
Ladies' Home
JOURNAL
April
1960 35¢
The Magazine Women Believe In
Two Women in Churchill's Life
THE BRIDE WHO FELT UNMARRIED
9 Page Portfolio... Wedding to Remember Wardrobe and Reception for $500
A WOMAN FLEES IN THE NIGHT
a Shocking Story
Condensed Novel
COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE
Beginning a Great Romantic Serial – "MISTRESS OF MELLYN"
YOU'LL WANT TO SAVE ALL 5 ISSUES TO READ AND REREAD THIS NOVEL
By VICTORIA HOLT

Here's a completely new kind of vinyl floor. It's Tessera Corlon

Everything about Tessera Corlon is new. Colored vinyl chips in random patterns "float" in translucent vinyl. You can look down between them. Run your fingers over Tessera—you can actually feel the chips. And Tessera's natural textures blend elegantly with any decor. Ask your dealer for Armstrong Tessera Corlon. **FREE:** Send for actual sample of Tessera. Write Armstrong Cork Company, 6004 King Street, Lancaster, Pa. In Canada, Dept. 40-A, Box 919, Montreal, P. Q.

Tessera Corlon is one of the famous **Armstrong VINYL FLOORS**

1860-1960 Beginning our second century of progress

Floor is Armstrong Tessera Corlon, Style 86527. You can use it in any room—upstairs, ground level, downstairs.

How new BAN guards against "nervous perspiration"

What causes perspiration?

Why is the odor caused by nervous tension more offensive than the odor caused by physical exercise?

Do deodorants have to irritate the skin?

BAN's lotion formula is gentle enough for the softest feminine skin.

Read the facts about a remarkable new deodorant—called BAN® —that stops odor all day—and is gentle to your skin, besides.

What causes perspiration?

Medical science recognizes two different types of perspiration.

1. Thermal perspiration: This is caused by heat or exercise—and comes from relatively small, widely distributed glands.

2. Nervous perspiration: This is caused by emotional or nervous tension. The offensive odor it produces comes primarily from larger, more powerful glands in the underarm area.

Why is the odor caused by nervous tension so offensive?

The larger, more powerful glands that cause nervous perspiration are *constantly* building up secretions that "spill over" at the slightest everyday anxiety.

Getting the kids off to school—hearing the baby cry suddenly—being caught in a traffic jam. Any of these common situations can trigger nervous perspiration.

And nervous perspiration produces *even more offensive odor* than the hardest physical exercise!

How does new *BAN* guard against nervous perspiration?

Amazing Ban contains 22% *more protective ingredients* than the average leading deodorants. Ban protects against perspiration caused by heat, by exercise, *and* by nervous tension.

Ban helps keep underarms dry. Stops odor *all day*—even the offensive odor caused by nervous tension.

Do deodorants have to *irritate* the skin?

Many women feel that deodorants have to be harsh and irritating in order to be effective. This is simply not true. They don't. In fact, one of the ingredients in Ban is akin to the body's own soothing oils and emollients. Ban is *gentle* to all types of normal skin.

Today there are no less than forty-seven deodorants that *look* something like Ban—that have tried to copy its unique roll-on design. But Ban is still far and away the deodorant most Americans trust. No other deodorant has duplicated the *formula* of Ban.

You can purchase Ban at drug stores, most food, variety and department stores.

ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

Bunburgers

You make 'em—and bake 'em
—in the bun!

Here's a delicious new way to serve hamburger for dinner. Oh, so *very* good. Quick and easy, too.

It's hamburgers *in* the bun—with Hunt's Tomato Sauce *in* the meat—*and* as a tempting topping. Just about the juiciest, most delicious combination of flavors you can imagine!

The buns get crisp and crunchy. And the filling has a richness, a spicy tomato goodness that Hunt's, and Hunt's alone, can give. Because Hunt's is the *kettle-simmered* tomato sauce. Seasoned just right!

Do try Bunburgers; your family will "eat 'em up." That's not all. Try Hunt's Tomato Sauce in your favorite meatloaf, stew, pot-roast-and-gravy, fish dishes and casseroles. It's mighty good and mighty handy—for Quick Stunts at your house.

- 6 hamburger buns
- 1 lb. lean ground beef
- 2 tablesps. finely chopped onion
- 1 teasp. salt
- ⅛ teasp. pepper
- 2 8-oz. cans Hunt's Tomato Sauce

Hollow out centers of the buns, leaving bottoms and ½-inch rim. (You may use sliced or unsliced buns.) Crumble up the bread you have removed and mix well with meat, onion, salt, pepper and 1½ cans of Hunt's Tomato Sauce. Fill buns. Bake on cookie sheet in moderately hot oven (375°F.) for 20 minutes. Spoon remaining sauce over buns. Bake about 5 minutes more, until sauce is hot.

Hunt...for the best

HELPFUL RECIPES *on every can. Also write for FREE Recipe Booklet, "21 NEW WAYS TO SERVE HAMBURGER." Hunt Foods, Dept. K4, P.O. Box 5, Fullerton, California. In Canada: Hunt Foods, Tilbury, Ontario.*

Ladies' Home JOURNAL

April, 1960

VOL. LXXVII NO. 4

JOURNALITIES

From the author of our new serial, *The Mistress of Mellyn*, beginning on page 44: "It is essential that I hide my identity under the pseudonym, Victoria Holt, for reasons I cannot at present disclose. My husband and I live in London, with Kensington Gardens and Hyde Park just across the road. I have tried to write a story which will excite readers as much as it excited me."

Dr. Schauffler

Dr. Goodrich Schauffler (*Tell Me, Doctor*, page 34) tells us: "I was born in Highland Park, Illinois, attended Williams College and Harvard Medical School, with postgraduate work at Chicago. I then came to Portland, Oregon, where for thirty-three years I have specialized in gynecology and obstetrics. I have five children, ten grandchildren."

John MacDonald

The Trap of Solid Gold, page 64, belongs to a character who earns so much money he goes broke, a circumstance made believable by the skill of the writer, John MacDonald. He estimates he has earned more than a half million dollars in fourteen years of writing and "saved very little of it." Before that he was an Army colonel and didn't need money.

Cover Photograph of Kim Novak by John Engstead

CHANGE OF ADDRESS. At least 30 days before a change is to take effect please send your complete name, new address and a mailing label from a recent issue. If this is not possible, write out your old address and send it with the new one, including zone number. Address the Ladies' Home Journal, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pa. The post office will not forward copies unless you provide necessary postage. Duplicate copies cannot be sent. • Ladies' Home Journal, © 1960 The Curtis Publishing Company in U.S. and Great Britain. All rights reserved. Title registered in U.S. Patent Office and foreign countries. Published on last Thursday of month preceding date by The Curtis Publishing Company, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pa. Second-class postage paid at Philadelphia, Pa., and at additional mailing offices. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by Curtis Distributing Company, Ltd., Toronto, Ont., Canada. The names of characters in all stories are fictitious. Any resemblance to living persons is a coincidence. **Subscription Prices:** U.S., U.S. Possessions and Canada—1 Yr., $3.50; 2 Yrs., $6; 3 Yrs., $8.50; 4 Yrs., $11. Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Guatemala, Haiti, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Republic of Honduras, Salvador, Spain and South America (except the Guianas)—1 Yr., $4. All other countries—1 Yr., $7. Remit by Money Order or Draft on a bank in the U.S. payable in U.S. Funds. All prices subject to change without notice. **Unconditional Guaranty.** We agree, upon request direct from subscribers to the Philadelphia office, to refund the full amount paid for any copies of Curtis publications not previously mailed. **The Curtis Publishing Company.** Robert E. MacNeal, President; Mary Curtis Zimbalist, Sr. Vice Pres.; Cary W. Bok, Sr. Vice Pres.; Donald M. Hobart, Sr. Vice Pres. and Director of Research; Edward C. Von Tress, Sr. Vice Pres. and Director of Advertising; E. Huber Ulrich, Sr. Vice Pres. and Director of Circulation; Ford F. Robinson, Sr. Vice Pres. and Manager, Business Department; Brendan Berringer, Treasurer; Robert Gibbon, Secretary; Maurice S. Gould, Vice Pres. and Advertising Director of Ladies' Home Journal. The Company also publishes The Saturday Evening Post, Jack and Jill, Holiday and The American Home.

Printed in U. S. A.

LETTERS our readers write us

PENNSYLVANIA

LET'S SHOW A LITTLE RESPECT!

Dear Editors: The Capitol building in Washington is a stately and dignified setting for the Government of the United States; why, then, must tourists make a shambles of it?

Last summer when I visited the Capitol, I was shocked to the core by what I saw. Certainly I think it's wonderful that so many thousands of Americans bring their children to Washington each summer to show them our Government in action, and I watched with emotion as reverence was communicated from parent to child.

Nevertheless, I saw: A woman weighing at least 250 pounds, wearing a sleeveless plaid blouse, and blue jeans rolled up to her knees. At least a dozen women over fifty wearing abbreviated shorts and shirts. (All of them were bare-legged and most of them had varicose veins.) Many wore sun suits, some of which were strapless. Among hundreds of women, I observed only two who wore hats and carried gloves.

Almost all the teen-age girls I saw wore Bermuda shorts or shorter shorts; teen-age boys slouched under the classic arches with sport shirts open to their navels. Only one child (a Negro) seemed to have been scrubbed and dressed properly in deference to the place he was visiting. Some of the children were barefooted, many wore only rumpled shorts or play suits.

The men tourists were equally unkempt. A typical outfit was a wild Hawaiian shirt, wrinkled shorts, nylon socks halfway up hairy calves, and dusty black shoes. They all seemed to be chewing gum, and many carried bags of peanuts and threw the shells on the beautiful tile floors.

Washington is hot in summer, and one cannot expect a family coming in from a steaming day of sight-seeing to look as if they had stepped out of a bandbox. But the Capitol is air-conditioned; the legislators and newspapermen who work there all day wear ties and jackets. It would therefore seem possible that before entering the building women could cover their explosively naked sun dresses, men could put on coats and ties, and everyone's hair could be combed. As for shorts—well, don't they belong in the country and at the beach, and not on the streets of a big city?

Is it old-fashioned of me to suggest that our appearance, like our behavior, should suit the setting in which we expect to find ourselves? We make ourselves neat for church and teach our children to do likewise—partly out of respect for ourselves, and partly out of respect for a house of worship. Should we not show a similar respect for the building where our nation finds its heart and being?

Sincerely yours,
Wallingford — MARGARET P. BRITTER

VIRGINIA

SAY HELLO TO YOUR NEIGHBOR

Dear Editors: In the six years of my marriage, I've lived at eleven addresses in seven towns, four states, two nations. There has, of course, been great variety in accommodations, but with one exception, each move has had this in common: loneliness.

I'm writing to suggest that the JOURNAL start a drive to renew the old courtesy of calling—on new neighbors, the sick, the old, the forgotten. Our society is so mobile now that we need this gracious gesture more than ever.

Sincerely,
Falls Church — JUDY ROGERS

CALIFORNIA

MY FAVORITE DOCTOR

Dear Editors: Not for him the plush office, the swank car, the bank-account diagnosis in strict appointment hours. His was a plain, simple office up a flight of dusty stairs over the drugstore in a small Oklahoma town. Any hour of the day or night could find him rattling hurriedly along in his antiquated car, bellowing lustily, *Jesus, Lover of My Soul*, or some other hymn with a "good beat" to it, to answer a call—perhaps to one of the better homes on "the nice side of town"; or to a small shanty over in darktown; or "out ten miles past the Friend schoolhouse to the first road beyond the next section line and turn down three miles to the house—we'll hang a lantern on the gate."

As a child, I would go with him on some of his country calls, soaking up quite a bit of philosophy as we'd jolt along a washboard road. "See how tall that hill looks in the distance?" the doctor would say. "Now, you watch how it melts down to nothing as we get closer. That's the way trouble is. From a distance, it may look mighty big, but no use worrying about it, for the closer you get to it, the smaller it becomes."

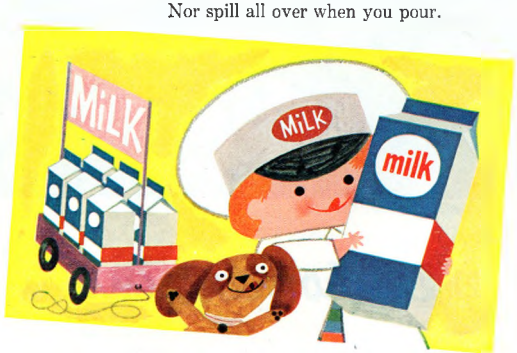
CONTINUED ON PAGE 7

Tell the man in the cheery wagon...

Tell the man in the cheery wagon
To bring you milk to fill your flagon,

Which will not smash upon the floor
Nor spill all over when you pour.

Your milk will be most fresh and pure
And health protection doubly sure!



It's sealed in Pure-Pak, and you can
Have home delivery—**Tell the man!**

At your store or at your door

Pure-Pak
® EX-CELL-O CORP DETROIT, MICH.
YOUR PERSONAL MILK CONTAINER

Dear Milkman:
Please leave our milk in Pure-Pak containers from now on.

(NAME)_____

"IT POURS LIKE A PITCHER"

PURE-PAK DIVISION, EX-CELL-O CORPORATION

There's something about Aunt Jemimas!

...ESPECIALLY WITH KRAFT STRAWBERRY PRESERVES

Aunt Jemimas greet more sunrises than any other pancakes. And no wonder—they're the all-time family favorite. Light, tender, with the *real* pancake flavor! Some day soon try strawberry preserves on your Aunt Jemimas. Great eating!

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

Comforting came naturally to him, radiating from his soft Southern speech. Somehow a sore throat instantly was better on his simple prescription of a warm-water-and-salt gargle; and no pulse could be much out of line when, if by chance, as he'd sit counting it holding his beloved pocket watch which was never wrong, the Rock Island would whistle outside town, and he'd frown and say, "Train's late. Due at 6:15 and it's now 6:18½."

Or "Great Caesar's ghost," he'd explode, making short work of any who were inclined to hypochondria. "What are you doing in bed? There's nothing wrong with you a little hard work and home cooking won't cure!"

My doctor pioneered to Oklahoma when it was still Indian Territory, and despite his simple, homespun deceptiveness, he kept a sharp mind up to date, poring over the American Medical Journal and professional books any moment he could spare from his large, but not lucrative, practice. He seldom, if ever, presented a bill, for "an honorable man pays his debts"—a theory not shared by all his patients.

During his later years, he became city and county health physician, and one day care and overwork made him collapse. When he was released from the hospital, it was with stern warnings to "take it easy" by his fellow physicians. Just two nights later he answered a call to attend a woman in labor at an itinerant trailer camp. The seventy-eight-year-old doctor sat through the cold night on an upended wooden box, bringing a child into the world. It was his last call. The stroke which hit him the next morning took his life.

His name was Eli Lide Dawson. To me, there is no question of who is "my favorite doctor." He was the greatest, and I am proud he was my father.

Sincerely,
Studio City — JAN DAWSON JENSEN

CORRECTION

Dr. Schauffler regrets that a statement in his December *Tell Me, Doctor* gives a misleading impression about breast feeding following the insertion of a breast prothesis. This operation will not cause later complications with lactation. ED.

NEW YORK

WHEN GADGETS WON'T WORK

Dear Editors: Two years ago we were faced with the problem of redoing a superannuated kitchen. Our architect suggested that we buy all the same kind of equipment, which we did. We were told that one repairman would then be familiar with all the equipment and the number of service calls would be minimum. Not so, alas!

Our confidence was first disabused when, after two weeks of use, the dishwasher refused to relinquish our plates, glasses and silverware. I explained to the company serviceman that I considered this an *emergency!* I asked only that they open the dishwasher immediately, not repair it. For five solid days, while I made numerous pleading phone calls, we stared at the dishwasher in helpless fury and ate off paper plates. Similar incidents followed.

The crashing climax was reached on the day when five different gadgets broke down at once. The wall-oven thermostat turned temperamental, the dishwasher handle broke, the refrigerator meat-tray groove fell off, the range indicator light burned out and the dryer apparently had ambitions to be a refrigerator and was cold, cold, cold!

I suggested that one competent electrician be sent to fix all my recalcitrant widgets. Their men, said the company service bureau, were not "jacks of all trades." So it took four trips and three men to set everything right.

The servicemen from the company were always pleasant and reasonably able. But I can't help feeling that I'm being charged for all their unnecessary trips. So I now have an intelligent "jack of all trades" who finds no difficulty in fixing everything. I love my new gadgets—when they work.

Sincerely yours,
Hastings-on-Hudson — ALLISON SIRNA

IOWA

EDITOR IN THE DOG HOUSE

Dear Mary: I am still bleeding a little about the picture you and Doris [otherwise known as Dream Girl—ED.] chose to appear in the February JOURNAL, but I am also on the road to recovery, and offer you forgiveness and absolution. But wasn't that a dreadful picture? It makes me look a little like Trujillo, the dictator of the Dominican Republic, but I don't look at all like him. . . . Do you still have that 8x10 of me at the typewriter outdoors? That is the one I would like to see published.

With warmest affection,
Des Moines — HARLAN

Mr. Miller as HE prefers.

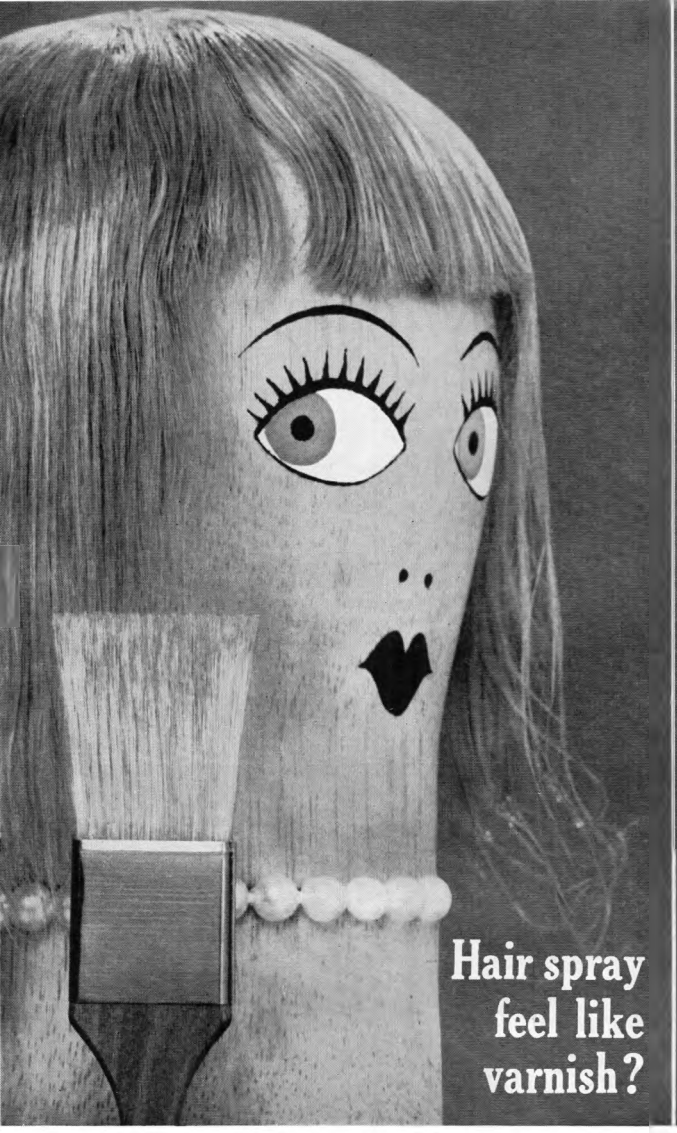
NEW YORK CITY

Dear Harlan: I suspect my taste just runs to strong men because I found you very reassuring in that picture. I reiterate, if I were going into the north woods or darkest Africa, I would choose you as my companion (with Doris' permission, of course).

Warmest regards,
MARY

The texture of coolness: Wicker Punch. It's the breezy-going coolness, the supple softness of this new textured leather that makes Wicker Punch so appealing. And the lighthearted feeling, the walk-the-world-over ease of these airy Cobbies make them your perfect companions for a dashing, doing summertime season. *Most Cobbies* **10.95** to **12.95**

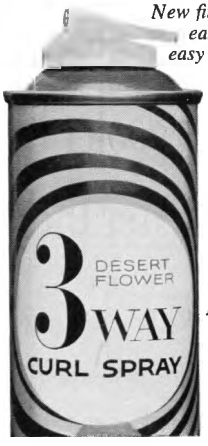
THE UNITED STATES SHOE CORPORATION, CINCINNATI 7, OHIO • THIS PRODUCT HAS NO CONNECTION WHATEVER WITH THE AMERICAN NATIONAL RED CROSS



NO STICKINESS, NO DRYNESS, NO DULLNESS EVER

New finger-rest lever...
easy to press...
easy to aim

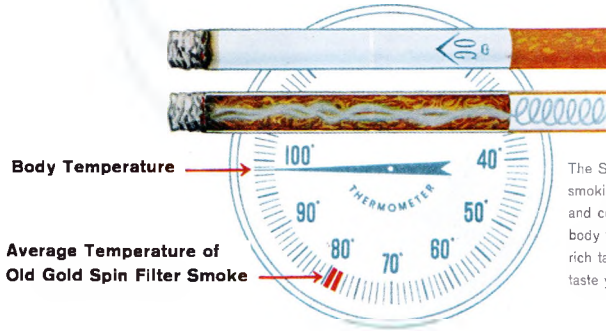
Now there's a spray that's made for real *live* beautiful hair-dos. Made to hold them longer...with none of the varnish-y feeling, none of the sticky stiffness you're used to in other hair sprays. How come? The secret's in the super-fine "lano-lized" mist that keeps hair soft, soft, soft...that gives your hair body, brilliance, springiness. Could you ask for anything more? Well...more there is! You spray with an exclusive *finger-rest* lever that gives you a super-fine spray with perfect comfort, perfect aim! So spray away with new 3 Way... *and don't let old-fashioned hair sprays get in your hair.* 1.50 plus tax



NEW 3 WAY® CURL SPRAY
SHULTON

Holds without stickiness...conditions dry hair...brightens dull hair

Old Gold's Spin Filter spins and cools the smoke to less than body temperature

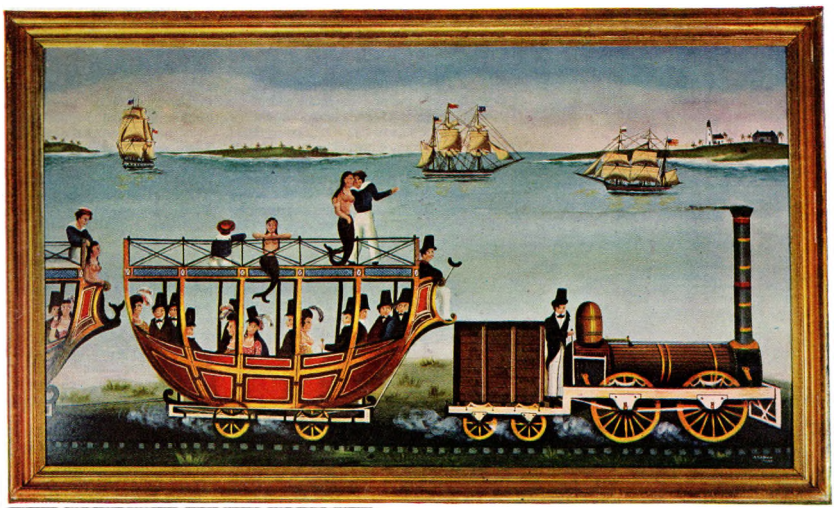


The Spin Filter actually improves smoking taste. Every puff spins and cools the smoke to less than body temperature. You get the full, rich taste of fine tobaccos—the best taste yet in a filter cigarette.

and the cooler the smoke ...the better the taste!

THE BEST TASTE YET IN A FILTER CIGARETTE

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL BRUCE GOULD
BEATRICE BLACKMAR GOULD EDITORS



COURTESY, PALM BEACH GALLERIES, WORTH AVENUE, PALM BEACH, FLORIDA

A primitive painter just "discovered" in the last six years, Ralph Cahoon specializes in the blend of fact and fantasy you see in "Sailors Beware." His collectors include art enthusiasts who live as far away as Africa and California and as nearby as his neighbors in Cape Cod, Massachusetts.

May I Tell You About My Heart Attack?

By DOROTHY THOMPSON

The best way to deal with a heart attack is to be the kind of person who is unlikely to have one! For certain types of personality do have an affinity for certain diseases.

You are, for instance, more likely to suffer a heart attack if you are an intellectual worker than you are if you are a manual worker, or if you are an executive than if you are a shipping clerk. You are more likely to suffer one if you have strong ambitions than if you are easygoing, and if your reaction to conditions of stress is anxiety than if it is anger. If you are given to anger you are more likely to have peptic ulcers. Keeping up with the Joneses is good for ulcers and bad for the heart, though keeping up with your own ideals of yourself may be even worse for the latter. If you are the choleric type that blows off steam, you are less likely to have a heart attack than if you are outwardly calm and apparently in full possession of yourself while inwardly you are emotionally bottled up.

Recent studies have suggested that writers, artists, executives, scientists and, above all, *physicians* are the chief candidates for angina pectoris or coronary thrombosis. These are people who are perpetually trying to surpass themselves, have a very high sense of responsibility, and grieve over failures. If you are under forty-five you are more likely to have a heart attack if you are a man than if you are a woman. Doctors believe that the presence of certain hormones in women of childbearing age protect their circulatory systems and hearts. After the menopause women are about as susceptible as men.

Among doctors heart attacks appear to be almost an occupational disease—as peptic ulcers are called the occupational disease of newspapermen. Generally this latter has been attributed to the pace of their lives, their careless methods of eating, and their tendency to drink too much—a picture of the newspaperman which is considerably exaggerated.

Newspapermen see, more than most, the seamy side of life and observe the follies of mankind, even of men in high office. Except when they achieve an eminence that allows them effectively to blow off editorially, what they see makes them angry, and anger makes them dyspeptic. If they gobble their food and drink too much, the cause is the same that gives them ulcers. It is sociopsychological.

If you do not believe in the interrelation between social and psychological factors and the state of health of the bodily organism, consider what has happened to the incidence of ulcers between the sexes since the end of the Victorian age and the emancipation of women! In the days of *Life With Father*, father was the unquestioned boss of home and family and lived in a highly secure emotional atmosphere. In those days mamma had the ulcers—the incidence of this disease among young women was extraordinarily high. Papa's insides were all right. Now, when men still bear the chief brunt of family responsibility but without the superior security of status that they once had in the family, papa has the ulcers.*

A certain snobbery exists among people who have recovered from heart attacks, probably attributable to an unconscious realization that, in some respects, they belong to an elite. Recovered victims—and their number is innumerable—have what amounts to an exclusive club; and the President's heart attack made them even more snooty. You have to have had a heart attack to know to how numerous a fellowship you belong, because before you are out of the hospital you will receive cards from total strangers, letters of advice, and messages that amount to congratulations rather than condolences, from members of the unregistered Coronary Club. These usually testify to the writers' feeling better than they had for years once they had recovered. All but one who wrote to me confessed, however, that they had never again lived exactly as they had before; they had cut out many activities that actually they did not greatly enjoy and performed only for social reasons. Some had found joy in new activities as substitutes—one had become an enthusiastic amateur painter.

Having been ordered to reduce or eliminate their intake of animal fats and sugars, they found the treatment was not temporary and that they had to keep them reduced. The reason for this is the existence of cholesterol (fatty deposits) in the blood vessels, the presence or absence of which can be determined by tests. Of course if those deposits are there, they narrow the vessels and compel the heart to work harder. You will be advised not to eat fatty foods of any kind, avoid cream and use only vegetable fats or oils when they are required. If you have been prejudiced against margarine, you will have to get over it. You will also have to reduce your intake of eggs, because of the fatty yolk. And if you have been a heavy smoker you will have to cut out cigarettes—or cut them radically down. And you may as well face up to the fact that, with occasional lapses, you will stay on this regimen for life.

If you are wise, you "do exactly what your doctor tells you"—and recover completely.

I have been thoroughly inclined to follow my doctor's orders, because I have enormous confidence in him, and not the slightest confidence in my capacity to prescribe for myself, even if I were not in a leaning mood in which I am abnormally inclined to put my troubles off onto others. But those medicines!

Dicumarol, for instance. This is an anticoagulant, designed to prevent clots in the blood stream—the immediate cause of a thrombosis. But it is a tricky drug. If you took enough of it you would, I presume, have a condition similar to hemophilia, in which the blood does not clot at all, and a slight wound can be fatal. The dosage is prescribed only in connection with weekly tests of the blood, each of which determines whether the intake is to be retained as during the previous week or whether it is to be reduced or augmented. Sometimes the dosage is different for alternate days—and I am afraid I will get the days mixed up, a condition of anxiety that I hope will not contribute to another heart attack!

There are pills to keep the blood pressure even, pills to cheer me up, pills to strengthen the heart muscle, pills to relax the nerves, and pills to help me sleep. All my life I have been antipill, but now my dressing table confronts me with a whole battery of bottles, containing tablets pink and green, and capsules white and gray, and I obediently swallow them.

Meanwhile I feel perfectly well, except for a certain lassitude which I suspect is due, partly at least, to the pills. But although six months have elapsed since the attack that landed me for a month in the hospital and another month in bed most of the time at home, and to diminished social, mental and physical activity still, my heart has not entirely recovered. There are still symptoms of weakness as revealed in cardiograms, now rather infrequently taken. The pills—or some of them—are therefore indicated for some time to come, and as far as I can extract any definite information, the Dicumarol, as a deterrent, indefinitely—and therefore the blood tests.

There is no reason why this should interest anyone except prospective heart patients. It is well, however, to know in advance that one does *not* fully recover from an acute heart attack quickly. One is not usually "just as well as ever" in six months. It is better to count on taking things for a year rather more easily than one anticipated.

You will be able to accept this long convalescence cheerfully or otherwise, depending on your temperament.

I am the type that suffers from feelings of guilt or frustration if she is not working productively or creatively, and who has always worked best under a degree of tension. But I am not sure that this dependence on tension is not a bad habit induced by years of meeting deadlines three times a week during the long time when I was writing a newspaper column. Writing a book, which I am now trying to do, requires a slower pace and more calm. It might be that an imposed slowness will actually help mellow it—or would, if I could make myself over a little more successfully!

Knowledge comes by taking things apart—analysis. But wisdom comes by putting things together.

TAKEN FROM TEACHER'S TREASURY OF STORIES FOR EVERY OCCASION

All writers have one advantage over others: the capacity to be interested even in their own misfortunes, and to want to record them. The chief effect, therefore, of having had a heart attack has been to make me fascinated by what happened to me. Like so many heart attacks, it came *apparently* right out of the blue sky. I went to lunch with a friend—on an exceptionally hot July day on which I had been exceptionally physically active—and over a glass of iced coffee suddenly got a rather severe pain in my chest, that traveled up into my jaws and down into my left arm. I complained of it, and he remarked with concern, "It looks like heart." It did indeed. It looked like what had happened to my husband almost exactly a year before and which had ended fatally, but he had had previous warnings and had an excessively high blood pressure, which I did not.

I did not lie down; it subsided, I drove my friend to his home and myself, after several errands, ten miles to my own, and then lay down to rest. Then it came again, this time much worse, and I sent for the doctor. He gave me medicaments, the pain subsided, and following instructions I went to bed. But two days later I had a much worse attack—and this time I felt pretty serious about myself—and was taken in an ambulance to the hospital.

At the time of the first attack I had been very much depressed. To what extent was this emotional upset, compounded of several factors, a contributing cause of the attack? I do not know, and neither did my doctors, but none of those who cared for me in hospital and out of it would dismiss the fact of my emotional condition as irrelevant. The most modern physicians no longer do so.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 14

* See *Social Science in Medicine*, Leo W. Simmons and Harold G. Wolff, Russell Sage Foundation.

VOLTAGE

the essence of excitement

Cherished gift...the cherished fragrance of new Voltage...incredibly feminine! madly flattering! Dorothy Gray creates this essence of excitement in a beautiful new gift series for the important occasions ahead: Easter, Mother's Day, Graduation.

Perfume—¾ oz. $5.
Concentrate—1½ oz. $2, 3 oz. $3.
Concentrate Atomist—3 oz. $3.
Concentrate Deluxe Mist—2 oz. $5.
Dusting Powder—4½ oz. $2.50.
Special Gift Set, $3.

Dorothy Gray

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12

Psychosomatic knowledge is at least one hundred years old. It fell into disrepute with the immense advance in biophysical knowledge and the phenomenal cures brought about by the application of the physical sciences—biology, physics and chemistry. But in the last ten years it has again become recognized that the whole person, not just one of his organs, is involved in an illness; that the human person is not just a chemical compound but a social and psychological organism that is somehow all of a piece. Shocks, griefs, disappointments, frustrations do reflect themselves physically. The heart does skip a beat, the teeth do chatter, the blood does leave the brain and a faint ensue under conditions of exceptional emotional stress.

The language is full of everyday phrases that translate into *physical* terms emotional states of the heart:

"My heart stood still . . . was in my boots . . . was in my throat . . . turned over . . . jumped . . . sank . . . leaped for joy . . . broke . . . melted . . . was full. Heartsick . . . wring the heart . . . 'the heart bowed down by weight of woe' . . . Richard the Lion-Hearted . . . heavyhearted, hardhearted, softhearted. A heart of stone . . . of lead . . . of ice."

The heart is "the fountain of sweet tears," according to Wordsworth. "Gladness of the heart is the life of man," according to Ecclesiasticus, and the heart can break, "yet brokenly live on," according to Byron. And nothing is more terrifying than a "heartless" person, whom Shakespeare called "a marble-hearted fiend."

And, indeed, without a heart attack we have all had real heartaches, resembling in less acute form the symptoms of a physical attack.

In the last decade an enormous amount of research has been done in the relation of the social sciences and individual psychology to physical disease. Such research may easily pave the way to the next greatest advances in medicine. But it will have its difficulties, for it is much easier to deal with the concrete physical body, subject to measurable tests, than with the mind and soul.

Whatever induces a heart attack, a stay in a good hospital is helpful to both body and soul. I was lucky. The little hospital into which I was delivered largely because it was the nearest to my country home could not have been better. It is an institution with only forty beds, situated in a village but serving an area of half a dozen other villages and farmland. The nurses may not be bachelors of science, but they were warmhearted, cheerful, skillful women, always on hand when one needed them, and seeming to care about my comfort as a mother would care for her child's. The diet food was tastefully cooked and served; the water was always changed in the vases of flowers sent by loving friends; in short, I was extremely pampered, and the pampering helped not only to heal my physical heart but to lift my depression and heal that other heart which is more than a bodily organ!

Incidentally, there was nothing initially wrong with that vigorous muscle the size of your clenched fist, which performs the amazing function of distributing blood and oxygen

CONTINUED ON PAGE 17

Orchids by ORCHIDS OF HAWAII, INC.

Even last week's orchids stay fresh in Tupperware!

It's true! Everything a garden grows stays fresher, longer, in Tupperware . . . everything from orchids to onions. With Tupperware you can preserve the loveliness and fragrance of your corsage for another party . . . or enjoy the crispy goodness of today's salad for another day's lunch-time treat. ■ Here's how Tupperware does it: The patented Tupper Seal locks air *out*—locks flavor and freshness (and fragrance) *in!* It's smart to economize by turning leftovers into "plan-overs" with Tupperware. ■ Tupperware is even fun to *buy*. It's sold at friendly home parties. Plan now to attend—or have—a Tupperware party. You'll see how Tupperware's beautiful unbreakable plastic containers save food *or* flowers — and time in *your* kitchen! ■ Call your local Tupperware dealer or distributor. See TUPPERWARE in the Yellow Pages under "Housewares" or "Plastics." Or write Dept. J-4, Tupperware Home Parties Inc., Orlando, Fla.

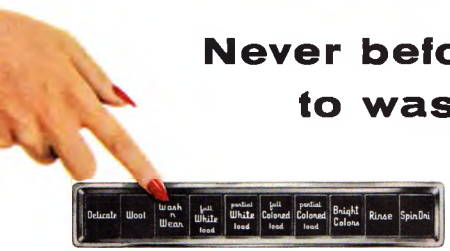
COMMENDED BY PARENTS' MAGAZINE

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

TUPPERWARE HOME PARTIES INC., ORLANDO, FLORIDA

THE MAYTAG COMPANY, NEWTON, IOWA. SOLD IN CANADA AND THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

Never before has it been this simple to wash clothes exactly right



NEW MAYTAG EXCLUSIVE: You push just one button. No dials to turn. No charts to learn.

Even if you're a bride and have never done a laundry in your life, you can wash any washable fabric perfectly with this new Maytag Automatic. For all you have to know is the kind of load you want to wash. Simply put the clothes in and push the button that describes them. The new Maytag does the rest.

This new Maytag *automatically* selects the *correct* water level, washing temperature, washing time, and agitation speed; rinsing temperature and rinsing time; even the speed of the spin.

There's a button for every kind of load you'll ever wash, plus a button that lets you rinse things separately and a button that lets you spin dry separately. See this exclusive new automatic – and its matching Halo of Heat® Dryer – at your Maytag dealer's now.

Maytag's Automatic Bleach Dispenser knows exactly when to add the bleach.

Maytag's Lint-Filter Agitator eliminates the problem of unsightly lint.

MAYTAG—the dependable automatics

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14

to every part of the body, with unfailing regularity from the day one is born until one dies. One takes one's heart so much for granted that if it stops for a second or ceases to function properly, the recognition is accompanied by great fear. But the heart, in heart "attacks," is usually an innocent bystander. The culprits are the blood vessels; these may contain "plaques" which narrow the vessels. Or the heart may be affected by high blood pressure, arising from the kidneys or from the central nervous system (again affected by emotions), which requires the heart to pump under a higher head of steam.

A thrombosis is due to a blood clot in a vessel, which shuts blood off from an area of the heart and deprives the muscle of adequate nourishment. A cramping of the heart is due to its being called upon to perform more than it is capable of, due to lack of co-operation from the blood vessels. That condition is called angina pectoris. The symptoms are identical and the treatment the same. If blood is shut off altogether, one dies very quickly. Though there are cases to the contrary, the probability is that if you don't die quickly you will recover.

No human being has ever invented a machine as amazing as the heart. It takes care of every sort of physical emergency; it automatically goes into high gear to increase its pumping of blood in case of hemorrhage; it speeds up against anemia; it is the great compensator.

In education we are striving not to teach youth to make a living, but to teach youth to make a life, in the sense that a life is useful happiness and well-spent leisure.

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

But emotional stresses as well as physical causes restrict the blood vessels, and the heart muscle to fulfill its function of keeping you alive from minute to minute, diffusing blood and oxygen, must be strong enough to keep at it. When an attack occurs and the circulation is cut off in part, an intense inflammation sets in and a firm muscle becomes, in the affected area, a soft mass. But the heart, given help, soon starts to heal itself. New fibrous tissue grows to replace the injured area, which in time shrinks below the original muscle size. Meanwhile, new collateral blood vessels are formed—brand-new ones—to take over the interrupted circulation.

While this remarkable process of self-healing is going on, the progress of which can be recorded on the electrocardiograph, it is self-evident that the least possible additional strain should be put upon the organ. The basic cure for all heart attacks is rest. Because the heart is always in there pitching, and the therapy is to require it to pitch as little as possible. If anyone in perfect health runs upstairs or uphill, his pulse will accelerate. When one's heart is in the early stages of healing, one does not even walk upstairs, and until it is quite well one walks, if one must, one slow step at a time. Active use of the arms excites the heart. For weeks I was not allowed to touch a typewriter and all my writing was longhand. I am still not allowed to drive a car.

All the medicines are secondary to rest, for, I repeat, the heart, that doughty little center of life, if not too massively damaged cures itself if it is given a break. Drugs are either preventive, such as Dicumarol, or are for reducing blood pressure and therefore taking some load off the heart. But mental and emotional depression burdens the physical heart too. No one knows why, or exactly how, but experience shows that the phrase "My heart is heavy" is not just a manner of speaking.

Cheerfulness is extremely healthful. But we cannot all be like the colored lady who, when asked how come she looked twenty years younger than her years, said, "When I works I works hard; when I sets I sets loose; and when I worries I goes to sleep." That blessed soul is not likely to have a heart attack. END

Glorious eating...

for better health through better nutrition

Delicious, exotic Shrimp Curry—with the wholesome bonus of Wesson, the pure vegetable oil. It's poly-unsaturated.

Starting today—enjoy tempting meals prepared with Wesson . . . get the extra-good nutrition your family needs for good health.

Wesson preserves vitamins in cooking—even helps us absorb more of certain vitamins. And Wesson itself is rich in Vitamin E. Lighter and clearer than any other brand, Wesson is also an unsurpassed source of concentrated food energy that stays with you. While an average serving of this Shrimp Curry, served with rice and garnishes, totals only about 480 calories, these calories satisfy hunger longer.

Among all leading brands, poly-unsaturated Wesson is unexcelled when medical recommendation specifies a readily-available vegetable oil to replace solid fat. Wesson is processed for optimum poly-unsaturates, therefore—unlike solid shortenings—it is never hydrogenated.

FREE. For 16-page booklet of delicious Wesson recipes with your health in mind, write The Wesson People, Box 873, New Orleans 2, La.

WESSON SHRIMP CURRY. Cook 2 cut onions in 3 tablesp. Wesson 5 min. Mix in 2 tablesp. flour, 1 teasp. curry powder, ¾ teasp. salt, dash pepper, 1 cup water, ½ cup raisins, 2 cloves. Stir till thick. Add juice and grated peel of ½ lemon, 1 lb. cleaned raw shrimp.* Cover, cook slowly 15 to 20 min. Serve with rice and garnishes of chopped water chestnuts, shredded cabbage, pimiento, parsley, orange peel. 4 servings, about 480 calories each. **Or use 2 cans (5-oz. size) Blue Plate or Gulf Kist or Dunbar brand shrimp, drained. Omit salt, add shrimp just before serving.*

Delicious
Wesson
Lighter, Clearer and Poly-unsaturated

PUBLIC AFFAIRS
EDITED BY
MARGARET HICKEY

Still Too Few

By MARGARET HICKEY

What is a Homemaker? To children whose mother has been taken to the hospital, she is the friendly woman who fixes their lunch, reads a story, and keeps unhappiness and disorder at bay. To an elderly man or woman, she is the visitor whose help with housework and marketing makes the difference between independence and placement in an institution. To a handicapped mother—learning to live with the results of disabling illness—she is the means of holding a family together.

Not nurses, not domestics, these women capably take on the tasks which keep a home running. They are paid—but they are rewarded, too, by their own pleasure in "doing for people," in reducing the stress of family crisis by their practical skills.

Homemaker services are still few throughout the country. Administered by a variety of organizations—social and health agencies, public-welfare departments, private voluntary groups—they are available in only about 150 of the nation's 3100 counties.

How can this down-to-earth, immensely valuable service be brought to more communities?

In New Jersey, citizens' groups have shown what volunteers can do in this field. Community sponsors of the now 16 services, which reach 14 counties, include Junior Leagues (as in this month's story of the Morris County project), Rotary Clubs, Zonta Clubs, councils of Jewish women, medical societies and their women's auxiliaries, and many others. A voluntary Consultant Committee on Visiting Homemaker Services, working with the state health department and local groups, has done much to encourage new programs.

In North Carolina, an experiment in homemaker care for the elderly and disabled is being conducted by the state public-welfare department with $20,000 granted by the Doris Duke Foundation, plus Federal matching funds for public assistance. In three rural and semirural counties, visits by homemakers once or twice weekly are proving the human and practical values of keeping older people living in their homes and communities as independently as possible, as long as possible. END

A brand-new baby can sometimes manage to turn a home topsy-turvy, but with a Visiting Homemaker on hand to cook, clean, launder and help with the children, the Murray household is running smoothly. Here Mrs. Fern B. Faircloth shows Morgan Murray the right way to pat sister Elizabeth's soft, soft hair.

PRACTICAL HELP WHEN FAMILIES NEED IT

. . . Homemaker Service in Morris County, N. J.

Not long ago in Morris County, New Jersey, tragedy struck when a twenty-four-year-old mother died of a childhood heart condition. She left her husband, only twenty-five himself and a high-school English teacher, and their two sons, aged three and two.

Many people helped. Neighbors took the boys at first, then their maternal grandparents, who lived on Long Island. But their grandfather was suddenly transferred to Florida—departure time within a week. The young father, who had been making trips to see them every Sunday while he tried desperately to plan for the future, had to make all his decisions in a hurry.

He says, "The only thing I was sure of was that the boys and I had to stay together. I thought about moving to Florida, but I loved my job, and I hated the idea of giving up the house that my wife and I had just bought. It was in a good neighborhood abounding with children. But a live-in housekeeper would cost me, with board, about $300 a month. I'm a teacher. I just couldn't afford that."

It wasn't long, however, before two different people told him about the Morris County Visiting Homemaker Service. He reached assistant supervisor Mrs. Mary F. Fletcher by telephone. She was immediately sympathetic. "I'd like to give you our Mrs. Gannon," she told him. "She's particularly wonderful with young children. She has seventeen grandchildren herself."

"Do you think you could get her by next Monday?" asked anxious Mr. Hughes.

"I'll try," said Mrs. Fletcher.

Mr. Hughes says, "Up to the last minute I was afraid something would go wrong. My mother had left her home in Brooklyn and come down to help, but her health had not been good for years, and she couldn't handle two little boys alone. I woke up Monday morning feeling scared. My mother is really quite frail, and whoever came was going to have to take on an awful lot. I'd never even met Mrs. Gannon. I could have—but I'd taken Mrs. Fletcher's word. When she walked in the door on the dot of eight, I had the biggest

feeling of relief I'd had in some time! She just looked at the kids and said 'Hi!' Then she started right in talking to them. When I left she was getting ready to do the breakfast dishes, and she said to me, 'You go along now. Everything's going to be just *fine!*'"

Mrs. Gannon, gray-haired and grandmotherly, took over the household completely on school days from eight to four, when Mr. Hughes got home. She cooked and cleaned and laundered, but she had other more unexpected skills as well. She gave two-year-old Michael, who has bright red hair, trike lessons. She chatted comfortably away with Billy, encouraging him to talk out some of his confusions of the last few weeks. Mr. Hughes says, "There was no question about her giving them love—but with the right kind of discipline too. Billy's table manners even improved."

Within days, the worried look on his face had eased. And down at the headquarters of the Morris County Visiting Homemaker Service, in the charming old Colonial house in Morristown which it shares with the county's Family Service and Visiting Nurse agencies, Mrs. Fletcher listed another case of a home literally held together after a family crisis.

Morris County's Visiting Homemaker Service does not provide baby sitters or extra domestic help. It provides makers of homes—and only families who are in need of all this implies are eligible for its help.

VHS was started in 1955, but its beginnings were tentative. A committee sponsored by the Morris County Community Chest had made a study of the county's needs, had recommended such a service, but the Community Chest's board of directors proposed a two-year trial period at first. Many doctors, nurses and people engaged in social and welfare work had helped the committee make its study, but one agency in particular, the already-existing Family Service of Morris County, was especially keen to see a local homemaker service started. It *knew* there were times when a family needed something other than intermittent counseling from its own trained social workers, or other than a few hours a week from a visiting nurse.

Family Service agreed to provide direction and sponsorship during those first two years, and the Junior League of Morristown offered further financial support and volunteer aides. A trained social worker was hired as part-time supervisor, the first group of women were screened and trained as "homemakers." Their fee would be $1.25 an hour, payable by the family except in cases of need.

In 1957 the two years of experience were evaluated. Says blue-eyed Mrs. Eugene L. Watkins, present chairman of the Homemaker Committee (its policy-making board), who began her association as a Junior League volunteer, "It was apparent that the homemaker service was bigger than anyone had thought. By our second year, after news of the service had begun to spread by word of mouth, requests doubled. It was obviously meeting a definite community need."

Today Morris County's Homemaker Service has a full-time professional supervisor, Mrs. Margaret Peake, and her assistant, Mrs. Fletcher. Seven volunteers, most of them Junior Leaguers, visit families requesting service, find out what is needed, make recommendations to Mrs. Peake. A corps of between 20 and 30 "homemakers" are on call (VHS has trained in all some 50 women), last year gave more than 20,000 hours of service to over 300 families.

Morris County's is the only homemaker service in New Jersey using volunteers as its investigators, or "case aides," but Mrs. Watkins is sure that this unique local practice helps strengthen community interest. She herself began as a case aide, and although she is the wife of a busy Morristown surgeon, has two school-age children and a host of other activities as well as her chairmanship, she cannot resist giving several hours a week to case-aide work. She says, "It's like anything else—when you love it, you find time for it." Daughter of a physician herself, psychology major and trained nurse's aide during the war, she says, "Of course we aim to keep our volunteer work on a professional level. Case aides are given a course in interviewing, make their first visits with someone experienced. We learn to spot when a family needs referral to a trained counselor on the Family Service staff, or perhaps medical care. We ask for permission to talk to a family's doctor when necessary. We have close ties with all the health and welfare resources of the county; this is what gives us our strength."

But then she quickly adds, "Our *real* strength is in our homemakers themselves." These women, many of them grandmothers, must satisfy VHS as to their characters and pass a physical exam as well. They take a homemaking course offered by Rutgers' extension department that includes a smattering of everything from nutrition to geriatrics to child psychology. They are then ready to go forth, bringing serenity, courage and skilled hands to a wide range of situations.

Mrs. Peake says, "When we began, most of our cases involved hospitalization of the mother—usually to have a new baby," but VHS offers flexible hours and long-term care, and it now helps meet many of today's most serious social problems. Doctors and other agencies often refer families to VHS, but the majority of people who call or come to the Morristown headquarters do so because they have heard about it from someone else. A married daughter telephones. Her husband is being transferred across the country, but she can't persuade her elderly father to leave the house where he has lived for fifty years. He could manage by himself if a homemaker could drop in for two hours a day. A frantic young husband comes in. His wife has suffered severe anxiety since the birth of their third baby. Yesterday she had a complete breakdown and must go to a mental hospital. Could VHS help—beginning tomorrow at eight o'clock? Families disrupted by mental illness have risen sharply of late in VHS files. The aged, the ill, deserted mothers who must go out to work all help fill the files.

When asked, "Would it be right to repay good for evil?" Confucius replied, "No, for how then would you repay good? Repay good with good, and evil with justice."

VHS homemakers (most of them drive cars) range across Morris County, with its population (and proportionate crises) of a quarter of a million souls. Mrs. Watkins says, "Like most social agencies, we could do even more if we had more money." VHS is now an autonomous agency (no longer under Family Service), and a recipient of county Community Chest funds, but these do not cover all its expenses. The $1.25 an hour (plus carfare) charged families who can afford it covers only the cost of the homemaker. But VHS never turns down a family in need. It must raise homemaker fees for these, plus its own administrative expenses. The Morristown Junior League has given, over a period of five years, over $10,000. Another $10,000 was raised in a community drive. More recently, other agencies such as the county Heart Association or the Association for Mental Health have helped in cases where they had a concern.

Those who are helped, like Mr. Hughes, are usually eager to tell others how much the service has meant. Mrs. Gannon stayed with the Hughes family for close to two months. Since her services cost him $55 a week, he eventually made a happy arrangement with his wife's sister and her husband to share his household with them. Billy and Mike now have their beloved young aunt at home all day, and two first cousins to play with. But Mr. Hughes says, "It was that first period that was the worst. They had been away from home, and now they were back, and this raised all sorts of questions as to where their mother was. Some of their questions were cruelly hard to answer. My wife and I had had happy, well-balanced kids, and I was terribly anxious to keep them that way. Mrs. Gannon answered their questions with wonderful tact, and yet with honesty too. She had a whale of a job, I tell you. But she did it." END

Skillet Corn... new for lunch or supper—

hearty with rich Del Monte Cream Style Corn

Watch the country flavor of DEL MONTE Cream Style Corn make fast friends for this easy dish!

And you can't beat DEL MONTE for rich corn cream, either. Smooth and velvety, it's crowded with meltingly tender golden kernels – a really satisfying cream style, any way you serve it.

Notice the wonderful natural corn fragrance, too. You can tell, even before you taste it, that DEL MONTE Corn is raised for special sweetness and specially delicious flavor.

That's why DEL MONTE is America's favorite cream style corn, by far. Don't be content with less—ask for DEL MONTE every time.

SKILLET CORN

- 2½ oz. (about 1 cup) shredded dried beef, rinsed if salty
- 2 tablespoons minced onion
- 2 tablespoons butter or margarine
- 1 tablespoon flour
- ¾ cup milk
- 1 No. 303 can (17 oz.) DEL MONTE Brand Golden Cream Style Corn
- ½ cup shredded cheddar cheese
- 2 tablespoons minced green pepper (or pimento or stuffed olives)

Lightly fry beef and onion in melted butter until beef begins to curl. Stir in flour. Add milk; cook, stirring, till thickened. Add corn; heat till hot. Add cheese and green pepper; stir over low heat just till cheese melts. Serve at once on buttered toast triangles or in buttered toast cups. Serves 4-5.

Toast Cups: Butter muffin tins. Remove crusts from 8-10 slices thin-sliced sandwich bread; brush with melted butter. Press into muffin tins; bake in mod. hot oven (375° F.) about 12 min.

Del Monte® Corn

Cream Style • Family Style Whole Kernel • Vacuum Packed Whole Kernel

Butter Yellow

Fashion's freshest color news for Spring!

LACE DRESS BY WILL STEINMAN. JEWELRY BY MARVELLA. FLORAL DRESS BY SAMUEL WINSTON. COAT BY JUNIOR SOPHISTICATES. HAT BY MR. JOHN. CAKE BY BETTY CROCKER.

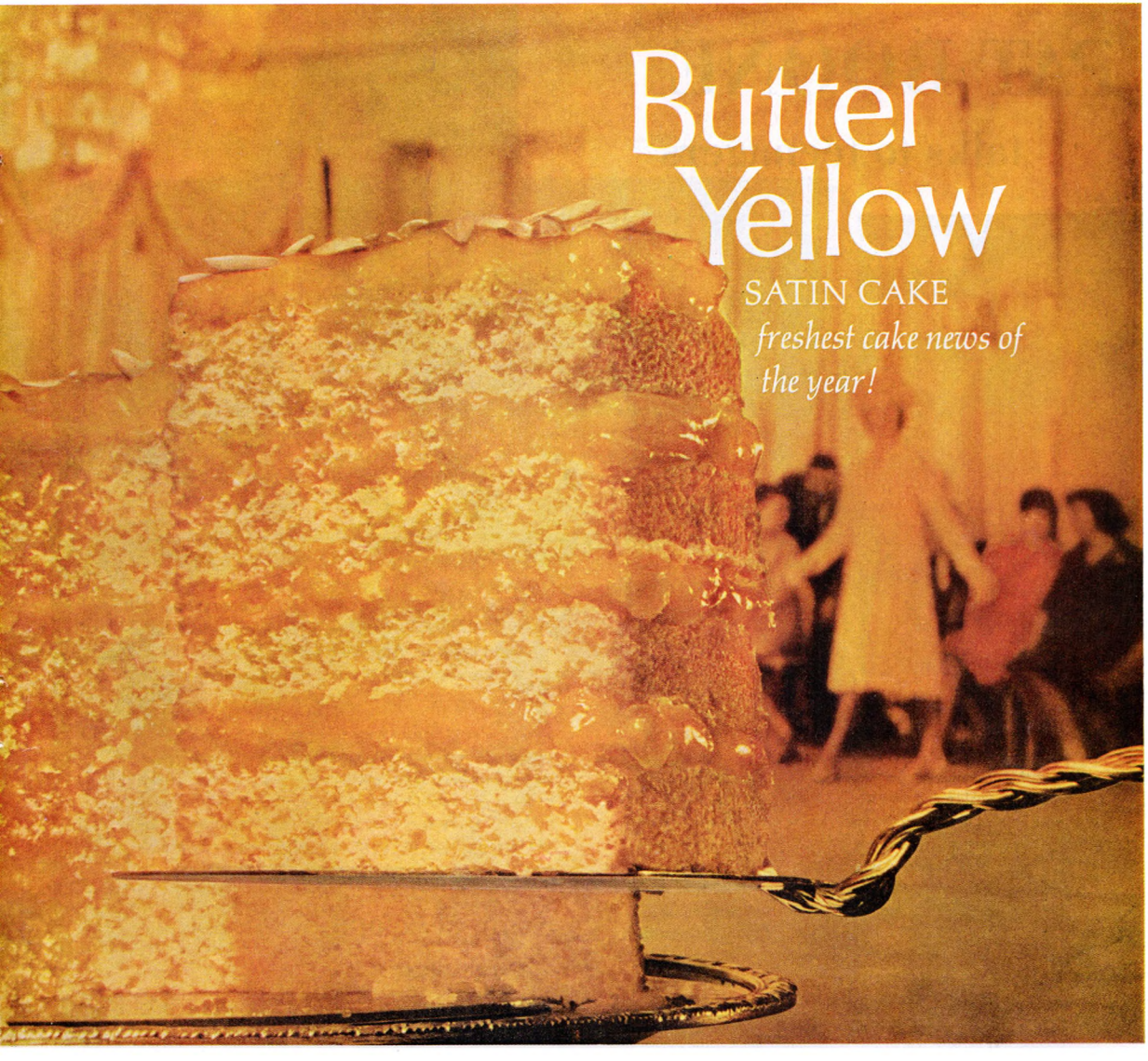
Real Butter makes the freshest news in cake baking and fashion

Bright new cake idea! The new Butter Yellow Satin Cake in spring's fashion color. Real Butter adds the finishing touch to its pure glowing yellow . . . its fine delicate flavor. Butter gives it freshness and moistness . . . days longer. You can only make a Butter Yellow Satin Cake with Real Butter—*churned* from 100% real cream. How about a spring showing at your house today?

AMERICAN DAIRY ASSOCIATION

Save 25¢ on a pound of Real Butter

Just send the box top from Betty Crocker Softasilk Cake Flour with the label from a pound package of any brand of butter to General Mills, Inc., Box 219, Minneapolis 60, Minnesota. We'll send you 25¢ in cash plus 5¢ to cover your mailing costs! Limit one to a customer.



SOFTASILK Butter Yellow Satin Cake

1 cup sugar
½ cup very soft butter
1 tbsp. grated orange rind
2½ cups *sifted* SOFTASILK Cake Flour
2¼ tsp. baking powder
½ tsp. salt
¼ tsp. baking soda
¼ cup orange juice
¾ cup water
4 egg whites
½ cup sugar

Heat oven to 350° (mod.). Grease and flour 2 round layer pans, 8 or 9x1½". Mix 1 cup sugar, butter, orange rind in bowl. Beat 5 min., med. speed on mixer or by hand until fluffy. Sift flour, baking powder, salt, soda. Add alternately in 4 additions with orange juice and water. Beat egg whites until frothy. Gradually beat in ½ cup sugar. Beat until stiff. Fold into batter. Bake *30 to 35 min.* Cool. Split each layer into 2 layers. Spread Orange Butter Filling between layers and on top of cake. Sprinkle middle layer and top of cake *each* with ¼ cup chopped toasted almonds.

ORANGE BUTTER FILLING

Mix 1 cup sugar, 4½ tbsp. cornstarch, ½ tsp. salt in saucepan. Gradually stir in 1½ cups orange juice, ½ cup water. Bring to boil over low heat, stirring constantly. Remove from heat. Stir half of hot mixture into 4 beaten egg yolks. Blend into remaining hot mixture. Boil 1 min., stirring constantly. Remove from heat; blend in ½ cup butter, 1 tbsp. grated orange rind. Cool.

"An exciting new Softasilk Cake Flour recipe that gives a satin-smooth texture to old-fashioned butter cake!

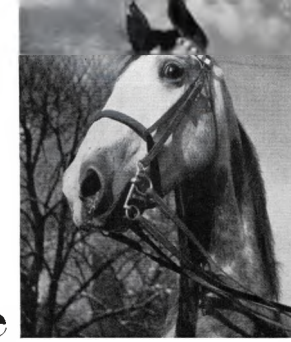
Betty Crocker

The delicate orange flavor is fresh and bright—with the richness of old-fashioned butter cake. But the texture is much smoother and satiny. You need soft . . . soft . . . Softasilk Cake Flour to create the soft new texture of *this* cake! Your secret for *your* special cakes is Softasilk's special blend of the world's finest wheat.

Buy Softasilk Cake Flour and save 25¢ on a pound of Real Butter! See details at left.

PAT BOONE

talks to teenagers About Horse Sense



Hi there again, friend! If you've got a few minutes, I have an interesting idea for us to toss around a little. One of the most terrific questions that challenged my teenage daydreams was "How to Be a Hero." I haven't made it yet. But I'll clue you. The dreams carry right over into the adult world. We all share visions of what great deeds we'd do if faced with the unexpected—a firing squad, a kid crying in a burning house, an overturned canoe on a moonlit lake. Only rarely does some such excitement come our way. More often we're faced, instead, with less dramatic emergencies—the humdrum problems of daily life which still demand quick thinking and sound reactions.

To be prepared— whether to solve the spectacular challenge or the more ordinary ones that crop up in your letters like "what to do till the doctor comes," or even "what to wear on an Occasion," or "how to organize a successful party"—I know of one common denominator that'll work without fail on 99 per cent of 'em. I can *tell* you this c.d. in two words. I can't *give* it to you at all. I only wish I could, 'cause if I could dip my hand into a big jar of it I'd keep a liberal dose for myself! I could use more! But it must be individually learned and earned. The two words that wrap up this magic are Common Sense. Now what, exactly, is that?

Common sense is just good plain, logical *thinking*—founded on observation, information and or experience. Take these and add one more quality and you have the brand that originated in America, that makes America and Americans what they are—the greatest. *Common sense plus humor equals horse sense.* And that's the American heritage and the American ideal! The homespun philosopher, the cracker-barrel wit are uniquely American, dating from the time of our Independence when Benjamin Franklin was writing Poor Richard's Almanac. (Poor Richard anticipated modern rush-rush by announcing, "He who riseth late must trot all day"), down to the man who defines Hoss Sense as "what keeps hosses from betting on people." And right now I'd like to throw my hat in the cracker barrel with my own definition of genius. I've got a hunch genius is just horse sense with wings. And that, my friend, is the monthly pronouncement of the Cooga Mooga Kid, P. Boone, the Teenage's Sage from ol' Kentucky. For a written explanation of this saying, write me at Cooga Mooga; enclose the top of an old car with your request. But the big question is: how is an individual (you) to learn and earn this magic of heroes, soothsayers and geniuses?

Hoss sense comes hard. Without experience we're usually governed by what we want rather that what's good for us. The sages through the ages have warned us that "there's no substitute for experience"—and there isn't. Dad says, "Hortense, if you hang on that clothesline, it'll break and you'll fall." You do. It does. You do. So far, so good. You've gathered some experience. But now horse sense should take over and two things should happen. You don't hang on the clothesline again, which means that you have "profited by the experience." Second, you begin to regard dad in a new light. He's an expert who can prophesy from his own knowledge; and now you begin to "profit by the experience of others"—which will spare you a lot of personal, experimental lumps.

Some develop this horse sense more slowly than others and that's called "learning the hard way." If repeated experiences fail to awaken our common sense, if we go from trouble with our parents to trouble with our teachers to trouble with the law, it's quite likely we'll qualify for the tart label Benjamin Franklin dropped when he said, "Experience keeps a hard school, but *fools* will learn in no other." How about that now?

So the seed of horse sense doesn't grow until you begin to profit by experience, and it won't branch out into a real hero maker until you can also profit by the experience of others, and until *you can evaluate* what you learn and observe.

By applying horse sense we can tell when *not* to repeat an experiment and when to *try, try again.* We'll refuse to be *fools,* but we will also refuse to be *failures.*

A few years back a gallant gal, Florence Chadwick, after successfully swimming the English Channel, became the first woman to attempt to swim the twenty-one miles from Catalina Island to the California coast. Thousands of TV fans watched her battle all night through CONTINUED ON PAGE 27

Reading this page may save you a purseful of money—

Here are dollars and cents reasons for buying International Sterling by the set—now.

Feast your eyes on these exquisite *solid silver* patterns. There has never been a better time for you to invest in a whole lovely *set* of them. For now, International offers you substantial savings on basic services for 4, 8 or 12 people.

Imagine the joy of setting your table with your own International pattern tonight, and the lifelong pleasure of owning the finest solid silver made. International is a real investment, a family treasure that will serve you beautifully.

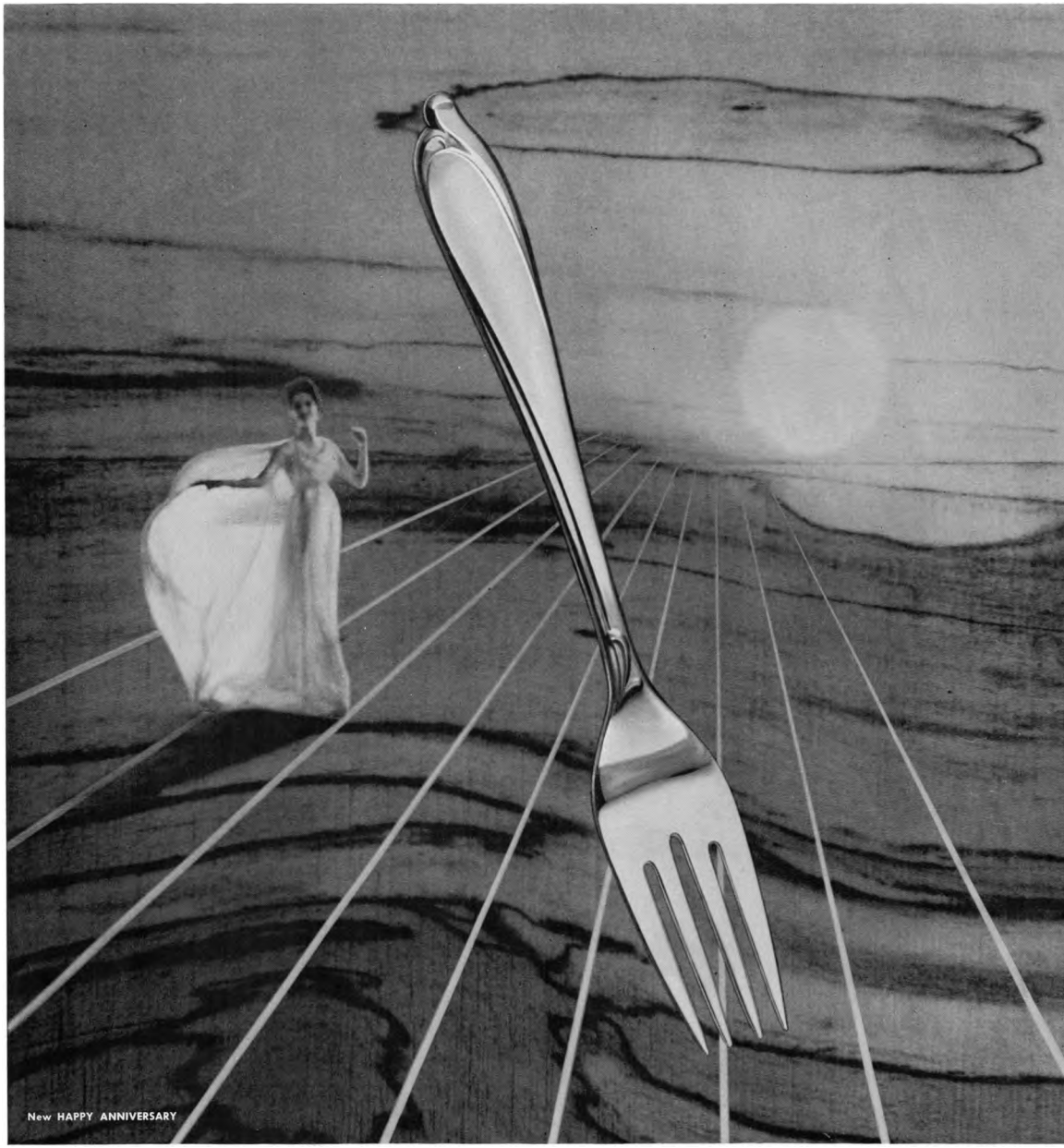
So why wait! Choose the pattern that's most personally *you* at your favorite jeweler or department store. Register it, then invest in a set, at savings that will delight you, *today*.

	32 PIECES BOUGHT GRADUALLY WOULD COST	32-PIECE BASIC SET*	YOUR SAVINGS
Angelique, Joan of Arc, Pine Spray, Prelude	$192.00	$172.00	$20.00
Rhapsody, Silver Melody, Silver Rhythm	$214.00	$192.00	$22.00
Royal Danish (Made in U.S.A.)	$234.00	$210.00	$24.00

Proportionate savings on services in all patterns for 4 and 12 people.

*EIGHT 4-PIECE PLACE SETTINGS (PRICES INCLUDE FED. TAX)

INTERNATIONAL STERLING... *loveliest, by design*



A striking new contemporary design...
a rich new dimension in silverware

"HAPPY ANNIVERSARY" in International DeepSilver

Deeply luxurious, extravagantly heavy, this is the new, exquisite pattern in DeepSilver. An incomparably different kind of silverware, DeepSilver is lavished with pure silver . . . inlaid with a block of sterling silver at backs of bowls and tines of most-used spoons and forks. A truly beautiful way to herald a lifetime of elegant entertaining . . . at a truly modest cost. Complete 52-piece service for 8 (chest included) . . . $99.50. See this and other distinctive patterns in DeepSilver at the finest stores.

DEEPSILVER—silverplate by The International Silver Co., Meriden, Conn.

Formerly Holmes & Edwards DeepSilver

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24

icy water, fog and schools of sharks, only to be pulled from the water a mile short of her goal, exhausted, humiliated, chilled—in a word, defeated.

Florence, in evaluating her two experiences, remembered that at the point in her English swim when she felt she had gone as far as she could go, she begged to be taken from the water. And right then her father sighted land. "I saw it, too," she recalled, "and that gave me the push I needed to go on and make it. But in my unsuccessful attempt to cross from Catalina fog obscured the land ahead. When they told me it was only a mile away I didn't have the faith to believe what I couldn't see. I had lacked *faith*, not *ability*."

Two months later, with renewed faith, Florence Chadwick turned her defeat into victory, became the first woman to swim the Catalina Channel despite recurring fog, and beat the men's record by two hours.

And that, my friend, is how horse sense makes heroes. Now let's get specific.

SENSE AND NONSENSE:

One of the most important things you can know is . . . what you don't know. And one of the most sensible things you can do is . . . admit it!

Mark Twain once said, "I was gratified to be able to answer promptly, and I did. I said that I didn't know."

Kids who have to give an answer for everything, right or wrong, who can't bear to confess that there is an area not covered by their personal knowledge and experience, are all-show-and-no-go, believe me! They can also be dangerous as a source of much misinformation—and that's being polite about the whole thing. In horse-sense lingo it goes like this: "One of the most striking differences between a cat and a lie is that a cat has only nine lives"—while nonsense doubles itself indefinitely every time it is spoken into another pair of ears.

If you don't know, say so! And then you're in a position to say, "I'll find out." Now if you're a no-nonsense character you'll *consider the source* and get the best information available. The world is full of experts and specialists who're more than willing that we should profit from their experience.

When I was in high school we had visiting lecturers from the police and fire departments. We had a dentist who told us about teeth. Our teachers and parents taught us things every day. But a good many of us were too lazy to take notice. It's horse sense to *pay attention* and learn all we can.

Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts usually latch on to quite a bit of potential hero-know-how and I can't recommend too strongly that teenagers, you gals in particular, take advantage of all the first-aid instruction you can get. Kin Hubbard, another famed horse-sense philosopher, held that, "Of all the home remedies, a good wife is the best"—and a good wife and mother needs all the info' possible to be prepared for daily family life.

So now you've learned to profit by and evaluate your personal experience. You've quit guessing, admitted what you know and don't know, and listened to the experts. But you can still goof. One thing more is needful!

When the time comes—when the boat overturns, or the house catches fire (it happened to us the other night), or junior falls and comes in with an arm that zigs where it ought to zag, or even when you're wondering what to wear to a party—*you've got to use what you know.*

"Keep cool!" say the experts. "Use your head!"

James Thurber advised, "He who hesitates is sometimes saved." And American horse sense shouts: "*Before you louse it up—THINK!*"

I remember a girl, a very bright, sweet, attractive gal, who became engaged to a buddy of mine in college. He was crazy about her—but she had him worried. Her pattern was, in every crisis, to have hysterics or run away, and her husband-to-be wasn't sure she could be trusted with the responsibilities of married life. She'd get "too shook" under pressure. He tried talking to her about it, but she just shrugged and said, "That's just the way I am. I guess I was born that way."

But this isn't true. Finley Peter Dunne, a Chicago newspaperman, helped the cause of horse sense along by inventing an American philosopher with an Irish accent named Mr. Dooley. Mr. Dooley used to talk over profound problems with his friend, Mr. Hennessy—once this very subject.

"Oh, well," said Mr. Hennessy, "we are as th' Lord made us."

"No," said Mr. Dooley, "lave us be fair. Lave us take some iv th' blame oursilves."

Nobody's "just born that way." It's the pattern he develops and it's always possible to change that pattern. My friend had quite a time convincing his girl that she could *consciously choose her reactions* until they became dependable and habitual. Finally she began to "get the message." With my friend's help she schooled herself to stop a moment and think, to handle fear and panic and indecision with a determination to be calm and intelligent. Today they're married and she's that "best of all home remedies," a good wife and mother. She's all there in a pinch!

If we begin as teenagers (or even before), we can learn and earn what it takes to meet the unexpected in a truly heroic fashion. We can handle big emergencies or small problems without being thrown off our stride. But we have to stick with it, insist on the commonsense reaction until it becomes a habit.

WINGED HORSE SENSE:

Do you remember an old song called "You'd Be So Nice To Come Home To"? It began to appeal to my vocal cords when I first met Shirley—and since we've been married I've just changed the tense. She *is* so nice to come home to!

The point is that I got a new slant on it from something Fannie Hurst, the famous novelist, said about her husband. In all the years she'd known him, she said, she couldn't remember

CONTINUED ON PAGE 29

DOMESTIC DIALOGUE

By GEORGIE STARBUCK GALBRAITH

Through dinner the most that
my lord will mutter
Is, "Huh?" or, "Huh-uh," or,
"Pass the butter."
So long as I'm near, with my ear
cocked handy,
He hasn't a needless word to
bandy.

But wait till I'm out in the
kitchen running
The faucet loudly, or till I'm
gunning
The vacuum in the upstairs hall.
And that's when my part-time
clam will bawl,
"Whacha goon mobble da porkle
ay?"
Or that's what it sounds like,
anyway.

And I used to trot for a clear
translation,
But now I handle the situation
By sensibly yelling above the
racket,
"Goggle da whup in the morpso
vacket!"

WARNER'S CREATES A NEW KIND OF BRA COMFORT:

the first bra that fits each side individually

Here's the secret of 'Tomorrow's' perfect fit! • Seamless elastic surrounds each soft cotton cup so it can expand or contract to fit each side of you exactly • This is true whatever your size is (between a B cup and C cup, for example) • Each day the cups conform to the natural changes of your body • The airy elastic makes 'Tomorrow' the lightest-feeling bra you've ever worn.

Note what a high, naturally youthful line 'Tomorrow' gives you. And you can choose your style and price—starting at $2.50 for the one you see. Hasten, darling, to your nicest store—Tomorrow!

New! Warner Wash! Gives professional washing care to girdles, bras, lingerie, woolens. Prolongs their life, preserves their looks. It's Warner's gentle-formula cold water soap. Get Warner Wash where you buy your Warner's. $1.50 for ten full ounces.

New and Young from Warner's®

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

his doing a thing she wished he hadn't done. "How come?" she asked him. "How can you be so consistently mindful of others?"

And he said, quite simply, "I suppose because *I have to live with myself.*"

So far we've discussed horse sense as applied to the outside world of people and events. But here, in one sentence, is horse sense with wings—the casual statement of a man who had found the magic for *living with himself.*

The height of "plain, logical thinking" leads us to the conclusion that, always and always, we're going to come home to *us.* We can choose where we want to live, and with what partner. But we've *got* to live with ourselves, take ourselves with us wherever we go, and after every party, after school, after a test or a sports event we've got to come home and be alone with ourselves.

This is true for presidents and milkmen, old and young, poor and rich. In this light we see that outbursts of temper, the temptation to look at someone else's test or homework, the desire to "chop" a friend to be smart, or to belittle someone in order to feel "big-shot" ourselves may hurt the other guy. But if we're honest we'll admit they hurt us more. When we come home to us, when we're alone, we "hate us."

In the New Testament, Jesus, Who knew all this and loved us very much, gave us the very best rules for horse sense with wings. He said, among other things, don't be angry, or call people fools. Make friends with your enemies. Forgive your brother. Give rather than grab. Treat others the way you want to be treated. This is the highest order of horse sense, not only to keep your dealings with others well greased but because it is the *best* and *most practical* way for you to like you.

Jesus also said to *pray.*

It's hard to be heroic, or the kind of people we truly want to be without prayer. In the Boone scrapbook is one prayer that seems to me honestly heroic. It was written by a teenager in the sixteenth century while she waited in the Tower of London for them to cut her head off. The gently reared English princess, Lady Jane Grey, talented, sensitive, devout, probably never dreamed that at sixteen she would be forced to marry against her wishes; made a helpless pawn in a game of king making, with the throne of England as the prize; finally faced with public execution shortly after her seventeenth birthday. But that's what happened to her. Lady Jane Grey met her death unresisting and courageous at just about the age when I was worrying about whom to take to the senior banquet. If we'd changed places, would I have been an empty sack? Would you? Here is her prayer:

"O Merciful God, be Thou now unto me a strong tower of defence, I humbly entreat Thee. Give me grace to await Thy leisure, and patiently to bear what Thou doest unto me; nothing doubting or mistrusting Thy goodness towards me; for Thou knowest what is good for me better than I do. Therefore do with me in all things what Thou wilt; only arm me, I beseech Thee, with Thine armour, that I may stand fast; above all things, taking to me the shield of faith; praying always that I may refer myself wholly to Thy will, abiding Thy pleasure, and comforting myself in those troubles which it shall please Thee to send me, seeing such troubles are profitable for me; and I am assuredly persuaded that all Thou doest cannot but be well; and unto Thee be all honour and glory. Amen." END

"Somebody *has* to eat it, or she won't get her scout cooking badge."

THERE'S A MAN IN THE HOUSE

By HARLAN MILLER

This American fashion for making a clown out of dad has gone so far that even if Junior is getting D's and E's in school he thinks he's smarter than $20,000-a-year pa with a Ph.D.

A stubborn little band of affluent mothers-in-law in our town each threatens fond son-in-law with a reward of $10 or more—if he happens to have a picture of her in his wallet.

When our local nabob married off his daughter recently he had plenty of $30 Russian caviar flown in. But they kept running out of toast and minced onion to go with the caviar.

"After a man leaves college," muses Peter Comfort, burning his fancy New Year's Eve paper hat in the leaf burner, "he surrenders oftener to a piquant facial expression than to a pretty face."

Why did we all think it so funny when we discovered our Cyclone (at three) sitting on the floor with a pile of my favorite long-play records and a hammer? As if he were being brilliant?

Our town's gourmet argues hash is a better test of a restaurant's excellence than ham and eggs. He has eaten hash at Chambord, Colony and Antoine's, and plans to order hash at all New York's "Best Ten" his next visit.

When our youngest is down to one right glove and one left galosh, we know the end of winter is near, and that by June he'll triumphantly find one or the other at a chum's house.

My red-haired daughter has learned how to cook tenderized low-cost beef that tastes better than costly steak. I've nicknamed it "medicated beef" and promised my own Lady Love a golden aluminum swim suit if she learns how.

Our village youngsters who haven't earned or wangled enough money to spend spring vacation in Bermuda or Lauderdale get revenge by bringing four or five chums home from college. For pa and ma it's a delicate choice.

No more gravy for me, my Dream Girl decrees, until after I've dieted off at least fifteen pounds. I can be stoical about this, because luckily I don't like gravy very much.

Our youngsters' tots yank at every knob, switch and handle, as if each were a rightful toy. I'm convinced the ideal toy creation for the little darlings should resemble an airliner's instrument panel.

Ah, expert testimony against "exclusive" dating: My favorite Beauty Queen (still a coed) tells me she's dated 102 different boys in college. This, she feels, has been a vital part of her education.

I brought nine pairs of onyx bookends home from my visit to Nogales, Sonora, and now I can scatter batches of books around the house like flowers: a row of war books, a group of biographies, a medley of poetry.

"Homely men are sweeter," reflects Betty Comfort, jumping cautiously on her Trampoline. "They aren't so conceited or egotistical. But they needn't be homely as scarecrows!"

Infallible sign of spring: we can't find our favorite rake or our favorite spade. But whose fancy shrubbery saw is this? We suspect our neighbors; they suspect us.

I've been skeptical about electric blankets, too brave-new-world for me. Yet I like to snuggle under my wife's electric when she has it on! (Only on this has she outmodernized me.)

Maybe our offspring wouldn't drop their clothes on the bedroom floor if their college quarters had Saturday-morning inspection. I hear that in sorority and fraternity bedrooms the clutter approaches squalor.

My notion of a pleasant way to diet isn't to sit at the same table and watch my family bite chunks of fattening delicacies. Maybe I need a separate table in the next room. Or a breakfast of black coffee and juice in bed, far from the ham and eggs.

When Cyclone at three says "Yes, sir!" like a sergeant or airman to a four-star general . . .
or Eric at one takes an interest in books by knocking 'em off the lower shelves . . .
and Suzi at three deflates a man with a sweet smile as if she were thirty . . .
or Tracy good-naturedly at one takes a mauling from her brother . . .
and Patrick at five influences his gramp to imitation by exploding.
when he's mistaken, a resentful "I goofed!"
then I glow at a glimpse of more immortality than I deserve.

A smart girl can't have too many Cutex lipsticks. Because it takes a heap of lipstick hues to make a fashion wardrobe! Wear beige...and your lips cry out for a zingy color like "Hot Strawberry." Wear the new winey reds and you simply must have Cutex "Clear Red." Don the new blues and you'll want "Pink from Paris." The new greens and you'll need "Coral Ice." So it goes...with a rose when you're sad, an orange when you're glad...a lipstick for your special moods. Before you know it, you'll own all the fashion-fresh Cutex colors!

CUTEX®

Long-lasting Sheer Lanolin and light-'n-creamy new Delicate lipsticks

Married... but following two separate paths

By CLIFFORD R. ADAMS, Ph.D.
Pennsylvania State University, Department of Psychology

DO YOU AGREE?

"I have known Bill four weeks. He wants me to marry him now since he is due to enter service next month, but mother opposes it."

She is right. Wait a year.

ASK YOURSELF:

Will I Be a Happy Wife?

This spring and summer, thousands of girls will be getting engaged and married. Their success and happiness will depend greatly upon the personal traits and attributes that they bring to marriage. Answer the questions below to find out how your qualities compare with those that research has shown to be characteristic of the happy wife.

DO YOU:

1. ***Prefer homemaking to any other career?***
2. ***Enjoy spending time with children?***
3. ***Really try to get along with other people?***
4. ***Usually look upon life's bright side?***
5. ***Find most persons easy to like?***
6. ***Value their good opinion of you?***
7. ***Manage your temper easily?***

ARE YOU:

8. ***Orderly and systematic in your habits?***
9. ***Confident but not aggressive?***
10. ***Thrifty about money?***
11. ***Co-operative and companionable?***
12. ***Patient and understanding with friends?***
13. ***A warmhearted and understanding person?***
14. ***By your mother's standards, ready for marriage?***

Credit yourself with one point for each definite "Yes." Unless your total score is ten or more, there can be serious doubt about your readiness for marriage. Study of your negative answers may help you see the way to greater maturity.

HE WAS AN EASY TARGET FOR ANOTHER WOMAN

Bill was thirty-five, Jean thirty-four; both were college graduates. Married seven years, they had a son, five, and a daughter, three. Bill's automobile agency netted him more than $20,000 a year, while Jean operated a secretarial service she had founded before marriage.

Now they were locked in bitter dispute. Jean wanted to become a working partner in Bill's business, and he refused to consider the arrangement. On this issue the marriage appeared to be breaking up. To understand the immediate crisis, the background must be considered.

When Bill and Jean met, he was an outstanding success as a manufacturer's representative. Though three years elapsed before they were married, they spent little time together, because Bill's job required extensive traveling. Jean refused to marry a "traveling salesman," so Bill gave up his job and bought an automobile agency in her home city. However, she insisted on continuing her business, and Bill reluctantly gave in.

Motherhood was no part of Jean's plans, and she continued to insist on working despite her pregnancies. However, when the second baby was expected, she demanded an elaborate new home as compensation for her "sacrifice." As usual, Bill gave in.

Jean's working hours were now filled with activities which excluded Bill. A lonely man, he was an easy target for his secretary. But his conscience soon overtook him and he confessed to Jean. Outraged, she insisted on replacing every girl in the office with others of her own choosing. Resentfully, Bill obeyed her orders.

After their daughter was born, Jean's surveillance and interference increased. Worse, she had discussed Bill's affair with relatives, neighbors and even his employees. Despairing, Bill decided to sell out and start over in another state. Jean agreed, but in return demanded sole title to the house and a full partnership in the new agency.

Bill balked on admitting her to the business. It was at this point that they sought counsel.

Bill said, "I think I still love Jean, and I do love and need my children. But there comes a time when a man can no longer give in to his wife. She can run her own business, but she isn't going to ruin mine."

Jean said, "Bill doesn't know the value of a dollar. The only reason we have anything is because of me. If he wants me, we have to be partners in every way. Otherwise, I want a legal separation and half his money, but no divorce. If I can't have him, no other woman will."

Bill rejected the idea of legal separation, but in return for a divorce, would agree to deed her the house and pay her and the children $1000 a month.

Playing for time, to protect Bill's business and to let tempers cool before permanent commitments were made, the counselor suggested a temporary separation. But Jean refused even a short-term truce without elaborate financial guaranties. After fruitless legal skirmishes, she finally agreed to a Nevada divorce, to get her way financially.

Though Jean and Bill are by no means a typical couple, their story reflects principles applicable to many.

Their courtship, though spanning three years, was inadequate. They hadn't enough time together to discover their differences, and either resolve them or end the engagement.

From the beginning, their relationship was distorted to satisfy Jean's demands. Even before the marriage she was setting the terms.

She erred in issuing ultimatums, Bill erred in yielding to them. Neither was fulfilling a partner's responsibility to give and take. If one does all the taking and the other does all the giving, the relationship is not that of partners.

They never developed common goals, but followed their separate paths, which drew farther apart as the years went by.

They postponed counsel until it was too late. With trust and respect gone, with communication destroyed, with each motivated by selfish interests alone, the marriage was bankrupt in every way but financially.

At several points along the way, constructive steps might have been taken to help this couple improve their relationship. Neither of them was perceptive enough, or cared enough, to make the effort. Unhappily, the children will suffer most.

"MY DAUGHTER GETS CRUSHES"

Marguerite's mother arranged her first appointment. Mrs. A. wrote that Marguerite, a college student of nineteen, kept getting crushes on men old enough to be her father. The first time, when she was sixteen, the man was a bachelor of thirty-four. Now she was infatuated with a still-older man, a husband and father. "It's heartbreaking, when there are so many nice boys around. I can't talk sense into her head, but I've finally persuaded her to see you."

Marguerite proved to be attractive, self-possessed and civil, but uncommunicative. Though she answered questions, she at first volunteered nothing, but gradually she relaxed and began to talk spontaneously.

Her parents were divorced when she was two, and her mother remarried when Marguerite was twelve. She became very fond of her stepfather. "He's always been good to me. I get along with him better than with my mother. She and I clash about everything. I've never been able to talk to her."

At fourteen she started dating a boy a year older, but broke off because her mother disapproved of his family. "I dated several other boys, but they seemed so awkward and clumsy to mother that I couldn't get interested." Then, when she was fifteen (a year younger than her mother believed!) she started seeing Ralph, the thirty-four-year-old bachelor—"So handsome and polished, and he treated me like an adult." Soon they became intimate. "At first I didn't like that part, but I wanted to please him, and soon it became important to me too. I probably would have married him if he'd asked me."

But he didn't, and when she left for college they broke off. At first she dated other students, but they seemed "dull and silly" after Ralph. Then she met Tom, thirty-eight, married, and the father of two children. "I knew he played around, but that only made it more interesting."

Tom's wife somehow learned of the affair and told Mrs. A. Marguerite was unmoved by her mother's pleading—but for the sake of Tom's home and children, he and Marguerite agreed not to see each other any more. But Marguerite maintained that if she couldn't have Tom, she'd never marry anyone.

When Marguerite returned to college, she was more optimistic and more realistic. Since she wanted to continue therapy (a good sign) I referred her to an able clinician. At last word, she was continuing to progress toward understanding herself and her situation. Her memories of Tom and Ralph no longer prevent responsiveness to men nearer her own age. She is now dating an instructor ten years older than she. There is a vast difference in the relationship possible between a man of thirty and a young woman of twenty, and that of a man of thirty-four and a girl of fifteen.

Marguerite's case is an example of a schoolgirl crush carried to destructive extremes. In adolescence, most girls cherish romantic dreams of some fascinating older man. So long as these attachments remain imaginary, and are not allowed to overshadow reality, they can do little harm.

But for a young girl actually to become romantically involved with a man twenty years her senior is unwise and unwholesome. They are literally a lifetime apart. Her association with him is apt to detach her from her contemporaries, and unfit her for the activities suitable to her age.

As she begins dating, every girl needs understanding and guidance. Marguerite and her mother never achieved a relationship of understanding. It was Mrs. A's scorn that first discouraged Marguerite's interest in boys her own age. Instead of judging every gawky youth who comes to the door as a potential husband, let the mother remember that a variety of dating experience is sound preparation for marriage, and for life.

Beautiful Hair

B R E C K

COMBINATION OFFER OF HAIR SET MIST WITH BRECK SHAMPOO

Each one of the Three Breck Shampoos – for dry, oily or normal hair – is now offered in combination with Breck Hair Set Mist. Select the Breck Shampoo for your individual hair condition. A Breck Shampoo leaves your hair soft, lustrous and beautiful.

Breck Hair Set Mist is a fine, fragrant spray that holds curls beautifully in place for hours. It sprays on gently, evenly, leaving the hair soft and smooth, never sticky. Breck Hair Set Mist with lanolin is always good to your hair.

A 65¢ Breck Hair Set Mist with a $1.75 bottle of one of the Three Breck Shampoos – both for $1.75 plus 5¢ federal tax.

■ *Breck Shampoo for Dry Hair* ■ *Breck Shampoo for Oily Hair* ■ *Breck Shampoo for Normal Hair*

JOHN H BRECK INC · MANUFACTURING CHEMISTS · SPRINGFIELD 1 MASSACHUSETTS

By GOODRICH C. SCHAUFFLER, M. D.

Tell me, doctor...

There are many questions which women would like to ask a trusted physician, but there is not always the opportunity. In this series, *Tell Me, Doctor*, Doctor Schauffler will discuss some of the problems which have been sent to him by readers. The situations are all real, but all the names used are fictitious.

"My wife got this sudden, awful pain. I was so scared that all I could think of was to put her in the car and take her to a doctor quick! Did I do right?"

The doctor, using a pause of a half hour or so between patients to amplify his notes, had asked not to be interrupted. So he looked up in some surprise when his secretary opened his office door without knocking and hurried directly to his desk.

"I'm sorry to bother you, Doctor, but a Mrs. Jenkins is here—her husband just brought her in. She's an emergency, I think. She looks ghastly and I'm sure you'll want to see her at once. I've got her on the divan in the outer office."


ABBOT MILLS

Mrs. Jenkins, thirtyish and wearing a house dress, did indeed look very ill. Her face was gray, there were beads of perspiration on her forehead. Her husband, standing beside her, was also in work clothes.

"I don't know whether I did the right thing or not," Mr. Jenkins began apologetically, "coming in without phoning you or anything. But, you see, my wife got this sudden, awful pain. She was lifting a basket of clothes when it hit her. I heard her scream clear out in back where I was working. When I got in the house, she was almost fainting. She's had these pains before, but not so bad. They just make her kind of sick. But this time it was terrible! She's not a woman to make a fuss—she's got grit. I was so scared all I could think of was to put her in the car and get her to a doctor as fast as I could."

"You did exactly right, Mr. Jenkins," the doctor said. "Or you could have rushed her to the nearest hospital. Whichever was quickest." Then to Mrs. Jenkins, who was making a feeble effort to sit up, "Stay right where you are! Just take it easy! Mary Ann, get my blood-pressure apparatus and a hypodermic." Following the nurse into the corridor, he whispered to her, "Call an ambulance at once. And bring a wheel chair!"

He returned to Mrs. Jenkins. "Where is the pain worst?"

"Here!" she said weakly, indicating her lower abdomen. "Low down on the left, right here. I can hardly bear to touch the place. It's awful, Doctor!"

"I know it hurts, Mrs. Jenkins, but you're going to be all right; we'll see to it. Have you had chills—felt feverish, that is?"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 36

A NO-DRIP BOTTLE that stops drops and dribbles... a pitcher handle for easier, safer pouring... these are just the newest extras you get from Today's Clorox bleach. The main reason so many women are switching to Clorox today is still this remarkable discovery:

CLOROX® GETS OUT DIRT THAT SUDS LEAVE IN...

actually dissolves suds-proof dirt that makes clothes gray!

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34

"No, but I feel very faint and dizzy. My husband took my temperature when I had the pain before, and it was below normal."

Now Mary Ann reappeared with the blood-pressure apparatus. The doctor took pains not to show his concern as the dial registered so dangerously low as to be almost indiscernible. Deftly he administered the hypodermic.

"What have you had to eat today, Mrs. Jenkins?"

"Just a cup of black coffee. I didn't feel like anything else."

"That's fine! Couldn't be better." He took Mr. Jenkins aside, said in a low voice, "We've got an emergency on our hands. I've sent for an ambulance. There will be a wheel chair here in a minute. I can't say for sure, but your wife is probably going to have to have an operation. It should be a pretty simple one; but if it's what I think it is, we can't waste any time."

"But Doctor ——"

The doctor went right on. "I'll examine your wife further in the hospital. I can't do it here—I'll explain why later." Then, in a louder, cheerful tone, "Well! Here's Mary Ann with a wheel chair! We're going to take you for a little ride, Mrs. Jenkins. And first thing you know, you'll be all shipshape!"

An hour later the doctor stepped from the hospital surgery into the corridor, where Mr. Jenkins was waiting anxiously.

"The operation's over, and your wife came through it beautifully. Her trouble proved to be exactly what I guessed it was—a ruptured tubal pregnancy on the left side. She was hemorrhaging internally, from the ruptured tube. That's what made it necessary for us to work so fast. She could have died if we hadn't been fortunate—and if you hadn't been smart and acted as quickly as you did. But she's all right now. She ought to feel pretty much like her old self in the morning."

Mr. Jenkins gave a great sigh of relief. "She was awfully sick, wasn't she?"

"She certainly was. A ruptured tube is apt to cause more trouble from shock reaction than it does from the actual loss of blood. We've replaced that, by the way. Sorry I can't take time to talk more about it right now, but I've an office full of patients waiting for me. Can you be here tomorrow morning at nine o'clock? Good!"

Mr. Jenkins was already in his wife's hospital room when the doctor came in the next morning.

"She looks fine, doesn't she?" he said to Mr. Jenkins. "I thought she would. It was a simple operation, as operations go. It just required prompt action. That's why we rushed around so. There wasn't time yesterday to go into details. It was a big help, Mr. Jenkins, that you were such a good sport. But now we can explore things a bit. How many attacks like this have you had, Mrs. Jenkins?"

"At least two or three." Mrs. Jenkins' voice was strong, she looked very different from the desperately ill woman of the day before. "I missed my period two months ago. It was after that I had the first attack of pain. I thought maybe I was pregnant, but couldn't be sure because I kept bleeding off and on. It seemed every attack was worse than the one before. Nearly always they came after I had been doing heavy housework."

"Did it ever happen following marital relations?"

"Well, yes, it did," in a low voice.

"You mustn't be embarrassed, Mrs. Jenkins. That is a pretty important indication, medically speaking. Now tell me something else. Have you ever had trouble with your Fallopian tubes? Such as an infection, for instance?"

"Yes, Doctor. We have two little boys. But a year after Mike was born—he's the youngest—I had a spontaneous abortion. I was about two months along, the doctor said. That was two years ago. I had a bad infection. Later the doctor took X rays. He said that only one of my tubes was open, and that one only partly. He said that was why I hadn't become pregnant again. It's always been a little tender there since I had the infection."

"You were pregnant this time, Mrs. Jenkins, but it was what we call an ectopic pregnancy. The baby was growing in the outer part of the left Fallopian tube instead of in the uterus where it belonged."

Mr. Jenkins cleared his throat. "What did you do to her, Doctor?"

"I took out the left tube, containing the ruptured pregnancy, and the left ovary as well. The ovary had been badly damaged too. Not only by the former infection, but by the rupture of the tube and the hemorrhage that followed."

"Does that mean I won't be able to have any more babies?" Mrs. Jenkins asked. "What about the other tube and ovary?"

"This is very interesting. And very fortunate, too, I think; all the more since you have told me about the X rays. I expected the right tube—the opposite one—to be closed. But it wasn't. It only needed a little straightening out. The ovary on the right side is all right too. So with any luck at all, you have a better than fifty per cent chance of having more babies!"

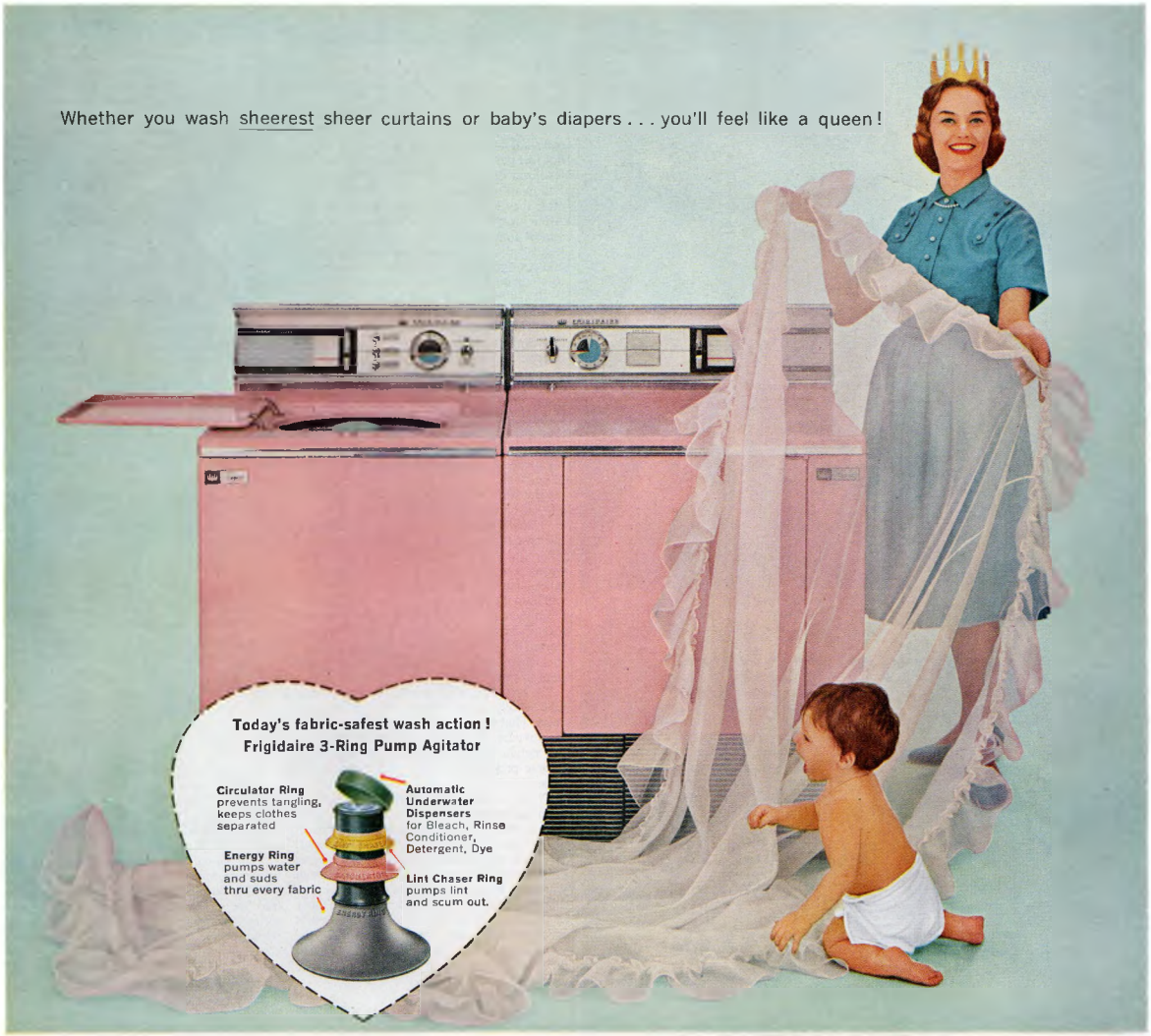
"I'm glad. Sam has always wanted a little girl."

"But I don't want my wife to have another one of *those* things," Mr. Jenkins declared emphatically. "Is it likely to happen again?"

"I have to say frankly that Mrs. Jenkins has considerably more likelihood of another ectopic than the average woman. But a great many women do have normal pregnancies after an ectopic. The chances would be about even, either way. You folks are veterans now, though. You would recognize the first signs of

CONTINUED ON PAGE 38

"Dear, how long has it been since we had the Ridgeways over?"



Washer Model WCI-60—Dryer Model DCI-60. Curtains by Kenneth

Every 1960 Frigidaire 3-Ring Agitator Washer BATHES DEEP DIRT OUT WITHOUT BEATING

This exclusive "Clothes Bath" Care in models for every budget!

No blades to tangle, stretch or catch even most fragile fabrics. Because this patented 3-Ring Agitator pumps up and down . . . it's rub-free, hand-gentle. Yet thorough enough to wash baby's diapers really clean.

Safe underwater bleaching. Handy, removable dispenser takes either powder or liquid bleach when you need it. Dispenses automatically at just the right time. Self-cleaning No storage fuss or odor.

Wash-and-wear care. A special cycle protects synthetics against wrinkles . . . ends hand washing.

Automatic lint removal. No devices to clean.

New, too, on the Custom Imperial Washer shown above, with matching Dryer: Touch-Bar Fabric Selector . . . pre-sets temperatures and speeds for 6 types of loads. Special wash-and-wear setting for cottons. All automatic soak cycle. Cold wash and rinse. 5 colors, white. See your Frigidaire Dealer.

FRIGIDAIRE
PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

ADVANCED APPLIANCES
DESIGNED WITH YOU IN MIND

RATED NO. 1 for all-around performance on 10 major points by U. S. Testing Co., Inc. In controlled laboratory tests of 6 leading automatic washers. (Report No. 57745, dated May 21, 1959)

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36

trouble. Mrs. Jenkins' condition need not become critical again."

"Why did I have a pregnancy like that?" Mrs. Jenkins asked. "What is the reason for them?"

"They come about, really, as a result of Nature's precautions to insure that fertilized ova shall find a firm resting place in the womb; not just pass on through, as happens with unfertilized ones. You probably know that the Fallopian tubes convey the ova to the womb, after they have been released by the ovaries. After an ovum has been fertilized—it turns almost immediately into a raspberrylike object called a conceptus—it develops a stronger and stronger propensity to dig in, attach itself to something, as it moves through the tube.

"It's all carefully and rather wonderfully arranged so that the conceptus will attach itself firmly to the wall of the uterus, once it arrives there. And ordinarily that is the way it happens. But when conception takes place, the ovum normally is met by the sperm at the outer end of the tube, the one nearest the ovary. If something slows it up in its journey through the tube, it may dig in too soon, while it is still in the tube. In that case it becomes what we call an ectopic pregnancy, which simply means a pregnancy outside of its normal place."

"But what could delay the ovum? I thought all that happened automatically!"

"Usually it does. But the female reproductive system is a very delicate and complicated affair and there are various things that can go wrong. Some women are born with defective tubes—partially closed or constricted. These will hold the conceptus back, slow it up. Sometimes there are little blind alleys in the tubes—sort of dead-end branches. A conceptus gets started down one of those by mistake and may stick there; or else not get back to the main stem in time.

"A previous pelvic infection that closes a tube wholly or partly is a frequent cause of delay. That was probably what was responsible in your case. Almost any previous operation in the pelvic region increases the chance of ectopic pregnancy slightly. Other things can cause it too."

"What other things, Doctor? Are any of them the matter with me?"

"No, Mrs. Jenkins. Aside from the loss of an ovary and tube, you are very fit—I checked! Since you ask, though, there is a rather bizarre possibility that I might mention, even though you don't have it. Sometimes one finds in the tubes little islands of tissue identical with those of the lining of the womb. This condition is called endometriosis. Encountering these tissues, the conceptus may think it has reached the womb, and be lured into digging in at the wrong place.

"I have seen reports of cases in which special hormones had been used to overcome sterility. These hormones can act upon the endometriosis cells, make them go through the preparatory changes the womb goes through in getting ready to receive the fertilized ovum. So it is little wonder that the conceptus gets bewildered, attaches itself in the wrong place! Some of us think now that use of hormones in this way may be dangerous; especially the stronger, newer ones—even though they may sometimes assist in bringing about a normal pregnancy."

"Why did I have that horrible pain, Doctor? It was much worse than the pain when my babies were born."

"Pain in a condition like this is almost always due to hemorrhage into the pelvic cavity. The blood connections of a conceptus in the tube are very poor, the blood vessels break easily. If the bleeding is within the tube it swells and forms a tumor, which in some cases may break into the pelvis. We call this a ruptured ectopic pregnancy, and it's what happened to you. It is dreadfully painful. It is also shocking to the delicate pelvic lining, the peritoneum. Tragically so at times. Unquestionably the earlier attacks of pain you had were due to lesser amounts of bleeding."

"How did you know what ailed me? Sam said you promised to explain why you rushed me to the hospital without examining me."

"First, it was because we didn't have a minute to lose. You were hemorrhaging critically at the time. That was indicated by your extremely low blood pressure and state of shock. Second, because an examination in a case like this can easily increase the trouble. We obstetricians have learned never to examine a woman we suspect of having an ectopic, except in a place where immediate emergency surgery is available. The examination itself could cause rupture of the tube. I didn't want you going into complete shock and hemorrhage on my office examining table!"

"Doctor, with all those chances to go wrong that you mentioned, why aren't there more ectopic pregnancies? It seems to me you don't hear of them very often."

"They probably occur much more often than most people realize. The tube, you see, is a very poor place for a conceptus to dig in, establish roots. There are none of the nourishing blood vessels and special tissues there that the uterus provides so amply for a fertilized ovum. It is like a garden with thin, poor soil.

"Hence we doctors believe that the great majority of ectopic pregnancies get into trouble very early, in the first month or so. The conceptus aborts spontaneously and is quietly absorbed. Probably many women never know they have started a pregnancy. The abortion may be passed off simply as a delayed or an unusually painful period

"Of course, when an ectopic ruptures the tube, as yours did, causing hemorrhage within the pelvic cavity, usually people know about it! But we doctors are learning to suspect ectopic pregnancy whenever a married woman in the fertile ages misses a period, bleeds irregularly and then has sudden attacks of pain. In a good many such cases, an ectopic pregnancy is found. The best medical thinking holds that it should be removed at once."

> Were it left to me to decide whether we should have a government without newspapers, or newspapers without a government, I should not hesitate a moment to prefer the latter.
>
> THOMAS JEFFERSON

"But, Doctor, it seems to me I've read about babies growing outside the womb and living!"

"This does happen. Occasionally the fetus may break out of the tube without causing any serious symptoms and get along somehow in the lower abdomen. It has to be delivered by surgery, naturally. But these cases are decidedly the exception. The risk is so great for both mother and baby in an ectopic that when the condition is diagnosed early, it is considered best to interrupt the pregnancy.

"But look, Mrs. Jenkins, you don't need any more of this theoretical conversation now. I'm afraid we have been thoughtless. Incidentally, though, you'll be sitting up this afternoon, walking around tomorrow, and can go home in a very few days if you want to. You shouldn't have much pain or trouble."

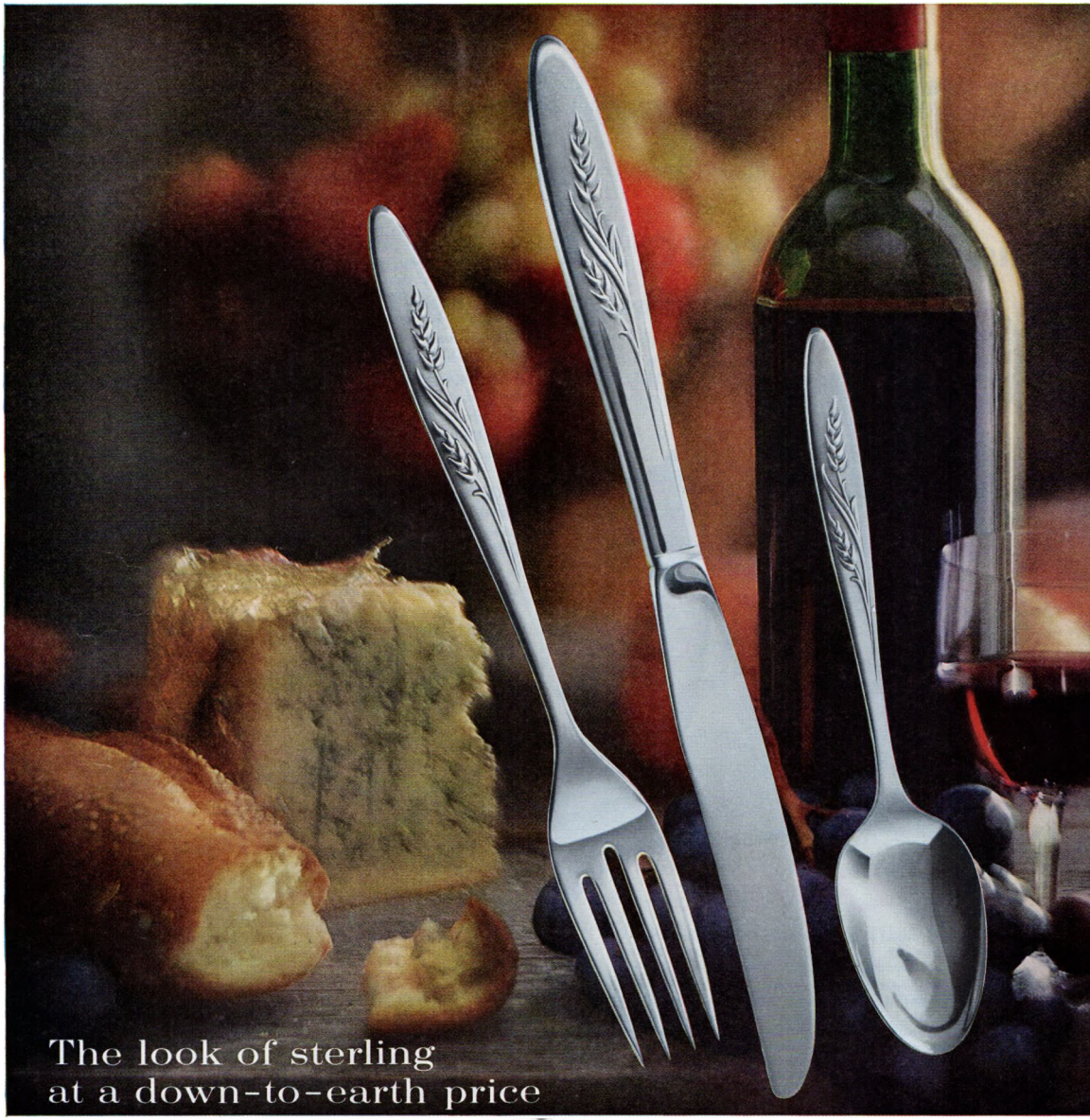
"Just a minute, Doctor, before you go," Mrs. Jenkins said. "I think I'd like to try for another baby. Sam and I know what to do, now, if I get those symptoms again, and I'm not scared. But ought we to wait awhile?"

"Yes, for six months at least. Then let me test to find out whether the remaining tube is still satisfactory. After that you'll have to keep in pretty close touch, much more so than in the usual case, and be extra careful if you do become pregnant. We'll have to be alert. But there's no good reason why you shouldn't try if you wish to."

"Doctor, I just don't know how to thank you."

The doctor put his hand on Mr. Jenkins' shoulder. "This fellow here is the one to thank, Mrs. Jenkins. He probably saved your life by his promptness in getting medical attention. I think he really deserves another chance at having that little girl!"

Next month Dr. Schauffler discusses fibroid tumors of the uterus.



new SONG OF AUTUMN in Community

The gourmet look, the feel, the weight, the lifelong *luxury* you've always yearned to own is yours in Community silverplate. And at a quarter the price of sterling. Try, yourself, to tell them apart, and you'll see what we mean. New "Song of Autumn" pattern is a beautiful example of this outstanding value. See it today at your favorite silverware store—love it season after season. Services for 8 cost as little as $49.75.

COMMUNITY THE FINEST SILVERPLATE

crafted by Oneida Silversmiths, makers of distinctive tableware

HEIRLOOM* STERLING COMMUNITY* SILVERPLATE ONEIDACRAFT* STAINLESS TUDOR* PLATE ONEIDA COMMUNITY ONEIDA* DINNERWARE *Trademarks of Oneida Ltd., Oneida, N.Y. ©1960, Oneida Ltd.

UNDER COVER

By BERNARDINE KIELTY

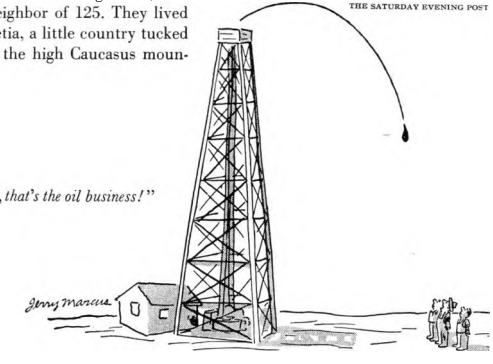
Stewart Alsop admits that his brother John (not Joseph) predicted Rockefeller's withdrawal from the presidential contest. "Don't forget, Stew," he said, "Rockefellers don't make a habit of investing in dry holes." Apparently he didn't take John seriously enough, for **NIXON AND ROCKEFELLER** (Doubleday) came out just too late.

On the credit side for Russia is the new custom of newlyweds planting a pair of trees in a local park on their wedding day. As the marriage grows, so do the trees—reforestation and divorce taken care of together.

Once I met a man aged 110, who had a neighbor of 125. They lived in Svanetia, a little country tucked away in the high Caucasus mountains of South Russia. It may be the remoteness, or the mountain life. At any rate, I now read that they do even better in Hunza, which is more remote and more mountainous. **HUNZA LAND**, by ***Dr. Allen Banik*** (Whitehorn-Taplinger), tells about this extraordinary country in the center of the Himalayas, where there is no disease, and 120 is not an unusual age. They have no circulatory problems in Hunza, no stomach-aches, no heart attacks. Even though there is not a toothbrush in the country, the Hunzakuts' teeth are near perfect, as are their eyes. (Dr. Banik is an eye specialist.) Men of 80 and 90 carry heavy loads up the mountains and return to the fields to work without resting. They frequently have very young children. There are no insects in Hunza, no dogs, no cats, no chickens. No constipation. The terraced fields and the organic gardening of this unschooled people are models for the world's engineers and agriculturists—a 2000-year-old civilization still going strong.

THE EDGE OF DAY, by ***Laurie Lee*** (*Morrow*) *is one of the loveliest books I can remember. The author is a man in his 40's, a poet, who tells about his childhood in an ancient Cotswold village.*

Another beautifully written book is ***Barry Fleming's*** **THE WINTER RIDER** (Lippincott). This is a highly dramatic story which takes place in a single day, in a rickety automobile, with the driver, a girl hitchhiker, and a good sound spiritual problem.



"Well, that's the oil business!"

A book to warm the heart is **TO SIR, WITH LOVE**, by ***E. R. Braithwaite*** (Prentice-Hall)—the actual account by a fine young Negro teacher of his experience in the toughest school in the London slums.

Now I am really dealing in superlatives. **A DISTANT TRUMPET** *by* ***Paul Horgan*** (*Farrar, Straus & Cudahy*), *is topnotch. It's the story of the Apache Indians and a U.S. military outpost in the 1870's—far better than any "western," and one of the finest "historicals" ever written about the Southwest.*

GOLDEN LIGHT CORN OIL

your golden guarantee
of extra nutritional benefits

See how golden-crisp fried foods can be when you fry with Mazola Corn Oil.

...and of all leading brands

ONLY MAZOLA® IS CORN OIL

...unsaturated, not hydrogenated

The nutritional values of the foods we eat are important. That's why you should use Mazola pure corn oil. Mazola is *unsaturated* . . . not hydrogenated. No other oil is more digestible.

Mazola makes fried foods crispy, golden outside—tender and juicy inside. It is sparkling fresh for salads, brings out the zesty seasonings in homemade dressings.

In fact, Mazola adds golden-light, nutritional goodness to everything... because of all leading brands, only Mazola is corn oil.

Your doctor will tell you about the extra nutritional benefits of corn oil in your daily meals.

MAZOLA'S GOLDEN FRYING FESTIVAL Special Offer!

Big 11" fryer, with gold-toned high dome cover, extra capacity for pot roasts or fowl. Perfect for frying, simmering, sauteing or pan broiling.

REGULAR VALUE $5.95 YOURS FOR ONLY $3.00

and the label from any size bottle of Mazola Corn Oil. Get order blank at your grocery store. Offer expires: June 30, 1960.

What French's does to Ham...

...should happen in your oven!

When a ham glaze has everything . . . delicious flavor . . . mouth-watering looks . . . and it's still wonderfully different from anything you ever tasted—you can bet that glaze is made with French's Mustard!

Because nothing but the golden touch of French's Mustard can bring you a recipe like this. French's sings with a goodness of not just one, but a combination of *seven* lively spices—blended to create a golden seasoning treat. That's the reason French's is by far America's best selling mustard.

Let French's add a spicy new lift to your own recipes . . . *in* casseroles, stews, meat loaf. And of course, nothing beats the 7-spice goodness of French's Mustard *on* hot dogs, hamburgers, sandwiches.

Golden Glazed Ham

5–8 pound ready-to-eat half ham
2–3 oranges, sectioned
whole cloves
½ cup French's Mustard
½ cup light brown sugar
½ tsp. ground cloves
¼ cup orange juice

Heat ham in preheated oven (350°) for 30 minutes. Score only deep enough to insert orange sections into slits. Secure orange in slits with toothpicks. Insert cloves. Combine French's Mustard, sugar, ground cloves, orange juice. Spoon *half* the glaze over ham, continue baking 30 minutes. Serves 10 to 14. Enjoy other half of golden glaze recipe as a marvelous "dipping sauce" at your table.

7 lively spices
in every jar—that's the secret of French's Golden Touch!

50 years ago in the Journal

In April, 1910, *Let Me Call You Sweetheart* was written, theaters were open on Sundays, and whooping cough killed 10,000 American children yearly. Marconi, who invented the wireless telegraph when he was 23, turned 36. The governor of New York, Charles Evans Hughes, was being mentioned for appointment as a Supreme Court justice, and Mark Twain died.

"*When the price of meat soars up and up, rejoice!*" advises Editor Bok *in the April, 1910,* JOURNAL. "*Red meat three times a day is a needless extravagance; high prices alone will compel us to eat less meat.*"

"Young college people home for the holidays, and attending six or seven dances a week, are taking small doses of strychnine to pep them up," according to Mr. Bok.

In a series of full-page pictures illustrating How We Celebrated the Last Glorious Fourth of July, the JOURNAL *shows how 171 children lost one or more fingers; 41 lost a leg, arm or hand; 52 lost one or two eyes; and 215 boys and girls were killed.*

Plain Country Woman: "If your husband isn't religious, you can never make him so by nagging. Leave him alone. Our religion isn't real if it makes anyone we love unhappy."

Men's fashions: "The frock coat, or Prince Albert, has been supplanted by the morning coat, or cutaway, with its edges bound with black braid. Still popular for evening wear is the Inverness cape which is sleeveless and conveniently slips on and off."

"*What's What for Men: A new idea, and a practical one, is buttonholes on men's shirts for attaching to buttons on the waistband of his underdrawers.*"

DI PIETRO

Pattern's O'Leary and Rockettes

Who would think our sewing room and the Rockettes' had the same goal—to make a man's eyes light up? Up in the JOURNAL's dressmaking workshop we whir at spring fashions. Downstairs 20 machines hum away to garb 78 famed dancers and ballerinas in gold or silver lamé, feathers, organdies, ribbon, sequins. "In some acts," Nora O'Leary told us after shop talk with the dancers, "they sew light bulbs into costumes!" Nora doesn't do that, but her skills (page 78) will win you just as much applause. Sparkling too—April's movie at the Music Hall is "Please Don't Eat the Daisies" from the book by JOURNAL author Jean Kerr, and will light anybody's eyes.

WILDENSTEIN GALLERY

Journal about town

What we do Where we go Whom we meet

EDITED BY EILEEN SHARPE

Old friends Dong Kingman and our Ruth Matthews, who met on a How America Lives story, had a reunion this week. Dong was launching a New York exhibit, planning a Paris show, refreshing us all with the whimsey that enhances his art. In one Central Park sketch, a real-life skating rink becomes a lake. "It's more universal and I could fill the boats with anybody I'd like to meet." In another, thinking the East River too sobersided, Dong drew in the Statue of Liberty—sitting down. Why? "An artist has a chance to make life as delightful as it should be—even if it isn't!"

ABBOT MILLS

Life as it should be: Dong shows Ruth.

When Louella Shouer bought some cooking ideas from minister's wife Elizabeth McCuaig, she urged her to publish all. Now *Lovers of Hospitality* is coming out. The Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church here hailed it with a supper based on JOURNAL pages. A delighted chairman told Louella: "Big hit—maybe first time a hundred women reviewed a book by eating it!"

Beauty Editor Dawn Norman gets dozens of etiquette queries ("How many bridesmaids?"), hundreds of product queries ("Please chart my best colors from hair tint to toenail"), now thousands of requests for something she wears. It's our "beauty apron," offered in 1953 as a 25-cent pattern, bought by 40,000 readers so far, still in peak demand. Readers tell Dawn they make it up four or five ways for housework, gardening, parties, even as an evening topper. Helen Olchvary, in our Philadelphia office, looked up from stacks of orders with a guess that could be the answer: "Maybe it has magic beautifying powers."

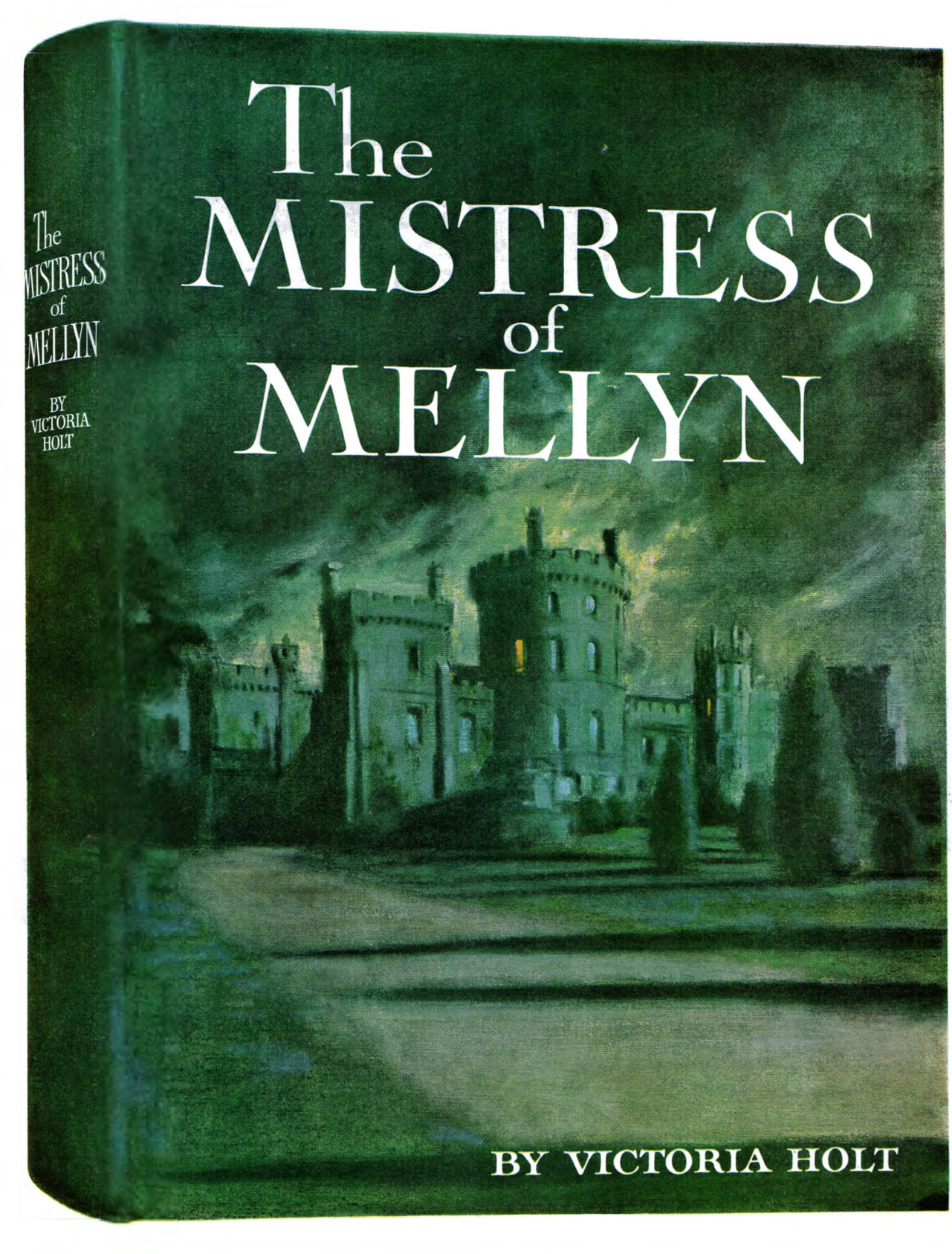
DI PIETRO

Magic apron? Dawn tests. Dottie (l) and Barbara aid.

Editors get strange mail: mildewed rose leaves to Richard Pratt to diagnose, seaweed cookies to Jean Anderson to taste, half an afghan to Cynthia Wheatland to advise on color, a front-porch step to John Brenneman to remedy design. But the strangest pack of all once came to homemaking's Margaret Davidson. A tearful reader sent a whole week's wash. Query: "What did I do wrong?" Answer: She overloaded and—but we mailed her a chin-up primer on how to start over—plus the wash.

Salty and outspoken Vice Admiral Hyman Rickover is a man of whom Ed Murrow has said: "He will occasionally admit that he is pleased . . . has never confessed to being satisfied." When editor Bruce Gould heard that the terrible-tempered Admiral—who fathered the atomic sub and authored the book Education and Freedom—had dropped in unexpectedly to see him, he braced. His visitor strode in, held out a hand: "I'm pleased to say the JOURNAL has done more to further education than any magazine I know—I came to congratulate you!"

If you giggle when tickled, you're not married. Psychiatrist Dr. Clyde B. Simpson thinks ticklishness a sign of unrequited love. So did Havelock Ellis. Wayne State University says girls stay ticklish longer than boys. Icelanders tickle to test modesty. Our medical expert Gladys Denny Shultz told us—but she's still for National Laugh Week, April 1–8.


The MISTRESS of MELLYN
BY VICTORIA HOLT
The MISTRESS of MELLYN
BY VICTORIA HOLT

"My heart was beating fast and my color was heightened. I knocked at the door. . . ."

You too—with Martha Leigh, copper-haired, twenty-four-year-old governess—stand on the threshold of heart-quickening adventure, a duel of good and evil, and impetuous romance. A novel you will want to keep.

Save this issue and your next four for reading and rereading pleasure.

"There are two courses open to a gentlewoman in penurious circumstances," my Aunt Adelaide had said. "One is to marry, and the other to find a post in keeping with her gentility."

As the train carried me through wooded hills and past green meadows, I was taking this second course; partly, I suppose, because I had never had an opportunity of trying the former. I pictured myself as I must appear to my fellow travelers if they were to bother to glance my way, which was not very likely: a young woman of medium height, already past her first youth, being twenty-four years old, in a brown merino dress with cream lace collar and little tufts of lace at the cuffs. (Cream being so much more serviceable than white, as Aunt Adelaide told me.) My brown velvet bonnet, tied under my chin, was of the sort which was so becoming to feminine people like my sister Phillida but, I always felt, sat a little incongruously on heads like mine.

My hair was thick with a coppery tinge, parted in the center, brought down at the sides of my too-long face, and made into a cumbersome knot. My eyes were large, in some lights the color of amber, and were my best feature, but they were too bold—so said Aunt Adelaide; which meant that they had learned none of the feminine graces which were so becoming to a woman. My nose was too short, my mouth too wide. In fact, I thought, nothing seemed to fit; *and I must resign myself to journeys such as this, since it is necessary for me to earn a living, and I shall never achieve the first of those alternatives: a husband.*

We had passed through the green meadows of Somerset and were now deep in the moorland and wooded hills of Devon. I had been told to take a good note of that masterpiece of bridge building, Mr. Brunel's bridge, which spanned the Tamar at Saltash, and after crossing which I should have left England behind and have passed into the Duchy of Cornwall.

I was becoming rather ridiculously excited about crossing the bridge. I was not a fanciful woman at this time—perhaps I changed later, but then a stay in a house like Mount Mellyn was enough to make the most practical of people fanciful—so I could not understand why I should feel this extraordinary excitement.

It was absurd, I told myself. *Mount Mellyn may be a magnificent mansion; Connan TreMellyn may be as romantic as his name sounds; but that will be no concern of yours. You will be confined to belowstairs, or perhaps to the attics abovestairs, concerned only with the care of little Alvean.*

What strange names these people had! This family to which I was going was Cornish, and the Cornish had a language of their own. Perhaps my own name, Martha Leigh, would sound odd to them. Martha! It always gave me a shock when I heard it. Aunt Adelaide always used it, but at home when my father had been alive he and Phillida never thought of calling me Martha. I was always Marty. In my new post I should be Miss Leigh, I supposed; perhaps shortened to Miss, or—more undignified still—Leigh.

Illustrated by Coby Whitmore

One of Aunt Adelaide's numerous friends had heard of "Connan TreMellyn's predicament." He needed the right person to help him out of his difficulties. She must be patient enough to care for his daughter, sufficiently educated to teach her, and genteel enough for the child not to suffer through the proximity of someone who was not quite of her own class. Obviously what Connan TreMellyn needed was an impoverished gentlewoman. Aunt Adelaide decided that I filled the bill.

When our father, who had been vicar of a country parsonage, had died, Aunt Adelaide had swooped upon us and taken us to London. There should be a season, she told us, for twenty-year-old Martha and eighteen-year-old Phillida. Phillida had married at the end of that season; but after four years of living with Aunt Adelaide, I had not. So there came a day when she pointed out the two courses to me.

I glanced out the window. We were drawing into Plymouth. My fellow passengers had alighted and I sat back in my seat watching the activities on the platform.

As the guard was blowing his whistle and we were about to move on, the door of the carriage opened and a man came in. He looked at me with an apologetic smile as though he was hinting that he hoped I did not mind sharing the compartment with him, but I averted my eyes.

When we had left Plymouth and were approaching the bridge, he said, "You like our bridge, eh?"

I turned and looked at him. I saw a man, a little under thirty, well dressed, but in the manner of the country gentleman. His tail coat was dark blue, his trousers gray; and his hat was what in London we called a "pot hat." I thought him somewhat dissipated, with brown eyes that twinkled ironically as though he were fully aware of the warnings I must have received about the inadvisability of entering into conversation with strange men.

I answered, "Yes, indeed, I think it is a very fine piece of workmanship."

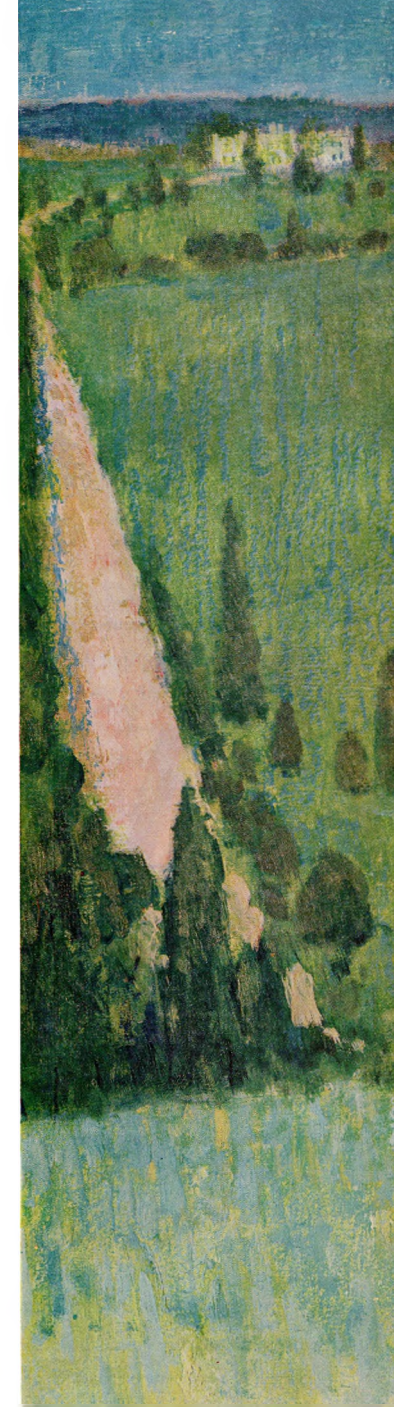
He smiled. We had crossed the bridge and entered Cornwall.

His brown eyes surveyed me and I thought, *He is interested in me only because there is no one else to claim his attention.* I remembered then that Phillida had once said that I put people off by presuming, when they showed interest, that I believed it was because no one else was available.

"Traveling far?" he asked.

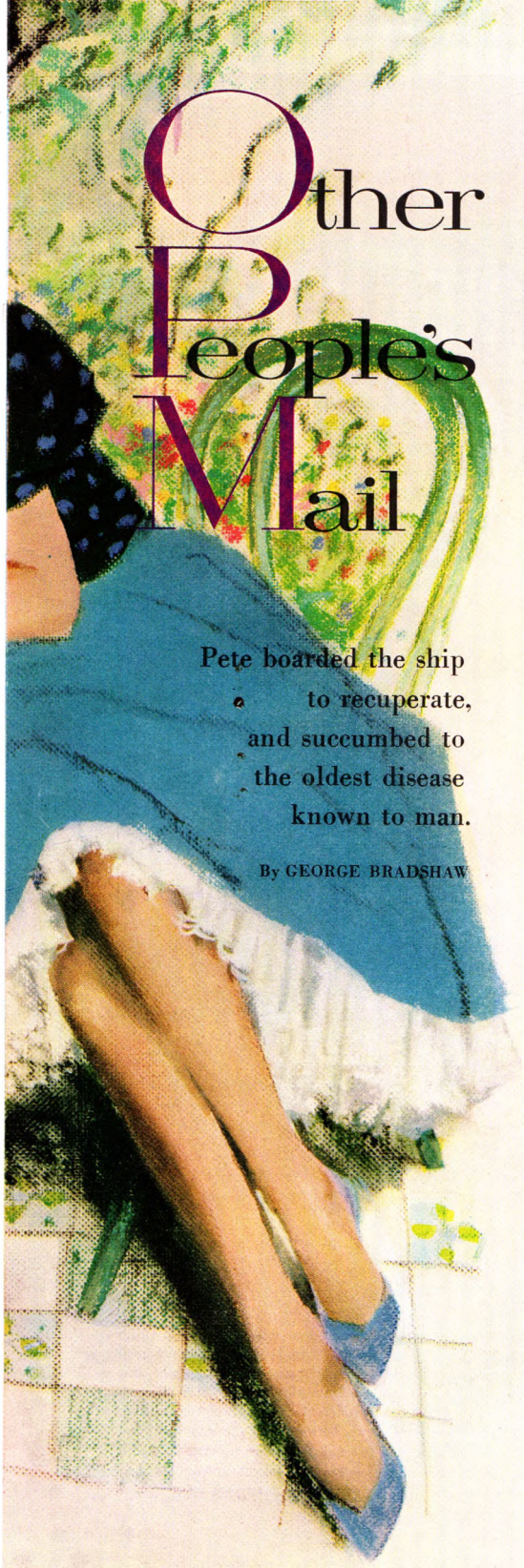
"I believe I have now only a short distance to go. I leave the train at Liskeard."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 128



"I realized I was stimulated by Peter Nansellock, could very easily find myself looking forward to his visits. . . . I had no intention of placing myself in that position."

"Here we are in Gibraltar, at a sidewalk café— me, Helen and Polly. Helen is the one sitting on the table."



Other People's Mail

Pete boarded the ship to recuperate, and succumbed to the oldest disease known to man.

By GEORGE BRADSHAW

To: Joseph Stewart,
c/o U. S. Embassy,
Geneva, Switzerland. Hamlet, Connecticut, June 18

Dear Joe: This is to alert you that I *finally* this morning put our baby brother on a ship. Really, you know, he is exasperating. Last night at dinner he pretended to have a relapse and said, "There's nothing I can do in Europe that I can't do in Connecticut," and when I *looked* at him he said, "Well, nothing vital."

The lug. Don't think I am being unsisterly, but he *must* see a little of the world. He's all over that jaundice—he must be; Monday he played four sets of tennis—but he'll use it as an excuse for the next ten years not to move. All he wants to do is go into Charlie's office—he passed the bar examinations in a breeze—and stay here with those bloody Weimaraners of his and *stagnate.*

We *are* responsible for him. *We* did so many things. I refuse to let him settle down to being a nine-o'clock boy in a nine-o'clock town, if for no other reason than it makes for such boring conversation.

Poor little Pete. He's six feet two; be prepared. But the moaning and groaning when I pushed him on the boat! I gave him a cuff and a bottle of champagne and a good talking to.

He *must* have a good time. You must *see* to it. Force him. He'll get off the boat in Genoa and go right up to you and Eleanor. So you two have plenty of things *planned.*

Charlie sends his love. Maybe we can get over for a couple of weeks in September. We're thinking about it, or rather I am. Charlie says impossible. Love to El.

Janet

To: Edward MacMillan,
East 69th Street,
New York City. MV Salerno, at sea, June 20

Dear Pop: Thank you, thank you, thank you. For all the presents, all the good cheer, all the bravery. You treated me as if I were grown up, a fact you have long overlooked. I appreciate it.

The boat is wonderful, you were right. I'll *never* take an airplane again unless I have to get somewhere. And I have followed your instructions; I have been kind to several old ladies, and not talked to any strange men.

Of course I have *met* some men. I sit at the first officer's table—he's a kind, portly Italian with a wife and five children—and there are a Mr. Savage, an architect who's on his way to study in Rome, but he's sixty, I'm afraid, and an odd one called Pete Stewart, who *said* when I met him that he was recovering from jaundice, but it doesn't take you long to recover apparently, because with one day's sun and sea he's in elegant shape. He's more my age—a month older. We push around all over the ship and have a wonderful time. The nooks and *crannies* there are on a boat—I had no idea.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 123

WHITE ROSES—VINCENT VAN GOGH 1853–1890

Before 1880, when he first turned to painting, Van Gogh had worked in an art gallery, taught, and done missionary work. Quite suddenly he decided to go to Paris, where he met, besides the leading Impressionists, Gauguin. Paris proved wonderful to him until the third winter; then he went to Arles. There he painted over two hundred and fifteen pictures in the space of fifteen months. But with the arrival of Gauguin, his situation began to deteriorate. He quarreled with Gauguin, then frenziedly cut off part of his own ear. For almost a year he lived at an asylum at Saint-Remy, then he settled in Auvers. An intolerable sadness weighed on him, and a few days after painting a golden wheat field with a sky flecked with ominous black crows, he went into the same field and shot himself. During his lifetime he sold only one picture . . . *White Roses* was painted only two months before the artist's death. With a noble simplicity which is reminiscent of his early flower paintings, it seems the lovely token of an untroubled day.

FROM A COMMENTARY BY WALLACE BROCKWAY IN "THE ALBERT D. LASKER COLLECTION," PUBLISHED BY SIMON AND SCHUSTER, INC. PAINTING REPRODUCED COURTESY MRS. ALBERT D. LASKER.

A Wedding to Remember

By HARRIET VAN HORNE

COURTESY OF THE COOPER UNION MUSEUM

On your wedding day your mind will naturally turn to all the blessed days to be. But because a good marriage is a lifelong miracle, you truly cannot envision *how* blessed. That men share this feeling is evident in the poet Lyttelton's line, "How much the wife is dearer than the bride." With all its sweetness and excitement, it's a day of solemn promise.

The words of Jonathan Swift come rolling back across the years:

> "Let none but Him who rules the thunder
> Put this man and woman asunder."

A wedding today is an essentially feminine rite. Costuming the bride and her attendants can stir wild and tearful debates. ("Clarissa says she *won't* wear green!") Receptions start with a few cousins and aunts and sometimes turn into champagne suppers costing as much as a vine-covered cottage. To a prudent bride, all this must seem a wanton waste.

In olden times, weddings had a storybook quality. The ceremony was performed with devout simplicity. And the ensuing festivities had the earthy gladness of a Maypole dance. An account of a wedding in the year 1370 tells us that the bride, "her hair as yellow as gold, hanging down behind her" was led to church "between two sweet boys with bride's lace and rosemary tied about their silken sleeves."

The wedding to remember set forth in the following pages is equally captivating in its storybook charm. Here fantasy, beauty and simplicity are woven into a garland of ideas that bespeak love rather than ostentation, intimacy rather than carnival.

What could become the bride and her maids more enchantingly than bouffant dotted Swiss, bride's white with blue dots and bridesmaids' in a rainbow of pastel shades? Or for the more romantically dignified bride, a gown of white damask as chaste and flowing as a medieval lady's? What flowers more lovely than May baskets filled with mixed spring blossoms—a yellow medley of daisies, daffodils, tulips, snapdragons; or a pink and blue profusion of tulips, snapdragons, delphinium and cornflowers. Spring blossoms also will decorate the church with little bouquets tied on each pew. Down to the tips of your toes delightful ideas are here, ideas costing next to nothing, to be carried out in your own special way. Delicious food for the good friends gathered in the bride's own home after the wedding ceremony, and a fairy-tale cake, a tower of dreams for gay unwed girls at the wedding.

Life, we are told, holds in perfection but a few precious moments. Your wedding day deserves to be among them.

A Dream of

Pretty young brides, planning every step of the way, discover that the day of days need not cost a fortune. Spring and summer play into their hands.

Fresh as April skies—the bride in dotted Swiss . . . a full skirt, shirtwaist and pale blue taffeta sash, around $30.00. Transformable into a summer dancing dress with a short-sleeved top.

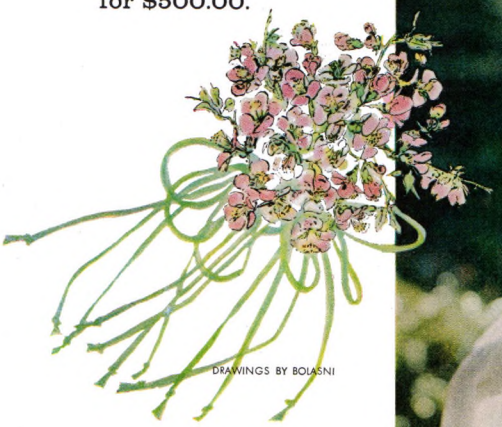
Her headdress is a blue forget-me-not calotte with a short tulle veil, from Mr. John's Junior collection. Her bouquet of angel-wing begonias, feathered carnations, forget-me-nots and tuberoses.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILHELA CUSHMAN

The bridesmaids wear short versions of wedding dress, around $27.00. Both by Jeanne Campbell. Calotte of flowers and leaves, by Therese Ahrens, bouquets of sweet peas.

a Bride

A trousseau and reception for $500.00.



DRAWINGS BY BOLASNI

Who is the bride in white silk damask?

A new romantic idea, a dress that slips easily into a summer wardrobe, changed with jewel-color jewelry and slippers, $45.00, by Lew Serbin.

The bride's dress inspires the bridesmaids' dresses of the same silk damask in any pastel color.

Bouquet of azaleas and gloxinias with spring leaves; azaleas also used with the veil.

TURN TO PAGE 130 FOR BRIDE'S LISTS AND COSTS.

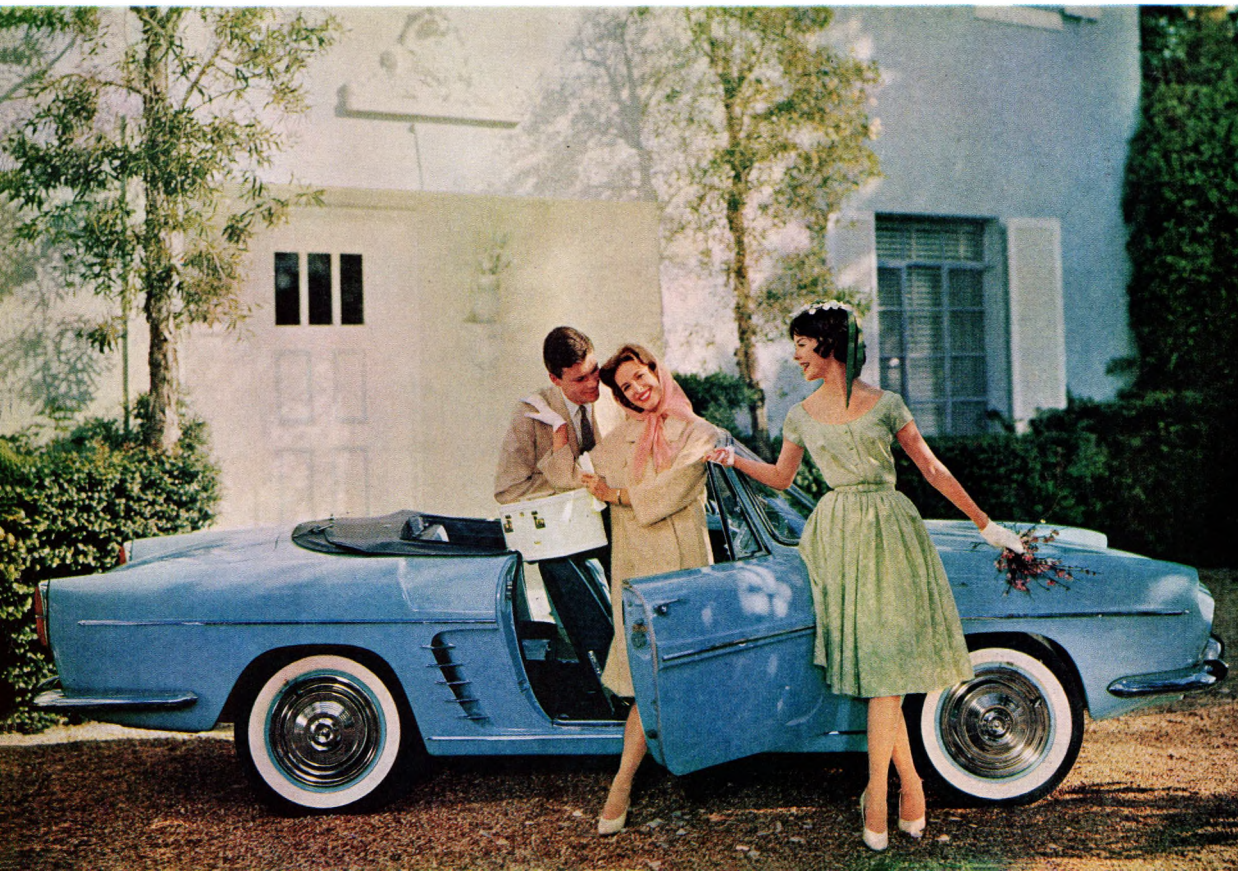
Sweet-pea headdress
and pale blue
veil by Emme.

A Dream

Be clever, sweet bride, and plan a trousseau that will also be a summer wardrobe. Six irresistible outfits and the bridal costume, all for $261.80.

Bride's ideal in a suit—must have a short jacket and pleated skirt for fashion and comfort. Beige tweed, around $39.95, by John Anthony.

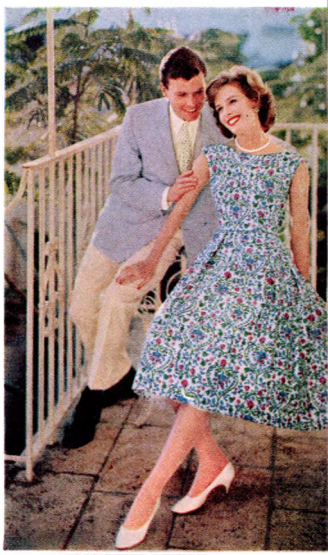
Take-off in a car: beige tweed coat, a fashion for seasons to come, by Dan Barkin, $45.00. Bridesmaid in silk damask by Lew Serbin.



Take along the permanently pleated Arnel tricot dress in universal white, by Henry Rosenfeld, $10.95; sweater, $8.95, by Erna Balla.

Even a bride must have that wonderful little black dress. This is silk and acetate plus a printed jacket, $25.00, by Jonathan Logan.

Romantic print: hearts and flowers in piqué, by Jerry Gilden. Young and gay and pretty to wear any time of day, on a honeymoon or all summer, $14.95.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILHELA CUSHMAN

# of a Trousseau

You've always wanted that absolutely perfect printed silk that you can wear anywhere from lunch to table-for-two dancing. Why not in your trousseau, in the new princess silhouette? A printed cotton, too, with hearts and flowers all over it.

Something black—that blissful slip of a dress with a printed jacket; and something white—that permanently pleated traveler. And speaking of travel, pale beige tweed in both suit and coat will live happily in your wardrobe for years. Two bags, an extra pair of kidskin slippers, a scarf and a string of beads, a pair of gloves, and you're on your way.

By WILHELA CUSHMAN
Fashion Editor

DRAWINGS BY BOLASNI

The fashions on all these pages are presented to you because they show you the trends of the season and serve as a guide as you shop. You will find many of them in stores throughout the nation. However, if you do not find identical styles in your local shops, we believe similar ones will be available.

Her eye on color—and on a dress to wear a thousand places: printed pure silk dress in a rose design, by Suzy Perette, around $30.00.

Beauty to Have and

Where beauty is, there will he love."—*ROBERT HEATH*

By **DAWN CROWELL NORMAN** *BEAUTY EDITOR*

The saying "Every girl looks beautiful on her wedding day" is a true and delightful one. Starry-eyed in luminous white, tingling with the excitement of loving and being oved, she *feels* beautiful—and in her magic moment she becomes a truly radiant being.

For many, such radiance enriches itself as the years go by on the charming conviction that woman's beauty is a deliciously essential part of life itself.

The girl who stays lovely learns early that beauty is many-faceted, and she continuously uses this knowledge to bring joy into her own and other people's lives.

She surrounds herself in beauty, discovering that even the littlest touches can reflect her most appealing self. She takes five minutes each morning to put on her "You'd-be-so-nice-to-come-home-to" look—the cheerful face, the well-brushed hair, the fresh gingham brunch coat in a color her husband loves.

As the song goes, she *enjoys* being a girl—and she uses the passing of time to improve, not excuse, her appearance. In her by-myself moments each day (grabbed when the grabbing's best) she *does* cream her face, put up her hair. do her nails or try a new exercise to whittle her waist.

As homemaker, wife and mother she depends on imaginative simplicity—in taste and action—to take her as easily as possible through her jam-packed days. Then, with gay appreciation for life's lighter touches, she puts aside the workaday atmosphere in favor of candlelight and music, heady perfume and some outrageously becoming dress.

It is her feminine response to *something-new-and-wonderful*, not a liking for artificiality itself, that stirs her to try the violet eye shadow, the fake eyelashes, the sable rinse in her hair.

She is no paragon, nor would she dream of pretending to be. On the contrary, she recognizes her unavoidable shortcomings, overlooks them, and turns her talents to making the most of her assets. Despite having her share of worries and upsets, she refuses to let life's little setbacks etch permanent frown lines in her face. With gaiety born of wisdom she shakes off negatives, and quickly becomes her sunny self again.

When necessary, beauty is her badge of courage, her "brave front." And whether she ties a colorful ribbon in her hair, or pins a fresh pink carnation on the ancient suit, she tries *some* trick to make her world seem bright again.

Instinctively she looks for beauty in the people around her, and this generous gesture reflects favorably in her face. For love of others she *communicates* in beauty, using her lilting laugh to cheer a heart, her soothing words to heal a hurt, or just warm conversation to seal a friendship.

All told, she works at beauty, reaping rich rewards as each day goes by. And through her own efforts she becomes the kind of girl any man would be happy to have and to hold forever!

FROM THE HALLMARK HISTORICAL COLLECTION

For early-morning beauty: try a ribbon in your hair, a bright smile, a becoming brunch coat in a color your husband loves! Takes five minutes—yet his thoughts of your loveliness last the day.


to Hold


Two

Wedding Feasts

"The guests are met, the feast is set." . . . But first, a toast to the bride! Let them drink your health with our Ruby Punch. Its hue is rosy, its taste ambrosial, delicious with grape juice (or with a good dry wine if you prefer!). A silver "wedding ring" of ice floats ceremoniously in the bowl, jewelled with fruit.

If the day be fine, with the sun shining its blessings on the bride, an alfresco feast will be your wedding's final, crowning touch. It warmly repays any extra labor involved.

First, a tray of festive little sandwiches to nibble as the punch cups are passed. Fill them with avocado and water cress, with salmon and capers and delicious deviled ham.

To accompany the wedding cake—which can be a towering, trellised structure from a caterer or a simple, graceful layer cake made by loving hands at home—there must be ice cream. We chose pistachio and vanilla, which composed itself into an exquisitely tinted mound.

If your reception is held indoors, a more elaborate feast is in order. "Blessed those feasts with simple plenty crowned"—and simple plenty, festively arranged, can make your bridal meal memorable.

A buffet for fifty can be managed beautifully in most households.

Our menu is balanced, and beautiful to the eye. A chicken mousse, chaste and elegant on its bed of greenery. A piping-hot sea-food dish, every flavor rendered better by a dash of good sherry.

Cook the green beans with marjoram and they'll come to the bridal table tasting young and wild and fresh-picked. Serve them with shredded almonds and a light cheese sauce (or just melted sweet butter).

A salad of escarole and artichoke hearts, so crisp it crackles. A perfect complement to the sea food, with its heady flavors.

To conclude, a pink valentine heart of strawberry sherbet, the wedding cake, and more punch for a final toast.

With a maximum of love and a minimum of expense you have had a wedding day, precious beyond price, a jewel in your memory.

STUART-FOWLER

Garden wedding reception (opposite) for fifty people is budgeted to include five tea sandwiches per person, four gallons of bridal punch, plus ice cream and wedding cake. Bread for sandwiches may be sliced and cut into fancy shapes several days before wedding, wrapped tightly and frozen. (If you have a favorite storekeeper, why not ask him to slice the bread thin on his slicing machine?)

Indoor wedding breakfast (right) for fifty people is planned to include a delicious cold chicken mousse with green sauce that may be made the day ahead, if you like. Our creamy wedding sea food could also be made well ahead of The Day, and frozen. The wedding cake was purchased from a bakery, topped with full-blown white roses dipped in warm paraffin.

TURN PAGE FOR RECIPES

Two Wedding Feasts

Fifty People: Garden Reception Outdoors

RUBY PUNCH: Early in the day mix 2⅔ cups lemon juice and ½ cup sugar. Refrigerate. Chill (but don't add to the lemon juice yet) 6 quarts white grape juice (or, if you like, 8 quarts dry champagne), 6 quarts ginger ale, 3 quarts cranberry juice (and 2 cups brandy, if you like). Mix all together just before serving. Float ice ring on top, and add a few thin lemon slices. Makes about 3¾ gallons.

ORANGE-BLOSSOM WEDDING CAKE: Grease bottom and sides of one 14", one 10" and one 7" cake pan (2½" deep) heavily. Flour well. Sift together, twice, 7½ cups cake flour, 5 teaspoons baking powder and 1¼ teaspoons salt. Cream together 2½ cups butter and 5 cups sugar until light and fluffy. Add 15 egg yolks one at a time, beating after each addition. Add 2½ teaspoons orange flavoring and 5 tablespoons grated orange rind. Add alternately dry ingredients and 2½ cups milk a little at a time, beating after each addition. Beat 10 egg whites until stiff but not dry. Fold whites into cake batter. Half fill cake pans with batter. Cover largest pan and refrigerate until other 2 cakes are baked. Bake in a slow oven, 300° F., for about 1 hour and 20 minutes, or until a cake tester comes out clean. Turn out onto a wire cake rack. Cool thoroughly and cut in half horizontally. Bake the large cake in the same way, allowing about 1 hour and 30 minutes. Have ready 2 racks big enough to hold this layer.

ALMOND-CREAM FILLING: Make up 4 cups of your favorite butter-cream icing (unflavored). Mix in 2 cups *very* finely chopped blanched almonds, 1½ teaspoons almond flavoring and 4 tablespoons light cream. Spread cut surfaces with filling. Put together. Assemble cakes with some filling, one on top of the other. Frost with butter-cream icing and decorate, or buy decorations from your local confectioner.

AVOCADO-AND-WATER-CRESS SANDWICHES: All sandwiches made several hours in advance should be covered with a damp cloth and refrigerated. Ask your grocer to slice the sandwich bread very thin on his slicing machine. Peel and remove the pits from 2 medium-size ripe avocados. Mash until very smooth. Add ½ cup soft butter, 4 teaspoons lemon juice, 1 teaspoon salt and ⅛ teaspoon white pepper. Mix well. Add ¾ cup finely chopped watercress leaves; mix lightly. Cover tightly and chill. Spread sandwiches with this mixture. Makes about 3¼ cups filling, 50 sandwiches.

CREAM-CHEESE-AND-RIPE-OLIVE SANDWICHES: Allow 1¾ pounds cream cheese to soften at room temperature. Add 3½ tablespoons heavy cream and mix until smooth. Add 7 teaspoons grated onion, 1½ teaspoons salt and a scant ¼ teaspoon pepper. Mix well. Add 3½ cups chopped pitted ripe olives; mix lightly. Spread 50 thin slices whole-wheat bread and roll diagonally.

SALMON-PATE SANDWICHES: Remove bones and skin from three 1-pound cans red salmon. Mash. Add 9 tablespoons mayonnaise, ¼ cup tarragon vinegar and 1 tablespoon caper liquid. Mix well. Add ¼ cup finely chopped capers or ¼ cup chopped chives; mix lightly. Chill. Use thinly sliced white bread for these sandwiches. Makes about 4½ cups filling, 50 sandwiches.

HAM-AND-ASPARAGUS ROLLS: Cook four 10-ounce packages frozen asparagus spears. Drain well and chill. Mix together 4½ cups canned deviled ham, 8 teaspoons Worcestershire sauce, 4 teaspoons prepared mustard and 2 teaspoons each prepared horse-radish and paprika. Chill. Cut 13 very thin slices from an unsliced white sandwich loaf. Cut into 52 2¼" squares. You should get 4 squares from each slice. Spread with the mixture. Put one asparagus spear diagonally across the square. Roll up. Place on a tray and cover with a clean damp cloth. Refrigerate till serving time. Makes 5 cups filling, 52 sandwiches.

Fifty People: Indoor Wedding Breakfast

WEDDING SEA FOOD: Cut 4 pounds cooked, cleaned shrimp and 2 pounds cooked lobster meat into bite-sized pieces. Simmer 4 pounds raw scallops in 4 cups water, seasoned with 2 teaspoons onion salt, until tender. Drain and reserve liquid. Measure amount of liquid and add enough light cream to make 3 quarts. In a large heavy kettle sauté 4 cups sliced mushrooms in 1 cup butter for 5 minutes. Do not brown. Add 2 cups flour and the scallop-cream liquid to make a cream sauce. Add 8 chicken-bouillon cubes, 8 tablespoons tomato paste, 10 teaspoons grated onion, 5 teaspoons paprika, 2 teaspoons Worcestershire sauce, 1 teaspoon nutmeg and a scant ¼ teaspoon liquid pepper seasoning. Cook and stir until bouillon cubes dissolve. Add sea food and mix well. Cool, cover and refrigerate overnight. Reheat over low heat in a kettle, allowing about 35–45 minutes. About 10 minutes before serving, add a scant cup chicken broth (or dry sherry, if you like). Serve with toast points. Makes 25 servings. Double recipe to serve 50.

CHICKEN MOUSSE: Make the day before the wedding. Poach two 4-pound chickens. Reserve broth and strain. Measure broth and increase to 2½ quarts by adding canned chicken broth. Heat 2 quarts broth with 10 chicken-bouillon cubes in a 3-quart double boiler over just-simmering water, or divide between 2 smaller pans. Add 15 slightly beaten egg yolks, 5 tablespoons grated onion, 6¼ teaspoons salt, 1¾ teaspoons powdered rosemary, a rounded ½ teaspoon white pepper, ¼ teaspoon cayenne and 7 to 8 drops liquid pepper seasoning. Cook and stir until thickened. Add 5 cups chicken meat, chopped medium fine. Cool. Heat the remaining ½ quart broth with 8 envelopes unflavored gelatin until latter dissolves. Cool. Add gelatin mixture and 5 tablespoons lemon juice to chicken-sauce mixture. Mix well. Chill until thick. Add 2½ cups finely chopped celery and 1¼ cups chopped water chestnuts. Whip 5 cups heavy cream until thick and shiny. Fold the cream into the chicken mixture. Spoon into two 3-quart molds. Chill overnight. Unmold and serve with Green Sauce. Makes 25 servings. Double recipe to serve 50.

GREEN SAUCE: Make a cream sauce with ½ cup each butter and flour and 5 cups milk. Season with 1 tablespoon salt and ¼ teaspoon white pepper. Cool. Mix together 2 cups water-cress leaves, ⅓ cup each parsley and coarsely chopped scallions, and ¼ cup cut fresh dill. Buzz in a blender with 1 cup cold water, or put through a food mill adding 1 cup cold water and letting stand 1 hour. Strain through cheesecloth; squeeze to extract all liquid. Add 1 cup of this liquid to cream sauce, also ¾ cup mayonnaise, 7 tablespoons lemon juice, 2½ teaspoons sugar, 1½ teaspoons prepared mustard and ⅛ teaspoon liquid pepper seasoning. Beat until smooth. Chill. Serve sprinkled with a few chopped water-cress leaves. Makes about 6 cups sauce, about 25 servings. Double recipe to serve 50.

GREEN BEANS AU GRATIN: Heat three 10½-ounce cans cream-of-celery soup. Add 5 cups grated Cheddar cheese, 1 teaspoon salt and ¼ teaspoon pepper. Cook and stir until cheese melts. One hour before serving time, reheat sauce over low heat. Also cook 10 packages frozen French green beans, using the following method: Into each of 2 saucepans put 1½ cups water, 2 teaspoons salt and a rounded ¼ teaspoon marjoram. Heat to boiling. Add 2 packages beans to each pan. Cook until just crisp-tender. Drain thoroughly. Repeat, until all are cooked. Add ½ cup soft butter, 2 teaspoons celery seed and the hot sauce to the beans. Mix well. Transfer to two 1½-quart shallow casseroles. Sprinkle each with ½ cup toasted, slivered almonds. Cover tightly. Bake in a slow oven, 300° F., for ½ hour. Makes 25 servings. Double recipe to serve 50.

GARDEN RECEPTION FOR 50

SANDWICHES

50 each variety; total, 250—5 per person

1. Cream-cheese-and-olive	$ 3.08
2. Avocado-and-water-cress	.92
3. Salmon-pâté	3.26
4. Ham-and-asparagus rolls	4.08
5. Egg-and-crab-salad	1.92

BREAD

2 15" unsliced sandwich loaves	.62
1 8" unsliced whole-wheat loaf	.25

GARNISHES

for sandwiches—water cress, chicory, radishes, parsley	.69
Ruby Punch	14.13
Ice ring	.18
Nuts—4 1-lb. boxes @ $2.00	8.00
Mints—4 1-lb. boxes @ $1.00	4.00
Pistachio ice cream—10 quarts	9.60
Vanilla ice cream—6 quarts	2.97
Mint for garnishing ice cream	.10
Instant coffee—1 6-oz. jar—Makes 4 gallons	.92
Light cream—2 quarts for coffee	1.70
Lump sugar for coffee—1-lb. box	.28
Wedding cake (homemade)	approx. 8.00
	$ 64.70

INDOOR WEDDING BREAKFAST FOR 50

Chicken Mousse	$ 15.93
Green Sauce	3.22
Wedding Sea Food	33.50
Green Beans au gratin	9.12
Green salad with artichoke hearts	7.88
16 quarts strawberry sherbet with 6 pints fresh strawberries for garnish	22.50

GARNISHES

1. Chicken Mousse—radishes and lettuce, tomatoes, water cress	2.06
2. Strawberry sherbet—1 bunch mint	.10
Wedding cake (bought)	22.00
Instant coffee—1 6-ounce jar—Makes 4 gallons	.92
Light cream—2 quarts for coffee	1.70
Lump sugar for coffee—1-lb. box	.28
	$119.21

DR. SPOCK TALKS WITH MOTHERS

TELEVISION, RADIO, COMICS AND MOVIES

By BENJAMIN SPOCK, M.D.

For a long time there's been controversy about the effects on children of television and radio programs, comics and movies. Recent revelations about the television industry, and the ending of advance censorship of movies, have intensified the discussion. The chief concern has been about the influence of so much violence, crime and sex. There have also been questions about the effect on schoolwork, homework and the reading of good books.

Let's try to tackle violence and crime first. A certain number of judges, prosecutors and psychiatrists have been impressed with the frequency with which a severe delinquent, asked in court where he ever got the idea for his crime, has promptly answered, "In a comic book," or, "On a television program." They have taken this as evidence that a child can be seriously corrupted by these means.

Most psychiatrists haven't been willing to go so far. They've admitted that much on the air and in the comics is unwholesome, especially for certain children. They've conceded that a cruel youth might pick up an ingenious or fiendish idea from something he'd seen. But they've denied that a child who was anywhere near normal to start with could be turned into a scoundrel or a thug by any number of hours of viewing or reading. Most parents have felt the same way too. They know

CONTINUED ON PAGE 119

We are missing the main point—and acting too helpless—if we talk about television only from the negative point of view of whether we need to protect our children from certain programs.

It is the law of the United States that the air for broadcasting belongs to the people. Since the channels are limited in number, the Government grants the broadcasting right to stations on the assumption that they will serve the public interest. It is largely left to the Federal Communications Commission to determine whether and how the public interest is to be served. It decides such matters as the distribution of stations, the reliability of corporations which apply for licenses. It could also set broad policies regarding program content and advertising, through its right to issue or withhold licenses. But over the years the commission (whose members are appointed for fixed terms by the President) has preferred to leave such matters largely to the stations and networks. The networks, to a great extent, have turned over the choice of programs to the sponsors who are willing to pay for them.

The sponsors and their advertising agencies are mainly influenced by the popularity rating a show receives. There is a certain democratic justice in this system (if the rating services are a reliable index), since the majority of the people are presumably getting what they like to view. But when Westerns, murder, variety and quiz shows are most popular, then sponsors and networks, in their obsession with high ratings, multiply such programs and ignore the lesser millions of people who would like something different for themselves and for their children.

We are living in a period of history when America's leadership in the world, her way of life, ultimately her existence are being challenged by a rival who is deadly serious about "burying" us (if only figuratively). The Soviet Union sees education as one of her major weapons and is investing a much greater proportion of her effort in it than we are.

Our educators and other leaders keep pointing to the serious gaps in our schools and colleges, and to the fact that hundreds of thousands of our youth who have the mental ability to profit from a college training do not have the motivation to try for it.

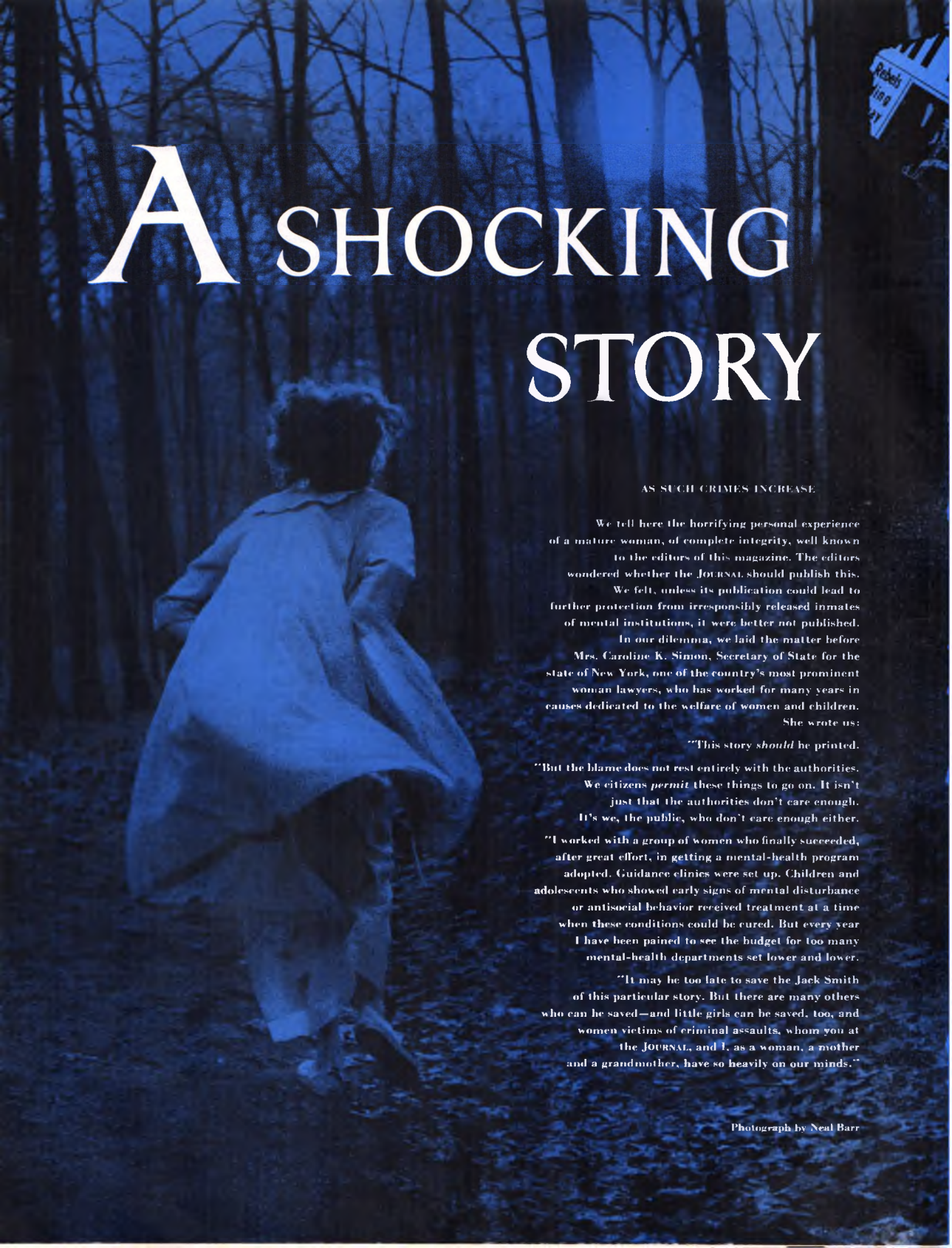
Television is potentially the greatest educational force that has appeared since schools and colleges were established and printing was invented. It can go anywhere in the world to find its subject matter. It can provide us with inspired performers, speakers, experts in all fields, and use every dramatic aid. It can deliver the production visually and audibly—and quite personally, too—to every corner of the land.

Children can be fascinated by demonstrations of phenomena in electricity, chemistry, biology, geology. They can respond to inspiring stories from history and literature just as well as to meaningless tales of violence.

Then why are we letting our American children spend so many hours watching rough stuff, clowning and mayhem? The fact that this is the most efficient way to sell cereals doesn't seem a good enough reason.

The suggestion has recently been made, in several quarters, that Congress or the President should appoint a commission of distinguished citizens to review thoughtfully all aspects of broadcasting: its past accomplishments and deficiencies, its economics and regulation. More important would be a fresh estimation of its potential contribution to the nation in the future. The commission would be concerned not only with increasing the enjoyment of all kinds of people in the riches of music, drama, humor, literature, but also in broadening our understanding of our world with the help of the scientist, the engineer, the historian, the political commentator, the traveler.

Whether such a proposal for a review commission ever receives consideration will depend on whether there are parents who think it is important and will write their senators or the President.



A SHOCKING STORY

AS SUCH CRIMES INCREASE

We tell here the horrifying personal experience of a mature woman, of complete integrity, well known to the editors of this magazine. The editors wondered whether the JOURNAL should publish this. We felt, unless its publication could lead to further protection from irresponsibly released inmates of mental institutions, it were better not published. In our dilemma, we laid the matter before Mrs. Caroline K. Simon, Secretary of State for the state of New York, one of the country's most prominent woman lawyers, who has worked for many years in causes dedicated to the welfare of women and children. She wrote us:

"This story *should* be printed.

"But the blame does not rest entirely with the authorities. We citizens *permit* these things to go on. It isn't just that the authorities don't care enough. It's we, the public, who don't care enough either.

"I worked with a group of women who finally succeeded, after great effort, in getting a mental-health program adopted. Guidance clinics were set up. Children and adolescents who showed early signs of mental disturbance or antisocial behavior received treatment at a time when these conditions could be cured. But every year I have been pained to see the budget for too many mental-health departments set lower and lower.

"It may be too late to save the Jack Smith of this particular story. But there are many others who can be saved—and little girls can be saved, too, and women victims of criminal assaults, whom you at the JOURNAL, and I, as a woman, a mother and a grandmother, have so heavily on our minds."

Photograph by Neal Barr

FBI Reports Sound the Alarm

FBI Uniform Crime Reports, based on country-wide statistics, tell the tragic rise in forcible rape of 13 per cent in 1958 over 1957, bringing the total to 14,560 cases. For the first nine months of 1959, the Reports show an increase of 5 per cent over the figure for the same period in 1958. In 73 per cent of the forcible-rape cases reported in 1958, an arrest was made, and 45 per cent of the persons charged were found guilty.

Sixty-five per cent of all sex crimes reported to the police are rape, according to the FBI, and 65 per cent of the rapists are under twenty-one years of age. These figures do not take into account, however, the large number who plead a less serious offense such as assault or contempt of court rather than submit to a psychiatric examination. What is even more serious is the number of cases obscured as minor or first offenses, and thus treated casually or lightly, though we know that the sex offender is distinct from other types of first offenders. Only by expert psychiatric examination and treatment can a sex deviate's type and degree of disturbance, with its resulting menace to society, be determined. It is imperative, therefore, that he be spotted as early as possible.

Too often only a particularly terrifying sex crime will galvanize a community into action. But hysteria-induced measures often prove ineffective, or so ill-advised as to aggravate rather than help. The problem requires basically sound, stubbornly pursued community planning. Full co-operation of local and state departments of correction, courts, bar associations, judges, clergy, schools, medical specialists is needed.

WHAT YOU CAN DO

Facts are hard to come by, but are essential as a working guide. You can study the report and arrest figures from your local police department; become acquainted with the file of known sex offenders precinct by precinct—so as to publicize the danger zones; examine the prosecutor's records showing convictions and disposition of convicted offenders.

Study state sex-offender laws. Do they need overhauling? Are they widely disregarded? How do they provide for the sex deviate, the borderline psychotic who cannot be classified as "legally insane" and may be freed after a short sentence to commit further criminal acts?

Help young offenders. Begin with the Juvenile Bureau of the police department, seeing that it has sufficient trained personnel; work for a fully staffed psychiatric service in the Juvenile Court for early spotting of the potential—as well as help for the actual—sex offender, the latter to include probation and parole supervision.

Facilities for diagnosis and treatment. For defective delinquents of intellectual deficiency or known sadistic behavior, Maryland state law provides special institutions, thereby preventing their release on short sentences while still clearly dangerous.

In New Jersey, all convicted sex offenders are given psychiatric examination and treatment at the State Diagnostic Center at Menlo Park. This service is available also on a voluntary basis to community agencies and individuals.

Family-life and mental-health education. More help is needed for youngsters lacking good home care and exposed to disorganizing emotional experiences. Most effective in giving sex education and helping the sexually aberrant youngster can be teamwork of home, church and school.

Precautionary measures. Insist on bright lighting and adequate police patrols in public places. Call public attention to unprotected areas, such as large housing developments, not patrolled by municipal police. Work for the installation of alarm bells in self-service elevators, and attendants on duty in basement laundries, which should be locked at night.

Keep away from isolated or unsavory neighborhoods even during the day, and do not hesitate to call for help. "It is far better to scream than to run from the danger of being attacked," says New York Police Commissioner Kennedy. "A woman or girl alone on a dark street, especially late at night, is a natural prey for the degenerate, despite patrols and special attention. Policemen cannot be in all places at all times. And the sex criminal strikes without warning." MARGARET HICKEY.

The Story Begins Here

The first intimation I had that someone was in my house was the clicking of the latch on the door of my first-floor bedroom. I am a professional woman, in my late fifties. My house is in a rural section, and, my children all happily married, I live alone. There are neighbors not too far away, none within the sound of my voice, none in a position to see or take alarm at any unusual happenings in my house. In our quiet little community, several of us widowed women live alone in houses out of sight and sound of neighbors. We had not considered that we were living in danger.

This night, sometime after I turned out my light at 10:30, I thought I heard movement outside, something sounded as if it had brushed against the house. I raised myself in bed and looked out the window nearest me. I saw nothing except my car, sitting by the house in the bright moonlight, and lay down again. I was not alarmed. I even heard the dull, booming sound my ancient, heavy, outside cellar door makes when it is opened. I listened intently then. But I heard nothing afterward so I was still not alarmed. Deer come up to my very door. Dogs and raccoons investigate my garbage can. Trees and old houses produce strange sounds of their own, especially on a winter night. I finally attributed this sound, too, to some innocent cause, or to my imagination.

It was perhaps twenty minutes after that, still with no further sound, not even the creak of a floor board, when the latch rattled on my bedroom door. I think it must have been around midnight.

That sound could not have been made by the wind or an animal. I rose up out of my bed by reflex action and started toward the door, calling out, "Who is it? Who is there?"

The latch clicked more decisively. There was no attempt at secrecy now. I was more than halfway across the room when the door was thrown open boldly.

A man entered, half crouching. A man in shirt sleeves, young, and completely strange to me. It was as

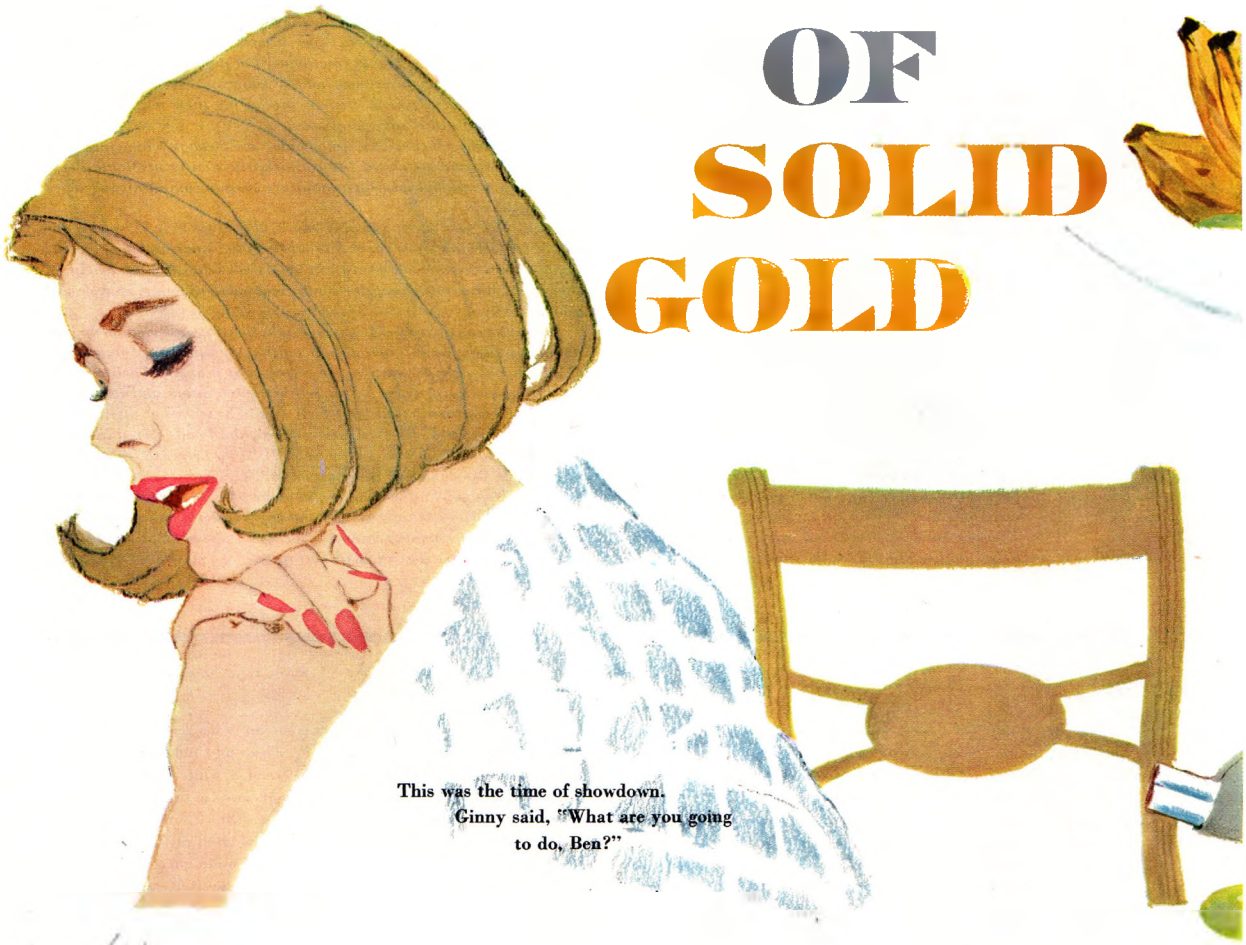
CONTINUED ON PAGE 162

By JOHN D. MACDONALD

THE TRAP OF SOLID GOLD

If Ben and Ginny Weldon had only had the time to sit down quietly and think things through, they might have seen just how they were heading for a time of crisis. More than crisis, in fact. "Disaster" is not too mild a word, not when all the hope and promise is so great. By careful prediction they could have guessed that the early months of 1959 would be the time of ultimate trial, but of course they had no time to sit down and think. They would have admitted a growing uneasiness, small forewarnings of doom which were briskly poked back down into the subconscious whenever they became aware of them.

Marriage is a small brave ship, and embarkation is valiant and hopeful. But the channel is narrow, the set of the tide tricky, and the buoys and markers forever shrouded in mist. They had set out in a tighter ship than most, which



This was the time of showdown. Ginny said, "What are you going to do, Ben?"

All she wanted

is a matter of luck, a factor for which you can be grateful without ever making the mistake of believing you have earned it. They were whole people, with the capacity to give and receive love in equal measure, with humor to give them that special balance of objectivity, with good looks, health, education, ability and uncontrived charm. These factors are luck. You have to earn all the rest of it.

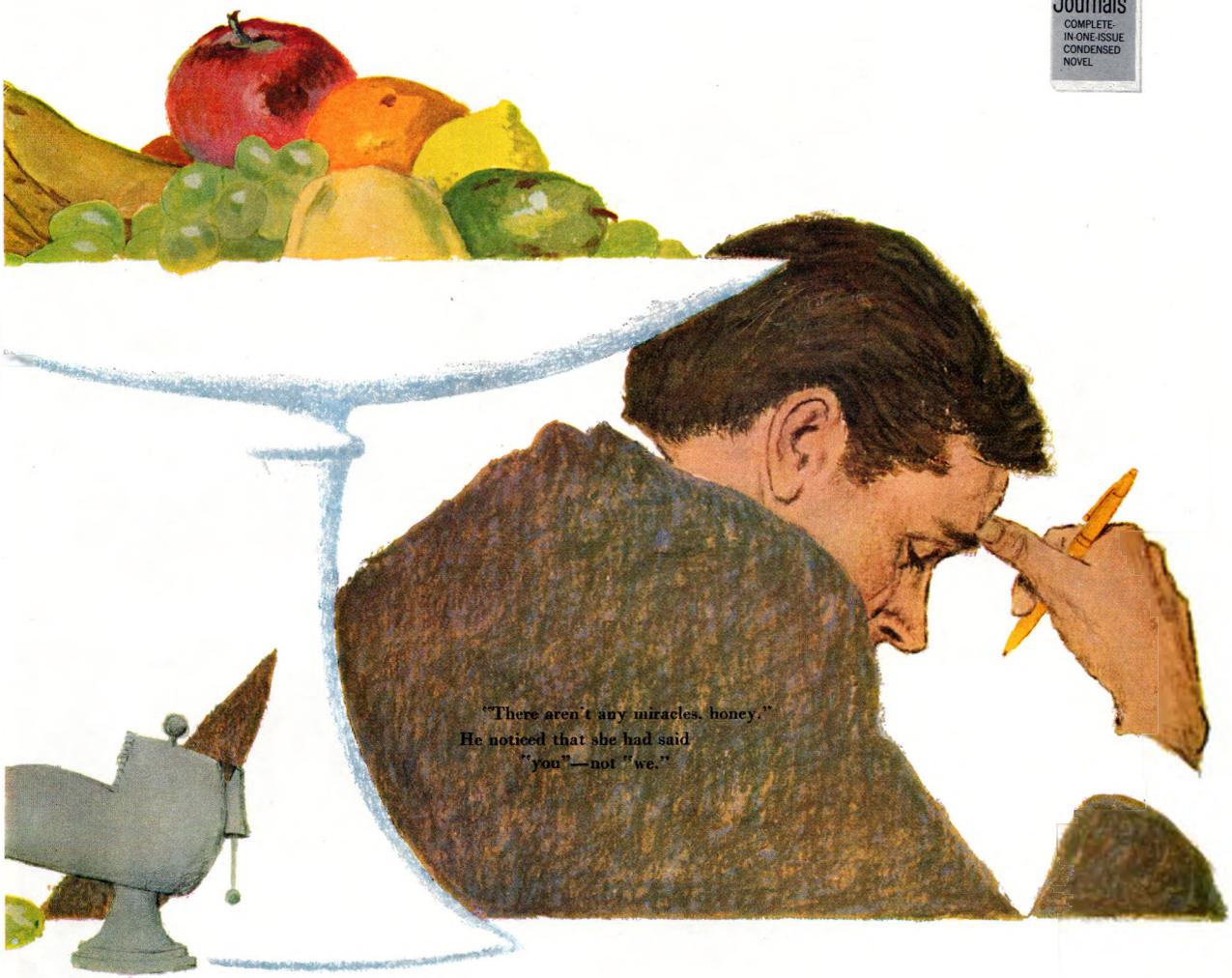
And so it was a special shock to realize that by 1959, after ten years of marriage, the copilots had lost the channel, the wind was rising, and the thunderous reefs were sickeningly close.

Marriage courts and counselors relate that the one most prevalent cause of marital difficulty is money. This seems a small, mean, shabby thing, with no dignity in its connotation of bickering. But money is a strange poison. It is an index of security, and when it becomes a problem it has a nasty tendency to tinge those other less tangible aspects of security with despair.

In view of Ben Weldon's position and his ability, it is both ludicrous and tragic that money should have been the hidden rock that cracked the hull of the stout little ship. By 1959 there were five in the boat.

Chris, at eight, was a small boy full of areas of a deadly earnestness, but with such a brimming joy in being alive that he was afflicted with frequent seizures of a wild and manic glee which would take him whooping to the top of a tall tree in a startlingly few moments.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 86



"There aren't any miracles, honey."
He noticed that she had said
"you"—not "we."

was a Miracle...with a Price tag

The Two Women IN WINSTON CHURCHILL'S LIFE

By RICHARD HARRITY AND RALPH G. MARTIN

(Adapted from "The Winston Churchill Story," a pictorial biography soon to be published by Duell, Sloan & Pearce, Inc.)

The two great ladies
whom he has always loved and
whose devotion and loyalty
have contributed
to his greatness.

CULVER PHOTO SERVICE

His
American mother:
"She shone for me like the evening star."

CULVER PHOTO SERVICE

His
English wife:
"We were married and lived happily ever after."

Behind Winston Leonard Spencer Churchill, the greatest Englishman of the century, there have been two great women: his Brooklyn-born mother, Jennie Jerome, whose forebears fought under George Washington; and his wife, Clementine Hozier, a granddaughter of the seventh Earl of Airlie, the ancient Scots family whose motto is "To the end." "Father of the American Turf" and builder of Jerome Avenue in the Bronx, Leonard Jerome was a self-made Wall Street millionaire and owner of *The New York Times*, who at 72 accepted the challenge of a circus strong man and knocked him senseless. His daughter Jennie, a great beauty endowed with extraordinary vitality and a first-rate intelligence, took London by storm at the end of the nineteenth century. On November 30, 1874, when Winston was born to Jennie and Lord Randolph Churchill, third son of the Duke of Marlborough, a racing friend of her family wrote: "Interesting breeding. Stamina always goes through the dam, and pace through the sire." Jennie had stamina to spare. When Lord Randolph died, a victim of political disappointment and delicate health, she guided their son Winston along the path that would one day lead him to his date with destiny. Winston, always a poor student, failed at school again and again. When he finally graduated from Sandhurst, England's West Point, and was assigned as a young subaltern to India, she sent him good books to read during his long off-duty hours. Among these was Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, which helped to form his own literary style and from which he can still quote whole pages from memory. When he first stood for Parliament, his mother advised and counseled him as she had his father before him. After she died he paid her this tribute: "My mother always seemed to me a fairy princess; a radiant being possessed of limitless riches and power." Long years later when, as Prime Minister of England in her darkest hour, he first addressed a joint session of the Congress of the United States of America, he added: "I wish indeed that my mother, whose memory I cherish across the veil of years, could have been here to see me."

The second handmaiden to Churchill's greatness is "Clemmie," or—to use his favorite term of endearment—"Dear Cat." Still straight, slim and tall at 74, the former Clementine Hozier has finely cut features, gray-green eyes and silvery hair. She has had the stamina and strength to match—and, more important, to protect—his own. Living always under the pressures of public office, she has made her husband's career her chief concern; as wife, mother and grandmother, she has managed as well to make a happy home. Gay and gracious, with a will as strong as her husband's, Lady Churchill knows how to plan a good, solid English dinner around a joint of beef, with all the right wines and liquors. Sir Winston once described his marriage as "the most fortunate and joyous event which happened to me in the whole of my life. For what can be more glorious than to be united in one's walk through life with a being incapable of an ignoble thought?"

Jennie, by a torrent of tears, and Lord Randolph, by declaring that he "loved her more than life," finally overcame the strenuous objections of the doughty old Duke of Marlborough and hotheaded Leonard Jerome. The Anglo-American marriage was arranged, and the union blessed by two sons: John, the younger; and Winston, whom his mother called "the naughtiest small boy in the world." Jennie Jerome dearly loved her son Winston, though, and devoted herself to guiding him and curbing the headlong and un-English drive which he had inherited from his Yankee grandfather. Above all she believed in him, and her belief was a beacon light that never failed this young-man-in-a-hurry who said when he was 21, "I am getting absurdly old." He admired his mother's amazing vigor and vitality—which she bequeathed to him. "While I had been busy in South Africa," wrote Winston, recalling his experiences as a correspondent in the Boer War, in which he had been captured and had escaped, "my mother had not been idle at home. She had raised a fund, captivated an American millionaire, obtained a ship, equipped it with a full staff of nurses and every comfort. After a stormy voyage she had arrived at Durban and eagerly awaited a consignment of wounded. She received her younger son as the very first casualty treated on board the hospital ship *Maine*. I took a few days' leave to go and see her. . . . Captain Percy Scott, commander of the armoured cruiser *Terrible* . . . named the 4.7-inch gun that he had mounted on a railway truck after my mother and

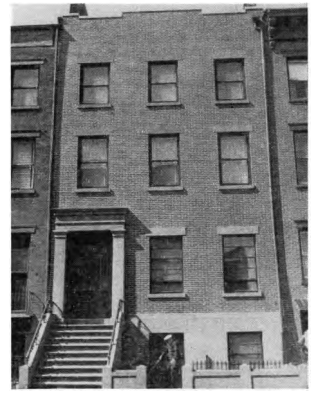
BRITISH INFORMATION SERVICE

His Mother:

"I loved her dearly, but at a distance."

This simple four-story brick building at 426 Henry Street, Brooklyn, now bears a bronze plaque which reads:

In this house in January 1850 was born
Jennie Jerome
Later Lady Randolph Churchill
She was the mother of
The Rt. Hon. Winston Spencer Churchill
Prime Minister of Great Britain And
Staunch Friend of the United States
This plaque is erected as a memorial
to Lady Churchill
To evidence the esteem and affection
in which her son is held
By the people of the United States



FREE LANCE PHOTOGRAPHERS GUILD

Three years later he wrote his mother his first letter: "My Dear Mama. I am glad you are coming to see us. I had such a nice bathe in the sea today. Love to Papa, your loving, Winston."

even eventually organized a visit for her to the front to see it fired." Later when Winston entered politics she campaigned for him and gained many votes for his cause by her charm and wit. To further his career she pulled many a silken string with royalty and the Cabinet, and, while she lived, listened to every one of his parliamentary addresses from the distinguished visitors' gallery of the House. Many years earlier, when Lord Randolph ended his political career by resigning as Chancellor of the Exchequer, he had broken with tradition by refusing to pass his robes on to his successor. His widow, in a mother's belief that Winston would one day wear his father's robes, saved them in an old tin box. She died three years before this premonition was proved true.

THE RADIO TIMES HULTON PICTURE LIBRARY

Lady Randolph Churchill, dressed as Empress Theodosia at a fancy-dress ball at Blenheim Castle. She was attending a party there, when she suddenly left the ballroom, hurried down the longest hallway in England, and gave birth to Winston in a cloakroom.

AERO FILM-LONDON

Massive Blenheim Castle was built by the Crown to commemorate the victories of Churchill's ancestor, John, the first Duke of Marlborough.

THE RADIO TIMES HULTON PICTURE LIBRARY

Lady Randolph and sons, John (left) and Winston. "Winston Churchill was always so precocious," wrote Richard Harding Davis, "that I cannot recall the time when he was young enough to be Lady Randolph's son. Certainly I cannot recall the time when she was old enough to be his mother."

"She soon became an ardent ally," Winston recalled, "furthering my plans and guarding my interests with all her influence and boundless energy."

REUTER

BROWN BROTHERS

THE RADIO TIMES HULTON PICTURE LIBRARY

The Engaged Couple: Clementine expresses the essence of elegance, while Winston looks bewildered at the prospect of losing his status as a bachelor.

C THE NEW YORK T

THE TIMES'S SPE

WINSTON CHURCHILL WEDS MISS HOZIER

Young British Cabinet Minister Has Political Foe as His Best Man.

CRUSH AT THE CEREMONY

Not Since the Great Suffragette Demonstration Has There Been Such a Crowd in Westminster Square.

Special Cable to THE NEW YORK TIMES.

LONDON, Sept. 12.—Winston Spencer Churchill, President of the Board of Trade, was married in this city this afternoon to Clementine, daughter of the late Sir Henry Montagu Hozier, who for thirty-two years was Secretary for Lloyds. The ceremony occurred at St. Margaret's Church, the [illegible]

to depart on his honeymoon without fear of being interrupted by business requiring his personal intervention.

The company attending the ceremony was most distinguished and included the leaders of both political parties and persons prominent in society to the [illegible] crowds of the curious gathered in the church and in front of the home of the bride.

St. Margaret's was decorated with palms and a profusion of white flowers. The Bishop of St. Asaph conducted the ceremony, and Bishop Welldon, who was Mr. Churchill's head master at Harrow, afterward delivered an address to the newly married couple.

Shortly after 2 o'clock Mr. Churchill, with his best man, Lord Hugh Cecil, entered the church by the east door, while at the same time the bride with her mother and brother entered by the north door. Mr. Hozier conducted his sister down the aisle to the altar, where Mr. Churchill and his best man met them. The bridesmaids were Miss Nellie Hozier, sister of the bride; Miss Horatia Seymour, daughter of the late Sir Horace Seymour; Miss Madeleine Whyte, daughter of Lady Maude Whyte; Miss Claire Frewen, niece of [illegible]

MAKING OF A MAN BY THE MAN'S WIFE

Mr. Barrie's "What Every Woman Knows" Describes the Process Very Subtly and Delightfully.

SHE "TYPES" HIS SPEECHES

Mr. John Shand Becomes Cabinet Material Because Mrs. John Shand Has the Sense of Humor He Lacks.

Special Correspondence THE NEW YORK TIMES.

LONDON, Sept. 5.—"What is charm?" asks one of the characters in J. M. Barrie's new comedy, "What Every Woman Knows," produced last night at the Duke of York's Theatre, and the answer is given: "It is a kind of bloom on a woman which some women have for many men, which most women have for one man, and which some women have [illegible]

The wedding story in *The New York Times*, once his grandfather's paper.

His Marriage:

One family friend predicted it would not last a month.

When Winston Churchill proposed to Clementine Hozier she was called "the loveliest woman in all England," and he was known as "an impossible young upstart." Thirty-four, with bright red hair and blazing blue eyes, he was on the crest of the wave as a writer, and headed for political heights as the youngest member of the cabinet. As he put it bluntly at the time, "Sometimes I think I could carry the whole world on my shoulders." Clementine came from a good family, had been well educated, and was poor—something of a sin in that money-conscious period. Her father, Col. Sir Henry Hozier, had served before his death in China, Abyssinia and India with the 3rd Dragoons; for many years Clementine had lived with her widowed mother in Dieppe. There the young woman had gained a perfect knowledge of French, and on returning to England gave French lessons and acted as companion to an old lady to make ends meet. When she accepted Winston's proposal, Clementine said, "Now I have got you, the trouble will be to keep you." To which he replied, "You will find that no trouble, my dear." Lady Randolph Churchill, who had known Clementine since she was a baby, highly approved of the match. Their wedding, the social event of that London season, took place at St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, on September 12, 1908. The bride wore a princess-style white-ivory satin dress, a coronet of orange blossoms, and a lovely veil of point de Venise lace which Lady Randolph had worn at her own wedding. The Churchills received presents from the king and the queen and the cabinet, and, like all young married couples, many duplicate presents including: 25 candlesticks, 21 inkstands, 20 silver bowls, 15 vases, 14 silver trays, 8 sets of salt cellars and 10 cigarette cases. Lord Reading, who attended the wedding, looked at the handsome young couple and said: "There are two lively chips. The marriage will not last a month." The noble prophet has so far been off the mark by 51 years, several months and a few days. There have been only two important women in Churchill's life: his mother and his wife.

He was a social maverick where clothes were concerned. He wore the conventional top hat, frock coat and striped trousers to the wedding, but his shoes were brown.

CIAL CABLE DIS

Mr. Barrie Walking With Henry James.

BROWN BROTHERS

What playwright James Barrie (left) said in *What Every Woman Knows*, Clementine already knew.

BARRETTS-LONDON

The bride hurries into her carriage in London on her way to the honeymoon.

THE RADIO TIMES HULTON PICTURE LIBRARY

The newlyweds promenade with the Duchess of Sutherland (right) at Deauville, the smart French resort.

His Wife:

"Never has one great man owed so much to a great woman."

WIDE WORLD

Sir Winston's own favorite painting of a tapestry at Blenheim Castle. "It was at Blenheim," he has said, "that I made the two most important decisions of my life. One was to be born there and the other was to be married." (Churchill proposed in a pavilion by the lake near the castle.) "I have never had cause to regret either decision."

"The woman behind a man of genius must have a gentle genius herself. There could be no better exponent of this art than Lady Churchill." For over fifty years Lady Churchill has been the partner of a great man. While living nearly always in the limelight, she has managed to provide a rich and rewarding home life. Like Jennie Jerome, she has a great love of life and a limitless loyalty to Winston Churchill. Wise, witty and warmhearted, she can bank the fierce blaze of his fiery temperament and turn it into a glow. She has shared his defeats and disappointments, sorrows and successes, and has learned to protect him from the world and from himself. She has had five children: Randolph, Diana, Sarah, Mary, and Marigold Frances (who died in her third year); and now there are nine grandchildren. She has campaigned with Winston, acted as his secretary, listened to his speeches when he was preparing them, helped him build his brick wall at Chartwell in Kent, made him take his daily nap and wear a hat in rainy weather, filled his long life with love, and served as his "compass bearing."

"If there is a decision to be made," said Phyllis Moir, his former private secretary, "Mrs. Churchill is invariably consulted. Working with Mr. Churchill, I soon grew accustomed to the cry 'Clemmie, Clemmie' which seemed to ring along the apartment all day long. I never heard the Churchills argue or quarrel."

For his part, he has always considered his wife first, insisting that his "Dear Cat" be given the premier place of importance by his side. Before making an address in the House of Commons, he always nodded as a gesture of respect to his wife, seated in the Distinguished Visitors' Gallery his American mother had once graced. Once at Chartwell, while playing tennis, "Clemmie" slipped and fell on the court. Churchill, then well along in years, dashed down from his study and, brushing everyone aside, picked her up in his arms and carried her to her room. She is the one person to whom he has always listened. As one friend put it, "She knows how to manage Winnie."

Lady Churchill's philosophy on how to live with a genius and love it is best summed up in a speech she made shortly after the end of World War II: "If you find yourself in conflict with men, never become aggressive in your rivalry," Lady Clementine advised. "She who forces her point may well lose her advantage. You will gain far more by quietly holding to your convictions. But even this must be with art, and above all with a sense of humor."

CULVER PHOTO SERVICE

Mrs. Churchill and her husband (center) watching military maneuvers at Aldershot just before World War I. During this conflict she was in charge of feeding 200,000 to 300,000 people a week. After the Armistice, the king named her a Commander of the British Empire for her outstanding war work.

THE RADIO TIMES HULTON PICTURE LIBRARY

As Prime Minister in World War II when the only promise he could give to the people of Britain was "blood, toil, tears and sweat," his wife toured the battered city of London with him. All during the blitz Mrs. Churchill shared with him the bunker built beneath 10 Downing Street.

UNITED PRESS INTERNATIONAL

After serving five English sovereigns from Victoria Regina to Elizabeth II, Sir Winston retired permanently. Here Lady Churchill, acting as hostess a last time at 10 Downing Street, bids adieu to the queen and Prince Philip.

PLANET NEWS—LONDON

In the years following the first war, she campaigned with Churchill. Their motorcar was usually decorated with a bunch of white heather from Mrs. Churchill's native Scotland, sent by "Nurse and the Children."

FOX PHOTOS—LONDON

When Churchill suffered political reverses in the late 'Twenties, and was forced into semiretirement for ten years, his wife was always at his side. "I had no idea that ordinary life could be so interesting," he said.

WIDE WORLD

After V-E Day he was again defeated in the British elections and once more he and his wife turned their backs on public life. "I regret," he said, "that I have not been permitted to finish the work against Japan."

UNITED PRESS INTERNATIONAL

Like Dick Whittington, thrice mayor of London, Churchill comes back again as Prime Minister with his famous "V" gesture and his slogan: "The only answer to defeat is victory." "Clemmie," his comrade at arms, beams at him.

UNITED PRESS INTERNATIONAL

The Churchills, accompanied by three of their grandchildren, attend the christening of a new grandchild (being held by a nurse). "Where does the family start?" Churchill once wrote. "It starts with a young man falling in love with a girl—no superior alternative has yet been found."

UNITED PRESS INTERNATIONAL

Mr. and Mrs. England at the time of their golden anniversary. As he predicted at their marriage, they had lived happily ever after for fifty years.

"You're writing a book about love," he said.
"Well, it's high time you learned something about it."

Luck of the draw

by Dorothy Black

I had always wanted to be a writer, and Aunt Ruth, who brought me up, said I might as well try. "For if your face is to be your fortune, Liz," she said, "you'll certainly go hungry." Like most girls, I longed to be beautiful, but I knew I wasn't, and I was so shy I'd go miles rather than meet someone I knew in the street and have to talk to him.

And from around fourteen onward I was always in love.

I started with a sheep I'd brought up as a lamb, on a bottle. I idolized it. I had a sort of notion that with patience I could teach it to talk. Kids get crazy ideas. Then we went away for the holidays and when we got back Aunt Ruth told me it had been sent to the butcher, and I wanted to die.

I went down and asked the butcher if it was true, and he said it was. Consumed a fortnight previously, he said. He was sorry I was so sorry about it, and he was a gentle, handsome man, so I fell in love there and then with him. He was married with a grown-up child, but that is the beauty of falling in love at fourteen. Little things like that make no difference whatever.

After that it was the vicar. After that the doctor. Then some young men who came to the village for holidays. None of them ever returned my passion. I got quite accustomed to worshiping from afar.

I was just as hopeless when I was seventeen. I did not know how to dress, or do my hair, and as by then Aunt Ruth had died, and I looked after Uncle Jack and did the housekeeping myself, there was no one to tell me. I concentrated on my book, for if I could not be beautiful there was still a chance I might be famous.

I never got asked to any parties. It was a part of the country where people changed a good bit, and after Aunt Ruth died we never seemed to get to know the new ones. And in any case, if I'd gone to the dances I would have had no one to dance with.

Sometimes Uncle Jack looked at me anxiously. "You ought to go out more, my dear. You ought to get around. If your dear aunt was

CONTINUED ON PAGE 111

ADLAI STEVENSON

By MARGARET PARTON

One Democrat never talks about Stevenson for President: the two-time candidate himself. While others fight in the primaries, Stevenson, somewhat above the din of partisan battle, works hard, lives pleasantly, occasionally—and usually brilliantly—speaks his mind to a world grown accustomed to listen to the wisdom of his words.

When Adlai Stevenson visited Poland in 1958 he was asked the inevitable question: did he intend to run for the presidency of the United States for a third time? "No," he answered briskly. "Do you know that a candidate has a hard life? He is obliged to shave twice daily, and that is not for me."

With varying degrees of levity or seriousness, he has answered the same question in the same way dozens of times since then. He resists having his name entered in primaries. He refuses to give interviews if the interviewer proposes to treat him like a candidate. He rather conspicuously ignores scuffles between Democratic hopefuls, and at a time this spring when the infighting was promising to become severe he planned to be off on a six-week tour of South America. "I've done what I've been

At sixty Stevenson maintains rugged health, sometimes watches his weight, exercises by playing tennis in summer, long walks around his estate in winter.

JOE DI PIETRO

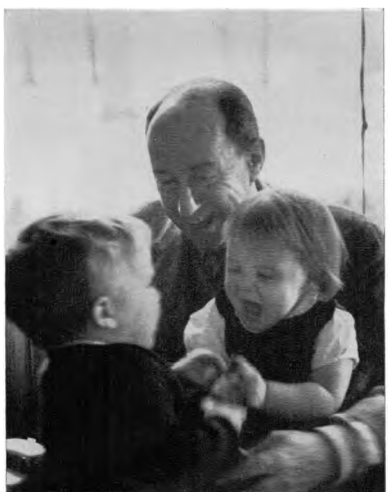
Three Adlais in one family is no problem to Nancy Stevenson. Her father-in-law is "Gov," her husband is "Ad," and her son is "Adlai." Here they are joined by brother-in-law Borden (left), daughter Lucy and dogs Merlin and Joker. John Fell, Mr. Stevenson's youngest son, was in Switzerland when this picture was taken.

The library is a good place for reading, writing, listening to music—and meditating on the world.

called upon to do to the best of my ability," he says with a philosophical shrug. "Now I'm beginning to slow down a little and enjoy life."

Yet despite the disclaimers, the ghost of the twice-defeated candidate continues to remain a ruddy and vigorous specter on the political scene. This winter a New York newspaper printed a cartoon showing a watchful and beady-eyed Adlai seated at the top of a flight of stairs, and a most uncomfortable-looking Senator John F. Kennedy crouching near the bottom. Senator Kennedy, whose presidential ambitions are not entirely unknown, was muttering to himself the familiar lines: "Yesterday upon the stair, I saw a man who was not there. He was not there again today. Oh dear, I wish he'd go away!"

Whether or not Mr. Stevenson wishes to haunt the stairs leading to the political arena, that is where he remains, unable to retire to the upper reaches of private life for the simple reason that a great many Democrats still think he's their best man. CONTINUED ON PAGE 174



"He'll play with his grandchildren for hours and never grow impatient," says their mother.

Beautiful Cottons

Slim tapered slacks in shocking-pink ribbed cotton can be topped with so many colors. Our shirt, in white cotton satin, has a yoke, collar and cuffs of a rose-printed border. The accent, an avocado-green cummerbund. Both slacks and shirt are Vogue Design No. 9990.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LEOMBRUNO-HODI

Some of our favorite cottons are the least expensive. We love the look of a pastel dress trimmed with a brilliant grape-vine border, of a garden-flower stripe (straight from the decorating department), of giant-sized zinnias arranged border fashion on an ankle-length skirt. Low-cut backs are a coming summer fashion and a pretty way of showing off a tan. Many of these dresses are easy to make . . . *all* are pretty to wear. See others on pages 172 and 173. By NORA O'LEARY *Pattern Editor*

OTHER VIEWS, SIZES AND PRICES OF VOGUE PATTERNS ON PAGES 172 AND 173

Buy Vogue Patterns at the store which sells them in your city. Or order by mail, enclosing check or money order,* from Vogue Pattern Service, Fulnam Ave., Greenwich, Conn.; or in Canada from 198 Spadina Ave., Toronto, Ont. Some prices slightly higher in Canada. *Conn. residents please add sales tax.) These patterns will be sent third-class mail. If you desire shipment first-class mail, please include 10c additional for each pattern ordered.

In flower-garden colors . . . decorative fabrics . . . amusing trimmings.
Any one can be yours for an afternoon of sewing.

JEWELRY BY HATTIE CARNEGIE

Most of us love a dress that does double duty. This slim turquoise cotton sheath with short sleeves is a wonderful basic. The plus is the apron. We have bordered ours with a wide grape-vine border in a matching color. Vogue Design No. 4108

For warm summer evenings on a patio, or the local country-club dance, what could be prettier than an ankle-length dress with a giant-sized flower border? The long stole makes a perfect wrap and it can be draped several ways. Vogue Design No. 9991.

Mauve is a lovely summer color—especially when it is accented with purple. Our heavy ribbed-cotton dress has a deep V back (it can be higher if you like) and the skirt is more than 3½ yards wide. Add a deeper-hued ribbon and violets. Vogue Design No. 4101.

The eyelet shirtwaist is a new summer favorite. Ours, in blue with embroidered white dots, gives a striped effect. The sleeve has two lengths, the skirt is full. Vogue Design No. 9967. Add a bunch of lilies of the valley at the waistline.

SHOES BY BEN SOMMERS

A mother's right

An eminent obstetrician says that hospitals must provide the sympathetic, understanding care every mother needs when she gives birth. Good doctors are admitting to one another that maternity care is suffering from short-cut methods. Can extra hands be trained to help, within the limits of good medical practice? A growing number of physicians believe they can.

Who will deliver 5 million babies in 1965?

Six million in 1970? Trained obstetricians are decreasing

THE CHALLENGE TO AMERICAN OBSTETRICS

By Dr. HERBERT THOMS, with BRUCE BLIVEN, Jr.

A pregnant woman's psychological well-being is as important as her physical health. This fact, sometimes overlooked, calls for improvement in our methods of maternity care, many of which are out-of-date.

The urgent question is whether we, as obstetricians, are treating mothers in a manner that is psychologically appropriate to the real quality of the experience of pregnancy and childbirth. In too many instances, the answer is no.

Our record of safe deliveries of living babies is as good as it is because all but a small percentage of American babies now are born in hospitals. **But, desirable as hospitalization is from a safety standpoint, it is no excuse for routine, inflexible, assembly-line obstetrics.** The woman in the hospital waiting to have a baby is not a "patient" in the ordinary sense of the word. On the contrary, she is undergoing an experience as unlike illness as is imaginable. Her whole being—her emotions as well as her body—is engaged in a wonderfully subtle, creative endeavor. She is in the midst of the greatest moments of her life. She deserves to be treated accordingly.

The practical problems of running a hospital must not take precedence over the mother's emotional needs. If they do so, it is poor obstetrics. Most maternity hospitals (and most maternity units of general hospitals) need a brand-new atmosphere. I know of no reason why all the intimacy of the home should be lost in the hospital. It should be clear that the mother—not her doctor, nor the hospital—has the starring role. She is entitled to feel a sense of accomplishment.

Hospital techniques and hospital attitudes can be changed. And hospital buildings can be remodeled. They can be made to fit whatever scheme we, as physicians, insist upon. **We should demand nothing less than the best possible maternal care. For childbirth is, as Helene Deutsch, a foremost authority, has said, "the greatest and most gratifying experience of women, perhaps of human beings."**

I am not talking about obstetrics in a dream world. Here at New Haven, at the Yale Medical Center, we have a maternity program which embraces most of the things I have mentioned. It proves that what I am urging is both desirable and possible. It is called the Preparation for Childbirth Program, and its director is Prof. C. Lee Buxton, my successor as head of Yale's Department of Obstetrics and Gynecology. I consider myself fortunate in having been associated, from its beginning thirteen years ago, with this effort to find—and to provide facilities for—an ideal way of having a baby. The future of American obstetrical practice, I'm convinced, lies in the direction this program has taken. Thanks to it, we can now envision in some detail the kind of maternity care that should be available, as a matter of course, everywhere in the country.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 114

DOCTORS CAN'T DO IT ALONE

By THE EDITORS

Is the mere fact of survival of mother and child all there is to this business of maternity care? When we discharge from the hospital a living mother with physical and mental scars from a highly traumatic experience, and a child living but brain-damaged because no one was around to recognize early signs of the baby-*in-utero* being in distress, is that a job well done?"

So asked a distinguished physician, on the obstetrical staff of one of the greatest teaching hospitals in the world, of a professional gathering. His remarks were typical of a new note of self-criticism which is spreading throughout the obstetrical profession today.

The tremendous growth of hospital care in this country within a single generation (in 1935 only 37 per cent of live births took place in hospitals; today the figure is 96 per cent), together with steadily dwindling maternal- and infant-mortality rates, has long been a justifiable source of pride. Yet today an ugly fact must be faced: for the last two years the incomplete figures for infant deaths have shown a slight rise (although the United States is still among the safest places in the world in which to be delivered of a baby). Hospitals and clinics have become notoriously overcrowded and understaffed. Obstetrical leaders—teaching doctors, chiefs of famous metropolitan hospitals, officers of professional associations—are telling their colleagues with growing urgency that today's routine maternity care, though good, is not good enough.

The doctors' criticisms have been many, but most of them come from a growing recognition that present hospital routines do not take into account the psychological well-being and satisfaction of a healthy, normal mother. One of the greatest names in American obstetrics wrote in an article for the U.S. Children's Bureau, "The most prevalent criticism . . . [leveled] at American maternity care is our assembly-line method of managing patients, especially the fact that they are often left alone throughout most of labor. . . . There can be no question about the general validity of this criticism."

"Assembly-line methods" come from a shortage of trained personnel, lack of time on the part of overworked practitioners. The results are felt in almost every phase of childbirth, beginning with prenatal care. Good doctors are agreed that the greatest single factor enabling a mother to approach childbirth with confidence and courage is an understanding of what is about to happen to her. Physiologic—or natural—childbirth, a president of an obstetrical association reminded his membership, is "nurtured by proper instruction to the mother as to what to expect and how to participate," and he pointed out that this instruction is the obstetrician's job. Yet most women in America are delivered by busy general practitioners. How many of them have time to sit down and teach the mother what she needs to know? How many small hospitals offer prenatal classes not only in baby care, but in the process of having a baby?

CONTINUED ON PAGE 116

John Prince and his wife, Catherine, have a unique place in Washington society. Superb food taste diverted a literary career into the culinary spotlight at some of Washington's most important dinners, where the Princes cater to diplomats and generals and often attend the parties themselves.

Good Cooking and Common Sense

By JOHN PRINCE

We have all heard, and we have heard it all our lives, that French cooking is the finest in the world. Indeed, we have heard it so often that some of us are ever so faintly *tired* of hearing it. The joke of this is that a Frenchman would agree with us. We are right to be tired, he'd say—granted the strange notions of French cooking which some of us have.

Generally speaking, our Frenchman would say, French cooking is divided into two kinds, "high cooking" and "home cooking."

"High cooking" is reserved for certain *right* lofty places and times—like high dressmaking and high mathematics. Relatively few French people come into contact with it very often. It is the abuse, or fake presentation, of this sort of cooking which gives us our false notions of all French cooking; and the abuse occurs, of course, in expensive restaurants set up as traps for tourists—or for the get-rich-quicks who are as funny at table as they are in their hats.

Meanwhile, with certain reservations, "home cooking" in France means just what it means here. And even the great chef, who would think nothing of carving angels in butter as a centerpiece, would agree that the truest French cooking is "*home* cooking." I can give you an amusing proof of this.

Once, when I was a student at the Cordon Bleu School of Cooking in Paris, our class was set the problem of decorating a poached capon. We were CONTINUED ON PAGE 122

THREE FAMILY MENUS

MENU I pictured opposite

Our roast leg of lamb seasoned only with garlic and rosemary is accompanied by plump plum tomatoes and an easy eggplant casserole.

ROAST LEG OF LAMB
CURRANT JELLY
EGGPLANT CASSEROLE
PEAR-SHAPED TOMATOES
FRENCH BREAD BELGIAN ENDIVE SALAD
APPLE-PECAN DESSERT
Planned for 6

MENU II

SPARERIB-AND-SAUERKRAUT CASSEROLE
SAUTÉED QUARTERED APPLES
LITTLE BOILED POTATOES
HOT FRUIT DESSERT SOUR-CREAM SAUCE
Planned for 4

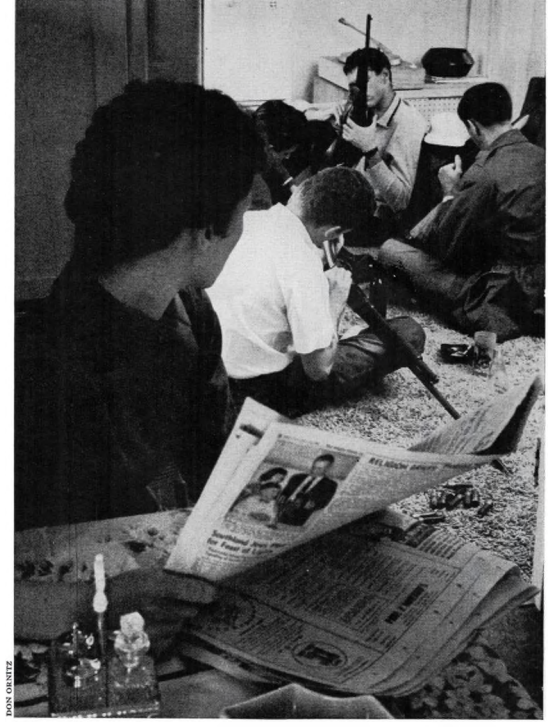
MENU III

SOUTHERN FRIED FISH
BUTTERED BABY CABBAGE
BATTER BREAD
EASY STRAWBERRY ICE CREAM
Planned for 4

The American Institute of Family Relations has just completed its thirtieth year of public education directed toward strengthening marriage and family life thoughout the continent. It has counseled more than 100,000 persons at its headquarters (5287 Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles, California), and has also helped a vastly greater number through its publications, motion pictures, radio and television programs, lectures and correspondence. One of the interesting findings from this unique experience is the importance of shared recreation and social life. When two persons have entirely different points of view on this subject, as did Letty and Greg in the case here described, their relationship is likely to be injured in many other ways. If they can agree on some things that they would enjoy doing together, and give some time to these activities in common, their whole partnership is likely to be improved. If a couple feel that their marriage needs some improvement, this is an easy way to start! . . . The counselor in this case was Mrs. Ruth Michaelson.

PAUL POPENOE, Sc.D., *General Director*

Can This Marriage be Saved?



DON ORNITZ

"Greg's buddies came home with us on our wedding night and made our living room their hangout. We were never alone."

She: "Greg has no need of a wife, and cares nothing about a husband's responsibilities. Our marriage was an afterthought with him."

He: "Frankly, I wasn't ready to be tied down, but Letty hounded me until I married her. Now she should accept my friends and the way we live."

Letty tells her side: "Greg seems to think I married him and all his male friends," said big-eyed, twenty-four-year-old Letty, torn between tears and indignation. "On our wedding day two years ago his whole gang trooped home from the church with us. Greg's living quarters—a ramshackle converted garage—turned out to be their favorite hangout. When Greg and I retired to the bedroom, the gang stayed. They drank beer, they cracked jokes, they sang close harmony at the top of their lungs. Next morning three fellows were still on the premises, one sound asleep on the beat-up sofa, two others on the floor.

"I had dreamed of quite a different bridal night. Greg couldn't understand why I was disappointed and angry. First he laughed at me and then he began to talk. Talk is a specialty with Greg. He is the original charm boy. While Greg is talking he can convince you that black is white, a horse is a cow. One time I saw him convince a traffic cop that he hadn't jumped a light. Well, anyway, as a one-day bride, I apologized to Greg for my unkind remarks about his friends.

"That evening when I got home from my nine-to-five secretarial job I found Greg surrounded again. One of his pals had bought a stove-in boat which was set up in our yard and everybody was busy with the repairs. Greg refused to interrupt his work on the boat long enough to eat the food I'd bought for our dinner. Hours later he and his gang and I ate at a junky neighborhood tavern. Two of the fellows picked up girls there, not very nice girls. The fellows expected me to talk to the girls while they ignored us, discussed hunting, fishing, skin diving, water skiing—sports I know nothing about—and wasted their money on the pinball machines.

"It was past midnight when we left the tavern. The two fellows with dates disappeared. Greg issued a blanket invitation to everybody else to spend the rest of the night with us. One man had the nerve to accept. In the morning I was so exhausted I could scarcely drag myself from the bed. I had to dress without the use of the bathroom—it opens off the so-called living room—because of the fellow on the sofa. When I did step out he was taking a shower. I brushed my teeth at my office.

"That evening was the same thing all over again: the gang working on the boat, dinner at the tavern. By the end of the week I was desperate for privacy, frantic for sleep. Greg held a part-time job and could lie abed until noon, but I had to get up. One evening I refused to go to the tavern. Greg cheerfully went off with his friends and let me eat by myself. In the middle of the night he flopped into our bed, smelling like a brewery. I got up and moved to the sofa. It was the first time in our two weeks of marriage the sofa had been unoccupied. Next morning I discovered that Greg's shirt, which he had dropped on the floor, was smeared with lipstick. I woke him and asked for an explanation. He told me that some totally strange girl had barged over to their table at the tavern and draped

CONTINUED ON PAGE 168

When you need a main dish *fast*—

Campbell's Cream of Mushroom Soup!

Take a can of Campbell's Cream of Mushroom Soup. Mix in a little milk. Add a can of chicken, tuna or crab (or a cup of leftover meat), vegetables, seasoning. Heat and serve over rice, biscuits, toast—for a delicious meal in minutes.

15-MINUTE CHICKEN SHORTCAKE

1 can Campbell's Cream of Mushroom Soup ½ cup milk
1 can Swanson Boned Chicken ½ cup cooked peas
1 tbsp. chopped pimiento 4 biscuits, split

In saucepan, blend soup and milk. Add chicken, peas, and pimiento. Heat; stir now and then. Serve over biscuits. 4 servings of chicken, richly sauced—and delicious!

Good things
begin to happen
when you cook with
Campbell's Soup

THE TRAP OF SOLID GOLD

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65

Lucille, age six, was known only as Ladybug. She wore seven different personalities a day, from imprisoned princess to aging ballerina, combining an appetite for conspiracy with a thespian lust for costume.

Penny was a three-year-old chunk of round, warm appetite and placid insistence upon being hugged frequently, a goal consistently achieved despite a chronic condition of stickiness.

This is the Weldon family, whose combined ages total 79, who live at 88 Ridge Road in Lawton, New York, a one-hour-and-seventeen-minute commutation from the city.

The view of an outsider was perfectly expressed when they had, as a weekend house guest, a man they had not seen since college, a man doubly precious to them because it was he who had first introduced them. Just before he left, as they stood by the drive, Ben's arm around Ginny's slender waist, the friend said, with a fondness spiced with a dab of envy, "You kids have really got it made."

One would have thought so.

Take a look at one target of this odd disaster, Benjamin Dale Weldon, age 32. By profession, he is an executive, one of the rare good young ones, employed by National Directions, Inc., as Assistant to the Vice President in Charge of Unit Control. Weldon is a tall man with a dark semi-crew cut, glasses with thick black frames, and the kind of rugged-wry asymmetric face women have the tiresome habit of calling "interesting." In his first years with National he gave a deceptive impression of low-pressure amiability which obscured his special talents, but now they are thoroughly known and appreciated. Under pressure, he can plow through jungles of intricate work. He can properly delegate authority, backstop his superiors, make effective presentations, keep his temper, side-step company politics, resolve controversy, and make the people working for him feel as if they are a part of a special team.

All this is, of course, a description of a splendid No. 2 man. But Weldon has that additional gift of being able to come up with the important and unusual idea at the right time, and the willingness to fight for his idea to the extent of laying his career on the line. This makes him a potential No. 1 man, and the company is totally aware of his present and his future value.

For his abilities they pay him $23,500 a year. In return for this salary he is expected not only to function adequately in his job but to dress conservatively and well, comport himself with traditional National Directions dignity, live in a house and a neighborhood suitable to his position, entertain properly, take first-rate care of his family and their future, and take a hand in civic affairs.

The executives of National Directions, and in particular the president, Brendan Mallory, see in Ben Weldon a pleasing prototype of the young National executive, a sort of ambassador at large. They are gratified that he had the good luck and the good sense to marry a girl who is and will continue to be of great help to him.

Brendan Mallory has a private timetable in his mind whereby Benjamin Weldon will assume the presidency at age 55. At that point Weldon will not only be receiving one of the more substantial salaries, but he will have additional income through the bonus and stock-option plan. But this to Brendan Mallory, is of secondary importance. The man who heads the firm must, first of all, have respect for the obligations and responsibilities of the position, realizing that his decisions can have an effect on the national economy.

Brendan Mallory realizes that it is a most delicate problem, to nurture the growth of the young executive. He must be taught to understand the blessings of and the reasons for conformity without deadening that creative individualism which the No. 1 man must have if the company is to remain competitively strong.

Virginia, wife of Benjamin, is lovelier at 30 than at 20, an outgoing blue-eyed blonde, who wears her multiple emotions close to the surface, who has pride and the gift of laughter. She is loving, rewarding and incurably absent-minded. She fills with a violent indignation at any injustice. Her energies inspire awe. Toward her children she is scrupulously, unpermissively fair, whacking them soundly when they need it. As a consequence there is order in their small world, and they feel secure, well loved, and feel no urge to express themselves through tantrum or bratty whining.

So here is paradise on Ridge Road. Strength, love, ambition and a future. Nice people too. No sleazy little cocktail-party flirtations. No amorous discontent.

At the end of 1958, if you had asked them if paradise hadn't become just a little conditional, they would have stared at you, and then defended themselves with great indignation. And that could have been the clue—the little excess of indignation.

If they had had the time to sit down quietly ——

But there were the commuting to the city, and the job itself, and the increasing frequency of the field trips, and the two kinds of entertaining—business and friendship—and the Lawton Country Club (as a result of Mallory's hint that he should belong), and the sitter problem and the Cub Scouts and the P.T.A. and the Community Chest and the Red Cross and the Civic Betterment Committee and the Ridge Road Association and, of course, five birthdays and holidays and church and anniversaries, and correspondence with friends and relatives, and television and shopping and essential do-it-yourself projects and office work brought home and that essential reading which must be done to keep up with the world's swift pace.

> It is a very unhealthy frame of mind to get into to be always reproaching oneself for one's peccadilloes. I am sure the most cheerful people are those who confine their censures almost entirely to the lapses of their neighbors.
>
> ROBERT LYND
> THE PEAL OF BELLS
> D. APPLETON & CO.

So if there was a rare chance to sit down quietly, they took it. And spent the time making up little mental lists of the things undone. They no longer had time to talk to each other in any leisurely, thoughtful way, and so they were losing one of the best parts of a good marriage—and making it not quite as good as it should have been.

It should have been more of a clue to Ben and Ginny that, all that year, whenever they did have a chance to talk, they talked about money. Oh, it was reasonably amiable, with an infrequent edge of rancor showing only briefly. They tried to make a kind of joke out of it. And why shouldn't it be a joke? When you're making $23,500 a year, money problems are a joke, aren't they?

Ben paid the bills, so the true nature of their situation was trying to intrude itself on his awareness long before Ginny became aware of the growing tensions. Let it be said firmly and finally right here that these were not two silly, improvident people, whimsically tossing money left and right. Ben had paid a good share of his own way through school. Ginny had been on a tiny allowance. They had started marriage with debts, not riches, and had lived to a rigid budget, and paid their way. Ginny knew every rice dish in the book.

Perhaps the first intimation of what would eventually and incomprehensively turn into disaster was the Incident of the Cigarettes.

In January—right after New Year's, in fact—when the checking account needed very dexterous juggling, Ben Weldon switched from cigarettes to a pipe. He told himself it would be good for him. Ginny had always wanted him to smoke a pipe. He told himself that it was purely secondary that cigarettes, at a pack and a half a day, were costing him $164.25 a year. He wondered why he had bothered to figure it up.

He struggled with the pipe problem until he had mastered the techniques. His birthday was in April. He got home from the city later than he wanted to, because he knew Ginny would keep the kids up so they could give him their presents, but it was one of those unavoidable things.

He sat in the living room, and the cake was brought to him so the kids could see him blow out the candles, and the song was sung, and the kids gave him the presents, the littlest one first, as was the household custom. He lifted himself out of his weariness to make those exclamations that would satisfy them, and those jokes that would delight them.

The present from Ginny was the last one he opened. It was a pipe in a fitted case, with a beautiful grain in the wood. He remembered the brand name and the model name from the day when he had selected a pipe. And he certainly remembered the price. He had told the clerk that he didn't feel like paying $25 plus tax for a pipe.

He looked at the beautiful thing, and he felt a resentment so sharp, so bitter that it shocked him. In one gesture she had cut the heart out of his campaign of frugality. He looked at her and saw her smile which anticipated his pleasure in the gift, and in that instant he wanted to smash it to the floor in its fitted case.

Her smile faded and she said, "Don't you like it? I thought it ——"

He caught himself quickly and said, "It's beautiful, honey. It really is. And the style is just perfect."

So the kids had to see the ceremony of the first lighting of the new pipe, and then Ginny permitted them one small piece of birthday cake each, and shooed them off to bed.

After she came back to the living room she said, "Is anything wrong?"

"What could be wrong on my birthday, blondie? Bring me a kiss."

The unexpected, irrational force of his anger over such a simple thing should have prepared him better for subsequent developments.

On an evening in early May, Ben got out the checkbook and paid the bills. This necessary ceremony was something that he had begun, not exactly to dread but to feel increasingly irritable about. He sorted them and paid all the little ones first—fuel oil, dentist, doctor, phone, light, gas, water, car repairs and so on. He totaled them and deducted the total from his balance. Next he looked over the big ones, and paid the ones which had to be paid. Every month it seemed as though an unexpected big one would come along. This time there were two discouragingly fat ones, the fire insurance on the house (paid annually and not included in the mortgage payments) for $208.20, and a life-insurance premium of $442.50. They had to be paid. And a final check for $400 had to be drawn to Ginny's order, for deposit in her checking account to take care of the household expenses. He tried not to think too much about the balance left: $41.14. He had his commutation ticket for the month and a little over $20 in cash. Light lunches in the city this month.

Ginny came in just then and as she walked by she patted him on the shoulder, and sat in the chair near the desk.

"Made out my check yet, financier?"

"Are you that hungry for it?"

"No. I think I've got to hit you for a raise, boss."

"What?"

"Four fifty anyway, but five hundred would take some of the strain off."

He glared at her and said, more loudly than he intended, "Just what do you do with all of it?"

She looked startled, then indignant. "What did you think I did with it? I buy groceries for five. I buy clothes for me and three children. Gas and oil for the car. A one-afternoon-a-week cleaning woman. Sitters. A yardman once in a while now that you don't have as much time as you used to have. Dry cleaning. Toys. Movie money. Sometimes I even buy myself a dollar lunch. Prices are going up, darling. Up and up and up, and I'm asking for a cost-of-living adjustment. What's the *matter* with you lately?"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 88

Get New Royal Gelatin
Try It And See
Tastes Like Fresh Fruit*
And Has Vitamin-C

Royal

Thousands of fresh flavor bursts give you more fresh fruit-like flavor than ordinary gelatin

Now . . . a new kind of gelatin! A gelatin that has captured the fresh juicy taste of tree-ripened fruit and sealed it in thousands of tiny flavor bursts. Add hot water and Royal's flavor bursts explode in a swirl of nature's most delicious fruit-like flavors.

Only Royal tastes like fresh ripe fruit and gives you "Fresh-Fruit Vitamin"—C. And only Royal brings you these four exclusive flavors: Pineapple, Blackberry, and Royal's two newest, brightest, most exciting flavors . . . Watermelon and Peach.

For Exciting Flavors
Switch to Royal

*Natural fresh-fruit flavor enhanced with artificial flavor.

ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF STANDARD BRANDS INC.

BRANDS INC.

Some things you should know about . . .

Excessive Drinking

MOST AMERICANS either leave alcoholic beverages alone entirely—or they drink moderately and sensibly, mainly for social and special occasions.

Unfortunately, however, there are 5 million men and women in our country who cannot control their drinking—and most of them break down socially, emotionally and physically. Inevitably, they also damage the lives of their families and other people . . . sometimes tragically.

Since alcoholism is among our most important health problems, it deserves our attention. These questions and answers may give you a better understanding of it.

Why do people become alcoholics?

Medical science does not yet know the precise cause or causes of alcoholism. Authorities agree, however, that emotional difficulties—tension, worry, guilt, inferiority and other dreadful feelings—are certainly connected with alcoholism. The alcoholic drinks to escape his inner conflicts. And he becomes so dependent on alcohol that he cannot face life without it.

What are the warning signs of alcoholism?

When a person starts "gulping" alcohol to "fortify" himself, trying to hide from others how much and how often he drinks, drinking alone or in the morning, giving strange excuses for his behavior, having trouble on the job or at home . . . addiction to alcohol may be in the offing. It may develop quickly—within a few months—or slowly over a period of years.

Can an alcoholic recover?

Recovery depends on the alcoholic's own fundamental desire to stop drinking—and, having stopped, never to drink alcohol in any form again.

Medical treatment is becoming increasingly important in furthering recovery. New drugs help ease the alcoholic's discomfort. Psychotherapy helps him recognize his problems and enables him to deal with them without alcohol.

What should you do to help an alcoholic?

Face the problem without embarrassment . . . just as you would any other serious threat to your home and your family.

The family—especially those members closest to the alcoholic—should seek help from someone who knows the problem. The family doctor, or a clergyman, or a social worker, or a friend may be able to advise you about the best course to take.

Alcoholics Anonymous helps many people conquer their compulsion to drink. The only requirement for AA membership is an honest desire to give up liquor. There are no dues or fees for its services.

When given the help they need, many alcoholics can recover and make a fresh start in the world.

Help for the Alcoholic and His Family

If Alcoholics Anonymous is not listed in your telephone directory write to: Alcoholics Anonymous, P. O. Box 459, Grand Central Annex, New York 17, N. Y.

For Family guidance write to Al-Anon Family Groups, P. O. Box 182, Madison Square Station, New York 10, N. Y.

For educational material and consultation, write to the National Council on Alcoholism, Inc. The address is 2 West 103rd Street, New York 29, N. Y.

Metropolitan's new booklet—*Alcoholism, A Guide for the Family*—summarizes the most important facts about this problem and offers helpful suggestions for its solution.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 86

He adjusted a weak smile. "I'm sorry, honey. Look here. Everything is paid. Here's what's left."

She got up and stared at the figure and then sat down again rather heavily. "But you need more than *that* for the month!"

"I'll get along. I can draw trip expenses in advance for the Toledo thing."

"I'm not . . . foolish with money, Ben."

"I know that."

"But where on earth does it all go?"

"Good question."

"You're making *good* money. Don't we owe the bank something on that open note?"

"Oh. I've whittled that down to just twelve hundred."

"Will it be better when that's paid off?"

"It might be. A little."

She straightened her shoulders. "Well, I can certainly get along on the four hundred, Ben. If I'd known, I certainly wouldn't have ——"

"I didn't mean to bark."

"Golly, I don't blame you. We'll just have to live . . . simpler."

"Where? How?"

"Those are good questions, too, aren't they?"

And it was turned into a joke, but the strain was there, the tinge of poison. And all the affirmations of love could not make it go away entirely.

It was, Ben thought, as the lean month went by, just a case of holding on, cutting corners until income jumped again. It made him feel guilty, however. It was a shameful situation to be unable to live without strain on an income which, ten years ago, he would have considered wildly affluent. It was best not to think of what might happen should some emergency situation come up.

And so in June, of course, which had promised to be a better month, Chris nearly lost his right hand. He was in a school bus on the way to a picnic, sitting by the window on the right side of the bus, his right arm out the window. As they were making a turn at low speed on a gravel road the right front tire blew. The bus skidded, went through a shallow ditch and into a stand of small trees. Chris said later that he had tried to pull his arm in, but the motion of the bus had jammed everybody against him. At first it was believed that no one had been hurt. The sound Chris made was lost in the general turmoil. But then he fainted.

When Ben got to the hospital at four o'clock they had been working on the hand—pulped between tree and bus body—for over an hour. Ginny was very white and very still, and her eyes were huge.

They did the basic structural repairs in the first operation. The third day following there were evidences of infection. In spite of the sulfas and antibiotics, his fever went up to dangerous levels, there were consultations and tentative recommendations for amputation. It was a nightmare time, with the hospital the center of all thoughts and schedules. The child was so stolidly brave about it, so uncomplainingly courageous and gallant that it seemed to make the whole thing more pointlessly tragic.

Almost during the last hour of decision, the infection began to respond. There was a second operation in July, very delicate and intricate, close work with muscles, tendons, nerves, to achieve optimum functioning of the hand. He healed with such miraculous speed—a facility reserved to small healthy boys—that he was able to go back to the hospital for the final operation in late August, a relatively minor one to readjust repairs previously made in the index finger and thumb.

By the time he started school in the fall, the bandages were off. The hand was slightly but not obviously misshapen. The orthopedic surgeon was quietly proud of his work, of the restoration of an estimated 60 per cent of function. But Chris often wept with frustration at the hand that would not follow the commands of the mind and, when it did so, was so girlishly weak. He had a series of exercises which he tended to overdo. "By the time he is twelve he will have eighty per cent function," the doctor said. "Perhaps later it will become more. He will adjust, and never notice it."

When your only son is injured, it is degrading to think of money. You get the money, somewhere, and you don't think about it, at least very much. The hospitalization covered a small part of the expense. Ben had the optimistic feeling that he could recover the rest of it from the Department of Public Instruction. He had a local lawyer, Harold Crady, look into it.

Crady finally reported back. "I've been around and around on this thing, Ben. The insurance company takes the stand that their coverage does not extend past taking the kids to and from school, or on special instructional field trips. This was a picnic, not authorized by the company, and the bus was not being driven by a regular driver."

"Who *was* driving it then?"

"The brother of Chris' teacher. The Public Instruction people take the stand the bus was 'borrowed' without sufficient authorization. The driver has no personal liability coverage, and he hasn't got dime one, Ben."

"Then what do I do?"

Crady shrugged. "You could file suit against the Public Instruction Department and the insurance company and the driver."

"You don't sound enthusiastic."

"Because I don't think you'd get anywhere. You'd just be making a bad risk of more money, Ben. Take your loss. That's the best thing you can do."

NEXT MONTH

Dogged courage, violent action, gripping suspense keep you on the edge of your chair reading this tale of simple men who grow to heroic size in facing danger.

THE LONG HAUL

By D. A. RAYNER

Complete in the May JOURNAL, condensed from the novel soon to be published by McGraw-Hill Book Company.

Hospital, surgery, anesthesia, nurses, operating room and outpatient care came to $3006.65. Hospitalization covered $401.20 of this total. It was particularly ironic that Harold Crady's bill for legal services in the amount of $100 had to be considered a part of the expense of the accident. Ben Weldon raised the $2700. He cashed the last few Government bonds. He had been trying to forget that he owned them, so that he would leave them alone. He got a little over $900 for them. He borrowed against the cash value of his insurance, a final $1000, bringing his insurance borrowings to an even $4000, on which interest at 6 per cent was piling up, and leaving him a cash-value equity of a little over $100. He went down to the Lawton National Bank. His 180-day note had been whittled down to $1100. He paid the interest to date and had it rewritten for $2200, with the overage deposited in his checking account. Mr. Lathrop Hyde, the vice president, was cordial enough, but Ben Weldon thought he detected a certain reluctance, an almost imperceptible reserve and skepticism. There had been Hydes in Lawton Valley back when New York had been a full day's trip away by carriage. He never could feel entirely at ease with what Ginny in her more irritable moments called the aborigines. They all seemed to have an emotional resentment toward the new people which was at odds with their pleasure in making money out of the explosive growth of the area.

On leaving the bank Ben was uncomfortably aware that interest alone on his debts was costing him a little over a dollar a day, and all reserves were gone.

That night he and Ginny had to drive into the city to attend a theater party which was a professional obligation. Three couples from National Directions, with Ben the junior in rank, and the president of a client firm in Dallas and his wife, a Mr. and Mrs. Blessing.

Sometimes such evenings turned out to be fun, and Ginny had enjoyed many of them. But this night Mrs. Blessing relayed her apologies through her husband to the people she had never met. She was confined to her hotel bed. Something had upset her, possibly the New York City water. Mr. Blessing stated that Myrna was very sensitive about water. He was to go right ahead without her, and, clearly, he had been going ahead very effectively at the hotel bar.

Ben had been in conference with the man, and had admired the agility of Hank Blessing's business brain. He was a big freckled man with a fringe of gray-red hair, small pale-gray eyes. In the present negotiations with National he was in the dealer's chair, and was capable of squeezing every last advantage out of it.

It astonished Ben that a man so coldly shrewd in conference could be such a total after-hours boor. Service at dinner before the theater was infuriatingly slow, providing a chance for Hank Blessing to proceed further with his self-inflicted paralysis of the cerebral cortex. He dominated the table with increasingly coarse tales of his homespun beginnings, while the three National executives and their wives sat with glazed smiles inadequately concealing acute distress. A man alcoholically convinced of his own irresistibility and charm will nearly always focus all of it on the nearest beautiful blonde. Ginny became Hank's rebellious target.

They were late to the theater. Hank made a horrible racket in the aisle as they were finding their seats. He managed to plant himself beside Ginny and mumbled further exploits to her, ignoring the shushings, until he went soundly asleep. The play could have been excellent. The leading lady was sick. Her understudy ran through the part as though anxious to make a late date, drowning out her cue lines, yelling the tenderest passages.

Hank came up out of sleep at the final curtain, refreshed and ready to go. Ben was able to beg off, using the sitter as an excuse.

As they drove north on the parkway, Ben became aware of Ginny's ominous silence. There had been other horrible evenings, to be sure, but they had always been able to make jokes on the way home.

"Charming guy, that Hank Blessing," he said at last.

"Utterly."

"We've been going around in a tight little circle with that guy. We ought to get it all locked up tomorrow."

"And I went around in a tight little circle, too, darling," she said hotly. "*Two* drinks he spilled on me. And I'm so tired of being pawed I could scream."

"Come now, honey. You weren't ——"

She whirled in the seat to face him. "How could you keep track of what was going on? You were too busy thinking about how you're going to . . . lock it all up tomorrow."

"Honey, really now ——"

"Don't you really-now me, Ben Weldon. We used to go out together, a million years ago. Now when we go out, there's an angle. I get dragged to town to prove that the young executive gets married just like ordinary people do. And I'm told that it's my job. I'm helping you get ahead, or something. Well, I'll keep right on doing it, because I suppose it's part of the bargain, but you might as well know I consider it cynical and degrading, and I hate every minute of it!"

She flounced around and began to stare out her window at the night, as far from him as she could get.

"I wasn't aware of the fact I was torturing you," he said stiffly.

"What did that evening cost?" she asked in a small voice.

"What do you mean?"

"What did it cost? Total. Is that a hard question?"

"Tickets, dinner, drinks. Oh, I'd say about two twenty-five. But it's a legitimate expense which can be deduc——"

"When do you have to go to Dallas?"

"It's set up for next Tuesday."

"First-class air out and back? The very best hotel? Room service? Bonded bourbon and steaks two inches thick and the biggest rental car on the lot ——"

"It's *always* that way. We can't afford to give the impression of cutting corners. Actually it's a public-relations and promotion expenditure, and I'm not exactly loafing, you know."

"This dress," she said in a dreary voice. "I've put the hem up and down so many times I feel like I'm wearing an elevator. And we decided it would be so jolly and unusual to just stay home for our vacation this summer. All I had to do was cook for five and keep house. No more cleaning woman one half day a week. I wonder how scraggly I dare let the lawn get before I hire Gus to cut it. You come home so bushed, I haven't the heart to ask you. We can't afford to entertain the people we *really*

The best sort of revenge is not to be like him who did the injury.

MARCUS AURELIUS

like very often, so we have to turn down invitations, which at least saves sitter money." She sighed heavily. "It's a double standard, that it is. You take trips and live like Aly Khan and then you come back to your well-mortgaged home and listen to your wife whine."

"Ginny ——"

"It must bore you stiff."

"We have to hang on. That's all. This is a bad time. We just have to get through it."

She turned back toward him, this time with earnestness. "But don't you see, darling, that there should be more to life than just 'getting through it'? These are supposed to be the good years. We don't have any *fun*. Neither of us sees enough of the kids in the right way. Oh, I know. You're the fair-haired boy, and things will get fat in the future, but what if we're so beat down by the time things do get good that it won't mean much?"

"Should I quit?" he snapped.

"Typical," she said in anger. "Typical! You get all defensive and won't even talk about it."

"I'll talk about anything constructive you care to bring up."

He knew he was driving a little too fast, and dared her mentally to make any comment about it. The grim silence threatened to continue all the way to the house, but a mile after they had made the turnoff toward Lawton, the motor began to make an odd sound, a combination of grinding and clanking. He slowed down quickly.

"Is that little red light supposed to be on?" she asked.

The very moment he noticed it was the oil-pressure light, the car acted as though he had stepped on the brake. He put it in neutral and used what was left of the momentum to coast onto the wide shoulder. The motor was dead. He tried the starter and the starter would not turn it over.

"What is it?" Ginny asked.

"No oil, I'd guess. I wasn't watching the heat."

He got out and opened the hood. The heat that came off the block felt much like that of an open fire.

"Do we have to get oil?" she asked.

"No, we do not get oil."

"Don't bite my head off. I just don't understand these ——"

"The moving parts were operating without oil. Friction created great heat. The moving parts expanded and that increased the heat. The main bearings were the last thing to go, and they didn't go quick enough so I ran it too long and it heated up beyond the melting point of the moving parts, and now the motor is frozen."

He looked at her face in the pale moonlight and the reflected glow of the headlights. She looked puzzled and blank.

"Frozen?" she asked. "But you can feel the heat coming off it!"

And that was the very end. He whooped and gasped and staggered, and the tears ran out of his eyes. After baffled moments she joined in. They clung to each other.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 91

the paste with the Sunny Italian Flavor

Hunt...for the best

RECIPE FOR PIZZA

"To make a good pizza you need a very hot oven and a really rich tomato filling. That's why I use Hunt's Tomato Paste in my recipe. Hunt's tomato flavor is simply delicious. I've tried them all, and Hunt's Tomato Paste is the real thing, just like home. Mamma Mia!...I hope you and your family will enjoy it soon."

PIZZA DOUGH

1 pkg. active dry yeast
1¼ cups warm water
2 tablesp. pure vegetable oil, such as Wesson Oil
4 cups flour • 1 teasp. salt

Dissolve yeast in water. Stir in oil. Sift flour and salt together; stir into oil-water mixture. Knead vigorously on cloth or board until smooth and elastic, about 15 minutes. Shape into ball; place in greased bowl; brush with oil; cover with damp cloth. Let rise until double in bulk, about 2 hours. Form again into ball. Makes enough dough for 4 pizzas.

PIZZA FILLING

1 recipe Pizza Dough
1 6-oz. can Hunt's Tomato Paste*
½ cup hot water • 1 teasp. salt
½ teasp. oregano • ¼ teasp. black pepper
1 lb. Mozzarella cheese, sliced thin

Cut dough into four pieces. Roll each into 9-10" circle; fit into 4 pie tins; brush with cooking oil. Mix all ingredients except cheese together and spread over dough. Top with cheese. Bake in very hot oven, 550°F., 12-15 minutes or until dough is brown and crisp. Makes 4 pizzas. Other toppings: anchovies, mushrooms, onion or Italian sausage.

*Hunt's Tomato Paste is pure tomato, concentrated to a thick paste. Use in any recipe for true tomato flavor, a spoonful to a can full, depending on the recipe. Generally, mix it with the water or liquid in the recipe.

FREE! *My new recipe booklet, "Let's Cook Italian." Write Hunt Foods, Dept. K4, P.O. Box 30, Fullerton, Calif.*

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 89

When he could catch his breath he said, "Ruined! Got to buy a new motor!"

"Luck of the Weldons," she gasped, and they were off again.

While they were still fighting for control, a police car stopped and Ben arranged for them to send a tow truck back. The disabled car was given a $25 tow into Lawton, three miles away. They left it in the agency parking lot and took a taxi home, and sent the sitter home in the same taxi.

Ginny phoned him at the office early the following afternoon. She had been to the agency. They had checked the car. The motor was shot. The estimate for putting in a new one was $770. It seemed that something had bounded up off the road, possibly flipped up by a front wheel, and had with devilish neatness sheared the drain plug off the bottom of the pan.

"They said our insurance couldn't cover a thing like that," she said solemnly.

"No. It wouldn't cover that."

"Billy suggested we trade it, but he said he couldn't give very much, the condition it's in."

"How much?"

"Seven hundred dollars."

"What! That was a thirty-eight-hundred-dollar car eighteen months ago!"

"Well, that's what he told me."

"I better talk to them."

"What am I going to do for a car, Ben? You know I run a taxi service with these kids. I have to have a car. Should I rent one?"

"Can't you borrow one?"

"I asked Billy, but they have a rule. Something about their insurance. I could try Alice, though. Stu is away for the whole month, and she can't use two cars. But I sort of hate to ask her."

"Give it a try, will you, honey?"

"O.K. How did it go with . . . last night's companion?"

"About the way he wanted it to go. I'd hoped he'd be guilty and hung over, but he came out strong."

"I got a call from Saks a little while ago. They were checking the address to mail a gift certificate. They said I've got a two-hundred-dollar credit all of a sudden, and they wouldn't say from whom. So I guess he remembered slopping drinks on my dress. What should I do about it?"

"Honey, you might just as well use it. Get a dress."

"No, sir! I'll use it, all right. I've got uses for it. Bras, slips, nylons, blouses, skirts. Next time you get me next to a tycoon, I'll joggle his elbow, believe me. 'By, darling."

Ginny was able to borrow the neighbor's extra car, and as soon as Ben had a chance he went to the agency. They would not go a penny over $750 unless, of course, he wanted to buy their biggest model, loaded with extras. Then they might go a couple hundred higher. He shopped around briefly, but he was handicapped by not having the car to show. He could only describe it. He had just finished the payments on the disabled car. Without cash, his only option was either to have the car repaired, and then refinance it to pay the bill, or to trade it and finance the new one. Billy pointed out the significant difference in the equity of the two vehicles one year from date. He said they would make a very special deal on a 1958 model.

Ben looked over the stock list and bought the cheapest '58 station wagon in the warehouse. He dispensed with the usual extras—the only one he bought was the heater-defroster. It had been previously serviced and was ready to roll. They pushed the papers through quickly. Ben drove the gray wagon home, any pleasure in the new car well muted by the knowledge of being another $2200 in debt.

The third option, the one he had not let himself think about, was to purchase a good used car, something sturdy and reliable right off Billy's used-car lot, for possibly $1200. It could be one year older than the disabled car. The $500 difference could be financed readily.

But at this station in life he occupied a certain recognized position. All public actions had to be consistent with this position. In so far as vehicles were concerned, he had already taken the risk of a slight inconsistency by owning only one. The house had a two-car garage. The typical Ridge Road family had one reasonably new Detroit product and a second car, usually an import, for the wife. It was not in good taste to have two spanking-new cars. The second car could be bought used, and it had character if it was slightly battered and noisy.

But Benjamin Weldon could not buy a used car as the family's only car. It would indicate either an uninteresting sort of eccentricity, or serious money problems. Either conclusion was unpalatable. Everyone had problems. Everyone managed to get by, somehow, and keep up appearances. It was a test of both management and character, like dressing for dinner in the jungle.

Ben Weldon did not care about the opinions of Lawton. But of the two thousand men in the area who went down to the city every working day, at least fifty not only were in his age group and approximate earnings group, but were employed by organizations operating in the same areas as National Directions. Three men were, in fact, employed by National Directions, two junior to Ben and one senior to him. In any tensely competitive situation, trivia become excruciatingly important.

The fifty of the two thousand men who rode down to the towers of the city each day were blandly cordial to one another. And without being able to state precisely why, they watched one another with minute care. They learned to read the small signs. They could pick out the overconfident ones who, through talking too loosely and readily, were slamming doors they might have entered. They saw the first signs of decay in the man who would be felled by liquor. They detected evidences of the marital rift or the destructive affair long before the gossip became public property. And they could tell, with an uncanny, unerring accuracy, the ones who were on their way up and out of this narrow routine.

It was all casual, with the desperation carefully hidden away, but each year a few dropped off, and newcomers closed the ranks. They went down or up, and in either case their houses went on the market, and they rode those trains no longer. And at the lunches in the city, and in the idle moments before meetings were called to order, the smallest departures from standard behavior were discussed.

"What's with Weldon, buying a used car? I thought he was crown prince over there. They cut his pay?"

"Maybe he's just smarter than you and me."

"Maybe. Seems funny, though."

"Maybe he guessed the market wrong, or he's playing the horses."

Ben Weldon knew exactly how the system worked. Yet he guessed that if he had less at stake, he would have gone ahead and bought the used car. But when you're playing the game for the house limit, it is stupid to go around handing the world any kind of club to beat you with. It would not be a crime to buy a used car. The crime would be in giving the men who control your destiny any personal questions to ask about you which do not have obvious and reasonable answers.

"If he can't manage on what we're paying him, how could he hope to run this outfit someday?"

Ben Weldon drove home in his brand-new car, and took his family for a short ride at dusk, wondering if he had been intelligent—or just scared.

October was a thin month. November was a little better, but it made Ben feel defeated to think of the onrush of the Christmas season. He made up budget after budget, and tore them up. No matter how he strained over the figures he could see that, with luck, they could reduce the indebtedness each month, but by such a discouragingly tiny figure that it seemed to stretch endlessly into the bleak future.

When you have a chronic toothache, you eventually end up in the dentist chair. Ben had heard of a C.P.A. in Manhattan who had reputedly done wonders in straightening out the tangled personal finances of some of his friends.

He made one appointment and had to break it, and kept the second one, appearing with all his books and records and copies of his state and Federal tax returns, and his operating budget.

The wonder-worker was J. J. Semmins, with an office on West 43rd Street. He was a small fat man with a permanent scowl of impatience, an unlit cigar, a diamond ring and audible asthmatic breathing. He had a huge bare desk in a very small office off the anteroom where several people were working. He spread Ben's papers all over the top of the desk and growled at Ben to have a seat and be patient. He went through the papers so fast that Ben could not believe he was absorbing what he was reading. From time to time he would scribble a note on a scratch pad. He reassembled the papers, plunked them on the corner of the desk and leaned back.

"Weldon, you keep good records. You should see some of the stuff comes in here. It looks like you're even using your head here and there, but that isn't helping you a bit, is it?"

"That's why I'm here."

"Twenty-three five, you make. And right off the top, for Uncle and the governor and other payroll deductions and that co-operative pension plan comes seventy-one, and none of that can you change, so we're talking about sixteen four. Right? So twenty-six hundred goes into life insurance. It's a little over ten per cent of total income, but with three small kids it isn't out of line. Can you juggle the policies around and get the same coverage for less money?"

"I tried that. I've got a good agent. He couldn't come up with a thing."

"And you're borrowed to the hilt on it. Now we're talking about thirteen eight. Give

OBSTETRICIAN'S PRAYER

By H. P. DUNN, M.D.

With faintly beating fetal cord
entwined, prolapsed within
my hand,
I search in warm maternal
darkness
Where only touch can under-
stand,
Seeking a tiny foot with which
to draw forth gasping, sobbing
life,
I groan with pain and weariness,
the fight with Death, the
ceaseless strife;
Fear breathes in acrid fumes
of gas and antisepsis.
Keep calm, breathe silent
prayer:
"Divine Physician, inspire,
protect us!"

When I am dead, O God, do
You, I pray,
Thrust Your loving hand within
the dark womb
Of the anteroom of hell, and
from that eternal tomb
Pluck forth my soul before it
burns away.
Breathe life into Your child,
Creator blest,
Transfuse me with Your
precious blood,
See only how I tried at Your
behest
To dam of human pain the
endless flood.

me the story on this two hundred a month to your mother."

"She's quite old, seventy-four. She had her children late, and my father's been dead thirty years. No Social Security to help out. She's out in Columbus, Indiana, living in the house I was born in. We've tried to get her to come live with us, but all her friends are there. She seems to get along on two hundred. I'd send more if I could."

"Any other children helping out?"

"I'm the only one living."

"The house out there is in her name?"

"Yes, but ——"

"Worth anything?"

"I don't know what it would bring. It's not big. A frame house in an old part of town, but she still likes it there. She has a woman come in and help her. The same woman for years and years."

"If she signed it over, you could sell it and rent a nice little apartment for her. Put the money on these debts and cut your debt service."

"I just couldn't do that. It's a matter of pride to her. I've heard her say a hundred times that the house is 'free and clear.' That means a lot to her."

J. J. Semmins sighed. "So we're talking about eleven four. If your house was free and clear, it would make the difference. Two ten a month on the mortgage and nearly six hundred a year town and county taxes. That's a load, those taxes."

"They've been going up ever since I bought the place four years ago. National brought me in from the Cleveland office then. Lawton is growing so fast they've had to spend a lot of money to take care of the services, schools and so on."

J. J. Semmins scribbled for a moment and then leaned back. "Take the mortgage payments, taxes, and call it one fifty a month for heat, light, phone, electric and water and so on, call it five a year goes into that place. It's a lot of house."

"We hunted a long time before we located it, Mr. Semmins. And it scared us a little, even though I knew we bought it right. I can get seven more than I paid for it right now." He paused and looked down at his fist for a moment, searching for the right words. "The firm I work for, Mr. Semmins, takes . . . a special interest in me. When I was brought into the home office, there was a certain amount of . . . gentle pressure brought to bear. They wanted me to live up to a certain standard, and the house and its location are part of that."

"So now we're talking about sixty-four hundred which is what you got left after the house, and your wife takes forty-eight hundred of that. Right? So here's sixteen hundred for car, clothing for you, entertainment, club dues, recreation, commutation expenses and, theoretically, interest and principal payments on your loans, plus medical, dental, personal legal . . . and you come to me with this *impossible* situation and say that there's nothing you can change and I'm supposed to make up a miracle for you? You're brighter than that!"

"I thought a fresh viewpoint might ——"

"I'm sorry. What good is it yelling at you? You're the man in the trap. Can you knock off at least the club?"

"We use it as little as possible, but they come up from New York and they expect ——"

"O.K., O.K. How about this money you've been paying into the pension plan? Can you get your hands on it?"

"Theoretically I could borrow what I've donated at no interest. If I left the firm, it would be turned over to me, the exact amount I've put in."

"How much is the total?"

"About nine thousand now."

"Could you borrow it?"

Ben studied his fist again. "I have the *right* to. But if I exercised that right, it would have to be because of some . . . very obviously expensive and disastrous thing, such as a child in an iron lung or something. If I just borrowed it, it would be evidence that I can't live on my salary."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 94

WHAT My Son TAUGHT Me

By MAYBELLE WILKES

He never spoke a word in his life, yet he taught me more than all the books I ever read.

He never walked a step, yet he led me to heights I never could have climbed alone.

He lived only a few short years, yet he lives forever in all the children I meet.

Who can say he was a burden when he made me so rich?

That long-ago morning I waited tensely for the famous child specialist to report on the exhaustive tests of my year-old son, Robert. He took my hands in his kind ones and spoke slowly: "Mrs. Wilkes, these are the things we dread to tell mothers. I wish I could give you a different verdict. Robert has cerebral palsy; the brain injury is intense; coordination very poor. He will have little use of himself, his digestion is faulty, he may suffer much pain."

I gasped, "He's intelligent. He smiles at me. He *must* be normal. . . . He's all I have; I couldn't bear it." I sobbed wildly. "He's just tired—tired—tired ——" My hysteria rose.

The doctor put his arm around my shoulder, and his voice was compassionate. "He was born intelligent, but please don't count on recovery. Try not to tear yourself apart. My advice would be to put your son in an institution where he can have good care."

But I took my son home, and began the long, hard task of caring for a helpless, afflicted child. I was a young widow and could afford no help.

At first I wouldn't admit my handsome son was different. I beat my heart out against the bars of my rebellion.

Then began the lessons he taught me—the long, long lessons.

After the pain-filled nights, spent and heartsick, I would look at my son, and over his weary little face would come his radiant smile. If he could smile, I thought, so could I. It was so little to give when it was his whole world. So we smiled together—my first lesson.

Then I found he responded to a happy voice. I read him gay stories, and talked of the birds, and brought him little live things to see and try to handle. And he loved color. We laughed together, bitterness faded, and life was better.

I had at first, from shock and pride, kept away from people. But though my young pleasure-loving friends shied away, I found we attracted people with discerning hearts—whose different look and smile are the signs of those who carry, or have carried, heavy crosses, their banners of courage high.

Doctors were unfailingly kind and helpful, as all dedicated people are. They would carry Robert in their arms, and were so full of love when, with his eyes, he accepted and leaned on their kindness. So I learned to accept and be humble. The lessons went on.

A rector in a small parish, who could never have a larger one because his wife was a hopeless alcoholic, stayed some nights and watched with me. As he saw the anguish he said, "Hell comes in many forms."

Through him we were able to find a small cottage with a yard where I could put Robert in the sun while I worked.

Then I found how he drew people to him. They came softly and seemed to feel his spirit. Although he was weak, he grasped the infinite.

There was a tall, impressive-looking factory owner whose haughtiness as he cut through our narrow street I used to resent.

One morning I saw him pause and look at my son. The next day he waved. Robert smiled. They watched for each other. Finally he would tiptoe into our garden and speak to Robert so gently, and smile so tenderly.

Robert would lean his head to him for a pat or a kiss. Who says they don't know? I came out once and the man said to me humbly, "I think he loves me."

And one day he knelt by the child's chair, opened a basket and took out a beautiful white puppy. At the look of ecstasy on Robert's face the man turned tear-filled eyes to me and said, "What would I give if I could help him as he has helped me!"

So I learned not to judge people, but to look into their hearts.

Because Robert loved music, I kept up my practice and played and sang to him. We made friends. Then at last I found God. Closer than my hands. Nearer than my heart. He walked with us through the darkest valleys. We were never alone again.

I learned patience and trust.

The years went by. Robert was six. He began to fail more and was harder to lift and carry; I grew too tired to carry on. The doctor insisted on his going to a hospital. I dreaded making him so unhappy at the end, I dreaded the thought of separation. I asked God not to let us be apart through life. I left it in His hands.

Before hospital arrangements could be completed, God opened the gates to a larger life for my small son.

The lessons were over.

END

Look what Land O'Lakes Butter has for you...
Your own miniature of the famous

Copper Cream Can

Regular $4.00 value...now yours for only

$1.50

plus one guarantee panel from a carton of Land O'Lakes Butter

This charming miniature Copper Cream Can is ideal for serving cream, or to heat and serve melted butter, hot syrup, tea, coffee. It also makes a unique flower planter, decorative piece or an unusual gift. The Cream Can is made of solid copper and is pure tin lined. It stands 6" high, holds 12 ounces.

This companion piece makes the set
"Milk Pail" Sugar Bowl
Stands 3½" high. Solid copper, pure tin lined. Handle moves and top lifts off. Easy to spoon from. Order today.
Regular $2.50 value only **$1.00**
plus one guarantee panel from a carton of Land O Lakes Butter

A full ½ gallon of country-fresh sweet cream is in every single pound of

Land O'Lakes® Butter

Mail today to: Land O'Lakes Creameries, Inc.
P. O. Box 808, Minneapolis 60, Minn.

Please send me:

___ Copper Cream Can miniatures. I enclose $1.50 and *one guarantee panel from a carton of Land O'Lakes Butter for each can.*

___ "Milk Pail" Sugar Bowl. I enclose $1.00 and *one guarantee panel from a carton of Land O'Lakes Butter for each pail.*

If you order both pieces to make the sugar and creamer set, be sure to include two guarantee panels.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ Zone____ State_____

Note: Allow 4 weeks for delivery. LHJ-40

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 92

"But you can just barely get by on it right now, man, provided you have no more trouble!"

"I'm supposed to live on it," Ben said miserably.

J. J. Semmins threw his yellow pencil against the far wall. It bounced back and rolled under his desk. "I get so sick of this same deal all the time," he said. "Hundreds of you bright guys are in this trap. The big shots you work for made theirs so long ago that they think they're paying you a king's ransom. They want you to live big on it, advertise how good they are to work for. They'll make certain the guys in the factories take home fat money, because the unions have put the fear of God into them, but the bright guys right under their noses, they'll pay them twenty-five thousand and then put the pressure on so you spend all but a couple dimes paying your taxes and living as fat as they could have lived twenty years ago on the same money. Then, if you crack, it's your fault. If you demand more money, you're unreliable. If you start shopping around for more money you're labeled disloyal. Thirty-five would be about right for you, Weldon. You could reduce those debts down to zero and start a little savings program. Taxes would take a bigger bite, but you'd have about the right amount left. Go ask them for thirty-five. If they won't give it to you, shop for it."

"That's a joke I can't laugh at. Sorry."

"There's another choice. Sell the house. Grab that nine thousand in the retirement fund. Pay your debts, drop your insurance and go to Florida or someplace and buy a gas station. You'll live longer. You'd be surprised to learn how many guys in your shoes have done just that. They'll tell you they got sick of commuting and conforming and so on. They won't admit they got starved out. But they did, and it's a shameful thing. Big business needs the guys they're driving away because they're too chinchy to pay them what they *think* they're paying them. You're the forgotten man, Weldon. Go anywhere in the country and beef about not being able to live on your salary, and you'd have them rolling in hysterics. Nobody will ever be sorry for you. You'll get all the sympathy of a man with two black eyes. But from where you and I sit, it is a tragic, unnecessary thing, and we both know it. But it's a story that won't sell."

Ben managed to force a smile. "Like the small-town bank clerk back in the 'twenties, trying to act like a substantial citizen on nineteen dollars a week."

"And a lot of those guys took it as long as they could before they grabbed the money and ran."

"I guess I can at least thank you for . . . confirming the situation, Mr. Semmins."

"I won't bill you, buddy. I don't have the heart."

"But ——"

"Let's have no arguments, please. What will you do?"

"Try to squeak by, I guess. Cut every corner we can. Try to hold on. You see, the stakes are big."

"Sure," Semmins said. "You sit in this great big poker game and you've got twelve dollars and you sit there, folding every hand, waiting for a royal flush, and while you're waiting they ante you to death. Isn't there some guy over there who is interested in you enough to sit down and go over these records with you?" He sighed. "I suppose not. All I can say is good luck."

Ben Weldon reported this to Ginny, but he did not let her see the depth of his feeling of helplessness. He made it light, in so far as he was able, and, as Christmas hung over them, an ominous tinsel avalanche, they vowed all manner of economies as though it would be great fun. Economies can be fun for the recently wed: a romantic game, with the long walks to save bus fare, the happy magic of finding a quarter in the gutter, the painstaking budget to squeeze out the $4 a week to put in the savings account—against the future house, car, baby.

For those longer wed, economies can be a game if there is a special goal—the new house or the cruise or the swimming pool. But when it is part of a struggle to survive, and there seems to be no end to it, and you do not know when some small and expensive disaster may wipe out all your efforts—then there is a corrosive and destructive quality to it all. It can be a dreary battle, waged with the presentiment of defeat.

And there is not really too much you can do. You can put an end to the habit of bringing fond and silly gifts to your wife, little things you happened to see in store windows. You can avoid taxis as much as possible, give up the tenth-of-a-cent bridge game on the train, avoid all lunch dates that threaten to be expensive, try to get a little more wear out of the business suits between dry cleanings, give up the relaxing ceremony of the before-dinner drink. And you can begin a practice you have always avoided, the sly and delicate art of fudging the expense account. He found that he could show a small profit on each trip. Twelve dollars, seventeen dollars. It made him feel like a petty thief, but he told himself it was a practice hallowed by tradition.

Yet, with all these practices, he felt as if he were engaged in an exercise in futility. He was the captain at the wheel of the small boat. The sea was rushing into the hold. Every now and then he could rush down and bail for a few moments with a teacup before returning to his duty station.

There was a more serious aspect to it, one that he could not dare admit to himself. He had attempted to build an impenetrable wall between the increasing tensions of his personal life and the demands of his career.

There was an afternoon meeting ten days before Christmas, and as they were waiting for Brendan Mallory, who would conduct it, Ben Weldon heard Charlie McCain, saying, "—— got them to promise to deliver it Christmas morning, a little M.G.A., robin's-egg blue, and Kath's eyes are going to bug like a stomped frog ——"

Midway through the meeting Ben Weldon was staring off into an equitable world where Ginny was driving her brand-new little M.G.A. down a sunny country road, the wind ruffling her blond hair, her eyes adance ——

"Sir?" he said, falling abruptly back into here and now.

Mallory looked at him oddly and said, "You *do* have the break-even figures on Western Products, Ben?"

"Right here," he said, flushing, and opened the folder to the summary his staff had prepared for him and began to make his report.

As the meeting adjourned, Brendan Mallory said, "Spare a few minutes, Ben?"

It was a command. He went with Mallory to the office of the president on the tenth floor. Mallory was a dapper little man with a narrow mustache and a deceptively ineffectual look. His voice was unerringly brisk and light and casual. But all the hidden force of the man was gathered somewhere and projected through steady bright blue eyes, as intent and merciless as the eyes of a falcon. No man who had endured the special focus of those eyes tended to underestimate Mr. Mallory.

"Sit down, Ben. We never seem to get a chance to chat lately."

Ben sat in a deep leather chair. Mallory perched on the corner of the desk, arms folded, smiling down at him. "All arguments and no chat," Ben said, returning the smile, feeling inside himself the special alertness of a blindfolded man on a tightrope.

"I'm very pleased with what you've been doing, Ben."

"Thank you, sir."

"I discussed it with Ed and he agreed we should bring you into the bonus setup, starting this January."

"I'm very grateful, Mr. Mallory."

"I wonder if you aren't pushing yourself a little too hard."

This, Ben knew, was a direct result of the woolgathering in the special meeting. He carefully broadened his smile, and said, "I don't feel oppressed, sir. As a matter of fact, I think I do better the heavier the work load is."

"Everything outside the office is fine?"

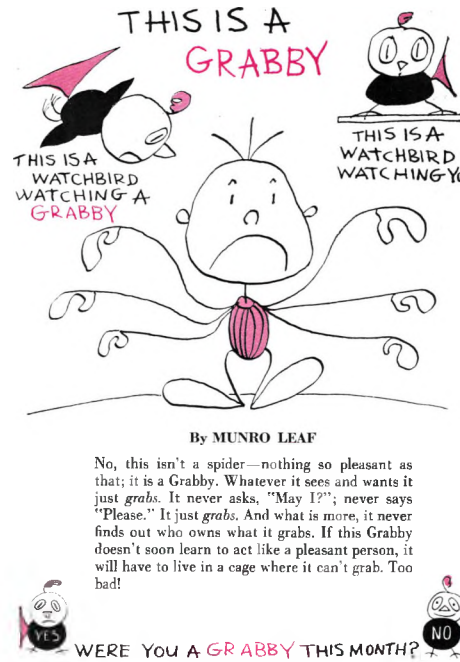
"Yes, sir," Ben said heartily.

"Give my regards to the lovely Virginia, please. Tell her you two are coming for dinner after the holidays. Alice adores you both."

"We'll both be looking forward to it, Mr. Mallory."

"I thought you might be pushing yourself a little too eagerly, because you've seemed a little

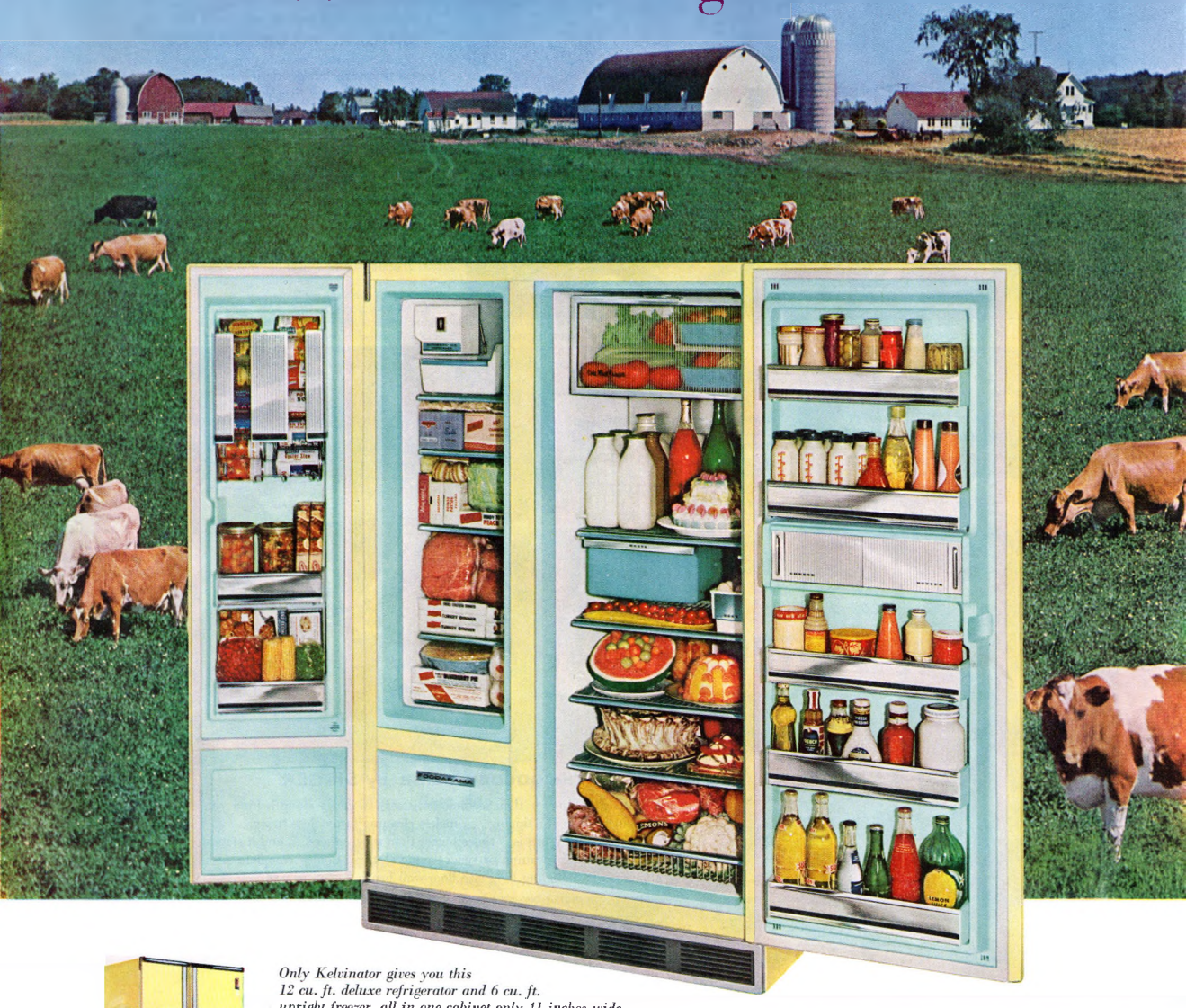
CONTINUED ON PAGE 97

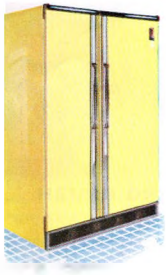


By MUNRO LEAF

No, this isn't a spider—nothing so pleasant as that; it is a Grabby. Whatever it sees and wants it just *grabs*. It never asks, "May I?"; never says "Please." It just *grabs*. And what is more, it never finds out who owns what it grabs. If this Grabby doesn't soon learn to act like a pleasant person, it will have to live in a cage where it can't grab. Too bad!

From Dairyland, U.S.A.—a panorama of fine foods for Foodarama Living





You may have your Foodarama in Buttercup Yellow, Bermuda Pink, Surf Turquoise, Aztec Copper or Classic White.

Only Kelvinator gives you this
12 cu. ft. deluxe refrigerator and 6 cu. ft.
upright freezer, all in one cabinet only 41 inches wide . . .

Fabulous Foodarama by Kelvinator

Here's a happy new way to get more pleasure from the bounty of America's fertile farms . . . to eat better meals the year round . . . to entertain royally without rush or fuss . . . to save money and save time. It's Foodarama Living!

Foodarama's huge capacity puts an abundance of foods at your finger tips. You shop less but have more on hand. There's always room for supermarket bargains and low-price seasonal specials. And what a joy to have the convenience of ample freezer space right in your kitchen!

You never defrost either refrigerator or freezer. Foodarama's safer "No-Frost" system makes frost a total stranger . . . and does it so much more economically than other systems that you enjoy important savings every year. And you never fuss with ice trays because a remarkable new ice dispenser makes and stores ice cubes for you automatically . . . just reach in and take one or several as you need them!

Even with all this, Foodarama actually costs you less to buy and operate than a separate refrigerator and freezer.

Foodarama is a stunning example of the wonderful plus you'll find only in the kitchen and laundry appliances made by the Kelvinator Division of American Motors Corporation, Detroit 32, Michigan. Make it yours! Fabulous Foodarama!

New Models! More Models! Which SINGER cleaner is best for you?

The New SINGER* "MAGIC CARPET"

Does a thorough but gentle job on fine rugs and wall-to-wall carpeting. Brush adjusts automatically, to rug nap... from bare floor to rug and back again. Extra-capacity two-section dust bag requires less changing, filters air better, boosts cleaning efficiency.

Reaches w-a-y under low furniture, hangs up flat to store. The "Magic Carpet" cleans a wide swath . . . cuts down strokes . . . lights the way.

The New SINGER* "ROLL-A-MAGIC"

This economy SINGER* cleaner has power equal to many costing twice as much! A boon for homemakers with lots of above-the-floor dusting to do . . . furniture, curtains, drapes, shelves . . .

Does a standout job on rugs, too. Coasts right along with you on ball bearing casters to speed cleaning, reduce fatigue.

New design of the extra-capacity dust bag increases efficiency and makes it the easiest ever to change. Comes complete with attachments.

The GOLDEN GLIDE by SINGER*

More cleaning power than leading canisters . . . glides along behind you without snagging or tipping . . . makes cleaning faster, less tiring.

Its throw-away bag is 3 times bigger than most others. . . and it stands on end for stair cleaning or space-saving storage. Comes complete with attachments including king size floor-wall brush.

The SINGER* "MAGIC MITE" Hand Cleaner

Weighs only 5 power-packed pounds. Ideal for touch-up cleaning in the home or for car or shop.

The REVOLVING BRUSH Attachment

Turns *any* canister into a rug sweeper vacuum . . . for $19.95. No extra wires. Removes stubborn litter.

Phone or visit your local SINGER SEWING CENTER for free home trial. Easy terms available. Prices start with the Full Power "Roll-A-Magic" at $49.50

SINGER SEWING CENTERS

*Trademark of the SINGER MANUFACTURING COMPANY.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 94

bit drawn and . . . remote lately, Ben. This has no bearing on your efficiency, but you don't seem to have the—ah—lift you used to have. That light touch of yours that can take the tension out of sticky situations. And I do believe you've become a little less gregarious. I know that lunch with the people you work with all day can be monotonous, but sometimes things are resolved in little unexpected ways."

Is there anything the little devil doesn't see? Ben asked himself.

"Maybe I've been getting self-important," Ben said with what he hoped was precisely the right amount of lightness.

"Not you, Ben! That's a vice you'll never have. I'm glad things are going well, and it's been nice to have this little talk."

"I do appreciate the bonus deal, sir," he said, getting up.

Mallory shrugged as he led him to the door. "Be assured you earned it, Ben. And because it's unexpected money, spend it foolishly. It will do you and Ginny good. Sometimes I wonder if you young people aren't *too* reliable."

He gave Ben a parting touch on the shoulder. Not a pat or a slap, but a barely perceptible touch, a curious gesture of reassurance.

Ben decided not to tell Ginny of the bonus. Had he been told the figure, he would have told her. He spent the entire train ride home trying to guess what it would be. He told himself that it would be a glorious $10,000 that would get him even with the board, with some to spare. But that was ridiculously optimistic. He knew the bonus scale of past years, and he knew corporate earnings, and he finally settled on $3500 as being a conservative and reasonable guess.

That evening he went over his financial accounts and saw that his most intelligent use of the money would be to reduce the bank loan by $1500, pay another $1500 on the insurance loan, and leave $500 in the checking account for emergencies.

Had they not previously made an agreement on the cost of the Christmas gifts they would give each other, Ben, in view of the bonus to come, might have refused to set such a small figure—no more than $5, and no cheating, please. After all, they told each other, Christmas is for the kids. And it isn't the value of the gift anyway. It's the act of giving.

Something that left a wound deeper than she had any right to expect happened to Ginny Weldon five days before Christmas. She had yet to find the proper $5 gift for Ben and she had begun to feel dismayed at her lack of success.

She was in a gift-shop area, bent on a specific errand, when she happened to notice in a window a beautiful English croquet set in a fitted hardwood box. She walked by the window, stopped abruptly and turned back. Ben had admired Stan Sheridan's layout the summer before. They had played a few times at Sheridan's at afternoon parties on weekends, and Ben had been quite good at it. Afterward he had paced off their back yard and had told her that if they transplanted a few shrubs, there was plenty of room. He had mentioned getting a set quite a few times, saying it would be fun for them and for the kids. But he had never done anything about it.

Ginny knew that this was the perfect present, in spite of the fact that the season was wrong. It was the unusual sort of thing, the fun thing she always tried to find for him. It would be especially for him, but it would be a present for the whole family too. She was filled with a warm glow of excitement and anticipation, and a delight at having found the perfect thing so accidentally. The mallets, balls and posts were varnished and striped with bright pure colors in holiday mood.

Her happy sense of the rightness of the gift carried her into the shop and into the hands of a supercilious little clerk who called her "modom" and handed her a mallet from the set on display inside the store. As she held it, smiling with the thought of Ben's surprise and pleasure, he told her the set was $124.95.

The blunt figures burst the dream. She handed the mallet back to the clerk, said something about thinking it over and saw him shrug in a slightly patronizing way as he put the mallet back in the open hardwood case.

She walked out, and it took her a few moments to remember the small errand two blocks away. She squared her shoulders as she walked. *This year five dollars is the limit. Stick to it, girl. You promised. Don't cheat, because he won't. And stop feeling so dreary about it. It isn't that important.*

He had stopped talking about croquet and there was, she knew, a whole list of things he had stopped talking about. As she walked she could see the cumulative weariness of her man, in his face and his posture. And it struck her, a sick blow at the heart, a twist of anguish so intense she was not prepared for it. *He doesn't have any fun,* she thought. *He is so good and I love him so much, and he doesn't have any fun any more. Nobody does.*

The sound, inadvertent, moved up through her throat, half sob and half cry of protest, and in the instant she realized other people were staring at her with startled curiosity, she felt the tickling run of tears on her face. She turned from them and stood facing a wall of decorative tile that was part of a store front—stood a few inches from it.

There was an insistent tugging at the sleeve of her coat and she looked down into the tear-blurred face, the soft, concerned, gentle face of a small round woman in a derelict fur coat.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 99

"Let's go steady, Betty Lou."

4 new Walnutty Brownie Desserts!

It's easier to make than you think

WALNUTTY BROWNIE RIBBON CAKE

Line 15½ x 10½ x 1" jelly-roll pan with aluminum foil, extending foil 2" on both ends of pan; grease. Prepare Betty Crocker Brownie Mix as directed on pkg. for Fudgy Brownies, adding ½ cup chopped Diamond Walnuts. Spread batter in pan. Bake *15 to 20 min. at 350°*. Cool in pan 15 min. With aid of foil, lift brownies out in 1 piece. Cut into 5 strips each 10 x 3". Whip 2 cups whipping cream with ¼ cup *sifted* confectioners' sugar. Spread ½ cup cream on each brownie. Stack strips, cream sides up; frost with rest of cream. Chill 6 hours or overnight. Top with walnuts. Serves 12.

Walnutty Brownie Cupcakes. Make Cake-like Brownies as directed on pkg., adding 1 cup chopped walnuts. Set paper baking cups in 12 muffin cups; fill ¾ full. Bake *30 to 35 min. at 350°*. Top with whipped cream, walnuts.

Walnutty Brownie Clusters. Follow directions for Drop Cookies on pkg., adding 2 cups coarsely broken walnuts. When baked and still warm, frost with your favorite chocolate frosting. Serve topped with walnut quarters.

Walnutty Brownie Pie à la Mode. Bake Cake-like Brownies as directed on pkg., adding ½ cup chopped walnuts. Spread in greased 9" round layer pan. Bake *25 to 30 min. at 350°*. Serve with ice cream, chocolate syrup, walnuts.

The best walnutty brownie desserts are made with

DIAMOND WALNUTS and BETTY CROCKER BROWNIE MIX!

You make these exciting new desserts with Betty Crocker Brownie Mix and Diamond Walnuts. They're quick! They're easy! And you'll love the homemade flavor of chocolatey-good brownies . . . chock-full of fresh, choice walnuts. For terrific walnutty brownie desserts every time . . . it's Betty Crocker Brownie Mix and Diamond Walnuts!

"We guarantee *homemade* perfect* brownies every time!" Betty Crocker

DIAMOND WALNUTS
are best for baking

3 handy ways to buy California's choicest walnuts — *In the shell* in cellophane bags. *Shelled* in "Saran" bags or vacuum cans, the only ways that keep shelled walnuts fresh.

*PERFECT! Yes, every mix we make for you is guaranteed to come out perfect, or send the box top with a letter describing your baking to Betty Crocker, Box 200, Minneapolis 40, Minn., and General Mills will send back package cost.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 97

"You all right, dearie? Anything I can do, dearie?"

"I'm . . . all right. Thanks."

"Sometimes they die around Christmastime, dearie, and it's God's will. They wouldn't do it if they could help it, poor things, but when the next Christmas comes around, it's dreadful hard. Just get through it, dearie, best you can, and next year won't be so terrible bad as this one, I know."

And the woman was gone. Ginny got tissue out of her purse and wiped her eyes. In all the ways of pride she pulled herself together. And she went on with Christmas. She could tell herself over and over that it was too like a petulant child to whine about being unable to afford big glossy presents. But the wound had been inflicted, deep enough so that it could not ever heal perfectly.

In the last moments of shopping she found a walnut pipe rack and humidor thing for Ben for which she paid $4.98. In the shop she had been pleased by the way it looked, but when she unwrapped it to gift-wrap it herself, the finish had that shiny look of cheapness. After she had worked on it a long time, cutting the gloss by carefully rubbing it with steel wool, it was much more handsome.

Ben's present to her was a small antique vase he found in a shop on Second Avenue. She could only guess the amount of stolen time used in finding something so lovely that was within the limit they had set.

The kids had prepared long and discouragingly expensive lists. Ben and Ginny had budgeted $100 for them, and due to the increased pressure of work because of the end of the year, Ben had been unable to help her but, as he told her later, she had performed a vast miracle of judgment and selection.

The bonus came through on January tenth. It was for $1500. Ben managed, for Ginny's sake, to conceal his disappointment. He knew it was a bit churlish of him to feel disappointment. There could easily have been no bonus at all. But he had so carefully worked out just how he would disburse the anticipated $3500, and had dwelt upon how much that amount would ease the endless tension ——

Ginny, thinking it came as a surprise to him, too, was delighted. And it seemed to dilute some of her growing resentment toward National. He said nothing to decrease her pleasure. He did not tell her that, because it was considered 1959 income, a tiny additional tax nip would be taken out of each monthly check for the rest of the year.

He paid $600 on his $2200 note at the Lawton National Bank, reduced the insurance loan by $400, and left $500 in the checking account for emergencies.

And then began the time of waiting. The winter was exceptionally severe again, the fuel bills high. The reserve shrank to $300. The house thermostat stopped working and had to be replaced. Ladybug had flu for a week, and in spite of Ginny's precautions she gave it to Chris, and the prescribed antibiotics were $14 a patient. Ben, returning late from a stormy meeting of the Civic Betterment Committee (men who work for National take an active interest in the affairs of their home communities), took to the deep snowy ditch to avoid a skidding drunk, and the tow-truck fee was $15. The water company, with the approval of all agencies concerned, slapped a special $20 assessment on all users.

These were the small things. A very special guest, a member of the board of directors of National, drops a handsome Danish cocktail glass on the hearth. Once there were a dozen. Now there are seven. So for any special entertaining for more than seven in the future, a new set must be purchased. Little things. Like being pecked to death by sparrows.

So the little things make you irritable with each other. But it is not only the little things which corrode dispositions. It is the unspoken awareness, always just around a dark corner of the mind, that big things can happen, and do happen, and the process of life is in part the knowledge that they will happen and in being prepared for them. They lived with the knowledge of their defenselessness. In a primitive culture, they would have worn charms to ward off evil, and had they been able to believe in the efficiency of the charms, they would have felt secure.

But in suburbia there are no magic things you can wear suspended from a string hung around your neck. You pray for breathing space, for time to plant your feet.

Love was there, in abundance. But an endless worry about money is an astringent that sucks the juice from love, renders it wan and slow-moving. And penury is, perhaps, more endurable in matching surroundings. It becomes grotesque in a $40,000 house.

The stress of enduring an unfair situation makes people seek outlets for their irritability. Ben and Ginny were handy targets for each other. The apologies, in time, became more a matter of protocol than of guilt. And each of them built up a distorted picture of what the other one thought. Ben taught himself to believe Ginny thought him a spineless conformist who dared not complain for fear of upsetting plans so far in the golden future they were meaningless. Ginny grew to believe that Ben considered her spoiled and petulant, unwilling to endure all this for his sake, thinking only of pleasures she was missing. And, in the perversity of all mortals, they made more effort to fit the mistaken conception than to correct it. Some of the warmth went out of the house,

DESIGNING

By MARY WRIGHT LAMB

The children's room was well
designed
for sunlight and for privacy
and free expression of the latent
arts (whatever they might be);
and as to color and arrangement
of the furniture, we tried
to see to it that all of their
most vocal whims were gratified.
Our one mistake was of location:
we perceive, above the din:
The children's room will always be
the room that mother's in.

and a lot of the closeness went out of the marriage during the cold months, and the children felt it and were troubled by it and acted in ways unlike themselves without knowing why—knowing only that they more frequently deserved punishment, and taking a curious satisfaction in receiving it.

There was no snow in Columbus, Indiana, on the morning of the third day of March, and the temperature was in the low twenties, and dropping steadily. It had been above freezing during the night, and there had been a hard driving rain which had frozen in a cellophane skim over everything the rain had touched.

Martha Weldon had got up early, as was her habit, and had the coffee on before Geraldine Davis came down, smiling, yawning, to the kitchen. Martha was a tall, heavy woman with an air of pious thoughtfulness, an authoritative, rather ponderous presence. Geraldine was also a widow and she was four years younger than Martha. Geraldine had begun to "help out" at Martha's house seven years ago. She was a small, lean, tireless woman of good spirits but with a talent for malice. Her life income from her husband's insurance was too tiny to support her. She made ends meet by helping Martha and two other elderly women. She had the knack of keeping it on the basis of a friendship between equals, so that the necessary matter of slipping money to her had to be done with greatest delicacy.

Martha also had a small income. It had been larger quite a few years ago, and it was fortunate that, as it dwindled, her only living son, Ben, had been able to contribute to her support.

Three years ago one of the women Geraldine helped had died and the other had gone to Oklahoma to live with a daughter. Geraldine told her problems to Martha. As a result, Martha suggested she give up her miniature apartment and move in with her. There was more than enough room. They would be good company for each other. It seemed an excellent arrangement.

After breakfast on that cool, bright morning Martha sat at the desk in the living room and wrote to Ben and Ginny. She knew that Geraldine knew what she was doing, and she also knew that it would give Geraldine her usual opportunity to make overly casual comments about how long it had been since Martha had seen her grandchildren, and how young people these days lacked consideration, and how you'd think a boy doing as well as Martha kept telling her he was doing, making all that money and all, could afford to send more. Maybe he just never thought of it. Young people were certainly thoughtless.

It was a few minutes after nine when Martha stepped out the front door to put the letter in the mailbox attached to the post at the head of the porch steps. The board floor of the porch was painted a dark green. She took two heavy steps on the dry wood, and a third step onto the slick, transparent, invisible ice. She struck the edge of the top step with a terrible force, felt her thigh snap, and tumbled in a white roaring spin of pain to the cement sidewalk, down the four shallow steps of the porch, and lay there moaning, rolling her head from side to side. She was half aware that Geraldine had come to her, that Geraldine was in great panic. And when Geraldine made a stupid futile effort to pull at her, as though to drag her into the house, Martha screamed once, with the strength of a young woman, and fainted.

Ginny phoned the office at 12:40 and caught Ben just as he was leaving for lunch. Geraldine had not been very coherent. Martha had had a bad fall, and was in the hospital, and Ben should come at once. He told Ginny he would leave right away. He kept a small travel case with the essentials at the office for emergency business trips. His secretary had not left yet. He had her check flights for him and make a reservation. He could use his air-travel card and reimburse the company. The other men were out to lunch. He left it to her to tell them the situation, and he dictated a hasty memo which made staff assignments of the work he was handling, and told her to reshuffle his appointments as best she could.

When he saw his mother in the hospital that evening, he was deeply shocked at the way she looked, and at the uncontrolled trembling of her hands. He stayed in the house. Mrs. Geraldine Davis made up a bed there for him with what he thought was an unwarranted surliness.

He had a long talk with the doctor the next day. Due to the nature of the fracture, they had had to set it immediately. Splintered bones had had to be pinned. Her heart had stood up well under the general anesthetic, but they had had to give her plasma for shock. The doctor would not commit himself on whether she would be able to walk again, but he was ready to admit that she would be bedridden for quite a long time. Ben signed a hospital form accepting financial responsibility. He stayed that day and the next, spending as much time with her as he could, but he was never alone with her. Geraldine Davis was there the entire time. The women were obviously close.

He flew back the morning of the third day, told Ginny the details he had not told her over the phone, and that evening they phoned Martha at the hospital. Ben had arranged for a phone to be put by her bed. Ginny and the three children talked to her. Ben dived back into a brute load of work, work so heavy and demanding that he had no time to think of the extra financial burden her fall had entailed.

Six days later, at midnight, the doctor in Columbus phoned and woke him from a sound sleep to tell him that his mother had contracted pneumonia and she was not responding to medication. She was in an oxygen tent, and it was perhaps best that he come as soon as possible. Ginny packed his things and drove him to the airport.

Air connections were bad. He did not arrive at the small hospital until quarter after ten the next morning. She had been dead for not quite an hour. He made arrangements for the funeral service and the burial with the same firm which had buried his father so long ago. He phoned Ginny and she said she would make arrangements about the children and arrive the next day. He said he saw no reason for it. It was just an added expense, and it could not possibly do any good. She seemed hurt at his attitude.

But he was delighted to see her when she arrived. He had seldom felt as lonely, and the town where he had been brought up had never looked so strange to him.

And he was glad to hold his wife in his arms for a long reassuring moment because he was ashamed of himself. It had happened the night of the day she had died. He had awakened in the night and he had been unable to go back to sleep. Suddenly, in the darkness, there had come to him a sudden tingle of excitement and pleasure and relief as he realized he could now sell the house, and even in a hasty sale it would bring far more than the hospital and the burial expenses. It was a sound house, and the location was convenient to the downtown area. He would come out of it with a profit, and it would no longer be necessary for him to send the $2400 a year to her. It was a despicable and degraded rejoicing that made him feel soiled, but he could not help himself. He mourned her. But mourning was stained by his awareness of being freed by her death from the nagging trap he was in.

Ginny had met Geraldine Davis on previous visits, and it seemed to Ben that Geraldine seemed more friendly toward Ginny than toward him. But when Ben and Ginny were alone later, Ginny said, "I don't think we're the most popular people who ever stayed here, darling."

"I was born in this house and I swear she makes me feel like an interloper."

"The poor thing is probably worried sick about what she'll do now. You can't blame her, you know."

"That must be it," he said.

The service at the church was well attended. The Weldons were an old family. The great majority of the people at the church were elderly. There was the traditional ceremony at the grave, and then Ben and Ginny rode back into town in the limousine provided by the funeral director. There were no words with which Ben could tell Ginny how necessary it was to have her beside him.

They were back in town at two o'clock, and Ben had the driver let them out in front of the old office building that housed the offices of Gebbert and Malone. Old Willis Gebbert had been a friend of his father, and had handled what small legal business the family had had for sixty years. He had made the appointment earlier. Judge Gebbert had been at the church, and Ben had pointed him out to Ginny. "Must be ninety and still practicing," he whispered.

The old-fashioned office was full of dark, heavy furniture and it smelled like dust and medicine.

Ben introduced Ginny to the judge and he was courtly with her. His hair was wispy white, his blue eyes watery, his head in a constant visible tremor, brown spots on the backs of his large white hands. But his voice had not lost its deepness and resonance.

"A sad thing," Judge Gebbert said. "She was a wonderful woman. She made Sam Weldon a wonderful wife, Benjamin."

"I appreciate your saying that, sir. We're going to have to leave today and get back to the children and the job. I was wondering if you'd take on a last chore for the Weldon clan. I'd like to give you a power of attorney to sell that house for me and pay off the medical and funeral expenses—I can have the bills sent directly here—and remit the balance to me."

Judge Gebbert coughed in a slightly artificial way and stared out the window for a few moments, then sighed and said, "Nobody can say Martha wasn't in her right mind, and nobody can say her mind wasn't made up. She came in here almost two years ago, son, and I made up a will for her. Geraldine Davis gets the house and furniture and the money in her savings account, and you get the right to go over the house and take any personal stuff you might want to keep. Want to look at my copy of it, Benjamin? I can get it in no time at all."

"No. Don't bother. I'm sure it's just as you describe it, judge." His mouth felt dry and he felt far away, as though he were dreaming all this.

"She said to me you were doing so good you wouldn't need it, and if anything happened to her, Geraldine'd have no place to lay her head, no kin and no money, and by making out the will that way, she could stop fretting about it. It was going to be a secret, but she told Geraldine about it all later on so Geraldine wouldn't worry either—you know the way your mother was, son."

"Judge, how about the . . . bills?"

Judge Gebbert looked at him with a slight frown. "I guess you can do that much, can't you? I don't know who else would be responsible."

"Thank you for your time, judge," he said, getting up.

"Geraldine talked to me on the phone just before you came here. Seemed to know you were coming. Asked me about occupancy. I told her she's in her legal rights to stay right here, and it'll go through Probate Court with no trouble at all." He gave an astonishingly vital baritone laugh. "If after all these years I can't draw a will, I better get out of the law business."

They walked the six blocks to the house. There was a faint rumor of spring in the air. Ginny held his arm.

"Darling," she said gently, "we're jinxed. If molten gold was coming down, we'd be out there with sieves, wouldn't we?"

"Don't make with the gallant little jokes. Not now, please."

And at the tone of his voice she took her hand away and walked beside him, half looking away, tears standing bright on her lower lids.

They were on the porch of the house before Ben noticed the new sign in the window. Room for Rent. The door was locked. As he got out the spare key the door swung open and Geraldine stuck her hand out, palm up, and said, "I'll take that key!"

He put it on the narrow wrinkled palm and stared at her. She stared back with a satisfied malevolence. "You don't have to come in further than this front hall either. This place is mine, all legal, and you aren't welcome here, you nor your blond wife either, Ben Weldon."

"What's the matter with you, Mrs. Davis?" Ginny demanded.

"Right here is your suitcases, all packed neat. And here's this big wood crate with everything personal packed right in it, so you don't have to go through my house poking around. I saved you the trouble, I did."

"Why are you acting like this?" Ben demanded.

"Martha—God rest her soul—loved you, but I certainly got no call to. You'd go flying all over the country like a king, and you wouldn't come near her. She wouldn't see her grandchildren from one year to the next. Oh, I know how lonely she was. But you didn't care, neither one of you. Send a little money, that's all you had to do. So little you didn't miss it at all, and you thought you were doing something big. I've been waiting years to tell you off, Ben Weldon. And right now you can get out of this hall and off my land. What do you want done with the box of stuff?"

"You don't understand ——" Ginny said.

But Ben said, "Never mind, honey. Send the box railway express."

"Collect," Geraldine said firmly.

"Collect," Ben said and picked up the suitcases. They walked out onto the porch and she slammed the door.

As they walked down the street Ginny looked back and saw her peering at them from the living-room window. She seemed to be grinning, but she was behind the curtains and Ginny could not be certain.

When all the bills were in, Ben totaled them. They came to $3212.50. There was no hospitalization. The expenses of death are not deductible items for tax purposes. He would be able to claim her as a dependent for the year, and that was all.

This was the final rock that stove the hull of the small boat. He phoned the Lawton National Bank from his office and got Mr. Lathrop Hyde on the line. After he had identified himself, he said he could arrange to come in Monday morning at ten when the bank opened and discuss his note. Hyde had him hold the line while the folder was brought to him

"Right now, Mr. Weldon, it's sixteen hundred balance due on a hundred-and-eighty-day note, and the due date is—h'm-m-m-m—next Wednesday. Now I wouldn't want to have to tell my loan committee I'd put through another extension on this note, Mr. Weldon."

"I could pay it off with the proceeds of a new note, couldn't I?"

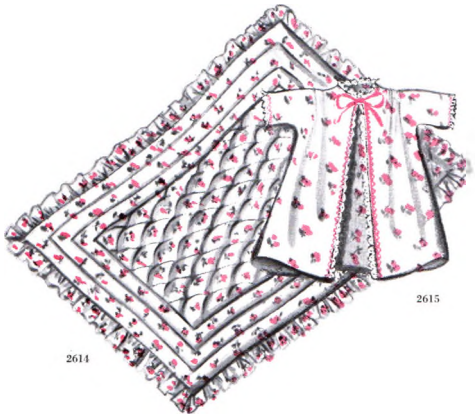
"Well now, we'd have to see about that."

"That's what I want to discuss with you on Monday, Mr. Hyde."

"Tell you what. You bring in an up-to-date personal balance sheet, Mr. Weldon. And bring your wife along."

"It hasn't been necessary in the past to ——"

FOR THE NEW BABY



2614. A downy quilt of flowered batiste, cotton seersucker, or one of the new no-iron Dacron-and-cottons. Pattern 15c.*

2615. Matching kimono, with rickrack-and-lace edging. Pattern includes bonnet. 15c.*

Order by number and send money to: Reference Library, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Independence Square, Phila. 5, Pa.

*Pennsylvania residents please add 4% Pennsylvania state sales tax.

"Her signature goes on the notes too."

"But I've always taken the notes and she's signed them at ——"

"You just bring her along, and I'll be looking for you at ten o'clock sharp, Mr. Weldon."

When Ben and Ginny entered the bank on Monday morning, Ben had with him a personal balance sheet on which he had expended great care. It expressed his equity in the house based on current values, and his equity in the car based on purchase price. It included the $9000 in the retirement account. It assigned what he hoped was not too florid an evaluation of household furnishings and equipment. He had managed to squeeze out a net worth of $26,000 before current debts, and it gave him a certain amount of dubious assurance.

Mr. Lathrop Hyde's desk was planted out in the open, against the back wall of the upholstered bullpen adjoining the customer floor of the building. Mr. Hyde greeted them and seated them courteously enough. He was perhaps sixty, long and solid in the torso, with gray hair worn long on one side so that it could be combed across the bald area and pasted in place. He had a long, square-cornered, fleshy face, with odd spots of high color on the cheekbones, pebbly brown eyes and a very wide mouth with thin colorless lips. His habit of dress was incongruously tweedy and informal. He took an active, leadership interest in community affairs. He and Ben had served on quite a few of the same committees.

As Ben handed the balance sheet over, he noticed a folder with his name on the tab centered in the middle of Lathrop Hyde's blotter.

"Let's see what we have here, folks," Mr. Hyde said.

He studied each item on the brief statement with great care, checked the margin beside each one with a very small check made with a very hard pencil. He put it aside and let the silence grow until Ben had to say something and said, "Is that what you wanted from me?"

"I hoped it would look a little better, Mr. Weldon. You'd have a long wait getting that much for the house. Used furniture and equipment—especially in a house where there's children—isn't worth listing. And if you check the blue book, you'll find you have no equity in that car at all. There isn't enough equity in the house to allow a sound second mortgage. I guess I didn't find what I was looking for."

"What were you looking for, Mr. Hyde?" Ginny asked sweetly.

"Security, Mrs. Weldon. Security."

"So are we," she said.

"What? Oh, I mean ample legal security on which we can loan money, Mrs. Weldon. There's no fat left in those insurance policies. You own no securities. And you certainly have a substantial amount of current bills to pay."

"Nearly all of that is because of my mother's recent death," Ben said.

"I heard about that. May I extend my sympathies."

"Thanks. If I can't renew my note when it comes due day after tomorrow, Mr. Hyde, I'd like to borrow five thousand. I'd use sixteen hundred to retire the note, and pay off the balance of those bills."

"A hundred-and-eighty-day note?" Hyde asked mildly.

"Yes."

"And how would you expect to pay it back?"

"I've been sending my mother two hundred dollars a month, Mr. Hyde. That will no longer be necessary. I can pay the two hundred on the note instead."

"Which in one hundred eighty days would be twelve hundred dollars. It is against the law, Mr. Weldon, for us to loan money on an open note when we see little expectation of its being paid back within the stated time. A fully secured note is a different thing, of course. I'm sorry, Mr. Weldon."

"Do you think I'm a bad risk?"

Mr. Hyde frowned slightly. "That's an unfortunate expression, but since you used it, I'll answer you frankly. Yes."

"But ——"

"Just a moment, Mr. Weldon. We are tightening our policy as far as you people are concerned. You bright young men who work in the city are very persuasive, you know. And we—uh—less sophisticated types are apt to be a little too awed by the salaries you are paid. And so, without realizing it until recently, we've let ourselves get into an unhealthy position on open notes to you brisk, successful young gentlemen. You make big incomes, but you live up to them and beyond them. Thrift seems to have become a dirty word nowadays. Personally, I am inclined to think of all this, on old-fashioned grounds, as a lack of character."

Ben glanced at Ginny and saw she was white with anger.

"Mr. Hyde," he said, "you seem to be moralizing."

"Perhaps I am. You people dismay me in a way. You're all house-poor, car-poor, club-poor, party-poor. You seem to try to be proving to each other that you can live on one and a half times your income. At our expense. We have too many renewals. We've been loaning money on promises too slender. One little recession, Mr. Weldon, would shake most of you out of the fragile limbs of your tall trees, and the Lawton National Bank would be holding the bag. And all of you would be without assets or resources. We owe our own shareholders better judgment in these matters." He smiled broadly for the first time. "It would be such a shame if the party suddenly ended for all of you."

"I resent being classified as having . . . this lack of character you mention," Ben said thickly.

Hyde tapped the balance sheet lightly. "Haven't you done the classifying yourself, my dear boy? Right here. You make nearly twenty-five thousand a year and, except for this retirement-account money, which was taken apparently before you could see it, you haven't a dime. What am I supposed to think?"

Ben controlled himself with an effort. "I respect your obligation to your stockholders in the bank. But please don't moralize about situations you don't understand."

"Oh, but I have an intimate understanding of them, Mr. Weldon. Through supplicants such as yourself."

"What can you do for me?"

"I can give you a ninety-day extension on this outstanding balance, and I must ask you to pay the interest up to date on the due date. I can assure you that there will *not* be another renewal. Why don't you borrow from your retirement account, Mr. Weldon? Isn't that permitted? It usually is in most companies."

"That's my problem," Ben said, standing. "Mail me the renewal agreement. Come on, Ginny."

"Your attitude isn't going to make future relationships any easier, Mr. Weldon."

"It is my deepest wish, Mr. Hyde, that there will be no future relationships of any kind."

Hyde smiled once more. "It's perhaps for the best. After all, you could have the sincerest desire in the world to pay us that . . . unobligated two hundred a month, but you people have so many unexpected social obligations."

Ginny was standing. She leaned toward the desk. "They keep saying banks are friendly. They keep saying bankers are nice. You're a monster, Mr. Hyde. It's not what you do, it's the way you do it."

Hyde chuckled, almost fondly, as they left his desk. They could not reach him. Nothing could reach him, nothing they could do.

Ginny was crying by the time they reached the car. He drove to the station. As he got out she was snuffling, but trying to smile. "I guess we know what we are now," she said.

"He made me bring you along so he could sink the knife a little deeper. That's the thing I resent most."

"But what are we going to *do*, Ben?"

"I'll talk to you tonight."

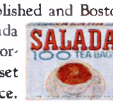
By the time he got home he had worked out a program for handling this new problem. It seemed to be the only answer, but it depressed him to think about it. It wasn't brought up until Ginny had finished the dinner dishes and the kids were in bed.

Ginny came into the living room and sat in the corner of the couch and pulled her legs up. The floor lamp behind her made her fair hair luminous and left her face in partial shadow.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 104

In Boston, the #1 tea-drinking city, the #1 tea is Salada.

4 o'clock. The afternoon mists rise over Boston Common, and the steam curls around Beacon Hill's silver teapots. In this very spot Longfellow courted Fanny Appleton over afternoon tea, and Daniel Webster and Edgar Allan Poe were frequent teatime guests. "My idea of perfect happiness," said one of Boston's First-Family hostesses, "is sitting by an open fire with an author and a piece of pastry." ¶ It is important, of course, to serve the *proper* tea. From breakfast to bedtime, every Boston teapot worth its polish holds Salada. Perhaps that's because the company that makes Salada is "real Boston"—well-established and Boston-based for many generations. More likely it's the flavor. Salada tastes richer than other teas because it contains a larger proportion of the expensive *Ceylon* tea leaves. Even if you've never set foot on Beacon Street, you'll be able to taste the difference.



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 102

She faced Ben, who sat making a protective ceremony of stoking his pipe, lighting it evenly.

There was a quality of expectancy in the silence between them, the product of their separate awareness that this was, at long last, the time of showdown, the obligatory scene that was a product of far too many months of this big, abundant and wretched life.

"What are you going to do, Ben?" she asked.

He noticed it was "you," not "we." He said, "There aren't any miracles, honey."

"But we have to do something!"

"I know that. Two round trips to Indiana. That's top priority. When the air-travel bill comes in, I have to come up with the money fast. I'll guess between five and six hundred. We haven't got it. There's nobody I dare borrow from. But I did some very discreet checking, and I'm pretty sure I can get six hundred from a loan company. They'll take a chattel mortgage on the furniture, and they'll do no checking on me that will be so obvious anybody will be able to guess. With their service charges, it will come to about thirteen per cent interest. I can get it right after the first of the month, so the twelve payments of fifty-something a month will start the first of May."

"And we'll just owe more money," she said in a dead voice.

"We'll have the two hundred I won't be sending mother starting April first. I'll write the hospital and the doctor and the funeral home and send them each a small payment out of that two hundred as a gesture of good faith, and explain that I'll have to pay them off that way, a certain amount each month. And I'll make a payment on the bank loan out of that two hundred too. I don't think those people in Columbus will raise a fuss. They must be used to this sort of thing."

"So it's your idea to do it all out of the two hundred each month. So we shall be living exactly the same as if we were sending it to your mother. How long will it take? Just tell me how long it will take if nothing happens."

"Including the bank loan, and interest and all . . . call it two years. A little over."

"Two delicious years *if* nothing happens. And something will, so it'll be longer. Believe me, it will be longer. I wanted a miracle, Ben. I didn't want more of the same. You know the miracle I wanted? I wanted you to march up to whoever you march up to down there and draw out that whole nine thousand dollars sitting there, and tell them you were taking it because you need it. But *that's* too big a miracle to hope for."

"You don't under——"

"When will you get a raise, darling?"

"I've told you how ——"

"Tell me again. I want to hear it again."

"There's practically no chance of a raise until Bartlett retires. Where I am, the money goes with the job. I'm slated to take over Bartlett's slot. There'll probably be small upward adjustments, but nothing to get healthy on. He's fifty-eight. He's got seven years."

"And what will you get when you take his job, darling?"

"I believe he gets about fifty-five, with a bonus between fifteen and twenty, and a small share in the stock-option plan. I expect I'd get fifty and a bonus of twelve to fifteen, assuming we're running as far in the black as we are now."

"Fifty thousand dollars," she said with a quiet bitterness. "Oh, whee, oh, joy. You're going to be so terrifyingly important, and yet you can't borrow nine thousand dollars of your own money. Why is it? Just *why?* Explain it to me."

He rose and took slow steps toward the fireplace and turned and stared at her for a thoughtful moment, planning his words. "I'll have to say this, Ginny, with no concession to modesty. I'm surprisingly good at what I'm doing. We deal with a lot of other corporations. I meet a lot of people. I'd say, and this is a pretentious thing for a man to say about himself, that there probably aren't over a hundred guys in my age range with the same potential I have in the whole country."

"Then why aren't we ——"

"Let me finish the explanation. It's what you asked for. Some of those guys have landed, by bad luck, in the wrong slots. Some of them have changed jobs too many times, always pressing for the immediate salary bump. And I don't think there are more than three or four in the whole batch who wouldn't change with me in one minute, salary and all."

She stared at him. "What!"

"I'm in the big big league, Ginny. And it's exactly where I *should* be. I'm watched every minute, because there's so much potential power at stake. It isn't just the officers and directors of National, honey. At the top of the pyramid in big business there's a group of men who know each other. It's become pretty well known that I'm the heir apparent. It'll be years before I'm in the kingbird's seat, but they know of me, and they're watching, too, and if there was any kind of shake-up at National that threatened to sidetrack me, they'd come in with the right offer."

"Why don't they now?"

"Because the kind of fool who would take it they don't want."

"So you can't take out the nine thousand that belongs to you and put it back later when you're making all this big money?"

He suddenly felt inexpressibly weary. He went back to his chair and sat down and said, "Just why do you think I can't ask for it?"

"Because you're supposed to be infallible about everything or they'll think you're not good enough for the top of their pyramid."

"I couldn't have said it more accurately. Apparently you do understand."

"I've listened. You listen."

"Of course, honey."

"I'm proud of you. Keep that in mind. I know you *can* do what they think you can. I can see how it can be pride with you too. But a woman has a different slant. I know you can do it. You know you can do it. So what are we proving and who are we proving it to by standing around in this . . . thin air?"

"What do you mean?"

"You seem to work harder all the time, and you get less kick out of it. You never come home any more just busting with triumph, Ben. The things we do together are all . . . obligations, carefully planned, never on impulse. I claw you for no reason. You snarl for no good reason. We live with these two kinds of pressure every waking minute—your job pressure, and this stupid, ludicrous thing of just barely being able to make ends meet on a salary most people in the country would consider real wealth."

"I don't think I'm trying to prove ——" He broke off.

"Please don't go all haughty and stuffy. An electrician was here last week."

"What has that got to do with ——"

"He came to fix the refrigerator. He bought a beat old cabin cruiser two years ago. He's been working on it himself for two years. As soon as school is out, he and his wife and two kids are going down the inland waterway to Florida. He found time to study navigation and small-boat handling in night school. It's almost three months away, but he's so excited about it he glows like a lantern when he talks about it."

"I should go to night school and learn how to fix refrigerators."

"Stop that, Ben. Please. All this *is* hurting our marriage. You're honest enough to see that. It's hurting the kids, this atmosphere of continual tension. I'm in favor of vast success and golden years, I guess. But not at this price. I mean that. Not at this price."

He looked at her for one long moment. "Just what are you saying, Ginny? It has the sound of an ultimatum."

"What good is the golden future if you ruin the good things while waiting for it?"

"Other people are able to ——"

"This isn't other people. This is me. I can't afford the big leagues, Ben. Emotionally, I can't afford them. I'm sorry."

"What do you plan to do?"

"I don't want to hang around and watch what we have left go the same way the rest of it went. I better ask you the same thing. What do you plan to do?"

"Live up to . . . my maximum potential."

"When every morsel of joy has gone out of it, and all you have left is pride? Is that enough?"

"It looks like it will have to be, honey."

"And you won't take the slightest risk of upsetting their . . . big fat opinion of the crown prince?"

"Not the slightest."

There was destruction in the long silence, and they looked away from each other. When love is twisted, a marriage can end, even though love is still there. It needs only the words of ultimatum to be said, and then the dreadful effects of pride.

The words were there, waiting to be said. Each of them believed the other one to be blindly selfish, and wondered that it had not been more evident up until now.

"We're both tired right now," Ben said gently, and so the words were not said. But the narrowness of it had frightened them both.

Ben Weldon could not sleep that night. He left the bedroom at two in the morning, so quietly that Ginny did not awaken. He made coffee, and he sat at the kitchen table. He went to the drawer where Ginny kept the cigarettes for their entertaining and opened a fresh pack. At dawn his mouth had a bitter taste, and half the pack was gone. He located the budget summary he had prepared for the interview with Semmins, and a copy of the balance sheet he had prepared for his meeting with Hyde.

He thought of many things, and he made a decision, but it gave him no feeling of relief. He sneaked back into bed a half hour before the alarm went off. When he came out to breakfast Ginny stared curiously at him and said, "You were up in the night?"

"For a little while."

"What did you do, smoke five cigarettes at a time?"

"Like a candelabra."

When she drove him down to the station they sat in the car waiting for the train to come into view up the tracks.

"It will rain later on," she said.

"I've got that other raincoat in the office."

"Ben . . . about last night."

"Yes, honey."

"You should know this. Even if you were willing to do it my way, it wouldn't be easy—I mean I'd always be wondering if you were thinking I'd . . . held you back." She gave a dry little laugh, and he saw where the morning light touched the little network of weather

CONTINUED ON PAGE 107

LOVELORN

By NINA WILCOX PUTNAM

Every time the postman rings
The letter that he never brings
From you my heart expects, each
time his whistle blows.
I can't ignore him though I try.
Hope will not die

Because one day . . . who knows?

My good sense says you will not
write,
My heart keeps telling me you
might
Although my claim upon you is
my own fidelity
And nothing more. Letters come
daily to the door. . . .
But not for me.

IN HAVANA TAN. BILLFOLD, $5.95.* FRENCH PURSE, $5.95.* KEY-TAINER,® $2.95.* CIGARETTE CASE, $3.95. SPEC-TAINER,® $2.95. LIGHTER, $2.95. *PLUS TAX

Brimful of new ideas for the tailored woman! You see above an unusual set of coordinated leather accessories — all with versatile belt and buckle motif. (Quite properly worn to horse shows, shopping expeditions, afternoons at the museum or anyplace else your travels take you.) The Tailored Set by **LADY BUXTON**

best for your money

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 105

wrinkles at the corner of her blue blue eyes. "Nothing is easy any more, I guess," she said.

"Don't fret about it," he said. "Here comes Old Unreliable." He kissed her and got on the train and rode down toward the cold arena.

Brendan Mallory had flown back from London the previous day, and so his schedule was full. But his secretary was able to give Ben an appointment at 4:40. It was a dreamlike day for Ben Weldon. All day he had the feeling he was standing a half step behind himself and off to one side, watching himself go through the routines as one would watch a stranger.

All day he kept thinking of alternative possibilities, some of them logical, some of them absurd.

In his favorite alternative, Brendan Mallory would look up from his study of the figures, his eyes vivid with shock and concern, and say, "Why, I had no idea we'd been forcing you into such a ghastly position, Ben! Why hasn't somebody brought this to my attention before? This is absurdly unfair! It shall be corrected immediately. A man carrying the load you're carrying these days shouldn't be forced to endure this kind of personal anxiety!"

In another scene, he had filled a gas tank and wiped the windshield and he was taking the money from the customer when the man looked at him intently and said, "Say, aren't you the Ben Weldon that used to be with National?"

There was, of course, a background of hot sun and sandy beach, and his brown children playing on the beach, with Ginny near them, barefoot and splendid, and a boat anchored at a dock.

"You're right, friend," he would say, "but we got out of that ulcer trap. We didn't know what real living was until we came down here, friend."

There was another that kept slipping into his mind, making his stomach feel hollow. The word would be passed around in some mysterious way, and he would spend the sour, defeated weeks and months sitting in waiting rooms, filling out forms that would be filed away and forgotten, and the men he talked to would treat him with a brusque courtesy that did not quite conceal their contempt for the sort of man who would quit the team just before the Series.

"Sit down, Ben. Sit down," Brendan Mallory said in his light and casual voice. "Something that has to come directly to the top, eh?"

Ben knew that when Mallory learned of the request for the appointment he would have checked with Bartlett, who would be just as much in the dark as Mallory. So he was outside normal channels, and in National, when you bypassed your immediate superior, you had to be sure of your ground. He sensed a wariness in Mallory. This was it, and it made all the day's conjectures seem silly. It was an effort to grope for and remember his planned opening.

"This is a personal thing, Mr. Mallory. I guess it's a request for advice."

"You know I'm ready to help in any way I can, Ben."

"Before I ask for advice, I'd like to make one general point, sir. In many ways I've been led to believe that I'm considered a valuable man. It may be bad taste to bring it up this way, but can we assume it's true?"

"It's definitely true. Bringing you into the bonus picture was a pretty good clue as to what we all think of you, Ben."

"So if I am valuable, can I make the further assumption that an extra effort would be made to keep me happy, Mr. Mallory?"

Mallory reached for the small gold model of a military jet on his desk and gave it a quarter turn before answering. "That's such a hypothetical question, I can only give a hypothetical answer, Ben. We will do our best to treat you fairly. Isn't it time we came to specifics?"

"Of course. I've come directly to you because I know this is a policy question. It may sound petty, but I'm asking you to look at the broad implications of why I have to bring it up. I can't live and support my family on what you're paying me. We have no other source of income. I have here our budget figures, and a personal balance sheet. We're in debt, with more probability of going further in debt than paying it off. I'd like you to look these over and ——"

Mallory, with a slightly pained expression, raised his hand and said, "Please, Ben. I don't want to pry into the personal details of your life. Statistically you're in the top five per cent incomewise."

"That's no comfort if it doesn't work out, sir."

"I don't want to bore you with reminiscences. Ben, but Alice and I didn't have an easy time of it, believe me." He chuckled and shook his head. "The macaroni years, that's what Alice calls them. We had to watch every last penny, and sometimes it was a wearisome thing, but I can't say that it did us any harm. I think it did us a lot of good, as a matter of fact. It doesn't hurt anyone's character to be careful, Ben." He smiled and his voice became more confidential. "We both know it's harder on our wives than on us, those lean years. And sometimes a woman can force a man to make . . . a small error in judgment. You can tell Virginia that you made the old school try, and the man said not yet. And we'll both forget this little chat."

"I can't let it drop, Mr. Mallory. That's the point I'm trying to make. If you'd look at the figures I ——"

"This isn't like you, Ben. It can't possibly be so serious. You have a beautiful home, handsome healthy children, a lovely wife. I can get a little angry when I think of the way you live now compared with the way Alice and I lived during the lean years. It's a sign of our times, I guess."

"What do you mean by that, Mr. Mallory?"

"Nobody is willing to *wait* any more. They have to have it *now*. You people all seem to want to live the abundant life before you earn the right to it."

"It's the kind of abundant life I'm living that I don't want. And I'm not yearning for a cabin cruiser or a mink coat for Ginny or an airplane of my own, Mr. Mallory. I want to get out of debt because I feel degraded by being in debt when I make so much. But too much of what I make goes to keeping up the front you people demand of me. Let me unload that house and stop being a clubman and stop doing semibusiness entertaining I can't write off, and I can get out of the swamp."

"We pay you as much as we do, Weldon, because we expect you to live in that style."

"Then it isn't enough. Somebody should make a study of the suburban budget, Mr. Mallory. Too many of us are trapped."

"Trapped? By a need for economy? What kind of a trap is that?"

"We're not communicating, Mr. Mallory. I wouldn't have taken up your time if it wasn't important. I hoped this talk would go better than it's going. I've got to have thirty-five."

"You've *got* to have thirty-five thousand dollars a year!"

"If I'm to go on in the same job, and live on the same scale. I got that figure from an expert who *did* study my figures, Mr. Mallory. The tax bite will be much larger, of course. But the difference will be enough for me to get out of hock and begin to save a little, build up an emergency fund, lay money away for the education of my kids."

"Ben, how many people are on your approximate level of pay in this building, in this home office?"

"As a quick guess, fifteen."

"Closer to twenty, I'm afraid. Though salaries are not supposed to be public knowledge, quite a few people work on payroll and on overhead-expense data. An eleven-thousand-five-hundred-dollar raise would not pass unnoticed. And it would be a source of discontent."

"Why should it be? If I am slated for bigger things, as you have hinted, why wouldn't it be considered merely a confirmation of those plans?"

"Traditionally the salary is matched to the job, not the man, until you become one of the top officers of the corporation. But is that all we're here for, Ben? Is that all National is—a money cow to be milked as often and strenuously as possible?"

"On the other hand, Mr. Mallory, should National have an irresponsible attitude toward the personal problems of its junior executives?"

"That's a rather large word, Ben."

"It wasn't said hastily. To maintain the façade of my existence I'll have to get that thirty-five, sir. Somewhere."

It was that final deadly word, with its implications of disloyalty, that immediately changed the atmosphere in Mallory's office. Ben had vowed not to bring that factor into the discussion. It would be there, but only by implication. But he had been pushed into the position of saying it, and things would not be the same again.

Mallory studied him for a moment. Ben had the feeling that Mallory had put a small strong hand against Ben's chest and walked him backward and, with a final push, had then slammed and bolted a big door, and now looked at him through an armored peephole.

Or, in a more fitting analogy, two ships had hove to, side by side, exchanging cautious messages, until suddenly one had run up its battle flags, opened the gun ports and cleared the decks for action.

"We certainly don't want to lose you, Ben," Mallory said heartily. "You belong in the National family." He had watched Mallory in action too many times not to see that this was the Mallory attitude toward all outsiders. Cordial almost to the point of being effusive, the eyes clear and friendly, the smile correct to the final millimeter of spread.

"Thank you, sir."

Mallory came around the desk as Ben stood up. He put his hand out and Ben took it. "I recognize your problem, Ben, and I'm glad you brought it to me, and you can be assured I'll do my very best to find a solution. I'll be in touch with you as soon as we can come up with something."

"Thank you, Mr. Mallory."

There was no escort to the office door, no light touch on the shoulder. Ben went back down to his floor, his office, his desk. He sat down and looked out the glass wall at the beginning of the rain. *Everything is so gentle and delicate here*, he thought. *They don't ride you down in the elevator and give you a swing, and bounce your pants off Lexington Avenue. But somehow it feels exactly the same.*

A few moments later he called Gearling, the treasurer, and asked to borrow the balance in his retirement account.

"You . . . want to take it out, Ben?" Gearling asked.

"It's permitted, isn't it?"

"Of course! Of course! The—uh—whole amount?"

"Yes."

"How soon do you want it?"

"As soon as you can get it, Edward."

"It has to clear through the trust account that handles the retirement fund, Ben. Three days?"

"That'll be fine. Thanks."

"When will you—uh—put it back in, Ben?"

"Sometime before I retire, Edward. I guess I'd have to, or it would mess up my retirement, wouldn't it?"

SONNET FOR A RELUCTANT SUITOR

By BARBARA SHOOK HAZEN

He will not be too deep in love;
no fears,
No fretting will disturb his
sleeping hours.
His dreams will be as tuneless as
the spheres.
Nor will he weep for bright but
bended flowers.
He will not walk too careless,
will not care
For fallen leaves, for frail and
fragile things.
He will not brave the burning
summer air.
He will not know the anguished
burst of wings.

But oh, he must beware,
beneath soft suns
And silken ways the sudden
tiger runs.
Deeply in the forests of the night,
He moves on pads of silence and
delight
To shatter with one glance the
darkling dove
Who was afraid to be too deep
in love.

Gearling suspected that Ben was making a joke, so he laughed in a slightly hollow and uncomfortable way.

That evening Ben told Ginny what he had done. He wanted to see her happy. He wanted to see her eyes shine. He wanted to get at least that much out of it, the way they give the big loser a free taxi ride home. But she stared at him, her eyes round in shock, and then her face came apart like a small child readying itself for tears, and she fled to the bedroom.

Ten days later Bartlett phoned and asked Ben to come to his office. It had been a curious ten days. There had been a subtle yet obvious change in attitude toward him. He learned indirectly of a policy memo that had not been routed to his desk, and suspected there had been others. Men who had been stiff and rather formal with him in the past were now relaxed and quite friendly in his presence. Those who had sought him out now seemed to avoid him. Bartlett was taking an unusual interest in the details of matters he had previously left entirely up to Ben.

When he walked into Bartlett's office he was not surprised to see Brendan Mallory there, or see his open friendly smile.

"Sit down, Ben. Sit down," Mallory said. "Ed and I have been up one side of this and down the other, and I think we've come up with something that will solve your special problem." There was an ironic emphasis on the world "special."

"I'm glad to hear that sir."

"You're too good a man to lose, Ben. We're quick to admit that, believe me. Gil Walker sent in a formal request for early retirement for reasons of health, and we've been sitting on it, wondering who to put in out there. That's Southwest District, out of Denver, you know."

"Yes, I know."

"With all respect to Gil Walker, Ben, that district does need the kind of talent you can bring to the job. It's a good place to live, I hear. And, traditionally, the district managers do better, salarywise, than a lot of us slaves in the home office."

"I've heard about that, sir."

"From the way it looks, Ben, you ought to make about thirty-two or thirty-three at the beginning, and if you can build it up as I'm sure you can, it could peak at forty in a very short time. So it's quite a handsome promotion, and it seems to Ed and me to be a good solution all around. And it certainly won't hurt your future value to the corporation to have a few years of running a district on your record."

It's so neat, Ben thought admiringly. *You bring the outstanding young men out of the districts into the home office, the way you brought me in, but you never, never bring a district manager to New York. There's good reason. He's acquired an incurably regional point of view. The pay is good because it has to be good, because it is just as high and far as the man can go with National. So you sit out there and you do one gutsy job of following the instructions from the home office, and it is, in a sense, a demanding job, but you never get your fingers into policy. It's a handsome promotion if you think just about the money. But all of a sudden they've dropped the barricade across your highway, and you know just how long the road is. You can move to a bigger district—at their request—and that is all. You'll be the youngest district manager in National. And ten years from now you'll be of average age for district managers, and eventually you'll retire to a little better than reasonable comfort. You can do the job. It's no snap job. It'll take diligence and concentration and good judgment. But there will be no opportunity to exercise that rare executive muscle which creates brand-new plans, programs, policies and attitudes. It will use all the rest of you, but not that.*

So look at us as we sit here, full of face-saving devices and fabrications. Theirs is a salvage operation. They have decided they were wrong in believing they had a machine which would push new roads through the wilderness. But the same machine can be very useful keeping old roads in repair. It is uneconomic to scrap it. So grease it well and put it to work.

The other choice is to resign here and now and get into another outfit where the road to the top level will not be so neatly blocked. But would not that run us into the same thing?

He realized they were looking at him and had been for a few moments too long, but they both wore expressions of polite attentiveness, and the pleased look of men who have found a way to do a seemingly generous thing. They had beribboned the gift with the fictitious hint that he could and would return here after running a district. It could not happen.

"I'm pleased you think I can handle the job, sir." *We all know very damn well I can handle it, don't we?*

"Done and done," Mallory said with satisfaction, moving in quickly for the handshake. "I can speak for Ed, too, when I say we're both very pleased at the way we've been able to work this thing out."

"Now it's decided, Ben," Ed Bartlett said, "there's no point in dragging our feet. Suppose you get cleaned up here by the end of the week and report out there Monday."

"For a quick look," Mallory said hastily, "then fly on back and take care of personal matters and then take your time driving your family out there. See something of the country. I'm sure that will be all right with Gil."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 110

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 108

The three men were standing. They smiled at one another. They were all members of the National family, and when these little family problems came up, you made a practice of handling them in a warm, human, co-operative way.

Ben Weldon spent a week in Denver. Gil Walker was delighted that Ben was taking over the district. Gil talked a great deal about the benefits of being a district manager, of being the top dog in the area. He was proud of his staff of sixty-two. The staff seemed competent, pleasant, and as wary of Ben as he expected them to be.

Gil steered Ben to a good real-estate agent who found a house that seemed nearly perfect, at less than he had expected to pay. He told Ginny all about it over the phone. She sounded ecstatic at the description, and told him to nail it down fast—the same advice given him by the agent.

He made the deposit. He was taking an evening flight back, leaving at ten o'clock, Friday night. He had checked out of the hotel. After dinner alone he had time to kill, and so he drove the rental car out to the house where they would live.

It was a very cold night, and the stars were vivid. He parked in the driveway and walked slowly around to the back of the house and sat on the low wall that enclosed the open patio. He smoked the cigarettes that he could afford, and he wore a new sports jacket, new flannel slacks, a new topcoat. He looked at the long slant of the land he would own, and he wondered if he had done it all as well as he could do it. He knew it was a question that could not be resolved, one that he would ask himself, probably, for the rest of his life.

On the evening of the day he had accepted the new job, he had gone home with two bottles of champagne. He beamed at his Ginny and presented her with the champagne. She stared at him in blank confusion. He took the champagne out of her hands and kissed her with splendid emphasis and resounding duration.

When he released her, gasping, she said, "What is this all *about*?"

"It is because you are a woman of rare perception and intelligence. And if I have your solemn promise never to gloat, I'll tell you it is because you were entirely right, and I was dead wrong, darling."

"About the job?"

"What else, pray? I just got bumped ten thousand, baby."

"Ben! I don't know what to say! How incredibly wonderful!"

"And we're going to live one mile in the air, woman. You are standing in the presence of the brand-new district manager, Southwest District, headquarters in Denver." Even as he beamed at her proudly, he was watching her closely. It was the critical moment.

He saw the doubts go out of her eyes. "Then champagne is exactly the right thing, isn't it?" she said.

"Please chill it immediately. And jump when I give an order. I expect more respect around here from now on."

Woman is wanted to be soft and to represent the soft side of life, but softness is part of the formlessness for which she is blamed. She cannot well be one without the other. She has needed to be excessively adaptable so that wherever her husband went she could happily follow; yet she could not possibly do this if she were not somewhat formless. She is told what her role is by nature and society, and then she is belittled if this role necessitates her having certain qualities.

FLORIDA SCOTT-MAXWELL
WOMEN AND SOMETIMES MEN
ALFRED A. KNOPF

"Lord and master," she said, smiling, and came into his arms again.

He held the flame of his lighter to read his watch. Another ten minutes and it would be time to start to the airport. You did what you felt you had to do, and when it was done, you lived with it.

They could be content here, secure and happy. Things might become as good as they had once been, before insecurity began to corrode their contentment.

But he knew, and he would always know, that he had once climbed to a high and lonely place, that with the climbing irons and the ropes he had reached the last sheer drop before the summit. He had swung there in the frosty gale until finally, too numbed to make the final effort, he had climbed back down the way he had come, back down to a niche where he could be warm and safe and out of the wind.

He knew he would read and hear about the ones who made it all the way to the high peaks. The lower slopes of the mountains were warm and easy, and the trails were marked. The high places were dangerous. He knew how close he had come, and he could read about the others who had made it. Their powers and their decisions would affect him. And all his life he would wonder just how it felt to be up there.

He stood up and snapped his cigarette into the night and walked back to the car. As he got behind the wheel he found himself wondering if it was a happy ending. He smiled with derision at himself as that ancient phrase came into his mind. Happy endings were reserved for stories for children. An adult concerned himself with feasible endings. And this one was feasible, as an ending or as a beginning. You had to put your own puzzle together, and nobody would ever come along to tell you how well or how poorly you had done.

END

LUCK OF THE DRAW

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74

still with us she would look after you better than I can."

I knew if my dear aunt had been still with us she would have said, "If your face is your fortune, my poor Liz——"

Uncle Jack was always very kind. "Poor kid, I'm afraid you've had bad luck," he said.

Looking back on it, I have often thought how queer it is the way all my good luck came from shocking bad luck.

Uncle Jack said at breakfast one day, "Some new people are coming, I hear, to Copse Cottage." And that very afternoon, when I was gardening, and looking a pretty mess because it's a clay soil, a taxi stopped and a long thin man got out and asked me the way there.

"That would be the Wilberforces," said Uncle Jack afterward. "There are three of them. Major Wilberforce and his wife, and a brother. They have had appalling bad luck. They had a beautiful farm in Kenya, but their servants turned out to be scoundrels and attacked them. Major Wilberforce got stabbed with a *panga* and badly hurt."

They had sold out and come to England, with very little money. Major Wilberforce had got over his *panga* wound quite nicely. "Though it didn't exactly do him any good," said Mrs. Wilberforce. They were the gayest couple I had ever met, in spite of their misfortunes. Copse Cottage had very little to recommend it and no modern conveniences, but Lorna Wilberforce just laughed about them. You never remembered if she was plain or pretty, or what age she was. When you were with her, you just had fun and a good time.

Major Wilberforce was a large man, the kind who throws a lot of shadow. He mostly just sat and twiddled his thumbs. He didn't say very much, but what he did say was always kind of amusing and interesting, though I never did know when he was serious or when he was pulling my leg.

I had my eighteenth birthday, and Uncle Jack bought a secondhand car. "It will be an economy in the long run," he said. "You can drive me to and from the station and save taxi hire. And it will get you out and about a bit. You sit at home too much."

I hadn't talked to anyone about my book, but I found myself telling Lorna. She was a person you did tell things to. She was delighted and said, "How splendid. I would love to have been a writer, only I never could think of anything to say. You may make a great deal of money, dear."

"The worse you write, the more you'll make," said Major Wilberforce. "Look at poor Tony. He's a writer, but his books are so intelligent no one can understand them. What's your subject?"

I said, "Well, it's love."

Major Wilberforce nodded solemnly. "You're on a good wicket," he said. "Love never fails."

Lorna was going through a pile of letters on her desk.

"Sad," she said. "Mrs. Chessington has asked us to lunch, but we'll have to refuse. It's too far to walk. I must say I miss our car, though it's heaven having no petrol bills to pay."

I had just passed my test. I said, "I'd love to drive you—if you'd risk it?"

"My dear, how delightful. Could you? The three of us? How nice that you are going too."

I said, "Well, I'm not asked to lunch, but I'd love to take you there."

That night Mrs. Chessington rang me up on the telephone. "I wonder if you are free, and could lunch with us on Thursday," she said. I was free Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday *and* Thursday—but I did not tell her that. I said I would love to.

"And I hear you will very kindly pick up the Wilberforces."

When I picked them up. I discovered the tall thin man who had asked me the way was Major Wilberforce's brother Tony.

"Meet Liz," said Lorna gaily. "She's writing a book too."

Tony, I thought, looked depressed.

I sat next him at lunch, which was wonderful—eggs in little pots, and casserole, and the most beautiful ice cream. On my other side was a terribly handsome young man. As Tony talked all the time to the girl on his other side, a lovely blonde, I had to talk to the other young man.

"I'm afraid you have got rather a dull partner," I told him, "because I do not lunch out much."

He narrowed his eyes and looked at me. He had rather long hair which he kept sweeping back with his hand.

"I'm shy," I said, "and I don't get asked."

"You don't make the most of yourself," he said. "You are beautiful in a contemporary fashion. The rather wide mouth and wide-spaced eyes. And all the right proportions."

I said, astonished, "Me?"

"That hairdo of course does nothing for you. All those ragged ends. Terrible. You should sweep it back and brush it till it shines. Then tie it back very neat and sleek. A pony tail if you have to, but personally I would prefer a bun."

"Are you . . . a hairdresser?"

He laughed very loud. "No. I'm an artist. I am painting Mrs. Chessington's portrait, but I could do a much better one of you. Use a

little eye shadow and a good strong lipstick. Emphasize good points and forget the rest."

"Uncle Jack would have a fit!"

"Nonsense. He will never notice. Your uncle is a solicitor. He will have other matters on his mind. I hope we shall meet again."

"Oh, I don't think we shall," I said. "I only got asked here today to give a lift to the Wilberforces. They haven't a car."

"Splendid—that solves my problem. Lunch with me at my studio next Thursday. It's the windmill up on the hill. And bring the Wilberforces, who are coming also."

Just before the end of lunch Tony turned and said I had been neglecting him. He asked about my book and what it was about, so I said, "Love."

He grinned and said, "Fine. Something you know nothing whatever about, so it will have a fresh and enchanting charm all its own."

"You are quite wrong saying I know nothing about it," I told him. For some reason, perhaps because we were both writers, I wasn't shy with him. "I have been in love with someone or other ever since I was fourteen."

He looked startled.

"It started," I told him, "with a sheep and went on to various sorts of people."

He said solemnly, "I shall certainly buy your book, if you'll promise to buy mine."

"What is yours about?" I asked him.

"The secrets of outer space," he said.

"So that's why you are rather gloomy," I said, sorry for him. It sounded a subject bound not to sell very well.

"Am I gloomy?"

"You aren't as cheerful as your brother."

"No one is as cheerful as my brother, but then I haven't had his advantages. I am not married to Lorna. And I never got stabbed in the middle by a *panga*."

I said, "Lorna is the most wonderful person I have ever met."

Everybody else thought so too. That was what started me off on my successful social life. Everybody wanted Lorna and the major at their parties. I had to buy an engagement book and jot down dates. I got asked to tea, to dinners and lunches, and cocktail parties, mostly by telephone, and it always ended the same way:

"Would you mind picking up the Wilberforces?"

It was the most wonderful summer I ever had.

I did what Graham Prince told me to do, bought some lipstick, and brushed my hair back and really, once I got used to the shock, I had to admit I did not look any worse.

"When I've finished Mrs. Chessington, I'm going to paint you," Graham told me.

His lunch party was wonderful. We had smoked salmon—I thought at first it was ham tasting a bit fishy—and then we had bits of meat and mushrooms and things stuck on skewers and grilled, and then we had ice cream. I tried the meat on skewers on Uncle Jack next day, but he said, "No, thank you. None of this fancywork for me. I like to see what I'm eating," which explains why English cooking is so dull.

One day Uncle Jack said suddenly at breakfast, "I like that chap Tony. He's a good fellow. Moreover, I hear he's one of our most brilliant scientists. Pity that blond woman Mrs. Babbington is making such a dead set at him."

I had noticed that she had taken to coming along with us quite a bit, but it hadn't struck me until that moment just why it might be.

"If he knows so much about avoiding constellations in outer space," I said, "he will surely be able to avoid Mrs. Babbington if he does not want her."

Uncle Jack said morosely, "Widows are artful, and men are fools." And as he is a solicitor I expect he knows. He looked at me over his paper. "You need some new clothes, Liz. Here, take this, and buy yourself something pretty and not too serviceable." He seemed about to say more, but changed his mind, and gave me twenty pounds and departed. Up till that time I don't think I had ever had twenty shillings that wasn't heavily earmarked for something absolutely essential.

Graham rang me next morning. "What about dine and dance at the Golden Dolphin?"

It was the most glamorous place we had and I said I'd love to. "And what time shall I pick up the Wilberforces?"

"You won't," he said. "It's thee and me."

I knew I ought to have felt more pleased than I did, but I had got so used to going everywhere with the Wilberforces that I felt lost without them, even if it had to be Mrs. Babbington too. Also, I hadn't had time to shop and it meant going in my one short cotton frock with roses on it.

Everyone else at the Golden Dolphin was in the most glamorous evening dress, and the first person I saw was Tony Wilberforce at a corner table with carnations on it, with Mrs. Babbington, and she took one of the carnations and stuck it in his buttonhole. This seemed to me a good idea, so I did the same for Graham and he was so pleased.

The dinner was beautiful. I had soup, fish, something or other, and an ice, and then we danced. I wished I could do it like Mrs. Babbington. She simply floated round the room in Tony's arms, whereas Graham and I were more like people going from one place to another on steppingstones. I wondered how they had managed to get there without me to give them a lift, and why Lorna and the major hadn't come too.

Graham said, "Let's go. It's a lovely night. I'll tool you round a bit."

Well, me being the sort of dancer I am, I was not surprised. He put down the top of his car, and we drove through the lanes in the moonlight, which was nice, but then, suddenly, he stopped.

I said, "Is it a puncture?"

He said "No" and switched off the engine. Then he pulled undone the ribbon that had tied back my pony tail so that my hair came tumbling down everywhere. "I never can understand why you women want to look like the wrong end of a horse," he said, and he put an arm round me and kissed me.

I thought at first I would simply pretend it wasn't happening, but presently I had to breathe, which was difficult, with his face mashed against mine, so I wriggled, which apparently wasn't the thing to do, but finally I pushed him away.

"Really," I said.

But instead of being put in his place, he came at me again. This time I turned enough so I could still breathe out of one side of my nose. I made up my mind then and there to ask him to take me home at once, which during the next breather I did, but he only laughed, hoarsely I thought, and pulled me to him again and began fumbling with what I thought was the top button of his shirt but which turned out to be the top button of mine.

I did not know I was going to smack his face till I heard the *wham*. He caught my two hands then and held them, and laughed softly.

"Don't be a silly little mutt. You're writing a book about love—well, it's high time you learned something about it."

"I want to go home," I said.

"Do you want to drive a man mad?"

I said no, I only wanted to drive him off.

He felt for a cigarette and I took advantage of that free moment to jump and run for it. I heard him fumbling round among the bushes looking for me, and mercifully the moon was on my side for a moment and went indoors behind a cloud.

"Come out, I'll take you home, damn you."

But I wasn't risking anything. I waited till the door slammed and he drove off and even then I went cannily, for fear he was lurking. It was not far back to the village, but in high-heeled shoes it seemed farther than it was, and

I think we may safely trust a good deal more than we do. THOREAU

I suddenly wanted to cry. It had been a beastly evening from start to finish.

When a car drove up and stopped so did my heart. I was about to run when a man called my name, and I found it was Tony Wilberforce. The relief was so awful I did begin to cry.

"What the ——" he said, and jumped out and came round to me. "What on earth are you doing out alone at this time of night?"

"Never mind," I gulped. "I want to go home."

"Home you shall go." He gave me one long look and packed me in the front seat. "There's a hankie in my left pocket if you need one. Didn't you have a nice party?"

I said, "No. I had a beastly party. I don't like going to places without the Wilberforces."

He said gloomily, "I had a beastly party too."

"He wanted to teach me about love," I said, and it came out with one of those awful snorts that sometimes get the better of one, "and I didn't want to learn."

"Good for you," he said. "Stick to the Wilberforces."

I nodded. "I will."

I quite forgot to ask him what he had done with Mrs. Babbington. Perhaps he had offered to teach her about love, and somewhere in the chill moonlight she, too, was walking home.

Graham let his windmill rather suddenly, the way artists do things, to a man who wanted to learn the bagpipes and felt he had best do it far from home. Lorna and Major Wilberforce now had an enormous circle of friends stretching over two counties, for everyone who met them thought they must meet them again. I did not expect to get asked to anything while they were away staying with Lorna's mother in Chester, but I found I was as busy as ever, because Tony had remained behind, and was always needing a lift.

We were passing Graham's windmill one day on our way back from a positively smashing lunch—oysters, and something done in pastry, and ice cream—and I said thankfully:

"Isn't it nice that he doesn't live there any longer?"

"At one time I thought you liked him. I thought he was your serious beau."

"I'd never seen him before that first lunch party I drove you all to, though of course I am grateful to him for telling me about lipstick and how to do my hair. Nobody ever looked at me twice before that."

"I looked at you. That first day when I asked you the way to the cottage. You were gardening. Clay on your nose and your hair hanging over your eyes like a darling little Shetland pony. Do you know what I said to myself?"

I didn't, though I could think of several things he might have said and hoped he hadn't. No girl looks her best gardening in clay soil.

"I said, 'That's my girl.' I fell in love with you there and then, but you seemed so young—and I'm so much older and rather a dry stick, but I am sure I could do as well as that sheep. Oh, Liz, darling, are you too young?"

"No," I said and it seemed to me to come out very loud.

"Let's write a book together, instead of two separate ones. I shall never write a love story if you don't help me, but if you will—who knows?—I might even get a bit of romance into outer space."

And then he said, "Darling, darling," and kissed me, and I made the truly remarkable discovery that one man's meat is another man's poison, because when Graham did it I hated it, but with Tony it was quite the contrary.

After that our conversation became completely disjointed. I remember saying suddenly, "What did you do with Mrs. Babbington?" and he said, "I haven't a clue what happened to her, have you? I don't know—maybe she went to Jamaica." And I remember saying, "Oh, I am glad the Wilberforces didn't have a car," but I don't think he ever did have any idea what I meant. END

THE CHALLENGE TO AMERICAN OBSTETRICS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 81

Here is the way this ideal begins to look. **It is a system, first of all, that should be flexible enough to be adjusted to the individual needs of the individual mother.**

Its pervasive spirit should be cheerful and sympathetic—and this is more important, by far, than any specific detail.

But, speaking specifically, the ideal certainly includes prematernity classes for both prospective mothers and fathers.

There is no sensible reason why modern young Americans should approach childbirth with any of the fear that ignorance invariably breeds.

As it has worked out at Yale, for instance, two separate courses are given. One, for mothers alone, consists of five weekly daytime classes in such matters as muscle-control and relaxation techniques to make delivery easier; plus a guided tour of the maternity floor of Grace-New Haven Hospital, including the delivery room; plus special classes, for those interested, in breast feeding and in baby care.

The second course, for wives and husbands together, is given in the evening, on four consecutive Wednesday nights. Two talks are by obstetricians, one by a pediatrician and one by a psychiatrist. The parents-to-be learn in considerable detail about human reproduction, childbirth, the newborn, and the intriguing subject of parenthood in the large. The couples who have attended (usually from twenty to thirty at a time) have been wonderfully eager and receptive, and a pleasure to teach. They are hungry for accurate, detailed information. They want to know just about everything we teachers have to tell them—as, indeed, they are entitled to.

As a result, by the time she goes into labor a mother has learned how she can help herself, and just what she can expect in the way of help from those of us who are attending her. "Support" is the word we use to describe what her doctor, her nurses and her husband can do to assist. It covers many things. As one of our nurses once described it, "Support can be warming a cold bedpan, or bringing a cup of tea. It can be helping a mother use the things she has learned in class. It may be difficult to define, exactly, but we nurses can *feel* how much it helps." The idea that every mother should be provided with all possible support during labor—and psychological support, especially—is of the utmost importance.

Each mother should have a private labor room throughout the period of her labor. Her husband should be allowed to stay with her, if she wishes, right up to the moment she goes to the delivery room. Psychologically speaking, the old-fashioned general labor room has been an abomination—a horror in the memories of many mothers. Grace-New Haven's private labor rooms are small but attractive. There are curtains at the windows. There is an easy chair, right beside the bed, for the husband.

It is amazing how much good prematernity instruction and good support are able to achieve. The delivery-room equipment holds no terrors for mothers who have been on our guided tour. It's a familiar place. They have been shown all around it, and they understand what everything is for.

As in every other detail, the Yale program is permissive about pain-relieving drugs and anesthetics. The mother can have exactly what she'd like—within the limits of good medicine, of course. On the other hand, since she is well informed about the advantages of using a minimum of such aid, her preference is likely to be sensible.

Time and time again, the mothers who have participated in the program have required nothing more than the local anesthetic usually used at the time of the actual birth. Most of our mothers, entirely by their own preference, have been completely conscious at the time of delivery.

Not only have they been aware of what was happening, but they have co-operated in the process. Though we have no scale on which the psychological advantage of this can be measured, we know it is very great.

Grace-New Haven's regulations allow the mother, if she feels like it, to come out of the delivery room holding her baby in her arms. She can be wheeled back into her private labor room, and there she and her husband may

AT THE STATION

By JEAN TODD FREEMAN

You lingered, smiled, pulled on a glove,
And oh, the clock was creeping!
Too late, I thought, to mention love;
Too early yet for weeping.

And so I smiled as quick as you,
Nor turned my cool eyes down,
But wished you well in all you do,
In any distant town.

Now you are gone, the moment past,
I learn through tears denied
Love may be spoken till the last . . .
It was too late for pride.

have about an hour alone together with their newborn. They are completely uninhibited about handling the baby—and spared a long, sometimes anxious wait to inspect the new arrival.

We believe that a mother should be able to have her baby by her side, during her waking hours, just as much as she likes. In other words, the ideal includes the "rooming-in plan," an arrangement that allows the mother and her baby to be cared for within one small unit of hospital space, and prevents their ever being separated by more than the few feet between her bed and a very small nursery in the adjoining room. Most mothers are unhappy at the thought of their babies off somewhere, down the hall, in a twenty- or thirty-bed general nursery.

Rooming-in has a host of other advantages. It gives the mother a chance to watch the nurse taking care of the baby—an extension course added to her prematernity classwork. It permits her, when she feels up to it, to practice under the nurse's supervision. It even provides an opportunity for the father, properly scrubbed and masked, to hold his child without feeling that he is throwing the entire hospital out of gear. And rooming-in is especially well suited to breast feeding when the mother has decided that she wants to nurse her baby—a matter, once again, for individual choice.

I think that every community should feel dissatisfied with itself until it can at least match what has been achieved at New Haven. The Preparation for Childbirth Program has been a remarkable success. The statistical proofs of its validity have been recorded, at considerable length, in the various medical journals. But its truest value cannot be counted up, or be expressed in percentages. That ultimate proof is the personal satisfactions of the many mothers and fathers who have taken part in it.

No one is more familiar than I with the long list of excuses used to defend an out-of-date, inadequate maternity hospital. Remodeling of facilities, along the lines I've indicated, is indeed a large undertaking.

But modernization is less difficult now than it was a dozen years ago, if only because Yale, among other institutions, has explored these ideas. A great many minds have contributed to the methods I've discussed. It was Dr. J.W. Ballantyne, of Edinburgh, who, as long ago as 1906, suggested prematernity classes in which "mothercraft"—a delightful word!—could be taught.

Dr. Edmund Jacobson, of Chicago, wrote the pioneer book, Progressive Relaxation, published in 1929, which inspired the late Dr. Grantly Dick-Read, of London, and the English physiotherapist, Mrs. Helen Heardman, to apply Dr. Jacobson's principles to obstetrics. Mrs. Heardman served as a volunteer worker in the Yale Obstetrical Clinic, and it was after she had demonstrated her methods in our delivery rooms that the program began. That was in 1947. The Yale Medical Center and the Maternity Center Association of New York were the co-sponsors.

I do not suggest that any community should copy the Yale program exactly, down to its last detail. Lots of good work along these same lines is being done elsewhere. I am particularly interested in the progress other countries are making, especially England, France, Japan and Russia. But I do like to think that the Preparation for Childbirth Program can serve as a standard—a measuring rod, if you prefer—that will be useful until it has been improved upon.

All the excuses for not doing at least this well are, in my opinion, inadequate. The main requirement—an exceptional degree of elasticity in the maternity hospital's routines—calls for a good many additional skilled hands. The shortage of such capable, trained persons may be more of a stumbling block than the perennial scarcity of money for additional salaries and to build hospital rooming-in facilities. (The nation **is considerably short of the number of obstetricians needed to deliver this year's expected crop of more than five million babies.) But, in the long run, the manpower problem has a solution: trained women.**

The Yale program has depended upon a remarkable group of nurse-midwives—trained nurses who have taken graduate instruction in midwifery. They have assisted in every phase of the work, with one exception. They have not delivered any babies. (Although, had there ever been an emergency, they could have done so perfectly well.) The Yale School of Nursing now gives a course in nurse-midwifery. Despite that term's misleadingly old-fashioned sound, nurse-midwives and obstetrical nurses are destined to become infinitely more important in the scheme of obstetrical practice. Their hands, as well as their hearts, will make great improvements possible.

I foresee the enlargement of this country's schools for training such women. I have no doubt that careers in obstetrical nursing, with its multitude of extraordinary satisfactions, are likely to become more and more appealing to the graduates of our nursing schools.

We have a long way to go. I am impatient with what sometimes strikes me as inexcusable complacence about our standards of maternal care. At the same time, I find myself truly optimistic.

We already have had a glimpse of what having a baby should be like. I count on my fellow obstetricians, co-operating with the parents of the United States, to insist that this view of an ideal be translated into the commonplace reality. END

Under Dr. Herbert Thoms' guidance, Yale University and the Maternity Center Association, beginning in 1947, sponsored a two-year study of natural-childbirth methods. Yale's Preparation for Childbirth Program and the School of Nursing's graduate program for nurse-midwives have followed. Dr. Thoms is Professor Emeritus and former Chairman of the Department of Obstetrics and Gynecology, Yale University School of Medicine, and is the author of many books and articles, among them Understanding Natural Childbirth (*McGraw-Hill, 1950*) *and the forthcoming* Our Obstetrical Heritage: The Story of Safe Childbirth (*The Shoe String Press, Inc., Hamden, Conn.*).

DOCTORS CAN'T DO IT ALONE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 81

Labor-room practices are coming in for the heaviest criticism of all. A mother's need for psychological support—for even simple companionship during labor—is now accepted so generally that it is no longer a fighting issue in the medical journals. Gradually the practice of allowing husbands to be with their wives during labor (provided the couple wish it) is growing, endorsed by both doctors and enthusiastic mothers. Still, the inertia of many hospital administrations and medical staffs, plus the expense of redesigning labor rooms, makes it often "routine" for husbands to be barred.

Most husbands, however, even if present, are not medical doctors. The responsibility for the safety of mother and child during labor—for recognizing the signs of a baby-*in-utero*'s being in distress—rests with the physician. It does not even rest with the labor-room nurse, who typically has several patients under her care and is not trained in the skills and techniques necessary to spot abnormalities early, or even to do the best possible job of following normal labor. If she picks up these skills through long years of experience, she is still technically forbidden to use them. This is not true around the world. Only in the United States and Canada does the physician assume exclusive responsibility for the progress of a normal maternity patient. According to our standard hospital regulations, there is only one rule when an emergency arises in the labor room: Call the doctor.

Yet the doctor may be twenty minutes or more away. Obstetrical leadership is admitting with greater and greater candor that it has become physically impossible for most doctors to be in attendance during the long hours of labor. The director of obstetrics of a great medical school told a medical congress (in words that cannot be quoted directly, because he feels "the layman" might "misunderstand" his clear and understandable words) that "in all honesty we *must* admit" that most obstetrics in this country is what he ironically called "perineal" obstetrics. This he described as the arrival of the obstetrician at about the time the baby's head first shows, just as the mother is being taken into the delivery room. He delivers baby and placenta, changes into street clothes, looks in once more on mother and baby, and goes home, leaving the patient to the care of "whomever was taking care of her before he got there." He added, "It certainly isn't the general practitioner's fault. He's got all he can do—and more."

Almost every doctor who delivers babies in anything smaller than a large metropolitan hospital will admit in private that he relies until he gets there on the experience and common sense of the nurses on duty in the labor room. Often he relies on the nurses to tell him *when* to get there. Yet the chief of staff of a small hospital who besought his hospital-accreditation committee for permission for his nurses to do sterile vaginal examinations (the most accurate way to gauge how far along a baby is) reported that his petition was denied, and as a result mothers were having their babies in bed. It is a credit to our nurses and to many hard-working doctors that our system works as well as it does, but the possibility exists for the system to break down, and there are times when it does. Wrote one doctor in a sympathetic paper addressed to nurses, "Who manages the first stage of labor in the great majority of hospitals? Is it not the nurse? If this be true, should not the nurse receive special training for that function? In our small rural hospitals, without house staff, who performs the deliveries? Most of them, it is true, are performed by doctors, mostly general practitioners. However, I have evidence (which I cannot, however, document or prove) that in such hospitals as many as 20 per cent of the deliveries are performed not by doctors, nor by midwives, nor by graduate nurses, but by practical nurses or aides. Doctors, of course, ultimately sign the birth certificates, so that our national statistics indicate that all hospital births are attended by doctors. But in respect to the small rural hospitals, I am certain that these statistics are misleading."

As for the delivery room, wise doctors are conceding that, even with the recent advances in anesthetic procedure, there is still a way to go to the ideal. Mothers have been so enthusiastic about being conscious during deliveries that more and more doctors and hospitals are making this possible for those who wish it, using whiffs of gas or the "saddle block" (spinal anesthesia). Yet one great teaching doctor reminded an assembly of specialists that saddle-block anesthesia is still a "major anesthetic procedure," enabling doctors to use the short cut of routine forceps delivery. Delivering a child while still conscious under anesthesia is not the same as natural childbirth, and only a very few doctors and medical centers are making continuous efforts to encourage natural childbirth among their maternity patients. Yet the doctor above pointed out, "Left to herself, the average patient reveals a remarkable propensity for spontaneous delivery. Experience with a variety of races and individuals indicates that approximately 85 per cent are subjects for physiologic or normal childbirth. To the observing eye, nothing seems too wrong with Nature's mechanism of birth."

The one thing that natural childbirth takes is time—time to prepare the mother with prenatal classes, someone's uninterrupted time to give her confidence and support during labor, time for the birth process itself, unhurried by instruments. Not enough doctors and hospital staffs have such time. The use of forceps is so routine to this day that the Joint Commission for the Accreditation of Hospitals sets no standards of justification at all, as they do, for example, for Caesarean sections. Yet the teaching doctor reminded his listeners that nothing in medical literature to date has proved that low-forceps deliveries are safer than properly attended spontaneous deliveries with carefully controlled analgesia. As he put it, admitting that his remarks were controversial, even "unacceptable" to some doctors, "It is a vanity of man to assume that he can beneficially alter the course of normally progressing labor. . . . Thus far in the entire history of the human race no one has been able to improve on, or safely and permanently substitute for, the physiologic mechanisms of the human body."

These are some of the things doctors are saying to one another. Others are calling for more rooming-in facilities for babies in hospitals, better follow-up care for mother and child at home. Every suggestion comes down to a need for more skilled hands with more time to give. Yet the doctors' most urgent words of all are those reminding the profession that the hands threaten to become fewer, not more numerous. "The greatest problem which maternity care will face in the next decade," wrote one well-known doctor, "is personnel. . . . In the last thirty years the output of physicians has merely kept pace with the growth in population. Meantime, the demands for medical services have soared."

In 1957 four million babies were born under the management of already overburdened physicians; five million babies annually are predicted by 1965, six million by 1970. At the most recent meeting of the American Association of Obstetrics and Gynecology, one doctor expressed real fears that this 50-per-cent increase will be "beyond the ability of our physician population to cope with," for the estimated increase in physicians, judging by present enrollments, will be by the same year only 14 per cent. Any increase in those delivering babies will be entirely among general practitioners, for the number of obstetrical specialists is already showing a decline, as fewer and fewer men are attracted to so arduous a field of specialization. Over the last six years the number of such specialists certified annually has dropped 30 per cent. A doctor who has been in the forefront of those sounding warnings has written, "Those of us who have given our lives to obstetrics and who list it high on the roster of essential medical services will admit with reluctance that it is not a popular specialty. But this is the truth."

Is there any answer to this growing problem of personnel? A handful of doctors, most of

CONTINUED ON PAGE 118

ABRAHAM LINCOLN SAYS:

We should be too big to take offense and too noble to give it.

It has been my experience that folks who have no vices have very few virtues

Tact is the ability to describe others as they see themselves.

He has the right to criticize who has the heart to help.

A government had better go to the extreme of toleration than do aught that could be construed into an interference with the common rights of the citizen.

PICK A PHONE
from this garden of colors!

In the same welcome way that spring brightens the world with color, you can brighten your home by putting colorful extension phones wherever they're handiest. Throughout the year they'll save you many a step and many a minute, give protection and privacy, too.

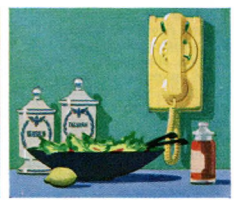
Why not visit or call your Bell Telephone business office today, and choose the extensions you need in the colors you like? The fashion is high, the convenience is great, and the cost is low.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

Here are some good places to have extensions handy...

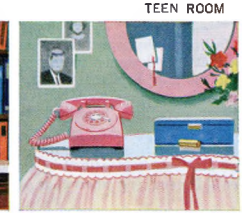
BEDROOM

KITCHEN



LIVING ROOM

TEEN ROOM



FAMILY ROOM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 116

them connected with teaching centers, believe they have found one in proposing that specially trained obstetrical nurses take over some of the duties that now burden obstetricians. Most Americans are unaware that trained midwives, working under medical direction, are a commonplace in every Western country except our own and Canada; these women perform many of the duties surrounding childbirth that our physicians hold only themselves responsible for. These duties include prenatal education, many of the routine prenatal examinations, psychological support, and constant, expert care during labor. In many countries midwives actually conduct normal deliveries. There is already a nucleus of such women in the United States, calling themselves nurse-midwives. The high standards already set for them include a nursing degree, postgraduate experience and as much as a year and a half of theoretical and clinical experience in obstetrics.

Yet because they are a new feature in American medicine, their growth in numbers has been slow. Doctors who remember the long medical struggle against the horrors of much old-fashioned midwifery regard them with suspicion, although a doctor who has helped train them has pointed out that the vast difference between an old-time midwife and today's trained nurse-midwife is "greater than that between a first-year medical student and a Board-certified specialist." Then, too, many doctors are extremely wary of sharing any of their medical skills. The trained nurse-midwife, it is true, has the competence to impinge on medical territory; her value is precisely that she is equipped to find emergencies and act upon them if necessary. One doctor entered into the debate on nurse-midwives, in a medical journal, to state angrily that a busy obstetrician should hire as his assistant *never* a nurse-midwife, but a younger obstetrician. This was his solution to the doctor shortage!

So great has been the medical resistance to nurse-midwives that it has been difficult to find hospitals willing to co-operate in training them. The number of accredited general hospitals providing clinical experience for student nurse-midwives can be counted on the fingers of one hand (with fingers to spare)—yet these hospitals are among the finest and most distinguished in the land, all teaching centers headed by farsighted obstetrical directors. Those doctors who have actually worked with nurse-midwives have sung their praises in medical journals. Wrote one, "I would rather see a medical student witness his first normal labor and delivery under the management of a well-trained nurse-midwife than under that of a verdant intern in the first part of his hospital training. I would be assured that the student would be impressed with the perfection of her experience and the confidence and dignity which she would bring to the occasion."

Yet it is a fact that, except for these teaching hospitals, not a single orthodox voluntary hospital in this country has a place for a nurse-midwife as such on its staff. Many American nurse-midwives seek posts abroad, where their services are welcome. Those who stay are sought after as teachers, supervisors and administrators. But the ranks of doctors who 'advocate training enough nurse-midwives to use in direct patient care are growing only very slowly. Such women would not practice independently, say these doctors, they would not do deliveries (except in emergencies), they would work under medical direction at all times. But they would be the extra hands needed to improve the quality and thoroughness of prenatal care, provide truly expert assistance during labor (support during labor is the cornerstone of nurse-midwifery), bring to new mothers the warm hearts, the extra time, the regard for emotional well-being that they so need.

Last year members of the American Association of Obstetrics and Gynecology heard their president say, "I have known . . . men who delivered between 50 and 100 women each month throughout the year. Instead of sympathizing with the 'dear overworked doctor' I am appalled at the harm he does to obstetrics in general. . . . I don't believe that any physician can give adequate maternity care to more than 200 women a year. Multiply 200 by ten or twelve prenatal office visits by the number of hours required to attend each woman in labor and by the necessary puerperal care, and the truth of this statement becomes crystal clear."

The medical profession is one of the most honored in America, and rightly so. It has continually set itself ever-higher standards of care. The doctors' quotes cited above, although intended for professional colleagues and not for the public, are proof that medical leaders today do not intend to see these standards lowered. Eventually the profession will respond and meet the challenge, as it has always done. But it must have an enlightened public, and the help of the women in the nursing profession, to do so. Is it not time to start preparing them now? END

> "Mother" is the name for God in the lips and hearts of little children.
>
> THACKERAY
> VANITY FAIR

TELEVISION, RADIO, COMICS AND MOVIES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 61

that their own children have been exposed to a good deal of storied villainy without changing character.

A child acquires his basic standards from his parents. If they are decent people and love him, he loves them deeply, too, and patterns himself after them. In this way he acquires a conscience which will not let him get into serious trouble later.

To be sure, a child's standards are affected to a lesser degree by a variety of other influences, as he grows gradually away from his early dependence on parents: the attitudes of school and Sunday-school teachers, of his classmates, his friends, and friends' parents. (I can still remember, as a strictly brought up child, being quite impressed at eight or ten by some of the things that parents of my friends permitted.) But even an adolescent's standards are not markedly changed by his contemporaries' (though his urge to conform to them is great at this age), because he instinctively limits his friends to those brought up much like himself.

It has often been pointed out, as a reason for not worrying too much about the effects of violence in television programs and comic books, that children of earlier generations listened to fairy tales that were every bit as cruel. I'm not sure, though, that a couple of hours of these fairy stories *every* night of the week would have been harmless for young children. Sensitive individuals certainly got nightmares from them.

Most important, perhaps, is the fact that a story read by your mother had a different impact from that which comes from seeing live people apparently involved in brutality, night after night. During storytelling, the pictures you formed in your imagination were pretty well limited by your experiences. Your mother's voice and explanations were a constant reassurance that this was make-believe. Her comments reminded you that she and you abhorred the acts of the villains. On the television screen the prevalence of real-looking cruelty must give the child the impression that it is widespread, and that it is taken for granted in the outside world. A nursery-school teacher recently told me that since the advent of a popular program which is loaded with slapstick violence, the children have been casually bopping one another with great frequency. When she objects, they explain that this is the way it's done on the program. So, though I don't for a minute claim that good children are being turned into bad by such a diet, I think that it may lower their standards somewhat, and give them a poor impression of humanity.

The attitude the parents take in regard to various programs and comics will make some difference in the effect these will have on a child's own ideals. If the parents are keeping track of what is being viewed, and show their concern by ruling out certain programs and strips, the child will be reminded of what standards he is expected to have, even if he continues to peek at them. If the parents show no disapproval, he will feel none either.

It is true that psychologists and doctors (including myself) have been pointing out for years that even the best of children have aggressive feelings in them which can find healthy expression in playing games of mock violence, in hearing stories and seeing shows that involve a certain amount and kind of hostility. The question of what amount and what kind is important. A cartoon of a mouse punching a lion in the snoot makes children chuckle with satisfaction. A little fellow is getting back at a big bully. But a man's real face being battered by the fist of a snarling criminal is quite a different dose to swallow.

A lot of parents have been dissatisfied with some of the programs their children are viewing. But every time they've tried to rule out a certain one, or to put a limit on the total viewing time per day, their children have argued indignantly: It's the best program of all; all their friends are allowed to see it; the other kids can watch as much as they want to; why do their parents have to be the only mean ones? Strong-minded mothers and fathers are able to stand up to this kind of pressure and make their rules stick. Others have wilted under the heat of their children's reproaches. They've given in right away; or they've relaxed their vigilance after a couple of nights, half suspected that the forbidden program was being viewed again, but done nothing about it. They've had the same uncertainty about how strict to be about comic books and movie shows. I think all this illustrates the point that parents have relatively little trouble laying down the law in matters about which there were definite rules in their own childhoods: bedtime, table manners, lies, bad language. But when new activities for children develop—like television, or car driving in adolescence—parents have no traditions or convictions to guide them. They get conflicting reports about what other parents are doing. They have opinions, but they don't feel sure. They try to make reasonable rules. Then when their children protest violently, the parents vacillate. The children sense the parents' uncertainty and redouble their arguments.

Parents' confidence in their ability to make correct rules has been lowered by other developments of this century too. There has been the entrance into the child-rearing field of the psychologists, psychiatrists, educators, pediatricians, who have written and lectured about the needs and the problems of children. The unfortunate effect on some parents—especially the most conscientious ones—has been to make them conclude that parents are just as apt to do wrong as right.

Another unsettling factor has been the rapid rise in the standard of living of so many families, especially since the end of the war. We think of this as fortunate, and in most ways it is. On the other hand, the histories of many lands show that when the circumstances of life change suddenly it disturbs the stability

of the family and weakens parental discipline. And, strangely enough, unusual prosperity is more upsetting than depression or even war. It's apt to produce increases, for instance, in delinquency, crime and suicide. When parents can provide their child with an environment quite different from that in which they themselves grew up, they have fewer reliable guideposts to go by. They have to grope for more of the answers.

Since the beginnings of children's movies, radio and television, doctors have heard from mothers about the problems of the unusually sensitive small boys and girls who are frightened by what they hear or see. They cry, or they're afraid to go to bed, or they have nightmares. A few of these children have enough sense to refuse to have anything more to do with such programs. Unfortunately, a majority of them, being as illogical as other human beings, keep going back for more of the stuff they can't stand. Clearly it's up to the parents to be more sensible than their small fry, and see to it that no more harm is done.

The fact should be faced that a good proportion of children under six years of age fall into the sensitive category. I say this from personal experience years ago in taking my own and other young children, on a very few occasions, to movie houses that were showing cartoons just for children. Adults and older children were laughing happily, but a lot of the young ones were cringing. We have to be reminded by such episodes that wild animals and cruel stepmothers in cartoons are as horrible to three- and four-year-olds as real ones would be.

So far I've been discussing the effects of violence and frightfulness. This leaves the problem of sex. It comes up more commonly nowadays in regard to movies. I realized this recently when we went to a neighborhood theater to see one foreign picture and were given a bonus of a sneak preview of another. The first was excellent. But the second would never have passed a board of review and was so crude—by American taste—that there was a lot of embarrassed giggling in the audience.

All children seek knowledge of the facts of life, not just on a few occasions but bit by bit at each succeeding stage of development. They come to their parents if the parents make this easy. In any case, they ask questions or pick up ideas from older brothers and sisters and from friends. They learn some aspects in school. As they get into the teens they begin to search privately for revealing books. They draw conclusions from movies, television and magazine articles. There is great variation in the rate of romantic and sexual maturity. Some children are much more precocious than average. Others are very shy; they don't want to know much for a long time and so they protect themselves if they can.

More significant than the facts which a child acquires is the emotional or spiritual atmosphere in which the learning takes place. A loving parent, in explaining the facts of life, adjusts the amount of information to the child's readiness and speaks in terms which are in harmony with the family's ideals. A schoolteacher starts with the biological facts and usually does not get so close as parents to the personal and emotional aspects, unless the children draw the discussion in this direction. By contrast, the knowledge (or misinformation) that a more worldly child insists on imparting to a shier one may be shocking rather than enlightening. The same thing applies to a motion picture that is not appropriate for a child. It may confront him with aspects of sex which he is quite unready to accept comfortably. It is more apt than not to present these with characters and with a view of life which are disturbingly different from what he has known.

On the question of the effect of television on schoolwork, homework and reading habits, the studies made have been inconclusive in their results. In most American schools, homework in the elementary grades is omitted or held to a small amount, because educational research has shown that homework does not contribute to performance in school. So television viewing, at this age when it is most absorbing, does not usually interfere with schooling. In the high-school years, when homework is assigned primarily to develop the habit of individual study, most pupils have enough self-discipline to put study first; besides, some of the infatuation with viewing has worn off. At any age—in childhood or adulthood—there are individuals who are sometimes putting off unpleasant work by taking refuge in the television set, but it's not fair to blame the latter for this.

One of the most hopeful aspects of television is that thoughtful educators believe that, despite its drawbacks, it has been beneficial. They are convinced that the programs which have told about something real have, over the years, broadened the horizons of children and kindled their enthusiasm to learn more.

The fear that comic books will debase a child's reading tastes has been strong among parents who themselves read and enjoyed good books in their own childhood. I know this from talking with many of them. But time has proved that *their* children, after fairly wallowing in comic books for years, outgrow them in adolescence and go on to books that are appropriate to the family's intellectual level. On the other hand, the reading matter that absorbed a majority of G.I.'s during the war was the comics. But I doubt if most of these would have been reading Dickens, even if there had never been a comic book. In other words, the main thing that determines the eventual level of a person's reading in adulthood is not the books he read at nine, but the atmosphere in which he grew up.

When it appears that so little is known for sure about the subtle effects of broadcasting, movies and comics, what line are parents to take? Obviously different ones will take different courses, just as they have always done in past generations. That's one reason why children turn out differently in different families and different neighborhoods. Some parents have always had high aspirations about the tastes and ideals they want their children to develop. Others have been quite willing to let nature take its course. I think the main way I can be helpful is to encourage those who are dissatisfied with some of the fare offered in broadcasting, movies and comics to stick by their guns, not let themselves be bullied by their children or by neighborhood opinion.

> It is always interesting, in the case of a great man, to know how he affected the women of his acquaintance.
>
> JOHN MORLEY

One method for improving the quality of children's movies and television programs is for parents to communicate directly with the neighborhood-theater manager, the local-station manager, the network, the sponsor. This is a privilege of citizenship that's usually neglected by all but a few cranky souls. Yet the evidence is clear that a relatively small number of sincere letters or calls make a strong impression on an official.

When children are planning to see a movie, I think it's the job of sensible parents to find out whether it's suitable, by checking reviews in the papers, or in parents' and religious publications, or by calling the theater manager—just as they keep an eye on their children's companions and haunts.

In the same way, they need to keep track of what their children are viewing on television and in comic books. They shouldn't feel hesitant in forbidding programs or books which they consider definitely incompatible with the family's ideals.

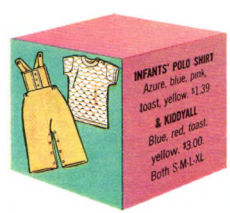
But in regard to television it seems to me shortsighted to consider only the influence that individual parents may be able to exert on their children or on the industry. There may never again be the opportunity that exists today for all of us who are concerned to ask for a review commission, which will take a fresh look at all aspects of broadcasting and make recommendations.

Dr. Spock regrets that it is impossible for him to answer letters personally. However, he is delighted to receive suggestions of topics of truly general interest.—Ed.

NEVABIND POLO SHIRTS, $2.29. Matching solid-color boxer shorts, $1.00. Boys' and girls' toddler sizes 1-4.

K...is for Knifty

which is a nifty gift of cotton knits —namely, our Carter's polo shirts and matching boxer shorts! Daddy says handsome is as handsome does, and Mother says *exactly*, 'cause these match-mates do handsomely indeed in the washing machine and the dryer, staying soft and in shape—never needing ironing. That's why Mother thinks K is for Kindly-remember-we-can't-get-too-many-Carter's-cotton-knits!



Carter's

THE WILLIAM CARTER CO., NEEDHAM HEIGHTS, MASS.

GOOD COOKING AND COMMON SENSE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 82

to coat the bird with a thick sort of white sauce that would "set" cold, leaving it like a piece of sculpture. Then we were to give it a comb of red pimiento, and a beak, eyes and wing tips of black slivered truffles. The chef-professor was over us constantly, with helps and warnings; but all the time that we worked on this rather clammy masterpiece, which was to be our own lunch, we were tantalized by the homey smell of a pot roast—which he was keeping on the back of the stove for himself.

Such a man, if you asked where to learn day-in-and-day-out French cooking, would send you off to his sister in the country—or possibly to his uncle, because in France the art of cooking is not thought too difficult for men.

Well then, you may ask, if real French cooking is home cooking, and if we've got home cooking, too, whatever is the fuss about?

Volumes have been written to answer that question. All I am concerned with here is the Frenchwoman's willingness to use her intelligence upon very simple dishes, and her humility—or her common sense. What is funny about turnips, even for company? she would ask. Why is cabbage necessarily in poor taste? Tell her that. And why should anybody laugh when you mention such a thing as sauerkraut?

Following her attitude of mind (not her recipes), and keeping to foods available in this country, I suggest to you the following:

MENU I

Only two dishes of this meal take much "doing" and they may both be done early in the day and put aside. These are:

EGGPLANT CASSEROLE

This is a suave and courteous companion to lamb—which is, as you know, a meat that needs something, but not something that will eclipse it. Also, for people-who-think-they-don't-like-eggplant, the casserole is beautifully disguised. (Just don't tell 'em what it is.)

Peel 1 large eggplant down through the greenish underskin and cut into 1" cubes. Slice 2 peeled medium-sized onions paper-thin. Boil both together gently, in water only halfway to cover, until both are soft. Drain them very patiently and, if you like, whip them to a pulp. Drain again. You should have about 4 cups cooked eggplant.

Now make a cream sauce using 6 tablespoons melted butter blended with 6 tablespoons flour. Add, say, 1½ cups light cream and 1½ cups rich milk. For seasoning, add 1½ teaspoons salt, ½ teaspoon pepper and several generous squirts liquid pepper seasoning. Heat and mix well until thickened. Combine the sauce and the eggplant, pulp or cubes as you like, and pour into a baking dish suitable for the table. Sprinkle the top liberally with about ¾ cup dry French bread crumbs that have been tossed with 2 to 3 tablespoons melted butter.

This may stand for hours if you wish. Thirty minutes before the lamb is done, run the casserole into the oven. In this time it will cook through and the crumbs will become golden brown.

APPLE-PECAN DESSERT

Beat 2 eggs until they are very thick and lemon-colored. Fold in the following in the order given: 1½ cups sugar, 6 tablespoons flour, 2½ teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon vanilla, a pinch of salt, 1 cup tart apples, peeled, cored and finely chopped, and 1 of broken pecan meats. Mix thoroughly and pour into a well-buttered 8"x8"x2" pan. Bake in a moderately slow oven, 325° F., for 45 minutes, or until the top is browned and crusty.

This also may be put aside for hours. When it is wanted, heat gently, cut into squares and serve with whipped cream. Sprinkle more broken pecan meats on top. The rest of the meal is routine.

ROAST LAMB

Have your butcher oven-prepare your leg of lamb—that is, remove the shank bone, trim the fat and tie it up. Season it with salt, ground pepper and powdered rosemary and, unless you like a kiss without a squeeze, insert little slivers of garlic here and there. Garlic with lamb, if it is properly used, will do its good work without calling attention to itself. Roast in a moderate oven, 350° F., for about 1 to 1½ hours if the roast is small, longer if not. Use a meat thermometer to be safe. . . . And if you are like me (I'm ashamed of myself, but I'm rather fainthearted about mint sauce with lamb), try currant jelly.

PEAR-SHAPED TOMATOES

Now, nothing could be simpler than the tomatoes. Any stewed tomatoes would do, if you don't make them too sweet. However, I do recommend the small pear-shaped kinds sold in cans and often labeled "Peeled Italian Type." These tomatoes keep their shape like so many little fish with neat little bodies, and so also serve as decoration. Simply open and drain two large cans. Heat them through, butter them a bit and sprinkle chopped parsley on top.

BELGIAN ENDIVE SALAD

For the final embellishment and the last thing to do before serving, tear up three large heads of endive which have been washed and crisped. Toss with your own favorite French dressing.

MENU II

This dinner (for four persons) has, besides its modest price, this clinching advantage: the whole meal, including the dessert, is done in the oven and, once done, may be left there for a long time. You will not have to fret if you receive the message (or worse, don't even get it) that one of the children has had a flat tire three miles out of town.

Meanwhile, if your eyebrows go up at the idea of serving "kraut and ribs" at your table, I urge you to get your eyebrows back down. This dish, properly prepared, is neither coarse nor heavy. Far from being indigestible, it is often a rather sprightly cure for certain ailments of the sedentary. As for kraut being fashionable: if anyone should bring that up, I could furnish a list of excellent restaurants—French as well as Alsatian and German—where kraut is an honored dish. You will like it, I think, and I'm positive the men will. This last ought to count. What's the good of using your brains at your range if you haven't an audience to admit you've gone and done it?

For this dish you will want:

2 small sides of spareribs, each cut in half
2 quarts sauerkraut
4 medium-sized onions
8 apples
8 medium-sized potatoes

SPARERIB-AND-SAUERKRAUT CASSEROLE

Buy the kraut fresh out of the barrel if you are where you can, or choose the type which many markets now sell in plastic containers; otherwise you will find it in cans.

Cut the onions, peeled, in half. Place them in a casserole later to be brought to the table. Drain the kraut and tuck it around and over them. On top of all this lay the ribs—which you will have salted, peppered and rubbed with sage (fresh or powdered). Run your casserole into a very hot oven, 500° F. When the ribs have browned on one side, turn them to brown on the other.

Now cover the entire dish tight. Reduce the heat to 450° F. and bake for at least 1½ to 2 hours. It's the baking which turns the trick here; therefore, if for some reason you wish to hold things back, lower the temperature and leave for an extra half hour or so. Won't hurt a thing.

The trimmings are simple!

Little Boiled Potatoes. Peel and boil the potatoes—just that. If you had a chef in a white hat and presumed to ask what to have

with this, he'd say, "Nice, dry, mealy boiled potatoes; they're the perfect foil."

Sautéed Quartered Apples. The apples you will not peel, but core and quarter and cook in 1 tablespoon bacon drippings—sprinkling them with a little cinnamon and turning them until they are soft through but keep their shape.

Put both potatoes and apples aside where they will stay warm. And now the dessert:

HOT FRUIT DESSERT

You will need:

1 can halved peaches
1 can red plums
1 can halved apricots
1 can pitted Bing cherries

Use a 1-pound-1-ounce can of each. Drain all these well, reserving the syrups. Pit the plums carefully, so that you leave them intact.

Arrange the fruits in a casserole, beginning at the bottom in the order named and in equal layers. Pour on enough of the mixed syrups to reach just about the top, and add a lump of butter the size of an egg.

Now, though you may skip it, if you have it add about 2 ounces kirschwasser. This will bring out the natural flavors of the fruits, but the dish is equally good without it.

Put this dessert, so prepared, aside until about 20 minutes before you take your main dish in. Then cover the casserole tightly and leave it in the oven at such a temperature as will bring it out hot through at the time you'll want it. Pass around with it, separately, a sauce which you'll have made like this: Pour 1 pint commercial sour cream into a bowl and sprinkle generously with dark brown sugar.

MENU III

SOUTHERN FRIED FISH

For the fish, if you are so lucky as to have at hand in your part of the country any such small fresh fish as spot or channel cat or butterfish (not to mention such sporting windfalls as trout or bass), you will of course use these: otherwise, frozen fillets will do. Lightly dredge about two pounds fish in a little seasoned flour and fry—just through—on both sides. You could also use corn meal instead of the flour, if you like.

BUTTERED BABY CABBAGE

Get the nearest thing to young garden-fresh cabbage. Shred it medium fine, using some of the good green leaves. Drop it into boiling salted water to cover. Bring it back to a boil and continue 5 to 7 minutes only. Drain it *thoroughly*, douse it with butter and add some fresh-ground pepper. If, after a test, it seems a bit raw for your taste, turn it with a fork for a few minutes over a low heat. This method is a revelation to people who have rightly been revolted by what is usually called "boiled cabbage."

BATTER BREAD

A perfect complement for fish. This is my grandmother's recipe, got from heaven knows how long a line of women behind her. It was usually cooked for me in my Virginia childhood by "Aunt Martha"—a colored woman so beloved that tears come to my eyes when I think of her. I shall leave the tears out of the recipe, but I do have two notes, both got from "Aunt Martha": a—we use only the white water-ground corn meal for this dish (if you prefer yellow or can't get white, I have nothing to say); b—the shortening, if you fancy the pioneer taste, ought to be *lard*. Take:

1 cup white corn meal
2½ cups milk
¾–1 teaspoon salt
3 eggs
2 teaspoons baking powder
2–3 tablespoons lard or other shortening

Put the lard in a 6-cup casserole and set in a 400° F. oven to melt and get the dish piping hot. Sift the corn meal and salt into a heavy saucepan. Add the milk, heat and stir until the mixture is very thick. Take from the heat and stir in, one at a time, the eggs and then the baking powder. Pour the mixture into the sizzling casserole and bake for 30–35 minutes until the bread is puffed and golden in color.

Batter bread should be served immediately. Therefore it would be a good idea to time your meal so that all other dishes are on the table when you bring this one in.

EASY STRAWBERRY ICE CREAM

The dessert may be made hours (or a day) ahead of the time it's wanted. It is surely the best and easiest substitute for old-fashioned strawberry ice cream—the kind made on the back porch of a Sunday morning before church, with a vast mess of ice and salt and little boys squabbling about whose turn it was to crank the handle. These scenes are dear to the memory—still, it's nice to make the same dessert in 10 minutes and with no mess at all. You will need only this:

1 10-ounce package sliced frozen strawberries
1 cup sugar
1 pint commercial sour cream

Defrost the berries until they are mushy. Add the sugar and the sour cream—which is of course not really sour, but simply a bit tart. It is the slight tartness which "does" this dish.

Stir the mixture well and put it into a refrigerator tray and freeze. At three intervals of 25 minutes each, stir again, to prevent the formation of crystals. Then forget it until you need it.

There now. I think my late chef-professor and his sister in the country would wipe their hands on their aprons and tell us we've done pretty well. "Don't spend a cent if you don't have to; use your brains on what's at hand"—this is the message of these good people, if I got it correctly.

OTHER PEOPLE'S MAIL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49

I'll try to write a little every day, and mail this from Lisbon. Right now I'm going swimming.

Love,
POLLY.

TO: JANET LEGENDRE,
HAMLET, CONNECTICUT

MV Salerno, at sea, June 21

Dear Jan: Here I am, three days at sea and a week ago I was safe at home. I think I have figured out why I didn't want to come.

You know this is the first time I have ever been let loose in my life. Always before it's been school or the Air Force or college: life has been neatly chopped up into days and hours, terms and vacations, duties and leaves; I feel uncomfortably lost.

Figure this: all my life there has hung over me that slight, almost unfelt fear of being late or unprepared—which is only consciousness of authority, of course, but it gives form to existence. Now that is suddenly removed. I am for the first time on my own.

This happens to everybody, of course. What do they do? Not just sit around the house, I realize that now. I have been pondering the question and I think I have come up with the answer.

They get married.

But my word, Jan, isn't that a rather chaotic way of putting form into existence?

You were right to make me take the boat: I am recuperating fast. There's an excessively good-looking girl on board called Polly MacMillan who is helping me get my strength back.

She's an odd one and I think that in real life she would drive me crazy. Her father is

CONTINUED ON PAGE 125

Revolutionary 3-layer tablet for relief of

COLDS MISERIES AND SINUS CONGESTION

HELPS DRAIN ALL 8 SINUS CAVITIES

(critical areas of colds infection)

REVOLUTIONARY 3-LAYER TABLET

DRISTAN is the exclusive 3-layer tablet discovery which for the first time makes it possible to unite certain medically-proven ingredients into one fast-acting uncoated tablet! The exclusive DRISTAN Tablet formula *cannot* be duplicated.

DRISTAN Decongestant Tablets, working through the bloodstream, bring dramatic relief from colds miseries, sinus congestion and pollen allergies. DRISTAN... amazing medical achievement... contains: (1) The scientific decongestant most prescribed by doctors. Reaches *all* congested areas in minutes... shrinks swollen nasal-sinus membranes ... promotes drainage ... restores free breathing. (2) An exclusive anti-allergent to block allergic reactions often associated with colds, plus a highly effective combination of pain relievers. Relieves body aches and pains due to colds, reduces fever. (3) Vitamin C, to help build body resistance to colds infection. For quick relief, get DRISTAN Decongestant Tablets.

Note: Today DRISTAN is widely imitated. But the fact is ... the exclusive DRISTAN Tablet formula *cannot* be duplicated. Accept no substitutes!

WHEN COLDS STRIKE, nasal-sinus passages become clogged with germ-laden mucus... ~~responsible~~ for so much colds suffering and misery.

TAKE DRISTAN. Working through the bloodstream, DRISTAN shrinks all swollen membranes, promotes drainage, restores free breathing.

There's Nothing like **DRISTAN**® *Decongestant Tablets*

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 123

MacMillan Incorporated; you know, the importer and manufacturer of perfume—I think I've seen the shop on 56th Street—and Polly has persuaded him to let her open a *boutique* in it. (A *boutique* is a place where everything is extremely expensive and extremely useless.) So Poll is on her way to Italy to buy the necessary stuff.

Why such a pretty girl should want to live in New York when she could live in the country, I can't think. She's nuts, I guess. She wants to be Elizabeth Arden and Helena Rubinstein, only better.

She's serious, but in this limbo of mid-ocean she's also a lot of fun. I haven't been around with a pretty girl since Kay Rogers married that fathead, and I like it.

Well, I'll mail this in Lisbon. *Lisbon.* What am I doing in Lisbon?

Give your upright husband a kind word, and keep one for yourself. Yrs.,

PETE.

MORE TO: EDWARD MACMILLAN

. . . oh, pop, a ship is an odd place. I've been on this one five days, which on land would mean nothing. But on this . . . this well-run Utopia, time has a way of behaving as Bergson said it does; that is, collapsing at the inessentials and expanding at the moments of importance. (At least I *think* that's what Bergson said.) There's a strange vacuum of safety on a ship, and maybe it's that—that time-stands-still feeling—that accounts for the swiftness of friendships that occur. Or maybe what I mean

Politeness is like lighting another man's candle by yours.

JOSH BILLINGS

is that you get to know people quickly because you have nothing to do all day long but sit around and talk to them.

But for instance today we passed the Azores. Pete Stewart and I were standing at the rail watching, when suddenly we both began to recite Tennyson's "At Flores in the Azores Sir Richard Grenville lay ——"

I didn't think anyone remembered that poem except me. But suddenly those lines, *on this ship*, made me feel I had known Pete forever. A very strange experience. Of course when we arrive in Genoa and get on dry land, I will never think of him again. But these are moments ——

I am fine. I am healthy. Don't worry. Will mail this tomorrow in Lisbon. Love,

POLLY.

TO: JANET LEGENDRE

MV Salerno, at sea, June 26

Dear Jan: I know now what I was doing in Lisbon. I was going shopping with Polly MacMillan. She had a dozen addresses for places which sell cloth and handbags and such junk and I went with her while she looked.

I like Lisbon, although it surprised me a little. Here we were, just off a boat the whole way from America, and *everybody* was unconcerned at our arrival. We might have come from just around the corner.

Have you ever been here? It's a determinedly neat city, lots of flowers and gardens. And they sprinkle the streets with water, which gives you the impression it's a well-run place. But why weren't they *expecting* one?

Polly says I'm crazy. She may be right. I must say she stands up very well on land, I was glad to find out. In fact, I would be prepared to like her quite a lot if it weren't for this career business—carrying on the family name and all that stuff.

What do you think? Would any sensible girl want to run a *boutique* if she could get married and live in the country? It doesn't sound logical to me. But Polly says, "Who wants to live in the country?"

I say, who wants to live in the city? Is she out of her skin?

Advise. Yrs. perplexed,

PETE.

TO: EDWARD MACMILLAN

MV Salerno, at sea, June 28

Dear Pop: Well. Pretty good news. Enclosed are pictures and drawings of the things I found in Lisbon, and I bought samples and obtained all the necessary data on ordering and shipping. I didn't actually buy. I want to compare in Spain and Italy. But I'm encouraged. It's not going to be impossible to find extraordinary goods.

Today we had a confounding experience at Gibraltar, hardly what I expected.

Pete and I—I mentioned him, didn't I? anyway, he's a fellow on the boat—took a carriage around the Rock, but that's really a short spin, so before noon we found ourselves sitting outdoors at a cafe. Well, after a while a wildly unlikely character appeared at our table, *but* he had clinging to his arm the sweetest spider monkey you ever saw.

He said to Pete, "Would you want to buy a monkey?"

Pete said, "I hadn't thought about it."

The man said, "A very agreeable companion."

Pete said, "How much?"

The man said, "Ten pounds."

Pete said,"I'll give you three."

The man said, "*Sold!*"

Well this, as you can imagine, created quite a commotion because, as Pete kept pointing out to me, a monkey would be a considerable inconvenience traipsing around Europe, but an offer had been made and accepted, and we were on foreign soil and obviously in the wrong, so it all ended by Pete's owning a monkey.

Very slyly, of course, he tried to present it to me—"The real, correct thing for a *boutique*," he kept saying—but yr. daughter was not born yesterday. So that didn't work.

So we went to a store and bought two cans of monkey food—monkeys are a thing at Gib, did you know?—and then, in a daze, we took Helen back to the ship. Helen is the monkey.

She is shy, poor baby, and probably frightened, so we have to spend most of our time comforting her. Really, the *things* you get into! Love,

POLLY.

TO: JOSEPH STEWART

MV Salerno, at sea

Dear Joe: Did anyone tell you I am on my way to visit you and Eleanor? Jan said she would, but did she? I will send this by air from Barcelona, so you will have a couple of days' notice. I get off this tub in Genoa and will come right up. I'll telegraph from there.

By the way, I fell into some luck in Gibraltar. I was able to buy a spider monkey very reasonably. I've always wanted one, and now I've got it. Her name's Helen, and I know you'll both be as crazy about her as I am. I may even leave her with you for a time while I push around sight-seeing.

Well. See you. Love to Eleanor. PETE.

TO: PETE STEWART

Now listen—I *am* going to spend the day in Barcelona with Mr. Savage. I *want* to. I am not serious about you. Get that straight. I have had to do some careful thinking about this because otherwise what was I doing up on that boat deck with you last night? But I *have* done some careful thinking and I am *not* serious and I *am* going to spend the day in Barcelona with Mr. Savage. POLLY.

TO: JANET LEGENDRE

Barcelona, June 29

Dear Jan: Don't be deceived by this pretty post card. Barcelona is a dull town. Really nothing to offer the tourist. Well, only two more days on that bloody boat. Love,

PETE.

TO: EDWARD MACMILLAN

Barcelona, June 29

Dear Pop: Isn't this view of Barcelona *lovely?* Spent a wonderfully instructive day here with old Mr. Savage, the architect. Still love boats, but I think you can get *enough* of them. So looking forward to Rome. Love,

POL.

TO: JANET LEGENDRE

Geneva, June 30

Dear Janet: Joe has asked me to write you. He doesn't, he says, trust himself. You see, we have heard from Pete and he says he is arriving tomorrow with a monkey named Helen.

Well, you know Joe. I adore him, of course, but there are moments when he can become stuffy. This mission he is part of takes itself, I am afraid, very seriously and he says he doesn't want any fool brother of his around with a monkey on a string, only Joe used quite different words.

This is just to reassure you. I told Joe I would rather have dinner with a monkey than most of the jokes we *do* have dinner with, upon which there was a good deal of door slamming (Swiss doors are *solid*, kid) but everything will work out all right. So.

I do wish you and Charlie would come over. Europe is all right, of course, but it does bring out the chauvinism in one. We're here at least till November. Love to Charles. ELEANOR.

TO: JOSEPH STEWART—TELECTRAMMA—

GENOA—JULY 1

DEAR JOE PLANS CHANGED GOING TO ROME FOR A FEW DAYS WILL WRITE BEST PETE.

TO: BETTINA WILSON,

HOTEL HASSLER, ROME

New York, June 28

Dear Bettina: Do a little undercover work for me, will you? I've had a couple of letters

from Polly that disturb me. She has apparently run into some oaf on the boat and I don't like the sound of things at all. His name is Pete, I am forced to tell you, and if he has followed her to Rome, please see what goes on and let me know. I told her to look you up the moment she arrived. I can get over there in twenty-four hours, if necessary. Thanks,

ED.

To: PETE STEWART, AMERICAN EXPRESS, ROME

Geneva, July 2

Dearest Pete: Joe and I were *so* sorry you and Helen didn't come straight here to us. You know how anxious we are to see you. Do make it soon.

I must say I had a strange letter from Janet this morning. In it she said to advise you to get rid of a girl who can't live in the country. I presume she means Helen. *Why* would Janet think that monkeys have to live in *cities?* I'm sure if you made proper arrangements Helen would be perfectly happy in Connecticut. Of course I will admit that in all photographs you see of them they're either painting pictures—sometimes quite *good* ones—or else sitting at little tables in dresses having tea and sandwiches, and that *might* be hard for a bachelor like you to arrange. By the way, what kind of dresses does Helen wear? I have a divine little French seamstress here in Geneva who is very good and *not* expensive.

Well, we'll talk about all this when you come. Love from us both,

ELEANOR.

To: POLLY MACMILLAN

Rome, Friday

Dear Pol: Do you want to get married? Failing that, what about dinner? PETE.

To: PETE STEWART

Rome, Friday

Dear Peter: No. Pick me up at 5:30. I'm taking you to have a cocktail with Bettina Wilson, an old friend of father's. POLLY.

To: ELEANOR STEWART

Rome, July 5

Dear Ellie: You must be out of your head. Custom-made clothes aren't necessary for Helen. In the first place, she doesn't *wear* clothes, she *eats* them, so something ready-made is quite all right for the purpose.

I'll let you know, as soon as I have any plans. PETE.

To: EDWARD MACMILLAN

Rome, July 7

My dear Eddie: Let me say quickly: Put away your fears. Polly brought her young man around to see me, and while I liked him enormously, he is no threat.

Pete Stewart is what must be a vanishing-American type—he is a country boy. I don't mean at all the bashful, gauche, toe-in-the-mud sort of fellow; no, he's quite as intelligent as necessary, a lawyer in fact: he is just someone who does not like the city. He is not afraid of the city even, or the competition (actually I think it's harder to be a success in the country, where everybody knows you, where you cannot hide behind any kind of front or anonymity), he *prefers* the country—the trees, the hills, the animals, the *weather,* the quiet.

This country quality gives him, too, a kind of toughness that I don't often find in the young men I meet these days. I mustn't make him sound a bore—he is amiable and even witty—but . . . well, last night I took him and Polly to a gala Roman party; a lot of quite nice people were there as well as the inevitable floating trash you always find in Rome, and I saw him yawning in the faces of three duchesses—oh, not literally, but he *was* yawning. The odd thing about it was that he made me look around and wonder if *I* were really having a good time, or whether this was just a lot of nonsense. *Me,* old partygoing *me!* In any case, we all left soon afterward, and I was content. And all this morning I kept thinking, "I really must go back home, for a while at least." I felt I was *missing* something.

Well, enough. That was this *morning.* Now it is evening. I have recovered.

Here's the point: this strong, quiet fellow is excellent as a *change,* a sort of vacation from the life we know, that Polly knows. That's what makes him attractive.

But you can't make your whole life a vacation, can you? I have nothing against a tree, you understand, and I say good luck to anyone who adores them, but there is a certain sameness about trees, isn't there?

I think Polly realizes this, and that is why I say put away your fears. She's had a good month with Pete, but now time's up, and she is back in the world of people and interests and ideas. She's safe!

So there's your police report, dear Edward. Why don't you come over anyway, just for fun? Best love,

BETTINA.

To: JANET LEGENDRE

Rome, July 10

Dear Jan: Well. Here's my news. Tomorrow I am leaving this Old Homestead of Western Culture, this Attic of the Arts, this Eternal City and Cocktail Bar (combined) and going north. In other words, I'm leaving Rome and heading for Geneva. I should have done it long ago.

I don't see how anyone can live in this city. It is a city of only one color and that color is noise. You cannot sleep here, or think; you live in a bath of noise.

And you cannot move. The only way to get from one side of the street to the other is to wait for a bevy of nuns to come along and then conceal yourself in the middle of it. Sometimes that way you can get across, but only sometimes.

Oh, it is no good. I never should have come. I do not like the place or the people or the way they live. I never should have let you push me on that boat. It was all a mistake. If only I had stayed at home this never would have happened.

I would come right back, but I suppose since I am this near I will have to see Joe and Ellie

for a couple of days at least. But as soon as I can get a reservation—and clear permission to bring Helen; there may be some red tape about importing monkeys, you think?—I will be on a plane and home before you know it. Oh, I should never have left.

Ask Charlie to have the battery put back in my car, will you? Yrs.,

PETE.

To: EDWARD MACMILLAN

Rome, July 12

Dear Pop: I am writing this under difficulties, but I hope I will be able to make myself clear.

Pete left yesterday afternoon. You evidently know more about him than I thought, for Bettina told me of your letter. But whatever she wrote to you, understand this: she just couldn't know all his good qualities, because Bettina is *forty*, even if she doesn't look it, and that's just too *old* to know. You have to be young to perceive and explore the qualities of another person. After thirty you get callous, you just don't *care*.

Anyway, Pete left. That's the big statement. He took a train because the airlines wouldn't let him take Helen in the seat with him. I went to the station with them.

I'm trying to remember my feelings as we stood on the platform beside that *wagon-lit*. I think they were, to a large extent, feelings of relief.

I would now be able to do exactly as I pleased, get on with my work, not have to bother about anyone else.

I know that when the train left I turned quickly to walk through that beautiful station

Who recalls when folks used to git along without somethin' if it cost too much?
KIN HUBBARD

and get a taxi. But I fell. I had on a pair of those really awful heels, and one must have caught in something. I wasn't hurt, don't think that.

But my bag spilled all over everywhere, you can imagine, and I felt silly. However, kind hands pulled me up and restored all the junk to my bag and in just another minute I was in the taxi.

But this happened. When I got back to our hotel, I looked in the bag for my purse, and it was gone. There wasn't much in it, not more than ten dollars, but it was gone.

Dear pop, that did it. I can't explain, even to myself, what happened, but I broke up. I have never felt so alone in my life.

The concierge paid the taxi, and somehow, I don't know how, I got up to my room.

Oh, pop, I know this isn't going to sound right to you. I still had you, I still had all my friends, I still had everything I had had just a half an hour before. But I was now alone, alone, alone.

It was the worst time I have ever had in my life. I took off my shoes and walked, up and down, up and down in my room.

I thought of the future, all those *endless* years stretching ahead. What would happen to me?

Would I be like Bettina? She's been through three husbands and has nothing left but a trunkful of Chanel clothes. And no memories, except an address book. (Oh, you be careful of her, pop. She asked me many too many questions about you.)

I don't know how long this would have gone on, but suddenly there was a knock on the door. It was the little maid from the floor above, where Pete and Helen had lived. In her hands she had the can of Helen's food. Pete had forgot it.

Pop, have you ever had a revelation? Well, I had one that moment. I knew exactly what I was going to do.

I kissed the maid and gave her much too big a tip, and then I ran to my cupboard, pulled out all my suitcases and began packing. If the sun had been shining before I hadn't noticed, but suddenly my whole room was filled with brilliant light.

Well, pop, I said at the beginning I was writing under difficulties, and you can see I am. I do not know what is going to happen, but it is tomorrow now, and I am sitting in the lobby waiting for a taxi to take me to the airport. I am going to Geneva.

As soon as I know anything I will let you hear. Love, love,

POLLY.

To: JANET LEGENDRE

Geneva, July 14

Well, My Dear: The *things* that have been going on in this house. First of all, Pete arrived, and in the *most* filthy humor I have ever seen. Even Joe noticed it, and as you know, Joe never notices anything. I have had to put up with a great deal from your family, but this was the worst. If it hadn't been for that enchanting Helen I couldn't have stood it. With me, Helen is *in*.

And then that afternoon as we were having a cocktail, a perfectly strange girl arrived carrying a can of monkey food. Believe it or not, dear, that made all the difference.

Pete says you know everything about this, so I will assume you do. The only thing I can add is that Polly seems essentially quite a nice girl, for which thank heaven, as I have a feeling we're going to see a lot of her in future.

But right now her conversation is downright dull because all she talks about is that she and Pete are going to live in the country. And Pete says they're going to live in the *city*. In the country, in the city. In the country, in the city. Really. You'd think it mattered.

Oh, well, poor kids. I suppose it has got to happen to you once, at least.

But did I—you tell me the truth—did I ever look at Joe in the appalling, unashamed way that this girl looks at Pete? Did I?

I can't remember.

So—love from us all,

ELEANOR.

END

THE MISTRESS OF MELLYN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 46

He stretched his legs and turned his gaze from me to the tips of his boots. "You have come from London?"

"Yes," I answered.

"You'll miss the gaiety of the big city."

"I once lived in the country, so I know what to expect."

"Are you staying in Liskeard?"

I was not sure that I liked this catechism, but I remembered Phillida again: "You're far too gruff, Marty, with the opposite sex. You scare them off."

I decided I could at least be civil, so I answered, "No, not in Liskeard. I'm going to a little village on the coast called Mellyn."

"I see." His next words startled me. "I suppose a sensible young lady like you would not believe in second sight, and that sort of thing?"

"Why," I replied, "what an extraordinary question!"

"May I look at your palm?"

I hesitated. Could I offer my hand to a stranger in this way? Aunt Adelaide would suspect that some nefarious advances were about to be made.

He smiled. "I assure you that my only desire is to look into the future."

"But I don't believe in such things."

"Let me look anyway." He leaned forward and with a swift movement secured my hand, contemplating it with his head on one side. "I see," he said, "that you have come to a turning point in your life. You are moving into a strange new world which you will find entirely different from anything you have known before."

I smiled cynically. "You see me taking a journey. What would you say if I told you I was visiting relatives and could not possibly be moving into your strange new world?"

"I should say you were not a very truthful young lady." His smile was puckish. I could not help feeling a little liking for him. "No," he went on, "you are traveling to a new life, a new post. There's no mistake about that. You are going to a strange house, a house full of shadows. You will have to walk warily in that house, Miss—er ——" He waited, but I did not supply what he was asking for, and he went on: "I see a child there, and a man—perhaps it is the child's father. They are wrapped in shadows. There is someone else there . . . but perhaps she is already dead."

It was the deep sepulchral note in his voice rather than the words which momentarily unnerved me. I snatched my hand away. "What nonsense!" I said.

He ignored me and half closed his eyes. Then he went on: "You will need to watch little Alice, and your duties will extend beyond the care of her. You must most certainly beware of Alice."

I felt a faint tingling which began at the base of my spine and seemed to creep up to my neck. This, I supposed, was what is known as making one's flesh creep.

Little Alice! But her name was not Alice. It was Alvean. It had unnerved me for the moment because it had sounded similar. Then I felt irritated and a little angry. Was he laughing at me? He lay back against the upholstery of the carriage, his eyes still closed. I looked out the window as though he and his ridiculous fortunetelling were of not the slightest interest to me.

He opened his eyes then and took out his watch. He studied it gravely.

"In four minutes' time," he said briskly, "we shall pull into Liskeard. Allow me to assist you with your bags."

He took them down from the rack. "Miss Martha Leigh," was clearly written on the labels, "Mount Mellyn, Mellyn, Cornwall."

He did not appear to glance at these labels and I felt that he had lost interest in me.

When we came into the station, he alighted and set my bags on the platform. Then, with a deep bow, he left me.

While I was murmuring my thanks I saw an elderly man coming toward me, calling, "Miss Leigh! Be you Miss Leigh then?" and for the moment I forgot about my traveling companion.

I was facing a merry little man with a brown, wrinkled face and eyes of reddish brown; he wore a corduroy jacket and a sugar-loaf hat pushed to the back of his head. Ginger hair sprouted from under this, and his brows and mustache were of the same gingery color.

"Well, Miss," he said, "so I picked ye out then. Be these your bags? Give them to me.

John Wesley never rode in a railway train, never boarded a steamboat, never rode a bicycle, never used a typewriter, never saw a sewing machine, never used a fountain pen, never preached by electricity, never sent a telegram, never read a penny newspaper, never spoke through a telephone, and yet lived a fuller, richer life than thousands of people in these modern days.

You and me and old Cherry Pie 'ull soon be on our ways to home."

He took my bags and I walked behind him; but he soon fell into step beside me.

"Is the house far from here?" I asked.

"Old Cherry Pie'll carry us there all in good time," he answered as he loaded my bags into the trap and I climbed in beside him.

He seemed to be a garrulous man and I could not resist the temptation of trying to discover something about the people among whom I was going to live.

I said, "This house, Mount Mellyn, it sounds as though it is on a hill."

"Well, 'tis built on a cliff top, facing the sea. Mount Mellyn and Mount Widden are like twins. Two houses, standing defiant like, daring the sea to come and take 'em. But they'm built on firm rock."

"So there are two houses," I said. "We have near neighbors."

"In a manner of speaking. Nansellocks, who are at Mount Widden, have been there these last two hundred years. They be separated from us by more than a mile, and there's Mellyn Cove in between. The families have always been good neighbors until ——"

He stopped, and I prompted: "Until?"

"You'll hear fast enough."

I thought it was beneath my dignity to probe into such matters, so I changed the subject. "Do they keep many servants?" I asked.

"There be me and Mrs. Tapperty and my girls, Daisy and Kitty. We live in the rooms over the stables. In the house there's Mrs. Polgrey and Tom Polgrey and young Gilly. Not that you'd call her a servant. But they have her there and she passes for such."

"Gilly! That's an unusual name."

"Gillyflower. Reckon Jennifer Polgrey was a bit daft to give her a name like that. No wonder the child is what she is."

"Jennifer? Is that Mrs. Polgrey?"

"Nay! Jennifer was Mrs. Polgrey's girl. Great dark eyes and the littlest waist you ever saw. Kept herself to herself until one day she goes lying in the hay—or maybe the gillyflowers—with someone. Then before we know where we are, little Gilly's arrived; and Jennifer—her just walked into the sea one morning. We reckoned there wasn't much doubt who Gilly's father was."

I said nothing and, disappointed at my apparent lack of interest, he went on: "She wasn't the first. We knowed her wouldn't be the last. Geoffrey Nansellock left a trail of bastards wherever he went." He laughed and looked sideways at me. "No need for you to look so prim, Miss. Ghosts can't hurt a young lady, and that's all Master Geoffrey Nansellock is now—nothing more than a ghost."

"So he's dead too. He didn't . . . walk into the sea after Jennifer?"

That made Tapperty chuckle. "Not him! He was killed in a train accident. You must

have heard of that accident. It was just as the train was running out of Plymouth. It ran off the lines and over a bank. The slaughter was terrible. Mr. Geoff, he were on that train, and up to no good on it either. But that was the end of him."

"Well, I shall not meet him, but I shall meet Gillyflower, I suppose. And is that all the servants?"

"There be odd boys and girls—some for the gardens, some for the stables, some in the house. But it ain't what it was. Things changed since the mistress died."

"Mr. TreMellyn is a very sad man, I suppose."

Tapperty lifted his shoulders.

"How long is it since she died?" I asked.

"It would be a little more than a year, I reckon."

"And he has only just decided that he needs a governess for little Miss Alvean?"

"There have been three governesses so far. You be the fourth. They don't stay, none of them. Miss Bray and Miss Garrett, they said the place was too quiet. There was Miss Jansen—a real pretty creature. But she was sent away. Took what didn't belong to her. 'Twas a pity. We all liked her. She seemed to look on it as a privilege to live in Mount Mellyn. Old houses were her hobby, she used to tell us. Well, it seemed she had other hobbies besides, so out she went."

I turned my attention to the countryside. It was late August, and as we passed through lanes with banks on either side I caught occasional glimpses of fields of corn among which poppies and pimpernels grew; now and then we passed a cottage of gray Cornish stone which looked grim, I thought, and lonely.

I had my first glimpse of the sea through a fold in the hills, and I felt my spirits lifted. It seemed that the nature of the landscape changed. Flowers seemed to grow more plentifully on the banks; I could smell the scent of pine trees; and fuchsias grew by the roadside, their blossoms bigger than any we had ever been able to cultivate in our vicarage garden.

We turned off the road from a steep hill and went down and down nearer the sea. I saw that we were on a cliff road. Before us stretched a scene of breath-taking beauty. The cliff rose steep and straight from the sea on that indented coast; grasses and flowers grew there, and I saw sea pinks and red and white valerian mingling with the heather—rich, deep, purple heather.

At length we came to the house. It was like a castle, I thought, standing there on the cliff plateau—built of granite like many houses I had seen in these parts, but grand and noble—a house which had stood for several hundred years, and would stand for several hundred more.

"All this land belongs to the master," said Tapperty with pride. "And if you look across the cove, you'll see Mount Widden."

I did look, and saw the house. Like Mount Mellyn, it was built of gray stone. It was smaller in every way and of a later period. I did not give it much attention because now we were approaching Mount Mellyn, and that was obviously the house which was more interesting to me.

We had climbed to the plateau and a pair of intricately wrought-iron gates confronted us.

"Open up there!" shouted Tapperty.

There was a small lodge beside the gates, and at the door sat a woman knitting.

"Now, Gilly girl," she said, "you go and open the gates and save me poor old legs."

Then I saw the child who had been sitting at the old woman's feet. She rose obediently and came to the gate. She was an extraordinary-looking girl with long straight hair almost white in color, and wide blue eyes.

"Thanks, Gilly girl," said Tapperty as Cherry Pie went happily through the gates. "This be Miss, who's come to live here and take care of Miss Alvean."

I looked into a pair of blank blue eyes which stared at me with an expression impossible to fathom. The old woman came up to the gate and Tapperty said, "This be Mrs. Soady."

"Good day to you," said Mrs. Soady, "I hope you'll be happy here along of us."

"Thank you," I answered, forcing my gaze away from the woman to the child. "I hope so."

"Well, I do hope so," added Mrs. Soady. Then she shook her head as though she feared her hopes were somewhat futile.

I turned to look at the child, but she had disappeared. I wondered where she had gone, and the only place I could imagine was behind the bushes of hydrangeas which were bigger than any hydrangeas I had ever seen, and of deep blue, almost the color of the sea on this day.

"The child didn't speak," I observed as we went on up the drive.

"No. Her don't talk much. Sing, her do. Wander about on her own. But talk—not much."

The drive was about half a mile in length and on either side of it the hydrangeas bloomed. Fuchsias mingled with them, and I caught glimpses of the sea between the pine trees. Then I saw the house. Before it was a wide lawn, and on this two peacocks strutted before a peahen, their almost incredibly lovely tails fanned out behind them. Another sat perched on a stone wall; and there were two palm trees, tall and straight, one on either side of the porch.

The house was larger than I had thought when I had seen it from the cliff path. It was of three stories, but long and built in an L shape. The sun caught the glass of the mullioned windows and I immediately had the impression that I was being watched.

Tapperty took the gravel approach to the front porch, and when we reached it the door opened and I saw a woman standing there. She wore a white cap on her gray hair; she was tall, with a hooked nose, and as she had an obviously dominating manner, I did not need to be told that she was Mrs. Polgrey.

"I trust you've had a good journey, Miss Leigh," she said.

"Very good, thank you," I told her.

"And worn out and needing a rest, I'll be bound. Come along in. You shall have a nice cup of tea in my room. Leave your bags. I'll have them taken up."

I felt relieved. This woman dispelled the eerie feeling which had begun, I realized, since my encounter with the man in the train. Joe Tapperty had done little to disperse it, with his tales of death and suicide. But Mrs. Polgrey was a woman who would stand no nonsense, I was sure of that. She seemed to emit common sense, and perhaps because I was fatigued by the long journey I was pleased about this.

I thanked her and said I would greatly enjoy having a cup of tea, and she led the way into the house.

We were in an enormous hall which in the past must have been used as a banqueting room. The floor was of flagged stone, and the timbered roof was so lofty that I felt it must extend to the top of the house. The beams were beautifully carved. At one end of the hall was a dais, and at the back of this a great open fireplace.

"It's magnificent," I said involuntarily; and Mrs. Polgrey was pleased.

"I superintend all the polishing of the furniture myself," she told me. "Beeswax and turpentine, that's the mixture, and nothing like *it*. All made by myself."

"It certainly does you credit," I complimented her.

I followed her to the end of the hall where there was a door. She opened this and a short flight of some half dozen steps confronted us. To the left was a door which she indicated and, after a moment's hesitation, opened.

"The chapel," she said, and I caught a glimpse of blue slate flagstones, an altar and a few pews. There was a smell of dampness about the place. She shut the door quickly. "We don't use it nowadays," she said. "We go to the Mellyn church in the village, just beyond Mount Widden."

We went up the stairs and into a room which I saw was a dining room. It was vast and the walls were hung with tapestry. Through the enormous windows I saw a walled courtyard.

"This is not *your* part of the house," Mrs. Polgrey told me, "but I thought I would take you round the front of the house to my room. It's as well you know the lay of the land, as they say."

I thanked her, understanding that this was a tactful way of telling me that as a governess I would not be expected to mingle with the family.

We passed through the dining room to yet another flight of stairs and, mounting these, came to what seemed like a more intimate sitting room. I could see that the furniture was mostly antique and that it all gleamed with beeswax and turpentine and Mrs. Polgrey's loving care.

"This is the punch room," she said. "It has always been called so because it is here that the family retires to take punch. We follow the old customs still in this house."

At the end of this room was another flight of stairs; there was no door leading to them, merely a heavy brocade curtain which Mrs. Polgrey drew aside. When we had mounted these stairs we were in a gallery, the walls of which were lined with portraits.

There were several doors leading from the gallery, but we went quickly along it to one of those at the far end. As we passed through it, I saw that we were in a different wing of the house—the servants' quarters, I imagined, because the spaciousness was missing.

"This," said Mrs. Polgrey, "will be *your* part of the house. You will find a staircase at the end of this corridor which leads to the nurseries. Your room is up there. But first come to my sitting room and we'll have tea."

"I fear it will take some time to learn my way about the house," I said.

"You'll know it in next to no time. But when you go out you won't go the way I brought you up. You'll use one of the other doors; when you've unpacked and rested awhile, I'll show you."

"You're very kind."

"Well, I do want to make you happy here with us. Miss Alvean needs discipline. If you show us that you can look after the child, you'll be more than welcome here."

"I gather I have had several predecessors." She looked a trifle blank and I went on quickly: "There have been other governesses."

"Oh, yes. Not much good, any of them. Miss Jansen was the best, but it seemed she had habits. You could have knocked me down with a feather. Well, I suppose appearances are deceptive, as they say. Miss Celestine was real upset when it came out."

"Miss Celestine?"

"The young lady at Widden. Miss Celestine Nansellock. She's often here. A quiet young lady, and she loves the place. If I as much as move a piece of furniture she knows it. That's why she and Miss Jansen seemed to get on. Both interested in old houses, you see. You'll meet her. Scarcely a day passes when she's not here. There's some of us that think —— Oh, my, I'm letting my tongue run away with me, and you longing for that cup of tea."

She threw open the door of the room and it was like stepping into another world. There were antimacassars on the chairs. There was a whatnot in the corner, filled with china ornaments, including a glass slipper, a gold pig and a cup with "A present from Weston" inscribed on it. It seemed almost impossible to move in a room so crammed with furniture.

Mrs. Polgrey looked at the main table and tutted in exasperation; then she went to the bell rope and pulled it. It was only a few minutes later when a black-haired girl with saucy eyes appeared carrying a tray on which were a silver teapot, a spirit lamp, cups and saucers, milk and sugar.

"And about time, too," said Mrs. Polgrey. "Put it here, Daisy."

Daisy gave me a look which almost amounted to a wink. I did not wish to offend Mrs. Polgrey, so I pretended not to notice.

Then Mrs. Polgrey said, "This is Daisy, Miss. You can tell her if you find anything is not to your liking."

"Thank you, Mrs. Polgrey, and thank you, Daisy."

They both looked somewhat startled and Daisy dropped a little curtsy, of which she seemed half ashamed, and went out.

"Nowadays ——" murmured Mrs. Polgrey, and lighted the spirit lamp.

I watched her unlock the cabinet and take out the tea canister, which she set on the tray.

"Dinner," she went on, "is served at eight. Yours will be brought to your room. But I thought you would be needing a little reviver. So when you've had this and seen your room, I'll introduce you to Miss Alvean."

"What would she be doing at this time of day?"

Mrs. Polgrey frowned. "She'll be off somewhere by herself. Master don't like it. That's why 'e ,be anxious for her to have a governess."

Mrs. Polgrey measured the tea into the pot. "So much depends on whether she takes a fancy to you or not. She's unaccountable."

She stirred the tea in the pot, put on the tea cozy and asked, "Cream? Sugar?"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 132

A Dream of a Bride...

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53

THESE WEDDING ARRANGEMENTS and trousseaux may be estimated to cost from as little as $408.50 up to and somewhat exceeding $500.00, depending on which wedding dress a bride chooses, whether engraved or printed invitations are chosen, and which menus. Make your own selections and estimates from the following lists, consulting the menus for refreshments on page 60.

The Journal's April bride can choose dotted Swiss, as shown on page 52	$30.00
Her veil on a calotte of forget-me-nots	10.00
Short white kid gloves	2.00
White kid slippers	6.00
Total	$48.00

OR

Beautiful white silk damask	$45.00
Her veil and headdress	10.00
Short white kid gloves	2.00
Shoes of silk damask to match her dress	9.00
Total	$66.00

Her trousseau (and summer wardrobe) lines up like this:	
The pale beige tweedy coat	$45.00
Hearts-and-flowers printed cotton piqué	14.95
Black silk and acetate dress with printed silk jacket	25.00
White permanently pleated Arnel dress	10.95
White cotton sweater	8.95
Printed silk dress	30.00
Beige tweed suit	39.95
Total	$174.80

To these irresistible essentials, she must add two handbags: one a practical large white all-summer bag, about $5.00; the other a fold-over purse, about $3.00	$ 8.00
A pair of beige kid pumps which will go with her coat and suit and the print silk dress	6.00
A coral chiffon scarf	3.00
A pair of short white cotton gloves, about	1.00
And a white piqué beret	3.00
Total	$ 21.00
which, added to the costume costs, totals	$195.80
The bride who wears cotton (total $48.00, see above) will therefore be spending for wedding dress and trousseau	$243.80
The one who wears the silk damask (total $66.00) will have wedding dress and trousseau for	$261.80

OTHER ATTRACTIVE ADDITIONS can be made as well. Many brides would like to have a pair of black patent-leather sandals to wear with the black jacket dress or the print silk, simple chalk-white beads to go with her cottons, a heart pin of cultured pearls to wear on her wedding dress. Daytime bridegrooms, by the way, are correctly dressed in navy-blue suits when striped trousers and cutaways are not worn. Tuxedos are not correct.

Cost of Wedding

	Low	High	Average
FLOWERS—Flowering branches for altar of the average-size church	$ 7.00	$ 7.00	$ 7.00
MUSIC—Accordion for the reception	15.00	25.00	20.00
CHURCH fee to organist	10.00	15.00	12.50
CHURCH fee to sexton or custodian	10.00	10.00	10.00
PHOTOGRAPHER	40.00	50.00	45.00
REFRESHMENTS—approximate costs for punch, sandwiches, and wedding cake at hotels for 50 guests	75.00	100.00	87.50
INVITATION AND RECEPTION CARDS—in Photo-plate Thermography (raised printing), depending on the quality of paper	18.00	38.00	28.00
TOTAL	$175.00	$245.00	$210.00

WITH REFRESHMENTS prepared at home for 50 guests (see menus on page 60) costing: low, $64.70; high, $119.21; average, $91.95, the total costs would be:

$164.70 $264.21 $214.45

WITH ENGRAVED INVITATIONS and reception cards coming to: low, $51.50; high, $63.00; average, $57.25, and refreshments at local inns or hotels, the totals would be:

$208.50 $270.00 $239.25

WITH ENGRAVED INVITATIONS and refreshments prepared at home (at prices quoted above), the costs would be:

$198.20 $289.21 $243.70

Top an elegant evening . . . or the late, late show by saying goodnight with thin-cut slices of Virginia Ham spread with Gulden's Seasoning Mustard. Then delicately broil. Too hungry to wait? Try ham on rye—slathered with Gulden's. Your evening—your companion—the food you serve—rate the finest—Gulden's Mustard.

Try Gulden's American—delightful mellow flavor . . . has no peer at any price.

MUSTARD MASTERS SINCE 1862 . . . **GULDEN'S** MUSTARD—A SPICE SHELF IN ITSELF

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 130

"Yes, please," I said.

"I always do say," she remarked, as though she thought I needed some consolation, "there ain't nothing like a good cup of tea."

We ate tea biscuits with the tea, and these Mrs. Polgrey took from a tin which she kept in her cabinet. I gathered, as we sat together, that Connan TreMellyn, the master, was away.

"He has an estate farther west," Mrs. Polgrey told me. "Penzance way. Left him by his wife, it were. Now *she* was one of the Pendletons."

"When does he return?" I asked.

She looked faintly shocked, and I knew that I had offended because she said in a somewhat haughty way, "He will come back in his own time."

Presumably it was not good form for a governess to ask questions about the master of the house. It was all very well for Mrs. Polgrey to speak of him; she was a privileged person. I could see that I must hastily adjust myself to my new position.

Very soon after that she took me up to my room. It was large, with big windows equipped with window seats from which there was a good view of the front lawn. My bed was a four-poster. There were rugs on the floor, the boards of which were so highly polished that the rugs looked somewhat dangerous. There were a tallboy and a chest of drawers; and I noticed that there was a door in addition to the one by which I had entered.

Mrs. Polgrey followed my gaze. "The schoolroom," she said. "And beyond that is Miss Alvean's room."

Looking round the room, I saw that there was a screen in one corner, and as I approached this I noticed that it shielded a hip bath.

"If you want hot water at any time," she said, "ring the bell and Daisy or Kitty will bring it to you."

"Thank you." I looked at the open fireplace and pictured a roaring fire there on winter days. "I can see I'm going to be very comfortable here."

"It's a pleasant room. You'll be the first governess to have it. The other governesses used to sleep in a room on the other side of Miss Alvean's room. It was Miss Celestine who thought this would be better. It's a more pleasant room, I must say."

"Then I owe thanks to Miss Celestine."

"A very pleasant lady. She thinks the world of Miss Alvean." Mrs. Polgrey shook her head significantly and I wondered whether she was thinking that it was only a year since the master's wife had died, and that perhaps one day he would marry again. Who more suitable to be his wife than this neighbor who was so fond of Miss Alvean?

"Would you like to wash your hands and unpack? But perhaps first you would like to take a look at the schoolroom."

"Thank you, Mrs. Polgrey," I said, "but I think I'll wash and unpack first."

"Very well. And perhaps you'd like a little rest. Traveling is so fatiguing. Well, I'll be leaving you. If you cared for a stroll in the grounds before dinner you could take it. Ring for Daisy or Kitty and whoever is free will show you the stairs you will use in future. It will take you down to the kitchen garden, but you can easily get from there to wherever you want to go. Don't 'ee forget, though—dinner at eight."

As soon as she had gone, the strangeness of the house seemed to envelop me. I was aware of silence—the eerie silence of an ancient house.

I went to the window and looked out. It seemed a long time ago that I had driven up to the house with Tapperty. I looked at the watch pinned to my blouse and saw that it was just past six o'clock. Two hours to dinner. I wondered whether to ring for Daisy or Kitty and ask for hot water; but I found my eyes turning to the other door in my room, the one which led to the schoolroom.

The schoolroom was, after all, my domain, and I had a right to inspect it, so I opened the door. The room was larger than my bedroom, but it had the same type of windows, all fitted with window seats on which were red plush cushions. There was a table in the center of the room. I went over to it and saw that there were scratches on it, and splashes of ink, so I guessed that this was the table where generations of TreMellyns had learned their lessons.

A few books lay on the table. I examined them. They were children's readers, containing the sort of stories and articles which looked as if they were of an uplifting nature. There was an exercise book on which was scrawled "Alvean TreMellyn. Arithmetic." I opened it and saw several sums, to most of which had been given the wrong answers. Idly turning the pages, I came to a sketch of a girl, and immediately I recognized Gilly, the child whom I had seen at the lodge gates.

"Not bad," I muttered. "So our Alvean is an artist. That's something."

I closed the book. I had the strange feeling, which I had had as soon as I entered the grounds, that I was being watched.

IT WILL BE BEST

By BETTY JANE BALCH

I shall not welcome April any
longer
As once I did, nor shall I take our
walk,
Up the tall cobbled hill on windy
evenings,
For surely I would hear you laugh
and talk.
It will be best avoiding all such
places:
There would be you, and more
you, everywhere,
I should but see you kneeling to
feed pigeons
And see the star-dust halo on your
hair;
And yet, my dear, with all this
careful scheming,
I had forgotten that there still is
dreaming.

"Alvean!" I called on impulse. "Are you there, Alvean? Alvean, where are you hiding?"

There was no answer and I flushed with embarrassment, feeling rather absurd in the silence.

Abruptly I turned and went back to my room. I rang the bell, and when Daisy appeared I asked her for hot water.

By the time I had unpacked my bags and hung up my things it was approaching eight o'clock and precisely as the stable clock finished striking the hour Kitty appeared at the door with my tray. On it were a leg of roast chicken with vegetables and, under a pewter cover, an egg custard.

Daisy said, "Are you having it in here, Miss, or in the schoolroom?"

I decided against sitting in that room where I felt I was overlooked.

"Here, please, Daisy," I answered. Then, because Daisy looked the sort of person who wanted to talk, I added, "Where is Miss Alvean? It seems strange that I have not seen her yet."

"She's a bad 'un," cried Daisy. "Her heard new Miss was coming, and so off her goes. Master be away and we don't know where her be until the houseboy comes over from Mount Widden to tell we that she be over there—calling on Miss Celestine and Master Peter, if you do please."

"I see. A sort of protest at having a new governess."

Daisy came near and nudged me. "Miss Celestine do spoil the child. Dotes on her so's you'd think she was her own daughter. Listen! That do sound like the carriage." Daisy was at the window, beckoning to me.

I felt I ought not to stand at the window with a servant, spying on what was happening below, but the temptation was too strong. So I stood beside Daisy and saw them getting out of the carriage—a young woman whom I judged to be of my own age, and a child. I scarcely looked at the woman; my attention was all on the child. This was Alvean, on whom my success depended.

From what I could see, she looked ordinary enough. She was somewhat tall for her eight years; her light brown hair had been plaited and wound round her head. She was wearing a dress of brown gingham with white stockings and black shoes with ankle straps. She looked like a miniature woman, and for some vague reason my spirits fell.

Oddly enough, she seemed to be conscious that she was being watched, and glanced upward. Involuntarily I stepped back, but I was sure she had seen the movement. I felt at a disadvantage before we had met.

I went to the table and, sitting down, began to eat my dinner. Daisy was about to go when there was a knock on the door and Kitty entered.

She grimaced at her sister and grinned rather familiarly at me. "Oh, Miss," she said, "Mrs. Polgrey says that when you'm finished will you go down to the punch room. Miss Nansellock be there and her would like to see you, Miss Alvean have come home."

"I will come when I have finished my dinner," I said.

I rose and went to the mirror which stood on my dressing table. I saw that I was unusually flushed and that this suited me; it made my eyes look decidedly the color of amber. It was fifteen minutes since Daisy and Kitty had left and I imagined that Mrs. Polgrey, Alvean and Miss Nansellock would be impatiently awaiting my coming. But I had no intention of becoming the poor little drudge that so many governesses were. If Alvean were what I believed her to be, she needed to be shown, at the start, that I was in charge and must be treated with respect.

I rang the bell and Daisy appeared. She led the way to the punch room through which I had passed with Mrs. Polgrey on my way to my own quarters. She drew aside the curtains and, with a dramatic gesture, cried, "Here be Miss!"

Mrs. Polgrey was seated in one of the tapestry-backed chairs, and Celestine Nansellock was in another. Alvean was standing. She looked, I thought, dangerously demure.

"Ah," said Mrs. Polgrey, rising, "here is Miss Leigh. Miss Nansellock have been waiting to see you." There was a faint reproach in her voice. I knew what it meant. I, a mere governess, had kept a *lady* waiting.

"How do you do?" I asked.

They looked surprised. I suppose I should have curtsied or made some gesture to show that I was conscious of my menial position. I was aware of the blue eyes of the child fixed upon me; indeed, I was aware of little but Alvean in those first few moments. Her eyes were startlingly blue. I thought, *She will be a beauty when she grows up.*

Celestine Nansellock was standing by Alvean, and she laid a hand on her shoulder. "Miss Alvean came over to see us," she said. "We're great friends. I'm Miss Nansellock of Mount Widden. You may have seen the house."

"I did so on my journey from the station."

"I trust you will not be cross with Alvean."

Alvean bristled and her eyes glinted.

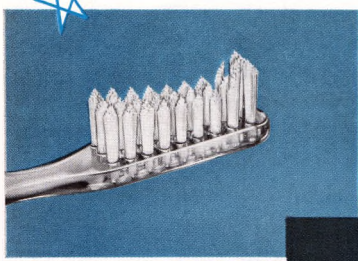
I answered, looking straight into those defiant blue eyes, "I could hardly scold for what happened before my arrival, could I?"

For the first time I gave my attention solely to Celestine Nansellock. She was taller than I, but by no standards a beauty. Her hair was of a nondescript brown and her eyes were hazel. There was little color in her face and I decided she had little personality, but perhaps she was overshadowed by the defiance of Alvean and the conventional dignity of Mrs. Polgrey.

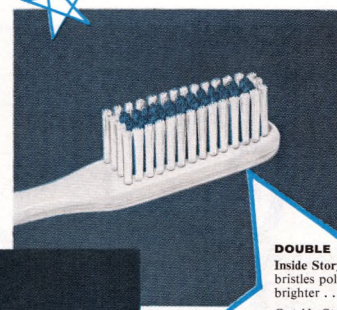
CONTINUED ON PAGE 135

Here are the tooth brush types America likes best and...

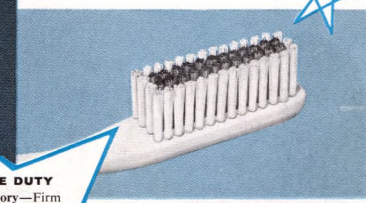
every one a PRO



PRO TUFTED
Firm nylon bristles—longer at the end—clean between teeth. 69¢

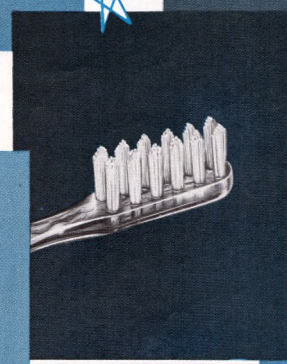


PRO DOUBLE DUTY (All Nylon)
Revolution in design. First professionally-planned tooth brush. 89¢

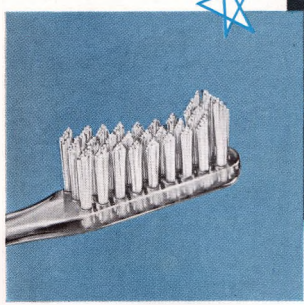


PRO DOUBLE DUTY (Natural Bristle Center)
Same as regular PRO Double Duty with center rows of firm, natural bristles. 89¢

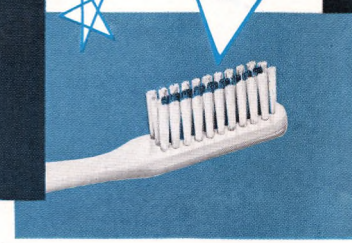
DOUBLE DUTY
Inside Story—Firm bristles polish teeth brighter . . .
Outside Story—Gentle bristles massage gums safely, automatically.



PRO NATURAL BRISTLE
Thousands prefer natural bristle and fewer bristles, hence this handy 2-row PRO. 79¢



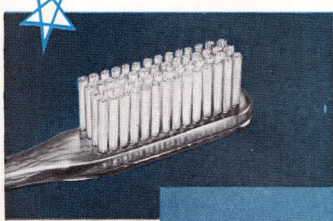
PRO NATURAL BRISTLE TUFTED
Those long bristles really remove food particles that cause bad breath and decay. 79¢



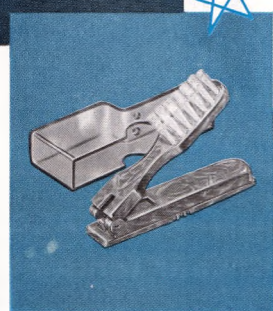
PRO CHILD'S DOUBLE DUTY
All the advantages of revolutionary PRO Double Duty brush with smaller handle and head. 49¢

PRO TOTE DOUBLE DUTY
A folding pocket size of famous PRO *Double Duty Tooth Brush. Finest* tooth care—anywhere! Kit with tooth brush and paste. $1.19

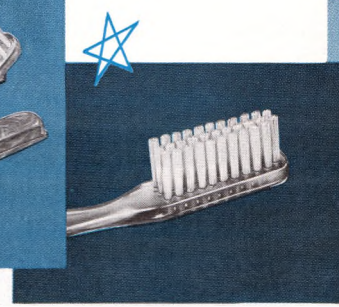
How old is the tooth brush you're using now? Isn't it time for a crisp, thorough-cleaning new PRO? Look this page over brush by brush. Make your choice, then go to your favorite store and buy a new PRO brush!



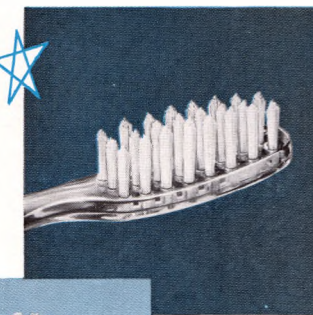
PRO "69"
Straight-trimmed bristles, compactly grouped, polish as they clean. 69¢



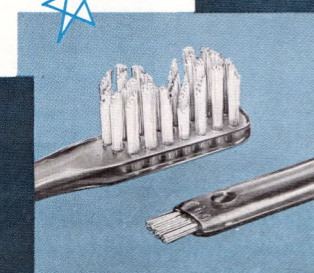
PRO TOTE BRUSH
Now you CAN brush after every meal! This full-sized tooth brush folds and fits into pocket or purse. "Pockette" shown. 69¢
Kit with paste $1.



PRO CHILD'S BRUSH
One of many styles designed specifically to fit a child's mouth. True PRO craftsmanship. Smaller handle. 39¢



PRO OVAL
Hard-textured nylon bristles do a superior polishing job. 69¢



PRO DENTURE BRUSH
Scientifically designed to clean dental plates thoroughly. Note tuft on handle. 69¢

Made by the makers of
JEWELITE Hair Brushes and PRO Combs

PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH CO.,
Florence, Mass.

now a CANNON FASHION SHOW

new designs • coordinated patterns • fresh ideas

New "Fanfare," twin size, about 4.49. (Cannon Combspun Percales are all cotton.) Be sure to see the matching Cannon towel.

New "Elegance," twin size, about 4.95. Pastel, twin fitted, about 3.49

New "Shangri La," twin size, about 5.49. White, twin fitted, about 2.98

CANNON COMBSPUN® PERCALES are woven to feel smoother, wear longer. That's the beauty of Cannon's Combspun process.

see the difference · feel the difference · enjoy the difference for years CANNON

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 132

"I do hope," she said, "that if you need my advice about anything, Miss Leigh, you won't hesitate to call on me. You see, I am quite a near neighbor and I think I am looked on here as one of the family."

"You are very kind. I suppose the first thing to do is to get Alvean to bed. It must be past her bedtime."

Celestine smiled. "Indeed it is. She usually has her milk and biscuits in the schoolroom at half past seven. It is now well past eight. But tonight I will look after her. I suggest that you return to your room, Miss Leigh. You must be weary after your journey."

Before I could speak Alvean cried out, "No, Celestine. I want *her* to. She's my governess. She should, shouldn't she?"

A hurt look appeared in Celestine's face, and Alvean could not repress the triumph in hers. I felt I understood. The child wanted to feel her own power; she wanted to prevent Celestine from superintending her retirement simply because Celestine wished so much to do it.

"Oh, very well," said Celestine. "Then there's no further need for me to stay."

She was looking at Alvean as though she wanted her to beg her to stay, but Alvean's curious gaze was all for me.

"Good night," she said flippantly. And to me: "Come on. I'm hungry."

"You've forgotten to thank Miss Nansellock for bringing you back," I told her.

"I didn't forget," she retorted. "I never forget anything."

"Then your memory is a great deal better than your manners," I said.

They were astonished—all of them. Perhaps I was a little astonished myself. But I knew that if I were going to assume control of this child I should have to be firm.

Her face flushed and her eyes grew hard. She was about to retort, but, not knowing how to do so, she ran out of the room.

"Miss Leigh," said Celestine earnestly, "it will be necessary for you to go carefully with that child. She has lost her mother . . . quite recently." Celestine's lips trembled. She smiled at me. "It is such a short time ago and the tragedy seems near. She was a dear friend of mine."

"I understand," I replied. "I shall not be harsh with the child, but I can see she needs discipline."

"Be careful, Miss Leigh." Celestine had taken a step closer and laid a hand on my arm. "Children are delicate creatures."

"I shall do my best for Alvean," I answered.

"I wish you good luck." She smiled and then turned to Mrs. Polgrey. "I'll be going now. I want to get back before dark."

Mrs. Polgrey rang the bell and Daisy appeared.

"Take Miss to her room, Daisy," she commanded. "And has Miss Alvean got her milk and biscuits?"

"Yes, ma'am," was the answer.

I said good night to Celestine Nansellock. Then I left with Daisy.

I went into the schoolroom where Alvean sat at a table drinking milk and eating biscuits. She deliberately ignored me as I went to the table and sat beside her.

"Alvean," I said, "if we're going to get along together, we'd better come to an understanding. We shall all be happier if we do."

Alvean shrugged her shoulders. "If we don't," she told me brusquely, "you'll have to go. I'll have another governess. It's of no account to me."

Her eyes were malicious and I wanted to slap her. "It should be of the greatest account," I answered, "because it is far more pleasant to live in harmony than in discord with those about us."

"What does it matter, if they're *not* about us—if we can have them sent away?"

"Kindness matters more than anything in the world."

She smiled into her milk and finished it.

"Now," I said, "to bed."

I rose with her and she said, "I go to bed by myself. I am not a baby, you know."

"Perhaps I thought you were younger than you are because you have so much to learn."

She considered that. Then she gave that shrug of her shoulders which I was to discover was characteristic.

"Good night," she said, dismissing me.

"I'll come and say good night when you are in bed."

"There's no need."

"Nevertheless, I'll come."

She opened the door which led to her room. I turned and went into mine.

I felt depressed because I was realizing the size of the problem before me. I had no experience of handling children and not until I had come face to face with Alvean had I realized that I might not succeed with this job. I tried not to look down the years ahead when I might slip from one post to another, never giving satisfaction. What happened to women like myself, women who, without those attractions which were so important, were forced to battle against the world for a chance to live?

I walked up and down, trying to control my emotions. I went to the window and looked out across the lawns. I could see Mount Widden across the cove. Two houses standing there over many years; generations of Nansellocks, generations of TreMellyns and their lives intermingled so that it could well be that the story of one house was the story of the other.

"We're getting up a petition asking parents in the neighborhood to raise their sons' allowances."

I turned from the window and went through the schoolroom to Alvean's room.

"Alvean," I whispered. There was no answer. But she lay there in the bed, her eyes tightly shut, too tightly. I bent over her. "Good night, Alvean. We're going to be friends, you know," I murmured.

There was no answer. She was pretending to be asleep.

Exhausted as I was, my rest was broken that night. I would fall into sleep and then awake startled. I repeated this several times until I was fully awake.

I lay in bed and looked about my room in which the furniture showed up in intermittent moonlight like dim figures. I had a feeling that I was not alone; that there were whispering voices about me. I had an impression that there had been tragedy in this house which still hung over it.

I determined to discover the reason for Alvean's demeanor. I determined to make her a happy, normal child.

It was light before sleep came; the coming of day comforted me because I was afraid of the darkness in this house. It was childish, but it was true.

I had breakfast in the schoolroom with Alvean, who told me, with pride, that when her father was at home she had breakfast with him.

Later we settled to work, and I discovered that she was an intelligent child; she had read more than most children of her age and her eyes would light up with interest in her lessons almost in spite of her determination to preserve a lack of harmony between us. My spirits began to rise.

Luncheon consisted of boiled fish and rice pudding, and afterward when Alvean volunteered to take me for a walk, I felt I was getting on better with her.

There were woods on the estate, and she said she wished to show them to me. I was delighted and gladly followed her through the trees.

"Look," she cried, picking a crimson flower and holding it out to me. "Do you know what this is?"

"It's betony, I believe."

She nodded. "You should pick some and keep it in your room, Miss. It keeps evil away."

I laughed. "That's an old superstition. Why should I want to keep evil away?"

"Everybody should." She was placing the flower in the buttonhole of my coat. I was rather touched. Her face looked gentle and I had a notion that she felt a sudden protective feeling toward me.

"Thank you, Alvean," I said gently.

She looked at me and all the softness vanished from her face. It was defiant and full of mischief.

"You can't catch me," she cried; and off she ran.

I did not attempt to do so. I called, "Alvean, come here." But she disappeared through the trees and I heard her mocking laughter in the distance.

I decided to return to the house, but the wood was thick, and I was not sure of my direction.

I walked back a little way, but it seemed to me that it was not the direction from which we had come. A panic seized me, but I told myself this was absurd. It was a sunny afternoon and I could not be half an hour's walk from the house.

Then I heard singing; it was a strange voice, slightly off key, and the fact that the song was one of those which were being sung in drawing rooms all over the country did nothing to reassure me.

"Alice, where art thou?
One year back this even
And thou wert by my side.
Vowing to love me,
Alice, what e'er may betide ——"

"Who is there?" I called.

There was no answer, but in the distance I caught a glimpse of a child with lint-white hair, and I knew that it was only little Gilly, who had stared at me from the hydrangea bushes by the lodge gates.

I walked swiftly on and after a while the trees grew less dense and through them I saw the road. I came out into this and realized that I was on the slope which led up to the plateau and the lodge gates.

Mrs. Soady was sitting at the door of the lodge as she had been when I arrived, her knitting in her hands.

"Why, Miss," she called, "so you've been out walking then?"

"I went for a walk with Miss Alvean. We lost each other in the woods."

"Ah, yes. So her run away, did her." Mrs. Soady shook her head, as she came to the gate trailing her ball of wool behind her.

"I expect she'll find her way home," I said, hopefully.

"My dear life, yes. There ain't an inch of them woods Miss Alvean don't know. Oh, I see you've got yourself a piece of betony. Like as not 'tis as well."

"Miss Alvean picked it and insisted on putting it in my buttonhole."

"There now! You be friends already."

"I heard the little girl Gilly, singing in the woods," I said.

"I don't doubt 'ee. Her's always singing in the woods."

"I called to her, but she didn't come."

"Timid as a doe, she be."

"Well, I think I'll be getting along. Good-by, Mrs. Soady."

"Good day to 'ee, Miss."

I was hot and tired when I reached the house. I went straight up to my room and rang for water, and when I had washed and brushed my hair went into the schoolroom where tea was waiting for me.

Alvean sat at the table; she looked demure and made no reference to our afternoon's adventure, nor did I.

After tea I said to her, "I don't know what rules your other governesses made, but I propose we do our lessons in the morning, have a break between luncheon and tea, and then start again from five o'clock until six, when we will read together."

Alvean did not answer; she was studying me intently.

Then suddenly she said, "Miss, do you like my name? Have you ever known anyone else called Alvean?"

I said I liked the name and had never heard it before.

"It's Cornish. Do you know what it means?"

"I have no idea."

"Then I will tell you. My father can speak and write Cornish." She looked wistful when she spoke of her father, and I thought, *He at least is one person she admires and for whose approval she is eager.* She went on: "In Cornish, Alvean means Little Alice."

"Oh!" I said, and my voice shook a little.

She came to me and placed her hands on my knees; she looked up into my face and said solemnly, "You see, Miss, my mother was Alice. She isn't here any more. But I was called after her. That's why I am Little Alice."

I stood up because I could no longer bear the scrutiny of the child. I went to the window. I was remembering the mocking eyes of the man on the train, the man who had warned me that I should have to beware of Alice.

Three days after my arrival at Mount Mellyn, the master of the house returned.

I had slipped into a routine as far as my duties were concerned. Alvean and I did lessons each morning after breakfast, and I found her a good pupil. It was not that she meant to please me; it was merely that her desire for knowledge was so acute that she could not deny it. I believe that there was some idea in her head that if she could learn all I knew she could then confront her father with the question: Since there is no more Miss can teach me, is there any point in her remaining here?

I often thought of tales I had heard of governesses whose declining years were made happy by those whom they had taught as children. No such happy fate would be mine—at least as far as Alvean was concerned.

I had been shocked when I first heard the name of Alice mentioned, and after the daylight had passed I would consequently feel that the house was full of eerie shadows. That was pure fancy, of course. It had been a bad beginning, meeting that man in the train with his talk of second sight.

I did wonder, when I was alone in my room and the house was quiet, of what Alice had died. She must have been quite a young woman. It was, I told myself, because she was so recently dead—for after all, a year is not a very long time—that her presence seemed to haunt the place.

Bad will be the day for every man when he becomes absolutely contented with the life that he is living, with the thoughts that he is thinking, with the deeds that he is doing, when there is not forever beating at the doors of his soul some great desire to do something larger, which he knows that he was meant and made to do because he is still, in spite of all, the child of God.

PHILLIPS BROOKS

I would wake in the night to hear what I thought were voices, and they seemed to be moaning: "Alice. Alice. Where is Alice?"

I went to my window and listened, and the whispering voices seemed to be carried on the air.

This was the state of affairs when Connan TreMellyn returned to Mount Mellyn.

It was afternoon when he arrived. Alvean had gone off by herself and I had sent for hot water to wash before I went for a stroll. Kitty brought it and I noticed the difference in her from the moment she entered the room. Her black eyes gleamed.

"Master be home," she said.

I tried not to show that I was faintly disturbed; and at that moment Daisy put her head round the door. The sisters looked very much alike just then. They changed subtly when they were in the presence of the opposite sex and I understood what that meant. Their excitement over the return of the master, of whom I gathered everyone was in awe, led me to one conclusion, and I felt faintly disgusted, not only with them but with myself for entertaining such thoughts.

Is he that sort of man, then? I was asking myself.

"He came in half an hour ago," said Kitty.

They were studying me speculatively and once more I thought I read their thoughts.

I said coolly, "Well, I'll wash my hands and then I am going for a walk."

I put on my hat, and even as I went out quickly by way of the back stairs I sensed the change. Mr. Polgrey was busy in the gardens, and the two boys who came in from the village were working as though their lives depended on it. Tapperty was cleaning out the stables, so intent on his work that he did not notice me. There was no doubt that the whole household was in awe of the master.

At half past three I went back to the house, and as I was mounting the back stairs to my quarters Daisy came running after me.

"Master have been asking for you, Miss. He do wish to see you. He be waiting in the punch room."

I inclined my head and said, "I will take off my things and then go to the punch room."

In my room I took off my hat and smoothed my hair. My eyes were certainly amber today. They were resentful, which seemed ridiculous before I had met the man. I told myself as I went down that I had built up a picture of him because of certain looks I had seen in the faces of those two flighty girls. I had already assured myself that poor Alice had died of a broken heart because she had found herself married to a philanderer.

I knocked at the door.

"Come in." His voice was strong—arrogant, I called it.

He was standing with his back to the fireplace and I was immediately conscious of his

great height; he was well over six feet tall, and the fact that he was so thin—one could almost say gaunt—accentuated this. His hair was black, but his eyes were light. His hands were thrust into the pockets of his riding breeches and he wore a dark blue coat with a white cravat. There was an air of careless elegance about him as though he cared nothing for his clothes but could not help looking well in them.

He gave an impression of both strength and cruelty. There was sensuality in that face, I decided, but there was much else which was hidden.

"So, Miss Leigh, at last we meet."

He did not advance to greet me, and his manner seemed insolent as though he were reminding me that I was only a governess.

"It does not seem a long time," I answered, "for I have been in your house only a few days."

"Well, let us not dwell on the time it has taken us to get together. Now you are here, let that suffice."

His light eyes surveyed me mockingly, so that I felt awkward and unattractive. "Mrs. Polgrey gives me good reports of you."

"That is kind of her."

"Why should it be kind of her to tell me the truth? I expect that from my employees."

"I meant that she has been kind to me and that has helped to make this good report possible."

"I see that you are a woman who does not use the ordinary cliches of conversation, but means what she says."

"I hope so."

"Good. I have a feeling that we shall get on well together."

His eyes were taking in each detail of my appearance, I knew. "Tell me," he said, "how do you find my daughter? Backward?"

"By no means. She is extremely intelligent, but I find her in need of discipline."

"I am sure you will be able to supply that lack."

"I intend to try."

"Of course. That is why you are here. If you wish to make any alterations in the . . . curriculum, I think is the word, you must do so."

"Thank you."

"I believe in experiments. If your methods have not made an improvement in say . . . six months, well, then we could review the situation, could we not?"

His eyes were insolent. I thought, *He intends to get rid of me soon. He was hoping I was a silly, pretty creature not averse to carrying on an intrigue with him while pretending to look after his daughter. Very well, the best thing I can do is to get out of this house.*

"I suppose," he went on, "we should make excuses for Alvean's lack of good manners. She lost her mother a year ago."

I looked into his face for a trace of sorrow. I could find none.

"I had heard that," I answered.

"Of course you had heard. I'll swear there were many ready to tell you. Poor child, she has no mother. And her father ——" He lifted his shoulders and did not complete his sentence.

"Even so," I said, "there are many more unfortunate than she is. All she needs is a firm hand."

He leaned forward suddenly and surveyed me ironically. "I am sure," he said, "that you possess that necessary firm hand."

I was conscious in that brief moment of the magnetism of the man. The clear-cut features, the cool, light eyes, the mockery behind them—all these I felt were but a mask hiding something which he was determined to keep hidden.

At that moment there was a knock on the door and Celestine Nansellock came in.

"I heard you were here, Connan," she said, and I thought she seemed nervous. So he had that effect even on those of his own station.

"How news travels!" he murmured. "My dear Celestine, it was good of you to come over. I was just making the acquaintance of our new governess. She tells me that Alvean is intelligent and needs discipline."

"Of course she is intelligent!" Celestine spoke indignantly. "I hope Miss Leigh is not planning to be too harsh with her. Alvean is a *good* child."

Connan TreMellyn threw an amused glance in my direction. "I don't think Miss Leigh entirely agrees with that," he said.

"Perhaps I am overfond ——"

"Would you like me to leave now?" I suggested, for I had a great desire to get away from them.

"But I am interrupting," cried Celestine.

"No," I assured her. "We had finished our talk, I believe."

Connan TreMellyn looked in some amusement from her to me. It occurred to me that he probably found us equally unattractive. I was sure that neither of us was the least like the woman he would admire.

"Let us say it is to be continued," he said lightly. "I fancy, Miss Leigh, that you and I will have a great deal more to discuss, regarding my daughter."

I bowed my head and left them together.

In the schoolroom tea was ready for me. I felt too excited to eat, and when Alvean did not appear I thought that in all probability she was with her father.

At five o'clock she still had not put in an appearance, so I summoned Daisy and sent her to find the child and to remind her that from five to six we had work to do.

I waited. I was not surprised, because I had expected Alvean to rebel. Her father had arrived and she preferred to be with him rather than come to me for the hour of our reading.

I heard footsteps on the stairs. The door of Alvean's room which led into the schoolroom was opened, and there stood Connan TreMellyn holding Alvean by the arm.

Alvean's expression astonished me. She looked so unhappy that I found myself feeling sorry for her. In the background was Celestine.

"Here she is," announced Connan TreMellyn. "Duty is duty, my daughter," he said to Alvean. "And when your governess summons you to your lessons, you must obey."

Alvean muttered and I could see that she was hard put to it to restrain her sobs.

"Connan," Celestine said quietly, "it *is* your first day back, you know, and Alvean so looked forward to your coming."

He smiled, but I thought how grim his mouth was. "Discipline," he murmured. "That, Celeste, is of the utmost importance. Come, we will leave Alvean with her governess."

He inclined his head in my direction, while Alvean threw a pleading glance at him which he ignored. The door shut, leaving me alone with my pupil.

That incident had taught me a great deal. Alvean adored her father and he was indifferent to her. My anger against him increased as my pity for the child grew. Small wonder that she was a difficult child. I would have liked Connan TreMellyn better, I told myself, if he had decided to forget discipline on his first day back, and devote a little time to his daughter's company.

Alvean was rebellious all that evening, but I insisted on her going to bed at her usual time. She told me she hated me, though there was no need for her to have mentioned a fact which was apparent.

I felt so disturbed when she was in her bed that I slipped out of the house and went into the woods, where I sat on a fallen tree trunk, brooding.

I wondered whether I was going to keep this job. It was not easy to say at this stage, and I was not sure whether I wanted to go or stay.

There were so many things to keep me. There was, for one thing, my interest in Gillyflower; there was my desire to wipe the rebellion from Alvean's heart. But I felt less eagerness for these tasks now that I had seen the master.

I was a little afraid of the man, although I could not say why. I was certain that he would leave *me* alone, but there was something magnetic about him, some quality which made it difficult for me to put him out of my mind. I thought more of dead Alice than I had before because I could not stop myself wondering what sort of person she could have been.

As I sat there I heard the sound of footsteps coming through the wood and I hesitated, wondering whether to wait there or go back to the house. A man was coming toward me, and there was something familiar about him which made my heart beat faster.

He started when he saw me; then he began to smile and I recognized him as the man I had met on the train.

"So we meet," he said. "I knew our reunion would not be long delayed. Why, you look as though you have seen a ghost. Has your stay at Mount Mellyn made you look for ghosts?"

"Who are you?" I asked.

"My name is Peter Nansellock. I have to confess to a little deception."

"You're Miss Celestine's brother?"

He nodded. "I knew who you were when we met in the train. I saw you sitting there, looking the part, and your name on the labels of your baggage confirmed my guess. I knew that they were expecting Miss Martha Leigh at Mount Mellyn."

"I am comforted to learn that my looks conform with the part I have been called upon to play in life."

"You really are a most untruthful young lady. You are in fact quite discomfited to learn that you were taken for a governess."

I felt myself grow pink with indignation. "Because I am a governess is no reason why I should be forced to accept insults from strangers."

I rose from the tree trunk, but he laid a hand on my arm. "Please let us talk awhile. There is much I have to say to you. There are things you should know."

My curiosity overcame my dignity and I sat down.

"That's better, Miss Leigh. You see, I remember your name."

"How extraordinary that you should notice a mere governess' name and then keep it in your memory."

"You are like a hedgehog," he retorted. "One only has to mention the word 'governess' and up come your spines. You will have to learn resignation. Aren't we taught that we must be content in that station of life to which we have been called?"

"Since I resemble a hedgehog, at least I am not spineless."

He laughed and then was immediately sober. "I do not possess second sight, Miss Leigh," he said quietly. "I know nothing of palmistry. I deceived you."

"Do you think I was deceived for a moment?"

"For many moments. Until this one, in fact, you have thought of me with wonder."

"Indeed, I have not thought of you at all."

"More untruths! I wonder if a young lady with such little regard for veracity is worthy to teach our little Alvean."

"Since you are a friend of the family, your best policy would be to warn them at once."

"But if Connan dismissed his daughter's governess, how sad that would be! I should wander through these woods without hope of meeting her."

"I see you are a frivolous person."

"It's true." He looked grave. "My brother was frivolous. My sister is the only commendable member of the family."

"I have already met her."

"Naturally. She is a constant visitor to Mount Mellyn. She dotes on Alvean."

I turned to him abruptly and said, "You told me to beware of Alice. What did you mean by that?"

"So you did remember?"

"It seemed such a strange thing to say."

"Alice is dead," he said, "but somehow she remains. That's what I always feel at Mount Mellyn. Nothing was the same after the day she . . . went."

"How did she die?"

"You have not heard the story yet?"

"No."

"I should have thought Mrs. Polgrey or one of those girls would have told you. But they haven't, eh? It's a very simple one—the sort of thing which must happen in many a home. A wife finds life with her husband intolerable. She walks out . . . with another man. Only Alice's story had a different ending." He looked at the tips of his boots. "The man in the case was my brother," he went on.

"Geoffrey Nansellock!" I cried.

"So you have heard of him!"

I thought of Gillyflower, whose birth had so distressed her mother that she had walked into the sea. "Yes," I said, "I've heard of Geoffrey Nansellock. He was evidently a philanderer."

"It sounds a harsh word to apply to poor old Geoff. He had charm—all the charm of the family, some say." He smiled. "He was not a bad sort. I was fond of old Geoff. His great weakness was women. He found them irresistible. And women love men who love them. How can they help it? I mean, it is such a compliment. One by one they fell victim to his charm."

"He did not hesitate to include other men's wives among his victims."

"Spoken like a true governess! Alas, my dear Miss Leigh, it appeared he did not—since Alice was among them. It is true that all was not well at Mount Mellyn. Alice was afraid of Connan. Before she married him she had known my brother. She and Geoffrey were on the train—running away together."

"I see." I drew myself away from him because I felt it was undignified to be talking of past scandals in this way.

"They identified Geoffrey, although he was badly smashed up. There was a woman so badly burned that it was impossible to recognize her as Alice. But a locket she was wearing was one she was known to possess. That was how she was identified—and of course there was the fact that Alice had disappeared."

"How dreadful to die in such a way!"

"The prim governess is shocked because poor Alice died in the act of forming a guilty partnership with my charming but erring brother."

"Was she so unhappy at Mount Mellyn?"

"You have met Connan. Remember, he knew that she had once been in love with

Geoffrey, and Geoffrey was still in the offing. I can imagine life was hell for Alice."

"Well, it was very tragic," I said briskly. "But it is over. Why did you say, 'Beware of Alice,' as though she were still there?"

"Are you fey, Miss Leigh? No, of course you are not. You are a governess with more than your fair share of common sense. You would not be influenced by fantastic tales."

"What fantastic tales?"

He grinned at me, coming even closer, and I realized that in a very short time it would be dark. I was anxious to get back to the house, and my expression, I know, became a little impatient.

"They recognized her locket. There are some who think that it was not Alice who was killed on the train."

"Then if it was not, where is she?"

"That is what some people ask themselves. That is why there are long shadows at Mount Mellyn."

I stood up. "I must get back. It will soon be dark."

He was standing beside me—a little taller than I—and our eyes met. "I thought you should know these things," he said almost gently.

I began walking in the direction from which I had come. "My duties are with the child," I answered somewhat brusquely. "I am not here for any other purpose."

"But how can even a governess, overburdened with common sense though she may be, know to what purposes fate will put her?"

"I think I know what is expected of me." I was alarmed because he walked beside me. "There is no need for you to escort me back to the house."

"I am forced to contradict you. There is every reason."

"Do you think I am incapable of looking after myself?"

"I think none more capable of doing that than yourself. But, as it happens, I was on my way to call and this is the most direct way to the house."

I was silent until we came to Mount Mellyn. Connan TreMellyn was coming from the stables.

"Hello there, Con!" cried Peter Nansellock.

Connan TreMellyn looked at us in mild surprise which I suppose was due to the fact that we were together. I hurried round to the back of the house.

In the morning the fancies of the previous night seemed foolish. I asked myself why so many people—including myself—wanted to make a mystery of what had happened in this house. It was an ordinary enough story.

My room was filled with sunshine and I felt exhilarated. I knew why. It was due to that man, Connan TreMellyn. Not that I liked him—quite the reverse; but it was as though he had issued a challenge. I was going to make a success of this job. I was going to make of Alvean not only a model pupil but a charming, unaffected, normal little girl.

I heard the sound of a horse's hoofs and went to the window to look out. No one was visible. The lawns looked fresh and lovely with the early-morning dew on them. It was one of those mornings when there was every promise of a beautiful day.

I threw open my window and leaned out, my coppery plaits, the ends tied with pieces of blue ribbon for bedtime, swinging out with me.

Connan TreMellyn emerged from the stables. He saw me before I was able to draw back, and I felt myself grow scarlet with embarrassment to be seen with my hair down and in my nightgown thus.

He called jauntily, "Good morning, Miss Leigh."

In that moment I said to myself, *So it was his horse I heard. Has he been riding in the early morning, or out all night?* I imagined his visiting one of the gay ladies of the neighborhood.

"Good morning," I said, and my voice sounded curt.

He was coming swiftly across the lawn. "A beautiful morning," he cried.

"Extremely so," I answered.

I withdrew into my room as I heard him shout, "Hello, Alvean! So you're up too."

I was standing well back from the window now and I heard Alvean cry. "Hello, papa!" Her voice was soft and gentle with that wistful note which I had detected when she spoke of him on the previous day. I knew that she was delighted to have seen him, that it would make her extremely happy if he stopped awhile and chatted with her.

He did no such thing. He went into the house.

I put on my dressing gown and on impulse, crossed the schoolroom to Alvean's room I

There is no one but yourself who knows whether you are cowardly or cruel, or loyal and devout. Others do not see you, they guess at you by uncertain conjectures; they see not so much your nature as your art. Therefore, do not cling to their judgment; cling to your own. MONTAIGNE

opened the door and went in. She was sitting astride a chair and talking to herself.

"There's nothing to be afraid of really. All you have to do is hold tight and not be afraid . . . and you won't fall off."

She was so intent on what she was doing that she had not heard the door open, and I stood for a few seconds, watching her.

I learned a great deal in that moment. He was a great horseman, this father of hers. He wanted his daughter to be a good horsewoman, too, but Alvean, although she desperately wanted to win his approval, was afraid of horses.

I quietly shut the door and went back to my room. I looked at the sunshine on the carpet and my elation returned. I *was* going to make a success of this job. I was going to fight Connan TreMellyn, if he wanted it that way. I was going to make him proud of his daughter.

Lessons were trying that morning. Alvean was late, having breakfasted with her father in accordance with the custom of the family. I had to send for her, and that she deeply resented.

I tried to make lessons as interesting as I could, and I must have succeeded for, in spite of her resentment toward me, she could not hide her interest in the history and geography lessons which I set for that morning.

She took luncheon with her father while I ate alone in the schoolroom, and after that I decided to approach Connan TreMellyn.

I saw him leave the house and go across to the stables. I immediately followed him and, when I arrived at the stables, heard him giving orders to Billy Trehay to saddle Royal Russet.

He looked surprised to see me. "I had hoped to have a few words with you," I said primly. "Perhaps this is an inconvenient time."

"That depends," he said "on how many words you wish us to exchange." He took out his watch and looked at it. "I can give you five minutes, Miss Leigh."

"In my youth," I said, "I was constantly in the saddle. I believe Alvean wishes to learn to ride. I am asking your permission to teach her."

"You have my permission to try."

"You sound as though you doubt my ability to succeed."

"I fear I do."

"I don't understand why you should doubt my ability to teach when you have not tested my skill."

"Oh, Miss Leigh," he said almost mockingly, "it is not your ability to teach that I doubt. It is Alvean's to learn."

"You mean others have failed to teach her?"

"I have failed. There are some people who can never learn to ride."

Before I could stop myself I burst out, "There are some people who cannot teach."

He stopped to stare at me in astonishment, and I knew that nobody in this house had ever dared to talk to him in such a way.

I thought, *This is it. I shall now be told that my services are no longer required, and I may pack my bags and depart.*

There was a violent temper there, and I could see that he was fighting to control it. He still looked at me and I could not read the expression in those light eyes. I believed it was contemptuous. "You must excuse me, Miss Leigh," he said; and left me.

I went straight to Alvean. I found her in the schoolroom. There was the sullen, defiant look in her eyes and I believed she had seen me talking to her father. "Your father has said I may give you riding lessons, Alvean. Would you like that?"

I saw the muscles of her face tighten, and my heart sank.

I went on quickly. "When we were your age, my sister and I were keen riders. She was two years younger than I and we used to compete together in the local shows. The exciting days in our lives were those when there was a gymkhana in our village."

"They have them here," she said.

"It's great fun!"

She was silent for a moment; then she said, "I can't do it. I don't like horses."

"You don't like horses!" My voice was shocked. "Why, they're the gentlest creatures in the world."

"They're not. They don't like me. I rode Gray Mare and she ran fast and wouldn't stop, and if Tapperty hadn't caught her rein she would have killed me."

"Gray Mare wasn't the mount for you. You should have a pony to start with."

"Then I had Buttercup. She was as bad in a different way. She wouldn't go when I tried to make her."

I hastened to assure her that was the way horses behaved until they understood you. When they did understand you they loved you as though you were their very dear friend. I saw the wistful look in her eyes and I said, "Look, Alvean, come out with me now. Let's see what we can do together."

She shook her head suspiciously.

"There's one thing to learn before you can begin to ride," I said, "and that is to love your horse. Then you won't be afraid. As soon as you're not afraid, your horse will begin to love you. He'll know you're his master, and he wants a master; but it must be a tender, loving master."

She was giving me her attention now.

"When a horse runs away as Gray Mare did, that means she is frightened. She's as frightened as you are, and her way of showing it is to run. As for Buttercup—she's a mischievous old nag. She's lazy and knows that you can't handle her, so she won't do as she's told. But once you let her know you're the master, she'll obey."

"I didn't know Gray Mare was frightened of me," she said.

"Your father wants you to ride," I told her.

It was the wrong thing to have said: it reminded her of past fears, past humiliations; I saw the stubborn fear return to her eyes.

"Wouldn't it be fun," I said, "to surprise him. I mean . . . suppose you learned and you could jump and gallop, and he didn't know about it—until he saw you do it."

The highest achievements of old age are the married couple who have not quarreled too much, who have produced children and not alienated them, and who have received, as their final reward, the collusion of their grandchildren. The true history of the human race is the history of human affection. In comparison with it all other histories—including economic history—are false. It has never been written down, and owing to its reticent nature it cannot be written, but it has continued from generation to generation ever since the human race became recognizable.

E. M. FORSTER

It hurt me to see the joy in her face and I wondered how any man could be so callous as to deny a child the affection she asked.

"Alvean," I said, "let's try."

"Yes," she said, "let's try. I'll go and change into my things."

I gave a little cry of disappointment, remembering that I had no riding habit with me. Alvean was looking at me and I told her, "I have no riding clothes."

Her face fell and then lit up. "Come with me," she said. She was almost conspiratorial.

We went along the gallery until we were in that part of the house which Mrs. Polgrey had told me was not for me. Alvean paused before a door and I had the impression that she was steeling herself to go in. She at length threw open the door and stood aside for me to enter.

It was a small room which I judged to be a dressing room. In it were a long mirror, a tallboy, a chest of drawers and an oak chest.

"There are lots of clothes here," Alvean said. "In the chests and the tallboy."

She opened the chest. In it were dresses, petticoats, hats and boots. Alvean said quickly, "There are a lot of clothes in the attics. They were grandmamma's and great-grand-mamma's. When there were parties they used to dress up in them and play charades."

I held up a lady's black beaver hat—obviously meant to be worn for riding. I put it on my head and Alvean laughed. That laughter moved me more than anything had done since I had entered this house.

"You look so funny in it, Miss," she said.

I got up and stood before the long mirror. I certainly looked unlike myself. My eyes were brilliant, my hair looked quite copper against the black. I decided that I looked slightly less unattractive than usual, and that was what Alvean meant by "funny."

"Not the least like a governess," she explained. She was pulling out a riding habit

made of black woolen cloth and trimmed with braid and ball fringe. It had a blue collar and blue cuffs and it was elegantly cut.

I held it up against myself. "I think," I said, "that this would fit."

"Try it on," said Alvean. Then, "No, not here. You take it to your room and put it on." She suddenly seemed obsessed by the desire to get out of this room. I thought that she was eager to get started on our lesson, and there was not a great deal of time if we were to be back for tea at four.

I picked up the dress and went back to my room. She hurried through to hers, and I immediately put on the riding habit.

It was not a perfect fit, but I had never been used to expensive clothes and was prepared to forget it was a little tight at the waist, and that the sleeves were on the short side, for a new woman looked back at me from my mirror, and when I set the beaver hat on my head I was delighted with myself.

I ran along to Alvean's room; she was in her habit, and when she saw me her eyes lit up.

We went down to the stables and I told Billy Trehay to saddle Buttercup for Alvean and another horse for myself, as we were going to have a riding lesson.

He looked at me with some astonishment, but I told him that we had little time and were impatient to begin.

When we were ready I put Buttercup on a leading rein and took her with Alvean on her back into the paddock.

For nearly an hour we were there and I concentrated on giving her confidence. I made her grow accustomed to sitting her horse, to talking to her horse. I made her lean back full length on Buttercup's back and look up at the sky; then I made her shut her eyes. I gave her lessons in mounting and dismounting. Buttercup did no more than walk round that field, but I do believe that at the end of the hour I had done a great deal toward making Alvean lose her fear. That was what I had determined should be the first lesson.

I was astonished to find that it was half past three, and I think Alvean was too.

"We must return to the house at once," I said, "if we are to change in time for tea."

As we came out of the field a figure rose from the grass and I saw, to my surprise, that it was Peter Nansellock.

He clapped his hands as we came along. "Here endeth the first lesson," he cried, "and an excellent one. I did not know," he went on, turning to me, "that equestrian skill was included in your accomplishments."

"Were you watching us, Uncle Peter?" demanded Alvean.

"For the last half hour. My admiration for you both is beyond expression."

Alvean smiled slowly. "Did you really admire us?"

"Much as I could be tempted to compliment two beautiful ladies," he said, placing his hand on his heart and bowing elegantly, "I could never tell a lie."

"Until this moment," I said tartly. "Your uncle is a joker, Alvean."

"Yes," said Alvean almost sadly. "I know."

"And," I added, "it is time that we returned for tea."

"I wonder if I might be invited to schoolroom tea?"

"You are calling to see Mr. TreMellyn?" I asked.

"I am calling to take tea with you two ladies."

Alvean laughed suddenly. I could see that she was not unaffected by what I supposed was the charm of this man.

"Mr. TreMellyn left Mount Mellyn early this afternoon," I said. "I have no idea whether or not he has returned. Come along, Alvean."

Peter Nansellock walked behind us, and when we reached the stables I saw him making for the house.

Alvean and I dismounted, handed our horses to two of the stableboys, and hurried up to our rooms.

I got out of the riding habit and into my dress and thought how drab I looked in my gray cotton.

I picked up the riding habit to hang in my cupboard, deciding that I would take the first opportunity of asking Mrs. Polgrey if it was in order for me to use it. I was afraid I had acted on impulse by doing so this afternoon.

As I lifted the habit I saw the name on the waistband. "Alice TreMellyn" was embossed in neat letters on the black satin facings.

Then I understood. That room had been her dressing room. My heart felt as though it were leaping into my throat. *This*, I said to myself, *is absurd. Where else could we have found a modern riding habit?*

Boldly I picked up the riding dress and hung it in my cupboard. *She would be glad I used her habit*, I told myself. *Am I not trying to help her daughter?*

What had happened to my common sense? Whatever I told myself, I could not hide the fact

that I wished the dress had belonged to anyone but Alice.

When I had changed there was a knock on my door and I was relieved to see Mrs. Polgrey standing there.

"Do come in," I said. "I have been giving Miss Alvean a riding lesson. And, as I had no riding habit, she found one for me. I believe it to have been her mother's." I went to my wardrobe and produced it.

Mrs. Polgrey nodded.

"I wore it this once. Perhaps it was wrong of me."

"Did you have the master's permission to give her this riding lesson?"

"Oh, yes. I made sure of that."

"Then there is nothing to worry about. He would have no objection to your wearing the dress. I can see no reason why you should not keep it in your room—providing, of course, you only wear it when giving Miss Alvean her riding lesson."

"Thank you," I said. "You have set my mind at rest."

Mrs. Polgrey bowed her head in approval. "Mr. Peter Nansellock is downstairs."

"Yes, we saw him as we came in."

"The master is not at home," she explained, "and Mr. Peter has asked that you entertain him for tea—you and Miss Alvean."

"Oh, but should we—I mean should I?" I asked.

"Well, yes, Miss, I think it would be in order. I think that is what the master would wish, particularly as Mr. Peter suggests it. Miss Jansen, during the time she was here, often helped to entertain. I have told Mr. Nansellock that tea will be served in the punch room. Will you come down?"

"Yes, I will."

She sailed out and I found myself smiling not without a little complacence. It was turning out to be a most enjoyable day.

When I reached the punch room, Alvean was not there, but Peter Nansellock was sprawling in one of the tapestry-covered chairs. He leaped to his feet.

"But this is delightful."

"Mrs. Polgrey has told me that I am to do the honors in the absence of Mr. TreMellyn."

"How like you to remind me that you are merely the governess!"

"I felt," I replied, "that it was necessary to do so, since you may have forgotten."

"You are a charming hostess! Indeed, I never saw you look less like a governess than when you were giving Alvean her lesson."

"It was my riding habit. Borrowed plumes. A pheasant would look like a peacock if it could acquire the tail."

"My dear Miss Pheasant, I do not agree. 'Manners makyth the man'—or woman—not fine feathers."

This banter was interrupted by the appearance of Alvean.

"Ah, the little lady herself!" cried Peter. "Alvean, how good it is of you and Miss Leigh to allow me to take tea with you."

"I wonder why you want to," replied Alvean. "You never have before—except when Miss Jansen was here."

"Hush, hush! You betray me," he murmured.

Mrs. Polgrey came in with Kitty. The latter set the tray on a table, while Mrs. Polgrey lighted the spirit lamp. Kitty laid a cloth on a small table and brought in cakes and cucumber sandwiches.

"Miss, would you care to make the tea yourself?" asked Mrs. Polgrey.

I said I would do so with pleasure.

Kitty seemed reluctant to leave the room. I believed that Mrs. Polgrey was also to some extent under the spell of the man. *It must be*, I told myself, *because he is such a contrast to the master*. Peter had that comforting quality of making any woman in his company feel that she was an attractive one.

I made tea and Alvean handed him bread and butter.

"What luxury!" he cried. "I feel like a sultan with two beautiful ladies to wait on me."

"You're telling lies again," cried Alvean. "We're neither of us ladies, because I'm not grown up and Miss is a governess."

"What sacrilege!" he murmured, and his warm eyes were on me almost caressingly. I felt embarrassed under his scrutiny.

I changed the conversation briskly. "I think Alvean will make a good horsewoman in time," I said. "What was your opinion?"

I saw how eagerly the girl waited on his words.

"She'll be the champion of Cornwall; you see!"

She could not hide her pleasure.

"And"—he lifted a finger and wagged it at her—"don't you forget whom you have to thank for it."

The glance Alvean threw at me was almost shy, and I felt suddenly happy. My resentment against life had never been so far away; I had ceased to envy my charming sister. At that moment there was only one person I wanted to be: Martha Leigh, sitting in the punch room, taking tea with Peter Nansellock and Alvean TreMellyn.

Alvean said, "It's to be a secret for a while."

"Yes, we're going to surprise her father."

"I'll be silent as the grave."

"Why do people say 'silent as the grave'?" asked Alvean.

"Because," put in Peter, "dead men don't talk."

"Sometimes they have ghosts, perhaps," said Alvean, looking over her shoulder.

"What Mr. Nansellock meant," I said quickly, "was that he will keep our little secret. Alvean, I believe Mr. Nansellock would like some more cucumber sandwiches."

She leaped up to offer them to him.

"You have not paid a visit to Mount Widden yet, Miss Leigh," he said. "I'm sure my sister would be delighted if you and Alvean would come over and take tea with us."

"I am not sure ——" I began.

"That it lies within your duties? I'll tell you how we'll arrange it. You shall bring Miss Alvean to take tea at Mount Widden. Bringing her to us and taking her home again, I am sure, would come within the duties of the most meticulous governess."

"When shall we come?" asked Alvean.

"This is an open invitation."

I smiled. I knew what that meant. He was again talking for the sake of talking; he had no intention of asking me to tea.

The door opened suddenly and, to my embarrassment—which I hoped I managed to hide—Connan TreMellyn came in.

I rose to my feet, and he gave me a quick smile. "Miss Leigh," he said, "is there a cup of tea for me?"

"Alvean," I said, "ring for another cup, please."

She got up to do so, alert, eager to please her father. It made her somewhat clumsy, and as she rose from her chair she knocked over her cup of tea. She flushed scarlet with mortification.

I said, "Never mind. Ring the bell. Kitty will clear it up."

I knew that Connan TreMellyn was watching with some amusement. If I had known he would return I should have been very reluctant to entertain Peter Nansellock to tea in the punch room.

Kitty came and I indicated the mess of tea and broken china on the carpet. "And please bring another cup for Mr. TreMellyn," I added.

"Had a busy day, Connan?" asked Peter.

Connan TreMellyn began to talk of estate business, which I felt might have been to remind me that my duties consisted of dispensing tea and nothing else. I was not to imagine that I was in truth a hostess. I was there as an upper servant, nothing more.

The world is filled with people who have worked hard but have little to show for it. Something more than hard work is necessary; it is creative thinking and firm belief in your ability to execute your ideas. The successful people in history have succeeded through their thinking. Their hands were merely helpers to their brains. **CLAUDE M. BRISTOL**

THE MAGIC OF BELIEVING, 1948. PUBLISHED BY PRENTICE-HALL, INC.

I felt angry with him for coming in and spoiling my little triumph. I wondered how he would react when I presented him with the good little horsewoman I was determined Alvean was to become. He would probably make some slighting remark and show us such indifference that we should feel our trouble was wasted.

You poor child, I thought, *you are trying to win the affections of a man who doesn't know the meaning of affection. Poor Alvean! Poor Alice!*

The cup and saucer was brought and I poured out his tea. He was watching, expecting me to rise and take it to him.

"Alvean," I said, "please pass this to your father."

And she was very eager to do so. He said a brief "Thanks."

I looked at my watch, and said, "I am going to ask you to excuse Alvean and me. It is nearly five o'clock and we have our studies between five and six."

"And we must," said Connan, "on no account interfere with those."

"But surely," cried Peter, "on such an occasion there could be a little relaxation of the rules."

Alvean was looking eager. She was unhappy in her father's presence, but she could not bear to leave it.

"Please, papa ——" she began.

He looked at her sternly. "My dear child, you heard what your governess said."

Alvean blushed and looked uncomfortable, but I was already saying "Good afternoon" to Peter Nansellock and making my way to the door.

That night when Alvean had retired to her room I went for a stroll in the woods. I was beginning to look upon these woods as a place of refuge, a place in which to be quiet and think about my life while I wondered what shape it would take.

The day had been eventful, a pleasant day until Connan TreMellyn had come into it and disturbed the peace. I wondered if his business ever took him away for long periods—really long periods, not merely a matter of a few days. If this were so, I thought, I might have a chance of making Alvean into a happier little girl.

I stayed in the woods until it was almost dusk. Then I made for the house, and I had not been in my room more than a few minutes when Kitty knocked.

"I thought I 'eard 'ee come in, Miss," she said. "Master be asking for 'ee. He be in his library."

"Then you had better take me there," I said, "for it is a room I have never visited."

She led me to a wing of the house more luxurious than any part which I had so far seen.

Kitty opened a door and, with that vacuous smile on her face, announced, "Miss be here, master."

"Thank you, Kitty," he said. And then, "Oh, come along in, Miss Leigh." He was sitting at a table on which were leather-bound books and papers. He said, "Do sit down, Miss Leigh."

I held my head high, even haughtily, waiting.

"I was interested to learn this afternoon," he began, "that you had already made the acquaintance of Mr. Nansellock."

"Really?" The surprise in my voice was not assumed.

"Of course," he went on, "it was inevitable that you would meet him sooner or later. He and his sister are constant visitors at the house, but ——"

"But you feel that it is unnecessary that he should make the acquaintance of your daughter's governess," I said quickly.

"I beg you, Miss Leigh, do not put words into my mouth which I had no intention of uttering. What friends you make must be entirely your own concern. But your aunt, in a manner of speaking, put you under my care when she put you under my roof, and I have asked you to come here that I may offer you a word of advice on a subject which, I fear, you may think a little indelicate."

I was flushing scarlet and my embarrassment was not helped by the fact that this, I was sure, secretly amused him.

"Mr. Nansellock has a reputation for being—how shall I put it?—susceptible to young ladies."

"Oh!" I cried, unable to suppress the exclamation, so great was my discomfort. "Mr. TreMellyn, I do not think I am in need of such a warning."

"He is very handsome," he went on, and the mocking note had come back to his voice. "He has a reputation for being a charming fellow. There was a young lady here before you, a Miss Jansen. He often called to see her. Miss Leigh, I do beg of you not to misunderstand me. Please do not take all that Mr. Nansellock says too seriously."

I heard myself say in a voice unlike my habitual tone, "It is extremely kind of you, Mr. TreMellyn, to concern yourself with my welfare."

"But of course I concern myself with your welfare. You are here to look after my daughter. Therefore it is of the utmost importance to me."

He rose, and I did the same. I saw that this was dismissal. He came swiftly to my side and placed his hand on my shoulder.

"Forgive me," he said. "I'm a blunt man. I merely wish to offer you a friendly warning."

For a few seconds I looked into those cool light eyes and thought I had a fleeting glimpse of the man behind the mask. I was sobered suddenly. My feelings in that moment were so mixed that I cannot even at this day define them.

"Thank you," I said; and I escaped from the library back to my room.

Each day Alvean and I went to the field and had an hour's riding. As I watched the little girl on Buttercup I knew that her father must have been extremely impatient with her, for

the child, though not a born rider, would soon be giving a good account of herself.

I had discovered that every November a gymkhana was held in Mellyn village, and I had told Alvean that she should certainly enter for one of the events. It was enjoyable planning this, because Connan TreMellyn would be one of the judges.

So every afternoon I would put on Alice's riding habit (I had ceased to care to whom it had previously belonged, for it had become mine now) and we would go to the field and there I would put Alvean through her paces.

On the day we tried her first gallop we were elated.

Afterward we returned to the house together and as I was with her I went in by way of the front entrance, as I had when I had first arrived at the house.

No sooner were we in the hall than Alvean ran from me and left by that door through which Mrs. Polgrey had taken me. I followed her and as I passed out of the hall I noticed a damp, musty smell and I saw that the door leading to the chapel was slightly ajar. Thinking that Alvean had gone in there, I went in. It was cold in the place, and I shivered as I stood on the blue flagstones and gazed at the altar and the pews.

I had taken a few steps inside the room and was standing with my back to the door when I heard a gasp behind me and a quick intake of breath.

"No!" said a voice, so horrified that I did not recognize it.

For some unaccountable reason my whole body seemed to freeze. I turned sharply, but it was only Celestine Nansellock who stood looking at me.

She was so white that I thought she was going to faint—or perhaps it was the dimness of the chapel which made her appear so. I thought I understood. She had seen me in Alice's riding habit and she had believed in that second that I *was* Alice.

"Miss Nansellock," I said quickly to reassure her, "Alvean and I have been having a riding lesson."

She swayed a little; her face was now a grayish color.

"I'm sorry I startled you," I went on.

"I wondered who was here," she said almost sharply. "Whatever made you come into the chapel?"

"I came in this way with Alvean. She ran off and I thought she might be in here."

"Alvean! Oh, no—no one ever comes in here. It's a gloomy place, don't you think? Let's go."

"You look . . . unwell, Miss Nansellock. Would you like me to ring for some brandy?"

"Oh, no—no. I'm perfectly well."

I said boldly, "You're looking at my clothes. They're . . . borrowed. I have to give Alvean riding lessons and I lacked the suitable clothes. These were . . . her mother's."

"I see."

"I did explain to Mrs. Polgrey, who thought it was quite in order for me to use them."

"Of course. Why not?"

"I'm afraid I startled you."

"Oh, no, you mustn't say that. I'm quite all right. It's the light in the chapel. It makes us all look so ghastly. You yourself look a little pale, Miss Leigh. It's those windows—that particular type of stained glass. It plays havoc with our complexions." She laughed. "Let's get out of here."

We went down the few steps and back to the hall, and then out of the house. I noticed that in these few minutes she had regained her normal color.

She had been shocked to see me. I told myself I knew why. She had seen the back of me in Alice's riding clothes and she had thought for the moment that it was Alice standing there.

"Does Alvean enjoy her riding lessons?" she asked. "Tell me, are you getting along with her better now? I fancied when you arrived there was a little antagonism on her part."

"She is the kind of child who would automatically be antagonistic to authority. Yes, I think we are becoming friends. These riding lessons have helped considerably. By the way, they are a secret from her father."

Celestine Nansellock looked a little shocked, and I hurried on: "Oh, it is only her good progress which is a secret. He knows about the lessons. Naturally I asked his permission first. But he does not realize how well she is coming along. It is to be a surprise."

"I see. Miss Leigh, I do hope she is not overstrained by these lessons."

"Overstrained? But why? She is a normal, healthy child."

"She is highly strung. I wonder whether she is of the temperament to make a rider."

"She is so young that we have a chance of forming her character which will have its effect on her temperament. She is enjoying her lessons and is very eager to surprise her father."

"So she is becoming your friend, Miss Leigh. I am glad of that. Now I must go. I was just on my way out when I passed the chapel and saw the door open."

I said good-by to her and went up to my room by the usual way. I went to a mirror and looked at myself. I'm afraid this was becoming a habit since I had come here. I murmured; "That might be Alice—apart from the face." Then I half closed my eyes and let the face become blurred while I imagined a different face there.

Oh yes, it must have been a shock for Celestine.

I wondered then what Connan TreMellyn would say if he knew that I was going about in his wife's clothes and had frightened practical people like Celestine Nansellock when they saw me in dim places.

I felt he would not wish me to continue to look like Alice.

So since I needed Alice's clothes for my riding lessons with Alvean, and since I was determined that those lessons should continue—that I might have the pleasure of saying, "I told you so!" to Alvean's father—I was as anxious as I was sure Celestine Nansellock was that nothing should be said about our encounter in the chapel.

A week passed and I felt I was slipping into a routine. Lessons in the schoolroom and the riding field progressed favorably. Peter Nansellock came over to the house on two occasions, but I managed to elude him. I faced the fact that I was stimulated by Peter Nansellock and that I could very easily find myself in a state of mind where I was looking forward to his visits. I had no intention of placing myself in that position.

I thought now and then of his brother, Geoffrey, and concluded that Peter must be very like him. When I thought of Geoffrey I thought also of Mrs. Polgrey's daughter of whom she had never spoken.

My interest in Alvean's riding lessons and her father's personality had made me forget little Gillyflower temporarily. The child was

OTHER VIEWS, SIZES AND PRICE OF VOGUE PATTERN ON PAGE 107

Vogue Design No. 9643.
"Easy to Make" Blouses; 10-18 (31-38). 60 cents. Version shown requires 1¼ yards of 35" fabric with or without nap, size 14.

so quiet that she was easily forgotten. Occasionally I heard her thin reedy voice, singing out-of-doors or in the house.

I used to say to myself when I heard it, *If Gilly can learn songs she can surely learn other things.*

I must have been given to daydreams, for side by side with that picture of Connan TreMellyn, handing his daughter the first prize at the November gymkhana and giving me an apologetic and appreciative glance at the same time, there was another picture. This was of Gilly sitting at the schoolroom table side by side with Alvean, while I listened to whispering in the background: "This could never have happened but for Miss Martha Leigh. You see, she is a wonder with the children. Look what she has done for Alvean—and now for Gilly."

But at this time Alvean was still a stubborn child and Gillyflower elusive and, as the Tapperty girls said, "with a tile loose in the upper story."

Then into those more or less peaceful days came two events to disturb me.

The first was of small moment, but I could not get it out of my mind.

I was going through one of Alvean's exercise books, marking her sums, while she was sitting at the table writing an essay. As I turned the pages of the exercise book a piece of paper fell out.

It was covered with drawings. I had already discovered that Alvean had a talent for drawing and, when the opportunity offered, I intended to approach Connan TreMellyn about this. I myself could teach her only the rudiments of the art, but I believed she was worth a qualified drawing teacher.

The drawings were of faces. I recognized one of myself. It was not bad. Did I really look as prim as that? Not always, I hoped. But perhaps that was how she saw me. There was her father—several of him. I turned the page and this was covered with girls' faces. I was not sure who they were meant to be. Herself? No—that was Gilly, surely. And yet it had a look of herself.

I stared at the page. I was so intent that I did not realize she had leaned across the table until she snatched it away.

"That's mine," she said.

"And that," I retaliated, "is extremely bad manners."

"You have no right to pry."

"My dear child, that paper was in your arithmetic book."

"Then it had no right to be there."

"You must take your revenge on the paper," I said lightly. And then more seriously, "I do beg of you not to snatch things in that ill-mannered way."

"I'm sorry," she murmured still defiantly.

I turned back to the sums, to most of which she had given inaccurate answers. Arithmetic was not one of her best subjects.

I said, "Alvean, you will have to work harder at your sums. Now if your arithmetic were half as good as your drawings, I should be very pleased."

Still she did not answer.

"Why did you not wish me to see the faces you had drawn? I thought some of them quite good."

Still no answer.

"Particularly," I went on, "that one of your father."

Even at such a time the mention of his name could bring that tender, wistful curve to her lips.

"And those girls' faces. Do tell me who they were supposed to be—you or Gilly?"

The smile froze on her lips. "Who did you take them for, Miss?"

"Whom," I corrected gently.

"*Whom* did you take them for, then?"

"Well, let me look at them again."

She hesitated, then she brought out the paper and handed it to me; her eyes were eager.

I studied the faces. I said, "This one could be either you or Gilly."

"You think we're alike, then?"

"N-no. I hadn't thought so until this moment."

"I'm not like her!" she cried passionately. "I'm not like that . . . idiot."

"Alvean, you must not use such a word. Don't you realize that it is extremely unkind?"

"It's true. But I'm not like her. I won't have you say it. If you say it again I'll ask my father to send you away. I only have to ask him and you'll go."

She was shouting, trying to convince herself of two things, I realized: one, that there was not the slightest resemblance between herself and Gilly; and the other, that she only had to ask her father for something and her wishes would be granted.

Why? I asked myself. What was the reason for this vehemence?

I said calmly, looking at the watch pinned to my gray cotton bodice, "You have exactly ten minutes in which to finish your essay."

I drew the arithmetic book toward me and pretended to give it my attention.

The second incident was even more upsetting.

It had been a moderately peaceful day, which meant that lessons had gone well. I had taken my late-evening stroll and when I returned I saw two carriages drawn up in front of the house. One I recognized as from Mount Widden, so I guessed that either Peter or Celestine was visiting. The other carriage I did not know, but I noticed the crest on it. It was a very fine carriage.

I went up the back stairs to my apartment. It was a warm night, and as I sat at my window I heard music coming from another of the open windows. I realized that Connan TreMellyn was entertaining guests.

I recognized the music from Mendelssohn's *Midsummer Night's Dream* and felt a sudden longing to be down there among them. I was overcome with curiosity and could not resist the temptation to ring the bell and summon Kitty or Daisy, who always knew what was going on.

It was Daisy who came. She looked excited.

I said, "I want some hot water, Daisy. Could you please bring it for me?"

"Why, yes, Miss."

"There are guests here tonight, I understand."

"Oh, yes, Miss. Though it's nothing to the parties we used to have. I reckon now the year's up, the master will be entertaining more. That's what Mrs. Polgrey says."

"It must have been very quiet during the last year."

"But only right and proper—after a death in the family."

"Of course. Who are the guests tonight?"

"There's Miss Celestine and Mr. Peter, of course. And I'll tell you who else is here: Sir Thomas and Lady Treslyn."

She looked conspiratorial, as though there was something very important about these two.

"Oh?" I said encouragingly.

"Mrs. Polgrey says that Sir Thomas bain't fit to go gallivanting at parties, and should be abed."

"Why, is he ill?"

"Well, he'll never see seventy again and he's got one of those bad hearts. Mrs. Polgrey says you can go off sudden with a heart like that, and don't need no pushing neither. Not that ——" She stopped and twinkled at me. "*She's* another kettle of fish."

"Who?"

"Why, Lady Treslyn, of course. You ought to see her. She's a real beauty and you can see she's only waiting ——"

"I gather she is not of the same age as her husband."

Daisy giggled. "They say there's nearly forty years' difference and she'd like to pretend it was fifty."

"You don't seem to like her."

"Me? Well, if I don't, some do!" That sent Daisy into hysterical laughter again.

I was ashamed of myself for sharing the gossip of a servant, so I said, "I *would* like that hot water, Daisy."

Daisy subsided and went off to get it, leaving me with a clearer picture of what was happening in that drawing room.

I was still thinking of that when I had washed my hands and unpinned my hair preparatory to retiring for the night.

The musicians had been playing a Chopin waltz and it had seemed to spirit me away

from my governess' bedroom and tantalize me with pleasures outside my reach.

I went to the window. I could smell the sea and hear the gentle rhythm of the waves. The "voices" were starting up in Mellyn Cove.

And then suddenly I saw a light in a dark part of the house and felt the goose pimples rise on my flesh. I knew that window belonged to the room to which Alvean had taken me to choose my riding habit. It was Alice's dressing room.

The blind had been down. I had not noticed that before. Indeed, I was sure it had not been like that earlier in the evening because, since I had known that that was Alice's room, I had made a habit—which I regretted and of which I had tried to cure myself—of glancing at the window whenever I looked out of my own.

The blind was of thin material, for behind it I distinctly saw the light. It was a faint light, but there was no mistaking it. I stood at my window staring out and, as I did so, I saw a shadow on the blind. It was that of a woman.

I heard a voice close to me saying, "It is Alice!" and realized that I had spoken aloud.

Then again I saw the figure silhouetted against the blind.

My hands which gripped the window sill were trembling as I watched that flickering light. I had an impulse to summon Daisy or Kitty, or go to Mrs. Polgrey. I restrained myself, imagining how foolish I should look. So I remained staring at the window.

And after a while all was darkness.

I stood at my window for a long time watching, but I saw nothing more. They were playing another Chopin waltz in the drawing room, and I stood until I was cold even on that warm September night.

Then I went to bed, but I could not sleep for a long time.

At last, when I did sleep, I dreamed that a woman came into my room; she was wearing a riding habit with blue collar and cuffs, trimmed with braid and ball fringe. She said, "I was not on that train, Miss Leigh. You wonder where I was. It is for you to find me."

Through my dreams I heard the whispering of the waves in the caves below; and the first thing I did on rising next morning—which I did as soon as the dawn appeared—was to go to my window and look across at the room which—little more than a year ago—had belonged to Alice.

The blinds were drawn up. I could clearly see the rich blue velvet curtains.

(To Be Continued)

ASK ANY WOMAN

By MARCELENE COX

The families grandmother used to call "bad managers" are now labeled "overextended."

One way to better your lot is to develop a compost pile.

IN THE PARK

Now boast of his heritage
With pride that's unfeigned,
And acknowledge his parentage—
Baby is "trained!"

Only between the ages when the male child is too old for curls and too young for girls is he pure, unadulterated boy.

In order that they may re-establish credit, parents should have a breather between paying toll charges on telephone bills to college and paying for moments of total silence while waiting for grandchildren to say "Hello."

Weekend: The period when those who go out to work the other days discover what they aren't missing at home.

"Now don't you worry," said the doctor to the patient, "I recovered from the same ailment."

"Yes," answered the patient, "but you didn't have to pay the doctor."

It isn't difficult for other wives to understand what one woman meant when she said of her husband, "He underestimates the things he's unable to fix."

It is appalling to realize that many major crimes originate in little offenses: the dispute over a dollar, the slighting word, the thoughtless action.

Father, presenting three-speed razor to sixteen-year-old son, "The lowest notch will take care of your immediate problem."

The rarest person in the world is the one who has always thought before he spoke.

Friendship, like love, if entered into in haste, may be repented in leisure.

Any woman who tries to erase age from her face runs the risk of erasing character.

ADVICE TO MAN HUNTERS

You cannot bag all of the ones that are flushed
Nor be sure of the right one by aim;
The secret is this, though often 'tis hushed:
You'll learn to "make do" with your game.

Once they have stepped off the active stage in raising children, some parents continue to prompt from the wings.

Man proposes,
Then reposes.

One of the most tactful of wives said to her husband at breakfast, "Yesterday would have been a nice day to celebrate a wedding anniversary, don't you think?"

Heredity is the egg, environment the pan in which it is prepared; with the possibilities of the end product ranging from soft-boiled to coddled to pickled.

Just as some animals shed their skins when they no longer live in them, so people should shed the past when it is a handicap.

March: the month when most of the family photographs received at Christmas can, without fear of hurting feelings, be stored away.

The elderly philosopher in our neighborhood says that in a potential early marriage at least one of the two parties involved doesn't "know from beans" the kind of mate that would be best for him.

Father about his son: "He really has character, that boy! Here's an example: I offered him fifty cents for shoveling snow off the walk and he said, 'Dad, it's worth only a quarter.'"

As people grow older, new acquaintances should be chosen as carefully as new purchases are made; with the clear knowledge that time can no longer be wasted in switching frequently from one brand, design, fad to another.

Mother of the bridegroom: "It was a beautiful wedding! I enjoyed it all until the moment when I realized I had been changed into a mother-in-law."

MRS. JOHN C. TAYLOR of Portland, Oregon, is shown in the living room of her attractive home, which contains many lovely and useful gifts obtained with S&H Green Stamps. Pictured with Mrs. Taylor are her two charming daughters, Karen 17 and Lucinda 13. Mr. Taylor is an executive with a lumber company.

"I'm dollars ahead—thanks to S&H Green Stamps"

says **MRS. JOHN C. TAYLOR,**
Portland, Oregon housewife

—AND OVER 27,000,000 SMART, THRIFTY WOMEN AGREE...

As Mrs. Taylor says about her own experiences with S&H, "Whenever I shop at Lipman's Department Store and other fine stores that give S&H Green Stamps, I know I'm dollars ahead. First, I'm dollars ahead because these stores give fine values. And I'm dollars ahead again when I redeem S&H Green Stamps for lovely gifts." S&H, you know, is America's oldest, most reliable stamp plan. It's the overwhelming favorite because women learned long ago that with S&H Green Stamps you get what you want when you want it. Your choice of over 1500 gifts made by the finest companies in America.

Good Housekeeping Guarantees Performance of America's Only Nationwide Stamp Plan

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

SINCE 1896 S&H GREEN STAMPS

You can be dollars ahead too! Shop where you get S&H Green Stamps.

Chiquita Banana suggests:

Good health idea: Bananas!

Sliceabanana into a jelly sandwich

Splitabanana and top with orange sections

Mashabanana and shake with cold milk

Blendabanana with pineapple juice

Calorie low!
Vitality high!
Bananas belong in your daily diet!

Health and vitality depend on balanced nutrition—and look how *many* vital nutrients you get in one delicious banana: Vitamins A, B_1, B_2, B_6, C, niacin and 12 essential minerals. All this good nourishment for only 88 calories! And bananas have a mild alkalizing action that makes them so easy to digest. There's no time like *now* to start the banana habit!

Addabanana to your favorite cereal

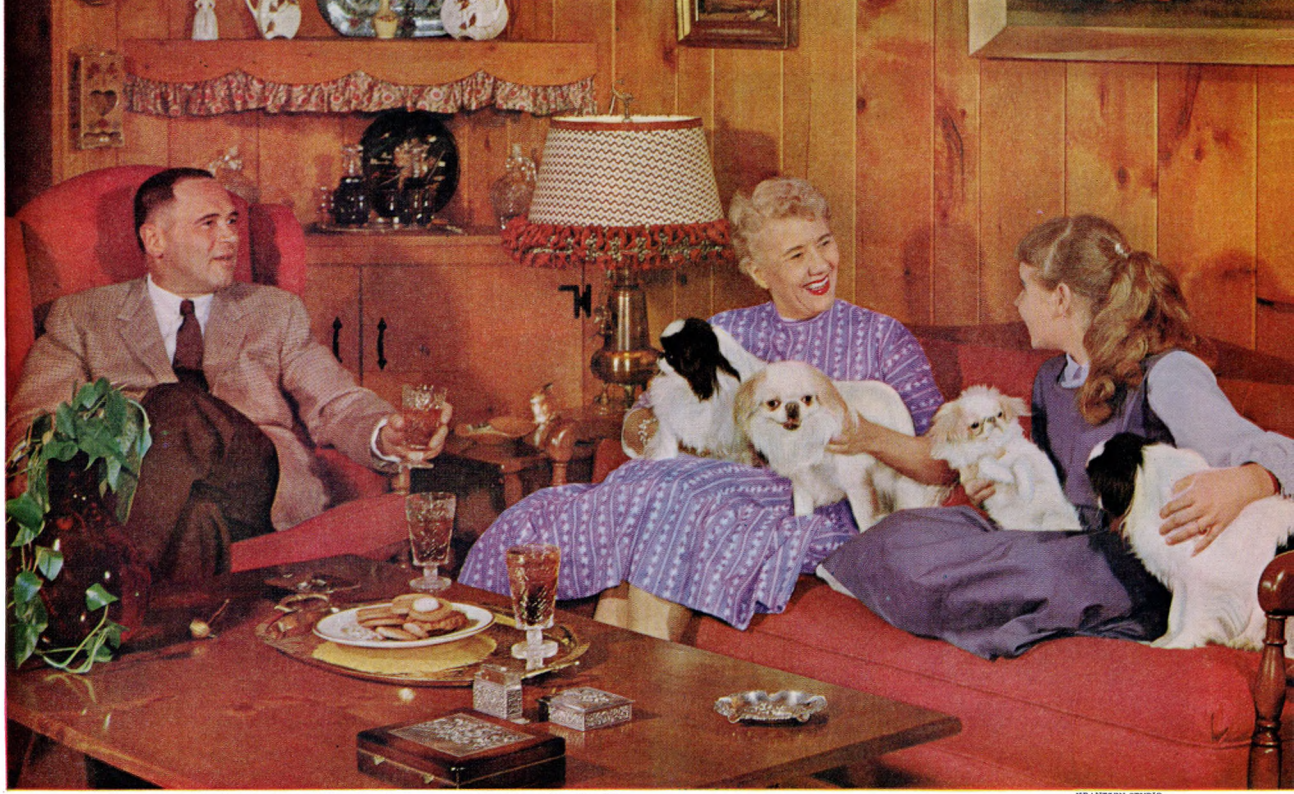
Enjoyabanana with your favorite ice cream

Havabanana sliced on gingerbread

Grababanana, peel, eat and enjoy!

United Fruit Company

30 St. James Avenue, Boston, Mass.



"At home, Ruth *Newman*." Husband Herman; daughter Candy, 15.

KRANTZEN STUDIO

She Speaks to Seven Million Women

TV's "50-50 Club" makes Ruth Lyons both a star and "the Midwest's most influential housewife."

By BETTY HANNAH HOFFMAN

HOW I MADE AMERICA

Ruth Lyons is an attractive, vital blonde, with a bad slouch such as teen-agers get lectured for, and a sandpaper voice that gets her the highest TV rating of any daytime performer in the country. Millions can hardly wait for her next appearance. Tickets for her show televised from WLW-T in Cincinnati and fed to Crosley Broadcasting stations WLW-C, WLW-D and WLW-I and broadcast on WLW-Radio, sell as far as five years in advance and are actually squirreled away in family strongboxes along with insurance policies and wills. One couple who moved from Ohio before they could use their tickets drove back from New York—two days back and forth of hard winter driving—to catch the Ruth Lyons show. So devoted are her fans, mostly women and numbering 7,000,000 (comprising her TV and radio audience in Ohio, Indiana, Kentucky and West Virginia) that one woman once turned up at showtime with the charred half of a ticket she had saved from her burning house. Asked to explain her hold over so many women, the star of the "50-50 Club" says, "Because I'm Ruth Lyons." Two million dollars in advertising revenue a year points up the success of her program.

Ever since Ruth Lyons once remarked that she liked to see women wearing white gloves, her studio audience has resembled the cast of a minstrel show. Even girl babies six months old arrive at the studio sporting white gloves.

One day when her housekeeper was ill, Ruth Lyons hauled the damp laundry to WLW and had a row of ironing boards set up in the studio.

She Speaks to Seven Million Women

"Never blasé," Ruth is as excited by trips abroad as are fans who see her off.

Adoring followers took turns pressing her family's personal laundry while Ruth sang and played the organ.

Although one TV columnist asserts that her singing's a joke and her voice cracks on every note, a recent Ruth Lyons' record album sold 50,000 copies in three weeks. A woman fan who didn't even own a phonograph plunked down $3.98 for the album because she admired Ruth Lyons' picture on the cover.

Ruth Lyons performs without script or rehearsals, ad-libbing ninety minutes a day five days a week. She wears a diamond ring extending from knuckle to first joint. Youthful dresses and spike-heeled pumps display slim legs and lovely ankles. Because she is allergic to most forms of wool, Ruth wears very little of it.

In repose, Miss Lyons' face, with its high blunt cheekbones, firm chin, steely blue eyes, is pure American Gothic. She likes to pretend that she resembles Betty Grable. When someone mentioned that she looked more like Ann Sothern, she replied, "I'm not that fat!" A moment later, she kiddingly asked her studio audience of the lucky 150, "Don't you think I'm naturally adorable?" Most of them agreed. She loves to kid about her appearance.

The thing everyone seems to agree upon is that Miss Lyons is a master showman, responsive to every flickering mood of her audience, and equally quick to vary subject and pace.

"Are you going to be one of those dull groups?" she berates an audience whose attention shows the slightest sign of flagging. "Put on your white gloves, sit up, and smile!" Sometimes she considers the singing style of baritone Bob Braun too high-flown. "Don't be so ultra and operatic," she chides him on the air.

She often cries on her program. When Ruth cries, her whole face shines wetly. When the audience starts sobbing, too, she trips among them trailing her flower-decked microphone and letting the fortunate ones sniff her smelling salts.

Ruth's special interests include children—especially hurt, crippled or sick children—dogs and elderly women. "It's their necks that get me," Ruth explains, "little old ladies with narrow shoulders and stringy bent necks—they break me up." When Denise Darcel appeared on her program recently, they got to discussing the zingy French actress' elderly mother in France and ended up sobbing in each other's arms.

Because she is so passionately concerned for children who are ill in hospitals, Ruth Lyons' annual hospital drive raises more money than any other individual's TV charity appeal in the country. Television marathons may produce a lot of pledges, but Ruth Lyons produces hard, cold cash. And not one cent of the money she has collected—over $1,000,000 so far—is deducted for expenses. All of it goes to the hospitals for children.

At home Ruth Lyons raises six or seven Japanese spaniels, all beauties. When one of them gets sick, which is frequently, she sits up rocking the dog in her arms half the night, singing and talking to the animal. (Every room in her house has a rocking chair; there are two in her spacious kitchen.) Sometimes she takes the ailing dog right into bed with her.

According to Miss Lyons, her fans look upon her as an extension of themselves and part of their lives. "If I get a new ring, or a fur coat, they're thrilled. There's never any envy. When I take a trip, they want to know every single detail about it."

When she left on a European trip last year, she happened to mention on the air which train she was taking from Cincinnati. (Neither she nor her husband ever flies anywhere.) When the train carrying Ruth and her husband and daughter pulled into Springfield, Ohio, 500 women were waiting in a pouring rain for a glimpse of their idol. When Ruth finally appeared on the back platform, she was weeping copiously.

"Ruth's so sentimental she cries at the 'coming attractions,'" says a close friend

CONTINUED ON PAGE 159

Magic formula for long-term popularity? "Never fool an audience, never talk down to people."

KRANTZEN STUDIO

"Frantic, productive, frustrating, delightful—life is never dull."

"Life has a Lovely way of Living"

By RUTH LYONS

EDITORS' NOTE: *In interviewing busy, interesting people, our editorial staff encounters temperament, lack of time, evasions, and other tricks the inquiring journalist has to experience to believe. To obtain this story of how a famous and well-beloved TV star lives, we met with some of these obstacles.*

In Ruth Lyons we discovered, first, a person who was not particularly eager to have an article written about her, even in LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, *one of her favorite magazines. But we persisted, thinking so striking a personality ought to be known to the nation as well as to her 7,000,000 followers. We suggested that she write about herself on the basis of her favorite belief that "life has a lovely way of living" (a line from one of her songs) while we assigned Betty Hoffman to write about her career as it looks to the outsider looking on. This is what she wrote about herself.*

ME • I am Ruth Lyons Newman, professionally known as Ruth Lyons. I live in Cincinnati, Ohio, and have always lived here.

I have been married for the past seventeen years to Herman Andrew Newman, a professor of English at the University of Cincinnati. He is as handsome as I once thought Clark Gable to be, more intelligent than I will ever give him credit for being, and as stubborn as any descendant of German forebears inevitably would be. I am primarily a homemaker, mother of a fifteen-year-old daughter, Candace, and a devout believer in "living the good life."

"Close to my heart," Ruth Lyons' Christmas Fund for children's hospitals raised $242,662 last year.

"Life has a Lovely way of Living"

My childhood centered around the activities of the Presbyterian church of our neighborhood. I played the piano and later the organ, sang in the junior choir, rehearsed the Christmas pageants, and accompanied my father, two uncles and my grandfather in their vocal quartet. I could play tunes on the piano when I was three years old, could remember melodies after hearing them once, have always had perfect pitch. I studied piano, organ and violin, and learned to play the ukulele by stringing an old tennis racket with four lengths of wrapping cord to simulate the instrument.

My grandfather on my mother's side was a captain on the Ohio and Mississippi rivers. Living on the Ohio, I loved its boats and fascinating stories—and still do. My mother was dainty, gay, old-fashioned, delightfully superstitious and gently determined. My father was an expert mathematician, witty, extravagant, and absolute putty in mother's hands.

My paternal grandmother was a delight to my young soul—soft and plump, inflexible in her religious beliefs, energetic, full of fun, and a member of the WCTU. One of her best friends and greatest admirers was the saloonkeeper, who connived with her to keep local millworkers from spending their entire week's wages every Saturday night.

My family's greatest claim to local fame was ownership of the first phonograph in our neighborhood, complete with a large collection of records by Caruso, Melba and, a bit later, the ever-popular John McCormack.

From these beginnings I emerged with two prime interests in life: music, and a profound interest in people.

ME—LATER. In high school, the magic of radio touched my life. I was in constant demand as an accompanist and pianist at the local stations in Cincinnati. And I was completely fascinated by this new enigma. I would rush home after a fifteen-minute session in one of the first velvet-draped isolation booths ever built, to find my mother frantically and vainly still trying to tune me in with a cat whisker tracking over a strange little crystal gadget.

I was a Tri Delt at the University of Cincinnati during the era when "Stardust" first became a hit. In college I was interested in boys, modern music, playing the piano, languages, boys, clothes, eradication of intolerance and class distinction, boys, tennis and boys.

But when I finished at the university, I was asked to take a job as a pianist and organist with a Cincinnati radio station. I couldn't believe radio was here to stay—but a salary of $25 a week wasn't to be ignored, either. So I went to work. Work? Yes, if you call it work having every day come up with

CONTINUED ON PAGE 154

"Not a job." Ruth calls her scriptless, hour-and-a-half TV show. "A daily visit with thousands of people who have the same problems and pleasures that I have."

HOW AMERICA LIVES


KITCHEN
TREASURES
Hunt
for the best
Hunt's
TOMATO
CATSUP
HUNT
FOR
THE BEST

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 152

something funnier and more hilarious than that which happened the day before. There was no limit to what was done by performers, announcers, even station personnel, during the early days of radio to keep the laughs coming. It became the thing to try to "break up" any performer who seemed to be anxious to maintain any decorum whatsoever.

There was the night a well-known basso profundo was guest singer, and among his selections was the booming "Song of the Volga Boatmen." Just as he launched into the lusty boatman's favorite mood music for "totin' that barge" down the Volga, the studio door opened and in came four of the station personnel, wrapped in overcoats, their heads bound with turbans made of towels from the men's room, dragging, by heavy ropes, in perfect rhythm to the purple-faced boatman's chant, a full-sized gray coffin, in which sat another staff pixy, clutching a bunch of beets and clad in a raccoon coat circa 1930! The basso received the accolade of all concerned—he never missed a beat of that measured dirge of the Muscovites—but he nearly popped a number of blood vessels later in one of the most beautiful tantrums of outraged dignity that it has ever been my pleasure to witness.

Because of the sudden illness one morning of our woman commentator on affairs current and sundry, I was pushed into a studio and told to read a script. I did this for the first few minutes, but the content of the so-called discourse was far too saccharine and trite to make me speak with any credence. So I suddenly started to converse with the stricken announcer across the table from me—and from that day, thirty years ago, until today I haven't finished what I have to say. A disastrous flood in the Ohio Valley, giving me the opportunity to be of service at scenes of disaster, gave a believability to the news I had to put out on the air waves, and from those dark days in 1937 until the present I have tried to keep that believability alive. This has been possible because I am employed by a company that sustains the same policy, and because I take this business of radio and television as a serious and happy obligation!

ME—EVEN LATER

In 1942 I joined the staff of WLW, owned by the Crosley Broadcasting Corporation, an organization which in my opinion has been and continues to be one of the greatest contributors to radio and television development in the entire country. I was asked to create two shows: one, "Morning Matinee," at 8:30 A.M. each day; and a noontime luncheon show.

And in 1942 I married Herman. We were married on a Saturday, drove to Beaumont Inn near Lexington, Kentucky, returned home Sunday evening, and I was back on "Morning Matinee" on Monday. Since then we have had the good fortune to make wonderful trips all over Europe—Scandinavia, Russia, Poland—the Caribbean, Canada, Hawaii and every section of these United States, so Herman's and my honeymoon worked out on a "delayed basis" plan, and our later "honeymoons" were even more delightful in that we shared them with our daughter Candy every time.

In 1944 the most remarkable, completely miraculous event ever recorded occurred: our daughter Candace—Candy for shortness and sweetness—was born. From here on this outline *could* be devoted to no subject other than the beauty, charm, lovableness and the fascinating development of this one beloved little girl—but every mother would realize, as I do, that whatever I said would be wholly inadequate. Candy is now fifteen, she is an inch taller than I, and every inch she has added is composed of pure delight and beautiful understanding between her and her father and her awe-struck mother. She has been, and always will be, the greatest gift of our lives—and we shall ever remember to give thanks for her being.

MEANWHILE ——

While Candy was learning to walk and talk, along came a strange new Circe, activated by a small snap-on switch, full of more wiles and enchantments than any pony-tailed Lorelei. Her name was Television. We were content within the well-organized, lucrative environs of radio. Now we were being ordered by young television producers, from behind their smoked glasses, to stand here—walk there—smile brightly—pick up object with left hand—in other words, to become automatons in a new sphere of entertainment, without the slightest resemblance to our own personalities or ways of doing things. After our first few telecasts, I felt that it was definitely "the end of the road" for me.

However, I still believed that people preferred naturalness, honesty and believability in television as they had so evidenced to me in my many years in radio. And so, in spite of pressure to dye, to toupee, to make up, to walk gracefully, to speak the speech "trippingly on the tongue" and, above all, to keep "moving" on that magic screen, we continued and are still continuing to be ourselves in television. We emerged from sound into sight without conforming to many of the ridiculous, unnatural mandates of this new medium.

Our noonday show we called the "50 Club" because we had fifty women each day for lunch and as participants in the telecast. Members of the audience buy tickets for the luncheon, which is served at the studio before showtime. When the first sale of tickets produced requests which would take nine years to fill, it was apparent that we should increase the studio audience. Thus we became the "50-50 Club"; and later yet, without changing the show title, increased the audience to 150 people each weekday for the hour-and-a-half show.

NOW

And what is this show all about? Why does it continue 5 days each week, 7½ hours each week, 52 weeks a year, in living color on television, and on radio as well? I believe it is because, although it is enervating and makes tremendous demands on me, both physically and mentally, it is still not a "job." Rather it is a daily visit with thousands and thousands of people who have the same experiences, problems, pleasures and anxieties that I have. And what is more therapeutic than to sit down with good friends and discuss whatever subject comes to mind? This is exactly what we do day after day.

We are ready to stir up arguments, discuss clothes and our love for them, review last night's network television shows, criticize, praise, argue, laugh, cry and, in truth, experience and express every emotion peculiar to human beings. We are extremely grateful that our eighteen sponsors a day, top quality in every way as people and also as far as their products are concerned, are lenient to the degree that we are given complete freedom in presenting their commercials in whatever way we consider to be most interesting. We use no film, no script; as a matter of fact, I have no doubt that the sponsors sometimes wonder just what it is they are paying for on the "50-50 Club"! But they stay happy, sell their products, and have proved to be really stanch friends.

We are grateful for the opportunity this radio-and-television show affords us to do a vital job each year in the name of humanity. This is our "Ruth Lyons' Christmas Fund." This project is launched each October and is designed to raise, by voluntary contributions, a substantial sum of money to maintain the Ruth Lyons' Christmas Fund in twenty-six children's hospitals throughout our viewing and listening area.

I started this fund nineteen years ago after a visit to our Cincinnati Children's Hospital, when I was made aware of the lack of anything in the hospitals to divert a sick child's mind from his own anxieties and pain. There were no books, no pictures, no toys, no radios—nothing in the way of material things to hasten his tedious recovery. And most unfortunate of all, there was no money available to make these things possible. So, as I always do, I put the problem before my radio audience, primarily to raise a fund to give hospitalized children a truly wonderful Christmas.

The first year the fund raised $1000. This past year, our nineteenth year, our good viewers contributed $242,662.55, every dollar of which is used to maintain a year-round fund in twenty-eight children's hospitals in the area that we reach on our show. The children themselves have an abiding faith in this fund, and there have been hundreds of wonderful stories told to us by nurses and doctors in the hospitals as to what has been accomplished in making these little ones as happy as possible while they are hospitalized.

We raise this money each year by starting Christmas in October. Many Christmas songs I have written over the years, which we released last year in an album "Ten Tunes of Christmas," have played a major part in bringing alive the Christmas spirit of giving in the hearts of our audience. These people know these songs and sing them with us, and play them in their homes, so they tell me, all year long.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 156

FIRST QUARREL

By ANTHONY BAILEY

Nothing quite like it, this row between friends
Who are lovers, moreover, used to the unspoken.
Now he is baffled by silence, nearly broken
When kindness, so he thinks, defeats his ends.
She screams, "Get out!" and when he's gone she cries.
In the next room he takes the yell for token
That love, for her, was mischief in disguise.

Nothing quite like it: you might well suppose
They were the first pair tricked to a cross word,
Or made to think "the whole thing is absurd;
Marriage is silly: we are natural foes."
He sulks and fumes, half wishing he could say
How much he hates her. He would not be heard:
She phones her aunt and throws a dress away.

Nothing quite like it—but that's true as well
Though mischief skips and leaves the ending trite.
No knowing counselor has ever quite
Conjured their kisses, or can justly tell
Either their words are old, their thoughts long said.
It is their own: first grief, and first delight
That what they thought had gone had grown instead.

Raisins–here in Raisinland are everywhere you turn your eyes And every time you nibble one you get a great big Taste Surprise!

That Taste Surprise happens *wherever* you meet up with a raisin—and that can be most everywhere! Lots of raisins come in handy *little packs*—just right to carry in pockets, purses, lunchboxes, glove compartments...stack them in the refrigerator, too, where after-school snackers are sure to look. And be sure *you* look for raisins in cookies...muffins...sweet rolls...raisinbread...

Isn't it amazin' how easily you can lead a raisin fruit-full life!

Do that—just for the Taste Surprising, energizing fun of it.

YOU can carry quite a few
raisins right along with you
In the handy little packs
made especially for snacks

P.S. *Like this Raisinland picture—no words except a charming new verse—to frame for a child's room? Free! Send postcard request to: California Raisin Advisory Board, Dept.LH-460, Box 1963, Fresno, California*

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 154

The generosity of our audience is not limited, however, to the Christmas Fund. It is evidenced constantly in many other ways. We maintain a year-round TV Fund from which we have purchased hundreds of radios and television sets for veterans' hospitals, homes for the aged, county hospitals, and schools for the deaf, blind and retarded children. This fund is completely separate from the Christmas Fund, and all contributions are from the same wonderful audience.

Somewhere along the line, I know not where, the nickname "Mother" was bestowed on me. It seems everyone calls me "Mother"—newspaper columnists, truck and taxi drivers, my boss and my co-workers, people I don't even know and most of those I do know call me "Mother."

DAILY

This is my life—busy, frantic, creative, productive, frustrating, delightful, maddening, but never dull. And when the show is over, after a few thousand words with my secretaries Mickey Walker, Rose Lupton and Jean Tellman; conferences with my producer-director George Resing and assistant Elsa Sule; at least one meeting a day with a sponsor or someone from our Sales Department, a reassuring call from my long-suffering boss, Robert E. Dunville, president of Crosley Broadcasting Corporation, to the effect that I am not going to be fired this time, but watch it—then I go home to be Ruth Newman . . .

Wife of an understanding, delightfully argumentative professor of that unintelligible subject, English . . .

Mother to an intriguing, cowboy-enamored daughter of fifteen . . .

Godmother to six Japanese spaniels, one Irish setter, a pale-yellow canary, and a huge Persian cat . . .

Overseer-in-name-only of a ten-room house but in reality slave to Pauline and Callie, our two devoted housekeepers, who tell me what to do . . .

And, most of all—be *myself*, free to read, watch every television show I can work in, write some new tunes and hope they'll record as well as our last two albums, eat, talk, and talk and talk with Herman and Candy . . . sit quietly by the fire and be thankful that "life has a lovely way of living"—and so to bed.

OH—I FORGOT

I like Early American furniture, old newspapers and magazines, chocolate ice cream, an open fire, traveling anywhere, playing bridge, perfume, old people, ships, babies, honest opinions, and like any other woman, millions of bracelets!

I heartily dislike intolerance, injustice in any form, women over eighteen who try to be coy, pomposity, discrimination, licorice and mice. I love music by Tchaikovsky, Puccini, Bach, Rodgers and Hammerstein (and especially the score of *The King and I*).

I have met and especially liked, among many other people, the late Gen. George Marshall, counted Robert Taft as a warm personal friend; enjoyed interviews with Dr. Nelson Glueck, writer and explorer and president of Cincinnati's Hebrew Union College; Eva Gabor; Jack Webb; Roger Smith, star of "77 Sunset Strip"; Rod Serling, one of my most successful personal friends; Carol Channing, Liberace, Victor Borge, Eydie Gorme and Jack E. Leonard—to mention just a very few.

I would still most like to meet: Dr. Albert Schweitzer, Joseph Welch, Sir Winston Churchill, Clark Gable, President Dwight Eisenhower and Adlai Stevenson.

I would love best to revisit Paris, Amsterdam, New York; Lucerne, Switzerland; Hawaii and New Orleans, in that order.

I like best the writings of Shakespeare, Tolstoi, James Michener and Pearl Buck.

My unsatisfied ambitions are to learn to tap dance, be a professional photographer, and to shoot at least an 80 in golf.

The most exciting experiences I have enjoyed were: the day the Christmas Fund reached $242,662.55 last year; being present at the coronation of Elizabeth II in Westminster Abbey; being aboard the first cruise ship to go into Russia and Poland since World War II; and receiving the wonderful news that a little five-year-old girl walked for the first time in six months, after a serious accident, because on my show before doing a little "Christmas Marching Song" that I wrote, I said, "Now, everyone, let's get up and march!" . . . She did.

END

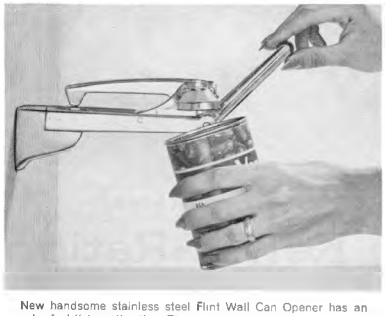
"Do I have to salute anyone?"

NEW!

The gift
to give or get
for carefree cutting...

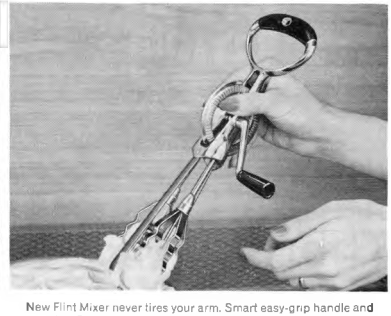
FLINT®

If you want to give pleasure, give one of these beautiful new Flint Holdster Sets. They're smartly new . . . with a custom assortment of the right knife for every cutting job. Exciting discovery in each assortment is the first new kind of knife in your lifetime . . . the sensational Flint Waverly Edge that stays sharp from year to year. Both the new Flint counter top "Susan" and the new Flint Wall Holdster Sets include six knives with stainless steel blades and Pakkawood® handles. Each set $19.95.



New handsome stainless steel Flint Wall Can Opener has an extra-fast "zipper" action. Zips open any size or shape can with safe, smooth edge—then "hands" you the lid. Only $7.95.

Flint stainless steel Cookware is made to give you years of carefree cooking pleasure. Shines without polishing. Can't break if you bounce it. 2 at. double boiler $11.75. 36 other pieces and sets. Also available with thick copper bottoms.



New Flint Mixer never tires your arm. Smart easy-grip handle and amazing Rhythm Beaters whip the heaviest batters smooth . . . quickly and easily. Convenient hang-up hole in handle $4.95.

YOU GIVE AND GET **QUALITY PLUS** IN EVERY FLINT PRODUCT

...made by the greatest EKCO® name in housewares

SHE SPEAKS TO 7 MILLION WOMEN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 150

sympathetically. "Another thing about Ruth—that clutches her audience's interest: she always feels terrible."

Ruth's constant aches and pains have become a running gag on her show. She is always at death's door, yet never actually sick. "Give me some hearts-and-flowers music," she'll direct her seven-piece band, and then she will enumerate her complaints: "Oh, my back!" and "Oh, my neck!" and so on. Her staff will long remember the time she broke her little toe. It was not only done up in an enormous white bandage, but had a big red bow and a bunch of flowers as well. According to Ruth, the spotlighted toe throbbed unbearably every minute of her ninety-minute show.

"I have miserable elbows," she sometimes moans. "They give me trouble all the time." She may discuss her ideas of how the nation's tax laws should be changed, or advise her listeners, "You know, Cleopatra didn't smell so good." And, "Always buy white cars," she tells them, "nothing but white. It's the only color. And besides, they're safer."

The band on the "50–50 Club," Cliff Lash and his "Uncertain Seven" as Ruth Lyons has dubbed them, and vocalists Marian Spelman, Ruby Wright, Bonnie Lou and Bob Braun rehearse the musical numbers for the show, but more often than not Miss Lyons decides they will rehearse and perform right on the show a number different from that programmed. Or, seated in her rocking chair built for three and covered in gaudy patchwork quilting to show up well on the color telecast, she may take off on a talking jag. Her coworkers Peter Grant, a charming but confirmed bachelor whom she is trying desperately to interest in romance, and Bob Braun, a handsome chap who is the idol of the teenagers, give her plenty of opportunity to start any type of discussion or controversy. She will wave her flower-bedecked microphone (her "trade-mark") in the direction of the audience occasionally, and receive its 100 per cent approbation.

The same band has been with Ruth Lyons' "50–50 Club" for fifteen years, and the vocalists for twelve years. Miss Lyons considers them a vital part of the show, and includes them in her out-of-studio activities as well. She has released several records and albums which have become hits in the WLW area, and has always shared the income from them with the members of the cast of "50–50 Club" who participated in making the records. Her recording sessions, by the way, as well as the rehearsals, are all done outside of the studio, after she's concluded her business of the day—her show, meetings, conferences with clients, and so on.

Although the audience of "50–50 Club," both in the studio and out, is chiefly women, Miss Lyons' mail and telephone calls show an increasing number of men who are show regulars. When there are quite a number of males in the studio audience, she calls on them to do the commercials for her. The late Louis Bromfield was a devoted listener to her show, and wrote her often. Another outstanding male fan is William F. Hopkins, outstanding Cincinnati defense attorney, as are Mayor Donald Clancy, former Gov. C. William O'Neill, and Judge Carl Rich of Common Pleas Court of Cincinnati.

To her audience, Ruth confides, "My husband Herman has terrible taste in clothes. How about your husbands?" Most of the housewives present nod in agreement. Or, "Herman's very hot-blooded." She laughs merrily. "I mean he hates hot rooms and heavy clothing."

Herman is an English professor at the University of Cincinnati, handsome, mild-mannered and, according to his wife, "a freethinker." He frequently phones while she's on the air to correct her grammar or pronunciation. Ruth picks up the real phone on stage and listens impatiently. "Don't *bother* me, Herman! Did you remember to carry out the garbage?"

According to a close friend, Ruth is "a very female female" and "a very shrewd businesswoman." As a member of the Management Planning Committee at WLW, she acts as liaison between sales and programming.

"Ruth Lyons is a very dominating kind of woman," a former associate explains. "She's successful and powerful and is free to say exactly what's on her mind. She needles and browbeats the men on her program, and this delights the housewives." They love to hear someone push men around though they wouldn't dare try it themselves.

Ruth Lyons has thirty-seven sponsors happily paying $2,000,000 a year for the privilege of being mentioned on her show. There is a long waiting list of advertisers equally eager to support her. She deals directly with sponsors herself, both local and national. She won't accept a product unless she herself likes it. She refuses to use canned copy, considering most prepared advertising copy not down-to-earth enough for her type of program. "What do those charcoal-gray boys know about the housewife and what she wants and needs?" she asks her listeners in disgust. Once she read aloud a sponsor's ad about fruit juices and then tore it up right on the stage. She ridicules what she thinks is ridiculous and sells products her own way.

Recently she was demonstrating a sponsor's cheese dip with a piece of celery. "Are dips hygienic?" she pondered, pausing in mid-air before her second dip into the cheese.

One day Miss Lyons may spend five minutes discussing the merits of a product and why people should buy it. The next day she may dismiss it in three words: "Buy Blank's meat." No matter what she says, people apparently scramble to buy the product. When she conducted a prize contest for Kroger bread, 165,851 entries poured in. The bakery installed three shifts to meet the demand for its loaves. A line of canned vegetables, after only ten weeks on her show, moved from seventh to first place in three big cities within sound of her insistent voice—Cincinnati, Dayton and Columbus.

On Madison Avenue, Ruth is sometimes referred to as a "fresh new breeze" in broadcasting, but actually she's been in radio and TV for thirty years. Two experiences on a national network were enough for her. She contends that she is a Midwest personality and is content to remain one. "Her roots lie deep in Ohio and most of the appeal of her show is local," explains a staff member.

In 1952, a half hour of the ninety-minute Ruth Lyons show was on the national NBC network for a year. Although the mail count was high, after a year she asked to be released from the seven-year network contract, saying that the loss of her local clients (not acceptable on the national network) did not conform to her show "ideal." And somewhat more than a year ago Miss Lyons appeared for two weeks on the Dave Garroway "Today" show. She enjoyed working with Mr. Garroway, who was wonderful to her, she said, but she prefers the informality and spontaneity of a show such as her own "50–50 Club."

This past January, when WLW-T originated an NBC-network color telecast of a Cincinnati Royals-New York Knickerbockers pro basketball game, Ruth Lyons and members of the "50–50 Club" cast appeared at half time with their spouses to toss baskets for a charity benefit. Following the telecast, Miss Lyons received mail from as far as Texas and Colorado from fans who had seen her during her 1952 and 1958 network appearances and who wrote that they were delighted to see her again.

Today Ruth Lyons is probably the most valuable, most sought-after non-network property in television. When she was shown a script for a national network show in which it was hoped she would be the star, she pointed to a list of a dozen or more people at the top of the first page and asked, "Who are these? The actors?" She was told that they would be the executives on the show. "Nothing doing," she replied. "Right now I have only one boss; and to be truthful, I have trouble enough with him!"

Ruth Lyons is not afraid to enter into controversial or touchy subjects. She cannot stand intolerance. One day recently Miss Lyons and a woman acquaintance were waiting for a cab on a street corner in downtown Cincinnati. When a cab pulled up, her friend opened the door and then slammed it, announcing loudly that she wasn't going to ride with a Negro driver. Miss Lyons got into the cab herself and questioned the driver about how often this happened. "Five or six times every day," the Negro replied. The next day on the air Miss Lyons treated her audience of 7,000,000 to a twenty-minute diatribe against racial prejudice, one of her favorite subjects. Subsequently, the cab company said that her speech had done more to speed the acceptance of Negro drivers than all their efforts over the space of two years.

When celebrities visit Cincinnati, they are generally invited to appear on the show. Ruth loves good interviews, and believes that she can retain the spontaneity of her show best by not meeting the guests prior to the show. So her audience meets the guest as soon as Miss Lyons herself does. Lisa Kirk was so popular with Miss Lyons and with the audience that she appeared on "50–50 Club" every day for a week and loved it. Eva Gabor chattered away with Ruth like the housewife next door. When Steve Allen appeared on the show, his three managers had told the show's producer that he had only four minutes to spare from his busy schedule. And although Steve looked tired, which Miss Lyons frankly told him, a half hour later he was still pounding the keys of band leader Cliff Lash's piano in a jam session with the orchestra and Ruth Lyons at the organ, while the managers sat in the back with their faces in their hands.

The result of this type of interview makes possible rewarding entertainment, and the stars love it. They tell one another when they meet on Broadway or in Hollywood to "get on the Ruth Lyons show in Cincinnati when you are there." Many shows in Cincinnati have hung out the "SRO" sign after a star's appearance on "50–50 Club."

Not all the best interviews are with guest stars, either. Ruth often finds fascinating interviews in her studio audience, and gives them the same treatment she gives to those more widely known.

Ruth Lyons receives more than three quarters of a million pieces of mail a year: the count for 1959 totaled 790,345 pieces, of which more than 164,000 were Christmas Fund contributions. Her Christmas Fund hospital drive in 1959 brought in almost a quarter of a million dollars—$242,662.55, to be exact—largely in one- and two-dollar donations. She doesn't encourage large, tax-exempt contributions from corporations. Those, she feels, would commercialize the project. What she wants is "a spontaneous outpouring of small sums of money from people everywhere.

"People tell me that the *best part* of Christmas to them is contributing to the Ruth Lyons

CONTINUED ON PAGE 161

Tom and Marian Hutchison had three small children and "there just didn't seem to be enough hours in the day for all that had to be done." Then triplets arrived.

SIX UNDER 6

By NELLE KEYS BELL

HOW AMERICA LIVES in the May JOURNAL

Quality at your feet

BROWN SHOE COMPANY

The best children *(yours, of course)* deserve the best shoes *(ours, of course)*

Good shoes, well-fitted, are a must for growing feet. That's why we've used only the finest materials and workmanship in Buster Brown Shoes for more than three generations. And why Buster Brown dealers take such care to ensure perfect fit with the famous Buster Brown 6-Point Fitting Plan.

Buster Brown is the oldest and best-known children's shoe in the world. And mothers know why!

BUSTER BROWN

MORE BOYS AND GIRLS HAVE GROWN UP IN BUSTER BROWN SHOES THAN ANY OTHER BRAND®

Here are stores in your area that have these new Buster Brown Shoes

CONNECTICUT
BETHEL Markoff Shoes
BREWSTER Markoff Shoes
BRIDGEPORT Arthur's Youth Center
BRIDGEPORT Borry's Quality Shoes
BRIDGEPORT Nyden's Dept. Store
BRIDGEPORT Schneider's Boot Shop (2 stores)
DANBURY Markoff Shoes
FAIRFIELD Fairfield Department Store
MANCHESTER Gustafson's Shoe Store
MIDDLETOWN J. Poliner & Sons
MYSTIC Wm. Bendett
NEW BRITAIN Oason, Inc.
NEW HAVEN Gary-Stevens
NEW LONDON [illegible] (New London Shp. Ctr.)
NORWALK Arnold's Boot Shop
NORWICH [illegible] Shoes
STAMFORD Mayfair Shoes
STRATFORD Stratford Dept. Store
WESTPORT Barry's Shoes
WESTPORT Greenberg's Dept. Store
WESTPORT Barry's Shoes
WILLIMANTIC Ben's Eagle Shoes
WILTON Buster Brown Shoes
WILTON Milton Markoff Shoes

DELAWARE
DOVER [illegible]
GEORGETOWN Braun's
NEWARK Pilnick's
WILMINGTON Carl Cobin Shoes

D. C.
WASHINGTON The Hecht Co.

MAINE
AUGUSTA Quality Shoe Store
BANGOR Bangor Shoe Store
BANGOR Standard Shoe Store

MAINE (Continued)
BIDDEFORD [illegible]
LEWISTON [illegible]
NORWAY E. N. Swett Co.
PORTLAND Owen-Moore Co.
RUMFORD Bradley Shoe Store
WATERVILLE Emery-Brown Co.

MARYLAND
BALTIMORE The Hecht Co (Downtown, Edmondson, Northwood Shp. Ctr.)
BEL AIR Bata Shoe Co.
CAMBRIDGE LeCompte Shoe Shop
CHESTERTOWN Bonnett's Dept. Store
CUMBERLAND Shinnamon's
HAGERSTOWN Eyerly's, Inc.
HYATTSVILLE The Hecht Co. (Prince Georges Plaza)
POCOMOKE CITY Bata Shoe Company
SALISBURY Vernon Powell
SILVER SPRING The Hecht Co.

MASSACHUSETTS
ATHOL J. Garbose Shoes
ATTLEBORO Sillman's
BOSTON Jordan Marsh Co.
CHICOPEE Ferris Dept. Store
DANVERS Rozanne Shoes
DEDHAM E. D. Edwards Shoes (Dedham Plaza)
FITCHBURG George Bros. Shoes
FRAMINGHAM Jordan Marsh Co. (Shoppers World)
GARDNER Rousseau's Shoes
GREAT BARRINGTON Ann Louise Shop
HAVERHILL Fredric's Shoes
HOLYOKE McAuslan-Wakelin Co
HOLYOKE Ed Moriarty's
INDIAN ORCHARD Kitchener's

MASSACHUSETTS (Continued)
LAWRENCE Daniels Shoes
LEOMINSTER Jack's
LYNNFIELD CENTER The Village Footman
MALDEN Jordan Marsh Co.
MEDFORD E. D. Edwards Shoes (Fellsway Center)
NEW BEDFORD Howards Shoes
NORTH ADAMS Boston Store
NORTHAMPTON McCallum's
PEABODY Jordan Marsh Co. (North Shore Center)
PITTSFIELD Jim's Dept. Store
SOUTHBRIDGE David Lenti
SOUTH EASTON Brownies Shoes
SPRINGFIELD Youth Centre
WINTHROP Arthur's Shoes
WORCESTER Barnard's
WORCESTER Lobel's Youth Center

NEW HAMPSHIRE
CONCORD Thorne Shoe Co.
LANCASTER White's Shoe Store
LITTLETON Carleton's Shoe Store
MANCHESTER Pariseau's
PORTSMOUTH Noel's Bootery

NEW JERSEY
ARLINGTON Buster Brown—Naturalizer Shoe Store
ASBURY PARK Asbury Youth Center
ATLANTIC CITY [illegible]
BERGENFIELD Irving's Bootery
CAMDEN Lit Bros.
CLEMENTON Jack Frost
COLLINGSWOOD Rosner's
CRANFORD Cranford Bootery
DENVILLE [illegible]

NEW JERSEY (Continued)
ELIZABETH Buster Brown-Elmora
ENGLEWOOD Jacobus Shoes
FREEHOLD Weingarten Shoes
HACKENSACK B & H Shoes
HADDONFIELD Haddon Bootery
JERSEY CITY Economy
LINDEN Babgold Shoes
LITTLE SILVER Sid's Bootery
LONG BRANCH Dlugo Broadway Boot Shop
MADISON Shu-Timers
MAGNOLIA Magnolia Dept. Store
MERCERVILLE Carella Shoes
METUCHEN The Bootery
MILLVILLE Freedman's
MORRISTOWN L. Bamberger and Co.
MOUNT HOLLY Sacks
NEWARK Mantell Shoes
PALMYRA David Olen
PARAMUS Sterns (Bergen Mall)
PASSAIC Buster Brown (Passaic Park)
PASSAIC Ginsburg's
PATERSON Quackenbush's
PERTH AMBOY Allyn Shoes
PERTH AMBOY Reynold's
PLAINFIELD L. Bamberger and Co.
PLEASANTVILLE Joy-Ann Shoes
PRINCETON L. Bamberger and Co.
RIDGEFIELD PARK Model Shoe Shop
RIVERSIDE Herman's
TRENTON Lit Bros.
VERONA Evenson's
VINELAND Faith Shoe Shop
WEST NEW YORK Wauk-Rite Shoes
WEST ORANGE Colby Shoe Store (Essex Green Shop. Plaza)
WESTWOOD [illegible]
WOODBURY [illegible]

NEW YORK CITY

Manhattan
Blumsteins
Buster Brown-Dyckman Street
Buster Brown-Stuyvesant Town
Gimbels
Robert's Well Fit Shoes
Sterns
Stadler's

Bronx
B & M Shoes
Broadway Buster Brown
Buster Brown-Fordham
Buster Brown-Parkchester
Cinderella Shoes
Hillside Buster Brown
Hub Buster Brown
Pel Park Shoes
Turner Tread Shoes
Wonder Shoes

Queens
ASTORIA Daniel's Buster Brown Shoes
ASTORIA Talson's Shoes
FRESH MEADOWS B & B Shoes
FLUSHING Fashion Quality
FLUSHING Kew Hills Bootery
FOREST HILLS Buster Brown Shoes
GLEN OAKS Jax Buster Brown Shoes
HOWARD BEACH Jopling Shoes
JACKSON HEIGHTS Malben Shoes
JAMAICA Buster Brown Shoes
KEW GARDENS Kew Gardens Shoes
KEW GARDENS HILLS Terry's Buster Brown Shoes
LAURELTON Merrick Shoes
LITTLE NECK Rite Shoes
MASPETH Leo Gemma Shoes
REGO PARK Buster Brown Shoes
RICHMOND HILL Cooper's Shoes
RICHMOND HILL Royal Shoes
SOUTH OZONE PARK Brower Shoe Store
WHITESTONE Lewis Bootery

Brooklyn
Buster Brown-Bushwick
Buster Brown-Borough Park
Buster Brown-Pitkin Ave.
Buster Brown-Sheepshead Bay
Famous Brands Shoe Co.
Frank Lynne Shoes
Gordon's Footwear
Ideal Bootery
Ideal Dept. Store
Junior Footwear
Kruchkow's Shoes
Landman's Shoes
Lobel's Kiddie Shop
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Walter's Buster Brown Shoes

Staten Island
PORT RICHMOND Richmond Shoes
STAPLETON Henry's Dept. Store
WEST NEW BRIGHTON Steven Jeffrey

NEW YORK
ALBANY Corbat's [illegible]
AMSTERDAM Lu Mart Shoes
AUBURN Nolan's Shoes
BATAVIA Thomas & Dwyer
BAY SHORE Gimbels
BAY SHORE [illegible]
BINGHAMTON Read's Distinctive Footwear

NEW YORK (Continued)
BREWSTER Markoff's
BUFFALO Adam, Meldrum & Anderson (Airport Plaza, Sheridan Plaza, University Plaza, L. B. Smith Plaza, Thruway Plaza, Main Street)
BUFFALO Hertel Brownbilt Shoes
CANANDAIGUA Shaddock's Shoes
CEDARHURST Buster Brown Shoes
CORNING [illegible] Clark Shoes
CORTLAND Olds & Fulmer
DANSVILLE Blum's Family Shoes
EAST MEADOW Paul's Buster Brown Shoes
ELMIRA Gorton Coy
ELMIRA S. F. Iszard Co.
ENDICOTT Ken's Shoes
FARMINGDALE Mike's Buster Brown Shoes
FLORAL PARK D. Moss Shoe Store
FRANKLIN SQUARE Buster Brown Shoes
GARDEN CITY Buster Brown-Roosevelt Field
GLEN COVE Tri-Fon Shoes
GLENS FALLS Van The Shoe Man
GLOVERSVILLE Argersinger's Dept. Store
GOUVERNEUR Carbone's
GOWANDA Armes Shoes
GREAT NECK [illegible]
GREAT NECK [illegible]
GREENPORT Frank Sturm
HAMBURG Emerling's Shoe Store
HICKSVILLE [illegible]
HIGHLAND FALLS Rosner Shoes
HUNTINGTON Snappy Shoe Shop
HUNTINGTON STATION Axelrod's

NEW YORK (Continued)
ILION Wagner's Shoes
ITHACA Van's Shoes
JAMESTOWN Brownbilt Shoes
LARCHMONT Delson's Shoes
LEVITTOWN Lobel's Youth Center
MASSAPEQUA PARK Lobel's Youth Center
MERRICK Amis Shoes
MIDDLETOWN Green's Dept. Store
MOUNT KISCO Abel's
MOUNT VERNON York Shoe Store
NEWBURGH Fogarty's Shoe Store
NIAGARA FALLS Jenss Bros. (Main St. and Mil-Pine Plaza)
NORWICH Urlwin's Shoes
NYACK Herbet's Shoe Store
OGDENSBURG Milia's
OLEAN Bradner's
ONEIDA Garofalo's Shoes
ONEONTA Bresee's Dept. Store
OYSTER BAY Bay Shoes
PEEKSKILL Martin Weiss
PLAINVIEW Buster Brown Shoes
PORT CHESTER Delson's Shoe Store
POTSDAM Robert's Shoe Store
RIVERHEAD Harvard Shoe Store
ROCHESTER G. Bareis & Son
ROCHESTER Culver Shoes
ROCHESTER E. W. Edwards
ROCHESTER Genesee Bootery
ROCHESTER Schmanke's Shoes
ROCKVILLE CENTRE Halperin Shoe Store
ROME Townsend's Shoes
SARATOGA SPRINGS Rowe's Shoes
SCHENECTADY [illegible] Buster Brown Store
SCHENECTADY Wallace Co.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 159

fund." Each contributor, whether he gives pennies or dollars, qualifies for an impressive list of prizes which Ruth Lyons persuades businessmen to donate for nothing.

Every cent donated to the Christmas Fund is turned over to hospitals—twenty-eight last year—to help make Christmas a happy one for hospitalized children. Not only at Christmas, either. Parties and gifts the year round mark birthdays and other special events. Operating expenses for the fund drive are paid by WLW, which hires a complete crew of girls beginning in October to handle fund mail.

Last year the prizes included three automobiles, an air trip to Copenhagen, a $1000 gift certificate, a mink stole and 90 other big prizes. The two days these prizes are distributed through a series of phone calls to listeners' homes, the streets of Cincinnati are practically deserted, people say.

On her program Ruth frequently reminisces about her old-fashioned middle-class upbringing in Cincinnati. "Why, I was twelve before I was unshackled from long underwear," she tells her delighted listeners.

During high-school years, she earned money by playing the piano. During college she tutored slower classmates in any subject they required—Spanish, calculus, Latin or anything else. "I had a terrific desire to pay my own way," she acknowledges. She was hired by local radio station WKRC as a musician, but she also operated the switchboard, typed letters, and even swept cigarette butts out of the waiting room, old-timers recall.

In 1942, shortly after joining WLW's staff, Ruth met Herman Newman, who studied at Oxford to be a Unitarian minister but had turned to teaching instead. Ruth was sitting behind him at a Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra concert and wondering if she knew this tall, handsome, blue-eyed guy who looked vaguely familiar. During intermission he spoke to her and reminded her that they had been classmates at the University of Cincinnati. Then he asked for a date. Ruth had decided that she had worked too hard for success to give it up for some man. Nor did she believe the man existed who wouldn't resent her career.

So when Herman asked for a date, she accepted but later phoned and begged off, pleading a business engagement that Saturday night. "Look here," spoke up Herman. "I've waited ten years to get up the courage to ask you for a date and I'm not sure I'll ever find the courage again." Somewhat shaken, Ruth agreed to see him Sunday and they went to a night club.

Ruth didn't then, and doesn't now, touch alcohol. "I can't work as hard as I do and drink, and so I don't drink," she explains. (She has also been heard to remark that liquor is "the curse of the earth.")

At the night club the waiter came up and said, "Good evening, Miss Lyons. Would you like your usual?" Ruth nodded yes.

"I'll have the same," Herman added with an air of anticipation.

A few minutes later the waiter reappeared with two large strawberry sundaes. By the end of the evening Herman and Ruth had all their mistaken notions about each other straightened out. From then on, they dated every single night until their marriage some months later.

The Newmans live in a 150-year-old gray brick house called "Four Chimneys" near the Mt. Airy Forest section of Cincinnati. It sits on five acres with a one-hundred-foot hackberry tree in front which is Herman's special pride. The Newmans had admired the house for years, but it was never for sale. Then one day Herman came home and said he had seen an undertaker's hearse in the driveway of their dream house. From that time on, from June until the following February, they watched the real-estate ads. When the house was eventually put up for sale, they bought it the same day.

"Four Chimneys" is decorated in a style which can perhaps be best described as Rampant Early American. "You can't go wrong on Early American," says Ruth. "It's always in good taste and it never depreciates." Even her suite of offices at WLW is done in Williamsburg blues with antique pine pieces and rocking chairs. In her office Miss Lyons herself sits in a rocking sofa before a fireplace with fake glowing logs. At home, *red* is the dominant color, calico the dominant material, with a strawberry motif everywhere—a sentimental reminder of those first strawberry sundaes they shared together.

Ruth Lyons' TV rating has always been about five times that of all competing TV shows combined, the records show. Only once was her supremacy on the air waves even threatened. A national network announced a new high-budget show with Don Ameche and Frances Langford in the same time slot as the Ruth Lyons show.

Ruth met the challenge head on. For weeks prior to the beginning of the threatening competing show, she told her viewers she was sure she was going to lose them to "that doll" Don Ameche. She had the male commentator on her show imitate Ameche while she tried to warble like Miss Langford. On the day the Ameche show had its *premiere*, she told her audience she was going back to her office to watch her competition, and she did, while the rest of the cast of her show struggled on without her. Half an hour later she reappeared before the television cameras, looking more cheerful. "Ameche's hair is getting thin," she reported sadly, "and do you know, Frances Langford is *fat!*" In the succeeding weeks, while the Ruth Lyons show continued to show a rating between 28 and 31 (phenomenal for a daytime show), the competing Ameche show never pulled more than a 2 rating in Ruth's area, and died quietly after its initial thirteen weeks as far as Cincinnati was concerned.

Every ship that goes to America got its chart from Columbus. Every novel is a debtor to Homer. Every carpenter who shaves with a foreplane borrows the genius of a forgotten inventor. Life is girt all round with the contributions of men who have perished to add their point of light to our sky.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

The trouble with television, Ruth feels, is the insularity of its script writers, who she thinks spend their days lunching in the East Fifties of New York or around kidney-shaped Hollywood swimming pools. "My show appeals to salt-of-the-earth people, real people," Ruth believes. "Such people exist in Boston and Atlanta as well as Cincinnati and Indianapolis. I know that because when I was on national network these women wrote to me. They told me that most women performers on TV give them a pain, with their minks and affected voices and private show-biz jokes that nobody outside the studio can understand. What does this kind of woman know about a housewife? I always assume my listeners have at least as much intelligence as I do. I never talk down to them and I welcome their comments, good or bad."

Promptly at five o'clock Ruth's daughter Candy phones Ruth at the office and this TV star, who nibbles two chocolate cookies for lunch, hurries home to an early supper and bed. Her staff seldom dares phone her after seven o'clock, when she climbs into bed and watches TV or reads. She loves sad books, the gloomier the better. "I can't wait to start The Curse of the Misbegotten," she gloats.

The Newmans' social life is practically nil. "If I go to a party, I'm very quiet and then everybody thinks I'm sick," complains Ruth.

Sharing your every thought and feeling with 7,000,000 women a day can be exhausting. "I'm tired all the time," moans Ruth, looking fresh as a rose. "For years I've been looking for a successor, but do you know I can't find one? No one will take over my hospital drive either. I can't even take a decent vacation. At our last ticket sale, we sold out every show for 365 days a year for the next five years. How can I stay away for even a single day and disappoint all these good people?" END

A SHOCKING STORY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 63

though he had materialized, in shirt sleeves, out of the winter night. It was nightmare. But it was real, and it was happening to me.

Seeing me standing there, momentarily paralyzed, the man straightened to his full height and catapulted himself upon me, forcing me back across the room to my bed. Into my mind came the certainty that this was an insane rapist. I would be murdered. I remember thinking, "When they find me I hope they will realize that I fought as hard and as long as I could."

Much of the detail of that struggle has grown dim now in my memory. Partly, perhaps, because I thrust the recollection resolutely out of my mind when it threatens to return. But mostly, I believe, because the whole thing had such an aspect of nightmare that it vanished from my mind as one forgets a bad dream.

Next day, as I thought back, I believed the struggle had lasted for almost half an hour. The first shock passed off quickly. I had never been more alert. I found a strength in my body I had not dreamed I possessed. Believing I was going to die, I concentrated all my force on giving the best account of myself I could before I was killed.

The first clear memory I have is of his face above me, white in the moonlight, completely expressionless. I saw his hands come down as in a nightmare onto my throat. I thought, "Now he will kill me." I didn't propose to die tamely. I seized his hands, pulled them from my throat. That was the only intentionally hurtful gesture he made.

After I realized that it was not his intention to kill me, at least not at this point, I began talking to him while we struggled.

I kept telling him over and over that I believed he was someone in trouble. I offered to get him something to eat—while fending him off with all my might. I kept asking him where he came from, if he wasn't cold, if he wasn't hungry. He paid no attention for quite a while. Finally, in reply to the often-repeated question, "Where do you come from?" he paused long enough to say in a halting voice, "What do you want to know for?" I said I wanted to know about him, that I felt he was someone in trouble.

After this he would answer me, and sometimes the struggle would halt while we exchanged several sentences. He told me that he had come from a nearby hostel for homeless men; that he was twenty; that he had no mother.

The struggle became even more strenuous as more effective ways of fighting occurred to me. Finally I managed several times to wriggle off the bed. He would seize me and throw me back on it, but as he stooped over me I lashed out at him hard with both feet. Once I slammed him against the dresser, another time against the wall, so hard that the iron foot of the floor lamp was bent out of shape when he crashed against it. I can see him now on the floor, looking up at me with that expressionless face. That was the first time in my life I ever kicked anybody.

The last time, he threw me down so hard that when my head hit the window sill, I was partially dazed. I feared the end of my effective resistance was drawing near. I had escaped so far only because my reactions had been quick. If I were slowed down, I would be done for. I was half lying, half sitting against the wall, trying desperately to get my wits back, when he suddenly collapsed onto the floor. He stayed there, leaning against the bed, making no further move toward me.

Somehow I knew the battle was over. I must have said something to him about not reporting the affair if he would leave the house now. For he snarled, "Yeah, you would just get me for breaking and entering," and reeled off a long string of charges to which he evidently knew he had laid himself open. I stood up, and he made no move to stop me.

He got to his feet. I earnestly repeated my assurance that if he would leave the house now I would tell no one of the encounter. He snarled at me again—in this phase he seemed a young guttersnipe—using a coarse phrase. I stiffened, showing my distaste.

Before my eyes, I saw a new person appear. The man who stood in my room now seemed mature and poised, tall, straight with an athletic build. I judged him to be around thirty and I later learned that was his age. He said, "Of course you know who I am."

I replied that I did not, that I had never seen him before. He seemed to accept that.

We both knew that in this new mood he did not wish to harm me. He appeared to be an entirely different person. But he didn't want to go to the penitentiary either. The problem now was his fear that if he left me alive and in possession of all my faculties, I would promptly call the state troopers.

I again earnestly assured him I would not—hoping to placate him and get him out of the house. I told him I would let him out of the house the front way. "You came in through the cellar, didn't you?"

He told me he had, and admitted that he had been lurking under my bedroom window before he entered my house. If I had looked through the other east window, I might have seen him and called for help.

"Why don't you keep your cellar door locked?" he demanded accusingly.

I told him I had never dreamed anyone would molest me. "I'll keep it locked from now on." He nodded approvingly.

I went to the outside door nearest us, took off the spring lock. It was this action that saved me, later on.

Then I walked into the kitchen to get him out of my bedroom—and he followed. We still had to work out how he could be sure of his safety, in return for mine. As we entered the kitchen, he picked up his suit coat from a chair and slipped it on. Evidently he had stopped in the kitchen as he came through and prepared himself for the attack. I made no comment, nor did he. The door to the cellar was standing wide open. I closed it, shot the bolt home; also without comment.

I realized that my mouth was extremely dry. I went to the sink and drank glass after glass of water. I suppose I was in more of a state of shock than I realized at the time. Presently he joined me there. Bending far down over the counter, till his head almost touched it, he exclaimed, in what seemed an agony of shame and self-loathing, "Would you believe that I was married once to a good woman?" I said I could believe it.

Then he said, "Why, you're scared half to death!"

I was in fact shivering violently, partly from nervous reaction, partly from cold. I had on only a nightgown, was barefoot; I had turned down the furnace when I went to bed.

I replied, "Well, this is the first time anything of this kind ever happened to me!" Then matter-of-factly, "I'm going to get on a robe and slippers."

I don't know how I got the courage to go back into the bedroom. I didn't linger. I pulled a warm robe out of the closet by touch. Not seeing my bedroom slippers where I had left them—I discovered next day that they had been kicked far under the bed—I snatched a pair of sneakers out of the closet and put them on. This was my second lucky break, for my bedroom slippers would have been poorly adapted to that later desperate dash up the hill. The man sauntered after me, but remained in the bedroom doorway, keeping me always under observation.

Decently covered now, I walked back to the kitchen. He followed. We returned to a discussion of our problem. He told me he had been on the road for four days. Told me, in answer to my questions, that he had no place to go; that he would now go over to the railway and hop a freight. I was not afraid of this assailant in his present guise. Nevertheless I felt the situation called for extreme caution. I decided the thing to do was to try to behave as naturally as I could.

He leaned against the counter, watching me. "Why, you're in complete command, aren't you?" he commented. "You know, I could

CONTINUED ON PAGE 164

WHEN DID I LOVE HIM MOST?

By MARGARET PARTON

When did I love him most?

Across the room, under the lamplight, he is curled around his grandmother's arm and shoulder, almost like a little fur tippet. He has had his bath, and is wearing now the plaid cotton bathrobe (he says wool "tickles") and the pajamas which are too big for him. One slipper has fallen off, and I can see the small pink sole of his foot, very clean, and longer than I would have expected. His grandmother is showing him a geography book, and he is absorbed in contemplation of the universe. "When can I go there?" he asks, enthralled. He is five years old, just five.

When did I love him most?

He was a tiny baby, and he slept in a laundry basket. It was dawn, and he cried for milk. I stumbled into the room and bent over the basket. He smiled at me, the first smile. His gums were toothless, and it was dawn. And I wept. But I never told anyone. I just said, "He smiled today."

When did I love him most?

He was a year old, and trying to pick up food for himself. I had read somewhere that children should be allowed to make a mess when they ate. So one day, when we were alone in the house, I stripped him naked, and put him in the empty bathtub with a plate of mashed potatoes and squashed carrots. I came back a few minutes later, to find him ecstatic, coasting down the back of the bathtub on a slide of carrots, with potatoes in his hair.

When did I love him most?

He was two years old, and he'd just learned, in a rudimentary way, the facts of life. Whenever there were guests in the house, he would pat his round little stomach lovingly. "My baby here," he'd say.

When did I love him most?

We were living in the country when he was three years old, and often there was snow and wind. He would tug on his red boots and the coat of his snow suit, and disappear into the twilight. A few moments later he would return, staggering under the weight of an apple log for the fireplace. "It's my job," he'd announce, with all the pride of the faithful workman in his voice.

When did I love him most?

Four years old . . . memories of tumult and growth. But once we walked in the woods beside a silver stream, over the deep moss. "I like to walk quiet in the woods, with no shouting or louding," he said.

When did I love him most?

I look at him again, curled up on the green couch beside his grandmother, and as I gaze this child seems not a present, but a past and a future; the baby, the boy, the adolescent, the man. Yet he is unaware—his cheeks flushed and his eyes shining as he intently follows his grandmother's finger, moving from earth to sun to moon to planet. "But what about gravity?" he asks.

Now, I think. *Now, now, always right now.*

END

NOW!

Give your child the best start toward success with the

1960 WORLD BOOK ENCYCLOPEDIA

Important New Features! Major Revisions!

Picture your own child growing up with the advantage of World Book Encyclopedia. Imagine how much better he will absorb and retain school lessons. Look ahead to the brighter future you may expect through the confidence that World Book helps develop.

The 1960 World Book Encyclopedia has been discussed in educational circles as a matchless editorial achievement. It is systematically planned and organized to be more usable, more practical, more beneficial than any other reference work. World Book is the encyclopedia expressly designed to meet modern needs. No other set—at any price, can benefit your child more. The cost... *just a few cents a day*. The results... *beyond measure!*

New Aristocrat Binding 24K gold stampings and top edge gilding

20 Volumes . . . $179 (Other bindings priced lower)
$10 down . . . $6 a month (Prices and terms slightly higher in Canada)

Save $49! Childcraft

Internationally Famous Child Development Plan

You can order the 15-volume Childcraft, for parents and for pre-school and primary graders, in combination with World Book Encyclopedia and enjoy a huge saving. Childcraft and World Book in binding shown—total value $298. Your price $249. Only $10 down—$10 a month.

NOW IN 20 VOLUMES AND $2,800,000 FINER!
FIRST IN SALES . . . QUALITY . . . LEADERSHIP!

Field Enterprises Educational Corporation
Dept. 174, Box 3565, Chicago 54, Ill.

☐ Please send my 32-Page Booklet illustrated from actual pages in the brilliant 1960 World Book Encyclopedia.

Also, please send complete information and prices (check one):
☐ 1960 World Book ☐ World Book/Childcraft Combination Offer

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ Zone_____

County_____ State_____

In Canada, write: World Book—Childcraft, Ltd., 321 Bloor St., E., Toronto 5, Ont.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 162

have killed you in there. I don't think you care a lot, one way or the other."

It was true that I had been prepared to die. But I thought it best not to talk about the idea of killing, that I knew he might have killed me. I answered, "I thought you were someone in trouble and didn't really know what you were doing."

He said quickly, "That was it. I didn't know what I was doing. I would give anything if I could undo it."

Now he appeared ready to go. I offered him a package of cigarettes. He accepted them. My grown children had left at the house a variety of warm coats for country wear. I offered him one. He put on a foul-weather jacket that I hurriedly snatched out of the kitchen closet. I told him I had around $10 in my purse, that I would like to give it to him. He replied that he wouldn't take my money.

We were standing now at the kitchen door, just across from the outside door which I had unlocked. If I had been cleverer, perhaps I would have contrived to get him out of the house then. But if he had gone then, I would not have recognized how dangerous he was.

I believe he would have returned, and I would not have been prepared. Or that if he had not come back to my house, some other lone woman would have been attacked.

He didn't move. There was an awkward pause. Then he said earnestly, "I wish I could talk with you."

Perhaps this was where I made a big mistake that was so nearly fatal, but I hesitated only briefly before replying that I would be glad to talk to him.

We sat down at the kitchen table across from each other. First my visitor had slipped off the foul-weather jacket, saying he would not take it after all.

I suppose it had occurred to him, though it had not occurred to me when I gave it to him, that to be picked up wearing that jacket would be damning. It is ironic that this gesture of mine, instinctively motivated, enabled the bloodhounds to trail him; established one link in the case against the man whom I shall now call Jack Smith.

It bothered a member of the grand jury, later on, that the man had been in my house for so long a time, yet no light had been turned on.

That had been part of my strategy. In the semi-isolated spot, in the middle of the night with the nearest neighbor over the hill, I hadn't a chance in the world to get help from outside. I had to convince Jack Smith, somehow, that he would not put himself in danger with the authorities by leaving me unharmed. When we first entered the kitchen, I had started to turn on the light, then stopped, saying to him, "I won't turn on the light. That way I won't be able to give a description of you."

We didn't need artificial light anyway. The moonlight was flooding into the kitchen through the bay windows in the south wall. Jack Smith sat in the shadow, the moonlight reaching only as far as his ankles. I refrained from trying to get a look at his face when he lighted a cigarette. I was sure, however that I would recognize him.

I have worked a great deal with young people. Many have brought their problems to me. I know of no more valuable contribution than now and then to be able to touch a troubled young mind and soul, but I had never before dealt with a young person as deeply troubled as this one. So even though he might have killed me, and might still, I was not untouched by his plight, and in his present state he seemed capable of being helped.

He apologized again, saying he wished we could be friends, but knew we could not be, because of the way things had started out. I told him we would try to forget that. "We will figure our acquaintance began when we came into the kitchen."

He replied, "Maybe I could forget. But I know you never could."

He betrayed curiosity about me, asking many questions about who I was, what I did. He asked about my work; when I said it was vocational guidance, he wanted to know what my training had been, why I had gone into it in the first place. He asked about my children. I sized him up as a young man who had not had a great deal of formal education—I later told the troopers Jack Smith might have finished high school but I did not believe he could possibly have gone beyond that. He seemed to have good native intelligence. Now and then he would say, "You're just stringing me along." I would earnestly reply that I was truly interested in young people, that I would truly like to help him if I could possibly do so. He said once, "You're sort of the mother type, aren't you?"

I hadn't minded answering his questions, for they had been entirely respectful, but all at once I realized how tired I was. I had risen at 5:30 that morning, had had a busy day before that violent half hour of terrifying physical combat. (Next day my body was a mass of deep muscle aches, in addition to the bumps and bruises acquired in the course of the struggle.)

I stopped talking, leaned back wearily in my chair. It was then that my subconscious mind noted something unusual about the man's footgear, plainly revealed by the moonlight. Tired as I was, I did not grasp the significance until the next day. Then I told the troopers. When Jack Smith was picked up a week later, he was wearing sneakers of the type I had described.

He said, "Why did you sigh?"

I thought it best not to display any weakness, so I rallied my forces and told him that this was a strange experience for me and I felt rather inadequate. "You said you wanted to talk to me, but I don't want to pry. If there is anything you would like to say to me, I will be glad to listen."

He told me his trouble had been that he never had been able to adjust to society's requirements. "I don't seem to be able to find out what they want of me."

I asked if he had ever had anyone to help him with his problems. He said he had not. I know now a number of attempts had been made to help him. But perhaps in a deeper sense what he said was true. For it requires more than love and good will to get at the problems of a seriously disturbed person.

Suddenly he said, "Go to the phone and call the troopers!"

I asked, "Do you really want me to?" I knew I could not make a phone call unless he was entirely willing for me to.

"I may as well go and give myself up to the cops," he said. "I've got to face this thing sooner or later. This has happened over and over again." Then bowing his head low again on his hands, he exclaimed in that voice of shame and self-loathing, "Oh, I'm a mess, an awful mess! I'm a sick man!" He did not again tell me to call the troopers, however, and so the moment passed.

I asked if there was any chance that he might go somewhere new and make a fresh start. He said, "I tried that once, out in ——" (naming a distant state) "but they were after me like a pack of rats."

Thus far his conversation had been completely rational. I was unprepared for the phantasy element when it suddenly appeared. The first sign that something malign was taking place in his mind was his question: "What I would like to know now is why have you been haunting me all my life?"

I laughed at that. "You must be thinking of someone else. Your grandmother probably." For I had been laying great stress on the age difference between us.

He said, a querulous note in his voice, "No, not my grandmother. At least, I don't think so." He kept repeating that he would like to know, before he died, why I had been haunting him all his life. His talk became disconnected, his questions ceased to convey what he was trying to express, I could see he was losing control.

He said, moving his head in a tortured way, "You were cruel to me. You hurt me in there."

Then he began to talk in a flirtatious manner, completely at variance with the deference he had recently shown. I said firmly, "The time has come for you to go," and stood up. He, too, got to his feet, reluctantly. As we stood there facing each other, he took both my hands in his. He apologized again for his actions, told me it had helped him a great deal to talk to me, asked if he might come to see me.

Disengaging my hands, I answered hurriedly, "Yes, you may, if you will come in the daytime and will telephone me first."

Then he asked me to kiss him good-by. I said "No."

He asked wheedlingly, "Why not?"

He made a move toward me and I stepped back, saying sharply, "Don't start that again!"

He stood there, swaying a little, a foolish, uncertain grin on his face.

Now I was again afraid—utterly, terribly afraid. By his expressions of remorse, his respectful attitude after he had returned to his other self, the man had erased somewhat the sordidness and indignity of his initial attack. Or perhaps it was sheer relief to find myself alive, safe. Now the full horror of the situation swept over me again. I doubted I would be able to talk my way out a second time. I saw only one desperate chance—to get him out of the house, if I could.

I grasped him by the arms, turned him around and resolutely marched him toward the door. Surprisingly, he let me. His body under my hands felt rigid, poker-stiff. He walked with the jerky step of a robot. But he let me propel him to the outside door. I

reached around him, turned the doorknob, opened the door wide. Just then he turned and faced me. His arms clamped tightly around me with the mechanical motion of a trap. For an instant that expressionless face, with the round black holes for eyes, again looked into mine.

But we were by the door, and it was open. I reached my hand down, caught hold of the doorjamb, pulled myself out through the door. I ran to the road, faster than I'd ever run before, and up the hill crying, "Help, help!" I knew no one would hear me, but I thought he might think someone would. Part way up the hill, I turned and looked back. He had followed me out of the house, was standing beside my car.

I turned then and ran on, as fast as I could. I did not look back again until I was well over the brow of the hill. I could not see him at all, now, and I knew I was safe. But I did not slacken my pace until I reached my nearest neighbors' house. They telephoned the state police.

After the troopers had left, I walked back and forth through my house for many minutes murmuring, "Thank You, God, thank You, God, thank You, God!" Over, and over, and over.

The state police, a wonderful organization, were at my door within twenty minutes. Two days later bloodhounds were used to pick up the trail which led up the hill to an old wood path behind my home. Here my assailant evidently hid, watching the police until it was safe to cross the highway and retrieve his car from a deserted barn. When the troopers presented me with a large selection of photographs of men who had criminal or sex-offense records, I easily identified the picture of Jack Smith, who had been in three mental institutions, an escapee from the third. The picture showed a good-looking young fellow with a cocky, self-conscious smile; but the eyes were troubled, confused.

The next day I signed a warrant calling for the arrest of Jack Smith; the charge: housebreaking and attempted rape. The local justice of the peace, a kindly man, knew Jack Smith and his family. I was told that Jack would be sent away for thirty days' observation when he was found. If adjudged insane, he would be placed at once in an appropriate institution; if sane, he would face criminal prosecution. If, after being institutionalized, he were later pronounced cured, he would still be brought to trial on my charges. This was the situation, as described to me. I took some comfort in this, since it sounded like a sensible and practical plan.

One week elapsed between that dreadful night and the arrest of Jack Smith. During this week I slept in my living room, lights on all over the house, every door and window doubly barricaded. It seemed that every time I picked up a newspaper I read of the rape or murder, or both, of some girl or woman. The police seemed always looking for some criminal or mentally deficient person who had served too brief a time in prison or had been released prematurely from a mental institution. Society seemed to bungle the job of dealing with these obviously sick men.

Still, I took heart in the hope that in the case of Jack Smith, the seriousness of his illness was evident, and he would be given a chance at effective treatment. This was my hope.

My disillusionment began when I discovered that Jack Smith was not sent away for observation. He was placed immediately in the county jail. The justice of the peace explained that Jack had waived examination at the time of his arrest, which permitted local authorities to hold him in jail for thirty days without being brought to me for identification. (I learned later that Jack had not understood what it meant to waive examination.) In the end, Jack Smith sat in the local jail for almost three months without identification; without a psychiatric examination; without any kind of treatment.

I was haunted by the one conversation I had with Jack Smith's mother—a pleasant-looking woman slightly younger than myself. She told me that Jack had been an honor student at a

LATE MARRIAGE

By CECIL ROBERTS

Had we met thirty years ago
We had not loved in this wise way
For then, compact of fire and
snow,
Life had not been a humdrum day
But one bright palimpsest of
dreams,
Desires, and time-rewarding plans,
Ere caution threw its solemn
beams
Upon the scene that wisdom scans.

And now, instead of share and
script
We would have owned a brood of
things,
Noisy, bright-eyed and laughter-
lipped,
Music for middle-age journeyings;
For one fair girl had kept your
eyes,
And one tall lad had kept my
strength,
And we had grown old with
surprise
And not have known the journey's
length.

well-known military academy until he voluntarily entered military service during World War II—before he was eighteen years of age. His trouble seemed to show up after his release. His trouble had been diagnosed as schizophrenia, but he had never admitted that he was sick.

I was advised by lawyer friends that I should not, on my own motion, go to the jail to identify the prisoner, or see the district attorney; I had to wait until I was sent for. Only the defense counsel or the district attorney has the power to secure a psychiatric examination of an accused man.

As the weeks dragged by, I began to worry about the identification. Although there was little real doubt in my mind that Jack Smith was my assailant, I did not like the feeling that my charges were keeping a man in jail, and that these charges could blast his life and make him an outcast from society. I kept hoping that Jack had confessed, or in some other way had given evidence, that he was the man who had attacked me.

Not until the day the case finally came up before the grand jury did I have my chance to identify the prisoner. The confrontation could not have been accomplished in a way more effective to defeat its purpose. I had seen my assailant three months before, by moonlight. Today I was shown a grim, unhappy being, standing directly beneath a brilliant neon light. There was little resemblance to the photograph I had so easily identified. This man glared down at me out of cruel, cold eyes. His face was deeply grooved, furrowed with bitterness and hatred. I had described my assailant as lithe, athletic. This prisoner was heavy, starting to run to fat. He seemed years older than the man in my house on that horrible evening. But the trooper explained, "It isn't strange he is heavier; he's been sitting in a cell month after month. Wouldn't you feel mean and bitter if you'd been sitting in that jail for three months?"

I cannot describe the shock and horror of that moment. Not so much at the realization of the danger which I had faced, greater even than I realized, at the hands of this pitiable creature, but at the realization that society had perhaps destroyed a possibly salvageable human being.

Jack Smith had not confessed; the evidence turned up so far was strong, but circumstantial. Shocked and undecided, I had to go at once into the grand-jury room. So confused and upset was I that I had no idea what portion of my information was truly important to the case.

The members of the grand jury listened attentively; the questions they asked me were searching and to the point. I failed to recall certain details which I had been trying resolutely to shut out of my mind. Since I relied entirely upon the services of the district attorney, whose duty it was to represent the people against violators of the criminal laws, I had no previous legal coaching.

When the district attorney and I left the grand-jury room, I felt that the jury must have been left with grave doubts. I could not say, on that day, that Jack Smith was actually the man who had attacked me, so terribly had he changed in appearance in the months of imprisonment. Later, I was able to be sure he was the man. But this knowledge might have come too late to prevent the release into the community of a dangerously and criminally insane man. I asked what would happen if the grand jury failed to return an indictment; could not the authorities then order a psychiatric examination of the prisoner on the grounds that he was an escapee from a mental institution?

The district attorney replied regretfully, "Unfortunately, we find that the institution has marked Jack down on the records as having been given a release. That was to make them look better, I guess."

I looked at this pleasant man in consternation. Knowing these things, our county attorneys had left the identification of Jack Smith until the last possible moment; had left the part I must play in his indictment entirely to chance. That lives could be disposed of so casually, that responsibility toward the safety of women in the community be held so lightly—to me this seemed the most incredible phase of the whole unfortunate affair. And in this process, a sick and troubled man had been turned into a still less reasoning being, full of hatred and hopes for revenge—and this man had a good chance of returning to the very community which had wronged him so gravely.

The grand jury did return an indictment and Jack Smith was arraigned. But he still sat in the jail for another month before he was given a psychiatric examination and pronounced a paranoid schizophrenic, unfit to stand trial. (A paranoid schizophrenic is a person with a split personality and delusions of persecution.) Eventually he went to the state prison for the criminally insane.

Would it be possible for Jack Smith to get special treatment? I wondered. I was told, "Not a chance. The prison is overcrowded and understaffed. He'll probably stay there the rest of his life. Too bad, really, because he was a nice chap to begin with."

Sometimes men escape or are released from these prisons, returning to society still less equipped to cope with their compulsions. Would Jack Smith one day escape or be released prematurely? Would he return to terrorize another victim, less able to protect herself than I? I have asked myself these questions many times. The answers leave me deeply concerned. END

"I just dropped in to show you how I look the next day."

BAYER® BRINGS FASTEST RELIEF

... the fastest, most gentle to the stomach relief you can get from pain, thanks to

INSTANT FLAKING ACTION!

DOCTORS who looked inside a living person's stomach saw that Bayer tablets are not whole when they enter the stomach... but disintegrate on the way... and enter in soft, tiny flakes ready to go to work instantly to make you feel better fast!

Men who know medicine recommend Aspirin!

In medical journals, eminent doctors consistently acclaim aspirin for its great and ever-growing values.

In newspapers, public health officials have repeatedly recommended aspirin as the one thing for headaches, muscular pains, fever of a cold.

In personal interviews, hundreds and hundreds of doctors said *they* recommend aspirin. And for the *best* aspirin the world has ever known—be sure you buy *Bayer* Aspirin!

CAN THIS MARRIAGE BE SAVED?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 84

her arms around him, but that he had pushed her off. He was a little too glib. Somehow I didn't believe him. I broke down and cried. At once he began talking—Greg practically hypnotizes me when he talks—and he promised to reform. He promised to put me ahead of his friends, to keep them out of our hair and to stop visiting the tavern.

"For several days there was an improvement. Then the boat-building project got under way again, and again our apartment was overrun. It was impossible to keep the place picked up and clean. Whenever it rained, the gang settled inside and played cards, drank beer and smoked cigarettes. Our horrible concrete floors were covered with cigarette butts, piled with fishing gear and shotguns—guns frighten me—and everybody's dirty clothes. I couldn't change my own clothes with any peace of mind; I was always afraid one of the fellows, constantly roaming around, might blunder in on me. There weren't any regular meal hours. Greg and his pals ate when they felt like it—our refrigerator was regarded as community property—and I was supposed to fit in with the whims of a dozen men. My marriage didn't seem like a marriage to me.

"Greg seldom noticed what I wore or complimented me on my appearance. He and I had no sexual problems at first—both of us are warm-natured—but he was too offhand and casual about making love. Frequently he forgot to kiss me when I left for work or when I returned. The next day he might be very ardent, but only after he put in hours playing cards, tinkering with the boat, cleaning his shotgun. I got the feeling that our love was an afterthought and came last with him. This spoiled my pleasure and shook my confidence and I became less affectionate and responsive. He didn't comment on the change in me and his obtuseness made me feel worse.

"During our courtship I talked a great deal about the children I wanted. After we married Greg seemed quite willing to start a family immediately, but I was afraid to take the risk. Our apartment and our whole setup were unsuitable for a baby. And Greg seemed too irresponsible to be a father.

"I couldn't trust anything he said. One time he told me that a friend of his, who represented an electrical-appliance firm, would put in a dream kitchen for us at a huge bargain. The friend lived with us for three weeks and left behind a stock of nonfunctioning pop-up toasters, and that was the last heard of the dream kitchen. Greg promised me floor-length draperies to cover the front window, which was bare to the street. He finally brought in a hunk of unhemmed ugly red cloth—I detest red—and nailed the cloth along one side of the window. When I protested, he declared the effect was artistic and said my taste in household decoration was banal and inferior.

"Despite all his talk, he kept his income and his finances a big secret. I bought most of our groceries from my pay. Occasionally he handed me a few dollars, but I couldn't count on it. Whenever I mentioned a budget, he grinned and agreed a budget would be a dandy idea for us—someday.

"Two months after our marriage, he was going off without me two evenings out of three. I knew his friends were picking up girls and I suspected he sometimes did the same. I found bobby pins in the car and once there was a compact in his pocket. He told me the compact belonged to the girl friend of a buddy. And then he kidded me about my evil mind.

"In our third month together he took the car on a hunting trip, saying he would return in a couple of days. He was gone for a week and I didn't hear from him and was terrified he might be wounded or dead. Much as I hate to complain—complaining goes against the grain with me—when he finally walked in I threw a scene and accused him of making the trip with some woman. He denied it. He seemed sincere and I believed him. He then cooked up a tale to explain what he had been doing on all the other evenings when I'd been left alone.

"He said he had enrolled in a night-school course in salesmanship to surprise me, that since I was so anxious to move to a better apartment he wanted to improve and increase his earnings. For the next few weeks I sat by myself nearly every evening hiding my loneliness and nerves, but inspired by the idea that I was helping Greg. Then one evening after he drove off with a couple of his buddies, supposedly headed for class, I suddenly decided to check up and telephone the school. It wasn't listed in the book. There was no such school.

"Maybe I should have been prepared for the blow. I wasn't. I have religious convictions against separation and divorce. Nevertheless, I was so brokenhearted by Greg's deceitfulness I knew I had to leave him for the sake of my own self-respect. My parents would have gladly made a place for me in their small apartment—I used to share a room with three younger sisters—but I didn't care to listen to them criticize and abuse Greg. My father, in particular, runs down Greg while he praises me, and I can't stand it. After I packed my clothes I called Greg's parents.

"My mother-in-law and I get along just fine; I admire her tremendously. She drove over in their big car and collected me, had their maid unpack my things, and put me in a fine guest bedroom. Greg's parents own and operate a small restaurant chain, and by my standards they're rich. Their house is beautifully furnished and has four bathrooms. As a boy Greg had a room and bath of his own. That's what makes it incomprehensible to me that he now has so little ambition and is content to live in a slum.

"Greg's mother is baffled too. She says that Greg has always been hard to handle, overly independent, and more loyal to his friends than to his family. Apparently he always preferred sports and fun to application and study. His two brothers, one older, one younger, finished college, but Greg dropped out as a sophomore. Both his brothers are employed in the family business and have nice houses and nice families. I wish Greg resembled them.

"Next morning my mother-in-law telephoned and told him where I was and gave him a good lecture. He promised both her and me that he would locate a regular job and begin to behave like a real husband. I doubted it. For almost a month I stayed in the guest bedroom, although my mother-in-law wouldn't let me pay any rent. Every evening Greg came to the house and tried to convince me he had reformed. Finally he found a nine-to-five job, or so he said, and I went back to him. His buddies were on hand to greet me. They had a new hobby to keep them underfoot, a hobby Greg insisted was bound to make a fortune. He and his friends were selling to pet shops the fish, turtles, eels, and such, that they trapped on their skin-diving expeditions. Hundreds of fish, turtles and eels were swimming around in six big tanks parked all around our living room.

"When I saw that living room I had hysterics for the first time in my life. The six tanks were moved to somebody else's boardinghouse. Greg then had the excuse to spend hours at the boardinghouse helping clean the tanks; he allotted the rest of his free time to skin diving and calling on pet-shop proprietors. My loneliness became intolerable. I packed and left him again.

"I was ashamed to bother my in-laws any more. I went back to stay with my parents. Greg showed up there; he and my father had a monumental argument. I sided with Greg, whom I couldn't bear to see insulted, and consequently I was finagled into another reconciliation.

"Why Greg chases after me, I don't know. He has no need of a wife and no use for marriage. All he really wants is to fool around

and enjoy himself. Last September, practically overnight, he went into a partnership with two friends to import tropical fish from South America. All three chipped in to buy a plane ticket to Rio, but Greg took the trip. He told me the pet-shop business was booming and off he flew, brushing aside my protests.

"Since then I have rented an apartment, a desirable apartment in an elevator building, and I'm crazy about it. I share the expenses with another girl. I'm glad I had the sense to hang on to my job and am capable of self-support. Greg has been gone for three months. He has written me occasionally and I've occasionally written him. I feel quite friendly toward Greg, but I don't feel that he and I now are or ever were a married couple. I've begun dating other men and I find their company pleasant. I doubt I will meet anybody else as fascinating and stimulating as Greg, and I hope I don't. Someday I want to marry again and have a family and lead a normal married life.

"I've already contacted a divorce lawyer. Yesterday I received a cable from Greg. He is leaving South America soon and expects to find me waiting at the airport. I won't be there. But I'm afraid of his persistence and persuasiveness. I want to know just what to say and just how to act in order to put him permanently out of my life."

GREG TELLS HIS SIDE:

"Letty is too immature for marriage, but she loves me and we belong together," said twenty-six-year-old Greg, as he seated himself in a counseling office at the American Institute of Family Relations. With his rumpled curly hair and innocent expression, Greg looked younger than his age. "Maybe Letty told you she wanted a divorce, but she didn't mean it. She is so childish she doesn't know her own mind from one minute to the next. A few weeks ago she wrote a letter to South America saying she missed me desperately. I cut short an important business trip and hurried back to the States, only to discover she had moved out of our apartment again, a fact she hadn't mentioned, hired a lawyer, and was asking you people to counsel me right out of her life.

"She refused to see me until I promised to listen to your advice and make changes in my personality. I don't pretend to be an ideal husband—who is?—but there is nothing particularly wrong with my personality. Letty didn't used to complain about my personality or complain much about anything else. She's a good kid who doesn't whine and nag. Like all married couples, she and I have had our little spats, but they're unimportant. A few times she's got mad and walked out, but she always came back.

"If Letty wants counseling on our marriage I will provide it, as soon as she agrees to talk to me. The minute I arrange to be alone with Letty I can persuade her to stop this divorce-talk nonsense. I know Letty through and through, how her mind works, how to handle her. We've been married two years; we've been acquainted for nearly ten.

"She and I ran in different crowds in high school—I was one of the live-it-up kids and she was definitely a square—but I guess I've been more or less hooked by Letty since the day we met in Social Studies Two. As usual, I was gabbling in the back row of the lecture room and I got caught at it and was ordered to come up front and sit in the first row. I happened to take a chair beside Letty. After class I said something uncomplimentary about the teacher. To my surprise Letty bristled, stood up for him and told me off. She was a terribly shy girl—the few girls in my crowd weren't shy—and I thought it was cute of her to speak her piece that way.

"But I had no notion of getting myself involved with Letty—or with any other girl, for that matter. I was too busy in activities with the other guys. In those days hot rods were the thing and I had a hot rod and whenever no weekend races were scheduled the gang and I got together and tuned up my heap. I've had plenty of friends since I was in elementary school, because I planned it that way. My oldest brother, who is six years my senior, has never had any use for me, and when my parents opened the first restaurant in their chain they boarded my baby brother with relatives, which left me more or less stranded. I was then eight years old. I can remember afternoons I came home from school to our empty apartment—at that time my folks couldn't afford to pay a sitter—and felt so lonely I was almost sick. Often after I fixed my sandwiches for supper I couldn't eat. I would go and sit on the floor in my mother's closet so I could be near her clothes. That seems funny now, since I'm anything but a mamma's boy; I admire my mother and the success she and dad achieved, but I don't feel close to either of them.

"By the time I was nine or ten I got tired of being lonesome. It was then I went all out for friends. I'm well co-ordinated physically and by practice I made myself proficient in the activities that interest boys. I spent hours batting a tennis ball against the side of a wall; I sent away for a course in judo and became fairly expert; I built the biggest model railroad in our neighborhood, buying the material from junk yards. Maybe it sounds boastful, but at school I was invariably listed as the leader type, although my marks were in the cellar. Wherever I am, wherever I live, always automatically becomes the natural meeting place for a bunch of nice guys.

"Letty ought to understand that I need my friends and they need me. As I look back I realize she was always a little mean-spirited about my friends—she never made any friends of her own—but I wasn't overly concerned at the beginning of our acquaintance. I didn't think she and I would ever get serious. We were too dissimilar in our interests.

"The first time I took her riding in my hot rod she darn near fainted from fear. The other girls I knew weren't chicken. When I tried to teach her how to swim she passed out cold, or else she pretended to. She claims she has a mortal terror of water, which I accept, although in view of the recreations I enjoy her nervousness is very inconvenient. She never once stepped on board a boat my gang and I built, despite all my urging. When I bought her a life preserver for a birthday present, she burst out crying and I surrendered on the project. Once I took her on a hunting trip—in order to please her I invited nobody else—and she got blisters on her heels and nearly froze to death. In the end I had to call off the trip and practically carry her five miles down a mountain to our car. Letty is not a good sport.

"Why we stuck together for the eight years before our marriage is still a mystery to me. We broke up many times—that is, I decided to stop seeing her—but for some reason I always went back. Letty continually pestered me to go steady with her and I continually refused. If I let a week go by without telephoning, she would drown me in tears when I did call. The other girls I knew didn't act that way. I felt

CONTINUED ON PAGE 171

ACHILLES WEPT

By ELIZABETH McFARLAND

We must assume I do not hear
Your cries,
Old-fashioned child with brown
Emblazoned eyes,
Hiding medallion head in arms
Whose slight
Circumference is all you have
Of might:
Achilles wept, and heroes all
May fall.
But mothers cherish myth
For gods so small.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 169

like a free agent and not obligated to telephone anybody, and many times I told Letty so.

"Much as Letty gets on my nerves at times, I respect her. Most girls get on their husband's nerves, I imagine. It's their nature. Letty is the type of woman I always wanted to be my wife and the mother of my children. From the beginning I was attracted by her softness and femininity. But frankly, our marriage took place too soon for me. I wasn't ready to be tied down.

"One evening, about three years ago, Letty hinted she would like an engagement ring for a Christmas gift. I changed the subject. She then said she had just about decided to break up with me and start dating another guy, a real wolf who had been camping on her trail. Up until then I had dated other girls, but she had never dated anybody except me. I gave her the ring on Christmas. By New Year's Day she was talking about us setting our wedding date, to the exclusion of every other topic except the phone calls she was receiving from the wolf. We were married at Easter.

"Since Letty had been so determined to rope me in, I assumed she would be satisfied with the living accommodations I provided. In our first week of marriage she commenced a big campaign to move us to a more expensive apartment. An apartment she and her father could feel was worthy of her. My father-in-law is a fine man, in his way. However, he and his family occupy a run-down rental property, he owns nothing, and I have no regard for his judgment. When I reach my father-in-law's age I'll be a landlord myself. By living in a dump and paying low rent, I've managed for the past five years to invest a hundred dollars a month in real estate that is rapidly rising in value. Letty wouldn't understand the deal even if I were willing to let her in on the details of my business, which I'm not. She thinks strictly in terms of nine-to-five jobs. She is glued to her own job. Now that she and I are married, I wish she would turn in her resignation and stay home and start the family she used to talk about. Because I refused to be conned into the nine-to-five bit, she sticks to her office on the grounds that she doesn't trust me to support her. Her worry on that score is absurd. If she would agree to resign I might even agree to move, although it's beyond my comprehension why our place, which I'll admit isn't much, is so shocking to a girl who grew up with considerably less.

"Nor do I understand why Letty dislikes each and every one of my buddies. All the guys think she is O.K., if something of a wet blanket. Most girls would be pleased and flattered to go out to dinner with a husband and three or four of his presentable-looking friends. Not Letty. Whenever the fellows and I did drag her out with us, she began yawning and clamoring for bed before dessert was served. I'm a night owl. By nine P.M. Letty is eager to hit the sack. Not only did she want us to keep farmer's hours, she wanted me to sit home every evening in solitary glory while she cooked our early supper. I've made no uncomplimentary remarks—Letty gets upset too easily—but the fact is she can't heat a frozen dinner without scorching it. She's a fair-enough housekeeper, I guess, but in her cleaning up she often mislaid or threw out stuff of mine, with the result that I would have preferred for the joint to stay dirty.

"Letty and I both have faults, but I'm willing to overlook her faults and listen if she cares to talk to me about mine. I want her to come back to me."

THE MARRIAGE COUNSELOR SAYS:

"This case was almost the easiest I ever handled, and I don't quite know why. Perhaps one reason is that Letty and Greg genuinely loved each other. Regardless of what they said, they had demonstrated their love and mutual dependence by their actions. Their association had lasted ten years. If Greg had valued his independence and bachelorhood as much as he fancied, he would have broken off with Letty long before his wedding day. If Letty had truly wanted to be divorced and relieved permanently of Greg's company, she would have refrained from writing him in South America. Letty and Greg were treating marriage as a game of wits, with each childishly attempting to cash in on the other's weaknesses and win top score. Perhaps a second reason for the counseling success was that Letty and Greg were poised at the threshold of maturity and almost prepared on their own to abandon juvenile ways when they sought professional advice.

"On the surface, the personalities of the two seemed to be as opposed as their tastes in recreation. Letty was soft, subdued, inclined to be fearful and helpless. Greg was reckless, changeable, aggressive. Inwardly, as was indicated by our psychological tests, the two were quite a bit alike. Both were insecure and emotionally adrift; neither had developed an adult philosophy of life.

"Greg was leaning on his gang and feeding on Letty's resentment of his small-boy behavior to build up his damaged ego. Cut off early from his mother's care, ignored by an older brother whom he considered vastly superior, Greg, in my opinion, probably forced himself to become a leader among other males and an expert at rugged sports in order to prove his personal worth, his masculinity.

"Letty's exaggerated timidity was probably the result of growing up in an overcrowded home, where there was hardly enough of this world's goods to stretch among many children. Possibly because of the deprivations of her youth, she was more materialistic than Greg. She was more conventional because she reflected a pinched, conventional background. As a bride she interpreted Greg's choice of living quarters, as well as his overweening devotion to his friends, as a direct and deliberate slam at her. Greg confirmed her in this conviction by his reluctance to reveal his business and financial circumstances; it was obvious that Letty, who had worked since high-school graduation, was qualified to understand his plan of savings if it were explained to her.

Although Greg badly wanted a reconciliation, he found it difficult to speak to Letty about his private affairs and ambitions. In his self-assigned he-man role, he thought it unseemly to share business confidences with any female. He was equally loath to inform his friends that he was no longer available for fun and frolic at all times. Even after Greg came to understand through counseling that a complete turnabout in his attitudes was essential to salvage his marriage, he shrank from the pain inevitable in such change. Consequently he launched himself on a second courtship, inviting Letty to dine and dance in plush night spots, showering her with attention and gifts. Often a second courtship helps to mend a broken marriage. Greg's best efforts failed with Letty.

"But then one evening Greg burst free of his reticences and Letty followed his lead. The two held a long, serious conversation that went on for hours, probably the first serious conversation of their ten-year relationship. What was said I don't know, but judging from later reports to me I gather Letty and Greg acquired important, intimate knowledge of each other, their anxieties and fears, their secret hopes and dreams. The next day Greg did a very hard thing. He told several of his buddies in plain words that as a married man, who loved his wife, he hoped to maintain his masculine friendships, but had found their constant company an embarrassment. This news was passed around. No doubt some of his pals were offended, although nobody said so. Greg still sees bachelor friends, but rarely. A year ago one member of the old gang was married; he and his wife are now included in Greg and Letty's circle of mutual friends.

Letty moved back to the unsatisfactory apartment, pleased to be with Greg without his gang. She dropped her deeply entrenched habit of keeping quiet. She began to speak up and voice objections when something seemed wrong or unfair to her, instead of swallowing her complaints and then bewildering Greg with prolonged spells of cool silence which inevitably culminated in explosions.

"Greg accustomed himself to initiating and taking part in candid man-woman talk. Letty became reassured, relaxed, much less stiff. Greg then decided his wife was more fun than tavern pickups, cadging meals and drinks. One day he took Letty shopping for a new sofa and was amazed to find their tastes in furnishings were very similar.

"When Letty was advised of his investment program, she cheered it. She proved immediately that she trusted his ability and financial acumen: she resigned from her job. She put some of her spare time into studying cookbooks; she hadn't known she was a poor cook until Greg was prodded into telling her. Nor had she realized how she annoyed him with her addiction to nine-o'clock bedtime. Short naps in the afternoon helped her to stay up longer and become a livelier companion.

"Letty tried hard, but apparently was unable to learn to share in Greg's passion for outdoor sports. She still dreads water and is an indifferent swimmer, despite numerous swimming lessons. Maybe someday in the future she will conquer her nervousness and happily go hunting, fishing and skin diving with Greg. At the moment that particular problem is academic.

"Just last week Letty and Greg became the proud parents of twin boys. Greg was overjoyed by the double triumph that (in his own mind) firmly established his masculinity in the sight of his financially successful parents, his prosperous brothers and the rest of the world. And Letty is rejoicing in his delight and her own fulfillment. Their marriage, I'm sure, is on a sound basis."

Editors' Note: This case history was compiled and condensed from actual records by
DOROTHY CAMERON DISNEY

"Your aunt had planned to divide her fortune among you, until one day while standing at a busy street corner . . ."

Beautiful

Pink and white dotted cotton satin looks so fresh and pretty. The sleeveless dress has a set-in midriff and closes with small covered buttons in the back. Her straw hat picks up the pink and is accented with turquoise. Vogue Design No. 9954. One-piece dress and jacket; 10–18 (31–38). $1.00. Version shown requires 3⅜ yards of 35″ fabric without nap, size 14.

Another version of the giant zinnia print on page 79. This one is in heavenly shades of pink and orange. This version is street length and it zips up the back. Add a gay headdress. Vogue Design No. 9991. One-piece dress and stole: 10–16 (31–36). $1.00. Ankle-length version of the same dress and stole requires 7¾ yards of 45″ fabric without nap. Street-length-version dress requires 4¼ yards of 45″ fabric without nap, size 14.

Vogue Design No. 9990. Shirt and slacks; 10–18 (31–38). 75c. Version shown requires 2⅛ yards of 35″ fabric without nap and 2¼ yards of 4″-wide novelty banding for shirt and 4½ yards of 45″ fabric without nap, for the pink slacks, size 14.

Vogue Design No. 4108. One-piece dress, apron and cummerbund; 10–18 (31–38). $1.50. Version shown requires 5⅛ yards of 35″ fabric and 5½ yards of 9″ novelty banding, size 14.

Cottons

Continued from Pages 78 and 79

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LEONARD BRUNO · BODI

Black and white dots are a perennial favorite. The blouse is bound with black cotton braid. The patchwork handkerchief print skirt is just four yards gathered to a waistband. Blouse, Vogue Design No. 9643. "Easy to Make" 10–18 (31–38). 60c. The sleeveless version shown requires 1¼ yards of 35" fabric without nap, size 14.

A beautiful print is often prettiest when made up in a very simple design. Our bias-cut bodice takes advantage of the striped design on the fabric. The skirt is gently gathered. The dress has a convenient back zipper closing. Vogue Design No. 9989. One-piece dress and cummerbund; 10–16 (31–36). 75c. Version shown requires 3⅜ yards of 50" fabric without nap, size 14.

Vogue Design No. 4104. One-piece dress; 10–18 (31–38). $1.50. Version shown requires 5 yards of 35" fabric without nap, size 14.

Vogue Design No. 9967. One-piece dress; 8–18 (30–38). 75c. Version shown requires 6¼ yards of 35" fabric without nap, size 14.

ADLAI STEVENSON

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 77

This fact is shown in a number of ways. By fan mail that still pours into his law offices in Chicago at the rate of 100 or more letters a day. By an overwhelming flood of valentines every February fourteenth. By the "Draft Stevenson" clubs which have sprung up spontaneously all over the country, organized by people who feel that only President Eisenhower's magnetic popular personality was responsible for Governor Stevenson's defeats in 1952 and 1956. By 45 requests for magazine and newspaper interviews awaiting his decision one day last winter. And by the procession of political figures, ranging from ward leaders to governors, who continue to visit Mr. Stevenson and ask his advice and opinions.

Meanwhile the governor (as he is called in Illinois, and by all who know him or work with him) does nothing to encourage the build-up. A bit ruefully he accepts his role as titular head of the Democratic Party, and agreeably presents the public image of country squire, statesman and elder sage (not so elder, for he numbers his years by the century, and was sixty on February 5, 1960). Privately, he continues to live the busy, almost hectic life of a prosperous lawyer, world traveler and doting grandfather; in the last three and a half years he has not stood in a corner, biting his thumb, but has as always been thinking, working, talking, thinking, making friends, looking, thinking, writing, reading, and just plain living.

When the governor is not traveling he is likely to be found during weekday working hours at the offices of his law firm (Stevenson, Rifkind & Wirtz) on the forty-third floor of the Field Building in the Chicago Loop. His private office, which used to belong to Marshall Field, Sr., has magnificent views over the city and Lake Michigan, paneled walls, and the atmosphere of a living room rather than an office. A huge painting of blades of golden wheat hangs over a couch—a reminder of the governor's deep affection for the Illinois farmland. On one wall is a campaign poster from 1892, when his grandfather Adlai Stevenson I successfully ran for Vice President on a ticket with Grover Cleveland. On a window embrasure is a small bronze head of Franklin D. Roosevelt; on another, a bust of Albert Schweitzer, whom Mr. Stevenson visited in Africa. Across the room is a photograph of the two men, smiling together, and above it on the wall a huge world map. One end of the room is lined with books. Most of them are on politics and world affairs, and some of them were written by Mr. Stevenson, whose recent book, *Friends and Enemies*, deals with his trip to Russia in 1958. In front of the shelves is a long dining table.

"We've fixed up a little kitchen in the office, and when the governor really wants to talk to guests without being interrupted, we serve lunch here," explained Carol Evans, the tall, handsome, highly discreet blonde who has been the governor's secretary since 1947.

"He gets in around nine-thirty and goes through the day like a whirlwind," she continued. "He doesn't like to go out to lunch at restaurants or even private clubs because so many people come up to the table to speak to him. People are always after him for something or other. For instance, he gets about sixty or seventy requests to speak every week, and he accepts only a fraction of them, if any. He likes to do things which can be nationally rather than just locally helpful. And he gives a lot of time to organizations which were connected in some way or another with his family. And to the Field Foundation, and the Encyclopaedia Britannica—he's chairman of their film division.

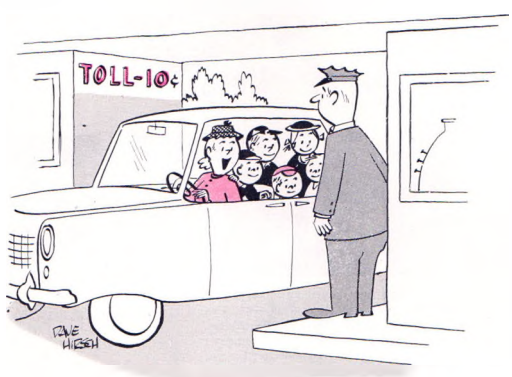
"Then there's the mail. He still gets a lot from women who think they're in love with him and want to marry him. He was mildly intrigued by these letters at first, but now he's sick of it and I screen them all out. But there's a great deal of other mail he has to see for himself, of course. It takes up a lot of time, particularly as he's away from Chicago so often."

Miss Evans produced a list of the governor's appointments for one typical month last fall, as an illustration of the infinite variety and pace of his present life. Meeting with Brooks Hays, former Democratic congressman from Arkansas, who lost a recent election largely because of his antisegregationist beliefs. Attendance at a World Series game. Two days' work at home, writing an article. A luncheon at home for Sir Julian Huxley, the British biologist, and his wife. A meeting with the board of editors of the Encyclopaedia. Overnight house guest: former Senator William Benton, of Connecticut.

That was the first week. The second included a flight to New York, where his law firm has a branch, as it has in Washington. Lunch and a football game with President Robert Francis Goheen at the governor's alma mater, Princeton. A dinner for Mme. Vijayalakshmi Pandit of India. A dinner with members of the Democratic Advisory Council, and a visit with the President of Mexico, who was then touring the United States.

The next week the governor was back in Illinois, where he gave a Democratic fund-raising party at his home for about 450 people, and lunched on another day with Governor Edmund G. Brown, of California. A few days later he was in Boston, having dinner with Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., the author and historian who is also a former speech writer for Mr. Stevenson. Then on to New York to see "The Miracle Worker," and to keep various business appointments. The end of the month found him back at home, going quail hunting with friends, and entertaining President Sekou Toure, of Guinea, at dinner.

"Typical," commented Miss Evans. "Except that during the month he didn't happen to travel outside the country."



"They each have two pennies for you."

Governor Stevenson has a vast curiosity about the rest of the world, which fits in nicely with his law firm's international interests. Between 1952 and 1956 he visited most of Asia. He goes to Europe every summer, and the West Indies or other points south every winter. In 1958 he made a long tour of Russia, where he represented the Authors League of America in efforts to arrange royalties for the Soviet use of American literary works. He failed, and came back remarking, "It is as useless to argue with a dedicated Communist as it is with a right-wing Republican." During the trip he also visited Scandinavia, Eastern Europe and the Sahara, and in 1959, while on a cruise with Senator Benton, he took a look at Spain. In February and March of this year he was scheduled to tour most of South America.

On his foreign travels the governor is usually accompanied by William McCormick Blair, Jr., one of his law partners. Mr. Blair, a tall, sardonic, youngish man-about-Chicago, has worked with Mr. Stevenson for years in and out of campaigns and is an expert at advising his boss on strategy, press relations, foreign lands and when to put on his galoshes.

"Bill Blair is the only person who can disagree openly with the governor," a mutual friend said. "Other people can do it, but they have to be diplomatic."

Another partner is Newton N. Minow, a brilliant young lawyer who frequently joins Mr. Stevenson on the New York trips. Mr. Minow often twits the governor about two of his well-known characteristics: frugality; and his love of food, any food. Furthermore, he can provide stories to prove it.

"When we're in New York we usually stay at Senator Benton's apartment in the Savoy Plaza," he says. "Since a lot of our business is down in Wall Street and we always get lost getting there, I usually suggest taking a taxi. But no, the governor says that's wasteful, and we take the subway. Sure enough, we get lost. When we're finally through our business it's lunchtime, and we start looking around for a restaurant. And sure enough, he heads right for some little greasy spoon of a place, with the kind of food you wouldn't feed to your worst enemy. But he hops up on a stool and devours everything he can get.

"Senator Benton's apartment has a little kitchen, and the last time we were there the governor said he'd cook dinner. He turned out the most nauseating mess you've ever seen—something involving eggs and tomatoes and I don't know what all—and he couldn't understand why I said he could have my share. But he ate it all up."

In New York Governor Stevenson, a devoted father, always sees his youngest son, John Fell, who is in the real-estate business there. Bordon, the middle son, is working in Boston. Adlai Stevenson III, the oldest son, practices law with a firm unconnected with that of his father, and lives in Chicago. Adlai III, a gentle and diffident young man ("Just like the governor when he was young," said a friend) is married and the father of two-about-to-be-three children.

"The gov's the most wonderful grandfather you could imagine," says his daughter-in-law, Nancy Anderson, a beautiful Smith College graduate with green eyes and hair the color of buckwheat honey, met young Adlai when he was stationed with the Marines near her home in Louisville, Kentucky. They were married in June, 1955, and little Adlai Stevenson IV was born on November 4, 1956, two days before the governor's second defeat. Typically, Mr. Stevenson told his disappointed followers, "Let there be no tears for me. If I have lost an election, I have won a grandchild."

Today young Adlai IV is a direct, sturdy, straw-thatched three-year-old who resembles his grandfather, likes hard toys, and shows a scientific turn of mind. His little sister Lucy, who was born on July 2, 1958, is a moonbeam-haired child who looks like a Vermeer painting and constantly collapses in paintable poses. She loves people and stuffed animals.

The young Stevensons live in a comfortable old brick house, painted gray with a white trim, on a quiet Chicago side street. When the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 177

Now...
everybody's
summer favorite
the
blended batiste of
DACRON®
POLYESTER FIBER
NYLON & COTTON

because it's
the lightest, coolest,
floatiest, frothiest,
loveliest, dreamiest
and easiest to care for
batiste lingerie
that ever was!

DU PONT
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING . . . THROUGH CHEMISTRY

Sissy night-dressing flowing gently from a pouf-sleeved yoke sugared with lace. In sunlight, pink, blue, aqua or white. Sizes S, M, L. About $8. At better stores everywhere.
IN "DACRON"* POLYESTER FIBER, COTTON AND DU PONT NYLON.

*"Dacron" is Du Pont's registered trademark for its polyester fiber. Du Pont makes fibers, not the fabric or lingerie shown here.

Enjoy "THE DU PONT SHOW WITH JUNE ALLYSON" every Monday, 10:30 P.M., E.S.T., on CBS-TV.

INSIDE STORY

How The Stars Reduce Without Telltale Aging

By BOBBIE REYNOLDS

Beautiful, blue-eyed Yvonne De Carlo has, without a doubt, one of the youngest-looking figures on the Hollywood scene. Read how she keeps it that way.

IT WAS a star-studded audience at Romanoff's and everybody was dressed fit to kill. Yvonne De Carlo looked like a living doll in a strapless sheath that showed off her figure to perfection. In fact, she looked younger, slimmer and even more glamorous than when we'd met five years ago—prior to the filming of "The Ten Commandments."

Later in the evening, I asked her outright how she keeps her gorgeous figure. "Or don't you have to worry about your weight?" I added with the slightest trace of envy in my voice. Her answer took me completely by surprise.

"After my second son was born," Yvonne confided, "I decided I needed to lose a few pounds. You see, I'd signed for my first TV appearance and on a 'live' show, with no chance for re-shooting, I knew I'd be better off a few pounds *under* than one pound *over* camera proportions."

"But what did you do?" I said impatiently. "Try a crash diet?"

"Absolutely not!" said a shocked Yvonne. "I reduced the safe way. I simply ate candy."

A studio dietitian had warned Yvonne against starvation diets and rigid regimens. She knew how easily they can ruin health and looks. Instead, she recommended a special low-calorie candy that helps make you thin. And it actually does! I've seen plenty of proof walking around the cinema town.

What a pity some of the box office belles and matinee idols of the silent era never knew about this amazing reducing-plan candy. Blitz pills, rubber sweatsuits, reducing salts, dangerous drugs, dehydration diets—that's how they punished themselves in the old days. And what could be worse than a leading lady with lines that can't be covered up with cosmetics or with skin that's lost its firmness from a sudden weight reduction! Yet even worse things have happened to Hollywood stars in their struggle to reduce.

Take, for instance, Lilyan Tashman, who made a name for herself in "The Gold Diggers of Broadway"—or Barbara La Marr, the raven-haired beauty of "The Three Musketeers" or Renee Adoree of "The Big Parade" fame. Old timers tell me these beauties made themselves desperately ill from starvation dieting. Another sad case, in later years, was that of Maria Montez.

But for the most part, stars today have given up dangerous diets that work faster at "aging" them than reducing them. They now keep their figures looking younger than their years a safe, sensible way. They actually eat a delicious, low-calorie vitamin- and mineral-enriched candy, especially made for reducing.

Lovely Virginia Bruce confided that she's tried both the vanilla caramel kind and the chocolate fudge-type and finds they work equally well.

"So many women 'over thirty' become careless about their figures and looks," said Virginia at lunch one day. "And that's the time to pay special heed to these things."

Then holding up two candy squares, she added: "These let me eat all my favorite foods—beef stroganoff, macaroni, even ice cream—but keep me from *over*eating." Interesting sidelight: Virginia has lost 9 pounds on this reducing-plan candy, and I've never seen her look better.

Everybody wants to know Hedy Lamarr's secret of staying slim—and it looks as if she's telling all her friends. She says she eats candy!

Quizzing Virginia further, I found that she'd read about this candy in a magazine article, based on a medical journal report. To satisfy my own curiosity, I dug up the report and learned this. The candy is not a pill, not a drug. It's what's known as an "appetite deterrent."

Taken before meals as directed, the candy (which, incidentally, is called Ayds) curbs your appetite, so you automatically eat less . . . lose weight naturally.

It's been tested on scores of overweight men and women in clinical studies at a Boston medical center and in a recent study at a Chicago university. And when compared to other leading weight-reducing products, plus a strict diet alone, doctors found that those on the Ayds Plan lost the most weight—three times as much as those on the diet alone. What's more, they suffered no hunger pangs, no nervous jitters or sleeplessness.

It's plain to see riding instead of walking hasn't hurt Virginia Bruce's lovely figure. Fact is, she's lost nine pounds.

News as good as this couldn't help but travel fast over the theatrical grapevine. In New York City, the other day, I talked to the secretary of a talent agent who had taken off 28 pounds on the Ayds Plan. And she was just delighted. In fact, the reliability of Ayds and its success over the past 18 years have been so outstanding that its makers guarantee you'll lose weight with your first box or your money is refunded.

What people like most about these delicious Ayds candies is that they not only help you reduce—but they help you *stay* reduced!

Hedy Lamarr confirmed that! I ran into her at a masquerade party and noticed she was wearing a costume from "Samson and Delilah," a film she'd made in 1950. When I remarked on it, she said: "Thanks to Ayds, it still fits. I never thought losing pounds could be so easy and so pleasant."

And there it is! The inside story not only of how the stars reduce without telltale aging, but of how thousands of folks have achieved youthful figures, too. For any who'd like to follow their example, see your doctor before reducing and have him write for the medical journal report. Then pick up a box of Ayds (vanilla caramel or chocolate fudge-type) at drug or department stores.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 174

governor remains in town overnight he sometimes stays there, but he is reluctant to do so since Lucy has to be moved out of the guest room when he comes.

"We don't mind at all, and neither does she," says Nancy Stevenson, "but Gov thinks it's a bother for us, and he hates to put us to any trouble. So he often spends the evening here with us, and then goes on to the home of an old friend where there's always plenty of room for him.

"He's terribly patient with the children, and he loves to have us bring them out to his farm. If he happens to be having a cocktail party and the children start running around and pulling people's skirts, Gov just thinks it's terribly funny. And he'll read to them for hours—silly endless things like 'Chug chug chug chug comes the train'—and never get bored.

"He's really an ideal grandparent—he never interferes with how we raise the children, or makes any suggestions. Oh, if they've been having a lot of colds he may ask if I've taken them to the doctor. But that's all, *ever*. Maybe he thinks we don't discipline them enough, but he never says so. And instead of flooding them with a lot of useless presents, the way some grandparents do, he always asks me what they need and then he pays careful attention to what I tell him. For instance, I once told him I wanted a special kind of snow suit for Lucy—it took him all morning and a dozen shops, but he found it.

"Yes, I think the grandchildren have helped to fill in a kind of gap in his life. But I really don't think he's very lonely. He's got lots and lots of friends who are devoted to him, and to whom he's devoted—they see to it that he isn't left alone too much. And then he's so busy . . . he never seems to relax! Ad and I worry about that sometimes, just as we worry a little about his putting on weight.

"But I suppose he does get lonely sometimes. For instance, once in a while at night when he's working at home he'll call us up, just to say hello and see how we are. And I think of him out there alone, playing classical records to himself. We all wish he'd get married again—but I honestly don't think he will. Oh, he knows lots of lovely single women, and he goes out with them. But somehow, nothing ever seems to happen."

Mr. Stevenson and his wife, Ellen Borden Stevenson, were divorced in 1949, when Mr. Stevenson was governor of Illinois. The governor still lives in the home which they built in 1938, and as the years pass by he is more and more likely to be found there—writing, thinking, walking or, as he was one week last winter, posing for an oil portrait.

Governor Stevenson's home is a white, two-story wooden house on a seventy-acre farm near Libertyville, forty miles north of Chicago. To get there, you take an hour-long train ride to Lake Forest, a comfortably wealthy community filled with Republicans, limousines and pseudo-Tudor architecture. At the station (if you are lucky and have made careful arrangements) you are met by the amiable tenant who farms the governor's land, and are driven eight miles through open countryside which could be described as "rolling" by only a Midwesterner.

The car turns left off the highway, goes for a mile or two along an unpaved road, and whirls into a gravel driveway where an open white gate is marked "A. E. S." One third of a mile ahead the house stands on a little knoll, surrounded by what looks like an English park—wide stretches of grass beneath tall, magnificent trees. A flock of sheep dot the meadow to the right, and on a little hillock beyond them a neighbor's sleek chestnut horses prance in the keen wind of this bright blue-and-white winter day. A thin crust of old snow still lies in patches on the ground; morning sunlight bounces from a puddle of ice in the driveway and dances across the governor's bright yellow front door.

On just such a day, Carol Evans led us through the front door and into the paneled, red-tile-floored entrance hall. To the left were a guest room and bathroom; to the right, the kitchen and the housekeeper's quarters. A staircase, up which Miss Evans and her briefcase swiftly disappeared, led to the upstairs and, one gathered, the governor. The living room lay straight ahead.

The first impression of Governor Stevenson's living room is one of light, comfort and gaiety. The walls are pale yellow, and the fuzzy rugs on the hardwood floor are a paler yellow. Across the room from the fireplace a glass door leads to a flagstoned patio. On either side of the door are two tall, pale green tables, each bearing a vase of yellow flowers and red berries; two matching mirrors with wide silver frames hang on the walls above the tables.

Two comfortable mustard-colored couches face each other on either side of the fireplace, and a blue occasional chair with a gay flower pattern stands near them. On one side of the fireplace is a copper tub full of logs; on the other, a low, round table bearing a philodendron planted in a copper half-bushel measure from Somerset, England, a dagger from India, a sword from Africa, and a stone axhead which the governor found long ago in one of his fields.

Against one wall is a glass-fronted secretary filled with souvenirs of the famous family, and antique glass and china. In one small wineglass is a note: "Dear Adlai: George Washington drank out of this glass . . . go thou and do likewise . . . preferably . . . cider!" The signature is invisible. Nearby is an inlaid side table displaying a letter from Lincoln to Major General Meade, a picture of Lincoln (to whom Governor Stevenson is particularly devoted) and various historic medals. On this particular day the table also bore three small books: *The Pocket RLS* (Robert Louis Stevenson), *Travels with a Donkey*, also by the no-relation Stevenson, and Thomas More's *Utopia*.

Other books lay in casually happy piles around the room. A stack of new novels on a sideboard, between a ship model and a basket of juicy red apples. *Candidates 1960* (which contains a particularly felicitous chapter on Adlai Ewing Stevenson) lay on a small table near one of the couches, along with several new books on current politics. Before a sunlit corner seat a big table was piled high with magazines: The French edition of *Realities; The Saturday Review; The New Republic* (folded open to a critical article on Vice President Nixon); *Life* and the *Princeton Alumni Weekly*. Art and picture books fanned across the coffee table in front of the fireplace.

One of them, *The Quiet Eye*, contains a quotation from the Book of Discipline of the Religious Society of Friends: "True simplicity consists not in the use of particular forms, but in foregoing overindulgence, in maintaining humility of spirit, and in keeping the material surroundings of our lives directly serviceable to necessary ends, even though those surroundings may properly be characterized by grace, symmetry and beauty."

"Yes, yes, I'd subscribe to that," said Mr. Stevenson, when he was asked about this later on. And: "Yes, certainly that is what I believe." Although he is a Unitarian, there are those who believe that the Quakerism in his ancestry has had a strong influence on his character. The famous "frugality," for

DAUGHTER

By PHILIP BOOTH

Birthday girl, you rate a barker,
rounding your circus year's one ring:
bottle and all, on stilted rocker
feet, you topple, grab, and hang
on our unstable laughter, a walker
and talker both, who milks the air
of adult praise and then, as a mimic
going nowhere, walks from here
to almost there in a mist of comic
talk that might get a grown girl far.

Stages away from our reach, you'll clown
to balance your own world out, while we,
who watch the floor of our world tilt up, learn
to match your new words with silence, and see
you, as we do now: a daughter grown
birthdays from here, when you'll play
a more worldly part, where the words
you risk will be the world you stay,
and down a long aisle, slowly, toward
other hands, you will walk the full way.

instance, might be looked upon as Quaker spareness and dislike of ostentation; his refusal to make glib campaign promises is seen by some people as a deliberate attempt at political suicide, and by others as a Quakerlike refusal to sacrifice the principles of conscience to expediency. His home, comfortable and spacious but not the opulent mansion which his wealth would permit, is in keeping with this interpretation. (People close to Mr. Stevenson estimate his wealth at "around a million dollars.")

Beyond the living room is the library, three of its walls lined with books, the other occupied by windows, a fireplace and a sunny, pastoral oil painting. There are four shelves of poetry, and most of the volumes looked well thumbed. There are shelves of scrapbooks containing up-to-date clippings about the governor. Reminders of his world travels are here in the form of a folded golden Japanese umbrella, a pair of golden slippers from India, and presentation swords and daggers from everywhere. His political adventures are commemorated in a collection of rather awful Democratic donkeys and, displayed prominently if perhaps ironically, a string of white ivory elephants.

A radio is built into one of the bookshelves, and below it is a phonograph. On this particular day a pile of records which the governor had evidently been playing recently lay beside the phonograph: Excerpts from Richard Strauss' *Arabella;* Berlioz; Tchaikovsky.

Nearby was a row of books which later turned out to be the "ones-I'm-intending-to-get-around-to-soon" books. In their wild variety they were a fine indication of the governor's wide-ranging interests: Allen Drury's *Advise and Consent;* Richard Nixon, by Earl Mazo; *Can Man Be Modified*? by Jean Rostand; Suzuki's *Zen and Japanese Culture;* and *More in Anger,* by Marya Mannes.

The governor's voice could be heard on the stairs. "I *hate* posing for my portrait," he was complaining to Miss Evans. "My mind goes blank. I can't *bear* to have my mind go blank. I want to go for a walk. Now where did I leave my boots?"

He hurried into the room, a medium-sized man in tweed trousers and a mustard-colored corduroy jacket, a man obviously intending to look under a couch for the missing boots but who swerved from the search just in time to say hello. His eyes were bluer than one had expected—very, very blue eyes in a rather pink face.

"You want to go for a walk?" he asked. "Good! We've got to hurry, only an hour until lunch. Let me see, did I remember to order tea for lunch? Yes, I'm almost sure I did. How are you fixed for shoes? My goodness, you can't go walking in the snow in those! They're very pretty, but they'll get soaked. Let me see what I can find."

The governor dived into the hall closet and began tossing possibilities out into the hall. One thigh-high rubber wader. A pair of hip-high fishing pants. A pair of heavy leather African safari boots. Two tennis shoes which didn't match.

"H'm," said the governor, looking with dismay at the collection. Suddenly he dashed upstairs, and a minute later came back with a pair of sheepskin-lined suède duck-hunting boots. They fitted perfectly.

The phone rang, and Governor Stevenson took it in the hall—we counted five telephone extensions in the house, and there are probably more. "Where's a pencil? Where's a pencil? There ought to be pencils here!" he exclaimed as we wandered back into the living room to wait. Even there, his slightly raspy voice sounded clearly: "Limitations and consortions . . . renegotiations . . . well, all right, I'll draft the letter . . . let's see . . . now remember, new nations are touchy about their sovereignty . . . let's not let a minor obstacle stop the freight train." The governor is often accused of "pathological indecision," but this one small glimpse into the conduct of his law business suggested that in that area, at least, he is as decisive as a diamond cutter.

When the call was over, when the governor had discovered that everyone else was booted but that he was still wearing his slippers, when he had finally found his boots and put them on, when he had checked again to make sure he had really ordered tea for lunch, the walkers set out. Joker and Merlin came too—Joker is a big black "stable dog" and Merlin is the fourth generation of Stevenson Dalmatians, all of which have been named after characters in the King Arthur legends. Two famous forebears, Artie and Lance, are no longer among the living.

The governor led the way past the winter-empty vegetable garden, and showed us the neat stables where he used to keep horses until he decided they were too expensive. Near them is the new aluminum barn, smelling like old barns of warm hay, manure and sunlight. A red canoe and an aluminum skiff were lashed to a beam for winter storage. We opened a gate and crunched through wet oak leaves and crusty snow down a gentle slope to the Des Plaines River. The governor talked of the Kickapoo Indians who had lived in the area, of the French who had come down the river bringing perfume bottles ("Of all things!") to the Indians, of the arrowheads his boys used to find in the fields.

"From this very spot," he said, pointing, "you can take a canoe and paddle all the way to New Orleans!"

"How far have you gone?"

He grinned. "To the outskirts of Chicago."

We walked on briskly, following a well-worn path beside the river, and after half a mile circled the houses of some neighbors back toward the governor's house. The governor talked of his farm, of selling a few bales of hay a year, of butchering a few sheep a year for the freezer, of how he wished he hadn't sold his bigger farm in Central Illinois, of the difficulties of absentee landlordism.

We climbed a split-rail fence and headed back across the lawns toward the house. The governor pointed admiringly at a stretch of virgin forest behind us, and told of how it had been saved from the developers by a benevolent neighbor. He pointed out his tennis court, and the places where daffodils carpet the ground in spring. Tidily he collected broken branches as he walked, placing them in neat piles to be used later for firewood. Before we went in the house he stopped for a moment to gaze at his sugar maples, the bare branches, intricate as thought, lashing with apparent indecisiveness in the winter wind, the trunks, sturdy as conscience, rooted firmly in the rich Midwestern soil.

"Trees are my great love," he said.

Lunch was announced a short while later by Mrs. Viola Reardy, the governor's housekeeper and sole domestic employee. Long ago Mrs. Reardy used to work for the governor's sister, Mrs. Ernest Ives, in the old family home at Bloomington, Illinois; after Mrs. Reardy was widowed about a year and a half ago she heard that the governor (like everyone else) was desperate for efficient domestic help and decided to take on the job.

"The governor was afraid the work would be too hard for me," said tiny, gray-haired Mrs. Reardy. "But I convinced him that I was wiry and strong, and that after I got organized everything would be fine. And it *is* fine now. He's easy to please—he'll eat anything, although he likes to plan menus when guests are coming. And he never complains—unless I forget and move something so he can't find it. He's like all men: he likes things to be where he left them!"

The dining room, like the other rooms, is gay and cheerful. On one side a large picture window with blue-white-and-yellow-flowered draperies frames the distant view of fields and trees and the near view of a bird-feeding station and a red-berried crab-apple tree; on the opposite wall a huge mirror reflects the view for guests seated with their backs to the window at the long, rectangular table.

Tomato soup, broiled fish, salad, fruit compote and tea appeared smoothly and disappeared swiftly. The conversation moved from India to foreign policy to domestic policies (warily) and rather quickly on to the governor's travels.

"In England last summer I stayed with John Steinbeck," he said. "Funny little place way out in the middle of a field—not far from Glastonbury. He's been working for years on the Arthurian legend, maybe ten years. He's been trying to find the real Camelot, and I guess he's found eight or ten possible ones.

"He has a theory that it is necessary for humans from time to time to create versions of the Arthurian legend—round-table coalitions of the bright people and the stupid who call themselves good in opposition to all the other evil people. It's an old legend, goes back to Egypt, maybe to India. . . . I was fascinated, fascinated!"

But it was time to get down to real work, to posing for the portrait again, and talking seriously. The governor led the way upstairs to a spare bedroom, and leaned against a table in the required pose. ("Darned uncomfortable!" he muttered.) Willard W. Cummings, a young artist from New York, squinted at the documents the governor held in his statesmanlike right hand, and squeezed out some Chinese white on his palette. Midafternoon sunlight filtered softly through the gauze curtains.

"What have I been doing in the last few years?" the governor asked, echoing the question reflectively. "Well, I've never satisfied my travel wanderlust (although I'm reaching the point where I may have) and so I've been traveling a lot.

"Then there's my law firm. I have to earn a living, you know, and it keeps me pretty busy. And I have to keep up to the correspondence and the public demands still made upon me. I guess I've done what I've been called upon to do to the best of my ability. Anyway, I hope so.

"And I've been finding time to enjoy my family more than in the busy past, and to relax a little. I got caught up in an angry world from the beginning, and I can hardly remember a time when I wasn't working or involved in it. Why, even as a boy going back and forth to school on the train, I was reading; I always had a book in my hand when I traveled, but I wish now that I had looked out the windows a little more often.

"My life has been beset since I first went to Washington and got caught up in the anguish of the depression, in the days of the New Deal. Then from there I went on to the anguish of the war. I spent the summer of 1939 in Europe, and saw war coming, and when I returned I got involved in fighting the America First movement, fighting isolationism. *That* was a bitter fight! After that I went off to war, with Frank Knox and the Navy Department in Washington. And after the war came work with the United Nations, and then I was governor of Illinois. Then I ran twice for the presidency. . . . I guess I never slowed down at all from 1933 to 1957. So now I'm beginning to slow down a little, and enjoying it."

The governor stopped a moment to think, wriggled slightly and muttered a curse at the

Whenever it is in any way possible, every boy and girl should choose as his life work some occupation which he would like to do anyhow, even if he does not need the money.

WILLIAM LYON PHELPS
ESSAY ON THINGS
THE MACMILLAN CO.

sharp edge of the table, glanced guiltily at the painter, and went back into his pose.

"In the realm of thought," he continued, "I guess I think most of all about world affairs, which seem to me of the most importance. And in the field of world affairs the two most important facts are the existence of nuclear weapons, which could destroy us literally, and the disparity of living standards, which could destroy our free institutions if we can't do something to narrow the gap.

"Internationally, I think our main goals should be nuclear disarmament to eliminate the threat of war, and a narrowing of the economic disparity between the living standards in the world. We can't go on much longer living in a world where, for instance, the average yearly income in America is two thousand dollars a year, and the average yearly income in India is sixty dollars! No wonder great political, social and scientific revolutions are sweeping the world, and that instead of seeing the world go democratic we've seen eleven countries (I think it is) turn to other forms of government in the last few years. Democracy is not winning in the world, it is losing.

"Domestically, the important problem is growth. To pay for what we wish to accomplish as a nation you have to have a larger net income, and to have that you have to grow. You have to take some of the bold steps toward growth, such as our forefathers were not afraid to take, and such as we took in the depression.

"Education is another vital domestic issue. Obviously, we're going to have to double our national expenditures on education. To me, it's shameful that we have permitted the fear of inflation to block all our big schemes and dreams!

"We say it would be nice to have clean, wholesome cities for our children to grow up in, and adequate schools for them to go to—but it's too bad we can't afford them. I just don't settle for that. We *have* to contrive ways of doing these things. We must be bold, we must be imaginative. We must not be paralyzed by large fears and little aims!"

Again he was silent, and his face looked pale now in the fading blue light of the waning afternoon. The artist's brush rasped on the canvas and the governor stared at him somberly, without appearing to see him.

"In America the spirit has had no nourishment for a long time," he said at last. "We're preoccupied with getting rather than giving, with tail fins and barbecue pits and gadgets. Young people are withdrawing to the joys of home life and are less and less interested in public service. And the television scandals were just a small glimpse of a widespread moral corruption.

"Perhaps it's because we didn't suffer material losses in the war—we weren't bombed. The rest of the world has been reminded of the eternal verities in a hard and cruel way, but we have not been. So perhaps we've lost sight of them. And we're filled with euphoric complacency.

"This state of mind goes on and on in spite of Sputnik and all the other Russian accomplishments, in spite of our knowledge of the countries turning away from democracy, in spite of the population explosion, in spite of the world revolutions taking place today! But surely our people know what is happening in the world today, don't they? *Don't* they?"

SILHOUETTES

By DAN JAFFE

Behind their silhouetted kiss
Shadows are ciphered in the stone.
Must they be frightened knowing this?
Lovers have never loved alone.

Beyond the bare black trees and the cold horizon, the sunset was deepening. The room was sapphire with dusk and the artist worked quickly, squinting at his palette. The governor sighed, and somewhere in the house a telephone rang. He hurried off to take it on the extension in his bedroom, where he was joined a few minutes later by Miss Evans and his visitor.

The governor's bedroom has pale blue walls, a gray rug, and a triple-size bed with a chartreuse spread. On the wall above the bed are two rather surprising and very lovely Renaissance cherub heads of gilded wood. A magnolia tree brushes a window on one side of the room, and a glass door leads to a sun deck. On tables and dressers round about the room are family photographs in silver frames.

The governor stood at a window and looked across his fields to the sunset.

"I love this place so much," he said slowly. "I know every blade of grass, and every tree . . . I like to watch them grow, and I hate to be away from them. If I am leading a life of semiretirement, as some people say, it is only so that I can stay close to this place. I *hate* going away as much as I have to. I am always happiest here."

But once more it was time to go. The governor had been invited to ask some friends to a preview of a new movie in Chicago, and he was giving a dinner for them first at the Racquet Club. We were already late, but after he had changed his clothes he bustled around the living room and library, turning off lights. Then we were off on the hour's drive, the governor at the wheel. He is a fast and competent driver, although he tends to overlook direction signs and take wrong turnings when he is thinking and talking. During the drive he was thinking and talking, mostly about his own life.

"I have a *good* life," he said firmly. "Sometimes I think I've been one of the most fortunate men of this century—I've had a tremendously good life! I'm lucky because I like to do so many things. I like to play tennis and walk and hunt and fish a little. I like to read and to work and to write. I go to the movies only about once a year, and my television set doesn't work—it's in the gameroom in the basement —— Oh, didn't you see the gameroom? Too bad! Oh, it's just a sort of relaxing room where I dump everything. But I do manage to go to the theater quite often, and I play a lot of music to myself. And of course I travel a great deal.

"I have a great many guests at the house. And I see a lot of my friends, particularly in New York—and I get there once or twice a month. I wish I could see more of my grandchildren. Maybe I can fix that for next summer. And I wish I could see more of my old Lake Forest friends. It's just that I'm busy and away so much of the time! Well, anyway, we'll see some of them tonight."

And we did, for the governor had invited about sixty friends to his little party. Top Chicago lawyers, and heads of corporations. Smart, gray-haired Lake Forest matrons whom he has known since what a friend terms his "tennis shoes and camping days," and whom he calls by odd, affectionate nicknames like "Mudge" and "Hank." (Most of them are Social Register, and most of them were violently active in his political campaigns.) Young people, too, were there. His law partners and their pretty wives. Adlai and Nancy Stevenson. And several decorative but unexplained girls with bubble hairdos and pale lipstick. There wasn't a professional politician in the lot.

Affably, the governor moved from table to table, stopping to shake hands, to kiss a cheek, to make a joke. A mood of affection and gaiety, friendship and loyalty seemed to glow in the room, and after dinner the spirit spilled over into the bus which the governor had chartered to take his friends to the preview theater.

As the bus bounced merrily along, an old friend who had worked as a volunteer in both campaigns for the presidency glanced at her host and then turned to a friend. "I'd like to start everyone singing 'Happy Days are Here Again!'" she whispered, smiling. "But I don't dare—at least, not yet." END

Now! A better-fitting napkin you can wear and forget!

You're a carefree hostess till the last guest goes. At long last, here's a feminine napkin you can wear and forget!

Fems feminine napkins fit better and absorb better. Long enough to fit securely—yet there's not an ounce of extra bulk.

Now your napkin stays put even under stress, thanks to the extra length of the tab ends. What a wonderful feeling of security!

Forget about stains. Wear your nicest things, knowing there's a protective safety-cushion to prevent accidents, whether you're seated or moving about.

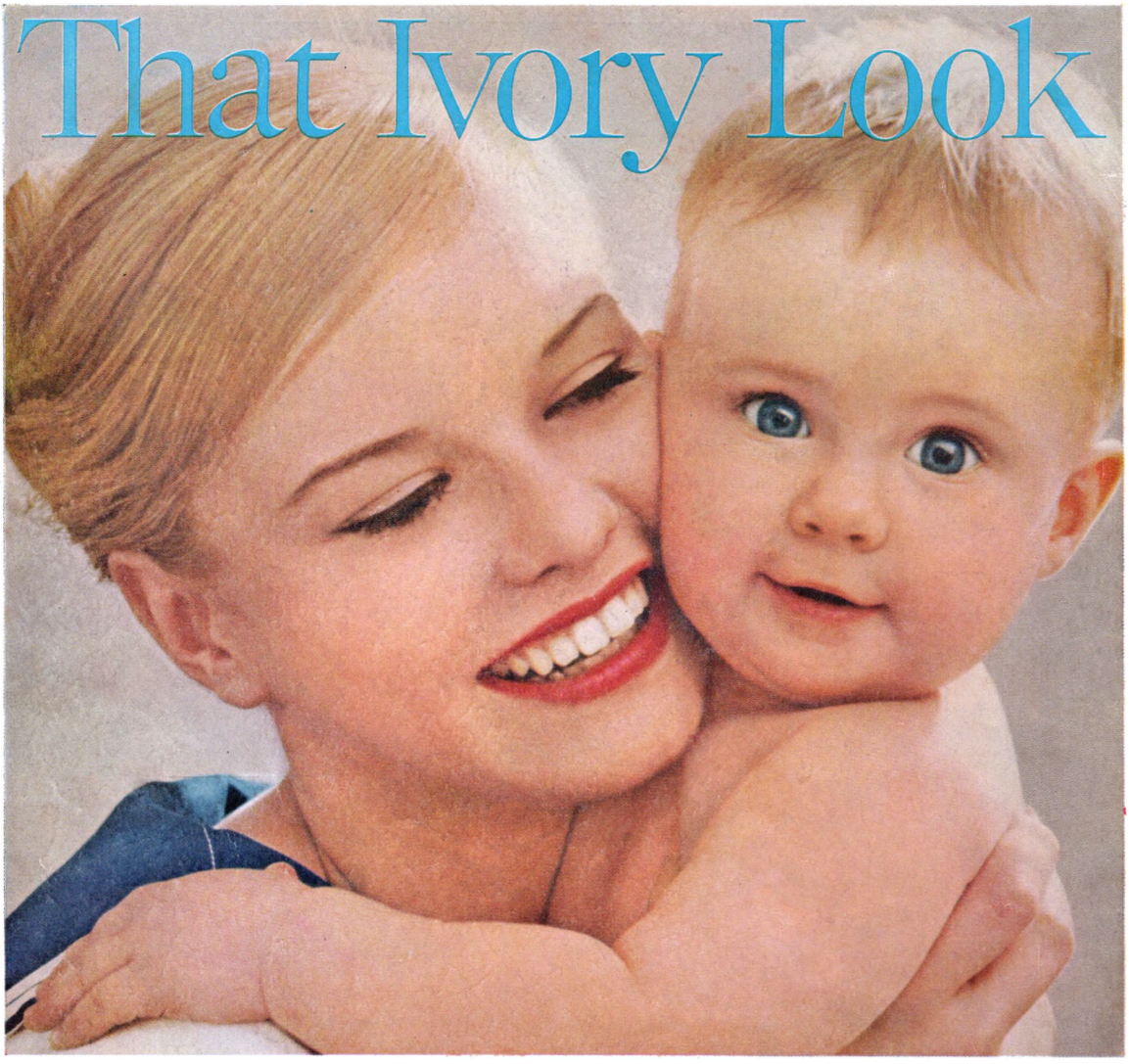
Forget about shifting and binding. Better-fitting Fems feminine napkins are made to adjust to your body without discomfort.

Forget about chafing. Touch the chafe-free covering to the inside of your wrist, where your skin is extra sensitive. No wonder Fems bring welcome relief from chafing.

Fems absorb quickly. That's another protection against chafing. And both the covering and inner materials are designed to keep surfaces comfortably dry, even during the heaviest flow.

TRY THE NEW FEMS BELT. Its long-wearing elastic won't curl or cut. The slip-proof nylon clasp won't dig or break. Napkins attach easily and firmly. Next time, wear Fems feminine napkins with a Fems belt—and learn how freedom feels!

That Ivory Look



"You can see Mommy and I use the same soap ...doctor advised it"

Clear, radiant complexions like theirs say Ivory, of course. They've got today's loveliest look . . . the beauty only baby-mildness gives your skin. Have you discovered it yet?

Your skin never outgrows Ivory. Naturally, a soap that's gentle enough for a baby's delicate skin treats yours as kindly as a kiss. Could anything be more important to a girl's face than mildness? Ivory's mild in its white color . . . mild in its fresh clean scent . . . 99⁴⁴/₁₀₀% pure® . . . it floats!

More doctors advise Ivory than any other soap for babies' skin and yours. Those doctors include skin specialists. They know the milder your beauty soap the prettier your skin. *You* know it, too, if you've tried Ivory.

Beauty is a simple thing with Ivory. Use it every day—soon you'll have That Ivory Look.