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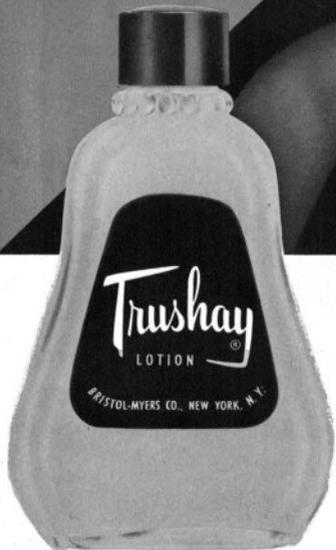
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PICTURE OF THE MONTH

WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

INCORPORATING THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

PAUL C. SMITH

editor in chief

"The Teahouse of the August Moon" is more than a work of art. M-G-M's filming of the far-famed Pulitzer Prize and Critics Award comedy is a work of many arts. Especially the art of laughing *with* rather than at those sometimes foolish things called people.

Brilliantly versatile as you know Marlon Brando and Glenn Ford to be, they will nonetheless astound you in "Teahouse". Their starring roles are in vivid contrast and cleverly key this story of the hilarious clash of cultures that came with the post-war U. S. Occupation of Okinawa. Metrocolor and CinemaScope do full justice to the natural splendor of the Far East in Springtime, as we meet the lovable native rogue (Marlon Brando as Sakini) who is assigned as interpreter to an eager-beaver young officer (Glenn Ford as Capt. Fisby).



Capt. Fisby comes to Tobiki village with orders to stimulate native industry, instill American "Get-up-and-go", put Tobiki "back on its feet". With Sakini's help, Fisby is himself swept off his feet by a gorgeous Geisha girl (Machiko Kyo as Lotus Blossom). And he stimulates native industry by building a potato-brandy distillery. There's a laugh and a world of winking wisdom in Brando's every "pidgin English" line, as gently he guides Glenn Ford into ordering the charming villagers to do only what *they* want to do. Example: They don't want a schoolhouse. They want a teahouse. So Fisby builds a fabulous pleasure dome. Here, beneath an August moon, lovely Geishas enchantingly chase all cares away.

American "know how"—which is outwitted at every witty turn of "Teahouse"—deserves top marks in the casting department. Eddie Albert is a joy. He's the gardening-crazy psychiatrist who goes native himself, trying to find out why Fisby has. As the pompous Colonel snarled in his own red tape, Paul Ford brings an ultra-funny finesse, sharpened by more than a thousand playings of the role on Broadway. "Sakini, where's your get-up-and-go?" the Colonel shouts. And Sakini shrugs. "Guess get-up-and-go went!" Jun Negami, Nijiko Kiyokawa and Mitsuko Sawamura also contribute perfect performances as Sakini's delightful native friends.

Producer Jack Cummings and director Daniel Mann have taken full and impressive advantage of the screen's greater range. John Patrick's adaptation of his own prize-winning play (from Vern J. Sneider's novel) enhances its happy blending of humor and humanity.

"The Teahouse of the August Moon" brings you not only all the fun of the stage play but leaves you with a heart-warming glow. That's something not to be missed!

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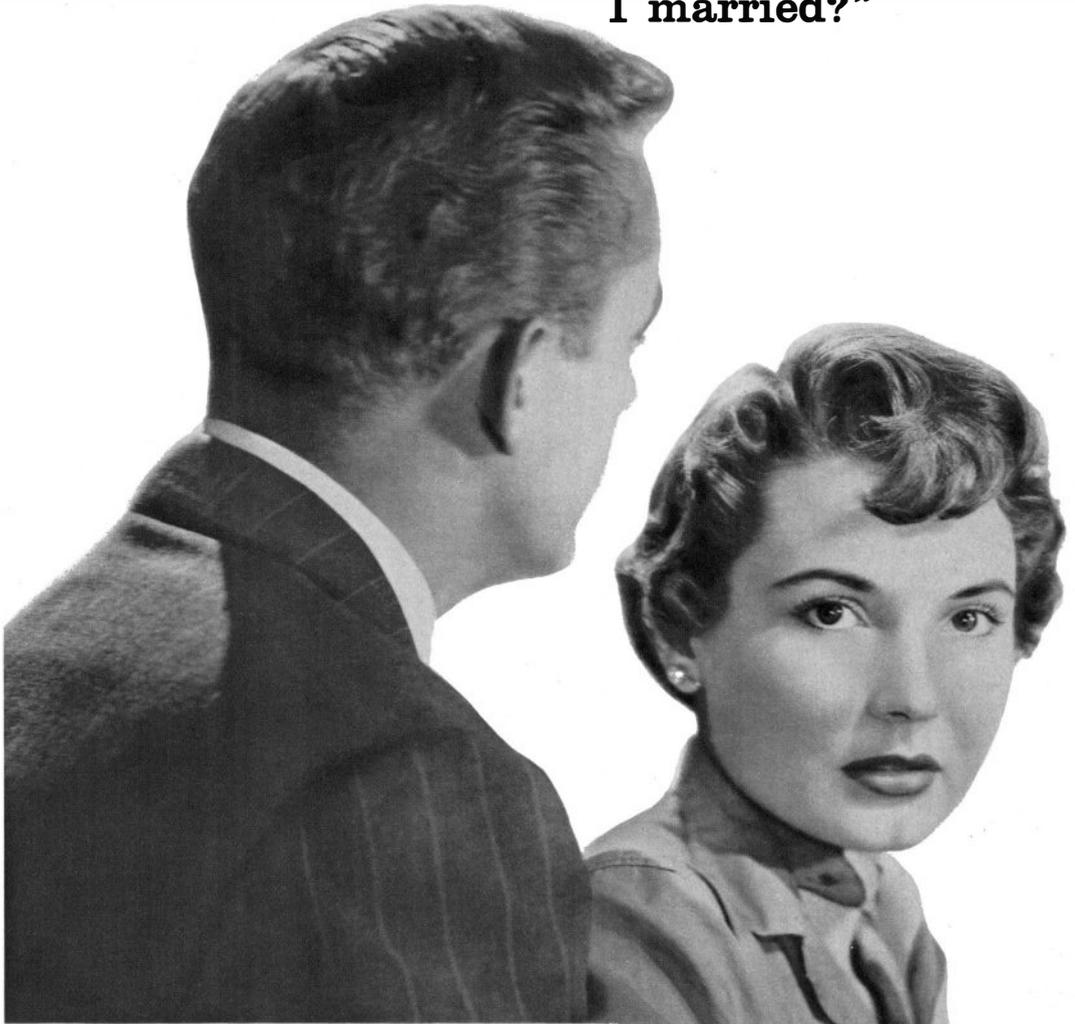
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“Whatever became of the girl I married?”



They say one partner in every marriage is more in love than the other. And in the Millers' case, everyone had thought it was she. Then, almost overnight, her affection seemed to cool. She didn't want his kisses—she avoided his embrace. Poor John! He never even suspected that his breath might be to blame.

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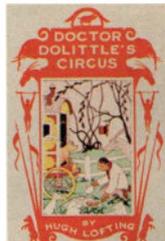
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the night we talked to SANTA CLAUS



Many Yules ago a beloved children's author gave his own children

a gift that they cherish still. His daughter tells the story here

by LYNNE LOFTING

DURING the First World War my brother Colin and I lived with my mother in the Catskill Mountains. Our house was perched on a raised plateau, surrounded by apple trees and commanding a beautiful view of the valley and the range of mountains opposite. My mother was not with us very much; she joined the Red Cross and went overseas so that she could be near my father, who was a captain in the Irish Guards. It was at this time that we received the many illustrated letters from him about a kind, little round-faced doctor who could understand and speak to animals—letters that later became the first *Doctor Dolittle* book. The doctor and his animal friends were drawn on any old scraps of paper while my father was actually in the trenches.

I remembered my father only dimly. One evening he had carried me through the garden, perched on his shoulders, and had shown me the faint speck of light that was the evening star. He told me that it was “our” star and that wherever he was when he left us, he would be looking at it and thinking of us at home.

Wars are remote to children. The months slipped past in our mountain retreat and suddenly it was just before Christmas. Our English Nanny appeared to be strangely excited. It seemed that soon, perhaps even in time for the holidays, Father and Mother would be home.

Happily forgotten in the excitement, my brother and I spent long hours in our nursery, curled up on the window seat, speculating on what we wanted most for Christmas. He was four years old and longed desperately for a real toolbox. My heart was set on a coral ring. We described these to each other in such minute detail that we had almost conjured them up before our eyes.

I can still smell the gingerbread cookies baking downstairs and taste the tang of cold air as it came in our window, blowing the curtains back suddenly to reveal the sky alive with stars. In this hushed, waiting atmosphere we stopped fighting with each other, no longer played tricks on Nanny and became model children.

At last it was Christmas Eve. But no one had arrived and the house was oddly empty and unpromising. After supper we were allowed down-

stairs just long enough to hang up our stockings by the fireplace. It wasn't very gay with only ourselves and Nanny there to celebrate. Disappointed and forlorn, we dragged our feet back up the stairs, getting little staccato prods in the back as Nanny hurried us up. She tucked us in and opened the window wide; she was one who believed in plenty of good fresh air. Then she came over and gave a kiss and a hug to each of us.

“Be good children and sleep tight,” she said as she left the room.

The faint smell of cookies still floated about in the hall as she opened the door to leave us, but aside from that it might have been any ordinary winter night.

For a while we stayed perfectly still, each thinking his own thoughts. Soon I was sure my brother had fallen asleep. I lay looking at the sky, where a moon the color of tin was suspended like a Christmas tree ornament. It made matters worse to feel so lonesome on such a special, beautiful night. I wished that my mother were there. My eyelids grew heavy. Despite the disappointment sleep was overtaking me.

Then suddenly I heard the sound of bells—sharp, clear bells, coming closer all the time. No other sound had ever been so real; it could not be that I imagined them. I lay stiff as a poker with my legs straight out and my heart going like a hammer. My brother's muffled voice barely reached me. “Are you awake?” he whispered.

“Yes.”

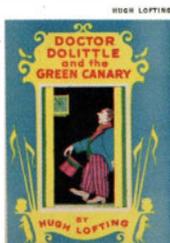
“Do you hear anything?”

“I hear bells,” I said.

“So do I!” In one leap we were up on the window seat, our heads thrust out into the cold, sharp air, our toes curled under us in excitement, our trembling bodies pressed close together, as we tried to peer through the dark orchard down into the valley. Now we could hear the squeak of runners in the snow and the thud of hoofs.

Suddenly the moon came from behind a cloud and painted all the landscape silver. In the silence of that snow-covered world a deep voice shouted, “Who-oo Prancer! Who-oo Dunder! Who-oo Blitzen!” But no one was visible.

continued on page 105



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Between us...

from you to us

Doctor Dolittle . . . I'm delighted to hear from my stepdaughter, Lynne, that she has written a story about her late father, Hugh Lofting, the author of the *Doctor Dolittle* books, for your Christmas



Christmas greetings from Hugh Lofting, the creator of Doctor Dolittle

issue. I thought you might be interested to see the enclosed Christmas card, which he drew and sent to friends. . . . As his widow I still get many letters from children who sometimes make it a bit difficult to live up to the legend built around the good Doctor. Example: "My canary lies on the bottom of the cage with its legs straight up. What can I do?"

MRS. HUGH LOFTING,
Beverly Hills, California

EDITOR'S NOTE: Lynne Lofting's story, "The Night We Talked to Santa Claus," with illustrations by Hugh Lofting, appears on page 4.

Working women . . . A great many of your readers who are connected with Girl Scouting were glad to see your article on married women with jobs ("The Married Woman Goes Back to Work"—October). They already know the contribution made by Girl Scout professional workers in the 40's and 50's . . . has provided for the needs of countless girls who want to become Scouts. . . . We value these mature women so highly that we offer them a special opportunity for retraining to prepare them for paid jobs. In view of the many advertisements that still stress youth—"under 30"—"to 35"—and so on—we feel you have performed a real public service in stressing the importance and value of women over 35. We welcome them!

DOROTHY C. STRATTON,
National Executive Director,
Girl Scouts of the U. S. A.

Marian Anderson . . . Marian Anderson's story (*My Lord, What a Morning*—October and November) was one of the most inspirational autobiographies I have ever read. Will it be available as a book?

MRS. JASON GUITTARD,
St. Joseph, Missouri

EDITOR'S NOTE: Miss Anderson's autobiography was recently released in book form by Viking Press.

Rudolph house . . . Having just seen the September issue of *COMPANION*, I wish to extend my compliments on the house you featured ("House for Family Living"). I have always greatly admired the work of Paul Rudolph and . . . this house he has done for you is one of his greatest. The way you featured it is great too. It's a job well done and one of the best articles on architecture ever presented by a shelter magazine. . . .

LOUIS H. HUEBNER, Architect,
Evanston, Illinois

. . . What a beautiful house! I was green with envy. . . . Who lives in it?
A. C. SMILEY, Chicago, Illinois

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Nobody*. The Rudolph house is a pilot home, currently open for inspection in Warsaw Woods, Missouri, to many visitors.

. . . There was a time when that house would have me drooling, but no more! We lived for a time in one of those new-type, open, spacious homes . . . and it's for the birds! No place for each member of the family to be alone when he chooses . . . Grandpa really had something when he built this house of ours . . . and though I walk miles in it, I do without nerve tablets!

MRS. BEA NOYE, Beulah, Michigan

P. S. As long as Mary Margaret McBride saw fit to mention our town in her report, would you please tell her not to put an "s" on "smelt"? To us, it's like saying: "I caught two trouts."

EDITOR'S NOTE: "Smelt" does sound more familiar; however, Mr. Webster accepts both forms—and either way, it's the same good eating.

from us to you

Our special Christmas gift to you—the charming Family Theatre which

WOM N'S HOME COMPANION

PUBLISHED MONTHLY by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, publishers of *Woman's Home Companion* and *Collier's*.

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you'll find on pages 106 to 112—was a gleam in the eye of COMPANION Service Coordinator Eleanor Hillier long before it became a reality. When Miss Hillier and her sister were children in Atlanta, Georgia, their favorite toy was an old cardboard theater which their father had brought from Germany. "It was a simplified version of *The Taming of the Shrew*," she recalls, "with a script in two languages. We used to love the part where Petruccio spanked Katharina." Miss Hillier subsequently left Atlanta and *The Taming of the Shrew* behind, went on to a magazine career in New York and came to COMPANION five years ago. This



HOWARD GRAY

Companion staffers Stokes and Hillier with artist Motyka and family theater

past fall, when she and our art director, Warren Stokes, began brain storming for our Christmas issue, the family theater notion popped up like a long-loved ghost. They called on artist Edmund Motyka to solve the many mechanical problems and make a working model. The result—bearing a favorite Christmas story of 1956 and all the fun of other years—is a joy to Miss Hillier and a new coup for Art Director Stokes, who in his eighteen months with COMPANION has won us two awards for distinctive merit from the Art Directors Club of New York.

Readers who are familiar with the irrepressible works of British humorist Stephen Potter will be delighted to find Mr. Potter being as irrepressible as ever on page 42 in a seasonal study titled "Yulemanship." This is the latest in a series on problems in everyday life (*Gamesmanship: The Art of Winning Games without Actually Cheating; Lifemanship: The Art of Getting Away with It without Being an Absolute Plonk*) which Mr. Potter, who lives in England with his wife and two sons, is still developing.

A plonk, incidentally, means just what it sounds like.

Laura Z. Hobson, one of America's best-read novelists and author of

the memorable *Gentleman's Agreement*, tells us that her short novel in this issue, *The Lovely Duckling*, page 49, has been brewing since 1951. "I had met a breathtakingly beautiful young girl whose parents were trying to push her into a movie career. She didn't really want it. She wouldn't be a success and she knew it. I thought, Isn't this sad—this youngster has everything: beauty, money, love—and she's miserable. And then I got the idea for a switch: not the ugly duckling who finds happiness through a transformation into beauty, but the lovely one who needs toning-down, simplification. Right then, I wrote the first page. Then I got stuck. I put it away and spent four years trying to get the thought out of my mind. But I couldn't. It kept tantalizing me. So finally—quite recently and still with the same first page—I finished it." We're glad she did. You will be, too.

We're proud, too, of "The Gift of Woman," the essay on page 29 that was written for us by Katherine Anne Porter in her typically lyric style. She also wrote the captions for the pictures accompanying "The Gift of Woman." These were selected and edited by art writer Rosamund Frost. Miss Porter has often been called the greatest living Amer-



JACQUES LOWE

Katherine Anne Porter, right, checks layout with Associate Editor Guitar

ican woman writer. But when Associate Articles Editor Mary Anne Guitar visited her country colonial home in Southbury, Connecticut, she found the celebrated authoress at odds with the critics' judgment. "I don't want to be called the greatest woman anything," said Miss Porter. "I'd rather take my chances on a 'ten-best' list, men and women both. Men set the artistic standards and I feel that—artistically—we must meet with them on their own terms."

Miss Porter is now at work on her first novel—after countless short stories and novelettes—which is tentatively titled *Ship of Fools* and will be published next spring.

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Some answers to your questions on how you can make the inner meaning of this day come alive in your home—

Your child and the

REAL MEANING OF CHRISTMAS

by MILTON J. E. SENN, M.D.
Director Yale Child Study Center
and ANNA W. M. WOLF
Companion Child Care Editor

In these days of the commercial Christmas, isn't there danger of our children's missing its true message?

Not if you do your part to keep this inner meaning fresh in your home. Of course your children will yearn for the toys in the shop window, respond to the excitement of parties, fall prey to the ubiquitous Santa Claus with his promise of handouts. If this is all, if your Christmas is just a time for spending money, it will soon grow meaningless.

But this need not be all. Giving can become a symbol and token of love, parties, joyous young-and-old get-togethers, Santa Claus a good fairy or a good joke. Shared family preparations have infinite meaning. Gifts you plan or make together, the "secrets," the music and caroling, the inventiveness and fun in ceremonials or stunts—these are the memories that down the years bind families together and unite people of all religious faiths. They are equally meaningful to those who hold no formal creed but who share devoutly our hope for peace on earth.

As your children join in your letters to absent ones, in their thoughts for those in trouble, the invitation to the stranger at your gate, the true Christmas spirit will live again.

Do you think it's important to take children to church on Christmas?

If your church has deep meaning for you, surely you will want to pass such a fellowship on to your children.

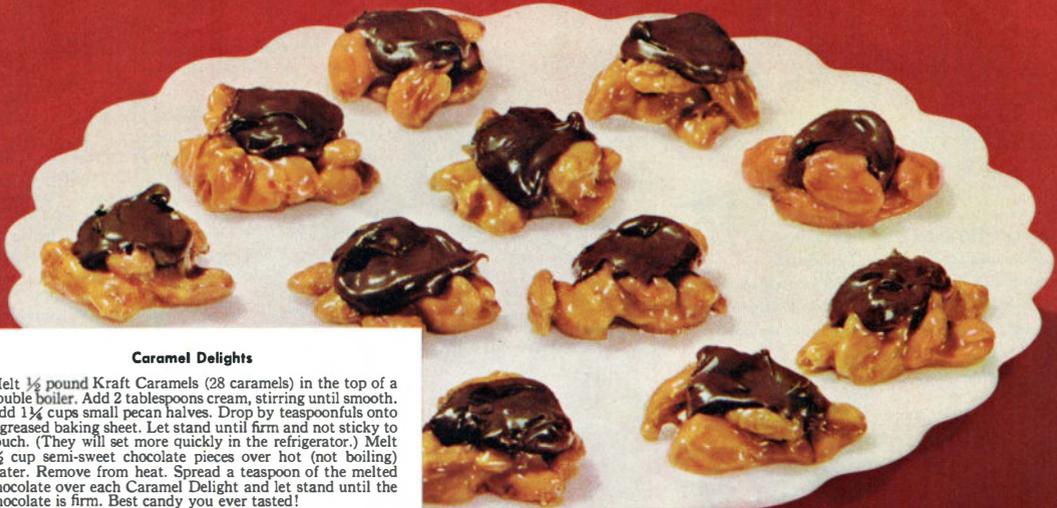
If you are unsure, yet want to give your children a glimpse of what church worship means, the Christmas service adds solemnity and emotional impact to the lovely story of the Christ Child's birth.

Here is the season to look within yourself. What values do you want your children to grow up with? Will the church help them toward these values? You may have grown indifferent to church. You may thoughtfully and sincerely have decided that church is not for you. In that case it can hardly have real meaning for your children. Even if this is true, you may still want to ask yourself what you are doing that will bring home to your children with dramatic force, those convictions that you hold most deeply.

Our neighbors are Jewish. We know them only slightly but would like to make a friendly gesture at Christmas. Is there danger of giving offense?

Some Jewish people do not practice the Jewish religion and celebrate Christmas as a kind of general holiday. This may be true even of many

continued on page 10



Caramel Delights

Melt $\frac{1}{4}$ pound Kraft Caramels (28 caramels) in the top of a double boiler. Add 2 tablespoons cream, stirring until smooth. Add $\frac{1}{4}$ cups small pecan halves. Drop by teaspoonfuls onto a greased baking sheet. Let stand until firm and not sticky to touch. (They will set more quickly in the refrigerator.) Melt $\frac{1}{2}$ cup semi-sweet chocolate pieces over hot (not boiling) water. Remove from heat. Spread a teaspoon of the melted chocolate over each Caramel Delight and let stand until the chocolate is firm. Best candy you ever tasted!



Fun to make - to give - to eat -

Caramel Surprises

Holiday Candies with the rich, true flavor of Kraft Caramels

Caramel-Peanut-Corn Flake Clusters

Place $\frac{1}{2}$ pound Kraft Caramels (28 caramels) and 2 tablespoons water in the top of a double boiler. Heat, stirring frequently, until the caramels are melted and the sauce is smooth. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup salted peanuts and pour over 7 cups corn flakes placed in a large bowl; toss until well coated. For each cluster, dip out a large spoonful of the mixture and drop onto a greased baking sheet. Let stand until firm.



Caramel Sundae Topping

(Easy as melting Kraft Caramels!)

Place $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. Kraft Caramels (28 caramels) and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water or milk in the top of a double boiler. Heat, stirring frequently, until caramels are melted and the sauce is smooth. Makes 1 cup sauce with rich, true caramel flavor—perfect every time! Delicious over ice cream, and makes a plain pudding really special!



FREE RECIPE FOLDER! 16 Caramel Surprises! Mail Now!

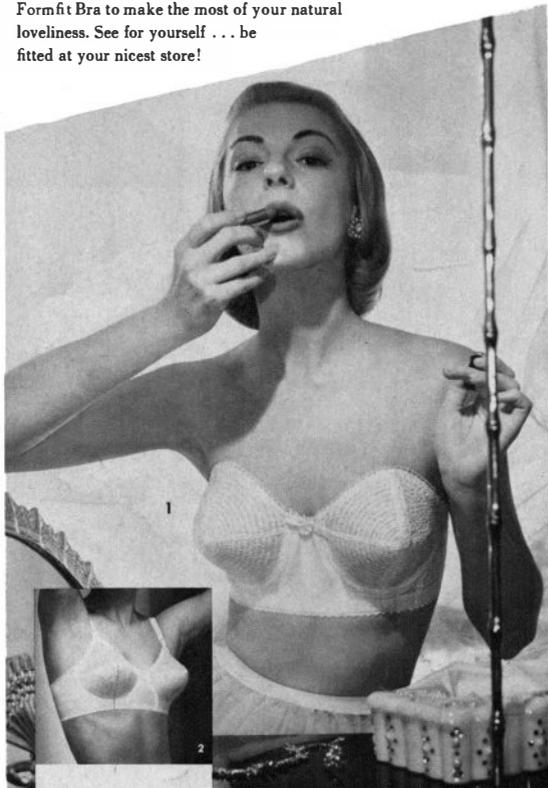
Booklet tells you how to make Caramel Pecan Brownies, Caramel Chiffon Pie, Caramel Cookies, Caramel Frostings—16 wonderful recipes in all! Address: Caramel Surprises, Box 5769, Dept. W-12, Chicago 77, Ill.

NAME _____
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Re-discover your figure with a modern fashion translation

Here are inspired new bra creations that help you discover all the exciting possibilities of your figure. Deft designs transform you gently . . . lift you securely to new and breathtaking beauty. For each outfit, every occasion, there's a Life by Formfit Bra to make the most of your natural loveliness. See for yourself . . . be fitted at your nicest store!

by
Formfit



1. For Gaytime, choose "Life Romance" Strapless Bra No. 382. Embroidered Nylon chiffon with wired underbust and new "cuddle-stay" . . . a soft "zig-zag" of wire that curves from the bottom to the top of each cup for secure shaping and complete comfort. Sizes 32A to 38C. \$5.95

2. For Playtime, the beautiful accent's on comfort with "Life Romance" Bra No. 566. Uplift circle-stitched into each cup with shop-made "Nyllo-Braid." White cotton in sizes 32A to 38C. \$2.00

3. For Daytime, close-fitting fashions, demand a Long-line Bra like "Life Romance" No. 682. Embroidered White Nylon chiffon, elasticized sides and back for perfect fit. Sizes 32A to 42C. \$5.95

Life
by
Formfit

Your child and the real meaning of Christmas

from page 8

who still feel themselves part of the Jewish tradition. If this is the case your friendly gesture surely could not give offense.

Since the Hitler holocaust, however, many Jews who were not religious before those tragic times have turned again to their own faith as a source of strength. To some, who saw their people destroyed by a nation called "Christian," Christmas may have become a symbol of hate rather than love. So it is important to understand how your neighbor is feeling.

If the family is one of practicing Jews, they will celebrate the festival of Hanukkah which comes during the Christmas season. This "Feast of Lights" commemorates an ancient day of Jewish deliverance. At this time of rejoicing, you might send your neighbor a message. Here too is your chance to explain to your children how people other than Christians worship God. They should understand the common roots of Judaism and Christianity and their many points of similarity.

But most important is your children's participation in an act of brotherhood beyond the boundaries of their own faith.

We are the only Jewish family in the neighborhood. My children at Christmas want gifts and a tree "like the others." They went with a friend to visit the crèche in a Catholic church. This made us feel disloyal to our people. What should we do?

First, encourage your children to feel pride in their Jewishness and, whether you are religious or not, to know about the history and religion of the Jewish people and their vast contributions to the world. If you do celebrate Hanukkah, you might encourage them to tell their friends about it. If you don't, you may want your children to have gifts or a tree at Christmas. But only if you feel right about it.

You might also want your children to know what the Christian religion is in essence; this would seem part of a Jewish child's education, just as a Christian child should be taught what Judaism is. It is a necessary part of his understanding of our world.

If you are strong in your belief in the dignity of your own people, you need not fear your children's visit to a church. Use it to instruct them about Christian beliefs. For the Catholic, the Nativity is a holy time of mystery and miracle; to the Unitarian it is a momentous historic event. Other Protestant sects have varying attitudes.

In spite of the tragic past and far from settled present, you might care to stress the common ground of Jew and Christian. Both worship one God. For both the ethical focus is on love and human brotherhood. Both share equally the hope for peace on earth.

My youngsters in a bull session were discussing how "good will to all men" might be extended even to Russians. What shall we say?

An informed understanding of what goes into the Communist point of view is the first step. What in the history of Russia has made that country what it is today? Are there certain hopes that we truly share with them? A peaceful world, a better day for the poor and oppressed—these are the expressed purposes of Communism. We share these aims, even though we do not sanction Communist means to these ends. What can we all do to break down the barriers of distrust that separate men from their brothers the world over? These are important questions. They have special importance at Christmas. Encourage your children to ask them. Try to find some answers for yourself so you can help your youngsters further.

At Christmas especially it pains me to see colored and white folk worship God in separate churches. What can we answer our son when he asks, "Did Jesus want it that way?"

The answer surely is no. You can add that many people in both our northern and southern states are painfully trying to work their way toward the difficult goals of Christianity. Let him see what you are doing to help bring these goals a little nearer.

Have you talked to your minister or other church members? They might be glad to welcome colored people but each one is afraid to be the only voice to speak up. Your minister needs the assurance of his congregation's support. Many churches have taken this one step more toward brotherhood; many more will.

The time is Christmas. The opportunity is yours!

[THE END]

Pepsi-Cola

refreshes without filling

THIS holiday season, the traditional dishes will all be there—but how the recipes have changed!

The modern taste for lighter, less filling foods has affected even time-honored stuffings and desserts. And the slender waistlines of today's active people show how their wholesome eating habits have paid off.

Today's Pepsi-Cola, reduced in calories, keeps pace with this sensible trend in diet. That's why more people than ever this year will be asking for Pepsi—the modern, the *light* refreshment.

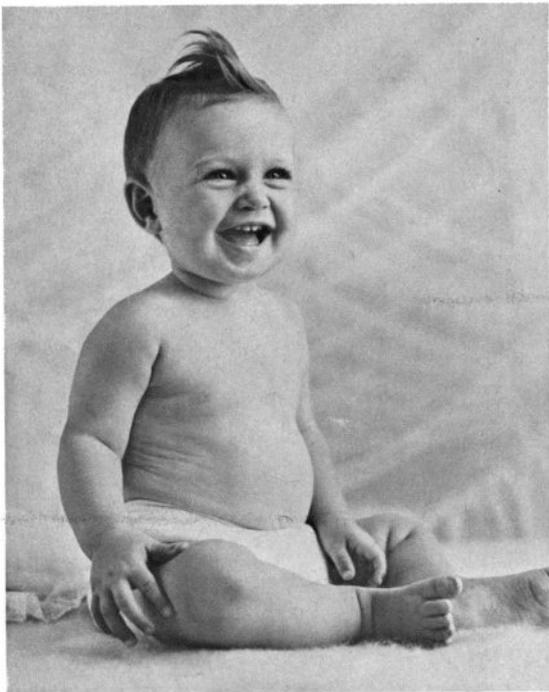
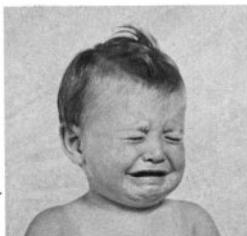
Never heavy, never too sweet, Pepsi-Cola refreshes without filling. Have a Pepsi.



The *light*
refreshment



The difference
between this... →
and this... ↓



is
often
this... →



Chafe-Guard your baby..

with the only powder containing a special ingredient that neutralizes the irritants in body moisture.

Safe-Guard your baby..

with the finest, purest baby oil there is, specially blended with wonderfully soothing lanolin.



DO YOUR HANGING PICTURES scratch the wall? Mrs. R. J. Beebe, of Talcottville, Connecticut, wants you to put tacks behind the four corners of the frames. Tackheads slide easily, leave no marks. Less dust collects too.

THOSE METAL HOOKS AND EYES are handy gadgets. K. A. Livingston, of Mill Hall, Pennsylvania, uses them to keep the pieces of his sectional sofa from sliding apart (he attached them underneath to the frames). And Mrs. John Yoder writes from Peabody, Kansas, that she used a set to keep an active baby from tipping over his high chair. The hook went into the back of the chair, the eye into the woodwork behind it.

DOING ANY LADDER WORK? Put a clean canvas glove over each side (at the top end) and you won't have those annoying marks on your house siding. This suggestion from Mrs. Florence Pearson, of Kingston, Pennsylvania. And if you want a nonskid surface on the rungs, try sprinkling fine sand over each one the next time you repaint them. Spread it on just before the paint dries, advises Mrs. H. C. Buhring, of Arriba, Colorado.



AMERICAN INGENUITY at work: Mrs. William Knoell, of Chicago, clamps small glue-up jobs with one of those spring-grip pants hangers. In Pasadena, Maryland, Mrs. J. F. Moriarty turned her old plastic shower curtain into a perfect painter's dropcloth. Mary Bennett didn't have any burlap to cover her newly seeded lawn in Phoenixville, Pennsylvania, so she substituted a large piece of plastic screening. And Frank Burch, of Highland Park, Michigan, tells us that a piece of adhesive tape wrapped around your finger works perfectly when you've misplaced your thumbie.

WHEN YOUR CARPENTER-HUSBAND is stomping around because he's misplaced his level, lend him your marked measuring cup. Muriel Dobson, of Lewistown, Illinois, points out that if you fill the cup with water to any one of the marks, it will show a true level surface when the liquid hits the mark on all sides of the cup.

TO ADD TO YOUR FILE on waxing ideas: Try one of those silicone car waxes on your chrome bathroom fixtures—it'll stop water-spotting (from Judy Mathews, Manistique, Michigan). And waxing the inside of your enamel garbage pail will keep it from rusting and make it easy to clean (from Mrs. J. B. Morgan, La Center, Kentucky).

IF YOU HAPPEN to be taking a lot of clothes off drying lines without a basket handy, Pat Bupara, in North Sacramento, California, has the solution. Hang a sheet or bedspread on adjacent lines and temporarily pile the dry clothes in the hammock it creates. It keeps them off the ground. Holds quite a load too.



SINCE HER CLOTHES DRYER didn't have a lint trap, Mrs. Saul T. Mallen, of Chattanooga, Tennessee, made herself one from an old nylon stocking slipped over a paper cup. She cut the bottom off the paper cup and fitted it over the exhaust hole of the dryer. When the stocking is full of lint, she discards it and uses another.

SPEAKING OF NYLONS, they're just about the best bet for straining the lumps out of old paint. Another stocking idea (from Mrs. C. A. Emery, of Rush City, Minnesota): store your gladioli bulbs in one over the winter and you won't be troubled by mold forming.

BUS ROGERS

If you know of a new trick that has helped you fix or improve things around the house, send it in on a postcard. We pay \$10 for each suggestion published. Address Help for Your House, *Womans' Home Companion*, 640 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, New York. Suggestions cannot be returned.



"It's for you," says Mrs. Hesse. The kitchen telephone is easily reached from both work and dining areas.

"A bedroom telephone is indispensable," says Mrs. Hesse. The beige color set harmonizes with contemporary furnishings.



A phone in the den in the basement is a "must"—both laundry room and workshop are located close by.



The telephone in Johnny's room is portable—can be plugged into a jack in the living room when necessary.



"Families today need several telephones"

says Mrs. Ernest Hesse, Cedar Circle Drive, Catonsville, Md.

Like most families the Ernest Hesses lead a busy life. Their beautiful modern home, their son John, their community activities keep them on the go.

"Probably no one in the family appreciates a telephone more than I," says Mrs. Hesse. "Having one close at hand saves me hundreds of steps and so much time. That's why we have telephones in the kitchen, the den, the master bedroom, and our son's room. It would be hard to manage without them.

"I do a lot of shopping by phone, visit with friends, often call the family long distance," she adds. "Convenient telephones seem as important to me as electricity. And the new color sets fit nicely into any room."

Additional telephones for your home cost little . . . just a few pennies a day. Your local telephone business office can give you all the details. Call them soon.

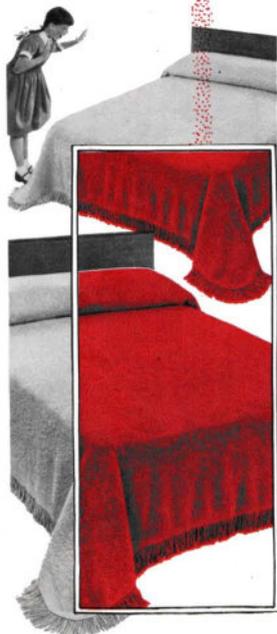
Bell Telephone System





Want two spreads
a matching hue?

Get out the Rit...
it's fun to do!



You can make washed out white spreads into a vivid pair... you can dye one spread to match another! It's almost as easy as washing them—you'll see. No special preparations... no special anything... because you use Rit Dyes right in your washing machine. And... mmm, the radiant color you get!

Never say dye...

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The high concentrate dye... that's guaranteed (for all fabrics except glass or mineral fiber)

only 25¢



Also available in Canada



Teen-age panel answers four popular questions on dating

These problems on dating crop up continually in our Companion mailbag.

We asked our panel to answer them as if they were giving advice to their best friends

1. *I am a junior in high school and have a problem about what time to come in from dates. My parents always tell me what time I should be in (usually around midnight on Saturdays), but I have found that they're asleep most of the time when I get home. Sometimes they ask me the next morning what time I got in, and I always say whatever time they told me to come in. I know this is dishonest, but most of all my friends can stay out longer than I.*

"Why not work out an agreement with your parents? Try to get them to let you stay out later for special occasions. No matter what you decide, accept their decision. If you continue your policies of dishonesty, you may be deprived of other privileges." JUDY WILSON, Chattanooga High School, Chattanooga, Tennessee

"Your parents evidently have a great deal of trust in you, since they're asleep when you come in from dates. If they ever find you have not been telling the truth, their trust in you will be lost." BETTY NASH McIVER, Wilkes Central High School, North Wilkesboro, North Carolina

"If you find it necessary to lie to them, I think they are giving you too much responsibility for your maturity, and maybe the curfew should be earlier." MARION NEWMAN, Prescott Senior High School, Prescott, Arizona

2. *I have been going out with Jim, a boy in my high school class, but actually I like another boy much better. People think just because I go out with Jim that I'm going steady with him. I don't want the other boy that I like to think that. How can I go out with Jim without people's thinking I want to date him exclusively and how can I sort of "play the field" without being thought fickle?*

"We have the same situation in Cushing High. To ward off this appearance, ask another boy to a club party or dance. Or ask the other boy to go with your family and perhaps another couple on a day's outing. Let your girl friends know you're not going steady, too. They talk to other boys!" SANDRA LANTZ, Cushing High School, Cushing, Oklahoma

"Maybe the way you act when Jim is with you gives people the impression you're going steady. If people have gotten this idea, you must evidently spend a lot of time together." HELEN NONAMAKER, Dodge City Senior High School, Dodge City, Kansas

"There are some people who think any girl who dates more than one boy is fickle. But don't let this bother you. The more a girl dates, the more capable she is of choosing a husband later." MARY ELLEN CLARK, Lakin Rural High School, Lakin, Kansas

3. *I have been going steady with a boy in my high school class for seven months. Recently he has been urging that I go all the way with him to prove that I*

really love him. I do love him very much but I don't quite know what to do.

"I think the old saying, 'Let your conscience be your guide,' is the best advice I can give you. And I would like to remind you that the outcome of submitting to his wishes could be very serious." MARION NEWMAN, Prescott Senior High School, Prescott, Arizona

"If religion doesn't guide you, common sense certainly should. If you should give in to him and later meet someone else with whom you would rather spend your life, what will you tell the man you really love? How would you feel not telling him?" MARILYN JAEHNKE, Washington High School, Milwaukee, Wisconsin

"The chances are that he doesn't really love you if he has asked this of you. In true love, one never wants to hurt the person one loves, and he would be hurting your chances for a lasting love and marriage. If he loves you, he will accept a negative answer. If he becomes angry with your refusal, he isn't worth the time you spent thinking of him." BERNICE ZIPP, Brackenridge High School, San Antonio, Texas

4. *I am fifteen years old and my father has laid down the law that I can't go on any dates with teen-age boys if they are going to drive. There have been several accidents involving teen-age drivers in our town and he is afraid I guess. Anyway, he has offered to drive me and my date to dances, parties and so on, and to pick us up after, but I'm so embarrassed. All my friends are allowed to go in cars with their dates driving.*

"If word gets around that a date with you includes the services of a chauffeur, you will be the most popular girl in town. Buy your father a chauffeur's cap and refer to him as 'James.' Offer lifts to other couples. Also, get to know some teen-agers who are good drivers. Discuss their accident-free records with your dad." JANE BETTS, Central High School, St. Paul, Minnesota

"Give your father an opportunity to see how the boys you date drive. Point them out in traffic or ask them to give your dad a lift sometime." BARBARA ROSIN, Palm Springs High School, Palm Springs, California

"Ask your father if he had his father along on dates! He would probably rather not have had any dates at all than have had his father along, much less his date's father!" MARY ELLEN CLARK, Lakin Rural High School, Lakin, Kansas

Many teen-agers who missed our article in last December's issue—"Shall I Give Him a Present?"—have asked for gift ideas for their best beau. We have reprinted the page in leaflet form. Send 6 cents in coin or stamps to: Woman's Home Companion, Service Bureau, 640 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, New York.



M-G-M CARTOON OATMEAL COOKIES

(Makes 2 dozen cookies)

2 1/2 cups sifted enriched flour
 1/2 cup granulated sugar
 1 teaspoon salt
 1/4 teaspoon soda
 3/4 cup brown sugar

2 eggs
 1 teaspoon vanilla
 3/4 cup shortening
 2 cups Quaker or Mother's Oats (quick or old fashioned, uncooked)

Sift together flour, granulated sugar, salt and soda into bowl. Add brown sugar, eggs and vanilla, mixing well. Cut in shortening until mixture resembles coarse crumbs. Add oats. Work with fingers until dough just holds together.

Sprinkle board or canvas lightly with confectioners' sugar. Roll dough to slightly less than 1/4-inch thickness; cut with M-G-M Cartoon Cookie Cutters which have been dipped in confectioners' sugar. Place on lightly greased cookie sheets. Bake in moderate oven (350°F) 10 to 12 minutes. Cool and decorate as illustrated. (Delicious cookies in other shapes may be made from this recipe, using any cutters available.)

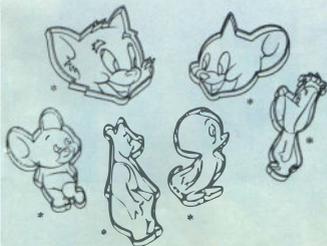
*COPYRIGHT LOEW'S INCORPORATED 1956

High-protein Quaker Oats gives nut-like flavor, extra nourishment to fancy party cookies

Now you can serve fancy cookies that taste as good as they look. Above is a brand new recipe for rolled oatmeal cookies easy to cut in any shape. This recipe gives you the tasty, nut-like flavor—and all the wonderful nourishment—of high-protein Quaker Oats.

For party desserts and favors that are really different, Quaker Oats offers specially designed cookie cutters in the shape of six famous M-G-M cartoon characters. These cutters make it fun for the whole family to join in cutting out party cookies. See special offer below.

Quaker Oats and Mother's Oats are exactly the same



SPECIAL OFFER: M-G-M CARTOON COOKIE CUTTERS SET OF 6 ONLY 25¢

and 1 Blue Star from a package of Quaker Oats or Mother's Oats

These unique cutters provide unusual detail, come with complete instructions for frosting each M-G-M Cartoon Cookie in attractive colors. Use handy order blank at right.

SEE M-G-M CARTOONS AT YOUR FAVORITE THEATER

SEND ORDER BLANK TODAY!

M-G-M CARTOON OATMEAL COOKIE CUTTERS
 Box 5906, Chicago 54, Ill.

I enclose _____ in cash (no stamps, please) and _____ Blue Star(s) from package(s) of Quaker Oats or Mother's Oats for _____ set(s) of 6 M-G-M Cartoon Cookie Cutters. (1 Blue Star for each set.)

NAME _____ (PLEASE PRINT)
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Offer good only in U. S. and while supply lasts.

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NOW EVERYONE CAN SEE
OKLAHOMA!
 AT
POPULAR PRICES!

Complete...intact...
 with every scene
 every song of the
 motion picture
 that ran a year
 on Broadway
 at \$3.50!



RODGERS & HAMMERSTEIN
 present
OKLAHOMA!

Color by TECHNICOLOR
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starring
 GORDON MacRAE • GLORIA GRAHAME
 SHIRLEY JONES • GENE NELSON
 CHARLOTTE GREENWOOD
 EDDIE ALBERT • JAMES WHITMORE
 ROD STEIGER



Music by **RICHARD RODGERS** Book & Lyrics by **OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN II**
 Screenplay by SONIA LEVINE and WILLIAM LUDWIG • Dances Staged by AGNES DE MILLE
 Produced by **ARTHUR HORNBLow, JR.** • Directed by **FRED ZINNEMANN**
 A MAGNA PRODUCTION • DISTRIBUTED BY 20th CENTURY-FOX



BENEVIEVE HAYLOP

CHRISTMAS CENTERPIECE FROM THE PARTY BAZAAR AT DENKISON'S

All dressed up for Christmas

(Above left) Jumper dress with a pleated skirt in polished cotton; a nylon blouse. Jumper in pink, blue or maize. Toddler sizes 1 to 3, about \$8. By Nannette. (Center) Bright cotton dress, in red only, with an organdy pinafore. Sizes 1 to 3, about \$6; 3 to 6X, about \$8. By Alyssa. (Right) Checked cotton dress with a pastel organdy pinafore. In pink or blue. Toddler sizes 1 to 3, about \$6. By Nannette. (Below left) Topper set in velveteen for very

little girls. The blouse is white cotton; the Handi-panti has a plastic liner. In red, navy or pink; infants' sizes—medium, large and extra-large—about \$8. By Alexis. (Right) Matching boy's topper set. The vest and boxer shorts (with a simulated fly-front) are of velveteen; the shirt, in white cotton. In navy, red or blue; infants' sizes—medium, large and extra-large—about \$8. By Alexis. These clothes at stores on page 105.





Why the most important people in the world need carpet

Carpet works in so many ways to keep your whole family happy.

Soft and warm and colorful, carpet brings beauty to everything that touches it — gives you a new pride in your home.

But, even more important, carpet has a day-to-day usefulness that makes it your greatest wonder-worker. Dad, for instance, finds a peacefulness home has never had before, because carpet swallows the sounds that make a house "jumpy" and noisy.

And the people in your house who sometimes forget to wear their slippers

need the warmth that carpet spreads on cold floors — the protection from chills that help colds get started. Along with this warmth, there is the sure, slip-proof footing carpet provides for playing children or adults in a hurry.

Carpet adds so much and asks so little — in time, work and money. Just a turn with your vacuum keeps it lovely. When you move, of course, your beautiful carpet goes with you. You haven't spent time and money on floors you leave behind.

Wouldn't you like your family to have new carpet now? Stop in at your store this week — you'll be glad you did.

Worried about the cost? Enjoy your carpet now and pay for it on convenient budget terms offered by carpet retailers who represent these American manufacturers



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 CARPET INSTITUTE, INC. • 350 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 1, N.Y.

Home means more with carpet on the floor — *more comfort • quiet • safety • beauty • easier care*

the 12 days before Christmas

DECEMBER 13



12 cake pans popping . . .

Popping in and out of the oven—and when the cakes are cool, wrap them in colorful gift packages and put them in the freezer. They'll stay fresh there till you're ready to take them out to send to friends. Don't give them another thought—that's one job finished at an early date. And you can also cook and freeze (in gay wrappings) all kinds of Christmas goodies ahead of time

DECEMBER 14



11 tools to brighten . . .

This is a good time to clean the fireplace and shine up your brass andirons, fire tools, fender and log bucket. Rub some of the new metal polish* from a tube on the andirons and they'll be bright as new. And you can keep them bright and shining till the yule log is brought in (and all through the holiday season) by spraying with a protective lacquer. It will prevent tarnish

* EXCO COPPER AND BRASS CLEANER

DECEMBER 15



10 fingers flying . . .

The company dishes for the Christmas feast are sudsed, rinsed and air-dried to save time. The job goes faster and is more fun if you make it a family dishwashing bee. To keep dishes dust-free on the shelf until the day arrives, cover them with transparent plastic film*. Now no sudden extra dishwashing throws your schedule out just before you set the table for those hungry guests

* SARAN WRAP

DECEMBER 19



6 shining windows . . .

Shine up your windows ahead of time so the glow of Christmas candles can gleam through. With a new spray cleaner* in one hand and a dry cloth in the other, you'll have no trouble getting them sparkling and ready to set off your holly wreath or other decorations. The spray cleaner contains silicones which shun dust and dirt; it is good for polishing up mirrors and cabinets too

* DON ANI JET CLEANER

DECEMBER 20



5 gold flames . . .

Stay ahead of the rush by polishing silver candlesticks and tableware now, then wrap them in transparent plastic film to keep them shiny. Do several pieces of flatware at once in a pan of hot water with baking soda and a piece of aluminum foil. A chemically treated cloth does a good, quick job on some pieces of silver, such as hollow ware that needs some brightening before use

DECEMBER 21



4 pies to bake . . .

Cooking Christmas dinner can begin even four days ahead. Today bake your pies; let them cool and wrap them tightly for the freezer. This will leave your oven free for the turkey on Christmas; and the pies need only be heated in the oven after the turkey is on the table. They'll taste just as fresh, too, as if you'd been baking them Christmas morning. And another big job is behind you

*On the twelfth day to Christmas
My family said to me,
Twelve cake pans popping,
Eleven tools to brighten,
Ten fingers flying,
Nine rolls of wrappings,
Eight foods a-freezing,*

*Seven lovely linens,
Six shining windows,
Five gold flames,
Four pies to bake,
Three long lists,
Two calls to make,
And a carefree Christmas Eve!*

by BERNICE STRAWN
HOME EQUIPMENT EDITOR

D E C E M B E R 1 6



9 rolls of wrappings . . .

Take time today to finish up your gifts. Use a big table and sit down to make it easier. Keep all your wrapping papers, trimmings, ribbons, seals and tags together in a big suit box so you can pick it all up and put it away easily. Don't forget to include a roll of cellophane tape in a dispenser to hold the wrappers tight and to help you make pretty bows. Add scissors and a ball-point pen

D E C E M B E R 1 7



8 foods a-freezing . . .

With your blender make your favorite relishes. Gaily wrapped in pretty jars, they can be frozen ready to deliver to someone on Christmas Eve. Stollen, plum pudding and other traditional food gifts will keep nice and fresh in your freezer too and will be ready to take out at a moment's notice. Holiday foods for your own entertaining can also be made ahead and kept the same way

D E C E M B E R 1 8



7 lovely linens . . .

This is a good time to try your hand at dyeing an old tablecloth to carry out a bright color scheme for one of your holiday parties. You can do it easily in your automatic washer by following directions on the dye packet. You should also give your seldom-used, fancy linens a once-over to see if they need a tubbing or pressing before you're ready to put them out on the table

D E C E M B E R 2 2



3 long lists . . .

Today is market day and time to pick up the turkey you ordered ahead of time. Make lists before you set out to save shopping time and extra trips for things you forgot. List all the trimmings for Christmas dinner and snacks for friends who drop in to say "Merry Christmas." If your refrigerator is not large enough to store turkey, you may order it now and pick it up on Monday

D E C E M B E R 2 3



2 calls to make and . . .

Delivering gifts is easier this year because so many jobs are already behind you. Out-of-town packages were mailed weeks ago; other gifts are wrapped and ready. One of the most delightful things is yet to come. That's the Sunday afternoon drive so you can pop in to see friends and leave your gifts for them with season's greetings and best wishes for the new year coming up

D E C E M B E R 2 4



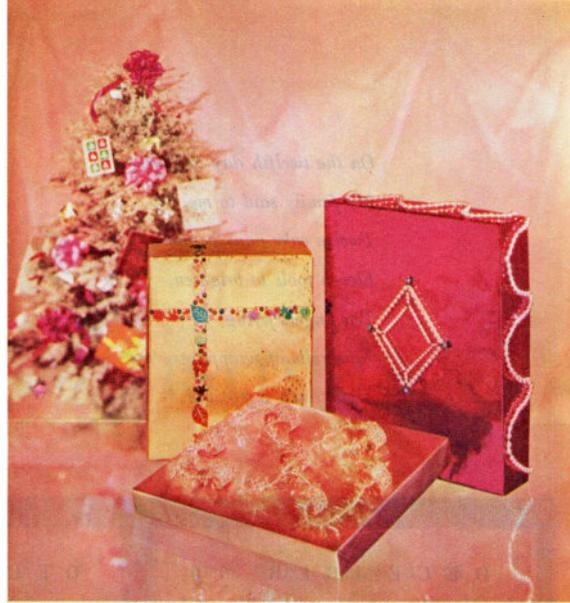
1 a carefree Christmas Eve!

No frantic, eleventh-hour rush. You're relaxed and all ready to have fun decorating the tree and reading a Christmas story to the children. There's time to join in the carol-singing, time to greet friends who drop by with gifts, time to go to the midnight service. Tomorrow will be the merriest Christmas ever—and a Merry Christmas from all of us to all of you. Happy 1957!

This year . . .

make your Christmas gifts
"almost too pretty to open!"

To make every gift *give* so much more, gift-wrap it—with personality! It's easy as 1-2-3 with these three talented helpers: "SCOTCH" Brand Cellophane Tape that not only seals packages trimly and securely for a beautiful start, but inspires dozens of decorative tape tricks . . . "SCOTCH" Brand Gift Wrap Tapes, Tags and Seals that offer you colorful Christmas designs on stick-at-a-touch tapes . . . and gleaming "SASHEEN" Brand Ribbon, the wonderful stuff that "Magic Bows" are made of. Get all three, add a little imagination and—*presto*—all your gifts will be beautiful as these . . . truly "almost too pretty to open!"



Well-wrapped gifts begin by being neatly secured with the helping hand of transparent "SCOTCH" Brand Tape. Tape on inexpensive beads, sequins, tinsel rope for richly decorative effects, too! It's ideal for taping Christmas cards to a festive "Friendship Tree"—and to doorways, mantles, mirrors!

"SASHEEN" Ribbon makes the one and only "Magic Bow" and many others. Here's one with diamond-shaped cuts backed with "SCOTCH" Brand Cellophane Tape, sprinkled with glitter. Make "SASHEEN" poinsettias by snipping loops of "Magic Bows"! Transform a rounded clothes hanger into a striking wreath!



Let yourself go with "SCOTCH" Brand Gift Wrap Tapes in many colors and designs! Tape on a tree design or Santa or a suggestion of what's inside . . . or spell out names, initials. Ideal for packages you mail. To add Christmas glamor to your home, decorate the windows with strips of colorful gift wrap tape, small ornaments.



©1956—3M Company

"Almost too pretty to open" gifts start with these three . . .



"SCOTCH" Brand Cellophane Tape—in the handy throw-away dispenser sizes, as well as in big 59¢ economy rolls for permanent dispensers.



"SCOTCH" Brand Gift Wrap Tapes—in many pretty Christmas designs and colors. Stick-at-a-touch seals and write-on tape tags, too!



"SASHEEN" Brand Ribbon—the "Magic Bow"™ maker . . . in a variety of sparkling holiday colors. Bow tying instructions on back of every roll.



MINNESOTA MINING AND MANUFACTURING COMPANY, St. Paul 6, Minnesota. The terms "SCOTCH" and "SASHEEN" and the plaid design are registered trademarks of Minnesota Mining and Manufacturing Company, St. Paul 6, Minnesota. Export Sales Office: 99 Park Avenue, New York 16, New York. In Canada: P.O. Box 757, London, Ontario. • "Magic Bow" and method of making patented U.S. Pat. No. RE 23835



BUNNY MASQUERADES AS ERMINE

by SALLY ISELIN FASHION EDITOR

Bunny fur used to be bought mostly by schoolgirls. Today, because of imagination on the part of fur designers, it can stand alongside mink and ermine. These particular furs, sheared white French bunnies, are good examples of this type of fur thinking.

Designed in the workroom of Henri Bendel, in New York, old hands with ermine, these bunnies have an elegant ermine-like look

This cape of Bendel design costs \$88. Note the concealed pocket at the left tip with which you can hold it straight



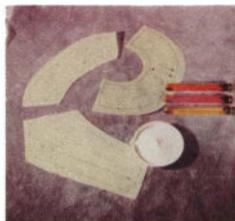
EMMA HENE HALL

This coat, which costs \$500, is worn without the martingale belt in the evening (right) and with it for day. Notice the elongated seaming and shaping of skins

VELVET BACKGROUNDS BY CROMPTON
JEWELRY BY BEN HEIG
RED EARRINGS BY GRAHER



PATTERNS



SEW YOUR OWN FAKE FURS

Among the gayest of chemical wonders are the new fur fabrics. Here are some of the most exciting—to make for yourself or as last-minute gifts

by ELEANORE MERRITT

Advance Printed Pattern 7963. Capes are fashion's newest cover-ups. This one in Ollegro—a blend of Orlon and Dynel—looks like black seal. We gave it a new length, about three inches above the hem. It comes full length—also short.

How to sew fake furs with a deep nap:

Do: Lay out all pattern pieces in one direction—across the grain instead of lengthwise (see cutting chart on page 56).
Do: Pin or tape pattern pieces Front and Facing together and cut as one pattern piece so that you will not have a seam.
Do: Use loose tension, medium-size sewing-machine needle, strong three-ply thread and large stitches, catching as little hair as possible in the seam. In finishing, comb out excessive hair with a small pocket comb or a large straight pin.
DON'T: Cut notches into pile fabrics. Mark with a pencil.
DON'T: Press seams open. Whipstitch so they will lie flat.
DON'T: Iron or steam pile fabrics. Shake out like fur coat.
DON'T: Tack lining at the bottom. Let hang loose instead.

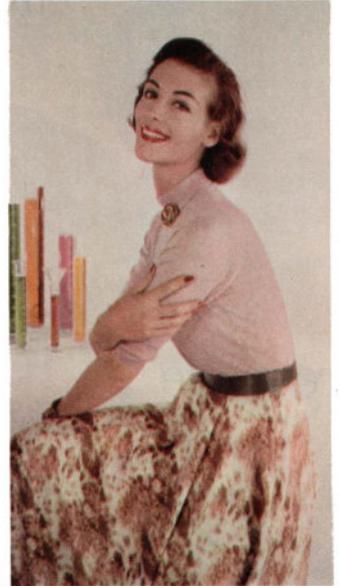
Fake furs on these pages from Hancock





Advance Printed Pattern 7858. Hoods make headlines. This one is in an acetate-and-rayon fabric to simulate gray astrakhan. (A pattern for an overblouse is also included)

Advance Printed Pattern 7729. At-home skirts are good companions—here in a palomino-pony print of acetate and rayon. Ours is flared for floor-sitting. Forstmann sweater



HOWARD GRAFF



Advance Printed Pattern 7828. (Above) There's more to a hat this year—this large beret is in an acetate-and-cotton fabric that looks like Persian lamb. (Left) Capes again—this one cropped short. We show it in astrakhan—a blend of acetate and rayon

For prices, back views and yards, see page 56. Advance Printed Patterns from local dealers or Woman's Home Companion, P.S. Service Bureau, 640 Fifth Avenue, New York City 19, New York.

The best chocolate frostings



are made
with



Baker's deep-flavor chocolate

Baker's gives more flavor because it has more flavor—deeper, richer flavor than any other chocolate. That's why Baker's just naturally glorifies any recipe that calls for chocolate!
So rewarding . . . the raves you get from

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Try this quickie frosting, for example. Easy . . . and there's the richness only Baker's deep-flavor chocolate gives!

DOUBLE-FEATURE FROSTING

2 squares Baker's Chocolate

5 tablespoons butter or margarine • 4½ cups sifted confectioners' sugar
Dash of salt • ½ cup milk • ½ teaspoon vanilla

Light Chocolate Frosting. Melt chocolate and butter over hot water. Combine sugar, salt, milk and vanilla; blend. Add melted chocolate and butter; mix well. Let stand, stirring occasionally, until of right consist-

ency to spread. Makes enough frosting to cover tops of about 2 dozen cupcakes or tops and sides of two 8- or 9-inch cake layers.
Dark Chocolate Frosting. Use recipe above, increasing chocolate to 4 squares.



Product of General Foods



Decorate your home with a live evergreen at Christmas, then plant it later as part of your permanent landscaping. For very little extra expense (\$4 to \$8 more than a cut tree) and with a few precautions shown here (primarily for those in extreme climates), you'll enjoy a living reminder of the happy holidays

by GUY HENLE

WORKSHOP EDITOR

This Year

MAKE YOURS A LIVING TREE



1. If possible, buy the tree a week to two weeks before Christmas. Keep it in a sheltered spot (garage, breezeway, unheated basement or attic) to minimize severe temperature change. Poke four holes in the root ball with a screw driver and funnel water into them every day



2. Select final spot for the tree the same day you bring it home. Spruce, pine, red cedar can be used as well as fir. Best place to buy is a large, established nursery with a quantity of balled and burlapped trees. Do not uproot your trees in severe climates this time of year



3. Since the soil will be easier to work now, dig the final hole for the tree even before you store it in the garage. The hole should be a foot larger across than the root ball, to allow firming of loose soil between ball and frozen edge of hole when planting. Save fertile soil for this

JACK MANNING



4. On Christmas Eve (left) line bushel basket, cardboard or wooden box with freezer foil and set root ball in it. Tree can then be watered inside without damage to the living room. Fold foil edges together to make them watertight



5. Living tree will probably be smaller than usual floor-to-ceiling cut tree. This five-foot tree has been set on low table. Cloth over base should open for daily watering, necessary in warm, dry house



6. After Christmas expose the tree gradually to the cold with a few days in a sheltered area. Then plant it on a mild day. Cut burlap away from trunk, lay it back but do not remove it. Fill in with good soil saved or some from nursery



7. After firming soil, water well, cover base of tree with deep mulch of hay, straw or peat moss (used here). Protect tree from excessive sun and wind with burlap shelter. Heat from sun can damage tree by starting its growth in cold weather

Samsonite Kid-Size

folding table and chairs...a wonderful way,
a fun way to help your child's social growth

As child-development expert Dr. John R. Mote says in his booklet, "Playing at Life," children love to act grown-up, they need the kind of play situations that identify them with the parents' world. Setting table, playing bridge like "mommy," having a party...SAMSONITE KID-SIZE furniture helps to create these real life situations your youngsters need. It's designed and built to make a child's world happier.

Sized right! Scaled for children, a Samsonite card table plus 2 padded seat chairs. Wipes clean! Vinyl upholstered table top defies spills, is perfect for meals. 24" square by 20" high. Low enough for them to set it. Big enough for 4.

Correct-Posture Chairs! Upholstered seats and contour backs are specially designed for children's comfort, encourage healthful posture.

It's Stronger! Legs and frame of extra-strong tubular steel, can't tip over or wobble. Leg locks won't nip children's fingers...legs glide open or closed. It's really kid proof!

Lightweight, too! Kids can fold or unfold the set by themselves. Plastic tips on chairs protect floors.

Table and matching chairs come in Metallic Grey with Coral (as shown) or Antique White with Aqua, or Metallic Flame with Black.



Table and two chair set, only \$19⁹⁵
Extra chairs, \$5²⁵ each

Get free booklet
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Samsonite

World's strongest card tables and chairs
by the makers of Samsonite Luggage



Shwayer Bros., Inc., Folding Furniture Division, Detroit 29, Michigan,
Luggage Division, Denver 17, Colorado.

Shopper's

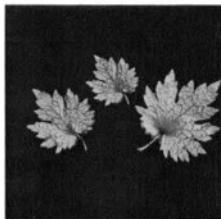


THE NECKLACE WATCH is in fashion again and a handsome way to keep time. The back of the case is transparent so you can watch wheels go round. Jeweled Swiss watch is shock-resistant, antimagnetic and fully guaranteed. \$15 postpaid, including tax. Market Combers, Box 407, Northside Sta., Atlanta, Ga.

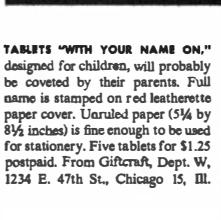
A PRETTY PAIR of stamp dispensers at a tiny price. Both in hand-painted china with gold trim. One shown holds a roll of postage stamps that slide out and cut off easily, the other can be used for cellophane tape or paper clips. Set of 2, \$1.50 postpaid. Wardaby, 5 Mt. Hope Place, New York 53, N.Y.



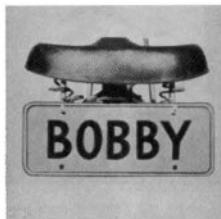
A SUBSCRIPTION to *American Heritage* is a year-round gift for the whole family. Very original and beautifully presented, this fascinating magazine of history is published in book form six times a year. It costs \$12 for the six issues. *American Heritage*, 551 Fifth Avenue, Dept. PW-2, New York 17, N.Y.



COPPER MAPLE LEAVES to wear singly or clustered on your sweater or a scarf. They're handmade of heavy-gauge copper, lacquered to prevent tarnish. Sizes graduate from 1 1/4 to 2 1/4 inches. Three pins \$2; earrings \$1.50; tax and postage included. Roslyn Hoffman, 656 Broadway, Dept. WC, New York 12, N.Y.



TABLETS "WITH YOUR NAME ON," designed for children, will probably be coveted by their parents. Full name is stamped on red leatherette paper cover. Unruled paper (5 1/4 by 8 1/2 inches) is fine enough to be used for stationery. Five tablets for \$1.25 postpaid. From Giftcraft, Dept. W, 1234 E. 47th St., Chicago 15, Ill.



A BICYCLE LICENSE PLATE is sure to please your child. Bears his name or nickname (up to 8 letters). The plate is heavy steel in baked enamel colors. It can also be attached to a tricycle or wagon. \$1 postpaid, from Best Values, Dept. 986-WC, 318 Market Street, Newark, N.J.

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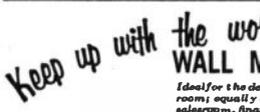
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Companion

by SUSAN HUNTER

LIVE HOLLY TREES make long-lasting Christmas gifts. These are trimmed with bright red, artificial berries and planted in 2 1/2-inch decorated pots. Plant them outdoors in spring. They are 3 for \$2.95; 6 for \$5.50; 10 for \$9.00; all prices postpaid. Stern's Nurseries, Dept. 217, Geneva, N.Y.



THIS HUMPTY DUMPTY is a cheerful musical fellow who plays his own song. A delightful nursery toy. Humpty is washable, for the Swiss music mechanism can be removed through the zippered back. He stands 11 inches high. \$6.25 postpaid, from G. Schirmer, 3 E. 43rd St., Dept. WC, New York 17, N.Y.



DELICIOUSLY DIFFERENT are the rare Oregon Mountain Meadow preserves in a country cupboard box. Included are one 5-oz. jar each of Whole Strawberry, Oregon Wild Blackberry, Fresh Prune with Hazelnuts and Apricot with Kernels. \$2.95 postpaid, Jane Amherst, P.O. Box 20204-X, Portland 14, Ore.



A DESK MARKER for your man behind the desk. His full name is engraved on a copper plate, the letters black-filled for legibility. The mounting of polished black hardwood measures 2 by 8 1/2 inches. Style CKE as shown is \$1.95 postpaid. From Spear Engineering, 503 Spear Building, Colorado Springs, Colo.



A CANDY WREATH to make yourself for your house or as a gift. You get 4 1/2 lbs. of hard candy; 4 for the wreath and the rest for nibblers. Kit includes tape, wire and ribbon bow plus instruction sheet. Finished wreath measures 14 inches. It costs \$3.95 postpaid, from Meredith's, Dept. WC, Evanston 15, Ill.



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IT'S **pink!** NOTHING LIKE IT
FOR DISHES AND HANDS!

pink like a **lotion...**

feels sm-o-o-o-th like a **lotion**



Now-new **beauty-care mildness** for hands...



...and the dazzling-est dishes in town!

Prove it today in your own dishpan!

Touch pink Dreft's lotion-soft suds, and instantly you'll know why Dreft helps keep your hands soft and smooth. Because the same quality that makes these suds feel like a lotion, gives pink Dreft its new beauty-care mildness for your hands. Yet—

Dreft cleans dishes the fastest way ever!

With all its beauty-care mildness, Dreft gets dishes cleaner, without wiping, than any other product with wiping *and* polishing!

**Scoots away even
cooked-on grease!
And "stuck" frying
pans, milk-filmed
glasses and egg plates
come shining, in
seconds, with pink Dreft.**



*Christmas—a time to cherish
the Child and the woman who bore Him.
Here is a special tribute by
one of America's most distinguished
writers, and illustrated by the
world's great art, to the womanly
genius for giving*



*The genius and the fate and the deepest
joy of woman is to give life*

Kollhoit: MOTHER AND CHILD St. Etienne Galerie

THE GIFT OF WOMAN

by KATHERINE ANNE PORTER

ONCE a famous nineteenth century Quaker preacher, Hannah Whitall Smith, of Philadelphia, received a group of young girls who came to pay their respects to her old age. She gave them the laconic, sensible views for which she was celebrated and her farewell words were: "Girls, don't be too unselfish!"

Good, sound, useful, worldly advice, I don't doubt, and very likely just so many wasted words. A great many words of both men and women have been wasted in the attempt to curb this besetting virtue of women. They have been accused, and perhaps with some justice now and then, of corrupting their young with their abominable excess of tenderness and indulgence, of creating cannibalistic husbands and parasitic relatives by their incontinence of Giving All. This does in fact happen too often; we have all seen it. If we are

women, we have probably all unconsciously contributed our share of the evil of encouraging selfishness in others, especially in children.

But this is the seamy side of a noble endowment. The nature and genius of woman is for love and giving gladly, and if she is sometimes extravagant or if her love is abused ("Let Mother sacrifice herself—she loves it," said a spoiled child once in my hearing!), is this any good reason for quarreling with biology? For this love is of the flesh first, as it should be, a primal maternal instinct that can only be satisfied by bringing forth life itself in the flesh. And after a woman has made a child out of her own tissues, blood and bones, any other little gift she may wish to make, almost any other work required of her, seems not too difficult or important. And this instinct is so powerful there is apparently no effort she will not make, no burden she will not take

continued on next page



She has a wonderful social sense, a feeling for the special occasion

Renoir:
LE DÉJEUNER DES CANOTIERS
Phillips Gallery



She lavishes warmth and kindness, good food and solid comfort on her child

De Hooch:
SCENE IN A COURTYARD
Metropolitan Museum of Art



The gentle arts of her leisure express her sense of elegance in color and design

Vullard: THE CHAISE LONGUE
Courtesy
Mr. and Mrs. Richard Rodgers



She can inspire the man who loves her to a rhapsody of adoration

Marc Chagall: THE BIRTHDAY
Solomon R. Guggenheim Foundation

on for the sake of having her house, her husband and her children.

You see her everywhere, a true contemporary phenomenon: this young woman with the college-girl face and virginal figure, who turns out to have been married for several years, is the mother of three, does most of her housework and cookery and laundry; if a family chauffeur is needed, she is nearly always it; and she holds a hard, well-paid job besides, by sheer competence and ability.

How long can she hold out? Well, let's wait and see—she is there to be used up. Multiply this being by the million and you won't be far wrong. They are the prettiest, youngest-looking, most energetic (only superlatives will do here), most educated in some ways, most ignorant in others, most hopeful, most practical, the dreamiest and most wildly romantic, the most independent and the most enslaved (for isn't it a kind of slavery never to have an hour of your own?) and, summing up, the most entirely "engaged" and "committed" young women of any time, any country. They have almost as many children as their grandmothers, who didn't have to help support them; as a rule they do as much housework and baby-tending as their mothers, but without servants; and yet they go out into the world of business every morning with their husbands to help make a living—that is the main thing. But this creature with her four big jobs thinks of herself as freed from the treadmill of the purely domestic life and as being more useful than ever! No shop, no office, no trade, industry, profession, art, science or craft, including politics, but is humming with her dynamic presence. I am convinced that if, on a single given morning, every employed woman in the country should decide to stay at home that day, this whole system would fall into economic and moral chaos. Men wouldn't be able to find anything, for instance, because the women have got everything filed and tucked away and are carrying the keys.

It is not only the multiplicity of their jobs, but the speed and incessancy and split-second timing of their "schedules." They must

be neat and sweet and fit as a fiddle and competent all day on their jobs; they go home to be beautiful, entertaining and exciting to their husbands to prevent them from straying off; while they raid the freezer or open tins and the parcels they brought home for dinner, they must also be mothers, for they have collected their children from the baby-care center or kindergarten or wherever they park them during the day; and in these few hurried hours, and Sundays and holidays perhaps, they must live the most exacting, truly incessant, heavily charged emotionally, of all the relations of their lives—the one relation that has the utter validity of the blood and cannot be ended except by death. The love of brothers and sisters, of husband and wife, of friends, is a pale shadow compared to this terrible bond. No wonder mother and child sometimes turn and rend one another; they are too blindingly close, they fear imprisonment for life in each other. Yet the happy days of a child's life are when he can have his mother all to himself; and the mother her child, all hers. It is obvious that for her no price is too great to pay for this—quite simply because she is not aware that there is a price, she does not think in such terms. If she did the human race would become extinct. There is a large school of thought that seems to say this might be a good end of the matter. I can only say that I do not agree with them.

It is plain that most other women do not agree either: they believe in life and nearly everything in it; men in numbers have been heard to complain of woman's exasperating hopefulness, the reckless extravagance of her faith in the unforeseeable future; every child she brings into the world is her way of saying again, "I believe . . ." This element in her character gives her those qualities for which she is praised or blamed, according to her luck in men: a deep social sense, a surface adaptability often combined with a moveless will; durability, staying power, the knack of the second wind; really stern qualities that have to be dealt

continued on next page



She can radiate the strength and serenity of the indwelling life

Corot:
LA FEMME À LA MANCHE JAUNE
Edward G. Robinson Collection



Durability and staying power are hers; there is in all fine things a certain toughness

KWAN YIN
Metropolitan Museum of Art



The divine accident of her beauty brings great joy to others

Botticelli:
MARS AND VENUS (detail)
National Gallery, London



*Men make up the laws of
morality, ethics and
conduct—she lives them*

John Durand:
MRS. ADRIAAN BANCKER
*New-York Historical
Society*



*Her capacity for
suffering is the
measure of the depth
of her love*

PÛRITÀ (15TH CENTURY FRENCH)
The Cloisters

with by men on her own ground; her beauty that enchants them, and a love of luxury and leisure, and a taste for change and variety, and her way of combining style, form, purity of line, worldly wisdom—with a saving dash of pure frivolity—into high fashion. And this same woman teaches her children their first speech, literally their “mother-tongue,” and then, while men make up the laws of morality, ethics, theology and conduct, she lives them, trains her children in them—a great observer of the Rules, except when she breaks over the line and goes completely outlaw! And there are those women who live happily a profound life of the spirit with indwelling strength and serenity.

Her arts are decorative and interpretive, and her gift is for being pleasing. Though any woman worth the name needs the friendship and moral support of her own sex, as men do theirs for relief from the tensions that exist by nature between the sexes, still it is man that woman wishes to please when she sets out to please. She is bride and mother; that is her destiny and things go much better if everybody accepts it without too much uproar.

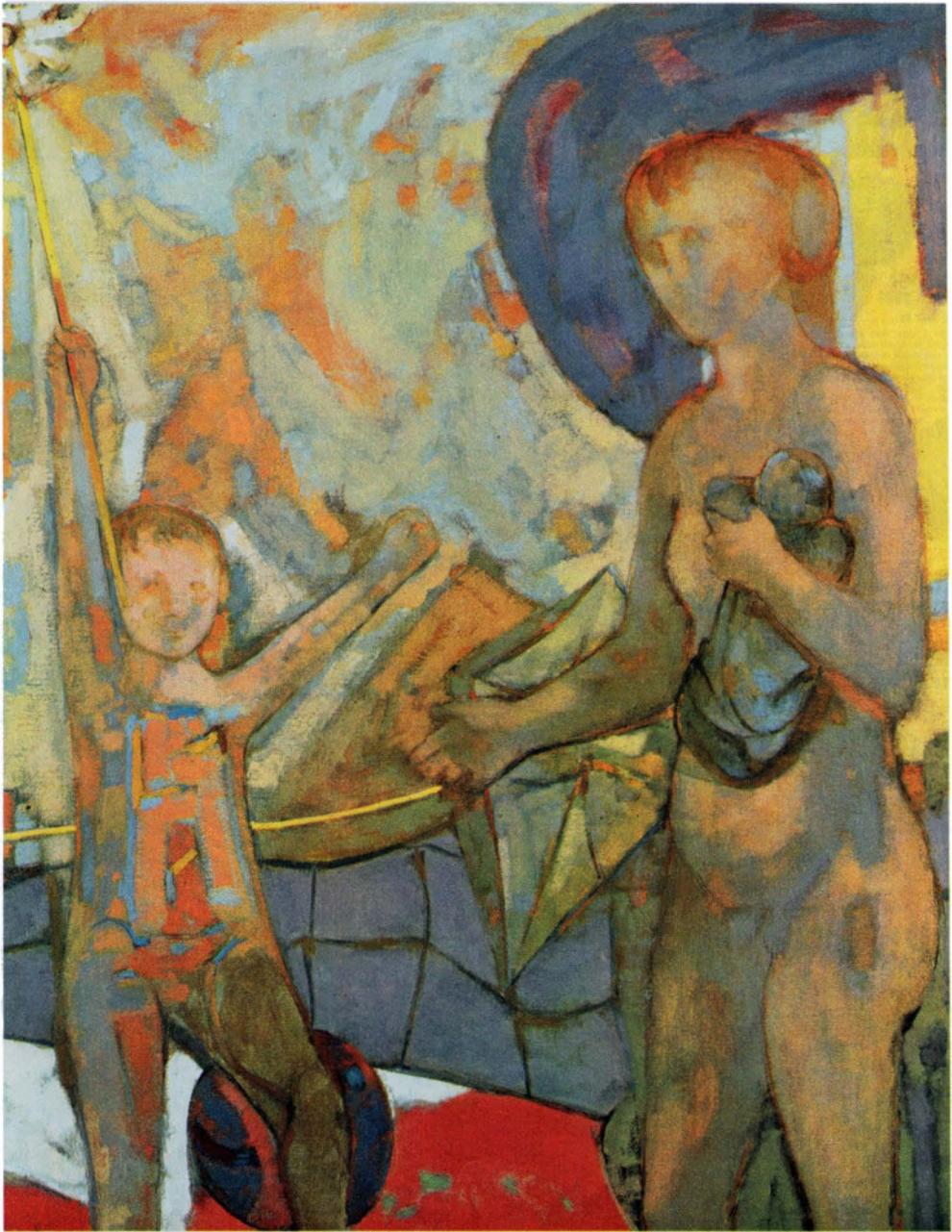
This is Christmas again, again time of the softening of the heart; and I am thinking about the peculiarly Christian view of Mother and Child, raised to the nth of spirituality, dogmatized into rigidity; yet no amount of theology has been able to take away from this story its human and earthly aspects. As Easter is a male festival, the day of the Risen God, of “Christ, the golden wheat” (in poet Edith Sitwell’s sublime phrase), upspringing in His glory from the darkness of the grave—so Christmas, the season of the turning of the sun into the track of spring, belongs to Mother and Child. Though this special birthday is a moment of overwhelming grandeur and endless consequences, though a vast new star is streaming light from the midheaven, though angel voices are singing from the skies and other angels are dancing on the broken roof with garlands of flowers in their hands, and three great

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*She combines style,
form, purity of line and
love of change into the
aesthetics of fashion*

COURTIERS AND ROSES
*Detail of 15th century tapestry
Metropolitan Museum of Art*



*... the happy days of a child's life are when he can have
his mother all to himself; and the mother her child, all hers ...*

This oil painting of *Mother and Child* by Stephen Greene was done on commission for the Companion's Christmas portfolio. Stephen Greene, a young American artist, has won a variety of art awards, including the Prix de Rome. His paintings hang in important collections across the country, among them New York's Whitney Museum, Boston's Fogg Museum, The Detroit Institute of Fine Arts. Currently, Mr. Greene is painting at Princeton University where he is their first Artist in Residence.



Love can be

UNREASONABLE—

It is often

INDESCRIBABLE—

Only one thing is sure . . .

it is

UNMISTAKABLE

Al Moore

WHAT DO THEY SEE



by ANN HEAD

WHEN the last invitation had been slipped through the slot, Gabriel Burke went outside and stood for a moment on the post office steps, inhaling deeply of the wintry air.

It's a beautiful day, she told herself, noting the radiant blue of the sky, the gray of the Lawrenceville University towers in the distance. And I'm in love, she told herself and waited expectantly for the warm, excited rush of joy the thought of Warren always evoked, but instead she experienced a sudden, overwhelming impulse to retrieve the invitations and pluck from their midst the one addressed to Mr. Peter Bishop, Hammond Hall, Lawrenceville University. But it was no use, she thought dully. She'd still be left with the problem of telling him. And in person—which was just what she wanted to avoid. This thing she and Warren had found together was too new, too personal and precious to be exposed to Pete's withering tongue.

Craving suddenly the reassuring sound of Warren's voice, she crossed the street to a drugstore and phoned him.

"I just wanted to tell you you're a marked man. I mailed the invitations today," she said.

"Ah," Warren said, and after only the briefest pause, "Splendid."

"So it's all settled," she said, turning his hesitation over in the back of her mind, deciding she'd imagined it. "Does it frighten you?"

"No." This time she knew she'd not imagined it—the hesitation.

"You sound funny," she said and felt her throat tighten with ridiculous tears.

"I feel funny," he said. "It isn't every day that a man marries the girl he loves."

"I imagine the silliest things," she said, and where the tightness had been there was suddenly laughter. "I'll see you tonight. Around ten."

"I miss you. Can't you make it sooner?"

"I promised Mother I'd work with her on the catering plans . . . remember?"

Reluctantly he remembered. When she'd hung up, he didn't return at once to the folder on the Bryerly case which lay on his desk. Gabriel had been right when she'd said he sounded "funny." The mailing of the wedding invitations had brought him up short. For weeks he'd meant to get in touch with Julia Wylie, had wanted to tell her what had happened to him, but the days and weeks had flown since he and Gabriel had stumbled unwittingly into love. When he did come out of his little pink cloud long enough to think of anything, he'd thought of Julia but never long or hard enough to do anything

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Shamefully she made no effort to resist his kiss

IN EACH OTHER?



Behind each Christmas symbol lies a legend. Some predate the Nativity by centuries. Changed by continents and generations, their origins misty, the stories are all but forgotten in the clutter that frequently pervades modern Christmas. We honor the birth of Christ with prayers and hymns, but the familiar trappings—the greenery, gaiety, fine foods and presents—derive from our pagan ancestors. To the mingling of civilizations, to many lands and many people, we owe the delights of Christmas today

THE FOLKLORE

by BARBARA WENDELL KERR



Christmas Day. No one knows exactly the day or the year of Christ's birth—perhaps because no one thought of celebrating it until four centuries after He died. December 25th was settled upon by the struggling Christians to counteract the long revelries of the Roman Saturnalia, which extended from December 17th to 24th and were quickly followed by the Kalends (New Year). Originally it was a festival day of the Persian Mithraic religion which competed briefly with Christianity. First known as the "Birthday of the Unconquered Sun," it readily became the "Birthday of the Unconquered Son."

The Saturnalia, embracing the winter solstice, honored the god Saturn, the sower, and hopefully extolled the coming of a new crop season. It was a time of feasting and games, of license and lavish display indoors and out. People reveled in the streets. Masters and slaves mingled at sumptuous banquets, the masters waiting on the slaves. Over all reigned a Lord of Misrule who indulged his fancies, however bizarre, for thirty days, then committed suicide.

The Christians detested all this. Early Christmas ceremonies were starkly simple and to this day the southern European countries, where Christianity first appeared in its purest form, observe Christmas primarily as a religious festival.

Yule was a winter festival enjoyed by the northern "barbarian" peoples of Europe from mid-November to mid-January. During Yule (the old Nordic word was "hweól" for wheel—the turning of the seasons) they killed the flocks that couldn't be wintered, settled themselves indoors and lived high for a couple of months, there being little else to do. Wild boar was the favorite dish.

For the barbarians, as for the Romans, the celebration focalized on the winter solstice (December 22nd to 25th).

King Haakon the Good of Scandinavia, upon hearing of the new "Christmas," decreed that Yule should coincide exactly.

The Yule Log. Yule was a fire festival of domesticity.

The hearth symbolized the pagan warmth of Yule and the cozy tradition of the household Yule log spread southward through all of Christian Europe. Originally during the winter solstice, later on Christmas Eve, a huge log was cut and placed at the back of the hearth. Usually it was lit with a brand from the previous year's log. A little was burned each day until Twelfth-night, when the ashes were scattered on the fields to ensure a fertile yield. A brand preserved in the house was

thought to protect it from fire and lightning for the coming year.

In France the log was lighted by a maiden who must first have washed her hands (fire equating with purity and sanctity). It was also the occasion of a drinking bout.

Dating from the pagan days, oak is used for the Yule log in northern Europe. The South prefers ash because ash is the wood the shepherds found to keep the Christ Child warm.

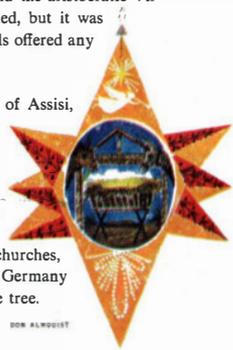
"God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen." In England, Christmas merged with the Saturnalia and Yule as each successive wave of invaders—the Romans, the Norsemen, the Danes and the Normans—imposed their own customs on the luckless islanders. Lords of Misrule reigned with courts of jesters. Crowds, masked as animals, roamed the streets and molested the populace. Abbots and feudal barons alike sat down day after day to nine-hour, seventeen-course orgies. Our playing cards started out as "Christmas" cards. Henry VII decreed that cards could be played only at Christmas.

The upshot was a celebration so uproarious that during his brief regime the Puritan Oliver Cromwell abolished Christmas altogether. (Needless to say, when Charles II regained his throne in 1660 he promptly re-established it.)

Christmas was likewise ignored by the Massachusetts Puritans, although some said it was against their conscience to work on that day. Governor Bradford agreed to spare them for meditation "until they were better informed," but he tartly remarked to some young men playing ball "that it was against his conscience that they should play and others work." We are told that "nothing further was attempted that way, at least openly."

By contrast, New York's early Dutch settlers, true to their homeland, celebrated Christmas cheerfully. So did the aristocratic Virginian settlers. Puritanism gradually declined, but it was not until 1859 that American Sunday schools offered any instruction about Christmas.

The Crèche. In the year 1224 St. Francis of Assisi, who loved both animals and children, put drama into the religious Christmas by restaging the Nativity scene with live cattle and donkeys in the nave of his church. The obviously simpler device of figurines to represent the Nativity caught on and swept the whole Christian world. Used first only in the churches, they were then adapted for home use. In Germany the crèche or crib is often placed under the tree.



OF CHRISTMAS

Carols. Hymns were part of the earliest Christian ceremonies but it is also to St. Francis and his order that we owe the original Christmas carols. He believed in moderate Christmas gaiety and the carols were modeled on the chorale or carole, originally a French form of dance. They were, above all, sprightly.

Bells have always been associated with Christmas. In many a European parish the bells still toll dolefully for an hour on Christmas Eve, to mark the "passing of the Old Lad" (Satan). At midnight they break into a merry peal announcing the birth of Christ.

Evergreens. Originally evergreens were considered as hospitable refuges for the woodsprites. During the Saturnalia the Romans covered their houses with greenery, inside and out. The Christians at first rejected the custom, later begrudgingly took it up, because an untrimmed house marked them as Christians and next in line for the gladiators.

Holly was known in Rome, came into its own in England. Some considered it the most sacred of the greens—"Of all the trees that are in the wood the holly bears the crown." The red berries represented the blood of Jesus, and a holly in the window meant Christian worship.

Others say that, depending on whether "he" holly or "she" holly is first brought into the house, the master or the mistress will rule the home for the coming year. And holly beside the bed on Christmas Eve will protect a maiden from goblins. Holly in the window will keep evil spirits away from the house. Ivy for some reason had an evil connotation of old and was only used out of doors.

Mistletoe has a tradition all its own. Mistletoe is a parasite which grows on oak trees without visible root. The Druids, a religious sect that lived in Great Britain two hundred years before Christ, held it sacred—a symbol of the soul born aloft. A Druid priest would mount a tree and cut it with a golden knife, letting it fall into white cloths held out by Druid virgins to prevent its touching the ground. The Druids believed it capable of curing almost any physical ill. And it played a part in their death rites.

Throughout northern Europe mistletoe betokened peace. Warriors, if they passed under mistletoe in the forest, would lay down their arms until the following day. A man pledged friendship by bringing mistletoe to another's house.

Some say that mistletoe represents the triumph of love over death, as in the old Norse legend of Baldur, the God of Love. Frigga, wife of Odin, tried to protect her favorite son Baldur by making all things on heaven and earth promise never to hurt him. Jealous Loki, the Evil God, found that mistletoe, which touched neither heaven nor earth, could kill Baldur. Baldur died but was

brought back to life again because all living things mourned him. The berries on the mistletoe represent Frigga's tears of gratitude—and the triumph of love.

Everyone knows that the girl kissed under the mistletoe will be married that year—providing she allows her lover only as many kisses as there are berries. By rights, a berry should be removed for each kiss. This strictly English custom, which America has joyfully adopted, seems to have originated as a Druid marriage rite. (Perhaps the well-worn adage of every mother, "I'll kiss it and make it well," comes from mistletoe and the Druids.)

England, it seems, favored kissing more than other countries, as witnessed by the Flemish scholar, Erasmus, who reported after his first visit in 1499, "Wherever you go, everyone welcomes you with a kiss, and the same on bidding farewell. . . . Turn where you will, there are kisses, kisses everywhere. And if you were once to taste them and find how delicate and fragrant they are, you would certainly desire, not for ten years only, like Solon, but to death to be a sojourner in England."

The Kissing Bough and the Christmas Tree. The best loved of all our Christmas greenery—the decorated, lighted Christmas tree—is the newest, dating only from the nineteenth century. The Christmas tree came from Germany, but its English predecessor was the Kissing Bough, a candlelit sphere or half-sphere (see illustration), hung in the center of a room to support the mistletoe.

One story of the Christmas tree is that a child knocked at a cottage door seeking shelter. The good people took him in and fed him. The next morning a choir of angels was heard and the Christ Child appeared in His glory. Before leaving, He broke a branch from a tree and stuck it in the ground, saying that the family would never want, for each year that tree would bear fruit at Christmas. And so trees bearing nuts and fruit—no toys—were seen in German houses.

Martin Luther is supposed to have first lighted a Christmas tree about 1530. He wanted to memorialize forever the beauty of winter starlight.

Where did the tinsel come from? The story runs that a good and tidy old woman had just finished preparing her house on Christmas Eve when she discovered to her horror that her Christmas tree was covered with cobwebs. Too tired and disheartened to do any more, she crawled to bed. But when she arose in the morning the Christ Child had transformed the cobwebs into silvery tinsel: it had become the most beautiful tree in the world.

The Christmas tree was brought to England some three hundred years later by Baroness Lehzen, Queen Victoria's German governess. Victoria and Albert had the first official English tree in Windsor Castle in 1841, after which it became fashionable and has since gone round the world—even to the South Sea Islands. It came here in the 1870's (although there is a story that the Revolutionary Hessian brigade celebrated its Christmas in the wilderness with lighted trees—a relic of their homeland).

Candles. Fire and light have always been part of the winter festivals, including Christmas, and

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AMERICA'S INTERESTING PEOPLE

At Christmas America's most interesting people are children.

In this selection of photographs are reflections of the kaleidoscopic

face of childhood—the wonder of today, the promise of tomorrow



SUZANNE SEABY

Propriety—There's something quite reassuring about looking alike, dressing alike, almost looking at the world alike, for Gaile Darlene and Dione Sue Williams, nine-year-old twins, of Akron, Ohio



JACK FIELDS

Indecision—Christine Burgess, of Belmont, California, checks a mirror wondering if her new hat and dress will make the proper impression on her kindergarten classmates

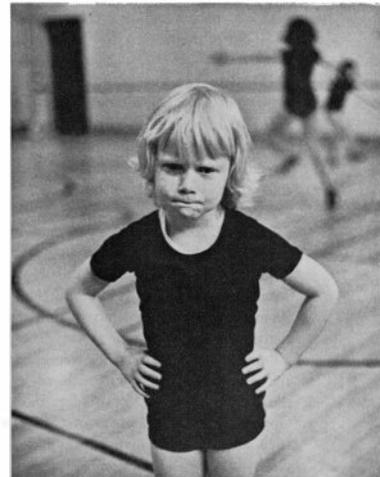


JOHN BRYSON

Harmony—John Bryson, three, of Beverly Hills, California, and his cat share a warm, mystical partnership that no grownup can penetrate

Wistfulness—Nicholas White, four, of Smithtown, New York, has seven brothers, one sister, a bouquet of flowers and a face that could melt even the stoniest heart

JACQUES LOWE



SUZANNE SEABY

Exasperation—Anne Upson, four, Old Greenwich, Connecticut, comments succinctly on ballet and the problems of learning the graces of a lady



JACQUES LOWE

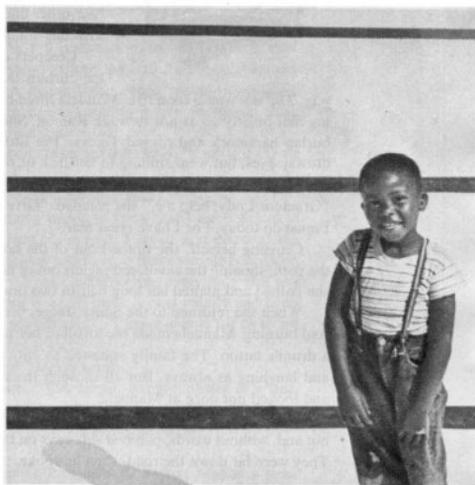
Romance—Being together is wonderful for Tommy Leuchtenburg, four, and Ruth Cleverdon, five, of Dobbs Ferry, New York





JACK FIELDS

Wonder—Like Alice, Rose Mary Wold, of Belmont, California, finds that things are growing curiouiser and curiouiser



SANFORD H. BETH

Pleasure—Mugging for the camera is a real thrill for Richard Lee Robinson, eight, of Los Angeles, California

Fascination—In the hush of late afternoon, a shimmering, iridescent bubble wifts slowly to the sky bearing the dreams of three-year-old Erica Snyder, of Carmel, California

SANFORD H. BETH

A HAPPINESS FOR MANUELA

*Hers was an ancient wisdom—a wisdom that enabled her to enter
the heart of a stranger, to share with another her own private miracle*

by FRANK and AGNES JOHNSTON DAZEY



MANUELA woke with anxiety, as she had for so many mornings. But no! The baby Francisco beside her was still warm and he breathed. She drew him close against her. Why, oh, why with her four other fine children, should she love this small, weak one the best?

Creepers of light pushed under the curtain that covered the doorway. The sun would soon rise. Manuela lifted herself from the sleeping mat quietly so as not to wake Ramon. She laid the baby in his burlap hammock and roused Teresa. The little girl sat up, rubbed drowsy eyes, but went smiling to her task of rocking the hammock.

Manuela knelt before the image of the Virgin in the niche. "Gracious Lady, help me," she pleaded. "Give me strength for what I must do today. For I have great fear."

Crossing herself, she tiptoed out of the house. She went down the path, shooing the small, red piglets out of her way. At the brook she bathed and plaited her long hair in two braids.

When she returned to the house, Jorge, her eldest, had the charcoal burning. Manuela made the tortillas, her hands patting quick as a drum's tattoo. The family squatted to eat, the children chatting and laughing as always. But all through the meal Ramon scowled and looked not once at Manuela.

When he was ready to start to his job at the post office, she came out and, without words, perched sideways on the back of his bicycle. They were far down the road when he spoke.

"Manuela, it does not please me that you go to work for the Americans. They are strange people."

"How can you know?" Manuela said. "You only put their mail in a box."

"I have heard their voices behind the wall," Ramon said. "It is not a happy house."

"That I can believe," Manuela said. "When I went to the Señora Barrington, she promised all that I asked. But there was a mist of sadness in her eyes and her voice, while not unkind, was dead and without feeling. But remember, Ramon, I take this job for our little Francisco. For him I would work for the Horned One himself."

To this Ramon had no answer. He never spoke of it but Manuela knew that grief for the baby lay deep in his heart as in her own. Silent, he pedaled to the house of the Americans.

There, Manuela kissed Ramon good-by and, as she knew his eyes followed her, walked bravely and with straight back to the gate. But when she put the key the señora had given her into the lock, her hand shook so she could scarcely turn it. And she crept into the kitchen, fearful as a thief.

That kitchen! The Señor and Señora Barrington had rented the house from a rich Mexican politician but they had brought many possessions from the United States. The señora had explained to Manuela the wonders of the machines to help with the cooking and housework. The señora knew some Spanish, at least when Manuela spoke slowly, and Manuela herself had learned a little English in the village school and more from Ramon who had twice had a permit to work as a farm laborer in California. But even with two languages to help, all had

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"Gracious Lady, help me," Manuela pleaded. "Give me strength for what I must do today. For I have great fear"

ILLUSTRATOR: ROBERT ABBETT



YULEMANSHIP

*or The Art of Taking the Fun out of Christmas
without Being an Absolute Scrooge* by STEPHEN POTTER



Striking a tuning fork, Angela began to sing "Icyle Holde Thee Strait"

ONE of the lesser known aspects of Christmas is its suitability to the ploys of the practicing gamesman and the more advanced lifeman. To those familiar with our early work (*"Gamesmanship or The Art of Winning Games without Actually Cheating"* and *"Lifemanship or The Art of Getting Away with It without Being an Absolute Plonk"*) this is all too terribly obvious. To the uninitiated, however, this is worthy of attention, for some knowledge of the theory and practice of Yulemanship is quite necessary to ensure a safe passage through the holidays.

Let us first define the Basic Christmas Gambit. It is this: to seem to be more truly Christmas than other people; to be top man for geniality; to be one-up in general Christmas kindness; to be, without apparent effort, so firmly unobtrusive in the background that background becomes foreground. The good Yuleman will leave people vaguely ill at ease, feeling they have bungled Christmas badly but not at all sure how.

Our early work on this subject may now look primitive and formless but it is basically sound. One of the pioneers of Yulemanship was Lifeman Arthur Meriton. It was Meriton who developed Good Old Uncle Arthurship.

Meriton's first ploy was the induction of the suggestion that he was the most popular at Christmas parties. If no one ever said, "Here comes good old Uncle Arthur," when he came into the room (and no one ever did), he would slip behind a screen and, disguising his voice, shout "Here comes good old Uncle Arthur," into his beer glass.

Thus off to a good start, Meriton would single out the smallest child in the room, crouch down on his knees so that his face was level with the child's and speak to him so quietly and naturally as to be inaudible. (Being nice to the smallest child at the party is unassailably correct Christmas play.) If the child started to scream, as he often did for Meriton had a most irritating voice, Meriton would say quite loudly, "Somebody's been made to feel a little out of it lately, haven't they?" This of course implied that the child's tears were the fault of the other adults at the party.

This sort of thing was rather in Meriton's family. He had a brother, Sebastian, who created a great Christmas reputation for himself by specializing in one ploy and one only. We have listed it as How to Make Parents Feel Awkward about Whether They Make Their Children Believe in Santa Claus.

To parents who told their children Santa Claus was real Sebastian would say, "You let them believe?"

Parent: Sort of . . .

Sebastian: And then, later, when they find out the truth?

Parent: Well, I . . .

Sebastian: Do you realize that to your children you are a king, an emperor, a god who can do no wrong, much less suggest a falsehood?

Parent: You mean . . .

Sebastian: A child's mind is like a new leaf, as perfect as a spring shoot. But the caterpillar is not far away. . . .

I have heard Sebastian go on like this for five minutes, then, leaving the parent a complete shambles, trot off to challenge a father of the other school. He would start on him like this:

Sebastian: Hygienic . . .

Father: I beg your pardon?

Sebastian: No nonsense about you, and No-such-person-as-Santa-Claus. Good luck to you.

Father: Well—thanks.

Sebastian: I was brought up in that tradition, too. Calm, rational, very modern pictures, food sterilized to the last drop.

Father: Oh, I don't know . . .

Sebastian: Of *course* Santa Claus is not real and of *course* not one atom of romance nor the warmth of make-believe must stain the black and white of the child of the rationalist.

When in top form over a holiday week end, Sebastian could leave a trail of puzzled and depressed fathers and guilty mothers.

The work of Arthur and Sebastian Meriton may be described as basic Yulemanship. Recently we have been devoting more time to what we call counter-Christmasing. In this the expert prepares his field by taking the Christmas sound out of Christmas for other people before Christmas starts. This makes it easier for the Yuleman by judicious timing to be top geniality at the right moment.

Coad Sanderson has always been my model for counter-Christmasing. He was on Madison Avenue and to be on Madison Avenue is to be naturally one-up on everything except perhaps advertising itself. It is impossible for an advertising man not to know the inside facts about anything essential which can conceivably be bought, like boots and electric toothbrushes, as well as a lot of things which can't conceivably be bought, like Christmas.

Round about the beginning of December, when we began to get a bit warmed up and prospective about Christmas, Coad would say:

"Well, thank heaven that's over."

"How do you mean?" we would say.

"Well, of course this Christmas started for me in February."

"February?"

"Frightful flare-up at our directors' meeting. All about an entirely new layout for Shortt & Weitz's window-display for Christmas. Our client is on the conservative side, a tremendous holly and mistletoe man. It wasn't until March though that I convinced him that festooning them with holly wasn't the best way to sell ladies' girdles."

COAD really made an extremely good story of these Christmas advertising meetings but of course it had a very sapping effect on the thrill of holly and mistletoe for us.

Coad was brilliant in his way and these demonstrations were not without their niggling effect. But this nigglingness of Coad did limit his effectiveness, and just where you would expect an advertising man to shine he was not really at his best. I mean of course in the important Christmas activity of office-partyship. The art of office-partyship is the art of taking the opportunity to get one-up on your associates (rivals) at that very time when business should be in abeyance and everyone should be perfectly natural together.

Of course, this makes it a perfect occasion for the go-ahead executive. Coad's ordinariness stood him in bad stead here, as few people could remember who he was outside his own office.

On the other hand, my old friend Gattling used to do very well

at office parties. He used to make notes of his successes, divided under headings showing the various fields of office-partyship activities. From memory, here are some of his findings.

You must mix of course, Gattling found, but at the same time let it be seen that you are the one who even at the party keeps his essential finger on the remorseless pulse of business events.

Simultaneously you must make use of the opportunity to show that you are in the secret confidence of the boss. This can be done by accidentally revealing, twice, that you are on much more familiar terms with him than your official ranking might suggest and that you are much better at talking to him easily than Old S. who has been his assistant for 22 years and that the boss regards you as a sort of son.

If Gattling had a fault, it was that he sometimes overplayed the business of demonstrating that he was not in the least bit tipsy. Sometimes, afterwards, Gattling did well by being "a tiny bit sorry" that "J.G." rather overdid it at that party.

MY FINAL example of advanced Yulemanship comes from the work of one woman, Angela Nethersole. The active part of her career was spent in the English village of Old Soking, much visited by myself during holidays since the war.

Angela is neither pretty nor plain but she is quite genuinely jolly and likes fun. And she likes Christmas. Yet as soon as Angela is around at that time of year, one longs passionately for Christmas to be over and nobody knows quite how she has done it.

She used to be very fond of Charles Dickens until she read the long life of him by Stebb-Nutting, which of course is very psycho-analytic. Now she keeps saying that whatever Dickens writes "stands for something" and is "deeply divided." This means that whatever the Dickens Christmas spirit stands for it isn't the *true* Christmas spirit. It was soon after this revelation that Angela began to be tremendously down on Christmas cards with robins and snow on them and made a point of sending quite different ones. Last year for example she sent me a picture of the mummy of an ancient Christian found in Rome. This was obviously anti-Dickensy.

I always play a few carols on the piano at Christmas and I like it when people sing along, which is what generally happens. Gattling can put in quite a good bass to anything I play. But last year Angela Nethersole drifted in and almost at once I was conscious of a climatic change. Suddenly, while I was playing "O Come, All Ye Faithful," she said, "Don't you think those lovely carols sound much better unaccompanied?" Like a fool, Gattling agreed.

We soon learned that what Angela *really* meant was that it would be better if *she* were to sing unaccompanied. "It's a fifteenth century carol, 'Icyde Holde Thee Strait,'" she was saying in her extraordinarily clear voice that seemed to suggest that the spelling was funny. She then took out a tuning fork, struck it, made two or three passes with her hands and started to sing with four other people who seemed to have suddenly appeared from nowhere. They must have been practicing it for days. The most annoying thing was the way they stood absolutely still for pauses. A lot of sheepish guests applauded.

Still there is no doubt that Angela's attitude toward carols was a fine bit of Yulemanship, much better than, say, making the shiest and most nondescript guest dress up as Santa Claus. It is about on a par with making sure that you give Freddy exactly the same sort of present that Freddy gives you but making it obvious, if it is given in public, that yours is the better quality or, if given in private, the worse.

For all but the most expert, there is no sure defense against the true Yuleman. If pressed to the wall, about all you can do is to suggest that being tremendously nice at Christmas is often a cover-up for being tremendously nasty the rest of the year. Say that for you personally it makes no difference. Say almost anything for that matter, because whatever you say no one will pay any attention.

[THE END]



Mr. & Mrs. FORD

LITTLE GIRL

KATHY FROM DAD

TO HELEN
BEN

MERRY XMAS
HELEN

BEN

Falcon

Open before Christmas

Here is a holiday story, all wrapped up in tinsel and tied with a bright red bow

by JOHN D. MACDONALD

THREE weeks before Christmas Benjamin West made a policy decision, not without argument from the other Wests. He was wearing his favorite and disreputable Sunday afternoon costume of baggy gray slacks and the wool shirt with the big green and black checks. He sat in the living-room chair, looking as if he had been dropped there casually from some great height. Helen, his pretty and durable and intuitive wife, had been aware of the intensity of his long silence and it had made her uneasy. She had looked where he was looking—out the picture window at a soggy, gray snowfall, at the other trim homes in the Riverbanks section—and found no clue.

George was following his twelve-year-old Sunday routine, cutting, fitting and shaping balsa on the worktable in his bedroom, emerging astench with airplane glue to catch an occasional television program.

Kathy was down the street doing fifteen-year-old homework with a girl friend with, no doubt, the usual full quota of telephone interruptions.

When Kathy came home, snow melting on her dark hair, Ben demanded a gathering of the clan in the living room without television. Helen, Kathy and George were understandably a bit nervously alert. There had been other policy meetings.

"Understand me now," Ben said rather sententiously. "I am not saying Bah, nor am I saying Humbug."

"What is a humbug anyway, Dad?" George asked.

"Later, boy. I don't want my own family to think that I am deficient in Christmas spirit. I still have it, but it's a fight. I mean that down at the shop we have to dream up campaigns and copy to make people buy more, spend more at Christmas time. All the ceremony and everything was just fine when you kids were little, but if we all think it over calmly and carefully, I think you will see that I am right when I say it is time for us to get off the old-fashioned type Christmas kick."

"Just what do you mean, dear?" Helen asked.

He made an inclusive gesture. "You know. A big monster of a tree. Tree trimming. Wrapping everything. Turkey dinner. The old Lionel Barrymore records."

"What do we cut down to?"

"I don't see why we can't have a nice little table tree. Maybe a steak dinner. And why wrap all the stuff we buy each other? Two sheets of fancy paper for two bits and a lot of work and then—whoo-om. Take George. He can get through the ribbons and down to the meat in three milliseconds. And no red bow on Twombly. It makes that cat act degraded and humiliated. I expect him to break out into a nervous giggle."

Kathy spoke languidly. "But would this *continued on page 90*



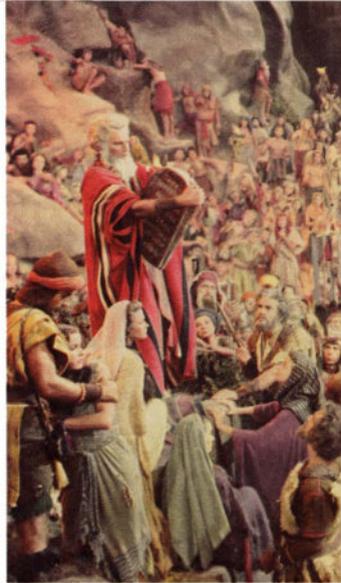
*Ben came in with his pile of presents.
He never realized brown paper could look so brown*

ILLUSTRATOR: PERRY PETERSON

CHRISTMAS ENTERTAINMENT ON VIEW

The holidays are meant for fun. To fill your leisure hours we suggest a great variety of new and exciting movies and television suitable for viewing by the entire family

by BARBARA L. GOLDSMITH



The Ten Commandments—Gargantuan biblical epic—Anne Baxter, Yvonne de Carlo, Edward G. Robinson



Rain . . .



Rain . . .



Rain!

The Rainmaker—Katharine Hepburn is a brittle, unattractive spinster until she meets confidence man, Burt Lancaster, who claims he can conjure rain for the dry land. His real magic however is that he transforms her parched spirit into fresh bloom (Paramount)

Teahouse of the August Moon—An American Army captain comes to understand the wisdom and humor of Oriental ways. Eddie Albert, Glenn Ford, Marlon Brando (as Okinawan interpreter) watch Machiko Kyo dance (MGM)





cal epic of the life of Moses, Charlton Heston. Also stars Yul Brynner, Robinson and the usual Cecil B. DeMille cast of thousands (Paramount)



Westward Ho to the Wagons—Fess Parker, Jeff York lead pioneer families on wagon-train trip to Oregon. Trouble with Indians and romance mark their journey (Disney)



Anastasia—Ingrid Bergman, Helen Hayes, Yul Brynner star in tale of political treachery concerning sole survivor of Russian royal family (20th Century-Fox)



The Silent World—Exciting marine explorations, led by undersea explorer, Jacques-Yves Cousteau, reveal the new and startling world beneath the waters. Winner of the Grand Prix in 1956 Cannes Film Festival (Columbia)

The Wrong Man—Henry Fonda stars in this true story of a man wrongly convicted of a crime. Alfred Hitchcock builds the suspense (Warner Bros.)

Bundle of Joy—See what happens when Debbie Reynolds finds a baby but her boss's son, Eddie Fisher, won't believe the child is not her own (RKO)

King and Four Queens—The king, Clark Gable, searches for buried treasure but finds four manless women who consider him no small booty (UA)

COMPANION APPROVED TV



Amahl and the Night Visitors—Sun., Dec. 16, NBC-TV, time to be announced. Traditional Christmas opera by Gian-Carlo Menotti. See pages 106 to 112 for the story of this opera, told for COMPANION's Family Theater



See It Now—Sun., Dec. 2, CBS-TV, 5-6:30 P.M., EST. Danny Kaye, as Ambassador-at-Large for UNICEF, traveled through Europe and Asia, bringing smiles to small faces, while he shrewdly appraised medical and financial needs. Edward R. Murrow presents a film of tour



Stingiest Man in Town—Sun., Dec. 23, NBC-TV, 9-10:30 P.M., EST. Musical play, based on Dickens' *A Christmas Carol*, stars Basil Rathbone as Scrooge. Also, Vic Damone, Patrice Munsel, Martyn Green, Johnny Desmond, Robert Weede, Four Lads

Festival of Music—Mon., Dec. 10, NBC-TV, 8-9:30 P.M., EST. Artur Rubinstein, Marian Anderson, Andrés Segovia and other artists perform

Playhouse 90—Thurs., Dec. 20, CBS-TV, 9-10:30 P.M., EST. "The Family Nobody Wanted." True story of minister who adopted twelve foundlings

Saturday Night Spectacular, Sat., Dec. 22, NBC-TV, 9-10:30 P.M., EST. Ice queen Sonja Henie and cast of skaters in a ninety-minute ice show

the Lovely



I was started at seeing her with Gates and bewildered by her manner, which asked, "Aren't we something, the two of us?"

Duckling

by LAURA Z. HOBSON

Lucy was a golden girl. She had everything—youth, beauty, wit and wealth,
everything but the gift of love

Did you see him?" I asked her.
"Three times."
"Did you tell him everything?"
"You know I did."
"Even about the mistakes with the sleeping pills?"
"Of course," she said.
"Does he think he can help you?"
"He wouldn't say. He wouldn't even take me on as a patient unless I agreed to do anything he orders for at least six months."
"And you agreed?"
"You know I did," she said again, but this time the despondent note sounded and I thought how thin she was, and how beautiful and how unhappy.
"Does he go in for daily injections of hormones and vitamins too?" I asked.
"Oh, Aunt Jennifer," she said impatiently.
"That was needling," I said quickly. "I'm sorry, Lucy."
"He didn't order any drugs," she said. "Nor any special diet or exercises or any of that kind of thing."
For a moment there was a pause. She had already told me that he wasn't a psychiatrist or psychoanalyst, "just a regular doctor with a psychological approach." Now she seemed to be holding back.
"Then what kind of thing did he order?" I asked.
"I'm not to have my hair done for six months."
"Not to what?"
She laughed, enjoying my disbelief. "I can do it myself," she added. "Just not to go to

Monsieur Paul at least till the end of August."
"You're joking."
"And my nails. I have to do those myself too."
For no logical reason I rose and went over to the mirror above my fireplace. I go to Monsieur Paul too, and nobody can beat him in all New York but this time his special silver-blue rinse had "grabbed" too hard and I hated it.
Behind me I could hear the quick click, click of Lucy's cigarette lighter—she's so nervous, so tense—and I turned back to her, smiling, determined not to undermine her faith in her new doctor. How stubborn she was though, to keep changing from this doctor to that, searching for some magic pill to make her "feel human again" instead of trying to find out why she stayed in such a state.
"I'm delighted you're starting with such a good man," I said heartily. "Everything Freddy ever says about his great Dr. Jarvis—"
"There you go. Aunt Jen," she said.
"There I go what?"
"You beg me to find the right doctor, and then when I finally try to do just that, you call him a quack."
"I didn't call him anything."
"You looked it. I can always tell. 'His great Dr. Jarvis.'"
She looked at me the impudent way her five-year-old Lila might have done and I smiled. Lucy's so bright, really she is, though how anybody bright could take it so hard to be "walked out on" by a Rodney Duane—

that's something I'll never really know if I live to be a hundred.
"Wasn't I the first to admit Dr. Jarvis had helped Freddy?" I asked.
Frederic Weers was a beau of mine, though at fifty-two, in some people's estimation, I'm too old to have beaux. As if any woman alive is ever too old to have beaux if she really wants them! Any widow, at least, who's not exactly a pauper.
Getting a beau to propose marriage of course is a very different matter, but nothing could induce me anyway to worry about my own future until my darling Lucy was happy again.
She was after all like a second daughter. Suppose my Helena were in such a state, nerves wound up like a spool of thread, temper short, tears ready? Or suppose my son Ted couldn't get more than an hour's sleep without taking those awful pills first?
There were times, naturally, when I was angry at Lucy instead of sympathetic, vexed that she couldn't call a halt to her misery and say, "There, I've suffered long enough. Now I'm going to look ahead, not back, and start to live over again."
That, I truly believe, is what helped me get over the loss of my John within a reasonable time and that surely is the normal way to be. But Lucy just wasn't built that way. Ever since her divorce four years ago she had been unable to get over it for good, and the more people told her Rodney never had been worth a hoot except to look at or dance with, why, the more
continued on page 68

21 problems solved with soup

Got a problem? Eating, that is! Here are 21 answers to different troubles every homemaker has. Snacks or meals that are quick — nourishing — and ready to serve at a moment's notice. We can almost guarantee you won't run out of answers if you keep a variety of Campbell's 21 great soups on hand.



COUNTING CALORIES?

Here's how to watch your waistline and still enjoy your meal: Have a bowl of delicious **Chicken Gumbo Soup** made with chicken and vegetables—and fruit for dessert.



SUDDEN GUESTS?

Easy way to say, "Stay for supper!" Fill a tureen or bowl with hearty **Beef Soup**... set up a tray of crackers or sandwiches... everybody helps himself!



NEED A REFRESHING LIFT?

It is so delicious... **Beef Broth (Bouillon)** as a beverage. With meals, or after meals or between meals, it's a pepper-upper... hot in a cup or iced "on the rocks."



EATING ALONE?

It's no trouble to have a cozy soup-plate lunch like this: Hearty, filling **Vegetable Beef Soup**, hot and inviting! And right along with it, a fresh, crisp salad and dessert.



HUNGRY AT BEDTIME?

Have something that won't keep you awake — a warming, brothy cup of soup... Campbell's **Chicken with Rice Soup**. Then, lights out — and pleasant dreams!



LUNCHES TO PACK?

Give them something hot and delicious. Send along a vacuum bottle full of creamy, smooth Campbell's **Green Pea Soup**. It's nourishing!



NEED A QUICK VEGETABLE COURSE?

Serve a mug of Campbell's **Vegetable Soup**. Here are 15 vegetables to have through the meal... a pleasant way to get your vegetable course's worth of nutrition.



SHORT ON TIME?

Make a soup plate — quick — like this: hot and hearty **Pepper Pot Soup** to nourish... a salad to nibble... a piece of cake for dessert. Good — end plenty!



CHILDREN'S PARTY?

Here's an idea that takes the cake, puts it on a plate — with a cup of nourishing, fun-to-eat **Chicken Noodle Soup**. That's a way to make a party.



MENU MONOTONY?

Perk up the menu with a fresh and tangy chowder — like Campbell's **Clam Chowder**. Made of tender bay clams and clam broth, deftly seasoned... welcome any time!



HE-MAN TO FEED?

Have a big bowl of **Scotch Broth!** This soup's almost a meal in itself . . . mutton, barley, vegetables. Be ready with plenty for second helpings!



NEED MORE MILK?

Most people do! Have your favorite soup the milky way. Campbell's **Cream of Asparagus Soup** made with milk is a smooth, nourishing treat for anyone!



A CROWD TO FEED?

Easy! Count heads — get out a pitcher and mugs. Pour out generous helpings of that most welcome and warming of soups — Campbell's **Cream of Mushroom Soup!**



BETWEEN-MEAL SNACKS?

When you want something light and flavorsome, **Cream of Chicken Soup** is a just-right snack. And *this* is chicken soup as only Campbell's can make it!



BALKY APPETITES?

See if this French-style delicacy doesn't work like a charm: perfectly blended beef broth, sweet onions, cheese . . . Campbell's **Onion Soup**, of course.



BREAKFAST SKIMPERS?

Give mornings new variety! Start with a cheerful cup of Campbell's **Tomato Soup**. Perks up a breakfast appetite—and is extra-good for you made with milk.



MEAL NEED MORE BUILD-UP?

If your meal's light — add bowls of country-tasting **Bean with Bacon Soup**. You know you're getting healthful nourishment — a most enjoyable way!



MIDNIGHT SUPPER?

After a movie, or an evening of talk, people like a light, late supper. What could be more pleasant than cups of **Cream of Celery Soup**, with fluffy scrambled eggs?



TEEN-AGE TREATS?

Do-it-themselfes suggestion: Set up a snack bar right in the kitchen. Have plenty of **Beef Noodle Soup** ready to serve . . . cheese and bread ready for sandwiches.



MEATLESS MEAL?

Vegetarian Vegetable Soup makes a good and hearty start. 15 best-of-garden vegetables — green, red and yellow — cooked in their own good broth.



MID-MORNING SLUMP?

When you're tired, let down or low—take a soup break. Relax and enjoy a bracing cup of **Consommé**. It's pure beef stock, slow-cooked and expertly flavored.



SOUPS SUPPLY BASIC NUTRITIONAL NEEDS:
Vitamins, Minerals and Liquids—for general well-being.
Proteins—for upkeep and growth. Carbohydrates—for energy.

Once a day...every day...SOUP!



WIFE KEEPS HEARING SWEET NOTHINGSI

Doting husband has clever wife. She wears fashion without a qualm over Gossard's new hip-length basque. It smooths her hips and where she sits. Nips her waist nicely. It's practically backless yet lifts and separates to flatter her contour. Clings for dear life with exclusive wiring that never pressures. Try it. You'll agree, Gossard out-basques them all.



GOSSARD

at leading U.S. and Canadian stores and shops
or write us, we'll tell you where

#1658 strapless basque of nylon lace and lightweight DACRON elastic. Spiral boning. Adjustable underarm wire. Undercups firmed with thin foam-rubber lining. Detachable garters. White. A, B, C cups. \$16.50

Gossard Special Line of Beauty

THE H. W. GOSSARD CO., 111 N. Canal St., Chicago 6 • New York • San Francisco • Atlanta • Dallas • Toronto

What Do They See in Each Other?

from page 35

about it. She deserved a more personal notice than an invitation to his wedding.

And yet Julia, he reasoned, must have guessed at something of the sort. They'd never, he and Julia, pretended to anything beyond a comfortable relationship and their quarrel hadn't amounted to enough to explain his long absence. Surely this wouldn't come as any great shock to Julia, with her keen perception and her hard-bitten knowledge of men. And yet she had been his friend, was his friend.

The uplift in Julia's voice at his tentative "Hello" filled him with misgiving. He made it brief. "There's something I want to tell you. Are you busy early this evening?" He wondered if Gabriel would understand. Knew in a happy rush of confidence to go to him as love itself that she would.

Julia's apartment had only one room but the room was enormous. At the far end beneath the sk light she kept her easel and a worktable. The over-all effect, like the effect of Julia herself, was one of efficiency, comfort and a certain slap-dash elegance. She was a commercial artist and when Warren had called she'd been working, but as soon as she put down the receiver she collapsed with a happy sigh on the studio couch and for the moment gave herself up to relief. His stilled talk of something to tell her, was she mused, typical of the repentant male. Something to tell her indeed! Well, she had something to tell him. Something she probably should have told him long ago. "I love you," she said aloud to the empty room and suddenly the room no longer seemed empty.

DRIVING home, the thought of Peter and his reaction to the invitation fleetingly crossed Gabriel's mind, but he wouldn't, she figured, receive the invitation before morning. Time enough then, she told herself, to face whatever must be faced. However she forgot about the afternoon mails. Peter got the invitation that evening.

He recognized the handwriting at once and, though he'd been sure he'd hear from her sooner or later, his heart gave a sudden leap. When he opened the envelope he stared blankly at the engraved words, sure that he must have misread the handwriting on the outside of the envelope.

Gabriel or someone must be playing some sort of elaborate joke. But you didn't engrave jokes. Besides, the name Warren had a sickeningly familiar ring. Warren—Warren McNeal Julia's boy friend! Julia, the commercial artist he'd posed for when he needed a couple of extra bucks. A stuffed-shirt lawyer. Twice Gabriel's age! It had to be a joke.

Gabriel answered the telephone and there was no mistaking the downbeat in her voice. "This invitation . . ." he said and his voice had an angry guttural sound. "What's it all about?"

"I'm getting married, Peter." She sounded, now, compassionate.

He let this wash over him in a hot, searing wave, let it sink in, in a downward "You can't," he said finally, tonelessly. "I won't let you! I'm coming around there. Now."

"It's no use, Peter. It's all settled."

"You've got to see me! You can't do this to me without telling me why. You owe it . . ."

"Very well." She sounded tired. "But you'll have to come now. I'm going out later. . . ."

"I'll be right over," he said and thought he heard at the other end of the wire a sigh. Acquiescence? Relief? He didn't know but he hugged the sigh to him, a straw of hope.

Julia too had received her invitation. It was the first thing Warren noticed as he

rang Julia's buzzer in the downstairs foyer. It was on the top of an unopened pile of mail on the hall table. It gave him an uncomfortable feeling of treachery, a feeling made more intense when Julia opened her door to him. She was wearing the brown velvet dress that he'd often told her was his favorite and also the silver necklace he'd brought her from Mexico in the spring. The room behind her had a tidied, expectant look and there was a bowl of chrysanthemums on the coffee table. The stage was set, he realized helplessly, for a reconciliation.

AS JULIA spread both hands toward him in a gesture that was both welcome and supplication, he floundered for some magic opening line that would set everything straight, could think of none and found his hands encased in hers.

"Warren," she said.

"Julia. I . . ." he began. Something in his face must have warned her, because abruptly she let go his hands. This should have made it easier for him but it only increased his discomfort and, instead of the gentle approach he'd planned, he heard himself saying: "I'm going to be married. Julia. That's what I wanted to tell you."

"Married?" Her mouth twisted into what was meant to be a smile. "You must be teasing."

"It happened awfully fast." He spoke rapidly, wanting it over with. "I've known her only a little over a month, but I knew, we both knew, right from the beginning."

"Who knew? Who is this girl?" She was no longer trying to smile.

"Gabriel," he said. "Gabriel Burke." Just saying her name made him feel better. "You know her. As a matter of fact, I met her here. Remember?" At this admission he had the grace to flush.

She looked both astonished and relieved. "Why, she's just a child. Warren. . . . You're old enough . . ."

"To be her father?" He smiled. "Not quite. I'm twelve years older."

"You must be mad!" she said with that look of relief which he couldn't understand until he remembered the unopened invitation on the table downstairs and realized she didn't know how settled it was. "Ah, well," she said, "mad or not, we should have a drink on it." She turned and walked over to the little kitchen and began somewhat ferociously to get out ice.

He didn't want a drink. He didn't want in fact to stay here any longer than he must.

She brought him his drink and settled down on the couch with her own. "Now . . ." she said, "tell me all. . . . How did it happen?" Her obvious hurt at first had been bad but this new, bright curiosity was worse.

"How?" he asked, twisting his glass thoughtfully between thumb and forefinger.

"What are you thinking about?" Julia said.

"The vagaries of love," he replied honestly. "The reason two people, strangers in every way, suddenly . . . but then, there is no reason."

"There's always a reason," Julia said crossly, "or there should be."

"Why?" he asked. He enjoyed tangling with Julia and was beginning to feel almost comfortable with her again.

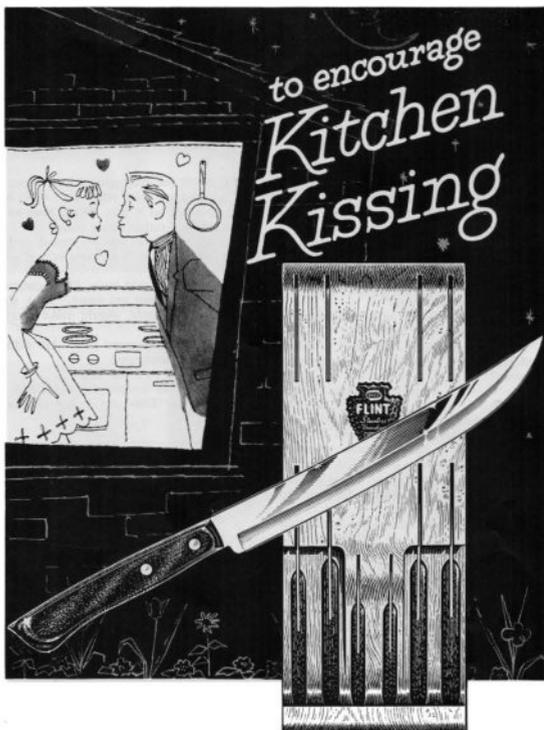
"Because you simply can't throw together two such dynamically opposed elements as a man and a woman and expect them to stick unless there's some reason, some basic unity involved." Her voice rang with fervor.

"Oh, I don't know that you can't," Warren said and too late realized he'd fallen into a trap.

"If you don't know," Julia said and leaned forward. "then it's high time you did. For heaven's sake, Warren, haven't you stopped to ask yourself what you and this girl, this child, have in common?"

He hadn't stopped to ask himself. He didn't care. He loved. He was loved. . . . it defied reason. "What is this," he said stiffly, "an inquisition?"

"You can call it anything you want," Julia



FLINT CUTLERY

Vanadium Stainless Steel Blades
with Genuine Pakkawood® Handles



6 piece Flint Steakster® Set in hardwood holder. Serrated edge steak knives never need sharpening. Gift-boxed \$12.95



5 piece Flint Holdster® Set in hardwood holder. 3" paring, 5" utility, 7" butcher, 8" steak slicer, 9" roast slicer. Gift-boxed. \$14.95

Kitchen kissing is a delightful occupation for married folks, and a Flint Cutlery set is just the thing to encourage it!

There's never any irritation over a dull knife. With a Flint Cutlery Set, your knives are always sharp, safe and handy.

The blades are the finest hollow-ground vanadium stainless steel; handles are genuine Pakkawood that never lose their hand-rubbed lustre! All in all, a Flint Cutlery set keeps you and your husband in the good mood that encourages Kitchen Kissing.

"Kitchen-kissing" set shown includes the six knives you use the most—3" paring, 5" utility, 8" steak slicer, 8" French Cook's, 9" roast slicer, 9" bread knife. Gift-boxed. \$19.95



Available wherever fine housewares are sold throughout the United States and Canada
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said and to his horror burst into tears. He'd never seen her cry before or imagined that she could do it with such abandon. He took her his handkerchief but she rejected it in favor of a box of tissues which she had to get up to get. When she returned to the couch, her terrible sobbing had stopped.

"I shouldn't have come," he said unhappily, "but I didn't want you to get the invitation cold."

"Invitation?" Julia said and he realized he'd bungled things again.

"It's downstairs," he said, "on the hall table . . . the invitation to our wedding."

She took this in silence, dabbing at her eyes with clouds of white tissues, and in desperation he took their glasses over to the kitchen and refilled them.

"Doesn't what we had mean anything to you at all?" she said when he came back. "Don't I mean anything?"

"Of course you do," he said. "I didn't mean to fall in love. It just happened."

"Just what is love?" Julia said, sounding suddenly angry. "Just what do you mean, Warren?"

"For heaven's sake, Julia! Does anyone know?"

"I'll tell you," she said quietly. "Love is sharing the same interests. Love is companionship; it is also a number of other things you and I have discovered together, which I will have the grace not to go into now." She stopped, waiting for him to answer.

He didn't have to answer her but he felt it only fair that he should try to. He felt he owed this to Gabriel as well as Julia. Love is sharing, she'd said, companionship. But there must be something she'd left out. He tried to think what this missing ingredient might be. He thought of Gabriel. In his mind's eye she wore the dress she'd had on when he first saw her. It was blue and soft and it made her look just what she was, only more so, a tall, blue-eyed girl with too high cheekbones and a soft, vulnerable mouth. The vision conjured up none of the answers he sought, only the sense of extraordinary happiness he'd carried with him like a banner these past few weeks.

"What are you trying to prove, Julia? What are you trying to do?"

"To save you," she said. Again her eyes flooded but the tears stayed put, a mist between them, which somehow moved him far more than her crying had.

He went to her then, sat down beside her on the couch. "I didn't mean to hurt you," he said, "I didn't know, I didn't realize . . ."

"Oh, I'll be all right," she sighed and managed a weak smile. "Now that I've made a complete fool of myself, I think you'd better go."

"Julia!" He couldn't leave her like this. "I'll be fine," she repeated. "But promise me one thing . . . if things don't work out . . . don't be proud. Come back."

She got his coat for him. He didn't say anything. He couldn't. Feeling hollow and weary and baffled, he went out the door and down the stairs, past the table in the hall where the invitation, large and square and inexorable, still lay.

THE telephone in Professor Burke's house was in the hall off the living room. When Peter Bishop called Gabriel, the entire family was assembled in the living room. Gabriel could feel the listening silence behind her as she talked. When she returned they were looking just as she'd known they'd look—her father and brother studiously indifferent, her mother's eyebrows raised, poised for an answer to her unspoken question.

"It was Pete," Gabriel said, "and he's coming over. Right now. There was nothing I could do about it."

When the doorbell rang, Gabriel leaped to her feet before the maid could answer it. She'd seen Pete angry before but never this angry. Red splashes of color stained his cheeks like a warning flag and his eyes were smoldering pin points of fury.

"We can talk in Father's study," she said breathlessly and hurriedly led the way down

the hall. As soon as the study door had closed behind them he started talking in a low, rapid voice that left no room for interruptions.

"If you think you can take two years out of our lives and throw them down the drain, you're crazy. You're marriage-crazy, that's the trouble with you. You couldn't wait until I finished school but had to go high-tailing it off with the first man to ask you."

HE HAD not even paused long enough to remove his coat but now he sloughed it off, let it drop to the floor and sagged into her father's easy chair.

"And all this time you pretended to be scared of marriage. You kept saying you were."

"I was," Gabriel said hotly. "I was scared of marriage. I'm not any more." That, she thought triumphantly, should make everything clear.

"And just what changed you?" He didn't seem the least impressed.

"Love changed me," she said.

"Love!" On his tongue the word had a dubious sound. "Don't try to sell me that."

I LIKE CHRISTMAS BECAUSE . . . Companion recently asked the second-graders of a New York elementary school to draw their impressions of Christmas. The results—samples of which appear below and on other pages throughout this issue—uncover no artistic genius. But they offer grownups something even better: a peek into that fanciful and half-forgotten fairyland place that is the bright world of a child at Yuletide



"The deer are jumping. The snowman is happy because it is Christmas. There is a crown on the lion because he is king of the beasts. Santa is up on the hill but no one sees him." Anne, seven.

Don't try to sell yourself that. If you're bent on a snug, safe little marriage, that's one thing, but be honest about it."

In spite of all that she could do to prevent it, she began to tremble. I'm afraid of him, she thought dully. I've always been afraid of him.

"Have it your way," she said finally. "I'm sorry if I've hurt you. I didn't mean to. This just happened, that's all. I just fell in love. . . ."

"You just fell out of love and in love. Just like that." He snapped his fingers. "Out of love with me and in love with Warren McNeal. Just like that!" He snapped his fingers again.

She started to protest this, to tell him that she'd never been in love before, that the fun they'd had together, the fights, the youthful love-making—all of it had been good, fine, even splendid in spots, but only a preparation for this other. She started to say this but she couldn't summon the words to give the explanation meaning. words to

describe what it was she felt for Warren. More frightened by this than by anything Peter had said or done, she moved toward the door. "I can't stand any more," she said. She had her hand on the doorknob but Peter, his voice all at once empty of anger, covered her hand with his.

"Please don't go."

She hesitated. Already, it seemed to her, he'd undermined some part of her faith in herself. In the validity of love. Sensing her hesitation, he pressed his point.

"I won't row any more. I swear I won't, but there are a couple of things I've got to know." Her hand dropped from the doorknob.

"What have you got to know?" she said tonelessly.

"You say you're in love with Warren McNeal. Just what do you mean by the term 'in love'?" He looked immensely pleased with himself.

"I don't know what I mean," she said miserably. "I only know it is. Being in love just is. . . ." His grin broadened and she felt uncertainty closing in on her.

"Surely," he said quietly, reasonably. "you know enough psychology, have read enough

est line was running through her head: "Walk, don't run, to the nearest exit. Walk, don't run . . ." She walked out of the door.

Alone in her room with the door closed behind her, she sat down in front of the dressing table. Her hair was still mussed from Peter's angry embrace and her eyes, regarding the mirrored eyes, were wide and questioning. "What is love?" she said aloud and closed her eyes and thought of Warren—firm mouth, quiet eyes . . . she remembered his voice . . . deep, full, the words clipped neatly off at the end, husky, soft, when he spoke of love. . . . Did he do Double-Crostics? Collect stamps? There was so much to learn, so precious much. Impatiently she looked at her watch. A whole, long, empty hour until he'd be there! But suddenly, as though in answer to her summons, the doorbell rang.

AFTER Warren left Julia's, he drove downtown and parked in front of the restaurant where he usually had dinner, but he didn't go in. He suddenly wasn't hungry. From a street light he looked at his watch. Over an hour before he could see Gabriel. She seemed far away and unreal like some dream he'd had long ago when he was young and dreamed of love. What is love, Julia had wanted to know, and he hadn't been able to answer. "A feeling," he'd said, "love is a feeling." But where was that feeling now? He felt sick and confused. Where was the other, the reason, the proof? He looked at his watch again. He got back in his car, gave the ignition key a savage twist.

As he turned into the Burkes' walk, the light was on upstairs in Gabriel's room. The shades were not yet drawn. Through the lighted window he saw her seated in front of the dressing table. Even at this distance she looked childlike and infinitely vulnerable. She was sitting quietly, not moving at all, apparently lost in thought. "What is love?" he asked himself again and suddenly, with no effort on his part, no conscious transition from doubt to certainty, it was there again, there in the sight of her, the curve of her cheek, her stillness as she gazed into the unseen mirror . . . all there again, the wonder, the delight that filled the heart and floated through the mind, the sure unreasoning tenderness, things that neither Julia nor any other woman had ever wakened in him before. The missing ingredient. But he still had no words for it. He needed no words. He strode up to the door and rang the bell.

Gabriel came downstairs wearing a coat. "I thought you might walk a little."

Outside she paused on the stoop and turned him toward her. "I want to look at you a minute," she said solemnly. "I want to look at you in the light."

Obviously he allowed himself to be looked at. "What do you see?" he said anxiously.

"It isn't what I see." Suddenly she smiled, her eyes, her mouth, melting and soft. "It's what I feel here," she announced joyously. "It's what I feel here." Lightly she put her hand to her heart. "That's the answer, the thing, no outsider can understand." Tucking her hand in his, she led him down the steps.

There was no moon but the stars were brilliant, and here and there a street lamp lighted their way. "Where are we going?" he said and in the darkness could only sense her smile.

"I don't know," she said. "Does it matter?" "No," he said. "Not as long as you're along."

"Sounds like the title to a popular song," she said and added, "Do you like to walk, Warren? Long walks in the country sort of thing?"

"Yes," he said. "Well, that's one thing," she said, "one thing we have in common. Can you think of any others?" she said.

"Yes," he said and stopped and cupped her chin in the palm of his hand. "We have love," he said and wondered why he hadn't thought of that long, long ago. [THE END]

Let's brighten up an everyday salad



This fruit cocktail has the sparkle to make it look like a party!

Even very, very special guests couldn't ask for gayer color and flavor than this simple salad gets from DEL MONTE Fruit Cocktail. And yet it doesn't mean one speck of extra work for you.

It's perfectly obvious that someone pretty choosy put this fruit cocktail together—it's done so much the way you'd do it yourself. The fruits are cut with care—the colors are ever so bright and attractive. And the balance of the five juicy fruits is just right—lets the flavor of each fruit shine through.

Frankly, the easiest way to pay yourself a compliment next time you serve a first course, salad or dessert is to let DEL MONTE Fruit Cocktail help you. How about starting with this spectacular

CAROUSEL SALAD

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1 can (1 lb. 14 oz.) DEL MONTE Brand Fruit Cocktail | 3 tablespoons cider vinegar |
| 2 pkgs. lemon-flavored gelatin | 1 cup finely shredded cabbage or celery |
| 2 cups boiling water | 1 cup finely shredded carrots |

Drain and chill fruit cocktail; save syrup. Dissolve gelatin in hot water; add syrup and vinegar. Chill till syrupy. In a 9-in. ring mold (about 6 cups), put $\frac{1}{2}$ -cup portions of the vegetables, alternating cabbage and carrots. Carefully pour in gelatin; chill at least 4 hrs. At serving time, unmold on lettuce; spoon DEL MONTE Fruit Cocktail around mold and in center. Serves 6.

Carefree meals are good meals with

Del Monte®

fruit cocktail



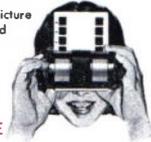
wonderful fun for children 5 to 12

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CHILDREN are happily absorbed for hours with fascinating picture stories of Cowboys, Animals, Fairy Tales and Adventures in the magic of Tru-Vue 3-dimension and sparkling color. A perfect gift for Christmas.

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AT TOY COUNTERS EVERYWHERE



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TRU-VUE COMPANY • BEAVERTON, OREGON

The Gift of Woman

from page 32

king's are already crossing the desert with gifts and Herod is giving the order for the massacre of all the newborn—yet the scene of the actual event is a stable with a dirt floor scattered with straw. An unearthly radiance lights the travel-worn, patient faces of the strangely married pair, their mysterious and awful fate joined in the presence of this Child, naked and breathed upon by the benevolent beasts to keep Him warm.

He is God, but Mary, dazzled with love, gives Him her milky breast to suck like any other earthly child or little animal of wood or field or sea. So dazzled is she with love of the small, shining body lying before her on the straw or the corner of her cloak, her attention cannot be drawn away from Him by any means—not by the homage of angel, king, shepherd or beast. Though she is slight and small and no more than a very young girl, already, as she kneels in her squalid sanctuary, she has the state and dignity of the Queen of Heaven.

Surely there is no scene more loved, more familiar to the eyes of the Western world, than this scene of the first Christmas. The greatest painters have adored it; second only to it as a favorite subject is the Annunciation, then the Crucifixion. At Christmas we see Mary in rapture over her Child, her object of worship. At the Cross, He has become only her betrayed Son, dying ignominiously before her eyes in His merely mortal shape; she cannot discern the God in Him through the blackness of her suffering, for she has become the Mother of Sorrows with seven swords piercing her heart.

But there was a brief time of joy for them both in the first years of His life, when He was her loving Child who could not have enough of her love in turn, when the angels had departed and Herod's soldiers had given up the search.

One of the most delightful sights in Euro-

pean art is the series of relatively small-scale, early medieval statues, boldly and finely carved, of the smiling Virgin playing with her laughing Baby. She holds her Child easily, lifts her head with that blithe, laughing look. The Child holds an apple or a flower and reaches out to caress His mother's face. It lightens the heart to see it, one stands smiling with them, recalled for a moment maybe to something near that morning joy of the new religion, a springtime of the soul before the rise of the sad cult of the suffering Mother and the dying Christ, which for long almost replaced the happy Mother and Child. These little statues express something very simple and natural—the womanly genius for giving gladly, the gift for happiness and the wish to bring happiness to others. One may fail lamentably but one must try!

I see this kind of love and this kind of giving in these contemporary, incredibly burdened young women who exempt themselves from nothing and yet carry everything so gracefully with lifted head and smiling face.

"Love," said Saint Bernard, "seeks neither cause nor fruit beyond itself. Its fruit is its use. I love because I love. I love that I may love."

Saint Bernard of course was talking about Divine Love, that pure fire of the spirit that once kindled, all saints and a great many poets say, burns away all mortal longings and needs, leaving the soul purified and a candidate for the upper air. This illuminating concept ennobles religion and poetry gives an overtone of grace to life every day, is a pure breath of celestial air blowing through this somewhat soiled and tiresome world. But I think that Saint Bernard has given—he could hardly avoid it because the imagery of sacred and profane love is the same and one must partake of the other—the best definition of the kind of unconditional love that women by nature, saving always the notorious exceptions, are most capable of. They do not say, "I love you because . . ." or "I'll love you until . . ." or "I cannot love you any longer if . . ." Love knows nothing of such shabby bargaining. Its fruit is in its use: the love that seeks no end because it is an end in itself. (THE END)

"Just Like my Mommy...
I'M ALWAYS SATISFIED MOST
WITH a BRAND THAT'S
MADE a NAME FOR ITSELF!"



FOUR WAYS BRAND NAMES SATISFY YOU MOST

- BUY WITH TRUST!**
Spend confidently on known quality. Brand Names wear best, work best, taste best, are best.
- SHOP WITH EASE!**
Spend efficiently on proved value. Brand Names save time "puzzling" over labels, models, prices, etc.
- ENJOY MORE CHOICE—**
Spend shrewdly among widest selections. Brand Names offer the most in sizes, types, colors, finishes, etc.
- GET THE "LATEST!"**
Spend smartly on up-to-date products. Brand Names keep improving, modernizing, introducing new things.

Advertisers in this magazine are good names to know. They're proud of their brands' caretakers satisfy so!



BACK VIEWS (front views on pages 22, 23)



Advance Printed Pattern 7828. Short cape and beret in one size only. Cape takes $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 54-inch fur fabric; beret takes $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 54-inch fabric. Price 50 cents.



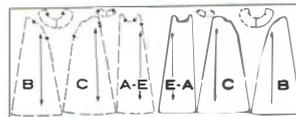
Advance Printed Pattern 7729. Flared skirt for size 23- to 30-inch waists. Size 26-inch waist takes $\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 54-inch fabric, or $\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 35-inch fabric. Price 35 cents.



Advance Printed Pattern 7858. Cover-up hood fits all head sizes. Urseley overblouse not shown comes small, medium and large. Hood takes $\frac{1}{2}$ yard 54-inch fur fabric. (We cut it single and lined it.) Price 35 cents.



Advance Printed Pattern 7963. Cape comes in small, medium and large sizes. Medium size takes $\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 54-inch fur fabric; $\frac{1}{4}$ yards 39-inch lining. Price 50 cents.



Special cutting chart for Advance Printed Pattern 7963

Cut on single thickness of fabric

ADVANCE PATTERNS may be purchased in leading department stores— or send in the following coupon

Woman's Home Companion—P.8, Service Bureau, 640 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, New York

Enclosed _____ cents in stamps

Please send patterns as indicated:

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BRAND NAMES FOUNDATION, INC. 437 FIFTH AVE. • NEW YORK 16, N.Y.

29 PAGES OF IDEAS FOR A FAMILY CHRISTMAS

Every family has its cherished traditions that make its Christmas something special—some of these traditions will go way back, some will be in the making this Christmas. Has your family listened to *Amahl and the Night Visitors* for the past few years on TV? This year COMPANION brings you this enchanting Christmas classic, complete with stage, setting and characters, ready to be put together to use either as a theater or as a Christmas tableau. On the pages that follow this you will find:

- *Companion's family theater*
- *153 gift suggestions for five dollars and less*
- *6 pages of quick and easy ways to storybook Christmas foods*
- *7 pages of Companion-approved toys for children of all ages*
- *Companion's own Kriskit decorations*



IN ONE PACKET 80 ENCHANTING ORNAMENTS TO MAKE

Kriskit ornaments were inspired by traditional Danish patterns. Delighted by these cut-and-fold decorations, Companion had them adapted to punch out of gold and silver foil, to bring to your home all the shimmering magic of Christmas. They're used on the tree at right, and for more about making and using Kriskit ornaments turn the page. . . .



ONE PACKET . . . 80 ENCHANTING ORNAMENTS TO MAKE

Sheer glamour for mere pennies, Kriskit decorations are simple enough for even the children to make. You'll find dozens of sparkling ways to use them —on trees, gift boxes, tables, windows, many more. No scissors or cutting needed for assembling them —simply punch out, fold into shape and hang individually on the wire hooks included, or string together on thread or colored ribbons into ropes and swags

by ELIZABETH MATTHEWS
HOME DECORATION EDITOR

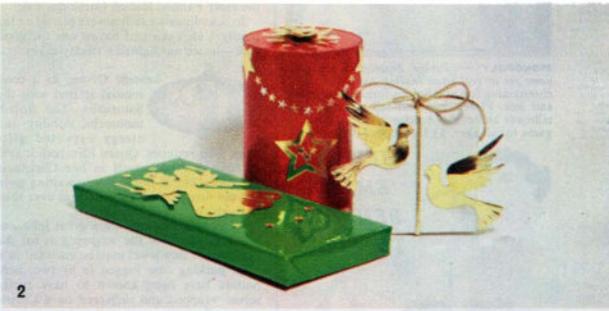


Each COMPANION KRISKIT package consists of four large fire-resistant paper sheets (two gold, two silver), containing a total of 80 perforated designs. Also included are hooks for hanging the ornaments and a page of illustrated instructions for assembling them. Packet is priced at \$1.75 and is available at all Lord & Taylor stores. For other stores throughout the country where you can buy KRISKIT, turn to page 79.



1

1. A single package of Kris-kits will decorate a 4-foot tree, as above, or will combine happily with other ornaments to fill out larger trees. Finalials are two or more ornaments taped together, or use a large angel



2

2. Kriskit ornaments transform the plainest box into an exciting holiday package. Angels, birds and stars paste or tape into fetching designs; tiniest stars are those punch-outs saved from perforations of ornaments



3

3. Merry-go-round of angels makes a centerpiece easy to duplicate. Cut a base from Styrofoam (using plate as guide and sharp knife), add hole for candle. Fasten angels in place with hairpins looped in perforations



4

4. Glistening doves descend on golden cords from a gilded embroidery hoop you can arrange yourself. When hanging from light fixture, in a picture window or over a child's party table, this decoration will flutter prettily



5

5. Kriskit ornaments add elegance to place cards—simply tape them on with cellophane tape. Try them on napkin rings, too—your own or ones you cut from cardboard and painted a bold color. Trim with gay stars

WHITE VISCA TREE BY TREES INTERNATIONAL
LIGHTS ON BOTH TREES BY SOLVITE
CASHMERE SWEATERS FROM FORSTRENN
CHILD'S ROBE FROM RAYBROOKS



Gourmet cupboard—27 ideas for people who love good food

Use your ingenuity to put together interesting foods with attractive accessories and pretty wrappings.

30. Wrap up together cans of smoked shrimp, smoked oysters and a jar of fancy olives. Altogether less than \$2.80 at food specialty counters.
31. With a fancy cutting board, give a cheese cutter, about 19 cents at variety stores, and a Gouda cheese, about 60 cents at food stores.
32. Fine birch well-and-tree made to fit into platters, 9½ by 14 inches, \$4.95 plus \$1 postage from Hammacher Schlemmer, 145 East 57th Street.
33. Spices and herbs by John Wagner & Son in show jars; \$2 each, postpaid, at Macy's, Herald Square.
34. Tower mold in a copper-like finish by Wearver. Holds 1½ quarts. \$1.75 plus postage at Bloomingdale's, Lexington Avenue at 59th Street.
35. Decorative 1½-quart heart mold by Wearver; needs no polishing. \$1.75 plus postage at Bloomingdale's, Lexington Avenue at 59th Street.
36. Paint child's name on inexpensive mug; fill mug with fancy lollipops. Costs less than \$1.50.
37. Pair of watermelon felt pot holders, \$1.95 a set, 25 cents postage; at Brown & Delmi, 57 Fifth Avenue.
38. A corn popper that is tied with a red bow and

- filled with freshly popped corn will cost less than \$1.
39. With a nutmeg grinder (\$2.95, postpaid, at Bazar Français, 666 Sixth Avenue) give whole nutmegs.
40. Measuring spoons of copper and pink plastic with hanging rack by Aluminum Housewares. \$1 at Bloomingdale's, Lexington Avenue at 59th Street.
41. Cutting board of Swedish design, \$3.95, postage extra, B. Altman, Fifth Avenue at 34th Street.
42. To chop holiday nuts—this red and white plastic chopper by Federal Tool. Price 59 cents at B. Altman, Fifth Avenue at 34th Street.
43. Fill a salad basket (\$1.95 plus 35 cents postage at Original Vermont Country Store, Weston, Vermont) with vinegar, olive oil and herbs.
44. Miniature cutting boards that come in pairs; made by Q-T; handy for slicing a lime or a lemon. \$1 plus postage at Macy's, Herald Square.
45. An earthenware casserole with cover, \$4 postpaid, at Bazar Français, 666 Sixth Avenue. Fill it with condiments: prepared horse-radish, Worcestershire sauce, liquid red-pepper seasoning and soy sauce.
46. Give fresh garlic buds in a wire basket (\$1 postpaid at Bazar Français, 666 Sixth Avenue) and a garlic press (costs about 59 cents at variety stores).

47. A tin of fancy tea and a pound of fine coffee delight gourmets; wrap with an inexpensive trivet.
48. Along with a bottle of rosé wine (about \$1.65 at liquor stores) give a selection of fancy cheese spreads.
49. Snack knife sets cheese or spreads. \$4.50, postpaid, from Cutco Cutlery Co., New Kensington, Pa.
50. Party-size pumpernickel bread on board in gala wrap. A 3-pound loaf for \$1 (\$1.25 west of Mississippi), Mosh's Bread, 170 Wythe Avenue, Brooklyn, N.Y.
51. Fill a wine basket (\$3.50 postpaid at Bazar Français, 666 Sixth Avenue) with colorful fruits.
52. Homemade cookies are fancy in a glass apothecary jar, \$1.95 plus 55 cents postage at B. Altman, Fifth Avenue at 34th Street.
53. To please a sweet tooth give a bucket of preserves; this 4-pound one costs \$4.95 plus 75 cents postage at Bloomingdale's, Lexington Avenue at 59th Street.
54. A plastic bag holds 5 pounds of nuts; nutcracker and nutpicks tied to bow cost under 50 cents.
55. Glass decanter by Cresca (\$2.50 plus 35 cents postage at B. Altman, Fifth Avenue at 34th Street) is filled with fruit drops.
56. Fill decorative glass jar (\$5 postpaid at Hellenic Arts, 30 Rockefeller Plaza) with colorful candies.



The men's shop—come in and browse for that man on your list

57. For him, plastic thermo-tumblers hold hot or cold beverages; set of 4, \$5 plus 55 cents postage. Designed for Living, 131 East 57th Street.
58. Prince Consort silk tie at left buttons down to shirt by buttonholes in back. \$2.50 plus 25 cents postage. Weber and Heilbronner, 300 Fourth Avenue.
59. Silk Deauville ties with clip-down backs—center tie has white, blue, red pin stripes; tie at right, gold and blue on charcoal. Each is \$3.50. K. Katz & Sons, 7 East Baltimore Street, Baltimore, Md.
60. Walnut pipe rack holds 6 pipes. \$4 plus 50 cents postage. Wilke Pipe Shop, 400 Madison Avenue.
61. Jigger of nontarnishing britannia metal; can also be used as cigarette holder. \$4.50 plus 25 cents postage. Abercrombie and Fitch, 360 Madison Avenue.
62. Barometer with colorful dial, brass trim. \$4.50 postpaid. Hoffritz, 331 Madison Avenue.
63. Winged corkscrew loosens the stubbornest cork. \$1.95 postpaid. Hoffritz, 331 Madison Avenue.
64. Handy bar tool slices fruit, opens bottles, spears olives or cherries; weighted handle cracks ice cubes. \$4 plus 25 cents postage. Hammacher Schlemmer, 145 East 57th Street.
65. Wooster paintbrush set. Three brushes cover all

- painting needs, nylon bristles make application easy. \$4 at paint and hardware stores.
66. Italian-inspired Tom Cap. Navy with white, or in scarlet with white or black. \$3 plus 25 cents postage. Abercrombie and Fitch, 360 Madison Avenue.
67. Combination pants-coat hanger keeps coat in shape and pants in press: \$2.95 plus 25 cents postage. Abercrombie and Fitch, 360 Madison Avenue.
68. Fifty-foot steel measuring tape in wind-up reel. Bold numerals are easy to read. \$4.75 plus 25 cents postage. Hammacher Schlemmer, 145 East 57th Street.
69. I-Snips pick up or crack ice cubes. \$3 plus 25 cents postage. Hammacher Schlemmer, 145 East 57th Street.
70. Pencil caddy for golfer's desk. Dozen pencils with golf-club heads included. \$3.95 plus 25 cents postage. Hammacher Schlemmer, 145 East 57th Street.
71. English puzzle chest has 11 puzzle boxes to test his patience, balancing skill. \$5 plus 25 cents postage. Abercrombie and Fitch, 360 Madison Avenue.
72. Tek-Hughes's de luxe club brush with Tynex nylon bristles for men whose hair is fine or thin. \$4 at drug and department stores.
73. Gardener's pruning knife of Solingen steel. \$4.50 postpaid. Max Schling, 538 Madison Avenue.

74. Finest quality stainless-steel garden trowel with hardwood handle. \$4.50 postpaid. Max Schling, 538 Madison Avenue.
75. Seaforth's Kangaroo Travel Kit with brushless shave cream, shave lotion, talc and spray deodorant; in flight-tested refillable squeeze bottles. \$3.95*. Macy's, Herald Square.
76. General Electric auto spotlight plugs into his car's cigarette lighter. For night emergencies, map reading, \$2 at auto supply counters.
77. Big Italian china cup and saucer, perfect for a man-size cup of coffee. \$2.50 plus 60 cents postage. Bonniers, 605 Madison Avenue.
78. Poker dice set in smart leather box lined with red, 1½-inch cube, \$3 plus 35 cents postage. Chas. W. Wolf, Inc., 30 Church Street.
79. Stanley Car-Pack comes with 5 useful tools in foldable plastic kit for keeping in car, boat, camp. \$5 at hardware stores.
80. J. B. Williams' Ice Blue Aqua Velva after-shave lotion. \$1*, at drug and department stores.
81. Easy-to-read thermometer attaches outside of window. Large red pointer shows temperature at a glance. \$2.50 postpaid. Hoffritz, 331 Madison Avenue.

*Plus ten percent Federal tax. For how to order see page 61

MORE ON NEXT PAGE

WESLEY BAL





hostess corner—pick-of-the-market for your entertaining friends

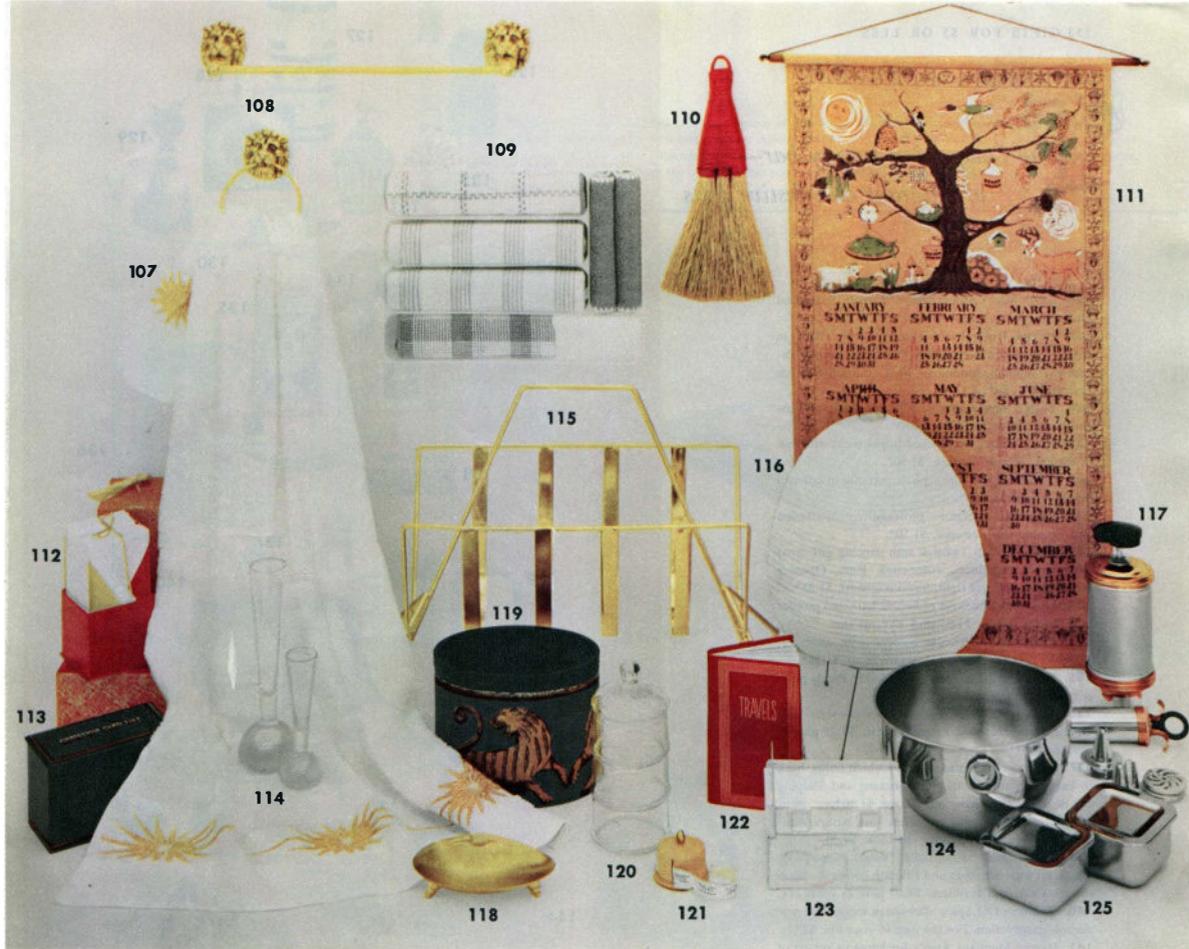
82. Calendar bar towel on pink linen. \$3 for 3, postage 35 cents, Gimbels, 33rd Street and Broadway.
 83. Swedish birch, red lacquer tray, 13 by 17 inches, heat and alcohol resistant, \$4.50 plus 50 cents postage; Bonniers, 605 Madison Avenue.
 84. Natural-wood trivets from Sweden; 7-inch size, \$2.50; 5-inch size, \$2; each plus 30 cents postage from Bonniers, 605 Madison Avenue.
 85. Basket-tray, 11 by 15 inches, \$2.50 postpaid from Mail-Age, Box 109, Pratt Station, Brooklyn 5, N.Y.
 86. This pair of cast-iron corn-stuck pans make a different gift. They are \$1.75 each plus postage, by Griswold, at B. Altman's, Fifth Avenue at 34th Street.
 87. Imported opaline-glass cigarette set (urn 3½ inches high, tray 4 inches wide), \$5 plus 50 cents postage, from W. & J. Sloane, 575 Fifth Avenue.
 88. Folding side table with 12-inch tide-chart design glass top and 20-inch metal legs, \$4 postpaid, Penthouse Gallery, 15 West 55th Street.
 89. Gold-anodized aluminum quart teakettle from Japan; plastic-bound handle; can be used over flame. \$4.75 postpaid from Bonniers, 605 Madison Avenue.

90. Electric trivet, brass with ebony-black plastic handles, keeps foods really hot; by Inland Glass. \$5 plus postage at Gimbels, 33rd Street at Broadway.
 91. Decorative bottle with matching ground-glass stopper, 9½ inches over-all, \$4.75 postpaid from Pottery Bazaar, 1029 Northern Boulevard, Roslyn, N.Y.
 92. Six-piece tidbit serving set imported from Holland, delicate glaze on ceramic, \$4.50 plus 80 cents postage from Cardel, Ltd., 615 Madison Avenue.
 93. Punch bowl with 6 matching cups of ovenproof ware, on wire stand; bowl holds 3½ quarts; \$5 plus \$1.25 postage from Bamberger's, Newark, N.J.
 94. Colorful set of four 2-cup Cory coffee servers, attractive with banded tops and black stoppers. Price \$4.95 plus postage at B. Gertz, Inc., Jamaica, N.Y.
 95. White opal-glass 10-inch dish with gold, Persian Garden design, heat and cold resistant. \$5 plus 50 cents postage at Saks Fifth Avenue, 611 Fifth Avenue.
 96. White Pyrex casserole with brass frame. \$2.95 plus postage, from Stern's, 41 West 42nd Street.
 97, 98, 99, 100. Jade pattern serving pieces, all with green-enamel-tipped sterling handles, plain or buted;

cheese server (97) with stainless blade, \$4.50; butter server (98) with stainless blade, \$4.25; versatile cocktail serving-fork (99) with stainless tines, \$4; sugar spoon (100) with stainless bowl. \$4.25; each plus 50 cents postage; Saks Fifth Avenue, 611 Fifth Avenue.
 101. Linen 52-inch cloth, washable, metallic-gold border; by Tammis Keefe, \$4.95 plus 50 cents postage; Lord & Taylor, Fifth Avenue at 38th Street.
 102. Blue, Italian-alabaster plate ashtray; 9-inch, free-form shape; also comes in green; each \$4.50 plus 75 cents postage; Stark Valla, 1 West 8th Street.
 103. For an inexpensive, practical gift, this trivet in black and brass is nice. Price 70 cents, from Artistic Wire Products, New Hampton, Conn.
 104. Guest towels; Irish linen with hand-loomed Swiss borders, navy or light green, each \$4.95 plus 26 cents postage; Saks Fifth Avenue, 611 Fifth Avenue.
 105. Apple-shape jar with lid, imported, blue opaline-glass, over all 4 inches high; \$4 plus 50 cents postage from W. & J. Sloane, 575 Fifth Avenue.
 106. Blue Italian-alabaster box, 4 inches long; \$4. Postage 50 cents; Stark Valla, 1 West 8th Street.

For how to order see page 61





WELLEY SALE



House and home bazaar—a show window of suggestions for lighthearted homemakers

107. Cannon's newest bath towel, with washable gold border in Coronation pattern, \$3.98 plus 50 cents postage from Max Fertig, 433 Fifth Avenue.
108. Brass lion-head towel accessories; 4-inch ring, \$2; 15-inch towel bar, \$5; each plus 50 cents postage from Feldman's House of Wares, 884 Madison Avenue.
109. Seven-piece kitchen-towel and pot holder set, packed in divided plastic cutlery tray, \$2.98 plus 35 cents postage from Awad's, 62 East 34th Street.
110. Sturdy whisk broom, 12 inches long, comes with red, blue, green or natural handle, \$1.45 postpaid from Lighthouse Craft Shop, 111 East 59th Street.
111. 1957 calendar printed on linen roller towel with cord for hanging, 16 by 30 inches, \$1 plus 25 cents postage from East House, 1075 First Avenue.
112. Oriental desk box with gold tassel holds 20 sheets of note paper, 20 gold- and red-lined envelopes. \$2.20 postpaid. Brentano's, 586 Fifth Avenue.
113. Leather file box for Christmas list, with cards and index; it has a quaint paper lining; \$5 plus 35

- cents postage; Chas. W. Wolf, Inc., 30 Church Street.
114. Swedish, clear-glass bud vases with teardrop in base: 6-inch size, \$2.50; 9½-inch size, \$4; each plus 75 cents postage at Bonniers, 605 Madison Avenue.
115. Brass-finish steel magazine rack, 15 inches high, 20 inches long; \$5 plus 25 cents postage, Malcolm's, 6309 Reisterstown Road, Baltimore 15, Md.
116. Japanese "Akari, Jr." table lamp, paper shade and wire legs, about 15 inches high, complete for \$4.95 postpaid from Bonniers, 605 Madison Avenue.
117. To decorate a gingerbread house, a holiday cake or make fancy cookies—this Mirro cookie-press and decorator set. \$2.95 plus 30 cents postage at Bloomingdale's, Lexington Avenue at 59th Street.
118. Mussel-shell soap dish in fashionable brass, satin finish inside, bright finish outside, 4 by 6 inches, \$5 plus 50 cents postage; Feldman's House of Wares, 884 Madison Avenue.
119. Beautifully finished desk basket for letters, with hand-blocked fabric covering, 6 by 7½ inches,

- \$4.25 postpaid from Stark Valla, 1 West 8th Street.
120. Clear-glass stacking jars with lid, handy for condiments, jams or cosmetics, \$3.75 plus 50 cents postage at Design for Living, 131 East 57th Street.
121. Pink leather dispenser with gold-tooled decoration, for stamps, labels or address tape; \$5 plus 20 cents postage from Brentano's, 586 Fifth Avenue.
122. Leather-covered diary. Also has 8 pages of colored maps and 20 of useful information. \$3.33 postpaid, Chas. W. Wolf, Inc., 30 Church Street.
123. Snap-apart cake form cooks a gingerbread house; made of aluminum by Mirro. 90 cents plus postage from Bloomingdale's, Lexington Avenue at 59th Street.
124. Stainless-steel four-quart mixing bowl with handy hanging ring by Revereware: it's a handsome gift. Price \$4.25 from Macy's, Herald Square.
125. Two good-looking stainless-steel pint-size boxes by Ekco, with tight fitting lids. Naturals for baking, storing or reheating foods. Price \$1.50 each plus postage at B. Gerz, Inc., Jamaica, N. Y.

For how to order see page 61

MORE ON NEXT PAGE



*The Companion beauty bar—
of fragrant and festive gifts*

126. Kings Men Coronet Duo of Luxury Shave and after-shave lotion—to salute the men. \$2*.

127. Helena Rubinstein's Holiday Foam Bath in striped gauze drawstring bag. Choice of Fourth Dimension (shown), Moonlight Mist, Heaven Sent or Five O'clock. \$3*.

128. Tussy's timely twosome of Midnight cologne and hand and body lotion. \$2.50*.

129. Max Factor's bright-eyed Sophisti-cat with vial of the new Primitif parfum. \$1.50*.

130. Charles of the Ritz's Ishah perfume in colorful Persian slipper. \$2.50*.

131. Jacqueline Cochran's Birdcage tree decoration with Shining Hour essence. \$1.50*.

132. Lelong's Solid Twistick with dancing girl ornament. In 5 fragrances, color-cued. Here, Opening Night (red); at lower right, Sirocco (green). \$1.25*.

133. Tinkerbell's bath set of bubble bath and powder mitt filled with talc. \$1.95 plus 20 cents tax.

134. Coty's Fairy Princess cologne with atomizer. To make a young girl feel very grown-up. \$1.25*.

135. Jergens lotion in squeezable Handy Pandy polyethylene package. \$1.25*.

136. Avon's Touchdown—for the boys—with Hair Guard, Hand Guard and soap football. \$1.29 plus 10 cents tax.

137. Schiaparelli's Christmas Star which holds, back to back, miniature bottles of Shocking and Sleeping eau de parfum. To hang on the tree. \$1.50*.

138. Breck's handsome hairbrush with natural bristles and gold-colored polystyrene back. \$4.50.

139. Jean Naté's Essentially Yours waterproof plastic kit with talc, soap and Friction body rub. Boon to sick-abeds and travelers. \$4.50 plus 28 cents tax.

140. Shulton's Old Spice after-shave lotion and pre-electric shave lotion. For the men in your life. \$2*.

141. Harriet Hubbard Ayer's Enchanted Cottage of colorful, hand-decorated antique porcelain with Golden Chance Bathsheen or dusting powder. \$2.50*.

142. Corday's Voyagette Duette filled with Toujours Moieau de toilette. Plus refill flacon and funnel. \$3.75*.

143. Elizabeth Arden's Red Pompom sachet puff, scented with Mémoire Chérie. \$2*.

144. Yardley's Red Roses bath ensemble of talc, bath soap and After Bath Freshener. \$4.25 plus 34 cents tax.

145. Matchabelli's Christmas Angel cologne in colorful pop-up package. \$2*.

146. Helene Pessl's Cookies 'n Milk with Little Lady soap and bubble-bath powder. \$2 plus 10 cents tax.

147. Pond's dusting powder in lovely new rose and gold-flecked plastic box. Christmas-wrapped. \$1*.

148. Dorothy Gray's new Hidden Charm toilet water, bubble bath, hand lotion and soap bonbons. With gold-plated chams young girls will love to hang on their bracelets. \$2 plus 15 cents tax.

149. Houbigant's Quelques Fleurs Refreshence and hand lotion with fingertip dispenser. In gold metal dressing-table stand. \$4.50 plus 35 cents tax.

150. Lenthéric's Heavenly Christmas jeweled purse flacon of Tweed perfume. \$3*.

151. Revlon's Beginner's Luck manicure set with 2 nail enamels, nonsmear remover, cuticle oil, emery boards and cuticle stick. \$2.95 plus 28 cents tax.

152. Cutex charm bracelet with five lipstick. \$1.50*.

153. Beauty Counselors' Pink Parfait package of three little soap angels for angelic children. \$1.20.

154. [Not explicitly numbered in text, but visible in image]

155. [Not explicitly numbered in text, but visible in image]

156. [Not explicitly numbered in text, but visible in image]

157. [Not explicitly numbered in text, but visible in image]



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This little baby gets none*



* because this little baby gets daily care with the only lotion so surely antiseptic, so rich in oil and lanolin.



The Lovely Duckling

from page 49

she would turn in on herself in a black depression and away from those of us who loved her.

She admitted as much to Dr. Jarvis. She had told him everything, she said, starting with her "love at first sight" for Rodney when she was eighteen, her marriage a few months later. Lila's birth the year after and then the agony of watching Rodney resume flirting around a year after that.

"I know I'm not the only wife that's ever happened to," she told Dr. Jarvis, "but I just can't get over it."

She was over it on the surface of course. She went out, she had people in, she didn't wince any longer if somebody mentioned Rodney and his wife Sandra. But she couldn't work up any abiding interest in anybody or anything else.

"I'm just dead inside," she had ended. "Good, chronic, hopeless dead."

Dr. Jarvis had taken all this as seriously as if she'd reported high blood pressure or a terrible ulcer. (Aside from a couple of allergies she had to certain foods, her health was perfect.) He gave her no pep talk and no sermons, even about the sleeping pills.

"You're quite sure," he had asked mildly, "that the second dose really was a mistake, in the ordinary sense of 'mistake'?"

"Absolutely sure." Her closest friend, Nancy Lloyd, had been her house guest that night, down from Rhode Island for a couple of days of shopping and visiting. "We were talking, getting ready for bed, and I popped them into my mouth. All of a sudden I had this odd feeling I'd already taken them and I asked Nancy if she'd noticed. She hadn't but she looked at my palm and there were two separate smears of lipstick."

She had phoned her own doctor at once, found him "out on call" and telephoned her at Frederic Weers's dinner party. It was Freddy who talked to her and, rather than worry me at all—he is so thoughtful, so kind—sent his own doctor over instead.

Now Lucy was finishing her account of her three visits, about how Dr. Jarvis had laid down the law on obeying all his orders if he was to take her case at all.

"He has a theory," she ended, "about unhappiness in modern girls. Girls like me, anyway."

"Are you so different from anybody else?" "Sure," she said with a flash of her own spirit. "I can afford Dr. Osmond Gates Jarvis."

Lucy was rich, yes. She had money as a Carlton and she had married into more money as a Duane, which was perhaps a big break. I say perhaps, because she might have focused less on her inward suffering if she had outward problems like keeping a job, getting a raise, worrying about a boss or a client—all of life's usual tensions.

IN ANY case, Lucy was rich. She also was a beauty, a blonde with gray eyes and a wonderful figure, too thin, but wonderful. She got her clothes at Natalie Boro's or in Paris; she had an apartment on Fifth Avenue with picture windows that gave you, not some cozy little maple on a suburban street, but the whole sweep of Central Park. She had card sense, she could have danced with Fred Astaire and in theory she had all the extra men or potential husbands any girl of twenty-four could want.

And still she couldn't get over it.

As I said, if I lived to be a hundred, I'd never understand why. But there are so many things that baffle me about people like Lucy. Every time I read in the papers about some beautiful young heiress or movie star getting her third or fourth divorce, falling for international playboys or others in the Worthless Set, I always get a chill of recognition and fear and ask myself, Why? And whenever Lucy fell into one of her black moods, I would ask the same "why"



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about her. Whenever she met a new man she liked, her spirits would lift, but after a few weeks, sometimes after only a few days, that same old inertness would envelop her like a heavy cloth once again. Muffled and grayed down, she would relapse into the routine of doing nothing.

"It just doesn't add up," she would say if I asked what had gone wrong with the new man. "It doesn't mean anything."

Which is just what I felt now about Dr. Jarvis and homemade hair and nails.

THE very next day, about noon, she phoned and asked if I could come over for lunch. "I want to show you something," she said and sounded important about it.

"She opened the door herself. "I washed it myself and set it myself," she greeted me. "Do I look awful?"

"She didn't. But she did look different. That smooth blond head I'd always known, so soignée, so effortless looking, was now quite fluffy and it made her head look a little larger on her slender neck. It wasn't quite shapeless, no, but definitely not what you'd see in a fashion magazine either."

"I like it," I stated flatly. "I really do." "Do you now?" she said and looked at herself in the antique mirror in the hall. "It's original—I'll say that much for it."

She sounded different too, interested in an experiment more than in herself. She also noticed my new stole, a delicate mutation-blue mink, and praised that with real warmth. By now we were in the living room and she stretched both her hands toward me, the fingers spread wide, as if I were a fire at which she was warming them. "The edges wobble," she said, "especially on the right. But how's that for a first try?"

I made a great point of examining her nails, finger by finger.

"I'll get steadier soon," she said. "It's like trying to write left-handed. But it's fun."

Fun. I'm known for since the hour my only sister Dolly gave birth to her, and never once in the years since then would I have thought Lucy would find it fun to do anything for herself that other people could be paid or cajoled into doing for her.

Let's face it, Lucy was spoiled. She'd been spoiled as a child by her parents and then she'd been spoiled by me. Her mother had been widowed, not in her late forties as I had been after many happy years, but while still a young wife and mother.

If ever there was an inconsolable widow, Dolly Carlton was it; she said she would never remarry and she never smiled at another man. Lucy was only eight then; perhaps she got from her mother the notion that after disaster and grief there could be no comeback.

By the time she came to live with us during Dolly's final illness three years later, she had become a moody, in-turned little girl, and watching her begin to respond to family life with our two children and all their friends was a deep joy to her Uncle John and me.

And the years flew, and then Ted was off at Yale and Helena was being married to Barford Kanes and going to London to live, and John and I were both honest enough to admit openly that without our "third child" our great brownstone house would have seemed empty indeed.

Then she met Rodney Duane and it was John who worried over her as if she really were his daughter. "It's no good," I remember his saying the day their engagement was announced. "It's no good and it's no good, Jenny. Brace yourself for trouble." (He was the only one I knew who ever reduced "Jennifer" to the lovely, simple "Jenny.")

The trouble, heaven knows, had outlived the prophet, and now, when I saw Lucy's face filled with a new interest and heard her proclaim something "fun," I was only too eager to play the game along with her for as long as it amused her.

A week later, however, after two more visits to Dr. Jarvis, she jolted me smack out of my self-control.

"I'm not allowed to buy any more

clothes," she announced. "He just told me." "That's just silly!" I stared at her; she was wearing a simple thing in thin, beige wool; it came from Paris and it cost disgusting quantities of francs.

My remark didn't annoy her. "You'll have to help me learn to sew," she went on. "Patterns and how many yards to get and what size and stuff like that."

Her face had gone all eager again but I remained unmoved. "I'm not going to involve myself in any part of this handcraft idea," I announced. And meant it.

"We might go shopping this afternoon," she said. "I'd never start with a dress for myself—a tiny garment first, that's what I'll try." She grinned at me. "Reasonably tiny. Size five, for Lila."

"On an electric sewing machine?" I asked. "Or is that too newfangled? Perhaps Dr. Jarvis prefers needles and thread? By tailow candles, maybe?"

This time she laughed and it sounded good. A real laugh, nothing brave and cover-up about it at all, just a good, old-fashioned laugh.

But for some reason it put my hackles up. "How obvious can Dr. Jarvis be?" I said. "He's going to make you over, change your type, turn you into a dear little housewife and marry you off no doubt to—" I looked at her. "Has he a dear little homespun son, by any chance, about your age but in a lower tax bracket?"

"He has a son, at that," she said. "I saw a picture of him on Dr. J.'s desk."

"Putting up his own pin curls? Staying away from manicurists?"

"Oh, Aunt Jen. As a matter of fact, the picture's of him in Korea in uniform, with a helmet and mud and no shave."

"A patriot," I said in my driest voice.

"Oh, Aunt Jen," she said once more. "Actually, he's a doctor too, in Boston."

"Automatically the query. 'Married?' had risen to my lips way back in this conversation, but I knew better than that. Now I had an out. 'Why Boston?' I asked.

She shrugged. "There's no Osmond to the son's name, that much I do know. Just Gates Jarvis. Cute name, no?"

"Very cute."

That afternoon—you know it—we did go shopping and she finished a little muslin dress in five days. If you didn't examine it too closely, the effect of it was quite cunning. Lila loved it and kept saying over and over, "My mommy made it for me, my mommy made a dress for me to wear."

That was touching, to see the child so proud and gay. If Dr. Jarvis flops over Lucy's neuroses. I thought grimly, he might possibly prevent a few in Lucy's little girl.

A FEW days later Lucy broke a bridge date with me. She'd been up in Rhode Island for the week end with Nancy and Bill Lloyd. Their place is a large one near the shore. They have twin girls just Lila's age, so Lucy often drives up Friday afternoons when Lila's half-day session is over. "If you could get a fill-in for the game," Lucy said to me when she returned, "I'd sure appreciate it."

There was eagerness in her voice. "New date?" I asked.

"Nancy produced him," she said. "His name is Burling, Josiah Burling, and he couldn't be nicer. He drove down with Lila and me. He's an architect in Los Angeles."

"Hm," I said intelligently. One child in London, I was thinking, another doing engineering in Brazil, Lucy in California—I really would start living in suitcases and airplanes. I love travel anyway and California was pleasant to think about. As the days went, many things began to seem more pleasant and when I finally saw Lucy with her attractive Mr. Burling, my heart did start climbing out of the skeptical swamp named Osmond Gates Jarvis.

It was at dinner and the theater. Freddy had managed four seats for *My Fair Lady*, marvelous man, and watching Lucy and Josh out of the corner of my eye, I almost sang "I Could Have Danced All Night" right along with Julie Andrews!

Lucy's fluffy hair looked almost pretty

to me by now and there was something softer in her manner and expression. She's not trying so hard, I thought; maybe getting a bit sloppy about her hair and nails spills over into the rest of her personality and lets her let go all over. Josh whispered something to her and I heard her laugh.

Wouldn't it be heaven, I thought, if this threadbare old plot worked out just this once? The plot in reverse, that is. The Un-Charm School. The swan turning into the ugly duckling.

I said as much to Freddy later that night, moved by my own sense of fair play, which

perhaps men don't credit me with but which I am positive I have and always had.

"This doesn't mean," I ended, "that all my private doubts about your great Dr. Jarvis have vanished but it's only right to admit that Lucy does seem easier already."

To my surprise Freddy was unimpressed. We were now at my apartment for a night-cap and it was quite late; after the theater the young people had gone off dancing.

"You want Dr. Jarvis to succeed with her, don't you?" I persisted. "She's carrying out every order to the letter—"

"She's not an easy patient to help," he said.

"You never did like her much," I said calmly. "She is hard to understand. But most people are when they're unhappy." "Unhappy?" He gave me a look. "She's not unhappy—she's too self-centered to be unhappy."

"You'd hardly call her delirious with joy, would you?"

"What she is, is angry! Just plain mad. She's still outraged that any man on earth could possibly get fed to the teeth with her. Any other wife, sure, but Lucy Duane—impossible!"

It was rather astute. I must say, and I'd



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never thought of Frederic Weers as particularly astute, except about business. I wouldn't admit to him how impressed I was by his insight of his into Lucy, but impressed I was.

"Why, Freddy," I said, "I never dreamed you could be so agitated about her. You've never lashed out that way before."

"It's you I'm agitated about," he said. "And you worry over her day in and day out, making a career of her moods!"

He reached over and took my hand and held it and began to talk about other things. In June he was going abroad for the whole summer; in mid-August he was going to be in contact with the Masons, whom I knew too. Wouldn't I close my place on Long Island for a month or so and fly over and join them all?

I looked at him and said nothing. John and I and Freddy and Anne Weers had all been a foursome for years, and after Anne had divorced him (to his vast relief, and everybody else's who knew the hostility between them)—we'd become a threesome. Freddy is tall and thin and distinguished-looking, quite gray but with a full head of hair, and I do definitely admit to being very partial, the older I grow, to any man I know who's neither bald nor punchy!

His talk about my going to Scotland made nice listening. I must say, and I was already way ahead of him. How sweet it would be, really, to go abroad again with a husband instead of with another lonely widow or despairing divorcee!

AS IF Josiah Burling were a decoy, Lucy began to meet all sorts of new men. They were different from the people she had known, more interested in their jobs or professions, not such socialites.

By now Lucy herself sounded different, more responsive to life. Hope is a crazy thing; you can't argue with it when you feel it or value it properly until you lose it. I was feeling it, and when Josh canceled his return flight and stayed on in New York for another ten days, I felt it even more.

One afternoon she was ill and it was the governess' day off, so I went over to take Lila in tow. It wasn't much of an illness—some thoroughly disguised sauce at luncheon and Lucy's allergy to shellfish. But it had meant a hurry call to Dr. Jarvis and an emergency injection of adrenalin, which always left her a bit rocky.

Just the same, when I arrived I was delighted to find Josiah Burling there. They'd been out to luncheon together and were dining together that night if she improved as rapidly as usual. Rocky or no, she looked ravishing; she was wearing a new dress of a French-blue Shantung; she had made it herself and, sad to relate, it looked it. But she was so proud of her "new talent" that a mere matter of bunching over one hip seemed too picayune to notice. And certainly Josiah Burling didn't.

My spirits soared even higher—until I was at home again in bed, reading the early editions of the morning tabloids.

"Never the Duanes shall meet!" one of those gossip columns said. "Is it true that Rodney and Sandra D. are miles apart?"

"Oh, no!" I said aloud. "I couldn't bear it, to have Rodney's marriage breaking up right at this point; what the repercussions on Lucy might be nobody could guess. I prayed she wouldn't hear about it for a good long while.

She knew it within a day. Within a week, everybody knew it; it wasn't rumor, it was fact. Sandra had left for Reno.

"He'll marry ten times before he's through," Lucy said calmly when she talked to me about it and I thought, "She is free of that emotional juvenile at last."

But a few days after that she dropped in late one afternoon and her first words made my heart shrink into a tight, nasty knob.

"If you're free tonight," she started. "I thought we might dine out and then find a good movie."

I said I'd love to go to a movie, I was spoiling to go to a movie, and did she know what good movies were showing? And while I asked, I could have cried.

"I broke a date with Josh," she said in that pick-an-argument voice I know too well. I nodded and offered her a drink.

"Architects," she said, "really can get dray in a city like this. How they do carry on about glass bricks and girders—"

She didn't mention Rodney herself until the very end of the evening in the taxi. With unexpected sweetness she leaned over to kiss me good night and then said, "Hearing about Rodney didn't have one thing to do with this, Aunt Jen. Honestly, it didn't."

"I couldn't help wondering," I said. "Josh is so attractive."

"It just didn't add up, darling," she said wearily. "It simply doesn't mean anything."

THE next thing the good Dr. Jarvis ordered was far more drastic.

She could keep Lila's nurse, Miss Ruth, but she was to let Mary and Hulda go and do the housework and cooking alone. "And no rushing out to restaurants," he had added. "Once a week at the most—is that clear?"

"This is the end," Lucy wailed to me. "You know what I'm like in the kitchen."

I did indeed. She was a filthy cook, barely able to open cans and crack apart frozen chunks of vegetables. But she fell to with a will, I'll hand her that, and soon she was hip-deep in cookbooks, recipes and new electrical gadgets that stirred, whipped, crushed, sliced or pulped.

What's more, in a very few weeks she was good! With a flair, a real gift for it.

Now, one unvarying principle of human egotism is that nobody ever cooked a great dish—from Brillat-Savarin down—without wanting somebody else to praise it.

To this principle Lucy was no exception.

She began a new flurry of entertaining, giving small buffet suppers and then larger ones. There was something new about her, her face flushed from hurry, her eyes proud when guests asked for a second helping—it appealed to people and she gained confidence week after week.

That, alas, wasn't all she gained.

In a month she had put on six or eight pounds and didn't even care. She also had added six or eight new men to her list. Some of them were men who never had liked her before. The old Lucy, with all that sleek perfection, the lacquer-smooth clothes, the mannequin's trim little waist and flawless makeup—that Lucy had always frightened them. The new Lucy made them feel cozy.

Maybe Dr. Jarvis' routines, I thought,

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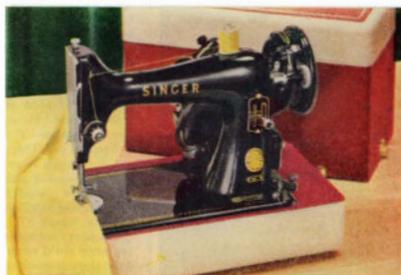
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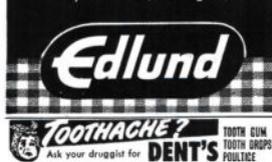
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are directed just as much at the men Lucy knows as at Lucy herself.

Then and there I surrendered in my private war with the Jarvis theory. And I began to wonder just what this unorthodox M.D. was actually like. I could have got me an appointment on the twist of a dial, for a doctor, after all, is one sort of man any woman can phone to ask for a date. Instead, one evening I led Frederic into talking about him and heard he'd been a widower for many years, with a married daughter on Long Island and a grandson of three. "A son in Boston too," Freddy ended. "but there seems to be some trouble there. They see each other for family occasions but that's about it. Oz won't talk about it."

A week later, dear, indulgent Freddy had a dinner for ten and seated me next to the great man. I'd hoped for a happy surprise but Dr. Jarvis turned out just what I'd imagined. Not quite the homespun type, nothing of the hick about him, certainly not. But not Park Avenue doctor either. He was in his middle fifties, about medium height, medium bald, medium handsome, with a pipe sticking out of his coat pocket and a calm voice. As he began to talk in an affable, pleasing tone, I thought. He wouldn't like tense, high-pressure women himself: that's why he took this slant with Lucy. "I have a confession to make, Doctor," I said after a while. "Good for my soul?"

I smiled. "When my niece started with you two months ago, I thought—"
"That it was all stuff and nonsense," he ended for me.

I nodded, a little embarrassed. "But now I see all sorts of changes taking place in her hair!"

"Change?" he put in quietly. "Or improvement? They're not necessarily the same thing." He looked thoughtful, perhaps even troubled.

"Why, you're disappointed," I said, surprised. "Just when I start praising your methods, you yourself start doubting their results!"

"Bad timing, isn't it?" He took his pipe out of his pocket but made no move to fill it, of course. "Did Lucy tell you," he finally said, "that I insisted I was the wrong doctor for her?"

"Good lands, no," I said. "After her very first visit," he said, "I urged her to go to another doctor, a different kind of analyst. After her next two visits, I did it again."

I nearly blurted out, "She never said a word about that," but it would have told him she had lied to me about her three "exploratory" visits.

"I was convinced," he went on, "that she needed some psychiatric help, to find out why she'd remained so unhappy so long."
"But that's exactly what I've been arguing—it's become a sore point between us."

HE LOOKED at me with new attentiveness, even with approval, and I began to founder a bit. "Back in the twenties," I said defensively, "I was a psychology major at school and I've read everything about it I could ever discern."

"Then you know," he said, "why this has been a sore point for Lucy. Often the very people who make analysis the most fight it the hardest." He smiled ruefully. "Including us doctors—'Physician, heal thyself.'"

I smiled too. This calm, intense man was about as much in need of psychiatric healing as a—as I couldn't think of a good comparison. "So all the sewing and cooking and washing hair," I said, "was just stopgap therapy, wasn't it?"

"All very normal, perhaps even interesting since she'd never tried anything like it. I did hope it would give her some relief for a while, until she became more reachable. My plan is to try again later this summer, to persuade her to see an analyst."

"You're afraid," I said, "that unless she does, she'll go right on messing up her life, aren't you?"

"Sometimes," he said in a kindly voice, "life does step in and do a kind of analysis for us—a lucky turning at the right fork,

a new job, a new person at the right time. Maybe that will happen for Lucy."

I shook my head. "Lucy wants her life to be 'divine' again the way it was when she was eighteen, on the very night she fell in love with Rodney. And life has a way of refusing such miracles."

"Yes, it has," he said, "Even to the young."
"For no reason at all he suddenly looked sad."

DURING the next few days I found myself thinking a good deal about this strange little talk.

"What exactly did it mean? And why had it moved me so?"

To feel something so trustworthy in Dr. Jarvis ought not to upset me, but upset it was I was. And a little angry that Lucy had lied to me about her first three visits to his office. Not telling me a thing beyond what she chose to tell me—if that wasn't a lie, it certainly wasn't the truth either.

I told myself to stop thinking about it and suddenly I turned with vast kinetic energy to remodeling the two guest rooms in my summer place on the island. Thinking ahead to house guests and week ends helped to bring me back to reality.

For my summer would be house guests on Long Island again and not a fast flight to Scotland—of that I was all at once certain. Any other notion had been a momentary flight into fantasy; now, accepting it from that, giving it up, turning away from it and back to practical plans brought me a shimmer of relief, quite unexpected.

It was the relief of facing truth. Frederic Weers, bless him, never in this world would be my husband and for the simplest of all reasons. He'd never ask me.

He'd go on playing with the idea of marriage perhaps, go on being devoted to me and worrying about me—but that's where it would stop. Could it be that Frederic understood Lucy so well because he too, basically, was self-centered?

It was an interesting thought. All people past forty grow more self-centered, though they'll deny it a mile a minute. Including me, of course. If I'm no exception to the human race but there was one difference be-

tween myself and Frederic. My marriage had been happy; his hadn't been.

I believed in marriage, I wanted more of marriage: Frederic, dear, good Frederic, didn't and wouldn't. Not for a long time.

Ah, well, I thought. That was the future. . . Skip it for now. The weather was growing milder and I concentrated, not on the future, but on guest-room chintz and carpeting and wallpaper.

And then Lucy fell in love.

Really in love with a young man of thirty-three whom you could call homespun, a wonderful young man, Richard Barstow of the famous Barstow Farm and Orchards in upstate New York State.

Or, to put it another way, Richard Barstow of the New York State Legislature! Both were true and it was the oddness, I think, of the combination that appealed so strongly to Lucy from the start.

She met him because I had taken her to a fund-raising luncheon; she had gone with me in obedience to Dr. J.'s newest orders to "take another try at your aunt's idea of social service for others."

The luncheon was for the Incheon Schools and young Barstow was the "name speaker." He was very moving about the need for more such schools for so-called wayward children.

Lucy sat and listened as if he were talking only to her.

The homespun young man with the big political future—later I learned that everybody said Albany would one day give way to Washington—must have appealed to many girls before Lucy. But up to that March day in New York, none of them had ever meant much to Dick Barstow. "And my niece," I said to him after the luncheon was over, "Lucy Duane."

He looked at her and the smooth, polished, polite how-do-you-do stilled on his lips. "Miss Duane," he said, "Of course."

Lucy, bless her, stammered out something equally fatuous about what a fine speech he had made and how fine the Incheon Schools were and how fine it was for young men to be in government.

After a few seconds of this I cleared out. It took only a few minutes with Madame

TRAVEL NOTES

If you and the family are traveling by train over the holidays, be sure to take advantage of the family-fare plan and group discounts, which can save you many travel dollars. On the railroad family-fare plan, the head of the family pays regular round-trip fare; his wife and children from twelve to twenty-two years make the round trip for half the one-way adult fare and those under five ride free. Discounts of twenty-five percent are given when three or more persons (two years old or over) buy a group round-trip coach ticket for travel in the East.

Planes offer a family plan too—Monday noon to Thursday noon—on first-class domestic flights. The head of the family pays full fare and his wife goes along for half-fare. Children under twenty-one fly half-fare too. If the father must return right after Christmas, the family may stay on and fly back another week between Monday and Thursday.

Have you run out of inspiration about what to give the man in your life for Christmas, birthday or anniversary? There's a new gift idea that not only should solve your problem but is sure to start him thinking of far-away, exotic places to take you on your next vacation. It's a travel gift certificate which is "wrapped" in a gay holiday envelope. Certificates—available at most American Express offices—start as low as ten dol-

lars. They may be applied against a cruise, tour, hotel or any number of other travel expenses. For instance, a twenty-five-dollar gift certificate would pay for a gala three-day holiday in New York City—hotel accommodations, sight-seeing, dinner and night-club show, or your choice of other activities.

In these days of go-now-pay-later plans, certificates may be used as down payments on more ambitious trips, which you can arrange to pay for over a period of a year or longer.

Don't forget, November begins the new year for Christmas Club funds—for travel as well as gifts. A few dollars deposited each week will give you a tidy total next year at this time for a tour or cruise.

There will be stars in the eyes of a child who receives a letter from Santa Claus at the North Pole in answer to his note about the gifts he'd like for Christmas. Parents find their pleasure that youngsters drink their milk and go to bed on time, just as Santa asked them to do in his reply. Santa Claus paper and envelopes are available at any Pan American World Airways office or your local travel agent. If you air-mail it to Pan American, in Fairbanks, Alaska, before December 15th, they will see that Santa's letter from the "North Pole" is delivered to your youngster before Christmas.

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Chairman to get myself filled in nicely. Barstow Farm, of course, everybody in America has heard about. Dick's father started it as a hobby and Dick had inherited it while he was still in the Army; he loved the place but wasn't the fanatic about it his father had been. People interested him also, his neighbors and their problems. And soon he was the young man making the best speech at the meeting of the local dairymen's league or the farmers' co-operative.

When he was thirty he was for the State Assembly and won in a walk. A year later the talk about Washington had begun, as a

congressman first and then a senator. And it wasn't Dick Barstow doing the talking. He was as attractive as he was modest, though you'd never call him handsome, not tall and a little on the stocky side. But one glance at his forthright young face, ruddy as a child's, open as a May morning—one glance made you trust and like him.

Why Lucy's first glance made her go so much further I'm not sure. But one forgets at my age about love at first sight.

There's no mistaking it when you see it though, and when we were finally in the cab I was scarcely surprised to hear her say,

"He asked if he might call on me. 'Call.' Sounds so old-fashioned, doesn't it?" "No, particularly," I said. "Rather nice, I think."

"I said he might. Then he asked if it could be tonight. He's flying home tomorrow."

"Goodness." "I'll switch my date," she said. "I told him I would."

"Fine." I said noncommittally. "Would you drop me off," she asked dreamily, "at the market?"

Her dinner must have been a triumph: he canceled his flight and stayed in town another day.

She began to read everything she could get her hands on about farms and orchards and soil and parity and state politics.

And I began to pore over the gossip columns in all the papers. How I prayed that I'd come across some nice, nasty-toned item announcing that Rodney Duane had just married for the third time! Despite everything, having him "at liberty" made me nervous.

THREE weeks later Lucy and Lila were invited up to Barstow Farm for the week end. They went and my heart sang.

One doesn't invite a child alone. I thought, if one is just feeling flirtatious. This could be it. This, and Dr. Jarvis as wrong in his skepticism as I was once wrong in mine.

From the very beginning Dick had been taken with little Lila and she had fallen in a heap for him. Seeing her own father rarely, it was natural for the child to be swept off her feet by any man who liked her as much as Dick did.

He had a knack with children. He didn't take a present every time he went to the house but he would greet her like a grownup and act as if he enjoyed talking with her. "How's life treating you, Miss Duane?" he would ask and wait for an answer; when her mother or the nurse said, "Lila, it's bedtime," it was Dick who'd say, "Just five minutes more?"

Just the same I took it for more than affection when Lila went along to Barstow Farm and I was right. The morning they were home again, Lucy came to see me.

"You'll be so happy too," she greeted me and she held out her left hand for me to see. This time nobody even thought of fingernails. On her fourth finger a large, clear diamond glittered like a happy star.

"He had already bought it," she said. "He was so sure it had to be yes for both of us."

I couldn't say anything. I took her lovely slim hand and patted it and thought of my sister Dolly and all the years and that at last our Lucy was going to be a man's wife again, instead of only a man's ex-wife.

She told me about the week end and about Dick's mother and how surprised she was when Lila bragged, "My mommy made this dress for me." Mrs. Barstow was seventy, a lovely old-fashioned seventy at that. "She nearly fainted when Dick told her I adored cooking and made all my own clothes. I can't wait to tell Dr. J."

She was still seeing Dr. Jarvis. "Until we get married and then after that, heaven knows. But I'm scared to break off all at once too soon—Dr. J. is my lucky charm, isn't he?"

I nodded. Secretly I was thinking. How little medicine knows really about the human heart and how to help it. Dr. Jarvis had said as much when he talked about "a lucky turn of events, a new person at the right time." He hadn't really believed in it for Lucy, and no more had I. Then life proved us both wrong.

"What are you smiling about in that funny way?" Lucy asked.

"I'm startled but I covered it. 'I'm planning your engagement party. A great big one, outdoors—'"

"Wonderful," she cried, "with dancing by the pool."

They were to be married in July and have a month abroad. Dick's mother wanted the wedding to be up there, where he grew up, where his hosts of cousins and relatives were. Did I mind?

"Of course I don't. I understand exactly how his mother feels."

"And there are other reasons too," Lucy said. "As any practical politician would tell you, 'Do it where the constituents can feel part of it.'"

Her tone had gone practical and political instead. I glanced at her but she was looking off somewhere past my shoulder. The long, steep streets of Albany, I wondered? Or the glorious sweep of the Lincoln Memorial and Capitol Hill in Washington?

And even as I wondered, something inside me contracted a little.

The party was on a Saturday in May and a prettier day never showed itself. My bushes and flowers and trees burst out wider every half hour as if in some revelry of their own, and even without the champagne and Lenny Boyce's dance band everybody would have had a heavenly time.

The guest list had got way out of hand and many people brought along their house guests as well. I had thought of inviting Dr. Jarvis but decided against mixing the social and the professional.

Lucy felt no such compunction. "It's his grandson's fourth birthday," she said. "He's at his daughter's for the week end anyway."

"The grandson might as well come too," I said. "We're having half of Long Island."

She laughed. "That's just what I told him myself."

BEFORE the afternoon and evening were over, close to two hundred people had been in and out for varying lengths of time. "Carrington" was a wonderful place for a large party; the house itself sprawled all over the crest of a shallow hill, and down below by the pool was a wide tiled and flagstoned area where the dancing was.

From the very first tune the party swung into a kind of lilting perfection. Lucy looked lovelier than ever in a dress she had not made herself—by special dispensation. It was a deep pink print in one of those new matte cottons, tight above the waist with a ballerina fullness down below.

It added to her hips, of course, emphasizing the extra pounds she had been accruing, but Dick's pride and delight in her were all that mattered, not my tape-measure mind.

And she did look glorious. In the faint breeze her fluffy hair blew and lifted; in the deepening warmth of the sun her skin shone with a faint dampness like a child's and all in all she looked younger and more natural and happier than anybody there.

She and Dick were receiving with me up above on the wide columned porch, but the dancing had already begun down below us and whenever there was a pause in the spin of tires on the driveway and the arrival of guests, Dick would dance a few steps with her out of pure joy.

"There's Dr. J.," she said at one point. "Plus family."

"But minus small grandchild," I said, moving forward to greet him while Lucy introduced Dick Barstow.

"And my daughter, Marcia Gregg," Dr. J. said in turn. "And Tom Gregg and my son Gates."

Lucy finished the introductions all round and I gazed at Dr. Jarvis, Junior.

In my mind my own wisecrack of months ago buzzed around like a bee in the lazy summer sunshine: "And has your Dr. Jarvis a dear little homespun son by any chance, about your age but in a lower tax bracket?"

For Gates Jarvis was about as homespun as Noel Coward.

You've read of Bond Street, you've heard of the landed gentry, you've seen pictures of the international set, swimming off Eden Roc, gambling at Deauville, shooting woodcock in England, grouse in Scotland.

That was Gates Jarvis, M.D. No Osmond to his name; just Gates Jarvis. Cute name, no?

"Wonderful," she cried, "with dancing by the pool."

That came back too, I don't know why, with sudden importance. His clothes were flawless, his speech had a slightly stage-British something, his expression showed him satisfied with all the world.

He was a head taller than his father; did

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their eyes and jaw lines did proclaim them father and son perhaps, but that was the beginning and end of any resemblance between them.

The rebel son, I thought, the mutineer. Against everything his father stands for and believes in, not only in medicine, in everything.

"Let me take all of you down there," Lucy was saying, addressing herself indiscriminately to him and to his sister Marcia and her husband. "And introduce you to the dancing contingent."

"Doesn't that describe you too?" he asked. "Later on," she said, "when the other arrivals are checked in."

THE four of them started down the path to the pool and idly I watched her introduce the Greggs and young Dr. Jarvis to Peggy Deeley and Nancy Lloyd and Jo Ann Strasser.

The music started again and Gates asked Lucy to dance.

Perfect manners; he would have them of course. She shook her head, starting back to Dick and me, but she raised a finger in the air as if to signal, "In a little while though I'll be back."

Gates Jarvis turned to Peggy Deeley and off they went, dancing as if they'd been practicing for years. Peggy's sleek, dark head and mascara'd eyelashes and faint green eye shadow outlined against his shoulder as if she'd swooned there.

For an instant Lucy stood still, watching them. Then she continued up the path to us and for nearly another hour remained in the receiving line, laughing and talking, accepting good wishes from all.

When we all finally went below, the sun was beginning to set and the light was rather tricky down by the pool. Gates Jarvis was dancing with Peggy Deeley again, and didn't even notice that his hostess had returned. For the rest of the party, clean through until two in the morning, he danced with Nancy or Jo Ann Strasser or Peggy Deeley. Especially with Peggy Deeley.

I couldn't be sure, but several times I thought Lucy was staring at them as if she had forgotten where she was. Or why.

You know the way you unwind after you pass some critical milestone?

I did just that, resisting the knowledge that that soon I'd be drawn into the rush of wedding preparations. It was a good ten days before it dawned on me that Lucy was showing no desire whatever to draw me.

I scarcely heard from her. If I phoned her she sounded vague about herself, about Dick, about their plans, even about her trossau. She never called me.

At last I grew impatient and began phoning her too often, usually without reaching her. When we did connect, she was always "just dashing out" or "just coming through the door . . . I was practically dialing your number, Aunt Jen."

Of course she was busy; she had nine thousand things to attend to. I knew all that. But knowing her proclivities—to put it unattractively—for making use of me, I soon felt that apart from the nine thousand things there was some new unreachability in her.

It vexed me. One morning I phoned her before nine, knowing she'd still be in bed with her breakfast tray. "Have you another 'dispensation,'" I asked, "about your wedding dress? Or does Dr. J. want you to make it?"

"We hadn't discussed that," she said and laughed a little. I could see her in a fragile nightgown against her pale-blue percale pillows, prettier in ordinary things than most girls could be in trossau lingerie. "You're still seeing Dr. Jarvis, aren't you, Lucy?"

"In a way."

"You said you'd keep on, twice a month—your lucky charm. Remember?"

"Did I? Well, I've been so busy—"

She fell silent and I waited. She outwaited me and she won out. "You're being noncommunicative, I see," I said lightly. "Not especially."

"I do keep wondering—well, never mind.

You know if you need help with your wedding, I'd love to help."

"I should think you'd be relieved," she said. "not to have me running to you every minute. You've had plenty of that, heaven knows."

The words were loving, but there was nothing warm in her tone; it was a crisp tone, very sure of itself, and suddenly there was an edge to my own.

"Look here, Lucy. I have never pried into your life and I'm not starting now. If you want to be secretive, be secretive. If you need me, you phone me and say so, so I'll know. Is that clear?"

"Please don't be annoyed with me." "I'm not annoyed one bit." When I hung up, I felt better. This display of my resentment would clear the air I knew, and soon we'd be back to normal.

I couldn't have been more wrong.

Next day there was no word from her, or the day after. By now it was the end of May and barely six weeks to her wedding. I began to wish July were behind us and Mr. and Mrs. Richard Barstow off somewhere in Europe on their honeymoon.

The silence continued another day and my vexation turned to worry. "Something's wrong." I said aloud one morning, just as my maid brought in the mail.

"You have been looking a mite peaked," she said, anxious to oblige.

"Nothing's wrong with me." I said firmly. Guessing games. I thought, vagueness, sudden brush-off. It was time for a final showdown. I called Lucy.

"Mrs. Duane is away for the week end." Lila's nurse said. That cheered me and I was about to ask if Lila had gone along to Barstow Farm again when Miss Ruth said, "Would you like the Lloyds's phone number. Mrs. Norton?"

"The Lloyds? In Rhode Island?"

"Yes'm, she went up there yesterday."

I had to fight down my desire to ask if Mr. Barstow were there too, but pumping her of course was out of the question. I did think later of calling Barstow Farm on some pretext just to hear some impersonal voice say Mr. Barstow could be reached in Rhode Island. But I thought better of it. By evening I was so jittery, I actually dialed Dr. Jarvis's number. But before the third ring, I thought better of that too.

IT WAS Tuesday before Lucy called me. The week end with the Lloyds had been heaven, she said brightly, a last-minute impulse . . . the need for some good old girl-talk with Nancy, Dick? Poor dear, they were hounding him about helping with this or that or the other in the campaign—why did this have to be an election year, for heaven's sake? How was I anyway, and when would we see each other? Not tonight, no, but she'd be phoning any minute to make a date.

It wasn't till she hung up that I realized she had actually said Dick had been at the Lloyds's too. What's more, she had sounded breathless, not merely gay; suddenly I knew she had been putting on some sort of act.

That did it. I thought, I'm fed up. And then it was Friday evening, and a bon voyage party for Frederic was in full swing at the St. Regis Roof. He was sailing in the morning and everybody was in the most gala mood.

And that was when I saw Lucy. She didn't know I saw her.

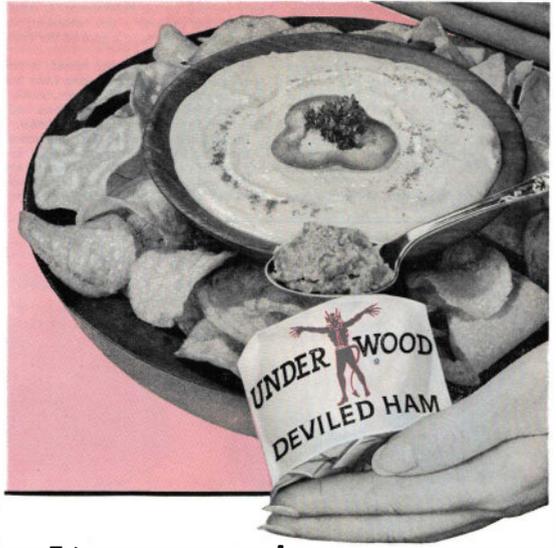
She was dancing and wouldn't have known if Queen Elizabeth were seeing her. She was dancing with a tall man, her head outlined against his shoulder as if she had swooned there.

They turned a half step in their dancing and I saw Gates Jarvis.

I had known it would be Gates Jarvis and suddenly I knew why Lucy had been unreachable for over three weeks.

She had spent the entire three weeks sloughing off the new Lucy.

Gone was the fluffy hair, gone the home-made clothes and the added pounds and new talents and easier attitude. Back had come the beautiful clothes and the manne-



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As if she were standing there shouting the whole story at me, I knew it all in a flash, step by step. At her own engagement party on that beneficent May day she had seen Gates Jarvis—and seen his total indifference to the girl! she had become.

For hours she had watched him with Peggy Deeley, seen him flirt and laugh and seek out a girl who was only an approximation of what Lucy Carlton Duane had always been.

His one duty dance with his hostess had

only pointed up his indifference. It wasn't merely that she was a girl betrothed; she was no longer the type a man of the world would go for.

It stung. As the evening passed, it poisoned everything else. How long Lucy had brooded over his total indifference, whether she had tried to fight down her own reaction to it, I probably would never know.

But within days she had gone into action. First she had dieted and exercised and had herself pulled and pounded and steam-bathed and stretched. She had turned over her head to Monsieur Paul and his finger-

nails to the manicurist and her makeup to the expert with the greenish eye shadow and mascara.

And when she was "herself again," she had badgered Natalie Boro into making twenty new suits and dresses and hats and ball gowns practically overnight.

She had become Lucy Duane again—tense and thin again, dissatisfied and seeking again. Artifice lay upon her like a golden veil once more.

And she was stunning.
Here in the dim light of the dance floor I needed no special vision to see that Gates

Jarvis was smitten with her. When she had seen him for the second time, where, under what auspices I could only guess, but now as he leaned down to say something to her, I saw his eyes and I knew that she was victor over him, over his self-love.

And I knew she was satisfied and happy. I could feel her being exultant. For the moment, exultant.

For the moment. It would never last, never develop into anything that could last. Lucy must have known that. She's bright, she really is, and from the moment she laid eyes on Gates Jarvis, she must have known that he represented everything Rodney Duane had represented nearly seven years ago when she was eighteen.

Including the future letdown and the future pain.

And she had gone for it like a homing pigeon.

Poor lovely duckling, I thought. Poor beautiful swan.

"Jennifer," Frederic whispered into my ear. "Look over there near the orchestra."

"I know," I said. "I've seen them."

"But they only met at her party, didn't they?"

I nodded. Nancy Lloyd had been there too; Providence was only a two-hour drive from Boston; the Lloyds must have obliged during that week end she had spent with them and invited Gates Jarvis as the extra man. A lengthy week end, from Thursday to Monday.

"But they're still engaged, aren't they?"

Freddy asked me. "Lucy and Dick?"

"I don't know," I said. "In this light I can't see her hand."

On or off, a ring would not stop Gates Jarvis—nor had it deterred my Lucy very much either. But it became terribly important for me to know whether the ring was still on; if it were then maybe, oh possibly, this whole episode would turn out to be nothing but a passing aberration.

If the ring were gone, then Dick was gone, and everything normal and hopeful and good was—for a year? two years?—everything sweet and normal was gone too.

The music stopped and Gates and Lucy walked slowly back toward their own table. They had to pass within a yard of our party but they were looking at nobody except each other.

"For all you know," Frederic said kindly, "Dick's joining them later on."

Their table was a small one for two: Frederic saw that as well as I. Suddenly Lucy laughed at something Gates Jarvis said; it was a terribly fashionable laugh, empty as a discarded corsage box.

Then the music started again and again they passed our table. This time she saw me. "Aunt Jen," she cried. "Frederic!"

Her confusion was natural, not too great nor too little, and in a moment it vanished. With superb confidence she introduced Gates all around. It was more than confidence; subtly her manner asked all of us. "Aren't we something, the two of us?"

As she turned away again, I could look freshly at her left hand.

Dick Barstow's diamond blazed on it, serene and undisturbed.

LATER that night Frederic Weers washed his hands of me for good and who's to blame him?

He was so irritated when I said, "Poor Lucy," instead of "Poor Dick," that it was a wonder he didn't shout at me.

"Dick will be all right whatever happens," I said, "but my poor Lucy is arranging nothing but havoc for herself. She has to."

That "has to" hit Frederic like a brick. "Nonsense!" he exploded.

"Some people are unhelpness-prone," I insisted, "the way others are accident-prone."

"Absolute dishwasher," he said. "She needs a good spanking and the sooner you start thinking in old-fashioned terms like that, the sooner you'll stop fooling yourself."

"Fooling myself." I said it quietly, but the two words thundered in my mind. Fooling myself. He meant about Lucy but suddenly I meant about everything. About marriage



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and trips abroad with loving husbands instead of sad women. Fooling myself about finding companionship and closeness and love again. "There are also people," I said with admirable dignity, "who are marriage-prone and others who are status-quo-prone. For a time that difference doesn't matter; then it does."

He started to splutter but I hurried on, too graciously. "I'm not talking now about Lucy but about Lucy's closest relatives. And I don't mean Lila, aged five."

Dear Frederic. He's so good, so unwilling to quarrel. And he looked so outraged now that I added soothingly, "Skip it, Freddy. I was just joking."

But we both knew I wasn't. We both knew that there were indeed the marriage-prone and the marriage-not-prone, and that among people in their fifties women are apt to be prouder than men.

When we finally said "au revoir" for the summer, we both silently translated it to "Good-bye."

SO LET'S leave Nancy out," Lucy said in a brassy, bright voice when she finally did tell me about what I'd already labeled "the Gates Jarvis week end."

"All Nancy knew the whole time," she went on, "was that I was at the Ritz in Boston on untested missions of my own."

"Alone?" It slipped out.

"Naturally," she laughed. We both knew she was stalling or dodging and she saw me glance again at her left hand. The ring was still there.

"I'll start at the beginning if you won't be bored," she said.

"Lucy!"

This was a few days after the St. Regis party; she blew in unannounced and said, "You can lecture all you want, darling. I just pray you won't want to." She kissed me as if she meant it and said, "Oh, Aunt Jen, I'm so happy."

Her eyes were aight, her self-assurance was like a garment she wore with joy. Before I could say a word, she launched into a recital of "how I got myself back to civilization." She was witty about it and once or twice, despite myself, I laughed. Some details differed from what I imagined—she'd ordered the new clothes before she'd got thin again, "but I told them on my honor they could subtract eight pounds on the cutting table."

"And then," she ended, "when the eight were off me, then I went to Boston." She stressed the "then" so that I asked her, "You did all that before you saw him a second time?"

"I was shooting the works," she said. I was impressed, uncomfortably so.

If only she could mobilize that much drive and patience for some project that could bring her lasting happiness.

She was starting back at the beginning, back at "the way Gates Jarvis wrote me off at my party." She had tried to ignore it, "but after Dick flew back to Albany, it kept sticking in my craw."

Almost without planning to, she canceled her appointment with Dr. J., rehired a cook and maid and launched her campaign. "There wasn't any harm in it," she said. "Not one thing was changed about me and Dick. I just wanted to see though. Testing, one-two-three-four, testing."

She had taken one preliminary step—she'd asked Nancy Lloyd to do a little discreet inquiring around Boston. "Especially whether Gates was married."

"And he wasn't." I made a statement of it and wanted to toss in, "Nor ever will be." But what I said was, "Did she say why Boston, instead of with his father in New York?"

"They never did get along. Always having fearful rows. But he likes his sister Marcia and he got there just when they were starting out for your place. Dr. J. said he would prefer it if Gates did *not* come along. They rowed about that."

"Dr. J.'s instinct to—" I broke off, blessing him for trying. Lucy didn't notice; she was racing on with her story about Boston and the Ritz.

"And when I was all installed," she said deliberately, "I got sick. Not too sick. You know the way I do."

Like a burst of light, the rest of it flared up before me. I shut my eyes but there it was, undeniable as the blazing sun on a beach through your lowered eyelids.

A doctor, after all, is one sort of man any woman can phone to ask for a date.

At last it had come in handy. That life-long nuisance, that allergy of hers had become the perfect accomplice if ever there was one.

"I ordered a salad," she said, "and who'd ever expect to find shreds of lobster and nubbins of shrimp in something called 'Sauce Délicieuse?'"

Nobody, I wanted to say, who hadn't carefully conferred first with the hotel chef about it. Aloud I said, "And if you suddenly do get sick in a strange city, whom would you call except the one doctor you luckily happen to know there?"

"Exactly," she said. She went click, click, click with her cigarette lighter, but this time instead of thinking how tense she was, how nervous, I thought, she's triumphant. She's won and it's a victory she wanted.

She thinks it is, anyway. Testing, one-two-three-four, testing.

THAT whole evening after I was alone. I tried to write to my daughter Helena and a harder letter I never had to write. The simple synopsis of events gave me no special trouble; what drove me wild was trying to keep out words of denunciation and blame, words like selfish and callous and cruel and immoral.

"Why? Why did she turn into this destructive and self-destructive woman?" I asked Helena. "Where did things go wrong in her development to make her that way? Her parents adored her and then Daddy and I did. What's all this the experts say about children turning out well if only they feel loved enough?"

I finally tore up the letter, feeling alone and apprehensive about the future, the way I had after I lost John. I longed to have somebody to talk to, to hear somebody say that for once I was taking the darkest way possible. Before she left, Lucy had insisted once more that nothing was changing between her and Dick. "Why should there be, Aunt Jen?"

Other people began to take dark views too.

Among my friends, nothing was ever said straight out. But it did somehow get around that Gates Jarvis was virtually commuting by air from Boston in the late afternoons, in time for dinner and dancing. And gossip does build up fast, like those skyscraper miracles that are bare girders one day and glass walls the next.

Finally it made the columns. How much of it trickled through to Dick Barstow upside, I couldn't be sure. Lucy didn't enlighten me.

One time she did say, "Dick is so wonderful and understanding, Aunt Jen."

"Yes," I said. "He's a remarkable young man."

"Your friends the Catesons," she went on, "said the other night he'd be Governor Barstow by the time he's forty, and then somebody else there said, 'Or maybe Ambassador or Vice President Barstow before that.' Imagine!"

I imagined Ambassador, Vice President, President, the White House, the First Lady. Had unbridled ambition been the chief reason she had fallen in love with him in the first place? Suddenly I prayed it had been; that might prove a strong enough force to make her abandon this reckless game she was playing while there was still time.

"I hope he's not annoyed," I blurted out, "about all this dancing and dining."

"He'd rather have me have fun when he's away than hang around all depressed. I told you he's understanding and decent about things."

"But is Gates Jarvis?" I asked tartly. Long after she took herself huffily off, I sat without moving, thinking, remembering. "Including us doctors," Dr. J. had said



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the night I met him. "Often the people who need analysis the most fight it off the hardest. Physician, heal thyself."

I had glanced at his calm, intense face, and assumed he was discussing general principles only. I had quite forgotten that night that his own son was a physician.

Now I wondered. Had they had fearful rows about things like that? Had Dr. J. Long ago diagnosed his only son as a neurotic, a charmer of women, a lightweight and a phony?

I tried to put it out of my mind but I was held by this question of conflict between two men I scarcely knew but whose lives had already touched mine so importantly through Lucy.

And then one morning I opened my newspaper and saw that Dick Barstow hadn't been all that wonderful and understanding. On the society page there was that small item, so stilted, so dreary, about "mutual consent." The Duane-Barstow betrothal was broken; the Duane-Barstow wedding was not to take place.

I went straight over to Lucy's. She was defiant but she didn't look too unhappy. "It was I who broke it," she said and looked me straight in the eye as she said it. She knew I didn't believe her but that didn't bother her a bit.

I SAW very little of her that entire summer. Her "cottage" with its four guest rooms and tennis court and private beach was about two miles west of my place and she was forever having people out.

Heaven knows who was taking care of young Dr. Jarvis' patients in the sovereign state of Massachusetts, for just about every Friday night he showed up there. He always found other house guests there before he arrived and at least one couple would outstay him on Sunday evenings.

One afternoon I was over there and I saw that, though Gates and Lucy were perfectly circumspect, he was now clearly accepted as somebody special by all the other guests, somebody just a shade removed from being their host.

Lucy herself was radiant. Looking at them together, I felt that I was a pair of handsome, willful children, intent only on that minute's fun and games.

Anger swept my nerves like the long rollers below the terrace where we were all sitting. It was a frightfully sticky day, getting darker by the minute, and suddenly lightning slashed the sky. Somebody switched off the ball game and tried for a weather report on the portable radio.

"The British screen sensation," a voice said, "who achieved stardom with just one picture, the beautiful Brenda Candrus, was married in London today to the American socialite, Rodney Duane—"

A hand shot up and turned the knob but it was too late. Half a dozen people had heard it. Lucy had heard it. She had a long drink in her hand and, as if it were champagne, she raised it and said, "A toast, everybody, to Rodney Duane and his third little bride."

She laughed and so did others. Gates moved closer to her. This will do it, I thought. This will change everything.

"Could you keep an eye on Lucy for a couple of weeks, Aunt Jen?" Lucy asked a few days later. It was the first time all summer that she had driven over to my place. She had Lila with her. "Just so Miss Ruth knows she could call you if anything comes up?"

I said of course. She was wearing a dress of black linen that was superb and she had her hair done in a new way. There was an indescribable air about her—of bravado perhaps, or of a decision reached. She also looked edgy.

"Nancy and I," she said, "are flying to Bermuda tomorrow for a week or so. A spot of rest would do me good and a change of scenery. I talked Bill into letting Nancy come too."

"She knew perfectly well what I wanted to ask and I knew she knew it. But we both knew, too, that I'd rather die than ask it."

All the time she was gone I tried not to speculate about that and failed. At least I blessed Nancy Lloyd for going along—keeping up the proprieties may seem silly to strong-minded suffragettes, but most women know how important being discreet can be.

Gates, it turned out, did join them in Bermuda for their last three days, and when Lucy told me I blessed Nancy even more. "We get along divinely," she said, "the three of us. Nancy thinks Gates is terrific too." I said not a word. "About getting married," she went on in her most offhand manner. "Neither Gates nor I are in any wild rush about it, but perhaps in a year or two."

Perhaps nothing, I thought. Perhaps, my eye. "You don't believe we ever will," she said. "I didn't say a word."

"You looked it. I can always tell." She looked at me the way Lila might have, impudent and bright, and for a moment my heart contracted with some vague memory of a happier time. But it was gone before I could catch it; all I knew was that it had something to do with Dr. J.

He must know something of all this, I thought later that night. Did he feel responsible because Gates was his son? That would be so unfair, his feeling guilty in any way. He knew, as I did, that Lucy's trouble was rooted deep in her past somewhere, but suddenly I wanted to underline that for him, to reassure him, to absolve him specifically from any blame for what was happening.

Absolve was a funny word to use, even in my thoughts. But it kept coming back and it fretted me. Dr. J. not only had seen the truth about Lucy; he also had tried to avert a meeting between her and Gates that beautiful spring afternoon. He had known all along that his son wasn't much good and certainly not for somebody like Lucy.

Not much good. A charmer, a phony. It hurt a father, I thought, to feel that about his only son.

It could hurt with a deep and aching pain.

Perhaps the eminent Osmond Gates Jarvis, M.D., had his own secret sickness to live with, the sickness of worry over one of his own children.

He had seemed so relaxed, so confident. But didn't a surgeon ever need surgery? Didn't a dentist ever have an aching tooth?

Who worries over doctors? I got a sort of mental image of Dr. Jarvis as he might be at that very moment, alone in his apartment in New York, stretched out on a sofa perhaps, his fingers around the bowl of his pipe, reading or perhaps thinking.

My image showed his intelligent eyes, his medium-handsome face and medium-hair head and medium-fifties' wisdom and experience with life.

And it showed him sad and disappointed in his only son and wondering in a half-melancholy way about the years ahead.

Just as I was.

The rest of the summer went by thoughtfully, but at last it was time to go to town for good. I was glad.

In town it was easier to occupy my mind with practical things and accept life as it was. "A year or two," she had said. "We're not in any wild rush to get married."

A year or two was respite, moratorium. During it perhaps I could think of my own life again. Only it wasn't of myself I kept thinking. That word "absolve" kept popping back into my mind, building up a head of steam all its own. Twice I actually began writing Dr. J. After a line or two I would begin to flounder and get stuck.

FINALLY I awoke one morning, determined to give in to my general impulse before the day was out. If not in writing, then in person. It was a brilliant morning, crackling with the first crispness of fall, and before I could change my mind I telephoned his office for an appointment. "Next Thursday at three?" I heard myself saying to his nurse a moment later. "Nothing sooner than next Thursday?"

"If there's any emergency, I could—" "Not at all." I put in quickly, now sounding as if a delay of two years wouldn't matter in the least. "Thursday at three is perfectly fine."

It wasn't anything of the sort. This was Monday and by Thursday morning I was tied up in knots. Why, when you've decided to do a kindness for somebody, you get quite irritated at any delay?

I had been farsighted enough to make a luncheon date with a friend for Thursday, but by nine in the morning, trying to remember exactly how I'd phrased my remarks of absolution to Dr. Jarvis in my mind the night before and failing signally, I became so jumpy I decided to get out of the house at once and do some shopping.

I opened the door. And there stood Lucy. A Lucy so different, so unlike the Lucy of the past few weeks, that I could only say, "What's wrong?"

For one look told me that nothing was right; her lovely face was swollen as if she'd been weeping all night; her eyes were so wreathed in hurt to look into them.

"Oh, Aunt Jen," she said and clung to me as if she were Lila. In silence we went into the apartment and sat down on my sofa. I waited. Finally it came.

"It started in Bermuda," she said. "I should have known; I did, but I wouldn't see it. Even when Nancy told me."

"Gates and Nancy?" I asked incredulously. She nodded. "Not so much down there, but after we all got back."

"Not Nancy Lloyd," I said. "Never in this world would she—"

"She would do anything. She'd flirt with him and let him think he could have an affair with her—if that was the one way to make me up."

"Oh." "That's just what she did and it was easy. After he was back in Boston he began phoning her, and she dated him twice, alone—just to be sure she hadn't misread the small type; it's the way she put it. Then she made a third date for yesterday afternoon."

The date, meeting him at the Ritz bar. With a room all reserved upstairs. Just so she could open her purse when I got to their table and take out the key, right in front of him."

"My poor Lucy," I said. She stumbled on, not noticing my stricken face, not sparing her pride. Nancy had talked with her on the phone, Nancy had told her what plane to catch, Nancy had met her at the airport and offered to drop the entire thing. But once Nancy had started it, it was Lucy herself who said there was no dropping it.

Lila sat at a corner table facing Nancy at another table, and until Gates came in carrying an attaché case she had half-decided it wasn't true after all.

"I was about four tables away from them," she said. "He never looked my way. He was all eyes for Nancy. Then I went over."

"Poor child," I said. Suddenly she was crying. Not weeping, but crying the way a child in a tantrum cries, violent ripping sounds that tear you apart. I didn't try to stop her. I just kept my hand on her head, patting futilely at it.

"He didn't even try to talk his way out of it," she said. "I went over and said 'Hi,' and sat down, and Nancy opened her book, and took out the key and read the room number on it. 'Ten-forty-seven.' I'll never forget it. He just sat there and then he called for the check and then he left. After a while Nancy took me home with her. I flew down on the seven o'clock this morning."

I went on patting her hair. Somewhere out on Fifth Avenue there was a wild screaming of tires and brakes and I thought, "And sudden death." But I didn't go to the window to look.

"I had only 'a chance,'" she said at last more quietly, "one chance at a good, normal, decent life. And I blew that apart forever. Nancy used to warn me I would but I wouldn't listen."

"Forever? How do you know?" "He never would," she said intently. "You don't know Dick Barstow if you think he might."

"I know more about him than you do," I said with asperity. "I've never been blinded by razzle-dazzle, so I know Dick Barstow is no lightweight, falling in and out of love. He loved you enough to marry you! This is three months later—do you think he's made over so soon?"

"No, but he never, never—" "If you'd stop being so stubborn, so proud, such an egotist—"

"Don't," she cried out. "Nancy said that about twenty times last night. That I should crawl back on my knees if I have to—"

"Nancy could be right," I said. "And so could I."

SHE stood up. For a minute she didn't move. Then she ran into my bedroom and I heard the short dial swings of two-one-one for long distance. After that she closed the door.

I sat unmoving. It's so rare that life offers us second chances. When you watch it happening for somebody you love you only can sit, mute and grateful, offering praise and thanks.

She was gone a long time. Then she flung the door open and cried, "I told you, I told you."

She was lying on my bed when I reached her. Her heart will break, I thought. He had said no. He had rejected even the idea of talking it over, the notion of any new start was absurd. No, he was not in love with anybody else. Nor would he ever be, thanks.

"So you didn't have an affair with Gates," Dick had said, "but you wanted to or would have and that's just as impossible."

"I told him and told him but he kept saying nobody was ever going to carve him up in pieces again. He called me the most destructive, the most self-destructive—"

"Why?" I wanted to cry out. "Why? Why?" There was a silence and neither of us broke it for quite a while.

"I know more about all this," she said suddenly and without transition, "than you

BUILD IT YOURSELF FOR CHRISTMAS



Full-size paper patterns make it easy to build this jolly threesome out of cardboard or plywood. Ordinary hand tools will do the job. Patterns come separately—put Santa indoors by the fireplace, the sleigh piled high with packages on the porch, the reindeer prancing on the lawn—or use all three as shown at the left.

When ordering, specify by name and number as follows: Santa, No. 431 (35 cents); Sleigh, No. 434 (50 cents); Reindeer, No. 433 (35 cents). Send stamps, check or money order to Woman's Home Companion, Service Bureau, 640 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, New York.

or Dr. J. ever would believe. About what I'm really like, about myself as a little girl. About Mother's supposed great love for me." She looked at me as if she pitied me. "I couldn't ever tell you, Aunt Jen, you loved her so much."

"Tell me about Dolly? Tell me what about Dolly?"

"That she never did love me the way you thought—that she was jealous of me, jealous because Daddy thought I was beautiful. He told me so once before he died and he told me not to let it hurt me when I got older—"

"Oh, no." There never was any way to fool a child and Dolly had never fooled Lucy. So the experts weren't so wrong and Lucy had known she wasn't truly loved and cherished; she had felt it and reacted to it and was warped by it. And it made her go snatching madly at impossible ideas of love forever after.

"I couldn't bear to tell you," she said. "You still adore Mother—it would have hurt you so."

"That was generous." I said. "It was kind, Lucy, and good."

Generous. Good. Thoughtful of others' feelings; anxious not to inflict pain. It was the first time—except to her own little girl—the first time Lucy Duane had shown herself protective toward somebody else, loving and protective and good.

The telephone rang. I picked it up and then I called out. "Lucy! It's Dick again."

I heard only her, "Oh yes, darling, it is . . ." and then I left her alone. Twenty minutes went by before she came out, but my heart was singing. She said, "There's a plane in an hour. Aunt Jen. I can make it if I rush."

I SAT absolutely still for a long time after she left. Then I glanced at my watch; it was barely eleven, I still could go shopping before my lunch date. I freshened my makeup and started out once more.

Outside I surveyed myself in the large mirror in the hall. Lucy's sudden happiness seemed to be shining from my own face. My new fall suit had just been delivered and the brisk day was cool enough for it and my pink stole. I'd had my hair done the afternoon before and I must say I felt rather set up at the way I looked.

The suit in a fine stripe of black and coffee brown was what fashion folk call "important." Though I certainly am honest enough to credit the kind of dimness of the light in that interior ball. I have to be equally honest and admit that the woman in the mirror was as elegant and smart as any woman past forty who ever laid eyes on.

That lovely lift of spirit which is called self-confidence surged through me and I rang for the elevator.

The word "elegant" reminded me of Frederic, I'm not sure why. Elegant, I thought, and rang the elevator bell once more.

Then it happened. Suddenly I saw myself facing Dr. Jarvis again after months of not seeing him at all, and it was as if I were looking at myself from his side of the desk, with his appraising eyes, with his point of view. Elegant, smart . . . my silver-blue mink and my silver-blue hair. Suddenly I felt silver-blue all over, all mutation and contrived and artificial.

In his eyes wouldn't I look like all those vapid women I felt so different from, those elegant women trying so hard to venerate themselves into imitation and younger glamour girls?

Of course I wouldn't. He wasn't as shallow in his judgments as that, he was too perceptive to make any such odious comparisons at all.

"Going down, Mrs. Norton?"

It was the elevator man, and with a start I realized he'd been waiting there for me to come out of my trance.

"I'm so sorry," I said. "I forgot something. Don't wait for me."

The elevator door slid to and I could hear it go down and still I stood motionless.

Mutation blue, I thought, and the important suit and the smart hat. And those eyes of Dr. J. across the desk.

I turned and took my key out and went back inside and straight to the phone and called my luncheon companion. She was still at home, thank heaven, and I pleaded "a sudden crisis" and set another date for next week. I hung up as if I'd been saved.

Then I threw off my stole and my hat and wondered why I'd called her. Now I had nearly four hours to get through before my appointment at the doctor's.

Suddenly I smiled. Suddenly I knew exactly and clearly and marvelously what I was going to do until then and that I'd broken my luncheon date to get enough time in which to do it.

First I hung up my "important" new suit, selected a wool dress and a nice old tweed coat I'd had for years and hung them where the air could get at their faint camphor smell.

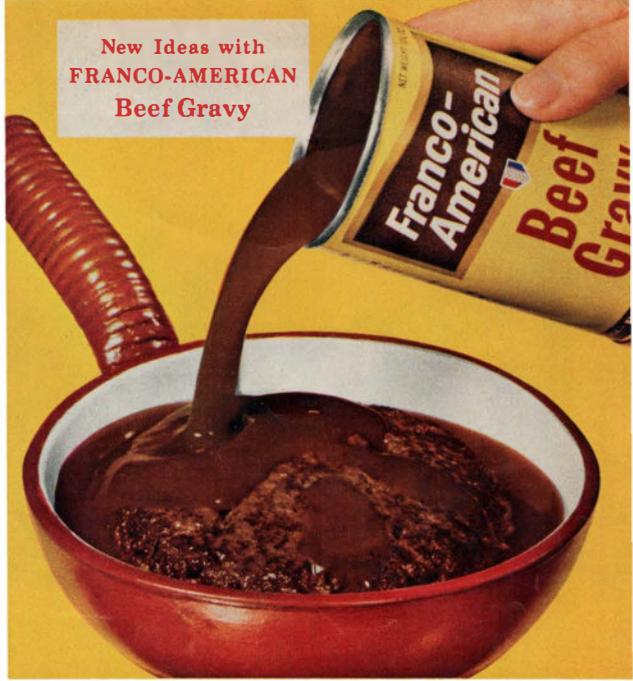
Then I went to my bathroom and for the first time in over thirty years I washed my own hair.

All the blue rinse came out and all the perfect waving. And while I waited for it to dry, fluffy and a little shapeless, I stripped off my nail polish and gave myself a home-made manicure.

Then I looked up Dr. Jarvis' address once more.

[THE END]

New Ideas with FRANCO-AMERICAN Beef Gravy



FRANCO-AMERICAN IS A TRADEMARK OWNED BY THE MASTERS OF CAMPBELL'S BOWTS

3 ground beef dishes made extra delicious with Franco-American Beef Gravy



Skillet Supper! Brown 1 lb. ground beef and 1 small onion, sliced in 2 tsp. shortening. Stir occasionally. Add 1 cup thinly sliced raw carrots, 1 can Beef Gravy; season to taste. Cover, cook slowly, stirring occasionally, until carrots are tender, about 15 minutes. Serve on noodles.



Skillet Burgers with Gravy! Shape 1 1/2 lb. ground beef into 6 patties, season to taste, then brown beef patties on both sides in a skillet. Add a 3-ounce can of sliced mushrooms (thoroughly drained), and cook until well browned. Pour on 1 can of Franco-American Beef Gravy and simmer for a few minutes. Serve with crisp French fried potatoes and a green vegetable.

Here's the kind of gravy a man can remember from 'way back. Only *this* is FRANCO-AMERICAN Beef Gravy. It's rich, brown, perfectly smooth. Made from good *lean* beef so it's low in calories. (Only about a fourth as many as home-made gravy.) And it's always ready, handy as your pantry shelf. Franco-American Beef Gravy makes all kinds of dishes taste better. Here are just a few.

Baked Beef Patties! Combine 1 pound lean ground beef, 1/2 tsp. salt, dash of black pepper, 2 tbsp. minced onion and 1/4 cup Beef Gravy. Shape into 4 large patties. Bake in small casseroles or 8-inch baking pan about 30 minutes at 350° F. Pour off excess fat, then pour remainder of gravy over meat and return to oven until heated through.



Now, delicious beef gravy on your mashed potatoes, anytime. With Franco-American Beef Gravy in your pantry, you're all set for potatoes and gravy anytime, even when your meat doesn't give you gravy-makin'.

The Woman's Home Companion KRISKIT of Christmas decorations (pages 57, 58 and 59) is available at these sources:

CALIFORNIA Los Angeles: The May Co. Oakland: H. C. Caswell Co. Sacramento: Weinstein, Lubin & Co.	MARYLAND Baltimore: Ho-In-Bald, Kohl & Co.	SARASOTA SPRINGS: Farmer's Hardware Co.
COLORADO Boulder: Neustetter Co. Denver: Neustetter Co.	MASSACHUSETTS Boston: R. H. Steam Co. Greenfield: Wilton's, Inc.	SEASIDE: Lord & Taylor
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DELAWARE Wilmington: John Wansmaker	MINNESOTA Minneapolis: Davton's St. Paul: Emporium of St. Paul, Inc.	OREGON Portland: Moler & Frank Company
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GEORGIA Atlanta: Rich's, Inc.	NEW JERSEY Milltown: Lord & Taylor Westfield: Jane Smith	UPPER MERY: Sir Miles
ILLINOIS Chicago: Carson Pirie Scott Dundee: Fin's Feather Farm Evanston: Chandler's Hillside: Carson Pirie Scott Hinsdale: Tandem Shops Peoria: Foster Home Wilmette: Carson Pirie Scott	NEW MEXICO Albuquerque: Hubbard's Clovis: Hubbard's Los Alamos: Hubbard's Roswell: Hubbard's Santa Fe: Hubbard's	TENNESSEE Knoxville: George's-Rich's
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The KRISKIT can also be ordered by mail from Foster & Gallagher, Florida, Illinois, or from the Woman's Home Companion, Scripps Bureau, 480 Legislative Ave., New York 17, N.Y. \$1.75 postpaid.



new quick ways to make yours a STORYBOOK CHRISTMAS

You can make Christmas as romantic as a chapter out of Dickens

... but the preparations that once took weeks can now be telescoped into hours.

The enchantment remains in spicy smells of holiday baking, in the charm of food gifts that show our affection—gifts made of very little, in almost no time. From plum pudding to a cooky centerpiece, here is your guide to joyous and easy Christmas cooking

BY SYLVIA SCHUR, FOOD EDITOR, AND THE COMPANION FOOD STAFF: ANNABEL POST, BARBARA HARVEY, BETTY WASON, MARILYN F. LUSTIG, DORIS MATTHEWS, CORINNE JOHNSON

"In half a minute Mrs. Cratchit entered, flushed but smiling proudly, with the pudding . . . blazing in half of half-a-quartern of ignited brandy and bedight with Christmas holly . . ."

FROM "A CHRISTMAS CAROL" BY CHARLES DICKENS

Our modern plum pudding

A spicy steamed pudding with a regal air is quickly prepared, using biscuit mix, applesauce and dried prunes. Cream together $\frac{1}{2}$ cup shortening and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup brown sugar; add 2 eggs, beat well. Blend in 1 cup biscuit mix, $1\frac{1}{4}$ cups applesauce, 2 teaspoons grated orange rind, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon each of cinnamon and nutmeg, and $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon cloves. Pit and cut uncooked dried prunes to make $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups; add with 1 cup raisins, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup chopped Brazil nuts or walnuts, 1 cup fine, soft bread crumbs. Mix well. Pour into

well-greased $1\frac{1}{2}$ -quart mold or cans (2 coffee cans are ideal); fill about $\frac{3}{4}$ full. Cover tightly with lids, aluminum foil or double thickness of waxed paper, tied securely with string. Place on rack in deep kettle; pour in boiling water to about $\frac{1}{2}$ depth of mold; cover kettle tightly. Steam a large mold 2 to $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours; coffee cans $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 hours; keep water boiling briskly. Pudding is done when it is firm to touch. Serve with hard sauce. For how to flame pudding, see page 88.

Rich dark fruitcake

Ideal for holiday entertaining or as a gift is this fruit-crammed cake made with spice-cake mix and mince-meat. Grease 2 loaf pans (9 by 5 by 3 inches), line with brown paper, then grease the paper. Open package of spice-cake mix, remove $\frac{3}{4}$ cup to large bowl; add 2 jars (16 ounces each) or 4 cups mixed candied fruit and peel, 2 cups (8-ounce can) walnuts, coarsely chopped; toss to coat with cake mix. Blend rest of cake mix with $1\frac{1}{4}$ cups mince-meat, 3 eggs and $\frac{1}{4}$ cup all-purpose flour; combine with the floured fruit-nut mixture. Spoon into the pans. Bake

in slow oven (300°) about 2 hours until cake is firm and pulls away from sides of pan. Cool on rack before removing. (Makes 5 pounds.) When fresh, cut $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch slices. To age and flame cake, see page 88.

To glaze and decorate (optional): Combine $\frac{1}{2}$ cup brown sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup light corn sirup and $\frac{1}{4}$ cup water; bring to boil; boil 2 minutes. Add 2 tablespoons of lemon juice; cool slightly. Brush over cake; arrange candied fruits in design over top. When set, brush with second coat of heated glaze. For a holiday party, serve a steaming spiced wine.



"... the Wassail Bowl . . . a potation . . . that might well make the heart of a toper leap . . . composed of the richest and raciest wines . . . spiced and sweetened, with roasted apples bobbing about . . ."

FROM "THE SKETCH BOOK" BY WASHINGTON IRVING

Wine wassail

Combine 3 cups apple juice, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup blanched, slivered almonds and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup seedless raisins. Add 2 sticks cinnamon and 24 whole cloves, tied in cheesecloth bag. Boil 5 minutes. Remove cheesecloth bag, add 2 quarts claret or burgundy; heat slowly but do not boil. Serve in punch bowl. Festive garnish: Core 6 apples, peel tops; fill each with 3 tablespoons sugar; stick with whole cloves. Bake, covered, in moderate oven (350°) until almost tender, about 45 minutes. (Another holiday punch, page 88.)

MORE ON NEXT PAGE

SILVER TRAYS BY OKEIDA LTD.
READ & BARTON'S FRA NCIS I STERLING LADLE
JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER ROOM AT THE BROOKLYN MUSEUM
OTTO NAYA—JRS BECHM

Visions of sugarplums

"The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugarplums danced in their heads"
FROM "THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS" BY CLEMENT MOORE



PHOTOGRAPH BY OTTO HATA—JES BROWN, ROBERT F. WILLIAMS VICTORIAN ROOM AT THE BROOKLYN MUSEUM

These gay confections are easy enough for children to make themselves with just a little help from mother

Sugarplum tree

For tree: Make cone 12 inches high of thin cardboard; fasten edges together with staples or cellophane tape. *For fondant candies:* Prepare 1 package fluffy white frosting mix as directed; set aside 1 cup to cover tree. To rest of frosting add enough sifted confectioners' sugar to make dough that can be molded with fingers; with each 2 cups sugar add 1 tablespoon vegetable shortening (amount of sugar will vary from 2 to 6 cups, depending on mix you use); blend well. Divide into 4 or 5 parts; add food color and flavoring to each, kneading in with fingers.

Place each between waxed paper, roll $\frac{1}{8}$ inch thick. Cut or mold with fingers into tiny shapes; decorate. *To decorate tree:* Cover cardboard cone with the 1 cup frosting. Press on candy before frosting dries.

Popcorn house

In pan combine 1 cup light corn sirup and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar; bring to boil. Remove from heat. Add 1 package gelatin (cherry, raspberry or strawberry flavor); stir until dissolved. Add 1 cup coarsely chopped peanuts. Add to about 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ quarts popcorn; mix well. Pack into 2 greased house-shaped molds (see COMPANION gift number 123, page 65) or form

into house with greased fingers; chill. Unmold. Use sliced caramels (about 2 dozen) for trim; press onto popcorn. Press gumdrop wreath on front door.

Peanut butter candy

Melt 2 squares unsweetened chocolate over hot water. Combine melted chocolate with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chunk-style peanut butter and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sweetened condensed milk; blend well. Add 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups sifted confectioners' sugar. Knead with hands to mix thoroughly. Shape into long rolls about 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches in diameter. Wrap in waxed paper. Chill 4 to 5 hours. Cut in $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch slices with sharp knife.

MORE ON PAGE 84

Christmas

Look...the Crisco cake is nearly 1 inch higher!



CRISCO'S CHRISTMAS CAKE (Makes two 9" layers)

So easy to make—Just two mixing steps



Step 1—Measure into mixing bowl (all measurements level): 2½ cups sifted cake flour; 1½ cups sugar; 1 teaspoon salt; 4½ teaspoons double-acting baking powder*; ½ cup Crisco; 1 cup milk. Beat vigorously by hand or mixer, medium speed, for 2 minutes.

Step 2—Add: 5 egg whites; ½ cup milk; 1 teaspoon vanilla. Beat 2 minutes as above. Pour into two 9" layer pans (1½" deep) which have been lined with plain paper or rubbed with Crisco and floured. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) about 35 minutes. Cool cakes in pans on rack about 15 minutes before removing. Frost with Vanilla Icing tinted pink. Decorate with holly leaves.

*With single-acting type, use 5½ teaspoons.



Lighter, more tender too!

Look at the difference that Crisco alone can make in *your* cakes. The two above were made with the same ingredients . . . only the shortening changed. See the difference! The Crisco cake gives you nearly an inch more—extra goodness, extra enjoyment.

Why? Pure, all-vegetable Crisco has a baking discovery that helps *hold* air in batter. So creamy-white Crisco gives you higher cakes . . . lighter, fluffier cakes than *any* other type of shortening.

Best of all, with the recipe given here you can mix a luscious homemade Crisco cake in just 2 steps—about half the time an ordinary cake takes! Your Crisco cake will be light, high, moist . . . keep fresh longer than any other kind. And *this* Crisco cake will add a gay Christmas touch to any holiday table!

2 out of 3 bake and fry with Crisco...it's digestible!

"Mrs. Cratchit made the gravy . . . hissing hot . . . the two young Cratchits set chairs for everybody . . . and mounting guard . . . crammed spoons into their mouths, lest they should shriek for goose before their turn came to be helped"

FROM "A CHRISTMAS CAROL" BY CHARLES DICKENS

Crown roast for the Christmas feast

Today's families may prefer to vary the Christmas tradition from the goose to a regal crown roast of pork . . . impressive, easy, yet moderate in cost. Fill with our cranberry-sausage stuffing (which is also delectable for goose).

In ordering crown roast of pork, allow 2 ribs for each serving. Place roast with rib bones up on rack in shallow pan. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Fill center with cranberry-sausage stuffing. Cover rib bones and stuffing with aluminum foil. Roast in slow oven (325°), allowing 30 to 35 minutes per pound or until meat thermometer inserted in meaty portion of roast registers 185°. Remove foil. Garnish. Insert toothpick point with fresh cranberry in top of each

rib. **Cranberry-Sausage Stuffing:** Cook ¼ pound pork sausage meat until browned. Combine with 1 package (8 ounces) seasoned stuffing mix, 1 can whole-cranberry sauce and 1½ cups chopped raw apple. Moisten with about ¼ cup of the sausage drippings or melted butter. This makes enough for 16- to 24-rib roast.

To make gravy: Pour drippings from roasting pan into bowl or jar. Remove fat; measure 3 tablespoons, return to pan. Add 3 tablespoons flour; cook, stirring until bubbly; remove from heat. Add water to drippings remaining in bowl or jar to make about 1½ cups; stir into fat-flour mixture in pan; cook, stirring until thickened. Season to taste.



OTTO MAYA—JES BROWN

Two holiday buffet dishes

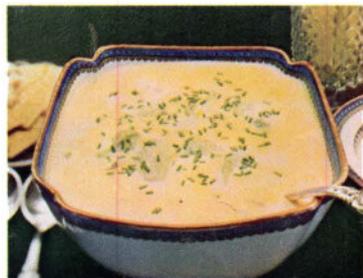
"On Christmas Eve there was always an oyster supper with dishes of crackers at strategic spots . . . and bouquets of celery standing upright in . . . glass containers"

FROM "JOURNEY INTO CHRISTMAS"
BY BESS STREETER ALDRICH

Festive oyster stew

Add extra oysters, extra cream and imaginative seasoning to make this traditional stew double-rich.

Prepare 2 cans frozen condensed oyster stew as directed on can except for using 1 can of milk and 1 can of light cream for liquid; add with it ½ pint fresh or frozen oysters, drained. Just before serving, add 2 tablespoons butter or margarine and your choice of seasoning: 2 teaspoons paprika or ¼ to ½ teaspoon of nutmeg, cumin or pepper. Or instead of spice add 2 tablespoons sherry. For garnish sprinkle top with chopped celery leaves or chives.



Easy seafood Newburg

Start with frozen shrimp soup, add lobster, canned mushrooms, sherry or curry for an elegant dish.

In saucepan put 2 cans frozen condensed cream of shrimp soup and 1 can (3 or 4 ounces) sliced mushrooms (including liquid); stir over low heat until melted. Add 1 cup cooked shrimp and 1 cup cooked lobster; heat, stirring frequently. Gradually stir in ¼ cup sherry and heat one minute longer. Serve on toast points or in patty shells. Makes 6 servings.

Seafood Curry: Omit sherry, add ¼ cup milk with soup; add ¼ teaspoon curry powder with seafood.

MORE ON PAGE 86



PHOTOGRAPHED IN ROBERT F. MILLIHAN VICTORIAN ROOM, BROOKLYN MUSEUM
ROCHELLE SILVERPLATED CHAFIN DISH BY WESTER WILCOX
DEEPFRIER, SERVING SPOON BY HOLMES & EDWARDS



Just plain wonderful! It's rich! It's fudgy! It's chocolatey! All you add is water to get smooth, home-recipe frosting every time!



"4 ways to try our brand new
CHOCOLATE FUDGE FROSTING MIX!

—it's 'lickin' good' and guaranteed perfect*!"

says Betty Crocker of General Mills



With grated orange rind! Stir up our new Betty Crocker Chocolate Fudge Frosting Mix — then blend in the grated rind from one whole orange. It's a tangy new ideal! Serve it swirled on Betty Crocker Chocolate Devils Food Cake!



With crushed peppermint! Fold a peppermint stick in a napkin or towel and crush fine — then mix crushed bits into prepared Chocolate Fudge Frosting Mix. Spread on Betty Crocker Yellow Cake and be ready for compliments.



With coffee for mocha flavor! Easy! Just add 1 tbsp. powdered instant coffee to our Betty Crocker Chocolate Fudge Frosting Mix — before you add boiling water. Then stir up and serve on Betty Crocker White Cake for an added treat!





OTTO HAYA—JES BROWN

"When what to my wondering eyes should appear
But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer . . ."

FROM "THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS," BY CLEMENT MOORE

St. Nicholas cookie centerpiece

Prepare rolled cookie dough, using cookie mix or your own recipe for plain, rolled cookies or gingerbread men; roll out $\frac{1}{8}$ to $\frac{1}{4}$ inch thick. Use cookie cutters for figures of Santa and Christmas trees. Cut out 2 cookies for Santa and 2 for each of trees. For sleigh and reindeer, make patterns by tracing outlines on this page onto cardboard; cut out. Lay cardboard patterns on cookie dough, cut around them with sharp knife. Cut 2 pieces for sleigh, 8 reindeer. Bake cookies, placing Santas on cookie sheet so one faces right and one left.

Prepare ornamental frosting: Beat 1 egg white until

stiff, blend in 1 cup sifted confectioners' sugar; add about 1 tablespoon water until of spreading consistency. Tint 2 tablespoons of frosting red with food color for Santa, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup yellow for sleigh, the rest green for trees. Cover one side of each Santa and tree cookie with frosting. Frost one side of each sleigh piece, trim with red cinnamon candies; turn over and frost other side.

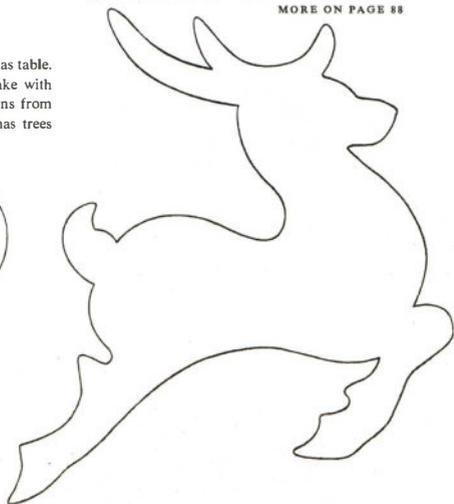
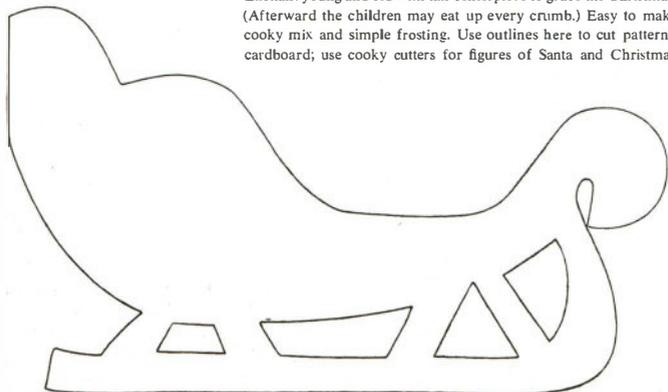
Prepare frosting for trim: Cream $\frac{1}{2}$ cup vegetable shortening, gradually add 2 pounds sifted confectioners' sugar alternately with 6 or 8 tablespoons milk or water to give good spreading consistency.

Tint $\frac{1}{4}$ cup brown, using $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon instant coffee. Tint $\frac{1}{2}$ cup green, using food color. Leave rest white. Put Santa and trees together sandwich fashion with white frosting. Trim with cake decorator, using brown frosting to trim reindeer, green to outline sleigh and white on Santa. Decorate with red cinnamon candies, silver dragées and colored sugars.

Cut base for centerpiece of heavy corrugated cardboard or plywood, 24 by 9 inches. Cover with rest of white frosting. Arrange cookie figures in frosting before it dries. For seat of sleigh, make pile of graham crackers; fill with extra cookies or candy.

MORE ON PAGE 88

Enchant young and old with this centerpiece to grace the Christmas table. (Afterward the children may eat up every crumb.) Easy to make with cookie mix and simple frosting. Use outlines here to cut patterns from cardboard; use cookie cutters for figures of Santa and Christmas trees





Pears, lettuce, Miracle Whip ...wonderful salad real quick!

Miracle Whip was specially created to make even the simplest salads exciting. With just a pear half and a lettuce leaf, you have a *wonderful* salad when you use Miracle Whip.

Miracle Whip tastes different because it *is* different. Kraft's secret recipe and exclusive beating process make it a unique *type* of dressing, combining the best qual-

ities of good old-fashioned boiled dressing and fine mayonnaise.

Liked by more people than any brand of salad dressing or mayonnaise ever made, there's nothing else anywhere like the one and only Miracle Whip. Year after year—in Canada, too—it actually outsells the next 20 salad dressings *combined*.

Try it, and you'll see why!





AMERICAN ROSE SILVERPLATED SANDWICH TRAY BY WEBSTER WILCO
PHOTOGRAPHED IN PENNY ROOM AT BROOKLYN MUSEUM

"She baked breads and cakes of all shapes . . . the good warm scent of yeast drifted into every nook and corner . . ."

FROM "THE CHRISTMAS CARP" BY VICKI BAUM

Fragrant kugelhupf from a mix

Heat 1 cup *milk* just to boiling; cool to lukewarm. Take *yeast* envelope from package of *hot roll mix*; sprinkle over $\frac{1}{4}$ cup *warm water*, stir until dissolved; add to cooled milk. Cream $\frac{1}{2}$ cup *butter* or *margarine* with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup *sugar*; add 2 *eggs*, one at a time, beating well. Add roll mix alternately with milk mixture, blending well. Stir in 2 teaspoons *glaced lemon rind*, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup (4-ounce jar) chopped *candied cherries* and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup *branded and chopped almonds*. Turn into greased 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ -quart kugelhupf pan (or tall salad mold or saucepan). Cover, let rise in warm place about 2 hours until double. Bake in moderate oven (375°) 30 to 35 minutes; cool; remove from mold. Sprinkle with confectioners' sugar.

OTTO MAYA-JEE BROWN



GLASS TUMBLERS AND STEWARDE BY HONORABELLA

Cordial gifts to make

Gifts we make ourselves mean more—and they can be made with so little. A moderately priced wine or a little of your favorite liqueur makes a rare jelly. Canned fruit for salad may be branded and spiced. Make it a double gift by putting up your jellies in interesting odd glassware.

Crème de menthe Jelly: Combine 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups *sugar* and 1 cup *water* in saucepan; bring to full rolling boil, stirring constantly. Boil hard 1 minute. Remove from heat. Stir in $\frac{1}{2}$ bottle *liquid fruit pectin*. Add 6-ounce can *concentrate for lemonade* and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup *crème de menthe* (green or red); mix well. Skim very quickly and pour into sterilized glasses or jars and cover at once with $\frac{1}{8}$ -inch layer of hot paraffin. Makes about 5 glasses (8-ounce size).

Cointreau Jelly: Instead of *crème de menthe* use $\frac{1}{2}$ cup Cointreau. Add about 4 drops *yellow* and 2 drops *red food color*.

Angostura Jelly: (herb-flavored, delicious with meats) Increase water to 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ cups. Instead of *crème de menthe* use $\frac{1}{4}$ cup *Angostura bitters*.

Recipes for *Wine Jelly* and *Branded Fruit* in next column.



your December FOOD GUIDE

Here comes Christmas, the season for feasting. We suggest two gala menus making use of foods abundant in the stores this month. Members of the National Association of Food Chains, 12,000 chain supermarkets and food stores, predict these as best buys in plentiful supply

CHRISTMAS SEASON BUFFET

AVOCADO-ONION DIP
GLAZED HAM SQUARES
WINEY-CHEESE SPREAD
(see Ideas below)
EASY SEAFOOD NEWBURG ON TOAST
POINTS (page 84)
CELERY, OLIVES
RICH DARK FRUITCAKE (page 81)
MINCEMEAT JUBILEE
(see Ideas below)
COFFEE OR TEA

CHRISTMAS DINNER

CITRUS FRUITS IN GRAPEFRUIT BASKETS
CROWN ROAST OF PORK, CRANBERRY-SAUUSAGE STUFFING (page 84)
CANDIED SWEET POTATOES
PEAS WITH MUSHROOMS
PICKLED BEETS
FRUIT AND NUT BOWL
OUR MODERN PLUM PUDDING (page 81)
COFFEE OR TEA

December Feature Foods

FRESH FRUIT
Coconut
Cranberries
Dates
Grapefruit
Kumquats
Papayas
Persimmons
Tangerines
FRESH VEGETABLES
Anise—fennel
Artichokes
Broccoli
Brussels sprouts
Carrots
Celeriac
Endive—chicory
Mushrooms
Parsnips
Potatoes
Shallots
Sweet potatoes
Turnips, rutabagas
Yams
DAIRY
Cheese
Eggs
MEAT
Beef
Pork
Turkey
FROZEN FOODS
Asparagus
Concentrated orange juice
Corn
Fish sticks
Peas
Spinach
Strawberries

GROCERY ITEMS
Citrus products, canned
Corn, canned
Cranberry sauce, canned
Dried beans
Dried prunes
English walnuts
Fruit cocktail, canned
Green beans, canned
Peaches, canned
Peanuts and peanut products
Peas, canned
Pecans
Popcorn
Pork and beans, canned
Rice
Sugar
Tomato products, canned
Tuna, canned



OTO FUJIMURA

CORDIAL GIFTS TO MAKE (CONTINUED)

Wine Jelly: In pan or double boiler combine 2 cups either *sherry*, *rosé* or *burgundy wine* and 3 cups *sugar*. Place over rapidly boiling water and stir until sugar is dissolved. Remove from heat and at once stir in $\frac{1}{2}$ bottle *liquid fruit pectin*. Pour quickly into sterilized glasses or jars and cover at once with $\frac{1}{8}$ -inch layer of hot paraffin. Makes about 5 glasses (8-ounce size).

Branded fruits: Drain sirup from 1 can of *fruit for salad* (29 ounces) into pan, saving fruit. Add 1 *stick cinnamon*, 4 *whole cloves*, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup *sugar* to sirup; bring to boil, boil 5 minutes. Add fruit and bring to boil again. Pour $\frac{1}{2}$ cup *brandy* into each of two sterilized pint jars; spoon in fruit and pour over enough sirup to fill jars to within $\frac{1}{8}$ inch of rim; seal.

Ideas for Christmas parties

Season's dips and snacks. *Avocado-onion dip:* Blend 1 package dry onion soup mix with 2 cups mashed avocado, sprinkle with 1 tablespoon lemon juice; serve with paprika-sprinkled buttered toast sticks. *Glazed ham squares:* Cut leftover or canned ham into small squares, dip in Chinese duck sauce, heat in oven to glaze. *Winey-cheese spread:* Blend $\frac{1}{2}$ cup port wine, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt with 4 cups shredded Cheddar cheese; add 2 teaspoons caraway seeds.

Mincemeat jubilee: Heat 1 cup moist mincemeat in chafing dish or copper pan, add 2 tablespoons brandy, set aflame; spoon over vanilla ice cream.

Holiday tea punch: Combine 2 quarts *cooled tea* (made double strength) with 6-ounce can *concentrate for lemonade* (undiluted), 2 cups *cranberry juice* and 1 can (20 ounces) *crushed pineapple*; chill. To serve pour over ice cubes in punch bowl; add 1 quart *ginger ale*. Makes about 5 quarts.

Tips on fruitcake

To age fruitcake: Put in covered container or wrap in aluminum foil for 2 weeks or more. If you wish, first wrap cake in cheesecloth soaked in brandy, rum, wine or cider. Note: Fruitcake freezes well, too.

To flame fruitcake or steamed pudding: Warm $\frac{1}{4}$ cup brandy, cognac or rum in ladle or small pan. Ignite and pour flaming over cake or pudding.

4 wonderful ways with one wonderful soup



Holiday entertaining ahead! Think how nice it would be to give everyday cookery a festive "Continental" touch. Then see how *easy* it can be with wonderful Lipton Onion Soup Mix!

As an ingredient, as well as a soup, this versatile mix adds distinctive, exciting new flavor to many a dish, many a meal. See what you and Lipton Onion Soup Mix can do!



Lipton's festive California Dip—tastiest appetizer ever "dipped" up with potato chips, crackers . . . and so quick! Blend 1 package Lipton Onion Soup Mix, as it comes from the package, into 1 pint commercial sour cream. Keep leftover "dip" (if any) under refrigeration.



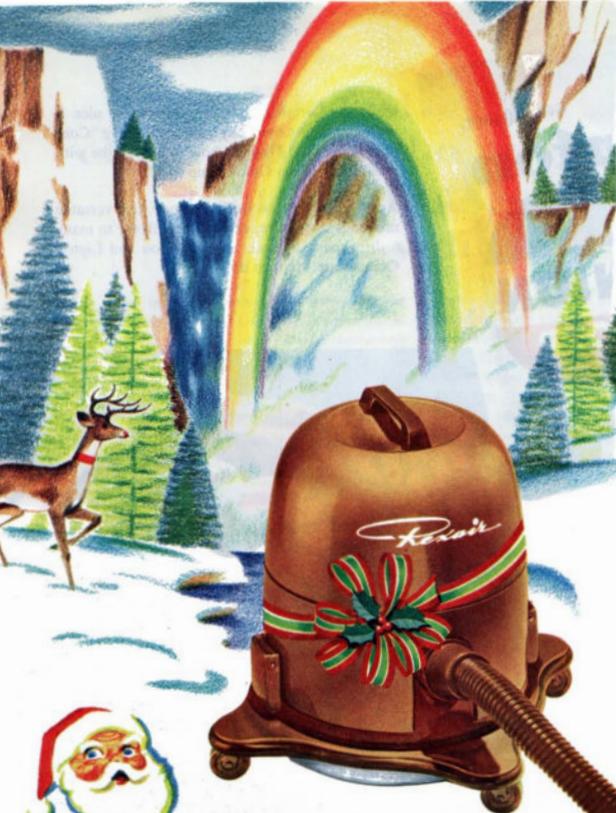
Lipton's party meat loaf—nice, easy way to entertain. Beat 2 eggs lightly in large bowl. Stir in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup catsup, $\frac{3}{4}$ cup warm water, 1 package Lipton Onion Soup Mix. Add $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups soft bread crumbs, 2 pounds ground beef. Mix well. Bake in loaf pan at 350°F. for 1 hour. Serves 6 to 8.



Spunky onion gravy—points up the flavor of *any* meal! Bring $2\frac{1}{2}$ cups water to a boil. Add 1 package Lipton Onion Soup Mix. Cook covered for 10 minutes. Gradually add 2 tablespoons flour mixed with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water. Cook, stirring constantly until thickened. Makes about $2\frac{3}{4}$ cups.



Lipton Onion Soup—perfect anytime! Just add mix to boiling water. In minutes you have a fragrant kettle of onion soup with all the deep-down goodness of the true "Continental" kind. For a festive touch, sprinkle each serving with golden grated cheese. Happy spooning!



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Open before Christmas

from page 45

be fair actually to George? After all." "Oh, bloop!" said George.

"We are," Kathy said to George, "of different generations, in a manner of speaking."

"You're running those generations through here pretty fast, dear," Helen said. She turned toward her son. "Does she have a point? Would you feel wrong about Christmas if this one were—different?"

"Not so long as I get the bike."

"And that," his father said, "is a practical attitude, but eminently selfish, George boy. But it puts your vote on my side. Up to this point we need one more for a majority."

"He should still have only a half vote," Kathy said.

"You got your full vote at twelve," Helen reminded her.

"I believe I was considerably older at that age. Might I ask, Dad, is this an attempt to—reduce expenses?"

"Your father," Ben said, "is making out just fine. Not stupendous, but adequate. This isn't to save money. It's to—look at the whole thing objectively and knock off the pointless parts of the routine. We'll have plenty of Christmas spirit. We'll be surrounded by it. We shouldn't ever as a family let ourselves get trapped into—too much tradition." He turned to Helen. "How is your vote?" he asked.

"Abstaining," Helen said.

"No opinion at all?" Ben asked.

"I don't believe I care to state it."

He looked at her a bit dubiously and then said, "Okay. Of the voting members George and I form a two-thirds majority. Care to state an opinion, Kath?"

"Many aspects of our Christmas routine are corny, Dad. I vote with you."

"Settled," he said. George scuttled back to his glue. Ben picked up a magazine. Helen picked up her mending. Kathy drifted to the telephone, where three minutes later she was chortling at the normal inanities.

When Helen looked up, Ben was again staring out the window.

"More policies?" she asked.

"Huh? No. What in the world is a humbug?"

"Ben, are you sure of—all this?"

"Yes, dear. I'm positive. We'll have a fine Christmas."

BEN brought the tree home on Friday, the twenty-first, when he came home from work. It looked rather like a small folding umbrella.

"Here's the tree, honey," he said.

"Oh, I didn't see it at first."

He stood it on the kitchen table, holding it by the middle.

"Do you think those little branches will come down?"

"Sure. Look when I hold them down. It has a nice shape, hasn't it?"

"Very charming. Will we put lights on it?"

"One of the little strings. It'll go on the table by the living-room door. On one end. And then we can pile the presents on the other end. Tell the kids they can decorate it any time."

"It shouldn't take long," Helen said. "Oh, the box from Mother came today."

"That's another thing. This do-not-open-until routine. I see no reason why we can't split the loot tonight, do you?"

"I guess that would be in keeping with the new order."

Ben looked at her suspiciously but Helen maintained a bland expression. That evening after dinner George got the box of Christmas decorations out of the storage room behind the garage. As he carried it in, his legs showed under it, the bristled crest of his butch cut over the top of it. He set it down with the exaggerated sigh that terminated all manual effort. Helen had erected the tree on the table. It looked slightly

apologetic. George and Kathy delved into the box.

"How about these?" Kathy asked. She held up the window wreaths.

"Ask your father," Helen said.

Ben frowned at the wreaths. "Better hang them, baby. Our new policy is our own business but we don't want all of Riverbanks saying we've goofed off on the neighborhood decorations."

So the wreaths went on the door and in the front windows.

LATER Ben became aware of a quiet, bitter argument. He listened. George wanted the big balls hung on the little tree. He insisted they were the best ones. Kathy said heatedly the tree was too little. You had to use the little stuff.

"Not even the birds or the sled?"

"Sleigh, not sled. It's too big."

"But it's always been there."

"Knock it off, you two," Ben said. "Put the little stuff on the tree. George, you can pick the bigger things you want and put those on the mantel."

"You fix the tree," George said to his sister. "I'll fix the mantel."

"Then the stuff we can't use we'll give away," Ben said. "We won't ever need it again. I can leave it at the firehouse."

An hour later he came out of his book and found that Helen was helping the kids. The mantel was thick with spruce boughs.

It was as if he had been in a hunting camp. The boughs hung over the edge. Lights had been strung along the mantel. Kathy was intently turning the little tree into a work of art. George and his mother were hanging ornaments from the boughs.

"Where'd all the greenery come from?" Ben asked.

"George did some trimming of the trees out in back."

"Way back where it won't show," George said.

Ben watched operations for several minutes. He got up and picked up a box of tinsel. "Every year I tell you, George boy. You don't put it on in great wads. You hang one strand at a time. Like this."

Helen stopped and watched him for a few moments. Kathy was softly humming "O Little Town of Bethlehem" with unfortunate traces of syncope.

When they were through, they opened the box from Helen's mother. Ben dug out a flat box in silver paper. He looked it over and said, "As usual no tag. Why can't that woman fasten a tag on a package so it stays there?"

"They'll all be in the bottom. Anyway that's a tie, so it's yours," George said.

"You, boy, are old enough to get a tie," Ben informed him.

"I sure hope I don't," George said, shocked to the core.

Ben tapped the box against the palm of his hand and frowned. "We can't be sure. It's getting late. Let's stack the stuff. Maybe we'll open it tomorrow."

On Saturday afternoon Helen was in the kitchen when George came in. She had sent him to the supermarket for a dozen eggs. He laid the eggs down gently and then crashed another object onto the table top. It seemed to be about the size and general consistency of a harbor mine.

"What's that?" Helen asked.

"If I had a bike it could have gone in the

Help Fight TB



Buy Christmas Seals

basket part, then I wouldn'ta dropped it twice already."

"What is it?"

"Oh, it's a turkey. They give it to me."

"Gave it to me. Ben, come here, dear."

Ben had brought some work home. He came out, blue pencil in hand. "Dear, I want you to hear this, George, who gave you this enormous thing?"

"The store did. You won it. You know, writing on those cards. It's twenty-two pounds. Frozen."

Helen looked helplessly at Ben. "With every purchase of ten dollars or more, you can make out a card and drop it in a box. It's all frozen. I guess we could save it but I don't know how in the world I'd make room in the freezer."

"You get the steaks yet?"

"I was going to pick them up Monday."

Ben pulled the bird out of the bag. It was wrapped in clear plastic. "Big, isn't it?"

"It looks like a good one. Plump?"

"I want a leg," George said firmly.

"Well . . ." Ben said. "This isn't our doing. Will he fit in the oven?"

"Barely."

"Okay," he said and went to work, looking back over his shoulder at the bird as he left the kitchen.

Helen pulled her stool over to the counter and started a new list. Rice, turnip, squash, cranberry sauce, onions. She made room in the freezer and stowed the bird away, giving it a little pat on the white meat.

ON SUNDAY Ben suddenly became aware that the pile of presents on the table had grown. There was a satellite pile under the table. There seemed to be a great number of ribbons and bows, trees and reindeer. The kids were out skating. Helen was deep in the back pages of the Sunday paper. "Say," he said with a trace of indignation, "how about this wrapping routine? Don't look so blank, honey. The presents. Remember?"

"Oh! Of course. I did most of my shopping at Wesley's. They always gift-wrap everything. I thought that if I told them to use plain paper, it would have just upset everybody. And Kathy did hers there too. And then there's some more out-of-town stuff that came. Some of the things I bought are in plain white paper, really."

She went back to the paper. Ben studied the pile for a time, and then went to the bedroom and took the things he had purchased from the top of his closet shelf. He carried them out and put them on the stack. He had written the names on the wrapping paper. He stepped back and looked at the presents. He had never realized that brown paper could look so terribly brown. He studied the pile and then made some judicious rearrangements. With the brown ones properly dispersed, with some of them tucked completely out of sight the general picture was improved. As he started to turn around, he thought he heard a suspicious rattle of paper. He looked thoughtfully at the back of the newspaper Helen was holding up.

When the kids came home, he made a bold counterstroke. He made certain he had George's full attention when he said casually, "I know how hard it is for you kids to wait. It's all right with us any time you want to dig out your own stuff and open it. Tomorrow is a holiday for nearly everybody and the next day is Christmas, so I guess we're technically in the gift-opening period."

"Okay," George said, but with a curious listlessness. He drifted around the presents, poking, sniffing and rattling in a rather half-hearted way. Then he disappeared.

When he came back he had a small stack of presents, clumsily and earnestly gift-wrapped.

"Where did you get the gift paper, boy?"

Ben asked.

"From her," George said.

"Don't call her her."

"From Mom."

"It was left over, dear. I had to wrap the out-of-town presents. They wouldn't understand our new policy. And you can't make it come out even."

"You sure had a lot left over."

"Well, you certainly can't wrap everything in the same pattern, can you?"

George apparently felt an obligation. He dug around and found one for himself that was quite obviously a book. He opened it and said heartily, "Gee, this is swell. Thanks, Mom."

"Going to open some more?"

"I kinda guess I'll go read this first. Okay?"

"Sure."

THEY had all the presents on Christmas morning. Ben knew that love and thought had gone into the selection of the things for him. And in expressing his appreciation he inserted the idea that it was the gift itself, not the fancy wrappings, that was the important thing. He felt uneasy every time anyone unwrapped one of the brown-paper jobs and he was glad when the last one was opened. He was so intent on that he made a serious oversight. He looked at his son and wondered what on earth had happened to him. George sat on the floor with his presents. He wore a grin so artificial that it looked as though he were keeping his mouth spread by hooking his fingers in the corners. His eyes were wide, glassy and despairing. It took Ben three seconds to realize what was the matter.

George, kindly wipe that horrid grin off your face. Then go and put on your jacket and go to the Conroys' house and ask them politely if you can wheel a certain object that belongs to you out of their garage."

George became a blur of movement, disappearing with such speed that Ben felt he should have left the hideous grin behind to fade slowly away at 1st Cheshire cat.

It was nearly midnight on Christmas night when Ben eased out into the kitchen

and hacked a slab of white meat off the large but mortally wounded turkey. The kids had gone to bed. He strolled restlessly around the living room. Helen was making another inventory of her presents and looked as if she might purr.

She looked up at Ben. He was flipping through the records.

"A nice new-fashioned Christmas," she said.

He spun sharply, then grinned in a shamefaced way. "A fine thing! Sometimes you get a real ironic tone on you, too. So it came out the same."

"Almost the same. When you have an established routine—a good routine—don't you feel a little queer when just one thing is left out? I mean if it were entirely different . . ."

Ben sighed and took out the record, showed her the front of the jacket.

"Kids?" she asked.

"Wake 'em up!"

So with only the lights of the wreaths and the tree they listened again to an old and timeless magic, and the chains rattled and there was the hollow voice of Christmas Past, and the kids sighed with satisfaction when it was over. They went back to bed. Ben sat with his wife on the couch. He got up and went over and snaked a piece of overlooked red ribbon from under the chair. He scooped an indignant Twombly away from dreams of mice. Twombly stood, shoulders hunched in awkward, icy, feline dignity, while Ben tied a bow in the red ribbon. Helen adjusted the bow. Twombly stalked away, scratched impotently under the chin, turned and gave them an arctic glare, found the spot on the rug he wanted and tumbled back into sleep.

"Humbug," Benjamin West said.

"Bah," said Helen beside him. He looked down and saw the tree lights in her dark eyes and saw that she was to be kissed, which was about the best way to say what he had to say. [THE END]

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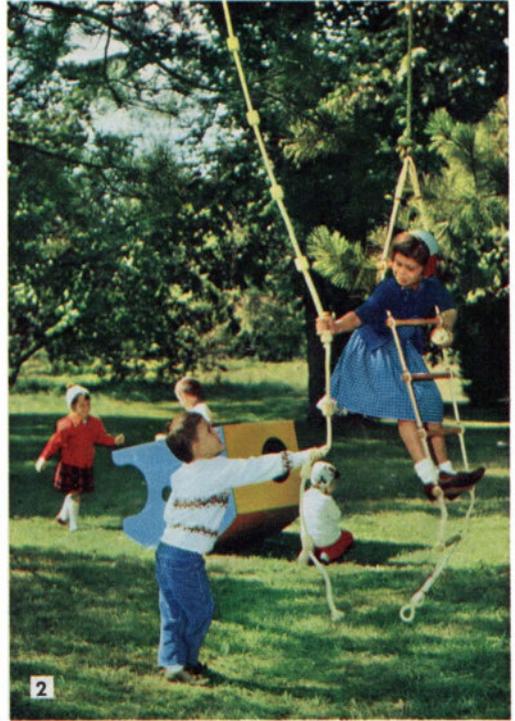
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Children grow with active play



The toy industry reports a growing trend toward buying children's outdoor play equipment for Christmas giving, even though at first thought this may strike some people as unseasonal. Some outdoor equipment can be used indoors (if you have space) to provide exercise on shut-in days, and some is usable outdoors all winter.

1. The 3-way climbing ladder above is a fine piece of equipment for preschool children; it's made of wood and the finish is weatherproof so it can stay out all winter. It's light enough in weight to move in or out easily and does not require bolting down. By Creative Playthings, Inc.; \$51.

2. Also useful in the house are the climbing rope and rope ladder in the picture at right above. These can be hung in a doorway, on a wall, on an outdoor gym or in a tree. The rope is \$4.75; the ladder, \$9.50, from Childcraft Equipment Co. In the background is the Tumble Toy, a new hardwood toy for children from 2 to 10 years (depending on how large they are). It's strongly made and weather-resistant, its five sides painted in bright shades of red, yellow, blue, green and orange. The children climb in and on and out of it (through its holes), play rocking-the-boat on its curved side, and pretend it's a play-house, den or fort. By Tumble Toy, Inc., about \$30.



NEXT YEAR'S GROWTH

by ELISABETH BROOME SILVERMAN



For 3 to 6's, a de luxe 16-inch sidewalk bicycle with convertible trainer wheels. Adjustable handlebars and seat post, snazzy chrome trim and electric horn. By O. W. Siebert, from \$25 to \$30. They're holding Slinky Jr., new spring toy by James; fun for 39 cents



5

3. Doughboy's Champ toy is made of strong plastic with a weighted bottom, stands 54 inches tall. A wonderful sparring partner for any boy (or girl) under that height. Comes with leather boxing gloves, for \$7.

4. A goodcroquet set for beginners and a gift the whole family will enjoy (six players). Mallets and balls are hard rock maple. By South Bend, \$10.50.

5. A collection of realistic equipment for boys who like to play war. In the foreground in Remco's Radar Rocket Cannon, one of the new battery-operated, electronic toys. Moving airplane targets appear on the TV screen; the large radar warning antenna rotates and picks up beep signals. Regulation working microphone and bead set; cannon launches flying rocket plane. For boys 6 to 12, \$8. The boy at the left is wearing a plastic helmet copied from the Army's (see close-up, picture 7). The youngest boy is wearing Mirro's Satellite Explorer helmet. It has a special one-way face shield; the wearer can see out but no one can see in. Of rustproof aluminum, \$4. His "shield" is Mirro's rustproof aluminum Sno-Coaster, which works much like a toboggan. It coasts straight down a hill or spins like a top when the child shifts his weight. Has two holes for a tow rope and two heavy web handle-loops. It's light and easy to carry, easy to store. The 27-inch size shown, \$5; 21 1/2-inch



6



7

PHOTOGRAPHS BY KUHNKE

size, \$3.75. The boy standing is about to launch a model of Hiller's Flying Platform. Made by special permission of the Armed Services this authentic miniature has an internal-combustion engine, automatic recoil cable starter for vertical takeoff. Flies up, down, hovers. High excitement for boys 8 to 14; the price is \$15.

6. Bicycles are delightful gifts for children at any age. It's well to have a child try out different bikes, though, to make sure of getting the right size. And it is not advisable to buy one to be "grown into." If it's too big and hard to ride, it may permanently discourage the child from learning. The de luxe girl's tank model shown, a Huffly Customliner, is recommended for ages 6 and up, for any child over 47 inches tall. This bike is easy to pedal, has a rugged streamlined frame, luggage carrier and foot-power brake. Chrome fenders and white sidewall 1.75-inch tires. The 24-inch size, about \$64. The boy's bike is also a de luxe model, Evans' streamlined tank Commander in the 26-inch size. With chrome trim and white sidewall tires, horn and headlight; the price is \$66.50.

7. They're really soldiers in these plastic play helmets copied from the Army's. These come with siren attachments or battery-operated headlights. By Bassons Industries, \$2 each.



For the evening story hour or watching television, nothing could be cozier than a Jungle Rug sleeping bag, designed to fit children 2 to 10. Makes nap-time fun—can also serve as a sleeping bag in the car. In machine-washable corduroy, tiger or leopard print, large size shown, 36 by 67 inches, about \$18

Children grow



SCENES DESIGNED BY PEGGY JACKSON & CLAIRE OLESON

1. A nursery session with the arts. They're using Play-Doh, a delightful new product, which comes in four colors. The quart-size can costs \$1.50. They're pasting gummed paper strips and stickers made by the Will-Ems Company—in educational toy stores for 10 to 20 cents a packet. *On the shelves:* The huge Rainbow box of crayons by Standard Toycraft, \$3. Coloring books are by Platt & Munk, 5 for \$1 in toy and department stores. Water-soluble Tempera paints by Rich-Art, 75 to 90 cents for each 8-oz. jar. Newsprint pad, 75 cents. Sable and bristle paintbrushes from 25 cents to \$1.75. (Generally $\frac{1}{4}$ - to 1-inch size brushes are recommended for younger children.) The miniature plastic figures on the top shelf—pirates, knights, Revolutionary soldiers and various dinosaurs—are by Louis Marx.

2. Science interests start young. Most boys of 7 or 8 like nothing better than a chemistry set, and this new one by A. C. Gilbert is sure to please. Contains a 4-stop turret microscope (magnifies from 60 to 325 times) with an optically ground lens. He'll have fun hatching the live shrimp eggs. \$11. With some help even a four-year-old can make good use of the Electrical Invention Box (shown on same table). Wire, bulbs and sockets, push buttons, bell, buzzer, miniature motor—all operated by a harmless 6-volt battery. By Creative Playthings, \$13.15. *On the end table:* With Snippy Electric Scissors (cord attached) any child over 6 will enjoy cutting paper or cardboard. By Ungar Electric Tools, \$4. From Creative Playthings, large bar magnet, two for \$1.65; U-magnet with small steel bar, \$2; large prism, \$2.35; compass, 90 cents; magnifying glass, \$1.80. The pen by itself is Waterman's new Ideal,



for grammar-school children learning to write with ink, \$1. Other pens are by Sheaffer, in more than 60 color combinations, so it's easy to match school colors. Ballpoints, \$2; cartridge pens, \$3.

3. The little boy has Roll-a-Pin, a colorful stacking toy by Childhood Interests, \$1.25. Plastic blocks by Holle Toys, \$2. A good basic toy for 3 to 6's is Turn-A-Gear by Archer Plastics, \$2. For the same age group is the Transogram "Little Country Doctor" kit, with interesting equipment and pretend medicine, \$3. *On the shelves:* (Top) This Little Pig Went to Market, a squeeze-me pull-toy for little children by Fisher Price, \$2. The Mousegetar has nylon strings, tuning keys, carrying cord; really plays. By Mattel, \$4. The Pluto winding toy, 5 to 10 years, is one of an acrobatic Disney series by Louis Marx, \$1.40. Very educational for 3 to 6's is Playskool's Take Apart Airplane which breaks down to 19 pieces, \$6. (Bottom shelf) Stretchy Locomotive, a toddler's pull-toy by Louis Marx, \$1. For those of 11 to 34 years, Playskool's stacking teakettle with a whistle to blow, \$2. A delightful novelty for children 3 to 10 is this plush elephant who walks and moves his lighted trunk by remote control. By Louis Marx, \$4.

4. Even teen-agers will enjoy using some of these craft materials. This girl of 12 is finishing a decorative Space Spider, three-dimensional weaving toy. By Walker Products, \$3. The boy has Link-Kit, a new play material of flexible plastic by Dewl. 200-piece set, \$2. Easy to use, makes a variety of structures, appeals to children from preschool on. *On the shelves:* (Top) Put-Away Town puzzles by Arnold Arnold offer varied play. The child assembles the

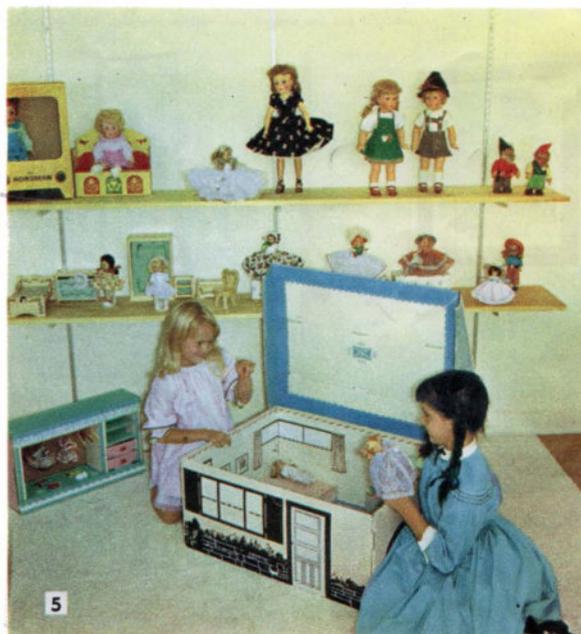
with quiet play



A 3-D viewer will amuse almost any child of 3 to 12. Tru-Vue's lighted viewer comes with seven story cards—fairy tales, adventures, animals, cowboys—for about \$5. Young children will like the Disney and animal pictures especially. Single story cards cost 29 cents, albums of three, 85 cents



3



5

PHOTOGRAPHS BY KUBNER

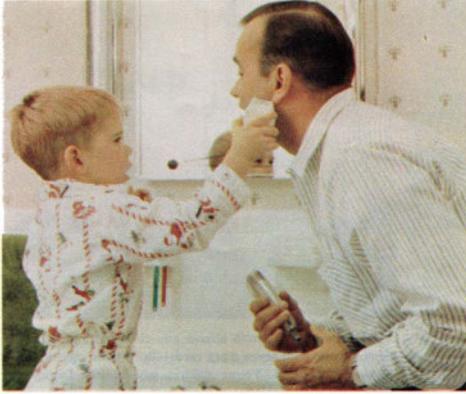


4

3-D building, uses it in play. For children 5 to 10, \$1.50 each. Arnold's Picture Printer includes 15 rubber stamps in graceful abstract shapes, paper and 4 ink pads in different colors. Preschool children will have fun with it; older children use it for stationery, napkins. Costs \$3. Mr. Bumps is fun for preschoolers, with colored pipe cleaners, various Styrofoam blanks, some other materials. By Young Products, \$2. From Gabriel, for children 7 to 11: Box of Crafts, clay, leather, foil, muslin, pipe cleaners, yarn, \$2; Fiddlestraws, heavy, colored straws with plastic joiners to make rockets, wagons, houses, \$2.

5. Dolls in their infinite variety—and some new equipment. The pretty dollhouse is made of sturdy fiberboard; the peaked roof folds back for play. Scaled for 8-inch dolls; contains fiberboard furniture and removable storage wall (at left). Easy to put together; by Toymaster, \$7. The dolls are 8-inch Muffies by Nancy Ann Storybook Dolls. In a sleeper, Muffie costs \$3.15; wearing the lace peignoir and sheer gown, \$4. On the shelves: (Top) Horsemans TV Tots have rooted hair, vinyl skins, flexible bodies. They sit on their bench while the child puts on a show in the TV set. \$10. For a big girl, Muffie is dressed in pink nylon net with a jacket that's real Breath of Spring mink; \$11. The new Revlon dolls by Ideal are made with teen-age figures, pliable skin, rooted hair, elegant clothing. The 18-inch size shown costs from \$12 to \$20 depending on the clothes. The next two dolls are German imports. They have human hair and look particularly real "sleeping." By Kruse, \$16 each. The dwarfs are Steiff's Pucki and Lucki, \$4 each. (Bottom) Six-piece hardwood furniture set for 8-inch dolls, Cass, \$6. Assorted Nancy Ann Storybook dolls.

MORE ON NEXT PAGE



Father can combine the art of education with morning shaving if his small son has a Fuzz Buzz. This make-believe electric shaver is battery-powered to sound real and has a cord and wall suction cup. By Electric Game, \$1

Children grow with family play



1



2



3

1. Daddy has just set up Gilbert's new American Flyer Black Diamond freight. The locomotive comes with B. & O. hopper, N. & W. gondola, walking brakeman car, caboose, uncoupler, 50-watt transformer with circuit breaker, track, track terminal. The set is \$30; we also show as extras a 110-watt train power controller, a log unloading car and an auto transport. Ideal's tow truck pulls a fix-it car with dented front fender and tools for its replacement. \$10.

2. A collection of new games for all ages. (Top) Baseball and Football, 6 years to adult, combines darts with a board game. By Milton Bradley, \$3. Hoo-Doo is a solitaire puzzle for older children and adults, worked with colored pegs. By Tryne, \$1. Scoop is a newspaper game for 2 to 6 players in their teens. By Parker Bros., \$4. Arnold Arnold's House Solitaire is for children 4 to 10. 32 cards match up roofs and walls of various houses. \$2. Thirteen is a multiplication game for 2 to 4 players from 8 years up. By Cadaco-Ellis, \$2. (Bottom) Rack-O is an exciting new card game for 2 to 4 players, 7 years and up. By Milton Bradley, \$2. The Crusader Rabbit TV game is for preschool children. By Tryne, \$2. Electric Bingo is a fast game for 4; the spinner shoots balls in all directions and each player moves flippers on his side to repel unwanted balls. By Gotham, \$11. Think is a game of skill and strategy for older children and adults. By Tryne, \$3. Little Noddy's Taxi Game in-

volves some reading though Mother can help. Ages 4 to 8, Parker Bros., \$3.

3. Photography is a wonderful hobby for a family to share. In the foreground, easy-to-use Brownie Holiday Flash with neck strap, about \$5; Kodalite Midget Flashholder costs \$3.20. The Brownie Hawkeye is excellent for children, simple to use, with squeeze-type shutter release. The flash model shown, \$7.45; Kodalite Flashholder, \$4.25. The Brownie "300" 8 mm. movie projector shown costs \$62, the 30- by 40-inch screen, \$7. Center, a new less expensive model of the 8 mm. Brownie movie camera—with the same $f/2.7$ lens—fixed-focus, easy to operate; about \$30. For viewing transparencies—the Kodaslide Pocket Viewer, choice of colors, at \$2. Kodak's developing and printing outfit for beginners needs no darkroom. With instructions, \$10.

4. Simplifying games make learning easy. The little girl is learning tic-tac-toe with Milton Bradley's Tic-Tac-Aroo, which involves moving pieces instead of writing. \$1. The other game is Dymonds, a simplified version of chess for children 8 to 12. By Dingman, \$2.50.

5. The Shooting Arcade is really a knockout for everybody over 5. There are a battery-operated moving target and stationary targets with movable objects. The shooter fires at his own speed and the pellets are continuously fed back into the gun. By Louis Marx, \$10.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY EKKER

6. Electric trains become more interesting to boys every year. Lionel's New Haven Electric Freight set includes the locomotive shown with a New Haven boxcar, oil tanker, auto transport and four cars, operating milk car with loading platform, caboose, track shown. About \$65—all these prices approximate. The remote-control transformer is \$15 extra; operating station with horn, \$7; automatic gateman in his shack, \$6; automatic crossing gate, \$5. On the bed is an electrically powered car with its own filling station, imported from West Germany. The car runs ten minutes for each five minutes of filling. Louis Marx, \$6. On the table, Sir Galahad rides his horse, 11 inches high. Knight lifts off; parts of armor and harness are removable. In plastic, by Ideal, \$4. 7. Hand puppets encourage children to think imaginatively and provide entertainment for the whole family. The older girl is holding Creative Playthings' new rubber Talking Puppets, \$2.35 each. On the bench, Steiff's realistic and charming animal puppets—bear, terrier, rabbit, monkey and tiger—\$3 each. A pegboard with hooks is a good place to store puppets and of course they're decorative. The seven at left are Kersa's, handmade in Germany, imported here this year. The Hobo, Court Magician and Seppie the Bumpkin are \$3 each; the King, Queen, Prince and Princess, \$4 each. Two Zany puppets on the right have vinyl skin and rooted hair. By Zimmerman, \$1 each.

MORE ON NEXT PAGE



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go

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BRAND
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Boys will be boys—always on the go. So Coopers designed Jockey junior underwear to keep your active youngster going in comfort. He'll learn what Dad knows—Jockey briefs never gap, bind, twist or pinch. And matching Jockey undershirts are tailored longer in back to keep in place, shorter in front to eliminate bulkiness. Boy! What comfort!

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Some Christmas book suggestions

FOR PRESCHOOLERS:

A Christmas Story by Mary Chalmers. Harper, \$1.
My First Counting Book by Garth Williams. Simon & Schuster, \$1.
Book of Nursery and Mother Goose Rhymes by Marguerite de Angeli. Doubleday, \$5.
Big Little Davy by Lois Lenski. Oxford Press, \$2.
If I Ran the Circus by Dr. Seuss. Random House, \$2.50.
Babar's Fair by Laurent de Brunhoff. Random House, \$3.50.
Three Little Animals by Margaret Wise Brown. Harper, \$2.50.

SEVEN AND UP:

The Coming of the King by Norman Vincent Peale. Prentice-Hall, \$2.

The Book of Songbirds by Leon A. Hausman. Grosset & Dunlap, \$2.
Let's Find Out About Weather by Herman & Nina Schneider. Grosset & Dunlap, \$3. Same authors, *Let's Find Out About Electricity*, \$3.
The Wonderful World of Mathematics, Launcelot Hogben. Doubleday, \$3.
The World We Live In by Lincoln Barnett. Simon & Schuster, \$5.
Read to Yourself Story Book by the Child Study Assn. Crowell, \$2.50.
The Fairy Doll by Rumer Godden. Viking, \$2.50.
Flood Friday by Lois Lenski. Lippincott, \$2.75.
Golden Nature Guide Series. Simon & Schuster, \$2 each.



PHOTOGRAPH BY EDWEE

Books and records are gifts to grow on. The 78 record player above, selected by Toy Guidance Council, is made by Spear Products; with stand, \$19. With it a new musical toy: the Magic Mirror shows moving pictures of "animations" on special records. Two records included; by Childhood Interests; \$3. For teen-agers RCA has an excellent 3-speed portable Victrola at \$45. See record-gift suggestions below.

Some Christmas record suggestions

FOR YOUNG CHILDREN:

See Children's Record Guild list; 78 RPM's, \$1.25; 45's, \$1.05.
See Golden Records list; *Great Composers Chest*, 78 or 45, \$4; *Introduction to the Orchestra Chest*, 78, 45 or 12-inch 33 $\frac{1}{2}$ LP, \$4.
See Columbia Children's Records list; nursery songs by Tom Glazer, folk songs by Burl Ives, introduction to masterworks, and to instruments. Priced from 98 cents for 78's and 45's to \$4 for 12-inch 33 $\frac{1}{2}$ LP's.

FOR OLDER CHILDREN:

Classics in 2-record albums, Children's Record Guild, 78's, \$2.50; 45's, \$2.10.
Golden Records; *Rodgers & Hammerstein Chest*, \$5; *Roy Rogers*

Chest, \$4. Both in 78, 45 or 33 $\frac{1}{2}$ LP.
FOR TEEN-AGERS:
RCA gift albums, LP, 33 $\frac{1}{2}$ RPM; EP, 45 RPM, Elvis Presley, \$4 LP; \$1.50 EP. "The Glenn Miller Story," \$4 LP. "Both Sides of Tony Scott," \$4 LP; \$3 EP. "Havana 3 A.M.," Prez Prado, \$4 LP; \$3 EP. "Jazz Goes Dancing," Dave Pell, \$4 LP; \$3 EP. "Easy Listening," Torce Sons, \$4 LP; \$3 EP.
Columbia gift albums: all these are 12-inch 33 $\frac{1}{2}$ LP's, \$4 each. "On the Sunny Side" by the Four Lads. "A Tribute to James Dean." "Johnny Mathis." "That Towering Feeling" by Vic Damone. "Concert by the Sea" by Errol Garner. "Ambassador Satch" by Louis Armstrong.

Art gifts for beginners

Here are a few ideas for art gifts, but a trip to an art store will turn up many others. For an eight-year-old how about a box of hard pastel crayons? 75 cents. A pad to go with them costs about 45 cents. Also for this age group, M. Grumbacher's oils in a sketch box with palette and brushes, \$6.50. The larger box at \$13.50 is fine for teen-agers. For almost anybody, the easy-to-follow beginners' art sets by Jon Gnagy, \$3 to \$5 each. From Arthur Brown.

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lowers flame as needed to maintain pre-set temperature. And today's Gas broilers are cleaner than ever . . . no smoke, no need for special filters. More convenient, too. The new "Outomatic" Broiler slides forward automatically as the door is opened . . . for easier basting, turning or serving. Gas ranges offer all these features and one thing more—they actually cost less to buy, install and use.

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BUILT-IN MEAT THERMOMETER! Now you can tell when roasts are perfectly done without ever opening the oven door. Amazing new Roast-Guide plugs into a socket in the oven . . . registers on a dial above the range top when meat is cooked.



LARGEST GAS OVEN THERE IS! Family Fare oven is 26 inches wide . . . big enough to accommodate the largest turkey . . . so roomy it bakes up to 8 pies at one time. And it cooks with even, Gas heat. Gives you perfect, automatic control of temperature.



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*Reg. A.G.A.

A Happiness for Manuela

from page 40

not been clear. Of course when the señora had asked if Manuela understood, she had nodded and said "Yes, Señora." It would have been such rudeness to say "No."

There was a machine to beat the eggs but Manuela used a fork. Surely no machine could make them so light. However she put the bread into the electric box to be toasted. What a marvel that the box knew when it was done and jumped it out!

The señora had said she wanted the breakfast ready at nine but with everything so new to Manuela, this was not possible. And what did a little time more or less matter? Alas, on the very instant the señora came into the kitchen. "I thought I told you breakfast at nine," she said to Manuela.

FOR a moment, Manuela reeled and had to hold onto the table for support. Would this miracle of a job end when it had scarcely begun?

"Oh, don't look so worried," the señora said. "You've got things half done anyway. Watch the eggs. I'll fix the coffee."

As the señora had instructed, Manuela had set the table in the patio. She had placed it in the cool shade of the jacaranda tree. But this, it seemed, was wrong. The señora told her to move the table out into the sunshine. Indeed these Americans were strange people. To desire to sit in the dangerous heat of the sun!

The Señor Barrington came to breakfast and with him was a boy of about eight years. A beautiful boy with hair like the ripe corn, although his small face was tight and serious. Manuela wondered that the señora had not told her of this boy. Mexican mothers were always proud of their children and spoke of them almost too much.

Never, Manuela was certain, had a finer breakfast been laid out, not even in the house of the president of Mexico. Yet the Barrington family ate quickly as though they did not enjoy the food but only wished to be done with it. Of talk there was little and of laughter none. Only once did the señora speak to the boy.

"Please drink your milk, Jimmy," she said. "You ought to put on some weight, you know."

The boy Jimmy pushed the glass away. "D-d-don't want it," he said. He seemed to have difficulty making his words come out.

Never in her life had Manuela had one of her children refuse food. She looked at the señora, wondering what would happen now. But what happened was nothing. The señora was staring far away toward the distant mountains and there was that faint cloud in her blue eyes.

When the food was only half-eaten, the Señora Barrington sprang from her chair and said to her husband, "We'd better get going to the golf club."

The señor rose and followed her. The boy Jimmy was left alone. He did not even look up as Manuela cleared the plates from the table.

While she washed dishes in the kitchen, she saw from the window that Jimmy had seated himself in one of the bright metal chairs in the patio and was reading a book. And all morning long whenever she looked he was still there. How different from her children! Except for the baby Francisco, the four of them were forever running and jumping like young goats that felt the pleasure of life in them.

Manuela stopped not once from her work. She cleaned the floors of all the rooms. Not with the rubber mop the señora had pointed out to her. Instead she used a stick and cloth, such as she had always used and her mother and grandmother before her. Nothing else would shine the tiles so well.

When the Señora Barrington returned, she was not entirely pleased. She frowned



rhythm step

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at the stick and told Manuela to throw it away. And the meal Manuela had prepared of soup and meat and beans—that was not right at all. The señora said all they cared to eat at noon were some small sandwiches and fruit.

In the evening Manuela had a great dread of the many mistakes she might make about dinner. But when the time came, the señora ignored her. She paced up and down the room, speaking with quick nervous words to her husband. Manuela did not understand all that was said but it seemed to her that the señora complained that the beautiful house was like a prison and she had to get away from it.

The señor said gently that, if his wife wished, they would eat in a restaurant in the city. As they were leaving, the señora said good-by to the boy Jimmy.

"You'll forgive us for running away like this, won't you?" she said. "We'll be back almost as soon as Manuela has finished cleaning up."

Jimmy nodded without smiling. For a moment, the señora looked at him as though she were going to give him a kiss of good-by. But something seemed to stop her and she turned quickly away and walked with her husband to the driveway.

Manuela followed humbly through the door and onto the driveway. The señora, about to step into the car, saw her. "Oh, I forgot," she said. "You want your money every day, don't you?"

"It is your promise when I take the job, Señora," Manuela said.

"Yes, but you really could trust us," the señora said as if she joked, and yet with no smile on her face.

She spoke to her husband who took a new five peso note from his wallet and handed it to Manuela. Then the car was off, and for a few moments Manuela listened as its roar grew faint down the highway. She feared she had offended the señora by following her out to the car.

But how could she explain that it was necessary to receive the five pesos each day? Dr. Ramirez had said that little Francisco had been born with a weakness of the heart for which there was no cure. Each day might be his last. But with each five pesos from this job, another payment could be made on the things already spoken for at the shop: the beautiful robe of green velvet trimmed with the finest embroidery and lace, small sandals of red and gold and a bright crown for the baby's head. Garments such as the saints in the church wore. Thus the child would be suitably arrayed. Indeed, even though small and from so lowly a home, Francisco would be one of the most beautiful little angels ever to appear before the gates of Heaven. . . .

RAMON, his work at the post office finished, came for Manuela on his bicycle. On their way home, she told him of the boy Jimmy.

"The Señora Barrington does not seem to have love for this beautiful son," she said. "That I cannot understand."

"I have heard that this Jimmy is the son of the señor but not of the señora," Ramon said.

"Ah, the poor little one!" cried Manuela. "With his own mother gone, he is even more in need of love. And, Ramon, why is it that his words stumble so from his mouth?"

"I spoke to him once when I brought the mail," Ramon said. "He is a gago or, as the Americans say, he 'stutters.' In California I met several who stuttered. Strange, I have never met a Mexican gago!"

"And the señora," Manuela went on. "For her I have great pity. Always she hurries as if she is fleeing from something. Yet with all her rushing about, she is not able to find contentment. How can she, who has everything a woman's heart could wish for—a husband who cherishes her, a fine house, as well as Jimmy, that beautiful child needful of love—how can she not be happy?"

Ramon shook his head. "That question is too difficult to answer," he said, "even for a man of my intelligence."

"Well, at least, I have my five pesos,"

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tray of drinks and food. Manuela was so nervous she could not keep the tray from shaking in her hands. But this the señora did not seem to notice.

She said, "I want to make this a good party. I can count on you, can't I, Manuela?"

Manuela thought of the kindness of the señora, of the horrible mistakes she had forgiven. And she promised, "Oh, yes, you can count on me of a surety, Señora." It was the next morning just as dawn came that little Francisco opened his eyes. looked long at his mother, then closed them with a sigh, soft as the faintest of breezes, and was gone.

Manuela wept quietly for some time. Then she went and knelt before the Virgin to thank Her for all Her mercies to the little one.

Ramon took the day off from his work at the post office that he might see the priest and make the proper arrangements. Manuela herself hurried to the house of the Barringtons. In spite of her grief, she must not neglect her duties.

She made the food as the señora had instructed. The mixture of avocados and minced onions to be eaten on the smallest of tortillas, and the tiny sandwiches with no tops to them.

The señora came into the kitchen and looked over everything. "You've done all right," she said to Manuela. "Thank you for working so hard. I'm going to the club for a while. Now don't forget what I've told you about the party."

"Oh, no, Señora," Manuela said, unable to bring herself to give worry by saying she would not be there that afternoon.

When the señora had left, Manuela went out to Jimmy who was reading on the patio. "Little Francisco sends love and says good-by," she said.

"Why good-by?" Jimmy asked. "I'll see him again. I'll m-m-make them let me go to your house. Just you see?"

It was then that Manuela knew what she had to do.

The Señor Barrington had not gone to the golf club but was in the house, writing letters at his desk. Manuela went to him and told him everything. Why she had come to work in this house. The glorious things she had been able to buy, and how, even though Francisco had been so young, she was sure he loved Jimmy as Jimmy loved him. But now, alas, there could be no farewell between them.

The señor rose from his desk. On his face was a look of pity. "You people have your troubles too, don't you?" he said. "Get Jimmy ready and meet me at the car."

SOON the three of them were floating down the road as though on the wings of soaring birds. And Manuela thought little Francisco might not know now but when he reached Heaven, he would be told how his mother rode to his last fiesta in this marvelous automobile.

Never had the village known such a fiesta! With the vast sum Manuela had earned, she had been able to procure everything that was needed. The small house was filled with flowers and many, many candles. The relatives and friends were crowding in so there was scarcely room to move about.

The Señor Barrington's eyes searched the house in wonder at its cleanliness. At the walls scrubbed to whiteness and at the polished dishes and cooking utensils.

Old Uncle Heberto came up, spoke shyly to the señor and when the señor answered in Spanish, he told how Ramon and Manuela were thought of as the finest folk in the village. How Ramon was never late with his mail and how Manuela was careful to train the children so that their manners were always of the best. The señor gave his hand to Heberto and to every one of the guests and joined in their talk.

Dusk was falling when a sound came of an automobile stopping outside the house. The guests near the doorway stepped back, confused and embarrassed, as the Señora Barrington rushed in. She looked at Manuela with reproach.

"Just when I thought I could count on you," she said, "you run out on my party!"

Before she could say more, her husband went over and spoke to her in whispers, then looked toward little Francisco.

The guests moved back and made a path as the señora, followed by the señor and Manuela, walked slowly to where the baby lay. Around him the children were singing, Jimmy with them, his voice rising sweet and strong. When they saw the señora, the children stopped but she motioned to them to go on. As she stood looking down on the baby, mists gathered in her blue eyes.

And Manuela, with an ancient wisdom, suddenly knew all. She turned to the señor. "Ah, the poor señora!" she said in a low voice. "She, too, has had a little child and lost it. Is it not so?"

The señor looked at her surprised. "How did you know?" He went on with sadness. "Our baby died just before we came here—and we can never have another."

MANUELA, with a courage she had never imagined herself to have, went and slipped her arm around the señora. Together they looked down at the small Francisco, so beautiful in his green velvet robe, his shining crown, his tiny red and gold sandals, and around him the masses of red bougainvillea like the bright clouds of sunset.

"He seems to smile, does he not, Señora?" Manuela said. "I am sure he knows his first and only fiesta is of the finest. And it is to you and your kindness that we owe all."

The blue eyes and the brown ones were

I LIKE CHRISTMAS BECAUSE . . .



"It is warm and nice. We are in bed. It is eight-thirty. One cat is Dinky and the other is Pinky.

The man in the picture is the silly man Blinks.

My daddy made him up for us." Anne, six.

both weeping with tears. But it was the señora who could not cease from her weeping and Manuela who gave comfort.

"Señora," she said softly, "for those who leave us very young we must not grieve. Do they not escape all the temptations and torments of this world? Or their small souls are no sins and Heaven is of a surety. For myself I weep, but for Francisco—look, Señora! I smile and am happy. He is safe forever. One of God's little angels."

The señora's eyes searched Manuela's face and into them came a look that defied grief. Suddenly she kissed the woman of Indian blood.

It was late when the Barringtons left. Manuela and Ramon accompanied them to the doorway. There the señora took Manuela's hand. Then she turned and laid her arm around the boy Jimmy's shoulders. Her eyes were soft as she said, "Come along—son."

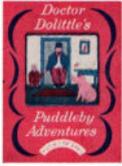
Jimmy looked up at her, his face shining. "Okay, Mom," he said. And his words came out with no hindrance at all.

The señor took his wife's hand and the three went out together.

Manuela's eyes followed them. "Ramon my love," she said, "is it not a happiness? Our little Francisco, even in his so short a time on earth, has given understanding to three people. That is more than many do in a full lifetime. [THE END]

The Night We Talked to Santa Claus

from page 4



The sleigh finally halted somewhere behind the trees that surrounded the house. There was a brief, suspended quiet. Then there were other sounds—human footsteps in the snow, crunching, crunching closer to the house. And then a fat, bouncy figure with an enormous pack on his back walked toward us beneath the branches of an apple tree.

"It's Santa!" my brother squealed, butting me in the stomach with his head. "And he'll be in our chimney in a minute!"

"Quick! We're supposed to be in bed!" With that, my brother in a desperate effort to hide himself tried to get under his while I lurled myself into mine and pulled the covers tightly around me like a winding sheet. In this state we waited breathlessly, while the steps, in the house now, came closer and closer to the nursery door.

Slowly and with ceremony the door opened and then everything happened very quickly.

He came over to me first. I somehow gathered strength to put my head out from under the covers. He was near enough to touch. There were black streaks of soot about the hips and shoulders of his red suit. He put the enormous, bulging pack of toys down on the foot of my bed. Then he actually spoke to me. His great, booming voice came through a flowing beard which was white as snow and covered part of his chest.



"I hear you have been a very good little girl." He was reaching down into the pack of toys as he spoke. "So I brought you your wish." With that he handed me a tiny, beautifully wrapped package. I knew instinctively that it was my coral ring. I was overwhelmed that my eyes swam with tears.

"Don't be afraid," he said with such love and kindness that I began to feel I knew him. "Take it—it's what you have wished for." I reached out and took it from him, unable to say a word.

Then he turned toward the other bed. My brother had covered his small face with his hands and peered through his chubby fingers now and then, with his courage allowed him to.

"I hear that you have been very good as well, so I have a special present for you."

My brother seemed frozen but he took one hand away from his face and eyed the jolly stranger. Santa walked over and put the square, impressive box down beside him. For a second he looked as if he might be going to pick my brother up in his arms, but then he turned away. Slowly he shouldered his pack and started for the door.

"Good night," he said. "I still have a lot to do. Merry Christmas to all and to all a good night." With that he was gone.

The silence was broken by my brother who had finally found his voice:

"If he gets stuck in the chimney, we can see him in the morning."

"He won't," I replied sharply. Two years older and wiser, I knew that such a thing could never happen.

Dazed, we moved forward again to look out the window. We heard the same steps in the snow, but this time we didn't see anyone. We heard the bells as the reindeer started up. The sleigh moved away swiftly, down, down into the dark below. Then the night was again quite empty of sound, except for our breathing. Santa might never have been there at all.

The sleep we eventually got was deep and peaceful. In the morning Nanny came in looking just as she always did. We sprang out of bed both talking at once, showing her our treasures. She received the news with just the right mixture of belief and incredulity. When she could get a word in, she said, "Well, get your clothes on now. There's a surprise downstairs for you. Your mother and your father are waiting in the living room."

We raced down the stairs. Next to Mother stood a tall man with smiling eyes which were at once sad and happy. He took us in his arms and hugged us very tight. I don't remember if he said anything to us because we were too busy telling him over and over again the story of what had happened. How, just when we thought there would be no Christmas, Santa Claus had come, we'd seen him in our room, he'd talked to us, he'd given me my coral ring and my brother his tool chest, and then he went away because he had a lot to do and other children to visit.

Then, quite out of breath, we told it all over again. My father listened intently, as though every detail of what we were saying was something he longed to hear. It seemed to give him so much joy that the telling of our adventure was as tinglingly alive as the experience itself.

Even when we were a great deal older, we still were telling other children that we knew there was a Santa Claus. Our conviction remained unshaken because we had seen him and spoken to him. Against any and all assaults we stood our ground.

Later, of course, we grew to know the man who had come to our room that Christmas Eve and to understand why he had made us believe in Santa Claus. We understood why, after spending three years at war, he had come back to his children at Christmas time with one purpose in his mind and heart: to keep the magic in the world alive.

That magic was the real gift he gave us on Christmas Eve so long ago. And my brother and I cherish it still.

[THE END]

EX-LAX HELPS your child toward HIS NORMAL REGULARITY ...gently...overnight!



GIVE EX-LAX AT NIGHT and don't let constipation be a problem. Pleasant-tasting EX-LAX acts gently, effectively—won't disturb his sleep.

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IMPORTANT WHEN COLDS STRIKE! Gentle EX-LAX agrees with cold remedies...no weakening after-effect.

15¢, 35¢ and 75¢ economy family size



MORE FAMILIES USE EX-LAX THAN ANY OTHER LAXATIVE



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BABY FEEDING TOO FAST?

With Davol Nursers you can slow the flow to suit your baby's feeding pace no matter how thin the formula.

Just tighten collar on Christmas Eve so the flow, if baby feeds too slowly, loosens collar to speed flow. Davol Nursers won't leak.



ALL DRESSED UP FOR CHRISTMAS

The Nannette dresses shown on page 16 may be found at:

Chicago, Ill.: Carson Pflie Scott
Detroit, Mich.: Crowley Miller & Co.
Los Angeles, Calif.: The May Company
Miami, Fla.: Serrano's
Newark, N. J.: Kamargers
New York, N. Y.: Bloomingdale's

The clothes by Alexis shown on page 16 may be found at:

Dulles, Tex.: Banner Bros. Co.
Indianapolis, Ind.: L. S. Ayres

Kansas City, Mo.: Macy's
Mobile, Ala.: L. Hamann Dry Goods
Philadelphia, Pa.: J. ohn Wanamaker
Silver Spring, Md.: Frank R. Jelliff

The dress by Alyssa shown on page 16 may be found at:

Fort Wayne, Ind.: Wolf & Demasor
New Haven, Conn.: J. M. Morgan
New York, N. Y.: Bloomingdale's
Portland, Me.: L. and Troy, N. Y.: Parkson Co.
Pitts., Ill.: Block & Co.
San Francisco, Calif.: White House
Schuylkill, N. Y.: Myers Co.

How to set up the theater

Besides the designs printed on these pages you will need:

A size 32 corrugated box or a stiff cardboard box about 12 by 10 by 10 inches.
6 shirt boards or sheets of cardboard.
9 sheets of colored art paper (3 black, 3 dark blue and 3 red).
3 small sheets 5 by 13 inches of cellophane (1 clear, 1 pink, 1 blue).
A single-edge razor blade; scissors.
Steel-edge ruler.

White glue (Elmer's Glue-All and Sobo are two white glues) or library paste.

8 toy-size clothespins or pieces of wood approximately 2½ inches long, ¼ inch thick and notched like clothespins ¼ inch from the top. (All characters except Amahl can operate without these wooden "bodices" but their operation is more efficient with them.)

1 flat toothpick.

1 pin or needle; string; a few inches of dark thread; cellophane tape.

Setting up stage

1. Cut off top of corrugated box so that "roof" of theater is open. Close and glue down bottom flaps of box.
2. On 12-inch side of box, draw lines 1½ inches from either side and a line 3 inches from top. Cut out resulting area to make opening for the stage.
3. On right side of box, cut a 4- by 6-inch hole, one inch from back and flush with floor (sketch A). This opening is for your hand to move characters.
4. Glue black paper on the floor of box.
5. Glue deep blue paper on inside walls of box.
6. Glue red paper on sides and back of the box.
7. Cut out proscenium (border around edge of this page). Mount on piece of cardboard 13 by 10 inches (using paste or white glue sparingly). Then glue proscenium to the front of box (sketch A). Proscenium will project beyond sides slightly.

To set up scenery

1. Cut out scenery (page 111) around heavy lines. Match lines AA and BB. Marking location of dotted lines C and D, glue to strip of cardboard 19½ by 6½ inches. When dry, cut out door and window with razor blade against steel ruler.
2. Placing steel ruler over location of dotted lines, cut through cardboard with razor. Hinge the three pieces together with

cellophane tape so that scenery will bend to form three walls of the room.

3. To create windowpane effect, use string dyed in ink for sashes. Secure string in place on back of board with cellophane tape. Also secure a piece of clear cellophane wrapping over-all for the glass. Hang star just outside the window by dark thread attached to the back of the scenery.
4. Cut out fireplace wall and hood. Fold on dotted lines; glue onto fireplace wall. Set sides so stone design faces audience.
5. Hinge door on its left side with cellophane tape so it can swing outward.

6. Arrange 3 sections of scenery in box so that left wall contains fireplace and Amahl's bed; back wall, his coat, door, window and star, and right wall contains his mother's bed alcove.

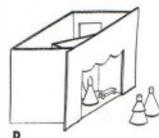
7. Lock scenery in place with strip of cardboard bent at right angles and glued behind proscenium on right side of stage. See sketch B.

To assemble the characters

Cut out costumes of three kings, page and shepherds, roll around toy-size clothespins and glue in place. See sketch C. Do same with heads and place on bodies. Cut out Amahl's mother and arrange as above, except that her shawl should be glued in place over her costume.

Amahl's costume *must* be placed around a toy-size clothespin or piece of wood. His arms should then be cut out and cemented to his body, and the head placed like the others. The crutch made from the flat toothpick, should be shaped like a T, approximately 1½ inches long with a cross piece ¼ inch cemented on. Tuck crutch under Amahl's arm so it is held in place; if necessary, secure with small flap of cellophane tape. Break off about ¼ inch of pin or needle and insert in bottom of clothespin, which has been cut to a length of 1½ inches, so that Amahl can stand up despite his short coat.

To move characters about stage from the wings, cut 7 strips of black art paper 10 inches long by ½ inch wide. Attach each character to one end of strip with two small pieces of cellophane tape (sketch E). Amahl's pin will not be needed when he is attached to strip. Paper strips will slide around between floor and scenery and figures may be manipulated through opening in side of box.



THE COMPANION PRESENTS

A Family Theater

FOR FUN AT CHRISTMAS
AND THE WHOLE YEAR ROUND

Christmas is a time for play and make-believe, as much for parents as for children, and so we have designed this fascinating cutout and paste-up playhouse which the whole family can enjoy.

On these seven pages are all the colorful essentials and directions for creating a stage, complete with furniture, scenery, costumes, actors and lighting for one of the best-loved and newest Christmas classics, Gian-Carlo Menotti's Amahl and the Night Visitors.

This modern opera, an abridged version of which follows, was written especially for television and was given its first performance by the National Broadcasting Company on Christmas Eve, 1951.

Since that time, it has been performed in England, France, Italy, Germany and Japan. This year N.B.C. will again put on its annual TV performance on December 16th. Hundreds of other groups across the country will also be staging it in various theaters and auditoriums.

There's no reason why your performance shouldn't be the best of them all

AM AHL AND THE NIGHT VISITORS

DESIGNED BY EDMUND MOTYKA
DRAWN BY JAN BALET

by GIAN-CARLO MENOTTI

Here is what your theater should look like, all set for a sold-out performance at home. And remember . . . after you have finished your production, do not discard the playhouse. You may want to present another performance of *Amahl* next year. In fact, you now have a perfect theater for any number of plays. Using Amahl sets and figures as patterns, you can work out performances of other stories throughout the year.



Cast of Characters

AM AHL—a lame shepherd boy

HIS MOTHER

KASPAR—king bringing incense

BALTHAZAR—king bringing myrrh

MELCHIOR—king bringing gold

PAGE—the kings' attendant

SHEPHERD AND SHEPHERDESSES

(The curtain rises. It is night. The crystal-clear winter sky is dotted with stars, the Eastern Star flaming amongst them. Outside the cottage Amahl is playing his shepherd's pipe. Within, the Mother calls.)
MOTHER: Amahl! Amahl! Time to go to bed!

AM AHL: Coming! *(Amahl does not stir.)*
MOTHER: Amahl! How long must I shout to make you obey?

AM AHL: Oh, very well. *(Amahl takes up his crutch and hobbles into the house.)*

MOTHER: What was keeping you outside?

AM AHL: Oh, Mother, you should go out and see! There's never been such a sky! Hanging over our roof there is a star as large as a window, and the star has a tail and it moves across the sky like a chariot on fire.

MOTHER: Oh! Amahl, when will you stop telling lies? All day long you wander about in a dream. Here we are with nothing to eat, not a stick of wood on the fire, not a drop of oil in the jug, and all you do is to worry your mother with fairy tales.

AM AHL: Mother, I'm not lying. Please do believe me. Come and see for yourself.

MOTHER: Why should I believe you? You come with a new one every day!

continued on next page

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Amahl and the Night Visitors CONTINUED

AMAH! But there is a star and it has a long tail.

MOTHER: Amahl!

AMAH! Cross my heart and hope to die. MOTHER: Poor Amahl! Hunger has gone to your head. Unless we go begging how shall we live through tomorrow? My little son, a beggar! (She weeps.)

AMAH! (Amahl goes to her.) Don't cry, Mother, don't worry for me. If we must go begging, a good beggar I'll be. I know sweet tunes to set people dancing. We'll walk and walk from village to village, you dressed as a gypsy and I as a clown. At noon we shall eat roast goose and sweet almonds, at night we shall sleep with the sheep and the stars. I'll play my pipes, you'll sing and you'll shout. The windows will open and people lean out. The King will ride by and hear your loud voice and throw us some gold to stop all the noise.

MOTHER: My dreamer, good night! You're wasting the light. Kiss me good night.

AMAH! Good night. (Amahl goes to his pallet of straw at one side of the fireplace. The Mother secures the door, then lies down to sleep. The lights die from the room except for a faint glow through the window.)

KASPAR, MELCHIOR, BALTHAZAR: (The voices of the Three Kings are heard very far away.) From far away we come and farther we must go. How far, how far, my crystal star! (Amahl listens with astonishment to the distant singing.) Frozen the incense in our frozen hands, heavy the gold. How far, how far, my crystal star?

(Leaning on his crutch, Amahl hobbles over to the window. Outside appear the Three Kings: first Melchior bearing the coffer of gold, then Balthazar bearing the chalice of myrrh, and finally Kaspar bearing the urn of incense. All are preceded by the Page, carrying a rich Oriental rug, and an elaborate jeweled box.)

KASPAR, MELCHIOR, BALTHAZAR: How far, how far, my crystal star! (The travelers approach the door of the cottage and King Melchior knocks upon the door.)

MOTHER: Amahl! Go and see who's knocking at the door.

AMAH! (Amahl goes to the door.) Mother, Mother, Mother, come with me. Outside the door there is a King with a crown.

MOTHER: What shall I do with this boy? If you don't learn to tell the truth, I'll have to spank you!

AMAH! Mother, Mother, Mother. Come with me. If I tell you the truth, I know you won't believe me.

MOTHER: Try it for a change!

AMAH! But you won't believe me.

MOTHER: I'll believe you if you tell me the truth.

AMAH! The Kings are three and one of them is black.

MOTHER: Oh! What shall I do with this boy? I'm going to the door myself and then, young man, you'll have to reckon with me! (The Mother moves to the door, as it swings open, she beholds the Three Kings. In utter amazement, she bows to them.)

KASPAR, MELCHIOR, BALTHAZAR: Good evening! Good evening!

BALTHAZAR: May we rest a while in your house and warm ourselves by your fire?

MOTHER: I am a poor widow. A cold fireplace and a bed of straw are all I have to offer you. To these you are welcome. KASPAR: Oh, thank you!

MOTHER: Come in! Come in!

(The Mother makes way for the Kings to enter. The Page enters first. Almost immediately King Kaspar proceeds at a stately march to one side of the fireplace. Balthazar enters and proceeds to a place beside him. Melchior is the last to take his place. Amahl watches the procession with growing wonder and excitement.)

MELCHIOR: It is nice here.

MOTHER: I shall go and gather wood for the fire. (The Mother goes to the door.)

MELCHIOR: We can only stay a little while. We must not lose sight of our star.

MOTHER: Your star?

MELCHIOR: We still have a long way to go.

MOTHER: I shall be right back.

AMAH! (The moment his mother is gone, Amahl goes to Balthazar.) Are you a real King?

BALTHAZAR: Yes.

AMAH! Where is your home?

BALTHAZAR: I live in a black marble palace full of black panthers and white doves. And you, little boy, what do you do?

AMAH! I was a shepherd. I had a flock of sheep. But my mother sold them. I had a black goat who gave me warm sweet milk. But she died of old age. But Mother says that now we shall both go begging from door to door. Won't it be fun?

BALTHAZAR: It has its points.

AMAH! (Pointing at the jeweled box) And what is this?

KASPAR: This is my box. I never travel without it. In the first drawer, I keep my magic stones. One carnelian against all evil and envy. One moonstone to make you sleep. One red coral to heal your wounds. One lapis lazuli against quarter fever. One small Jasper to help you find water. One small topaz to soothe your eyes. One red ruby to protect you from lightning. In the second drawer, I keep my beads. Oh, how I love to play with all kinds of beads. In the third drawer, I keep licorice—black, sweet licorice. Have some. (Amahl reaches for the candy as his mother enters, bearing a few sticks.)

MOTHER: Amahl, I told you not to be a nuisance!

AMAH! But it isn't my fault! They kept asking me questions.

MOTHER: I want you to go and call the other shepherds. Tell them about our visitors and ask them to bring whatever they have in the house, as we have nothing to offer them. Hurry on!

AMAH! Yes, Mother. (Amahl hurries out as fast as his crutch will carry him.)

MOTHER: (The Mother crosses to the fireplace. Suddenly she sees the coffer of gold and the rich chalice of incense and myrrh.) Oh, these beautiful things, and all that gold!

MELCHIOR: These are the gifts to the Child.

MOTHER: The child? Which child?

MELCHIOR: We don't know. But the Star will guide us to Him.

MOTHER: But perhaps I know him.

MELCHIOR: Have you seen a child the color of wheat, the color of dawn? His eyes are mild, His hands are those of a King, as King He was born. Incense, myrrh and gold we bring to His side, and the Eastern Star is our guide.

MOTHER: Yes, I know a child the color of wheat, the color of dawn. His eyes are mild, his hands are those of a King, as King he was born. But no one will bring him incense or gold, though sick and poor and hungry and cold. He's my child, my son, my darling, my own.

MELCHIOR, BALTHAZAR: Have you seen a Child the color of earth, the color of thorn? His eyes are sad, His hands are those of the poor, as poor He was born.

MOTHER: Yes, I know a child the color of earth, the color of thorn. His eyes are sad, his hands are those of the poor, as poor he was born. He's my child, my son, my darling, my own.

MELCHIOR: The Child we seek holds the seas and the winds on His palm.

KASPAR: The Child we seek has the moon and the stars at His feet.

BALTHAZAR: Before Him the eagle is gentle, the lion is meek.

KASPAR, MELCHIOR, BALTHAZAR: Chords of angels hover over his roof and sing Him to sleep. He's fed by a Mother who is both Virgin and Queen. Incense, myrrh and gold we bring to His side, and the Eastern Star is our guide.

MOTHER: The child I know on his palm holds my heart. The child I know at his feet has my life. He's my child, my son, my darling, my own, and his name is Amahl.

MOTHER: (The call of the shepherds falls sharp and clear on the air.) The shepherds are coming!

SHEPHERDS: All the flocks are asleep. We are going with Amahl, bringing gifts to the Kings. (The shepherds stop in the door, struck dumb by the sight of the Kings. Amahl, however, slips in to take his place beside his mother.)

SHEPHERDS: Oh, look! Oh, look!

MOTHER: Come in, come in! What are you afraid of? Show what you brought them.

SHEPHERD: (The shepherd boldly marches forward and lays his gift before the Kings, then, bowing shyly, he retreats to his place.) Olives and quinces, apples and raisins, nutmeg and myrtle, medlars and cherries. This is all we shepherds can offer you.

KASPAR, MELCHIOR, BALTHAZAR: Thank you kindly.

SHEPHERD: Citrons and lemons, musk and pomegranates, goat cheese and walnuts, figs and cucumbers, this is all we shepherds can offer you.

KASPAR, MELCHIOR, BALTHAZAR: Thank you kindly.

SHEPHERDS: Take them, eat them, you are welcome.

BALTHAZAR: (Balthazar rises.) Thank you, good friends. But now we must bid you good night. We have little time for sleep and a long journey ahead.

SHEPHERDS: (The shepherds pass before the Kings, bowing as they depart.) Good night, my good Kings, good night and farewell. The pale stars foretell that dawn is in sight. The night winds foretell the day will be bright.

(Having closed the door, Amahl and his mother bid the Kings good night. While the Mother prepares herself a pallet of sheepskins on the floor, Amahl seizes his opportunity to speak to King Kaspar.)

AMAH! Excuse me, sir. Amongst your magic stones is there . . . is there one that could cure a crippled boy? (Kaspar does not answer. Amahl goes sadly to his pallet.) Never mind. Good night . . . (The Mother and Amahl have lain down. The Kings are still sitting on the rude bench. They settle themselves to sleep leaning against each other. The Page lies at their feet, beside the rich gifts.)

MOTHER: (The Mother cannot take her eyes from the treasure guarded by the Page.) All that gold! I wonder if rich people know what to do with their gold? Do they know how a child could be fed? Do they know that a house can be kept warm all day with burning logs? All that gold! Oh, what I could do for my child with that gold! Why should it all go to a child they don't even know?

They are asleep. Do I dare? If I take some they will never miss it. They won't miss it. (Slowly she creeps across the floor.) For my child . . . for my child.

(As the Mother touches the gold, the Page is aroused. He seizes her arm, crying out.)

PAGE: Thief! Thief!

MELCHIOR: What is it?

PAGE: I've seen her steal some of the gold. She's a thief! Don't let her go. She's stolen the gold!

KASPAR, MELCHIOR, BALTHAZAR: Shame! PAGE: Give it back! I'll tear it from you!

KASPAR, MELCHIOR, BALTHAZAR: Give it back! Give it back!

AMAH! (Amahl awakens. When he sees his mother in the hands of the Page, he helps himself up with his crutch and awkwardly huris himself upon the Page.) Don't you dare! Don't you dare, ugly man, hurt my mother! I'll smash

in your face! I'll knock out your teeth! (Rushing to King Kaspar) Oh, Mister King, don't let him hurt my mother! My mother is good. She cannot do anything wrong. I'm the one who lies, I'm the one who steals!

(At a sign from Kaspar, the Page releases the Mother. Amahl staggers toward her, sobbing.)

MELCHIOR: Oh, woman, you may keep the gold. The Child we seek doesn't need our gold. On love, on love alone, He will build His Kingdom. His pierced hand will hold no scepter. His haloed head will wear no crown. His might will not be built on your toil. Swifter than lightning He will soon walk among us.

He will bring us new life and receive our death, and the keys of His city belong to the poor. (Turning to the other Kings.) Let us leave, my friends.

MOTHER: (Freeing herself from Amahl's embrace, the Mother rushes after the Kings.) Oh, no, wait. Take back your gold! For such a King I've waited all my life. And if I weren't so poor I would send a gift of my own to such a child.

AMAH! But, Mother, let me send him my crutch. Who knows, he may need one and this I made myself.

(The Mother moves to stop him as he starts to raise the crutch. Amahl lifts the crutch. He takes one step toward the Kings, then realizes he has moved without the help of his crutch.)

MOTHER: But you can't, you can't!

AMAH! I walk, Mother. I walk, Mother!

BALTHAZAR, MELCHIOR, KASPAR: He walks!

MOTHER: He walks, he walks, he walks! KASPAR, MELCHIOR, BALTHAZAR: He walks! It is a sign from the Holy Child. We must give praise to the newborn King. We must praise Him. This is a sign from God.

(Having placed the crutch in the outstretched hands of the King Kaspar, Amahl moves uncertainly. With growing confidence, Amahl begins to jump and caper about the room.)

AMAH! Look, Mother, I can dance, I can jump, I can run! (Amahl stumbles.)

MOTHER: (She lifts Amahl from the floor.) Please, my darling, be careful now. You must take care not to hurt yourself.

MELCHIOR, BALTHAZAR: Oh, good woman, you must not be afraid. For he is loved by the Son of God. Oh, blessed child, may I touch you?

(One by one, the Kings pass before Amahl and lay their hands upon him. Then each with his gift to the Child begins to depart.)

AMAH! Oh, Mother, let me go with the Kings! I want to take the crutch to the Child myself.

KASPAR, MELCHIOR, BALTHAZAR: Yes, good woman, let him come with us! We'll take good care of him, we'll bring him back on a camel's back.

MOTHER: Do you really want to go?

AMAH! Yes, Mother.

MOTHER: Yes, I think you should go, and bring thanks to the Child yourself.

What can you do with your crutch?

AMAH! You can tie it to my back.

MOTHER: So, my darling, good-by! I shall miss you very much. Wash your ears!

MOTHER: Yes, I promise.

MOTHER: Don't tell lies!

AMAH! No, I promise.

MOTHER: I shall miss you very much.

AMAH! I shall miss you very much.

MELCHIOR: Are you ready?

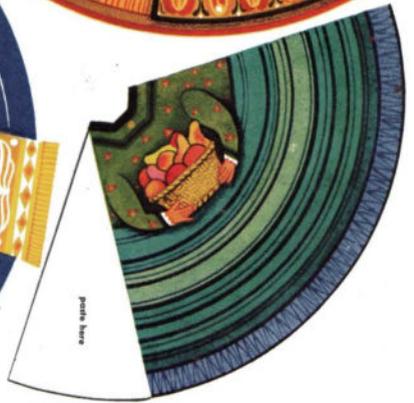
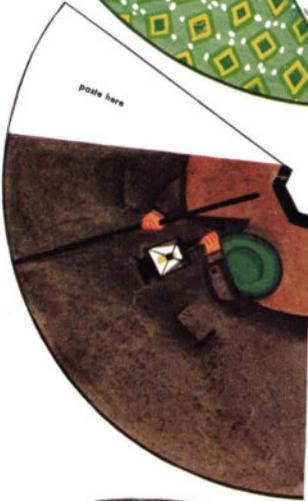
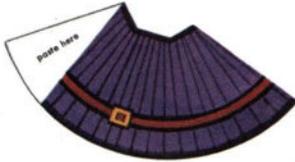
AMAH! Yes, I'm ready.

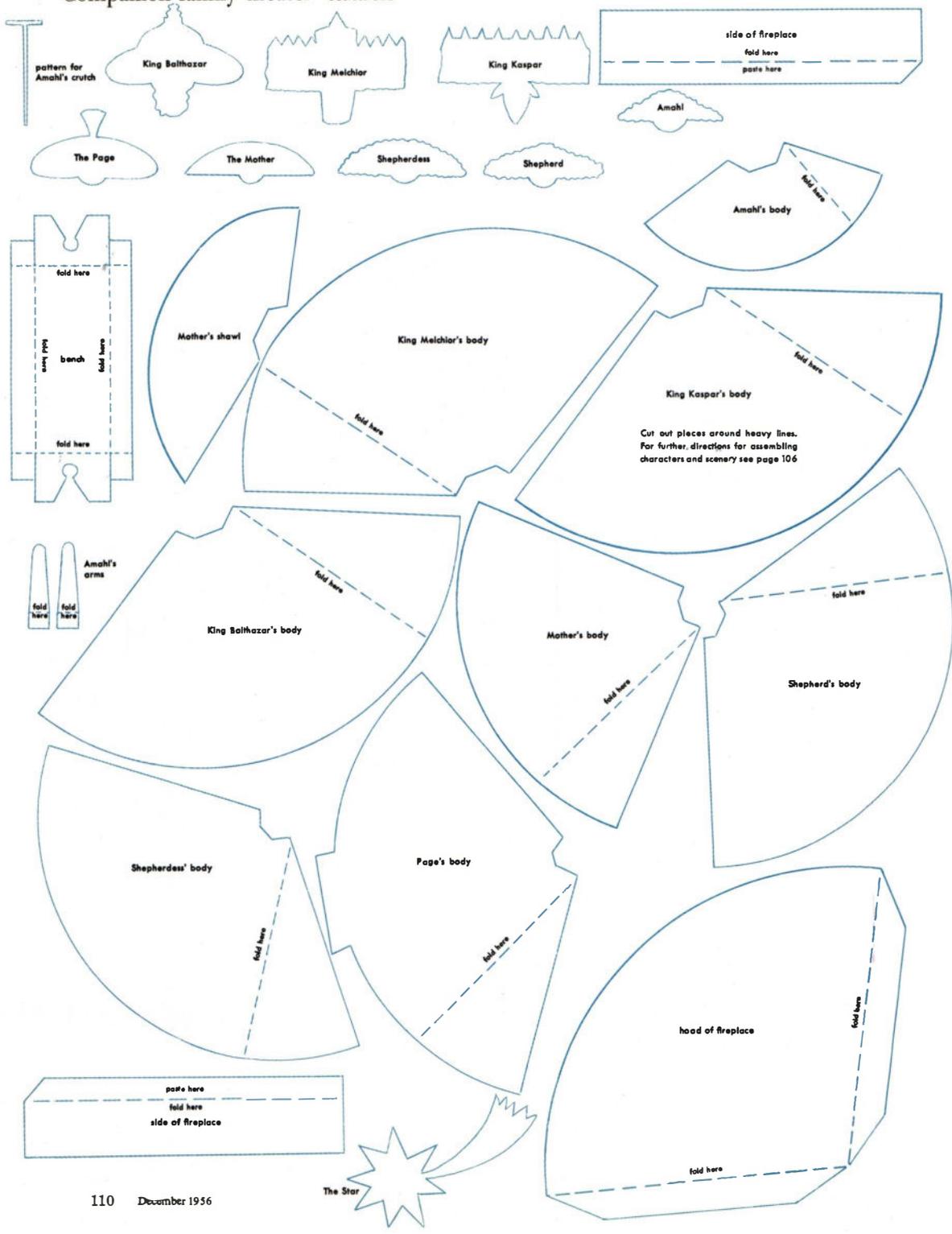
MELCHIOR: Let's go then.

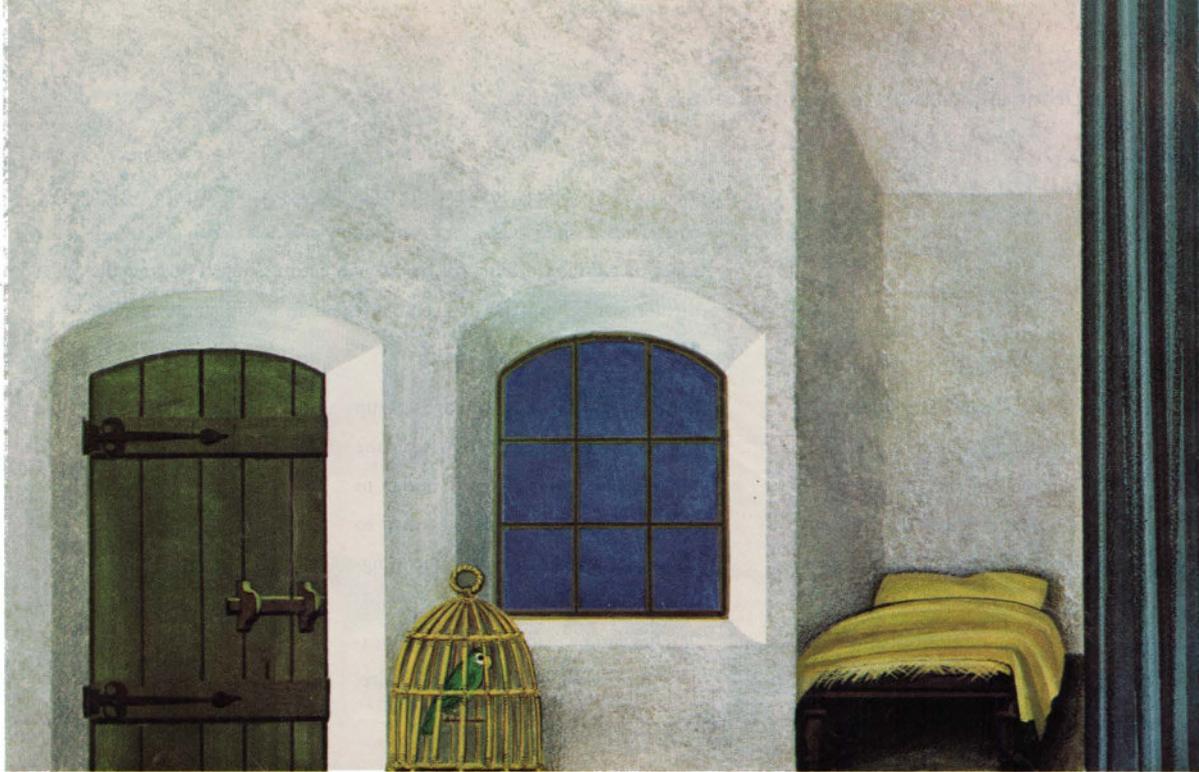
SHEPHERDS: Come, oh, come outside. A

the stars have left the sky. Oh, sweet dawn, oh, dawn of peace.

(Led by the Page, the Three Kings start their stately procession out of the cottage. Amahl rushes to his mother, bidding her good-by, then hurries to catch up with the Kings. Amahl begins to play his pipes as he goes. Outside dawn is brightening the sky. The Mother stands alone in the doorway of the cottage, waving to Amahl. The curtain falls very slowly.)



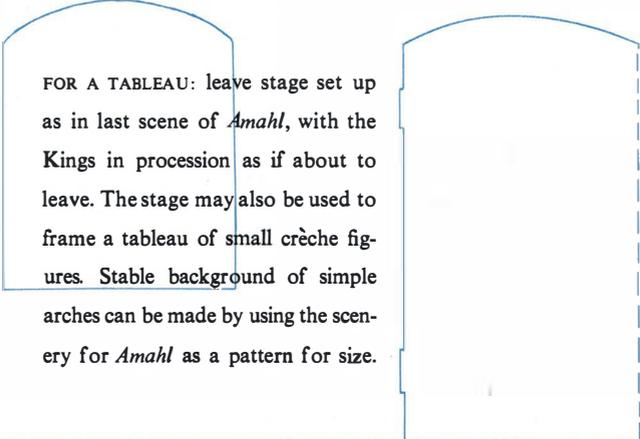




Other suggestions for Companion's family theater

FOR LIGHTING EFFECTS: cut two $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch frames of cardboard 5 by 13 inches with center cutouts 4 by 12 inches. Attach 5- by 13-inch sheet of pink cellophane to one frame with cellophane tape; blue cellophane sheet to other frame. Place blue frame on back of box top for night effect, pink on front of top for warm indoor effect.

TO LIGHT STAGE: train light through box top from fixture with a cone-shaped shade. Screen from audience's eyes with 20 by 30 sheet of cardboard with 10- by 12-inch cutout slipped around the theater just behind the proscenium. Bend so it will stand upright.



FOR A TABLEAU: leave stage set up as in last scene of *Amahl*, with the Kings in procession as if about to leave. The stage may also be used to frame a tableau of small crèche figures. Stable background of simple arches can be made by using the scenery for *Amahl* as a pattern for size.

HOW TO MAKE A CURTAIN: cut 2 lengths of $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch curtain rod or wooden dowels—one 14 inches long and one $10\frac{1}{2}$ inches long. Cut a strip of red velveteen or other fabric $10\frac{1}{2}$ by 15 inches; reinforce edges of long sides with cellophane tape to keep from raveling. Glue or sew one end to short rod for bottom of curtain, opposite end to long rod. Notch sides of box just behind proscenium; roll top rod in slots to raise and lower curtain.

OTHER PLAYS: Hansel and Gretel could be adapted by using *Amahl* figures as patterns for the children, the witch, the parents. Trace and paint your own designs on art paper; cut and glue around toy clothespins. Forest and gingerbread house may be painted on scenery made the same way as set for *Amahl*.

TO PRESERVE THEATER: spraying proscenium and scenery with clear lacquer will protect it from fingerprints, although it dulls colors a little. Particularly good if you wish to save stage for next year.

HOW TO USE MUSIC: try to listen to TV program of *Amahl* on December 16th. Records are available of the entire opera, also a libretto with music for piano. Use parts of records as a prologue. You may also play parts when the Kings sing about the Christ Child.

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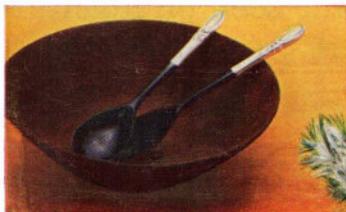


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Serving pieces (l. to r.): Large serving spoon in Coronation,* \$3.50; cold meat fork in South Seas,* \$3.50; pie or cake server in Morning Star,* \$5.50; pickle fork in White Orchid,* \$2; gravy ladle in Twilight,* \$3.50. Other pieces \$2.25 to \$13.50.

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