curd film...the Hidden Dirt so injurious to fragile fibers...that ordinary washing won't remove!

See how filmy soft your hosiery is... how clear and fresh the colors are... when you use gentle RAIN DROPS!

...And see how smooth and white your hands are too!



## THE HOLLYWOOD PICTURE

[Continued from Page 101]

!!!!!! would enter Radio City Music Hall for its world premiere.

December 5th. Electrifying news that Bing Crosby, Una O'Connor, and Martha Sleeper were among the Hollywood guests expected to attend Thursday's performances of That picture which co-starred, oh well, you know. Etc.

December 6th. My birthday, and I celebrated it by keeping clear of the Music Hall.

December 7th. A full page of facts about the play within the play in "The B of St. M's" arrived with my morning coffee. I was pleased to hear that this picture was having its world premiere at the Music Hall.

December 11th. Another full page, this one dedicated to the Seven Academy Award winners in "The Bells of St. Mary's"—there! I've said it again. Complete details regarding world premiere engagement. Oh, murder.

December 12th. Full page of facts I already knew like the alphabet about — what do you think?

December 13th. Two more reminders that "The Bells of St. Mary's," etc., etc., was having its world premiere, etc., etc.

December 14th. Still another reminder.

December 15th. I read a motion picture preview of \$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$ by Vina Delmar in *Cosmopolitan*. Then, I thought I knew everything about "The Bells of St. Mary's," and could speak of it with assurance.

December 16th. I took three aspirin. December 17th. I took the plunge—I saw the picture.

I did not like it. Period. I could let it go at that. Maybe I should let it go at that. But summing up the reasons why I didn't like the picture, I will say that it is a too, too obvious effort to follow in the shoes of its highly successful—and deservedly so—predecessor, "Going My Way." Same stuff, only more so, and lacking the endearing, excellent Barry Fitzgerald who did so much to underline the picture with rich, warm humor.

\* \* \* \* \*

Here are some other pictures which have sneaked in on me without a word in advance to tell me how I'd be bowled over.

MISS SUSIE SLAGLE'S (Paramount) is a charming and intelligent picture revolving around a boarding house run by a spinster, for medical students. Lillian Gish is like a lovely faded valentine as Miss Susie Slagle, and her return to the screen shows she has been absent too long.

COLONEL EFFINGHAM'S RAID (20th Century-Fox), should have been the answer to my prayer for a picture made for Charles Coburn, but this isn't it. It has its moments, but it's too slow.

THE DIARY OF A CHAMBERMAID (United Artists) probably proves that actors should act, and writers should write. The screen play was written by Burgess Meredith and, after a brilliantly funny beginning, it cracks up and rides

's wonderful!

### CARNATION MALTED MILK

- For hot and cold drinks
- In cakes and icings
- In candies and desserts
- As a "topping" over ice creams, puddings, cereals, and fruit

**FREE!** A wonderful recipe for Chocolate Malted Milk layer cake (no butter or sugar needed). Address: Carnation Company, Milwaukee 2, Wis.

GLASS-PACKED IN 1-LB. JARS. TWO FLAVORS: PLAIN AND CHOCOLATE

# DREAM ROOMS

for only \$2.98\* PER GAL.



## One Gallon \$2.98\*

(DOES AVERAGE ROOM!)

\*Slightly higher in Rocky Mt. Area

THERE'S A KEM-TONE DEALER NEAR YOU!



off in all directions at once, turning into a grim melodrama which cuts off all the laughs, and makes very little sense. Burgess Meredith is terrific as an eccentric character, and why he had to go and spoil all the fun I don't know.

**THE BANDIT OF SHERWOOD FOREST** (Columbia) is all about the son of Robin Hood, and dirty goings-on in the Palace, as well as Sherwood Forest. It's in Technicolor, and there are beautiful costumes, the thudding of horses' hooves racing through the forest, flashing swords, and daring deeds all over the place. All pretty silly, but I had fun.

**DOLL FACE** (20th Century-Fox) will not stick in your mind very long, but it's light, gay, and sprinkled with melody. Carmen Miranda is extremely amusing, and I hope we will see more of her as a comedienne.

**THE MAN IN GREY** is an English picture released nationally by Universal. Romance and melodrama in England during the nineteenth century, made vibrant and absorbing by an excellent cast including Margaret Lockwood who plays to the hilt a vicious English Scarlet O'Hara.

And now, having blown my top getting all this off my mind, here I am going out like a lamb.

## TRY A DASH OF NEGLECT

[Continued from Page 11]

nitely is not, is a show of indifference, or less lovingness, or a sudden withdrawal of our interest in our child and what he does. Tactics like these would bewilder him, and shake his sense of security. But we should gradually withdraw the concentrated kind of unwholesome interest.

It is that kind of interest which, being such a personalized thing, hampers development—development being a process which should go forward unconsciously. If other personalities keep impinging upon a child, they interfere with his absorption and concentration in the activities and experiments through which he grows.

Our love must be a very sure thing in our child's life, just as are his place in the home and his whole sense of security. But the care and raising of him—especially in the early years—should be, as far as possible, no more obtrusive than the air he breathes, the sun that warms him, and the wind that blows upon him.

Wholesome neglect is the art of knowing when to let a child alone—though you will be just as observant, just as alert, and love and care just as much. Let him feel himself unwatched much of the time, except for a warm smile or an occasional word as he plays.

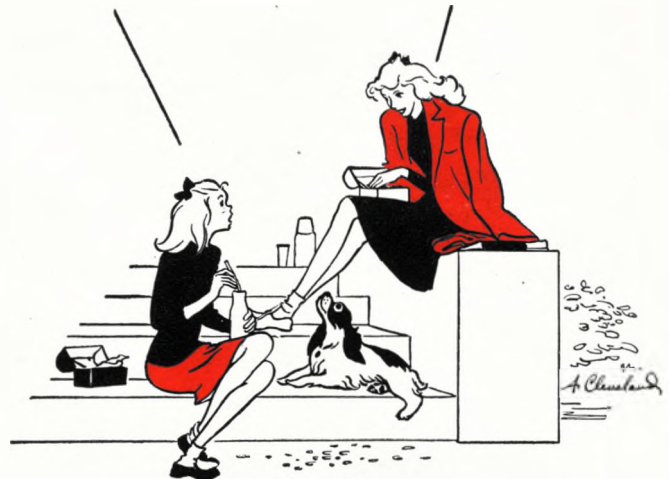
Avoid making an open crisis of the things that bother you, even if they have come to seem and perhaps are important. If food isn't eaten, bowels haven't moved, or a tantrum is in progress, be casual. At least outwardly.

Avoid talking about what your child does and says before visitors and other

[Continued on Page 104]

I ATE ALL MY CHOCOLATE  
*Bita* COOKIES AT RECESS  
SIS, HOW ABOUT IT?

O.K. GREEDY, YOU CAN  
HAVE JUST ONE.  
REMEMBER, I LOVE  
THEM, TOO!



See the easy-to-make recipes on package—  
and make delicious Cookies and Syrup...with  
ROCKWOOD'S SEMI-SWEET CHOCOLATE *Bita*



**ROCKWOOD**  
*The finest in chocolate*

## Lenten Casserole

Melt 3 T. fat; blend in 3 T. flour and ½ t. paprika. Add 2 Herb-Ox Vegetable Cubes; stir until softened. Dilute ¾ cup evaporated milk with equal amount of cold water; add all at once. Cook over low heat, stir constantly until smooth and thick. Add 2 cups cooked elbow macaroni, 1 cup cooked or canned shrimps, 1 cup cooked peas, and ¼ lb. mushroom, sliced and sautéed; mix well. Pour into casserole; top with ½ cup buttered bread crumbs. Bake in moderate oven (350°) about 20 minutes. (Serves 4.)

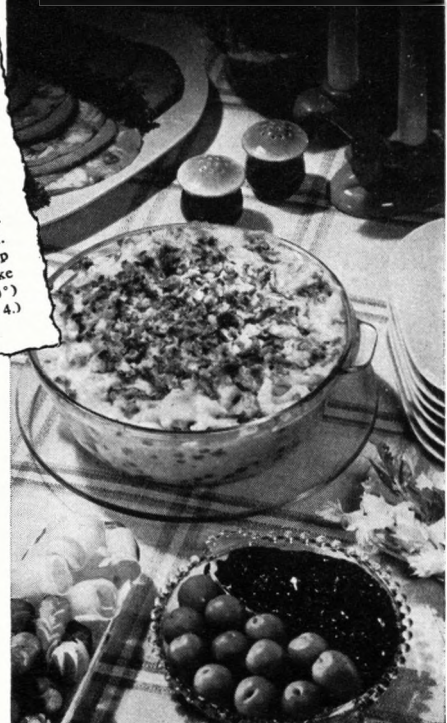


## LUSCIOUS FOR LENT

or for any time—a meatless main dish that really has glamour! It's hearty and nourishing; and thanks to Herb-Ox, wonderful in flavor! Use Herb-Ox—Chicken, Vegetable or Bouillon—to season all your meatless dishes. It adds "that little something extra" that makes food taste extra good!



## Recipe of the month



The PURE FOOD COMPANY, Inc.  
Mamaroneck, N. Y.



### Nut Chocolate Pudding That's My-T-Fine

Easy recipe for Chocolate "Sugar-Cookie" Pudding: Prepare My-T-Fine Nut Chocolate Pudding according to simple directions on the package. Arrange three sugar cookies of any preferred flavor in shallow sherbet, spoon in pudding so that cookies remain upright. Top with whipped cream before serving.

5 delicious  
My-T-Fine  
desserts

Nut Chocolate  
Vanilla  
Butterscotch  
Chocolate  
Lemon Pie Filling



## NEW DESSERTS USING GRAPEFRUIT

by BARBARA DILLON

Now that grapefruit are plentiful and cheap it's a good time to use them for a pudding or frozen desserts

### BAKED GRAPEFRUIT MERINGUE PUDDING

Costs 34 cents (February 1946)  
Serves 6 to 8 Woman's Day Kitchen

1/4 cup sugar	3 tablespoons butter
5 tablespoons cornstarch	3 egg yolks
Salt	Grated rind 1/2 grapefruit
1 3/4 cups boiling water	1/2 cup grapefruit juice
1 1/2 cups corn syrup	Pinch salt
	3 egg whites

Mix sugar, cornstarch and 1/8 teaspoon salt in saucepan; add water and 1 cup corn syrup. Cook gently, stirring until thickened; simmer 10 minutes. Add butter. Pour hot mixture over egg yolks, grapefruit rind and juice mixed together. Strain into ungreased 1 1/2 quart casserole. Bake in moderate oven, 350°F., for 15 minutes. Beat salted whites until stiff but not dry. Continue beating, adding remaining 1/3 cup corn syrup slowly until thoroughly blended. Cover pudding with meringue; continue baking for 18 minutes or until browned. Serve warm or cold.

### MINTED GRAPEFRUIT FREEZE

Costs 24 cents (February 1946)  
Makes about 2 cups  
Woman's Day Kitchen

1/2 cup mint jelly	3 tablespoons lemon juice
1 1/2 cups fresh grapefruit juice	

Melt jelly in saucepan over low heat. Add to grapefruit and lemon juices; mix thoroughly. Pour into freezing tray and freeze to a mush. Turn into chilled bowl; beat with rotary beater until smooth. Return to tray and freeze until firm. This may be served in the center of sectioned grapefruit halves as a first course or as a dessert, or served as a garnish with a fruit cup.

### GRAPEFRUIT SHERBET

Costs 25 cents (February 1946)  
Serves 6 Woman's Day Kitchen

1 cup undiluted evaporated milk	1/2 cup sweetened condensed milk
1 1/4 cups grapefruit juice	1/4 teaspoon lemon extract

Set control of refrigerator freezing unit at coldest point. Pour evaporated milk into freezing tray; freeze to a mush. Turn milk into chilled bowl; beat with rotary beater until stiff. Add remaining ingredients and beat until thoroughly blended. Pour into freezing tray and freeze until almost solid. Remove from tray and beat until smooth and light. Return to tray and freeze until firm.

## TRY A DASH OF NEGLECT

[Continued from Page 103]

grownups. Of course a story about what happened when you and Jill and Jerry went to market or the Zoo, in which many of the events of the trip centered around them is quite different. They can be the important figures in such a narrative without its making them self-conscious. Children adore hearing stories of the things that have happened to them.

An over-abundance of toys makes a child dependent and exacting, and often makes him discontented and lacking in concentration. Provide variety in play and encourage the companionship of other children.

Don't withhold interest. Show it in your child's play—in his achievement with blocks or books or paints, or in his helping you. There's a right way to praise too, so that your little boy or girl feels the glow of success and your approval; as to say perhaps, "That is a wonderful hangar you've built, Richie—just like the ones at the airport," rather than, "Richie, what a wonderful builder you are—I'm going to tell Daddy what a smart boy he has."

Show less solicitude and no apprehension about your child's every sneeze, his wet feet, and his health in general.

I don't believe in parents' expecting some one else to solve their problems, but if your son or daughter has become troublesome in the ways we describe—and you have several grownups in the house who are hard to bring in line with the new way—a few hours a day in a nursery school or kindergarten, for a while at least, might start a real breaking-up of the undesirable behavior which distresses you.

But all through your thinking on this subject, remember that being cozy and companionable with your child is not the fault I mean. Even a mother who has to be alone with her child all of every day can strike a balance between too much of the wrong kind, and too little of the right kind of attention.

I have discussed chiefly the younger children because these difficulties and their causes occur more frequently during the early years. But they can carry over into—or crop up again in the "in-between" phases and even in the teens.

As to the "in-betweens," what you may do in connection with a ten-year-old may seem like an excess of attention but it

### CANNING SUGAR FOR 1946

Since the local rationing boards are closed there will be no individual applications for canning sugar. As we go to press it seems likely that a stamp in Ration Book 4 will soon be validated for 5 pounds of canning sugar.

The government requests you not to cash this stamp unless you plan to use the sugar for canning and preserving.

Makes REAL  
**CORN MUFFINS**  
in a jiffy

—grandest  
you ever  
tasted!

READY TO MIX • EASY TO FIX...makes grand  
corn bread, waffles, pancakes, too!

SHEDD • BARTUSH FOODS INC. • Detroit—Elgin

**SOON!  
SOON!  
SOON!**

*Soon you'll be enjoying this superb, zestful flavor again. Look for it on your grocer's shelves.*



**THE SANDWICH SPREAD OF THE NATION**  
*Branded with the devil...but fit for the gods!*

**Old English**  
**CONTAINS MILLIONS MORE**  
**TINY WAX PARTICLES**



**Same Amazing Low Price!**  
OLD ENGLISH NO-RUBBING WAX lives up to the high standards you have always demanded of this famous product. Now, back to pre-war excellence...you can rely on OLD ENGLISH for top quality at the same low price.  
OLD ENGLISH is made by an exclusive process to get floors brighter. Just spread it and it polishes itself to long-lasting brilliance.



may be only the minimum of necessity to keep him from running completely berserk in his own heedless, harmless way! For, left to their own devices, the majority of boys around this period would probably never wash, change their clothes, put on an extra sweater, or give the dog a run, without a dozen parental reminders.

With the teen-agers it's different. They begin to step out, and grow independent and a little cocky, seeming often more capable than they are. But they continue to need us, and love us, and want us always comfortably around (even if a little in the background). It's still wise for parents not to devote too obviously every daytime thought (and many night ones), to their big sons and daughters. It does the young people good to realize that Mother and Father have some other interests in life and friendships of their own which they care about. It is a different sort of wholesome neglect when parents step out once in awhile on their own. True, this particular method may not be for you. You may have to find another—if your late-teen-age children need a little neglecting, it may become an individual matter for you to work out to fit your own family picture.

After all, each problem, as each child, is individual. It is really up to you to decide whether your two- or three- or four-year-old, or your "in-between" or your adolescent will be really happier, more self-sufficient and develop more fully as a young human being, with a dash—or even more—of wholesome neglect.

**LISTEN HERE**

*[Continued from Page 15]*

and rehabilitation, is out in front by a narrow margin.

**N**OTHING in the way of quizzes that anyone has been able to dream up is even close to "Information Please." It wins again, hands down. As a matter of fact, there have been evenings when I was tempted to name it Best Comedy Show on the air. Dan Golenpaul, producer of Info, will have to watch his step, though, in the selection of guests. Too often the visitors have been chosen on the basis of their public appeal rather than on their general fund of knowledge. The result is that certain questions are all too obviously tossed out as pap for the visiting firemen. Statesmen, movie stars and war heroes are all well and good on Fadiman's panel of experts provided their I. Q. measures up to the Adams-Kieran standard. If not, the welcome mat is always out on "Detect and Collect" or "Break the Bank."

The writing of Don Quinn for Fibber McGee and Molly is, as usual, the essence of perfect Scripting. Clifford Goldsmith, who has heretofore done a masterful job on "The Aldrich Family," was busy with a play this past year. I think I detected the lapse but maybe it was only my imagination.

You'll find a new "Best" under the heading of Master of Ceremonies. It's

*[Continued on Page 106]*

**KNOW YOUR FOODS**

*... by Mary Bell*



**DOCTORS SAY MANY PEOPLE WHO EAT BIG MEALS ARE STILL UNDERNOURISHED ...WISE MOTHERS FREELY USE NU-MAID, THE MODERN "TABLE-GRADE" MARGARINE THAT HAS 3,300 CALORIES PER LB AND IS RICH IN "PEP-UP" VITAMIN "A"**



**CHILDREN LOVE NU-MAID ON BREAD AND AFTER-SCHOOL SNACKS BECAUSE OF ITS SWEET, CHURNED-FRESH FLAVOR, AND THIS "TABLE-GRADE" MARGARINE IS SO ECONOMICAL, THEY CAN USE IT LIBERALLY.**



**BECAUSE OF ITS DELICIOUS FLAVOR, NU-MAID IS ALSO USED BY GOOD COOKS WHEN THEY WANT EXTRA FINE CAKES AND PIES.**

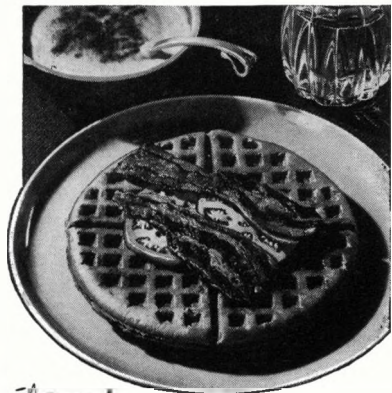
**Table-Grade**  
**NU-MAID**

**As fine a spread as money can buy.**



Try Duff's Waffle Mix for—

## Tangy Rarebit Waffles



**IDEA!**

For a Quick Snack . . . when friends drop in. Serve crisp waffles topped with bacon, tomato slices, and creamy rarebit sauce. For perfect waffles, use Duff's!



In the April issue . . .

Our decorating article will be

### ROCKING CHAIRS

by MARGUERITE DODD

## EASY ON HANDS

WRIGHT'S is the easy-on-the-hands way to clean valuable silver. It's a soft, "air-floated" cream.



America's Largest Selling Silver Cleaner

## SOMETHING GREEN FOR ST. PATRICK'S DAY

by DOROTHY McGOVERN

### LIME ICE CREAM

Costs 31 cents (February 1946)  
Serves 4 Woman's Day Kitchen

- |                               |                              |
|-------------------------------|------------------------------|
| 1 cup chilled evaporated milk | 1/4 cup honey                |
| Grated rind 1 lime            | 2 tablespoons powdered sugar |
| 1/2 cup fresh lime juice      | Green coloring               |

Whip evaporated milk until thick. Add lime rind and juice, honey and sugar. Continue whipping until well mixed. Color pale green with a little green coloring. Pour into refrigerator tray, freeze until partly firm. Remove from tray, whip thoroughly. Return to tray and freeze until firm.

### DROP COOKIES WITH GREEN-SUGAR TOPPING

Costs 12 cents (February 1946)  
About 30 cookies Woman's Day Kitchen

- |                                      |                          |
|--------------------------------------|--------------------------|
| Grated rind 1 orange                 | 1 egg, grade B, beaten   |
| 2 tablespoons fat                    | 1 cup sifted flour       |
| 1/4 cup maple-flavored pancake syrup | 1 teaspoon baking powder |
| 1/4 cup corn syrup                   | 1/4 teaspoon salt        |
|                                      | 2 tablespoons sugar      |
|                                      | Green coloring           |

Cream orange rind, fat and syrups together. Add egg and sifted flour, baking powder and salt, mix well. Drop by teaspoonfuls onto greased cookie sheet. Bake in moderate oven, 375°F., for 10 minutes or until lightly browned. Mix sugar with 2 or 3 drops of green coloring. Sprinkle a small amount on each cookie immediately after removing from oven.

### CHIFFONADE DRESSING FOR GREEN SALADS

Costs 17 cents (February 1946)  
Serves 6 Woman's Day Kitchen

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| 1 hard-cooked egg, finely chopped      | 2 tablespoons green pepper, finely chopped |
| 2 tablespoons minced beets or pimiento | 3/4 cup well-seasoned French dressing      |
| 1 tablespoon minced parsley            |  |

Combine ingredients; chill.

### EMERALD SALAD

Costs 35 cents (February 1946)  
Serves 4 Woman's Day Kitchen

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| 1 3/4 cups boiling water                | 1/2 cup well-drained canned crushed pineapple |
| 1 package lime-flavored gelatin dessert | 1 medium-size cucumber, diced                 |
| 1 tablespoon vinegar                    | Lettuce Dressing                              |

Add boiling water to gelatin; stir until dissolved. Add vinegar and salt. Chill until slightly thickened. Add pineapple and cucumber. Pour into 1-quart ring mold which has been rinsed with cold water. Chill until firm. Unmold and serve on lettuce with salad dressing.

## LISTEN HERE

[Continued from Page 105]

the one and only Clifton Fadiman, engineer and mainstay of "Information Please." If you've ever heard the show when Fadiman was absent you'll understand the reason for my selection.

Arlene Francis is by far the best Mistress of Ceremonies. If you don't believe me, listen to "Blind Date."

Commentator honors go this year to H. V. Kaltenborn, with Raymond Swing (last year's choice) and Fulton Lewis Jr. running him a close race.

Bill Stern and Harry Wisner are great Sportscasters but I give the nod again to Ted Husing. Maybe I'm prejudiced. He's the only man I know who can broadcast a tennis match without being two games behind the players.

Every poll in the country perennially picks Guy Lombardo as having the best Dance Band. Ditto.

Children's Program is added to the list this year and the choice is "American School of the Air," although I heartily recommend "Let's Pretend" for the very young and Gabriel Heatter for the even younger.

The Most Promising addition to the networks is Fiorello H. LaGuardia, erstwhile Mayor of New York. Personally, I feel that The Little Flower will capture as many listeners in the middle and far West as he does around New York. Butch has a delivery which is captivating, amusing and sincere. If ever his Hooper Rating starts to slip, all he'll have to do is read the comics.

Although not listed this year, I wish to pay tribute to "Vox Pop," the best interview show of them all; to Fred Waring and Don McNeill for two fine morning shows; and to Arthur Godfrey and Henry Morgan for their brand of screwball nonsense.

As for television, I wish they'd forget it for the time being and concentrate on the unseen listeners who deserve a better break than was handed them last year. At least, so it seems to this weary listener.

\* \* \*

**DIALING AT RANDOM** Barry Fitzgerald, 57, born William Joseph Shields, lives with an Iroquois Indian, *Gus Tallon* . . . *Don Wilson's* wife is a polish countess . . . *Max Marcin*, writer-producer of "Crime Dr.," started out as a newspaper reporter at \$3 per week . . . When *Jack Smith*, called by some the most promising star of tomorrow, isn't singing on CBS at 7:15 p.m., he's an instructor at the N. Y. School of Aircraft Instruments . . . *Ed (Archie) Gardner's* name is Edward Poggenburg, and *Frank Morgan's* is Frank Wupperman . . . Too bad *Reader's Digest* has quit sponsorship of that superb "America's Town Meeting" . . . American Broadcasting Co. at long last gets the call letters "ABC" which I will use from now on . . . Associated is now Associated Broadcasting System and will use "ABS" . . . Of the 5,000 "T or C" contestants only two have ever refused to take the consequences . . . *Maurice Chevalier* is slated to return to this country and may have a radio show.

**OAKITE CLEANS**  
LENTEN DISHES, POTS AND PANS—  
QUICKLY—THOROUGHLY—ECONOMICALLY

Keep a supply of OAKITE—the gentle, busy, all-purpose cleaner—on hand during Lent. It's just the thing for cleaning those deep-dish frying utensils, keeping fish frying pans spotless, removing the grease from oily salad dishes and mixing bowls. And remember—a little OAKITE does a big cleaning job! A 'spoonful or two is all you need for most cleaning tasks!

**OAKITE**  
TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.  
The gentle  
grease-dissolving cleaner

**Help Youngsters GROW**  
**STRONG VIGOROUS HUSKY!**

with **HIGH ENERGY TONIC**

Good-tasting Scott's Emulsion contains natural A & D Vitamins often needed to help build stamina and resistance to colds and minor ills. Helps build strong bones and sound teeth, too! Give good-tasting Scott's daily, the year-round!

Recommended by Many Doctors

Try **SCOTT'S EMULSION**  
YEAR-ROUND TONIC

Harry Von Zell defines Tokyo Rose as a radio entertainer who suddenly lost her sponsor . . . Nigel (Dr. Watson) Bruce recently had 63 stitches taken in his left leg—the result of a World War I injury . . . Wonder what's become of Walter O'Keefe? . . . Boris Karloff, born William Henry Pratt in London, won't broadcast on the 13th . . . Network Nugget: "Exploring the Unknown," Mutual, 9 p.m., Sun. . . . Hattie McDaniel plays Sadie Simpson on "Amos 'n' Andy" . . . I must remember to do a "Snapshot" of Hector Chevigny, blind writer for Morton Downey . . . Nice to have OWI Chief, Elmer Davis, back on ABC at 3, Sun. . . . William S. Paley, president of CBS, and Mark Wood, president of ABC, are both 44 . . . Henry Aldrich's girl friend, Kathleen Anderson, is 25-year-old Mary Shipp, married for 6 years . . . Those chanting LS/MFT auctioneers are about the highest paid lads in radio: \$500 apiece for 90 seconds babbling . . . Ralph Edwards has sold over half a billion, BILLION, that is, E bonds, for which a justly deserved Treasury award.

MARCH SNAPSHOT Melvin Jerome (Mel) Blanc, known to millions of radio fans as the postman for Burns and Allen, Private Snafu for Bob Hope, the French music teacher for Jack Benny, Scotty McBrown for Abbott and Costello, Hubert Peabody for Jack Carson and Pedro for Judy Canova, was born in San Francisco May 20, 1908 . . . family moved to Portland, Oregon, when Mel was 7 . . . attended public school and Lincoln High where he made his teachers laugh with his constant gags and dialects although low marks were the inevitable re-



Mel Blanc—March Snapshot

sult . . . played the violin, and later the tuba, in the high school orchestra—both self-taught—and continued after graduation to play in orchestras all over the West coast . . . started his radio career by singing comedy songs in 1927 on the "Hoot Owls" program in Portland . . . later, on a show called "Cobwebs and Nuts," Mel wrote the half-hour script and did all 12 different voices . . . went to Hollywood in 1935 and was signed by Warner Bros. to do the voices of "Porky Pig," "Bugs Bunny" and "Daffy

[Continued on Page 108]

Try this easy way to make **LIGHT, FLUFFY BISCUITS!**

Depend on dependable dexo for real baking success. It mixes like magic, blends in a twinkling with your other ingredients. Stays fresh right on the pantry shelf; fries without smoking.

Do all your baking and frying with dependable dexo. Pastry will be flakier and more tender; fried foods crispier, tastier, and so digestible; and cakes light and delicate, with velvety texture. Buy dexo today at your A&P. Guaranteed 100% Pure Hydrogenated Vegetable Shortening.

*Hearty Hit!*

**dexo CREAMED CHIPPED BEEF ON CORN MEAL BISCUITS**

3 cups sifted flour 1 tablespoon sugar  
3 teaspoons bak- ½ cup yellow  
ing powder corn meal  
1½ teaspoons salt ¾ cup dexo  
1 cup milk

Sift flour, baking powder, salt and sugar together. Add corn meal and mix. Cut in dexo until mixture is consistency of coarse meal. Add enough milk to form a soft dough. Turn dough onto a lightly floured board and knead half a minute. Roll dough ½-inch thick and cut with 3-inch biscuit cutter. Place on ungreased baking sheet and bake in hot oven, 450°F, for 15 minutes. Serve topped with creamed chipped beef, vegetables or chicken. Makes 10 biscuits. 5 servings.

Prepared and tested by A&P Kitchens

NOT SOLD IN GEORGIA

# YOUR SHOES ARE SHOWING!



## EMBARRASSING, ISN'T IT? YOU NEED SHINOLA

● Shinola doesn't turn old shoes into new ones, but it certainly does keep your shoes, old or new, looking their best.

There's more to shining your shoes than just the appearance angle. Shinola's scientific combination of oily waxes helps hold in and replenish the normal oils in leather—helps maintain flexibility—and that means longer wear. It will pay you to KEEP 'EM SHINING WITH SHINOLA.



Take BABY and GO!

the happy way ComfySAFE AutoSeat

EIGHTH MONTH TO SCHOOL AGE

Every baby should be protected by ComfySAFE every time he rides. No restless squirming and bouncing on laps. Everybody enjoys the trip. Web shoulder and ball straps . . . upholstered seat and arms. Patented adjustable hooks easily locked into place. At leading infants' Depts. or write us. Box WD-346

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FORT WAYNE • INDIANA

Duck" . . . has at his instant command over 100 different accents, interpretations and comic characterizations, including the sound of humming birds' wings and the trumpeting of an elephant . . . had never been farther East than Nevada until last December when he combined a pleasure trip with the business of buying a stock of hardware for a store he owns in Venice, Calif., managed by Mr. Rosenbaum, his father-in-law . . . is 5 ft., 9 in. tall, weighs 180 lbs., has black hair and mustache and lives with his wife, Estelle, and 7-year-old son, Noel, in Playa del Ray, Calif. . . . is this column's choice for best "Supporting Comedian" of the past 12 months.

15 YEARS AGO *Philips Lord*, now producer of "Counterspy" and "Gangbusters," was playing Seth Parker in the dramatic show of the same name . . . *Ed East*, now teamed with *Polly*, his wife, was playing "Sisters of the Skillet" with *Ralph Dumke* . . . Depression gags were taboo on the air . . . Dogs were banned from network studios after a destructive mishap during a broadcast . . . The average pay for actors was \$22.50 a week for sustaining and \$50 for commercial . . . *James J. Corbett* made a series of electrical transcriptions on pugilism . . . A Harvard student hit *Rudy Vallee* in the face with a grapefruit in Boston . . . NBC was trying its financial best to lure *Charlie Chaplin* to the mike . . . *J. P. McEvoy* concocted a show called "Daddy and Rollo" . . . The hit tune was "When your Hair has turned to Silver," which prompted *Ray Knight* to add, "—and your teeth have turned to gold."

## WHAT PEOPLE WEAR

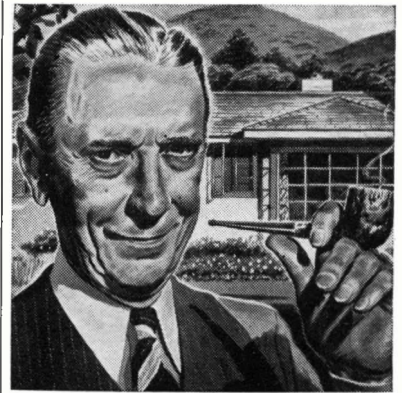
by GERARD MOSLER

Below are listed some very strange definitions of pieces of wearing apparel. The idea is that each word for clothes has another entirely different meaning, too. How many can you recognize from the definitions? A score of 8-10 is excellent; 6-7 good.

- 1) An English university town worn as a jacket by school boys and women.
- 2) A breed of chicken worn by men on their heads.
- 3) One of the Channel Islands worn as a jacket.
- 4) A Mohammedan priest worn by military men when they are not in uniform.
- 5) A Spanish dance serving as a short jacket, with or without sleeves.
- 6) An English village slung around men's necks.
- 7) An oblong piece of a game worn as a hood.
- 8) A horse race put on a man's head.
- 9) A device for raising water put on the foot.
- 10) Unexploded shells thrown away as cast-off clothing.

## ANSWERS

- 1) Eton
- 2) Leghorn
- 3) Jersey
- 4) Muffs
- 5) Bolero
- 6) Ascot
- 7) Domino
- 8) Derby
- 9) Pump
- 10) Duds



## Let your HEAD take you

(The average American today has a choice of just going where "his feet take him", or choosing wisely the course to follow. Let's skip ahead 10 years, and take a look at John Jones—and listen to him . . .)

"SOMETIMES I feel so good it almost scares me. "This house—I wouldn't swap a shingle off its roof for any other house on earth. This little valley, with the pond down in the hollow at the back, is the spot I like best in all the world.

"And they're mine. I own 'em. Nobody can take 'em away from me.

"I've got a little money coming in, regularly. Not much—but enough. And I tell you, when you can go to bed every night with nothing on your mind except the fun you're going to have tomorrow—that's as near Heaven as man gets on this earth!

"It wasn't always so.

"Back in '46—that was right after the war and sometimes the going wasn't too easy—I needed cash. Taxes were tough, and then Ellen got sick. Like almost everybody else, I was buying Bonds through the Payroll Plan—and I figured on cashing some of them in. But sick as she was, it was Ellen who talked me out of it.

"Don't do it, John!" she said. "Please don't! For the first time in our lives, we're really saving money. It's wonderful to know that every single payday we have more money put aside! John, if we can only keep up this saving, think what it can mean! Maybe someday you won't have to work. Maybe we can own a home. And oh, how good it would feel to know that we need never worry about money when we're old!"

"Well, even after she got better, I stayed away from the weekly poker game—quit dropping a little cash at the hot spots now and then—gave up some of the things a man feels he has a right to. We didn't have as much fun for a while but we paid our taxes and the doctor and—we didn't touch the Bonds.

"What's more, we kept right on putting our extra cash into U. S. Savings Bonds. And the pay-off is making the world a pretty swell place today!"

The Treasury Department acknowledges with appreciation the publication of this advertisement.

# THE BUSTLE BEAUTIFUL



by OLIVE W. FREEMAN

SOME things about women's clothes were funny ha-ha we thought, and the funniest thing was a bustle. Our unmarried aunt who lived with us wore one. She wore all the things which were stylish. People said she was "dressy."

My father said she was ruining me. When Mother asked, "How, Will?" he said, "Look at the child, always wanting to wear gloves, and she won't touch onions. Old-maid notions!" Mother laughed.

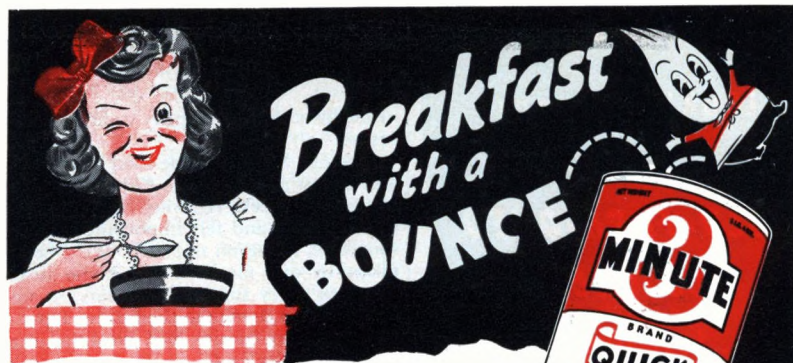
I saw the word "shipshape" in a story, and it seemed a better thing than dressy to call our aunt. Her clothes were trim and snug, and put on right, and nothing fluttered. I loved to watch her while she dressed, and away from Ernest, I really admired that bustle bulge and meant to have one.

Certainly I had no idea that a bustle could mean anything different to me until one Wednesday afternoon. I went in for refinement on Wednesdays. After school I washed my hands and then had my music lesson in the parlor. Regularly on that day the son of our school superintendent came to see me. He did everything regularly, and these Wednesdays were serious. We were going to be married, and have a school, and if I ever did better in my music, I could teach that. I could see myself on a piano stool bulging pleasantly in the rear, just below a pale blue leather belt.

We were drawing a dormitory plan in the back parlor, when Ernest made a silent but dramatic entrance, smirking. I blinked in horror as he revolved. Over his short pants was tied Aunt's bustle, that little padded black-covered cushion, whose tapes barely reached around what would have been his waist, if he had had one. Embarrassment, hurt and fury boiled together in me. A bustle was Underwear. Ernest had outraged feminine decency and me, in public, and I slapped him.

My caller left quickly. This was the beginning of the end. It must have been then that he began to feel that I would

[Continued on Page 110]



from this thrifty package with the big red 3

Only the choicest, plump, sun-ripened grains — the pick of the harvest — are Fireless Cooked . . . At The Mill . . . for the finest in flavor. And 3-Minute Oats supplies the lasting nourishment, Vitamin B<sub>1</sub> and Minerals your family needs — a breakfast with a bounce that never lets you down. Penny for penny, pound for pound, you can't buy better!



HOW 3-MINUTE OATS MEASURES UP ON THE DIETARY "YARDSTICK"

Percentage of recommended daily allowance for a moderately active adult furnished by 2 ounces of Oatmeal:

PHOSPHORUS	30%
VITAMIN B <sub>1</sub>	23.3%
IRON	19.8%
PROTEIN	14.2%
FOOD ENERGY	7.2%

Whole-Grain 3-Minute Oats is naturally rich in these food elements.



## 3-MINUTE OATS

THERE IS A DIFFERENCE IN OATS — BUY THE BEST!



### NO DULL DRAB HAIR

When You Use This Amazing

### 4 Purpose Rinse

In one, simple, quick operation, LOVALON will do all of these 4 important things to give YOUR hair glamour and beauty:

1. Gives lustrous highlights.
2. Rinses away shampoo film.
3. Tints the hair as it rinses.
4. Helps keep hair neatly in place.

LOVALON does not permanently dye or bleach. It is a pure, odorless hair rinse, in 12 different shades. Try LOVALON.

At stores which sell toilet goods

25¢ for 5 rinses  
10¢ for 2 rinses



## Every Woman Needs a Hand-Knit Wardrobe for Spring



Peplums, preferred for gala days and nights. All-purpose cardigans, a "must." Yoke fronts perfect with suits. And all more luxurious when hand-knit of Fleisher's pure wool quality yarns.

### Fleisher's Yarn

(There's Nothing Finer)



Send 5c today to Dept. WF-3, for instructions on how to make this sweeter.

230 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.

LOOK! I can make  
**GOOD  
OLD-FASHIONED  
ICE CREAM**

... Just like Mother  
used to make!



So can you... quickly, and easily, without fuss or bother. Your refrigerator does all the work. In a jiffy, out comes mellow, rich ice cream that tastes even better than Mom used to make, so good you'll want more and more.

Just one package of amazing new Zip-Freeze makes twelve heaping helpings of good old-fashioned ice cream, and many other delightful frozen desserts. Tested recipes in every package. Get it today—at your grocer's.



**Zip-Freeze**

THE ALBULAC COMPANY • CHICAGO

## THE BUSTLE BEAUTIFUL

[Continued from Page 109]

never have enough dignity to fit into his future.

Summer vacation came soon after that, and Ernest and I went to Canada by ourselves for a week. We were friends again by that time, and felt important and responsible, being on our own. We'd been taken to our mother's old home near Toronto every summer for years, so we knew how to change to the boat at Lewiston, and two cousins and an aunt met us at the other end.

WE HAD five dollars between us to spend, and by mid-week we'd spent thirty-five cents. Then we were turned loose for a couple of hours in the toy department of the big store of T. Eaton and Company in Toronto, and there we beheld the perfect fusing of humor and inventive genius. Ernest spied the queer-looking contraption first, on a counter, and investigated. It was labeled "Musical Bustle." Grinning rapturously, he belted it around him and sat down in the nearest chair, leaned back, and the strains of "Bicycle Built for Two" fell on our delighted ears. It was the essence of all good jokes. Bustles were once again the funniest things on earth.

The price tag said \$3.75. We could buy it. We could take it home. We could give it to our aunt. We laughed so hard that a clerk came over to ask if we wanted to buy it. We told her we had to talk it over. We did—seriously. It would leave us less than a dollar for the rest of our visits.

Desire and common sense fought long together, and alas common sense won. So our money lasted us through the week, but we'd better have starved and bled to satisfy our desire. For there has been a place forever blank in our lives. Since then we've never seen, or heard of a Musical Bustle.

## HOW TO BE A GIRL

[Continued from Page 16]

### Serious Thoughts

punch . . . But if your father opines that Joe is a joker who will maneuver you into places and situations which are colorful to dangerous because he doesn't know any better or doesn't use his head, Father is casting serious doubt on Joe's gray matter. To you, he may be a very drooly guy indeed to have captured single-handed, but boys are no diagramless puzzle to Father. He knows the percentages and we would be inclined to run a line through Joe and try to forget his crooked smile. A lot of difference Sally's nice family background will make if she's booted off the team for a teeny weensy cheat in a game. Or, consider carefully the obvious warmth and fun in that gal you met slugging it out with hamburgers with the gang in the drugstore. Do you really care if she comes from a part of town that's far, far away?

Don't get your back fur up against



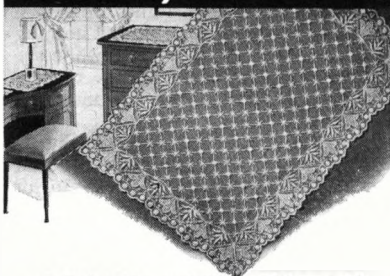
### CAN GUARANTEE SO MUCH VITAMIN A ALL THE TIME!

Science again beats Mother Nature! The KEYKO process churns sweet pasteurized skim milk into pure vegetable oil—then adds a full 15,000 units of Vitamin A to every pound—all from the American farm—made in the heart of the great midwest milk country. KEYKO is "FARM FRESH", delicious and ALWAYS mighty nutritious.

Comes pure white  
—add color  
to taste



## Linens of Distinction



### "Will o' The Wish"

#### BOUDOIR ENSEMBLE BY BUCILLA

Add frothy freshness to your bedroom . . . get this matching boudoir ensemble: scarf, vanity set, doilies embroidered in imported net. It's just one of Bucilla's exquisite ideas for decorative linens . . . luncheon sets, bridge sets, cloths, towels. At all good stores.



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WOMAN'S DAY





**YOUR QUILTS** Never Can Be Re-filled. Be sure the **FIRST** time with **MOUNTAIN MIST COTTON**. It handles like cloth, spreads smoothly without stretching thin because of the soft, needle-easy "Glazene" surfaces on both sides. The quilts wash beautifully.

### 100th Anniversary Quilt Booklet

28 pages showing 85 quilt designs in actual colors and 37 designs for quilting. Never before has a catalog been offered with so many quilt designs in full color. Send only 10c (or U. S. stamps) to **STEARNS & FOSTER CO., DEPT 610, Cincinnati 15, Ohio.**

**GET PUFFY, EASY-TO-NEEDLE MOUNTAIN MIST** QUILT COTTON

AT DRY GOODS OR DEPARTMENT STORES

## Modern Vitaflo

### Appeals to Busy Mothers

You'll find many busy young mothers using the modern Vitaflo Nurser because its nipple, bottle, cap all-in-one is the handiest to use. And its efficient valve-action nipple permits babies to nurse in comfort and finish their bottles better. Complete Vitaflo Units 20c at 5c to \$1.00 stores.



Mrs. Robt. Crile and daughter Medina, Ohio



or for someone just to X out the family. A friend is somebody who whips over with her fur jacket the night the dream comes true. Or somebody else who calls up his shadow and explains that your date went to Washington to untangle the War Department on what happened at the Bulge, and will Shadow take you to the dance for him. That is the kind of friend your parents want you to have. Hold out for same. You don't want to go climbing trees and out onto limbs with characters you aren't pretty sure of.

**Stand up, toots** Last week we went to the Baroque Room of the Plaza to a showing. (Impressed gasps, please. We do not run into the Plaza for a quick coke every day, exactly.) Very blasé affair with everyone hanging around in black relieved by a large sparkler at the neck, and cocktail hats. It was the showing of a movie on posture and grooming. It took you—comes now we tell you the plot—through the course a well-known beauty success school gives. We came out convinced that what the director said is so: good posture is above-all important. It showed three girls, all highly possible in the face, who gave out a most blah effect. A spine line like the letter S or



collapsible shoulders certainly rook the impression. And we got to thinking, why not use the school gym as a Salon de Beauté? You don't care about the effect moderne of the room you do the kicking and groaning in. You care about the effect moderne of yourself. If you spent six months' allowances in such a salon you would get the exercises similar to those which your own gym teacher can give you free. (We ourselves got rid of chicken wings in the school gym and look where it got us! Into the Baroque Room of the Plaza!) Go to Teach' and trustingly confide your problems: you could do with a straighter back and, while you're at it, an inch or two less around the hips. You'll get expert advice. Meantime, here are three exercises suggested by the success school's director. If your spine tends to curve inward and your hips tend the other way, stand up against a door jamb, bend your knees deeply and flatten your middle spine against the jamb. Draw yourself up to a straight-knee stance slowly. Repeat. (Always repeat.) For a slight cave-in across the chest, sit in a straight chair, square your shoulders and press them against the back of the chair. Then raise your arms up in front of you and reach high. Lower

[Continued on Page 112]

## Hop out of bed HAPPY



### Try this tonight for morning freshness!

Why struggle to wake up and get going—half-awake and half-alive! Try this easy way thousands are using to bounce out of bed—buoyant, vital—eager to meet the day. Just drink a cup of Ovaltine at bedtime each night.

For Ovaltine does three things to bring vigorous morning freshness.

First—taken warm at bedtime it promotes sound sleep without drugs.

Second—it furnishes food elements to build up vitality while you sleep.

Third—it also supplies extra vitamins and minerals in a delicious, more natural way for all-round health and vigor.

So why not turn to Ovaltine—starting tonight!

# OVALTINE

In the April issue . . .

### CHAIN STITCH

will be our next needlework article

## MATERNITY

STYLE BOOK FREE

LANE BRYANT Maternity clothes enable you to dress stylishly during all stages of your maternity period—and after baby comes as well.

Designed to conceal your condition and to provide ample room for expansion.

Latest styles in Dresses and Corsets. Also apparel for baby. Send the coupon today for your FREE Book.

Lane Bryant

DEPT. 45-C, 752 E. MARKET ST. INDIANAPOLIS 17, IND.

Mail FREE Maternity Style Book in plain wrapper.

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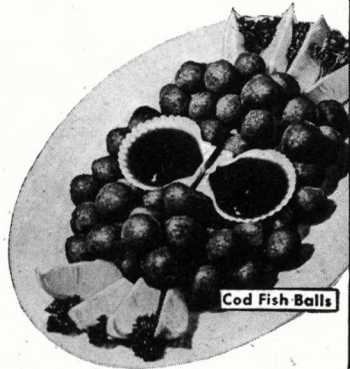
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For Lent

# Now You Can AGAIN ENJOY THEM



Crisp, plump codfish balls, served small and hot! Gorton's "Ready-to-Fry" is now back on sale at your grocer's. The original prepared cod and potato, blended and seasoned the real New England way. Get it today.

**GET THIS** 40 page, color illustrated recipe booklet of 134 delicious deep sea dishes. Yours upon receipt of one label from any Gorton product. Send to Gorton-Pew Fisheries, Gloucester, Mass.



**TWICE AS FINE-GRAINED TO POUR FREELY!**

A Product of General Foods



IODIZED OR PLAIN

**MAKES GOOD FOOD TASTE BETTER!**

## HOW TO BE A GIRL

[Continued from Page 111]

them. If you have an all-over meal-sack effect from too many sundaes, you need a general trimming down. Try lying on the floor and rolling your hips around in an eight pattern. Keep at it, toots. There's not much point in having a lovely figure if no one can tell which way it goes!

**Sitter Situation** Apropos of a piece in the Daily Hue and Cry about a union of teen sitters striking for higher rates, we interviewed the ace sitter where we live, which is a very tough town where the competition is really driving. She's against organizing. Says experience counts in rates. Also says why would a mother hire a kid for the same monetary insult she can get a thing called a Responsible Older Woman? While we lacerated six brownies and a malted with her, we wangled some inside hints on the business. She prefers babies. They're less rambunctious. Doesn't believe in messing around a child too much and counts as worry-warts the mothers who make her promise to look at the child every ten minutes. Says the child gets worn out looking at her face. If the baby cries, she picks it up and comforts it for a moment; then puts it right down. She thinks they sense the maternal absence. Gets the doctor's number from the parents, although in most emergencies she calls her mother. Suggests using sitters when you have dinner guests and don't want the children tramping in and out.



(We are picturing a two-year-old stamping around the room.) She gets the little things to bed by promising to tell them a story when they're in. Sleepy stories are best. Does some joint sitting—that is, with a friend. The friend is on the house. She lists among the advantages the wonderful chance to tie up "Ivanhoe" while sitting in the Park. No writing assignments, however—not with someone who grabs. We list what she makes: \$3.50 a week! And at that she's choosy about her time. When slightly infantile she charged 25 cents an hour, but since she has taken a course and put in over a year and half she gets 40 cents. If she doesn't like the kid it's more! Asked if she had any set ideas about sitting she said no, her mother has the set ideas. Likes most to sit in afternoons when the babies are awake and playing.

**What do you mean—dreepy?** Dreepy is a dreary word but pithy and it describes a dress. The skirt is too long or something. The shoulders sag or something. The neckline is too low or too high or something. What you really mean is that it has no line. This is very sad, very weepy. We just happen to believe that

line is the most important single element in clothes. No matter how lovely the tie-silk it's made of is, nor how soul-stirring the color, if it looks on you as if it had been run up by Omar the Tent-Maker, it's n.g. Our favorite designer, Anna Ostrander, advises experimenting with effects on yourself until you hit the one

which makes the most of your good points. She suggests standing in front of a long mirror in your nightie, or your Mother's if you wear your brother's pajamas, and tying a piece of ribbon around yourself in different locales. How do you look with a belt at the average waistline and a bloused effect topside? With a very high, up-under-the-chest line? Or a long waistline? Discard the ribbon, clutch the nightie in back and pull it in snugly around your middle. Maybe you do best in the fitted princess line. There are a couple of tape-measure facts to know as you do this. If you tend to be heavy-chested, you will do better in a slim skirt. If you have broad hips, you will need wide shoulders to go with them. If you are short-legged, you will have to resist being a cutie-pie in too short skirts. You don't want to look like something to be propped up against the back of a chaise longue. And once you've settled on what turns you into a slim sylph, don't forget it when you get in the store. Never mind the ermine tails on the red wool. They won't carry you, if the cut is off. For goodness' sake, what have you worked this all out for?



### Epistle-Scribbler

[Continued from Page 16]

(You have to wait until the older brother writes you.) You ought to begin with some appreciation about the Gishes and how they put themselves out with super-plans for you. Then comes something more general and interesting like how you had your family in convulsions over you and Josie vs. the two Gish men on the golf course. And then you can wind up with another thanks and something sort of nice about hoping you get a chance to do your town for them. Don't pick up a lot of old sticks and plant 'em like a picket fence in your letter. Say what you mean. It'll come off O.K. And don't stew over length. You are not getting paid by the word—you're selling gratitude and appreciation for having had a terrific three days. Maybe you can do it in three sentences or maybe you want to elaborate on it. But make it stick! 'Bye now—S. B. H.

Ready to Serve  
Meals

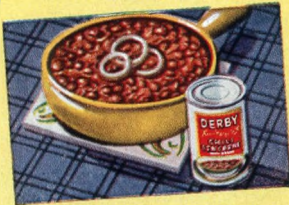
FROM THE HOUSE OF QUALITY



Also try:



**Tamales with Sauce** . . . are smooth, golden rolls of wholesome corn meal filled with delicately spiced ground meat. Over this is poured a delicious natural meat sauce. A complete main dish for a perfect dinner.



**Chili Con Carne:** Secret of the appetizing goodness of this superior Chili Con Carne is the careful blending of beef, beans and mildly spiced true meat sauce. Extra good because of extra meat content.

## DERBY EGG NOODLES AND CHICKEN

*is rich with chicken meat!*

Ah, here's a dish for a hungry family! Plump, tender cubes of fine chicken . . . both white and dark meat — added to fresh golden egg noodles and pure chicken broth—then cooked to perfection in Derby's kitchens. Ready to heat and serve.

Truly a tempting one-dish meal in itself! Delicious for luncheon or dinner. Try it once—you'll serve it often!



Ready to Serve  
**DERBY FOODS**

Chili Con Carne • Lambs' Tongues • Beef Tongue • Pigs Feet • Sausage • Frankfurters • Tid-Bits  
Beef Tongue • Spaghetti with Meat and Sauce • Lunch Tongue • Egg Noodles and Chicken  
Dried Beef • Chicken Broth • Chicken • Tamales • Chicken a la King • Corned Beef Hash

Also makers of Peter Pan Peanut Butter . . . it does not stick to the roof of your mouth

HAPPY PLATE MATES...

# SPAM\* DUTCH OVEN DINNER



## SPAM\* DUTCH OVEN DINNER

FROM THE HORMEL MENU FILES

Top o' the stove! Start by browning the Spam all sides, add onions, carrots, potatoes with a little water. Cook covered slowly till vegetables are deliciously tender. Serve with fresh peas and gravy made with bouillon cube or meat stock. Top o' the evening!



COLD OR HOT **SPAM** HITS THE SPOT!

**HORMEL**  
GOOD FOODS

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