

Rockwell
CLASSIC
COVERS
to Frame

14250

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Agatha Christie's
Whodunit
Death in the Air

His Life,
His Work,
His Thoughts,
His Great Spirit

A VERY SPECIAL ISSUE ON

NORMAN ROCKWELL

Make a Norman
Rockwell Cover Quilt
Easy-To-Follow Directions

Rockwell in Hollywood

His Paintings of
the Presidents



Experience a retreat into luxury. For the highways of your mind. Oldsmobile Cutlass Supreme Brougham '78.

Surround yourself with the elegance of the new Cutlass Supreme Brougham for '78.

And let your imagination travel.



Inside, a world of quiet elegance and comfort. Loose-cushion-look seats.

Luxurious velours. And more head and legroom than last year's Brougham Coupe.

Outside, the new look is clean. Handsome. A classic shape.

But the ultimate reward comes on the road. Enjoy a new suspension that helps

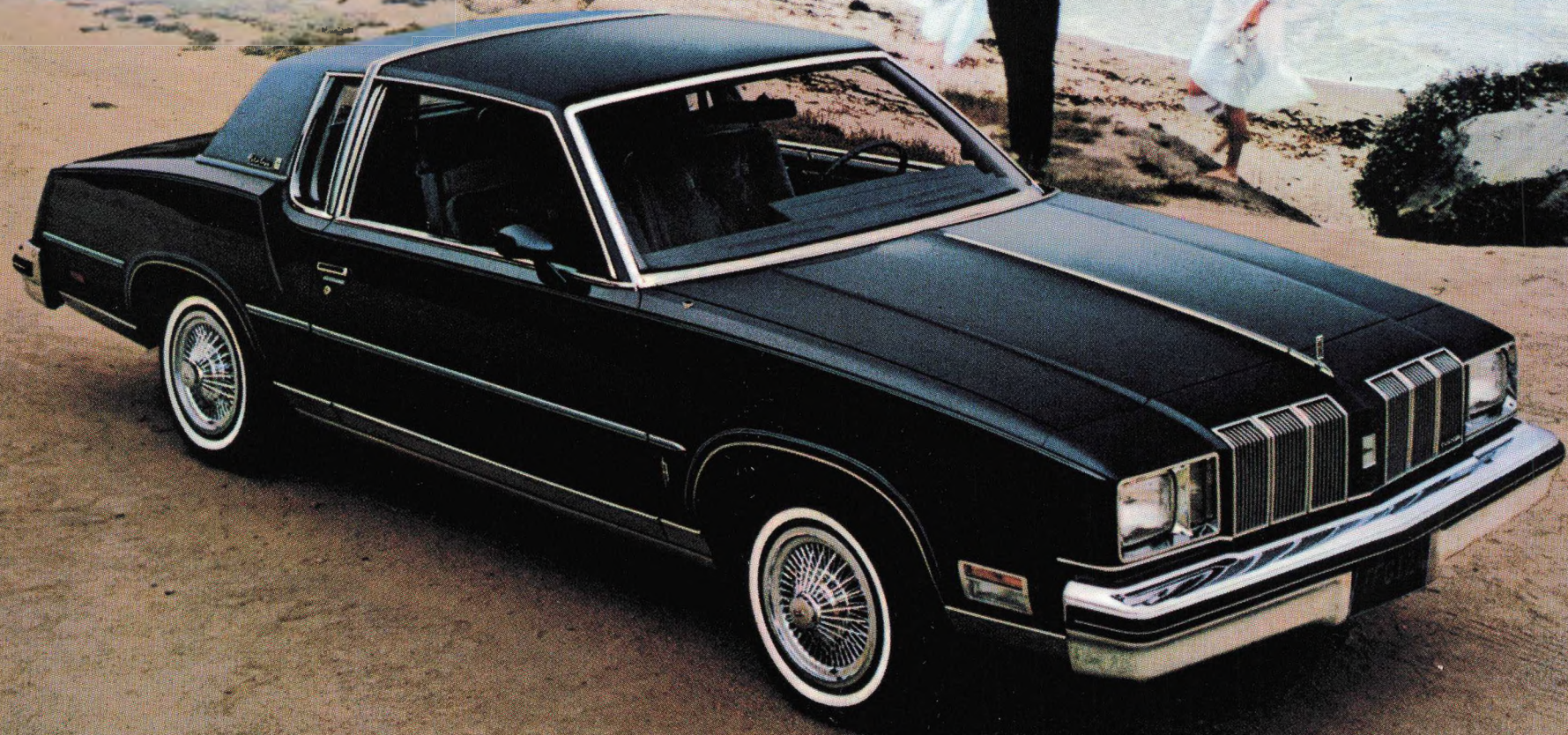
smooth out jolts and bumps.

You'll notice Brougham's maneuverability in city traffic. And its economy: EPA estimates are 27 mpg highway, 19 city, 22 combined, with available 260 V8 and automatic transmission.

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Note: Cutlass Supreme Brougham is equipped with GM-built engines produced by various divisions. See your dealer for details.



Oldsmobile

Cutlass Supreme Brougham '78.

Can we build one for you?



How to Achieve Total Financial Freedom in 1978

“Millionaires Are Not 100 Times Smarter Than You, They Just Know The Wealth Formula”

“I Have Helped More Than 100,000 People Discover Exactly How To Achieve Financial Freedom.”

THE DIFFERENCE

If hours, efforts, or brains are not what separate the rich from the average guy who is swamped with debts and very little income then what is?

I learned the answer to that question from an old fellow in Denver. This fellow worked in a drug store stocking the shelves. Very few people knew that he had \$200,000 in the bank, all of which he had earned starting from nothing.

Within a year after meeting him, I was told and shown the same thing by a young man who had recently earned over a million dollars. By this time, I began to realize that what I was being shown was truly a remarkable and workable way to grow rich.

THE BEGINNING

I began to apply the principles and methods I had been shown. The results were amazing. I couldn't believe how easy it was, in fact it seemed too easy.

But then I met an elderly lady (83 years old) who, although not very smart, has made \$117,000 using the same formula.

I then figured my beginning wasn't luck.

For three and one half years, I worked hard to refine and improve on the formula that I had been shown, so that it would be easy to get quicker results.

As I did this, my assets multiplied very rapidly (160% per year) to the point that I didn't have to work any longer.

MORE LEISURE

I guess I am bragging now, but I did start spending a lot of time in our back yard pool, traveling around the country, and doing a lot of loafing.

Then one day a friend asked me how he could do what I had done.

So I began to outline the formula that I had improved to show him really how simple it was, and how he could do the same thing.

By the next time he approached me, I had written almost a complete volume on the

One of many unsolicited comments on my material:

“... when it came I read it. Then I read it again, and have read it about once a week since it came. No magic. No secrets. A plain, easy-to-understand, 1-2-3 way for anybody with a little patience and common sense to become totally independent within a reasonable length of time. The one book I've been looking for for at least fifteen years...”

— Jerry Donaho, Valdez, Arkansas

easy way for him to copy my results.

EASY TO READ

I wrote this in simple, straight-forward language so anyone could understand it.

This time my friend's questions were very specific. (He had already begun buying properties with the formulas I had been giving him.) Now he had a property he wanted to buy, but was out of cash. How could he buy it?

I not only showed him how to buy without cash, but by the time the deal was complete,



Millionaire Mark O. Haroldsen, his wife, Lois, and their children at home on their two and one half acre estate:

“I've found,” says Haroldsen, “that most people just need a very specific road map to follow... they can do what I've done. Millionaires are not smarter, they just know the wealth formula.”

he had \$5,000 cash in his pocket to boot.

I also showed him how to buy a \$26,000 property for \$75 down.

ANYONE CAN

You can do exactly what I did, or my close friends have done; in fact, you may well do it better. (I began doing this in my spare time only.)

It doesn't matter where you live or the size of your town or city, my formula will show you exactly how to:

- Buy income properties for as little as \$100 down.
- Begin without any cash.

where and as often as you would like.

IT'S GUARANTEED

Now if you were a personal friend of mine, I know you would believe me and not need any kind of guarantee, but since you don't know me personally, I will guarantee that you will be completely satisfied and that my formula will work for you if you apply it. I will back up that guarantee by not cashing your check for 30 days, and if you for any reason change your mind, let me know and I will send your uncashed check back.

You may ask, why am I willing to share my formula for wealth? Well, simply because those of you who order my material will be helping to increase my net worth.

You shouldn't care if I profit as long as you profit. I guarantee that you'll be satisfied that my methods will help you or I'll send your money back!

“FINANCIAL FREEDOM”

To order, simply take any size paper, write the words “Financial Freedom”, and send your name and address, along with a check for \$10.00 to Mark O. Haroldsen, Inc., Dept. G-178, Tudor Mansion Bldg., 4751 Holladay Blvd., Salt Lake City, Utah 84117.

If you send for my materials now, I will also send you documents that will show you precisely how you can borrow from \$20,000 to \$200,000 at 2% above the prime rate using just your signature as collateral.

By the way, if you feel a little uneasy about sending me a check or money order for \$10.00, simply postdate it by 30 days which will completely eliminate your risk.

*M3 © Mark O. Haroldsen, Inc. 1978

When you send me a check or money order for \$10, I will send you all my formulas and methods, and you are free to use them any-

Read this and cry.



Froilan lives in the highlands of Guatemala in a one-room hut with dirt floors and no sanitary facilities. Labor there is so cheap that, for men like Froilan's father, hard work and long hours still mean a life of poverty. But now life is changing for Froilan.



Her name? We don't know. We found her wandering the streets of a large city in South America. Her mother is a beggar. What will become of this little girl? No one knows. In her country, she's just one of thousands doomed to poverty.

The world is full of children like these who desperately need someone to care, like the family who sponsors Froilan.

It costs them \$15 a month, and it gives Froilan so very much. Now he eats regularly. He gets medical care. He goes to school. Froilan writes to his sponsors and they write to him. They share something very special.

Since 1938 the Christian Children's Fund has helped hundreds of thousands of children. But so many more need your help. Become a sponsor. You needn't send any money now — you can "meet" the child assigned to your care first. Just fill out and mail the coupon. You'll receive the child's photograph, background information, and detailed instructions on how to write to the child. If you wish to sponsor the child, simply send in your first monthly check or money order for \$15 within 10 days. If not, return the photo and other materials so we may ask someone else to help.

Take this opportunity to "meet" a child who needs your help. Somewhere in the world, there's a suffering child who will share something very special with you. Love.

For the love of a hungry child.

Dr. Verent J. Mills
CHRISTIAN CHILDREN'S FUND, Inc. NSAP10
Box 26511, Richmond, Va. 23261

I wish to sponsor a boy girl. Choose any child who needs help.

Please send my information package today.

I want to learn more about the child assigned to me. If I accept the child, I'll send my first sponsorship payment of \$15 within 10 days. Or I'll return the photograph and other material so you can ask someone else to help.

I prefer to send my first payment now, and I enclose my first monthly payment of \$15.

I cannot sponsor a child now but would like to contribute \$ _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Member of International Union for Child Welfare, Geneva. Gifts are tax deductible. Canadians: Write 1407 Yonge, Toronto, 7. Statement of income and expenses available on request.

Christian Children's Fund, Inc.



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All the vitality, the strength, and the regal bearing of the world's most celebrated Queens . . . captured for all time in one superb collection of fine original sculptures. Each sculptured figure expresses its own distinctive character, its own being. With complete devotion to historical accuracy . . . each ruffle of the sumptuous gowns . . . each subtle nuance of gesture and expression . . . all are captured with intense artistry and absolute fidelity.

Further, each is fascinatingly created as an exceptional bell for collectors.

Rich, harmonious bell tone.

Each portrait bell will be hand-cast in solid bronze by the master artisans of Gorham, recognized bellmakers to the world since 1818. Solid bronze, as even many primitive bellmakers realized, is the only metal to yield true bell sound—distinct in resonance, duration of ring, and timbre. Addition of anything to the molten bronze—even precious metals like gold or platinum—only detracts from the purity of the sound.

Bells of this calibre remain perhaps the most sought-after treasures in the collecting world today. Particularly, hand-cast and detailed portrait bells. Unfortunately, they must usually be found one by one, and collecting a matched set of even two or three can be an awesome task. A collection of six portrait bells is rare, if not completely unique.

Ancient "lost wax" method

Velma Scannell was commissioned to work on the collection for her rare gifts in miniature sculpture and her scholarly expertise in historic fashions. To faithfully reproduce each sculpture, the Gorham artisans chose the painstaking and costly *cire perdue*, or "lost wax," method. Only through this age-old process could

the exceedingly fine detail be preserved. Thus, in all six portrait bells . . . fingers and fingernails are defined . . . eyebrows and lips distinct . . . and fine details of the apparel are exact.

For example, the lofty and regal bearing of **Queen Isabella of Spain** is accented by pinpoint detail: from the luxurious folds of the gown to the cascading pearls and intricate lacework . . . or even through the flickering smile and slight, upraised eyebrow.

Finally, to bring out the wealth of fine detail, an arduously burnished coat of fine silver is applied to each portrait bell.

Edition Limited to only 5,000 sets.

Only 5,000 sets of **Women Who Changed the Course of History** will ever be created. The time required for "lost-wax" casting, as well as the scarcity of trained masters in this technique, forbids a larger edition. After 5,000 of each bell is cast . . . the mold will be destroyed. The edition will be permanently closed.

To validate the exclusivity of each bell, a Certificate of Authenticity will be issued for each individual piece, bearing the identical number of its bell. Moreover, the full collection will include handsome hardwood bases and specially-written biographies of the six Queens.

Women Who Changed the Course of History will be issued to subscribers every other month. The issue price is \$75.00 per bell; payable in equal monthly installments of \$37.50. If you would like to obtain a complete set of these fascinating new art bells, there is no need to send any money now. You may enter your subscription on the application form provided and you will be billed later. However, collectors are strongly urged to act immediately to avoid disappointment.



The Hamilton Collection
40 East University Drive, Arlington Heights, Illinois 60004

8031

Women Who Changed the Course of History

Please accept my subscription for the **Women Who Changed the Course of History**, consisting of six finely-detailed portrait bells by Velma Scannell.

These portrait bells are to be sent to me at the rate of one every other month. I need send no money now. I will be billed \$75.00* for the first bell in the collection, payable at the rate of \$37.50 with my initial invoice and the second-half payment upon shipment of my first bell. I agree to pay for each subsequent bell on the same convenient monthly schedule.

*Plus Illinois state sales tax for residents and \$2.00 shipping charge per bell.

Or charge my order to:

Master Charge* BankAmericard

Account Number _____ Expiration Date _____

*For Master Charge, please indicate four numbers above name:

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Signature _____

(must be signed to be valid)

Please allow 6-8 weeks for shipment of your first bell.

© HC 77

HAPPY BIRTHDAY, NORMAN ROCKWELL

A bouquet of greetings to represent a nation grateful for the warmly human—even inspiring—pictures he gave us of ourselves.

February 3rd is Norman Rockwell's 84th birthday. He made the journey from his studio to the nation's heart in record time. He has never engaged a public relations firm, never been a talk show regular, never pushed.

His friends (the U.S. population) say he is the happy and good world he paints. And he shares, too. He has, for all the years he's lived in Stockbridge, attended a life studies class, talking and working with young artists and thinkers and keeping himself the same. He is not a selfish man.

Young illustrators—Gene Boyer, Robert Charles Howe, Robert Gunn—marvel at Rockwell's accuracy, the exactitude of his still lifes and character studies and sincere emotions. And Rockwell has been willing to show and tell secrets of technique, explain step-by-step procedures.

For his openness, his goodness and honesty and intelligence, the world thanks him and wishes him a great birthday. He is a great man. And would be embarrassed to be so called.

The generation of young people working in the Rockwell tradition have a long way to go. But the master has given them every assistance. Copyists and imitators will not make the grade. But artists who are interested in delving into the human heart, not to expose it but to make it more secret and valuable, will find a trail they can follow. And a hand to help them.

It seems as if I grew up with *The Saturday Evening Post* and those wonderful American faces Norman Rockwell presented on the cover. Just hearing his name brings a montage of portraits to mind. Can anyone forget the elderly lady and little boy saying grace in the lunchroom?

Wouldn't it be wonderful if all of us could pledge to Norman on his 84th birthday that we would try to make this land the America he painted for us?

—Ronald Reagan

Norman Rockwell's name has become synonymous with a whole age of innocence in America, and his great paintings evoke in all of us a nostalgia for a simpler and happier time.

—Walter Cronkite

What a joy to share with so many at the Laguna Art Festival some of the works of Mr. Rockwell. America should be proud of such achievement and love.

—Pearl Bailey

I have been familiar with Norman Rockwell's creative artwork for many years. As a matter of fact, we are almost equals in our life spans. Norman Rockwell's work has always been very American and delightfully normal.

—Arthur Fiedler

In the late 1930s, at the peak of Norman Rockwell's career as a commercial illustrator, I was an art student. Rockwell was my and my classmates' hero.

As I got deeper and deeper into political cartooning, where you try to say a lot in a simple drawing, I appreciated him more and more. He only wanted to tell picture stories. And nobody has ever done it better. Right on, Norman Rockwell.

—Bill Mauldin

Norman Rockwell is timeless and, without a doubt, universal. One doesn't just look at his work. You soak it in as if you were a sponge. His warmth and humanity cover you like a winter quilt. Norman Rockwell celebrates life, and it is a wonderful feeling to help celebrate his.

—Henry Winkler

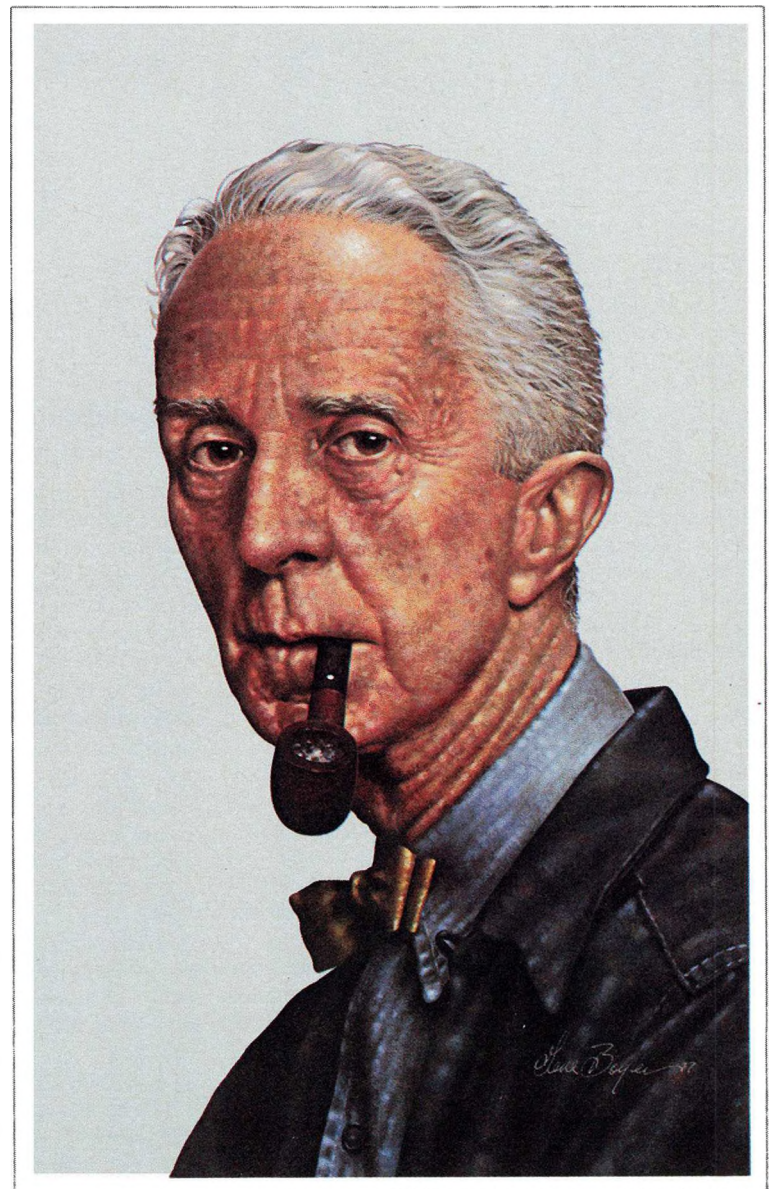
Norman Rockwell is, I think, the most thoroughly American artist of all. Historians a thousand years from now will be able to learn a great deal of what life was like in the United States in the 20th century from studying the warm, human impressions by an artist who obviously loved his subjects.

—Steve Allen

Norman Rockwell has always had a way of staying in touch with the feelings and hearts of the American people. In this time of constant hunting by the news fraternity for the provocative, the thoughts and moods and illustrations of Norman are most welcome and refreshing.

—John Wayne

Like most Americans I grew up with all those fabulous covers on life in America



A new Post cover artist, Gene Boyer, wishes Norman Rockwell happy birthday in his own special way with this portrait. The pipe and the outline of the face are familiar to millions of Americans, but perhaps only another artist could search the man's face so deeply. The painting reflects realism without smugness, intellect without remoteness, a man who has made friends of right, not power.

Norman Rockwell did for *The Saturday Evening Post*. So it was one of the great moments of my life when Mr. Rockwell painted John Wayne and me on the set of *Stagecoach*. He is truly one of the greatest.

—Ann-Margret

Norman Rockwell is America's greatest, and I wish my home was full of everything he ever painted. I wish him a most joyous 84th birthday. Love, Lucy.

—Lucille Ball

Of course for me, Norman Rockwell is my youth. He evokes the small-town atmosphere in which I grew up, but always with great humor and affection.

—Bill Blass

Norman Rockwell captures the unique American spirit and makes his work immediately accessible to a worldwide audience.

—Bruce Jenner

Norman Rockwell is able to capture the warmth and humor of the everyday situations which happen to us all, and which often strike a chord of recognition. His work is the essence of the best in American family life, the unpretentious and mundane seen through loving, whimsical eyes.

—Charles H. Percy

United States Senator

When I was a boy I used to deliver *The Saturday Evening Post* in our neighborhood on Long Island. With what joy and excitement I opened the bundles of magazines and studied each new Norman Rockwell cover.

Then when I grew up, went to college and majored in art, I realized what a master painter of Americana we had in this distinguished man.

I'm so glad that the *Post* is honoring him on his 84th birthday and I would like to add my personal message to him, "Happy Birthday, Mr. Rockwell, all the

way from the Aloha State."

—Jack Lord

Some of us grew up thinking that Uncle Sam's real name was Norman Rockwell; I still do.

—Paul Harvey

Norman Rockwell has been—and will continue to be—a major force in American art.

—Jamie Wyeth

A Norman Rockwell painting makes you feel happy and warm.

—Bob Hope



ARTHRITICS:

If you use Tylenol® (325mg.), you may be hurting more than you have to.

Use Bufferin® instead.

Bufferin can reduce painful swelling and inflammation. Tylenol cannot.

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So use Bufferin for hours of relief from minor arthritis pain.

Because arthritis can be serious, if pain persists more than ten days or redness is present, consult your doctor immediately. If under medical care, do not take without consulting a physician.



Letters to the Editor



Two in the End Zone

Bob Collins' delightful article, "Two on the Fifty," in your October issue, reminds me of something that happened some years ago.

At the time I was Assistant General Secretary of the University of Michigan Alumni Association, and we heard constantly from disgruntled alumni who felt they were entitled to 50-yard-line seats for all of the home football games. We finally decided to find out whether these 50-yard-line seats were as desirable as so many of our alumni felt they were.

So, in 1933 I charted the location of every play of every Michigan game, both in Ann Arbor and away, with the following results:

1. Approximately 80% of all plays were between the 30-yard lines and the goal lines. Most of the few plays between the 30-yard lines were punts, passes, occasional long runs and probably a lot of prayers.

2. Of the 80% of the plays mentioned above, they were divided almost 50-50 between the two ends of the fields.

We did publish these results of our efforts, and I'm sure that now and then this helped our ticket department. But I'll have to admit that I still hear the same old cry, frequently.

Having known a couple of our fine Michigan ticket manag-

ers, I have the deepest sympathy for their problems. In spite of my own contacts, for many years after I left Ann Arbor I never had anything but end-zone seats—but I'll have to admit that a high-up end-zone seat is a great place to watch from.

Frederick S. Randall
Kalamazoo, Michigan

Fanfare

Fans of Elizabeth Taylor were overjoyed to learn the news from your November article, "A Look at the Man Liz Found," that she hadn't lost her popularity. We want to wish both Elizabeth Taylor and her husband, John Warner, much happiness.

Daniel Sugarman
New York, New York

Veteran Says Thanks

The "Double Dipper" editorial in the November 1977 issue of *The Saturday Evening Post* was very well done and certainly hit the nail on the head.

As a veteran of 30 years in the Air Force, three wars (including Vietnam) and 31 duty stations, I have well-developed opinions that coincide with those of your editorial writer as reflected in the editorial. In addition to this, five in my family served in Vietnam, and three are still in service as regulars. At times they are made to feel like outcasts from society, yet they are not looking for easy jobs, and all are still willing to fight for our country.

Thank you for your fine editorial. We veterans truly appreciate the support you have evidenced so effectively.

You can be sure that I will tell all of my friends about this November 1977 issue.

Storm C. Rhode
Colonel, USAF (Ret.)
Myrtle Beach, South Carolina

An Eye-Opener

Regarding "NBC as a Soviet Megaphone" in your October issue, the Olympics have become a political showcase in an ever increasing way. The true purpose and meaning of the competition have been mercilessly kicked aside. The profes-

sional athletes of the totalitarian countries easily bowl over the amateurs who must practice during time off from their work or studies.

It is pitiful that our own good old NBC has unwittingly become the propaganda agent for a world so devoid of belief in human rights, so distant in purpose from what we believe is right.

My congratulations to Jeffrey Hart for a very courageous and eye-opening editorial opinion.

Jaime E. Irizarry, M.D.
Santurce, Puerto Rico

Housewife's Role

I absolutely agree with Clare Boothe Luce's article "Equality Begins at Home" (October 1977)

In our fast-paced, industrial society the norm still tends to be that a woman's place is in the home, where she fulfills the roles as a full-time wife and mother. These roles are functional in our society, but, because of these roles, women become passive in our society. As her husband climbs the ladder of success, the housewife has an ascribed status lower than that of her husband. She has little opportunity to advance herself educationally, culturally or economically—because she is just a plain housewife.

Economically, in this situation, the woman is deprived. She is dependent on her husband because he is the money-maker. Her role in the family is equally important, but it is not recognized in the family or in the government. Worst of all, if she loses her husband through death or divorce, she fails to be protected.

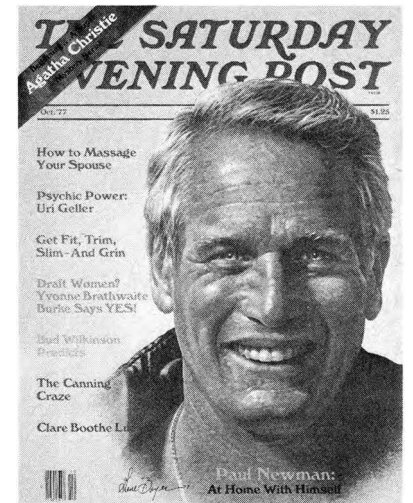
As Mrs. Luce states, the government should give the housewife the same rights and benefits any other working American receives so that she can be protected also in times of trouble. The government and the family should not take the roles of a full-time wife and mother for granted. If the woman is rewarded for her duties as a housewife, the marriage and the family will work better.

Karen Altavilla
University Park, Pennsylvania

Ultimate Benefit

Aside from the points you raise in your November editorial by asking that we always honor our commitments to our servicemen, "double dippers" or not, why should anyone seeking work be discriminated against on the basis of income or financial worth? Charitable considerations excepted, isn't the purpose of employment best served by hiring the most qualified person available so that the work will be done as efficiently as possible, to the ultimate benefit of all of us?

Wesley Karney
Olympia, Washington



Double Bonus

Congratulations on the splendid cover on your October issue! Gene Boyer's excellent illustration of Paul Newman was a double bonus for me because I have long admired both men. It is extremely difficult to find good pictures of Mr. Newman and I think that this is one of the finest I have ever seen.

Dianne N. Wood
Washington, D.C.

Editor's note: C. Robert (Bob) Dunsmore, a friend of Paul Newman's, took the photograph from which Gene Boyer painted this illustration. Mr. Dunsmore is a professional auto competition photographer and has had a romance with "sexy, swoopy, zoomy" cars since his childhood. His home is Portland, Oregon, but Mr. Dunsmore, camera in hand, dashes about the country from race to race. Bob Dunsmore's work can be found in many magazines, on sports calendars and in the private collections of many well-known race car owners.



D. CURRIER & IVES WINTER

Genuine 22 Karat Gold-Trimmed Collectibles!
Currier & Ives
"Four Seasons"
GENUINE PORCELAIN HANDCRAFTED PLATES



Each Currier & Ives scene in beautiful FULL COLOR!



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SPECIAL OFFER: the complete 4-plate set \$9.98

Our own magnificent By-Mail EXCLUSIVE! Now we've combined the splendor, the tranquility and all the historical excitement of Currier & Ives world-renowned art with the genuine porcelain of beautiful handcrafted plates . . . to give you an exceptional set of Collectibles!

"The Four Seasons" represents Currier & Ives most memorable lithographs, capturing rural American life in the 19th century in a romantic and nostalgic way. And each genuine, decorative porcelain Plate measures 8" in diameter and comes with a special loop ready for hanging. Think how they'll brighten your kitchen or dining room wall. Imagine how charming they'll look on a display shelf or hutch! These magnificent porcelain plates, decorated in FULL COLOR and trimmed with real 22-Karat Gold go beautifully with any decor. So order extras for gifts, too!

Order Quickly!

We expect a flood of orders for these lovely plates, both because of their price and because of their special attraction to Collectors, as treasured and valuable Collectibles. So order now to avoid delay. If not delighted, return within 14 days and your money will be refunded in full (except postage and handling). MAIL COUPON TODAY!

© 1977 American Consumer, Inc., Caroline Rd., Phila., PA 19176

MAIL NO-RISK COUPON TODAY

**AMERICAN TREASURY, Dept. CIQ-66
 Caroline Road, Philadelphia, PA 19176**

Please rush the following Currier & Ives Collectible Plate(s) trimmed in genuine 22 Karat Gold at \$3 each plus 50¢ for postage, handling & insurance.

- ___ (# 800) Scene A
- ___ (# 826) Scene C
- ___ (# 842) Complete set of 4 only \$9.98 plus \$1.50 postage, handling & insurance.
- ___ (# 818) Scene B
- ___ (# 834) Scene D

SAVE! Order 2 sets for only \$18.98 plus \$2.50 postage, handling & insurance.

If after receiving my order I'm not delighted I may return it within 14 days and you will refund the full purchase price (except postage & handling).

Total amount enclosed \$_____ PA residents add 6% sales tax. Check or money order. no CODs please.

CHARGE IT: (check one) Exp. Date _____

- BankAmericard/Visa
- American Express
- Master Charge Bank Number _____

Credit Card # _____

Name _____

Address _____ Apt. # _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

8554

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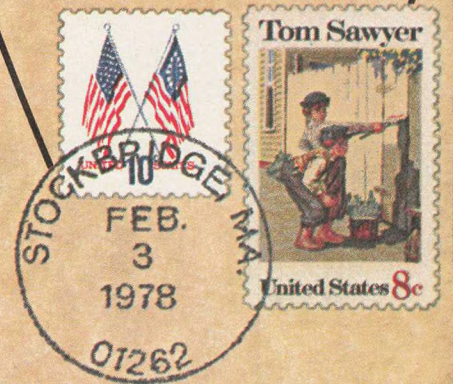
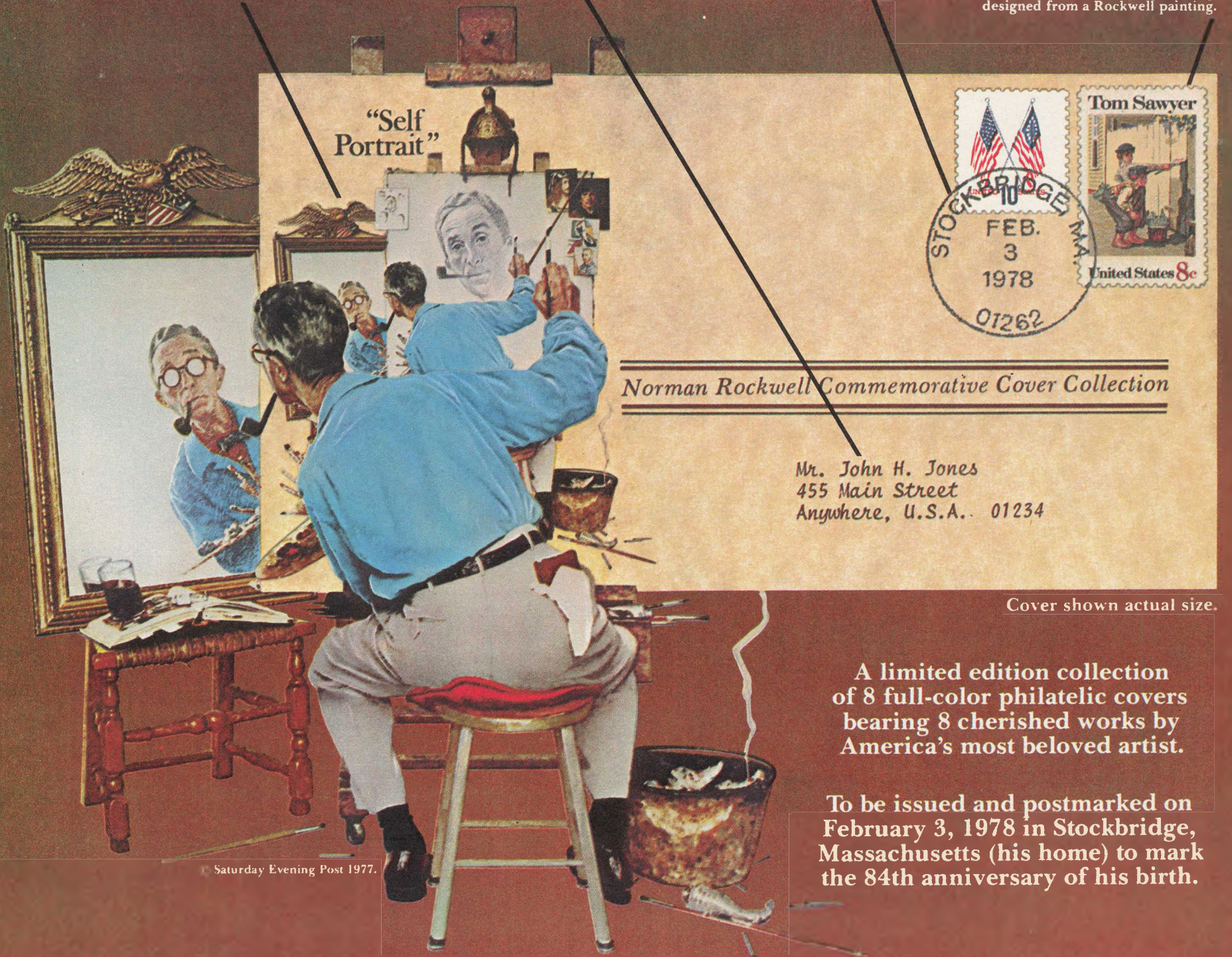
Announcing . . . **THE FIRST
NORMAN ROCKWELL
COVER COLLECTION**

FULL-COLOR CACHETS, richly engraved and lithographed. Each one faithfully renders a classic Norman Rockwell painting.

PERSONALIZED with your name and address if desired.

POSTMARKED at Stockbridge, Massachusetts (Rockwell's home) on the 84th anniversary of his birth.

HISTORIC U.S. STAMPS complement each Rockwell painting. This cover bears the 1972 Tom Sawyer stamp designed from a Rockwell painting.



Norman Rockwell Commemorative Cover Collection

Mr. John H. Jones
455 Main Street
Anywhere, U.S.A. 01234

Cover shown actual size.

A limited edition collection of 8 full-color philatelic covers bearing 8 cherished works by America's most beloved artist.

To be issued and postmarked on February 3, 1978 in Stockbridge, Massachusetts (his home) to mark the 84th anniversary of his birth.

© Saturday Evening Post 1977.

The scene above, *Self Portrait*, was painted by Norman Rockwell for the February 13, 1960 *Saturday Evening Post* cover. Each of the cachets in this unprecedented collection faithfully captures a famous *Saturday Evening Post* cover done by Norman Rockwell.

Norman Rockwell is a national treasure. For more than half a century, his works have warmed the hearts of millions of Americans. He re-affirms our faith in people and our pride in country. He is America's most beloved artist.

An unprecedented limited edition with important anniversary postmarks. At long last, eight cherished Norman Rockwell classics are to appear on a limited edition collection of philatelic covers. Each cover will be richly engraved and lithographed in full color, to faithfully render every nuance and detail of a classic Rockwell painting.

Each cover will be postmarked on February 3, 1978, the 84th anniversary of Rockwell's birth, at Stockbridge, Massachusetts, Rockwell's home. These postmarks certify the limited edition status of the covers. The historic U.S. stamps chosen for each cover complement the theme of the particular Rockwell painting.

The first Norman Rockwell collection of this kind.

Never before have the most famous Rockwell paintings appeared as a collection on philatelic covers. While further Norman Rockwell cover collections are planned for the future, these eight classics will never again appear on philatelic covers.

A stunning collection of Rockwell classics.

Rockwell's famous *Self-Portrait* is here — showing the gentle, unassuming humor that is Rockwell's hallmark. Included, too, is the classic, *Puppy Love*, portraying a boy and girl facing the sunset, experiencing romance for the first time in their lives.

And there are six other Rockwell favorites — including *Doctor and Doll*, *Going to Church*, and *The Meeting*.



Handsome Collector's Portfolio.

The entire collection is mounted in a handsome, collector's portfolio. Each cover is displayed for your enjoyment now, and preserved for future generations of your family. The portfolio includes informative background on each of the eight chosen works of art.

How to acquire the collection.

THE FIRST NORMAN ROCKWELL COVER COLLECTION is available only by advance reservation. The price is just \$19.50 for the entire eight-cover collection, and this includes the engraved and lithographed covers, the anniversary postmarks, the historic U.S. stamps, and the handsome collector's portfolio. To reserve your collection, you need only pay \$9.75 now; the balance will be billed at time of shipment.

Important Benefits.

As an owner of THE FIRST NORMAN ROCKWELL COVER COLLECTION, you will have the opportunity to acquire future Rockwell cover collections. While new collectors will seek to own these future collections, they will never be able to acquire the very first NORMAN ROCKWELL COVER COLLECTION from us at the original issue price.

Reservation Deadline: February 15, 1978

This important first edition will close forever on February 15, 1978 — and the total number of sets to be issued will be strictly limited to the exact number of reservations received by that date. To be part of this exciting collecting event, please mail your Reservation Application promptly.



Reservation Application

Postal Commemorative Society
47 Richards Avenue
Norwalk, Conn. 06857

**Limit: one set per collector.
Guaranteed only if postmarked by
February 15, 1978**

Please reserve for me a complete set of THE FIRST NORMAN ROCKWELL COVER COLLECTION. I understand that this set consists of eight covers which will be sent to me at one time, complete with a handsome, collector's portfolio provided at no additional charge.

I prefer to pay as follows (select one):

- Payment in full of \$19.50 (plus \$1.25 for shipping and handling—\$20.75* total) is enclosed. Total enclosed
- Partial payment of \$9.75* enclosed. Balance (\$11.00) due on delivery. \$ _____

Make check payable to: Postal Commemorative Society (or simply PCS).

I would like my covers: Personalized exactly as shown below Unaddressed

Mr. Mrs. Miss _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

*Connecticut residents please remit \$22.20 or \$10.43 to include sales tax. Please allow 6-8 weeks from deadline for shipment.

ARTIST IN THE MARKETPLACE

Riding the crest of his popularity, Rockwell turned what would have been hackwork for some into ads that are still influential, still good to the last drop. Things go better with Rockwell.

by Norman Rockwell

I never liked long-term contracts. They're like a bag of stones strapped to your neck. Every time you get an idea and start to execute it, the contract, like a bag of stones, bangs against your shins, reminding you that the idea will have to wait until the terms of the contract are fulfilled. Contracts restrict your freedom and I've always liked my freedom, especially where my work is concerned.

But the trouble with me is that half the time I know what I want and the other half I'm unsure. My head's clear one minute and muddy the next, like a rain barrel. And when you add to this that most of the contracts I've been offered through the years stipulated that I was to be paid a large amount of money, you have an idea of the state of my mind when someone asks me to sign a contract.

Luckily I've nearly always muddled and fuddled through without signing. I did accept a contract once from Orange Crush soda pop. They asked me to do 12 pictures for them at \$300 apiece. That was in 1921, and it seemed like such a lot of

money that I couldn't resist. I knocked off the first two or three pictures without any trouble. Then I began to experience some difficulty in working the bottle into the scenes. It had to be prominently displayed and the label clearly legible. All right, I'd say to myself, I've got a young man and woman sitting in a car. They're drinking Orange Crush, the delectable refreshment (I had to keep repeating the slogans to work up the proper enthusiasm). Now the girl is drinking from the bottle. How's that? No, the label will be upside down. Well, shall I have the man handing the girl the bottle? No. His hand would cover up part of the bottle. How about setting the bottle on the running board of the car? No, then they're not enjoying it; then it looks as if Orange Crush isn't the most important thing in their lives. Which of course it is. Young America dotes on Orange Crush, wouldn't be without it, carries it to weddings, wakes and quilting bees, has it for breakfast, sips it with the rosy smile of ecstasy upon its face. Stop, I thought, that way lies madness. Think constructively.

Finally I stood the man outside the car and balanced the bottle precariously on the door with the woman's fingers pushing at the back of it as if she were giving it to him. And I put some spring blossoms and a joyful sky in the background to convey the sense of bliss which ipso facto accompanied (and still does for all I know) the drinking of Orange Crush.

That was the fourth or fifth picture of the series. You can imagine what a state I was in by the time I got to the eleventh and twelfth pictures. I dreamed about bottles of Orange Crush, long lines of them—quart size, regular size—marching down on me, all the labels distinctly readable. A stampede of bottles. I'd wake up in the middle of the night screaming, "Orange Crush. Orange Crush."

It was the contract that did it to me. Just knowing that I *had* to do twelve pictures featuring those darned bottles. I did one ad a year for Coca-Cola for a number of years and it didn't rack me at all. But there wasn't a contract; I could have re-

The pause that refreshes might have been a Rockwell Post cover motto as well as Coca-Cola's. Fishing and lazing were man's earthly reward and a boy couldn't get started too early. The ads reflected Rockwell's early work for Boy's Life.

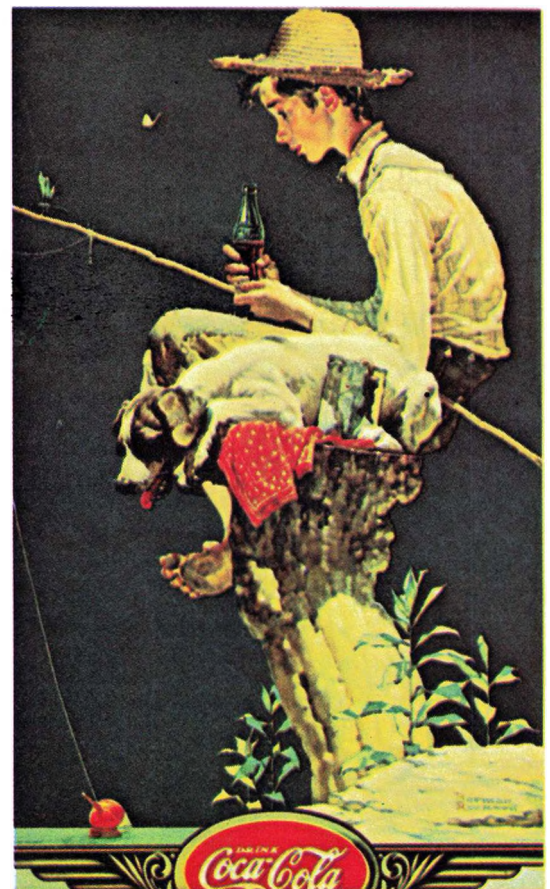


The Jolly Green Giant (The Green Giant Company) commissioned the artist to capture corn in a can. Rockwell put the lid on summer when swimming is a better cleanup than napkins.

fused the ad if I had so chosen.

I've known quite a few illustrators who have signed long-term contracts. Most of them thought they could make a quick killing. And they did, but it finished them. One fellow I knew painted a great many ads for the Fisher automobile body company. Afterward no other advertiser would use his work. It had become identified with Fisher. My distaste for *any* contract may be a personal quirk but *exclusive* contracts are, I think, plain bad. An illustrator should never allow his work to become identified with one product. The quickest way to cut your own throat is to become known as the Lux Toilet Soap man or the Johnny Walker whiskey man.

One of the more tragic examples of what a contract can do to an illustrator was Leslie Thrasher, who painted one of the most famous *Post* covers ever publish-





Norman Rockwell and Massachusetts Mutual Life Insurance Company were a marriage made in underwriting heaven. Rockwell's realistic studies of family life are still as appealing and comforting as a warm, plush teddy bear.

ed. I still get letters from people who think I did it. It depicted a lady and a butcher standing on either side of a scale in which lay a chicken. The lady was pushing up on the scale; the butcher was pushing down. The cover appeared on October 3, 1936.

Some months later Thrasher came to my studio to ask my advice concerning an offer *Liberty* magazine had made him. It was a five-year contract calling for Thrasher to do 50 covers a year at \$1,000 apiece. "I can live on \$10,000 dollars a year," said Thrasher, "so I save \$40,000. At the end of five years I'll have \$200,000. I'll be well off and secure for the rest of my life." I told him I didn't think he or anyone else could do 50 covers for even one year, let alone five. "Don't accept," I said. "You'll work yourself to death. And after the contract runs out, what'll you do? Nobody else will want your stuff." Well, he didn't know; maybe it wouldn't be so bad; he thought he'd give it a try. And he signed the contract.

Liberty thought up a family around which Thrasher was to build his series (I forget the details; mother, father, children, and grandparents—something like that), and he set to work. One cover a week. He didn't last a year. After eight or nine months his house burned and he was so run-down and tired from overwork that he caught pneumonia and died. But the poor guy would never have lasted the full five years anyway. No man could have. Fifty covers a year? That's just too much.

I still hesitate a bit between yes and no when somebody offers me a fat contract. Then I think of Leslie Thrasher and I can't say no quickly enough. Security is very nice, but not if you have to kill yourself or your work to get it. Same with money.

Over the years I've done many series of ads. But never under exclusive contract. I've always kept up my other work—*Post*

A *Post* cover Rockwell did in 1922 of a bachelor attempting to darn his socks caught the attention of the Interwoven Socks people, and he did a series of ads for them. Typical Rockwell vignettes, some of them were expressive enough to have been magazine covers (see below). The Rockwell touches of humor and pathos never failed to catch the reader's eye and inspire confidence in the product.



covers, illustrations. And I've tried to accept only those jobs which I believe I'll enjoy doing. The few times I agreed to do ads which I knew I wouldn't enjoy, I either experienced the tortures of the damned or got into trouble. Once, I remember, a representative of the Arrow Cigarette Company pestered me for weeks to do a series of ads. Finally, just to get him off my back, I said all right, I'd paint his pictures. So he sent me the layouts. I thought it queer that none of the pictures was to show anyone smoking a cigarette, only different types of men. After I'd finished the first one I found out why. It wasn't for cigarettes, it was for chewing tobacco. "There's my out," I said, and



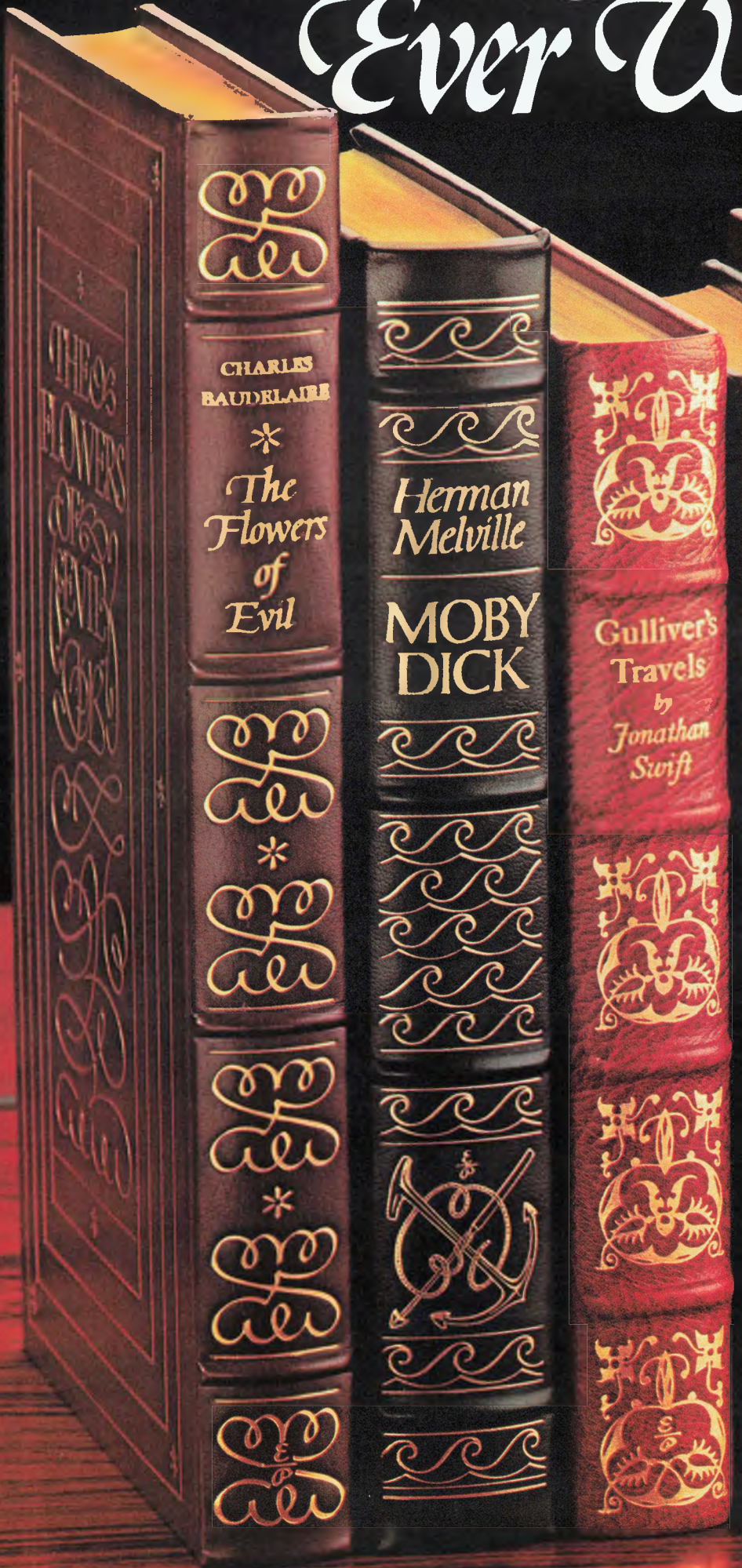
Rockwell promised himself he wouldn't sell his soul to advertising, but after his stomach growled a few times he gave in. His scruples may have weakened, but his technique and artistry were still Himalayan in this work for Maxwell House Coffee (left) and AT&T (above). James K. Van Brunt (in plaid-shawled dressing robe) was a favorite Rockwell model, even turning up once as an old lady.

flatly refused to complete the series. The Arrow Cigarette Company took it to court and I had some bad moments worrying about what would happen to me. But all they could get was an injunction enjoining me from doing any ads for other chewing tobacco concerns. That was a *real* hardship.

I've enjoyed most of the advertising campaigns I've done: for Edison Mazda Lamp Company, Montgomery Ward, Massachusetts Mutual Life Insurance Company. One of the best was never published. It was for Old Gold cigarettes. The agency built the campaign around the idea that the cigarettes were "Pirates' Gold," and I did four paintings of pirates. Then someone came up with the slogan "Not a cough in a carload," and the agency junked "Pirates' Gold" and my paintings. (I always wondered what happened to the paintings; as far as I know they were never used.)

You Can Now Acquire a Pr

The 100 Gre Ever W



Private Library of Distinction

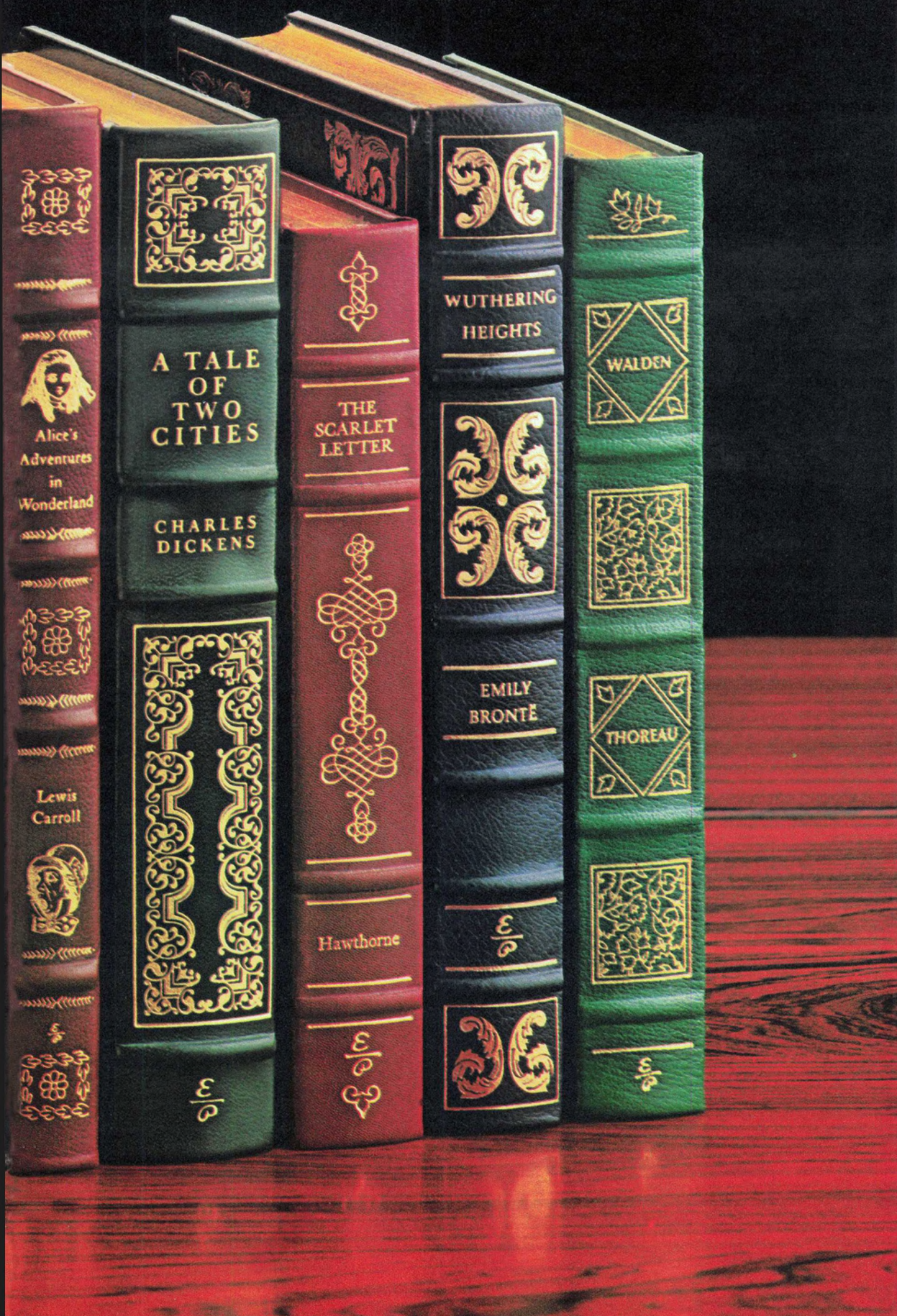
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The World's
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Everyone wants to surround himself and his family with objects of lasting beauty, meaning and value - to own with pride and pass on as valuable heirlooms to future generations. There can be no better heirloom than beautifully leather bound, gold-decorated editions of the world's greatest books.

Now, you can acquire this kind of private library from The Easton Press.

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It isn't difficult to list the world's greatest books. Their titles spring instantly to everyone's mind, because what makes a book great is its ability to have a lasting impact on each new generation of readers. A book becomes great only when it is recognized as being great - generation after generation.

Melville's *Moby Dick*, Dickens' *A Tale of Two Cities*, Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, Plato's *Republic*, Thackeray's *Vanity Fair*, Fielding's *Tom Jones*, Hawthorne's *Scarlet Letter*, Dostoevsky's *Crime and Punishment*, Homer's *Iliad*, Brontë's *Wuthering Heights*, Dante's *Divine Comedy*, Swift's *Gulliver's Travels*, Mark Twain's *Huckleberry Finn* and Milton's *Paradise Lost*.

Books like these are the greatest books of all time...the books of *lasting value* that each family wants on its bookshelves.

As Beautiful as They Are Meaningful

The pride that one feels in acquiring this edition of the world's greatest books comes not only from the power and significance of each literary masterpiece. It comes also from the sheer beauty of each book. Every volume in this private library will exemplify the ultimate in the art of printing, illustrating and binding.

Genuine Leather Bindings

Today it is rare to find books bound in genuine leather. The cost of such bindings and the time required to create them has made the crafting of such bindings an almost vanishing art.

But each book in this collection will be bound in genuine leather! The leathers used will be only the finest, and many different types of leathers will be used—calfskin, cowhide, suede, sheepskin—to give even greater distinction to the total collection.

As with every detail of these books, luxury in binding will be the rule rather

(Continued on next page)

The 100 Greatest Books Ever Written



(Continued from previous page)

than the exception. Each volume will have the beautiful lustre, wonderful feel, and distinctively rich smell that is characteristic of only *genuine* leather.

Unique Cover Designs of Real Gold

To further enhance the richness and beauty of your books, each binding will be decorated with real gold. Each cover design will be deeply inlaid with this precious metal. The back cover and the spine of each book will be similarly decorated.

Gilt-edged Pages

Complementing the gold of the leather cover's design is the gilt edging of every page. The pages of every book will be gilt-edged in real gold.

Elegant in Every Way

As final touches of elegance, each book will have beautiful endsheets of the highest quality, contain a bound-in ribbon page marker and be bound with a "hubbed" spine that is used in only the finest books.

The result of all of this careful attention to luxury and elegance is a collection of books that brings back memories of the great private libraries of the most discriminating families in days gone by.

Distinctly Different Volumes

Distinctiveness is the watchword of this private library. No two volumes are the same. The leather used in the bindings will be of many colors and grains. The type styles and illustrations will vary from volume to volume matching the unique character of each of the individual works. The design on each volume's leather cover will be different, with no two alike. Even the sizes of the books in the collection will vary.

A Most Important Family Heirloom

To acquire this distinguished edition of "The 100 Greatest Books Ever Written" is to establish a family treasure that will be enjoyed now and passed on from generation to generation.

In today's world of impermanence, it has become increasingly important to establish in each family something of true heirloom quality. There is no finer



example of such a family treasure than this edition of the world's greatest books.

Available Only by Advance Subscription

The Easton Press edition of "The 100 Greatest Books Ever Written" will be made available only by advance subscription. The books will not be available in bookstores, nor will they be offered through rare book dealers.

The rarity that is so important in determining the future value of your heirloom possessions is thereby ensured with this library.

Beautifully Illustrated Books

Each volume of "The 100 Greatest Books Ever Written" will be beautifully illustrated. In many cases, authentic illustrations from the period of the literary masterpiece will be used. In others, specially commissioned art from leading illustrators has been created to impressively complement the specific book.

Whether it be finely detailed black and white etchings or dramatic full color paintings, the illustrations used in each book will be selected to match the mood and meaning of the author's work.





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When you acquire this edition of "The 100 Greatest Books Ever Written" you are building a personal library that will be one of your most prized possessions. To beautifully identify each book in the edition as part of your own private collection, a unique personalized nameplate will accompany every volume.

The Acquisition Plan

Books of the quality of the volumes in this collection are not generally available today, and they cannot be mass produced. Because of the extraordinary care and craftsmanship required of fine bindings such as these, the books in the collection will be issued at the rate of one per month.

Comparable books bound in genuine leather sell for as much as \$50 to \$75 per volume. However, you will be pleased to learn the volumes in this collection will be priced at only \$28.50 each for the first two full years. Future volumes will be similarly priced subject only to minor periodic adjustment to reflect varying material costs.

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R.S.V.P.

To accept this invitation, you need only complete the Preferred Subscription Reservation and return it to us. (It is not necessary to send any payment at this

time.) This simple step is all that is necessary for you to begin building a private library of your own that is sure to be envied by all who see it, and treasured by all who use it.

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The 100 Greatest Books Ever Written

The Easton Press
47 Richards Ave.
Norwalk, Conn. 06857

No payment required.
Simply mail this subscription reservation.

Please send me the first volume of "The Greatest Books Ever Written" and reserve a subscription in my name. Further volumes will be sent at the rate of one book per month. I will be billed \$28.50* prior to shipment for each book.

I may return any book within 30 days for a full refund, and I may cancel my subscription at any time.

I understand that you will send me a list of books scheduled for future monthly shipment. I may then indicate which titles on this list, if any, I do not want to receive, thereby insuring that I never receive any books I do not want.

An option to charge books to Master Charge or BankAmericard (VISA) will be made available when you are invoiced for your first volume.

**Plus \$1.25 per book for shipping and handling.*

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

As a convenience, I prefer to pay now for my first volume in the collection at \$28.50 plus \$1.25 shipping and handling (total payment \$29.75). Enclosed is my check payable to the Easton Press. Conn. residents pay \$31.83 to include sales tax.

SUNNY SIDE UP

Rockwell turned the bright side of the planet to us and helped us remember our strengths in spite of war, depression and a bewildering new generation of angry children.

The history of a nation is written in the faces of its people. Moments of glory mingle with hours of ennui and the artist must distill the essence of the country's growing pains into a talisman of hope and understanding. Rockwell looked on the happy side, but he was never naive. He saw life steadily and he saw it whole as these juxtaposed photographs and contemporary covers show.



World War I was "the war to end all wars," so the protagonists went at it with a vengeance. For a generation in Europe wounded males prowled the streets gaping at their devastated homeland, but in America (above) it was "Over there." Socialites (Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt at left) got into the act, wrapped bandages, drove ambulances and marveled at the social upheaval when the boys came home.



After the war a general malaise brought on by the new leisure swept the country and Rockwell, beset by his own divorce, painted a bored beauty (left) devoting herself to bonbons and pulp romances while the ubiquitous Rockwell pooch waits in patient anticipation.



(Above) Charles Lindbergh personified the American dream. He was tall, good-looking, modest, and his shyness seemed almost to milk the applause as he returned to the tumult of New York's paper avalanche. (Far left) Red Grange, the first football superstar, works out on the invisible parallel bars at a training session, and (left) a Gesundheit gives a bad baby brother away in a 1921 Rockwell cover.





3 for 2!

Three super years of the super *Saturday Evening Post* for the price of two years! That's right! if you subscribe now, with this offer, you will receive three full years of the magazine, with all its beautiful full-color family entertainment for the

same price as a two-year subscription. So you get one full year of the magazine FREE. Absolutely free. Cartoons, fiction, humor, news, how to's, recipes, travel—*The Saturday Evening Post* is everything—has been for 250 years!

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

1100 Waterway Boulevard, Indianapolis, IN 46202

1 year \$9.95 (~~reg. \$12.00~~)

3 years \$19.90 (~~reg. \$36.00~~)

Enclosed check or money order Bill me later Bill to: BankAmericard Master Charge Credit Card Number _____

Expiration Date _____ If Master Charge, enter 4-digit Interbank Number appearing above your name

Signature _____

My Name (Print) _____

Gift Name (Print) _____

Address _____

Address _____

City _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

State _____ Zip _____

1 year 3 years Renewal New
Outside U.S. add \$2.00 postage per year;

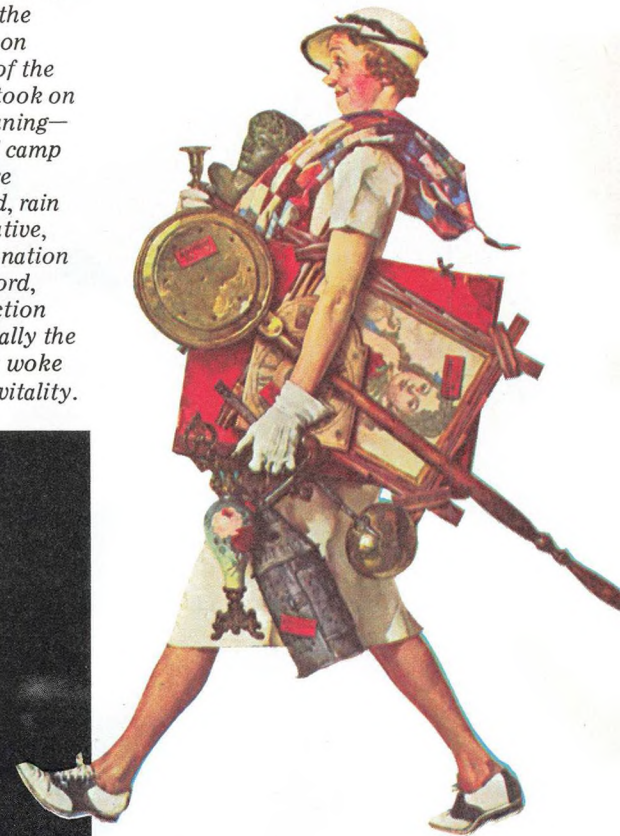
1 year 3 years Renewal New
 Please send a gift card in my name.



(Left) America learned to march to a different drummer in the 1930s. The jobless moved on Washington; government of the people and by the people took on frightful or reassuring meaning—depending on the political camp you belonged to. Jobs were scarce, the elements—wind, rain and dust—were uncooperative, and the promise of a great nation seemed to falter. Henry Ford, among others, said production was the answer, and gradually the sleeping giants of industry woke to new responsibility and vitality.



(Above left) While two coeds longed wistfully for Robert Taylor, a real-life Wellesley girl (above) reached into a goldfish bowl for a snack. (Left) The friendly neighborhood drugstore (1953) gave way to the drug scene in the '60s. Schools (below) became racial battlegrounds and Brown vs. Board of Education became the classic integration case. The Rosenbergs were executed for espionage despite several appeals and worldwide pleas for mercy, and sexist amusements like Rockwell's hung jury (right) were on their way out.

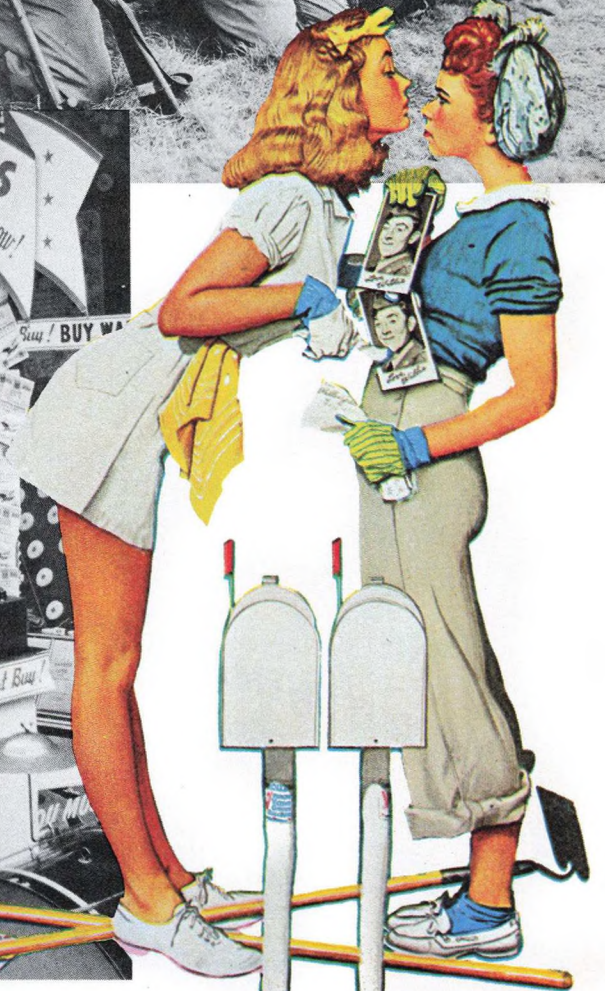
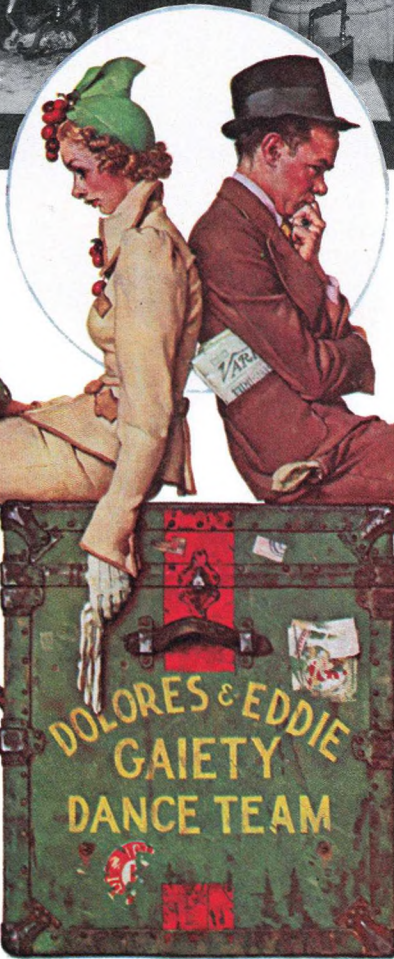


Yankee Doodle (and his Mrs., above) discovered his attic in the '30s, and with it his past. The restoration of Williamsburg in 1926 by Rockefeller money and the creation of Winterthur by the Du Ponts (opened in 1951) spurred pride in the American creative arts, once regarded as uninspired copies of European originals. The government got into the act as the WPA paid out-of-work artists to decorate schools, post offices and other plebeian necessities.





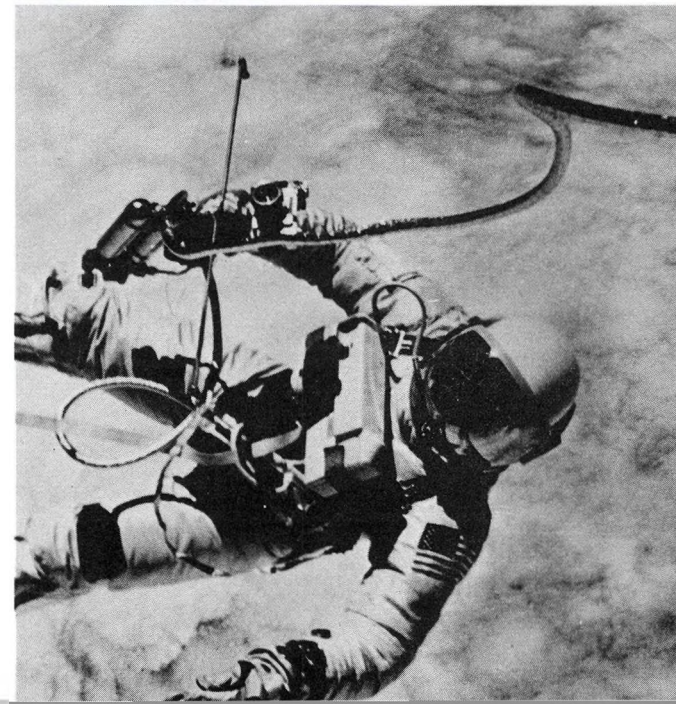
The beautiful Katharine Cornell (left) stretched herself out across the American stage as *Candida*, *Cleopatra* and *Elizabeth Barrett Browning*. She proved the legitimate theater could support an artist as well as the movies. Rockwell's broke dance team (below left) was more the norm, though, as the dusty boards of provincial towns wobbled under declining vaudeville acts. When television arrived in the '50s, its first staple was surviving vaudevillians—trouper who danced, sang, joked and gleefully exceeded the bounds of so-called good taste.



A favorite Rockwell character, Willie Gillis, the nation's average boy gone to war, was fought over, too, by a pair of pretty victory gardeners (above). In 1969, partly through war-gained technology, America's new Willie Gillises walked in space (below), stepped upon the moon while people and poets below watched in unbelieving awe.



World War II played taps to 10 million souls in the bloodiest combat in history. Bright youth (top right) and snow-crowned age put on a grim face for the battle, and at home the citizens placed their stamp of approval on government loans by buying War Bonds (above), FDR mounted the ship of state and threatened, some thought, to steer it forever, but age and weakened sea legs brought him down. He did not live to see the end of the war and failed to grasp, unlike Churchill, the rearrangement of future world power or the fear most Americans had of taking up the burden of global leadership. For a time, the nation innocently took out its energy skyward as cities hit the ceiling and an alert human fly (left) dictated a universal memo to a pretty secretary in this 1960 Rockwell cover illustration.





The lost art of looking up.

In recent times the art of looking up has become in danger of being replaced by an opposing view. A view that is filled with short cuts, but devoid of dreams. A view where progress is worshipped while standards are ignored. A view that has not only endangered our environment, but ourselves as well.

We believe it's time to lift our heads again.

At Whirlpool we feel that our commitment has to start with pride. Pride in our craftsmanship. It's this simple: If any of our appliances don't meet our standards, we don't sell them.

Of course this commitment would have no meaning if it ended with the sale. And so we developed several programs to help our customers in every way we can after the sale is made.

We begin with a warranty that's written so it can be understood.

We have a toll free telephone ser-

vice called Cool-Line® service. It's there to help. Anytime. With any problem or question you might have. Try it: 800-253-1301. In Michigan: 800-632-2243.

We have a nationwide franchised service. Made up, we feel, of some of the finest service technicians in the world. It's called Tech-Care® service. And it's as close as the Yellow Pages.

Our Customer Satisfaction "Call-Back Audit" is something we do to check up on ourselves. We call at random just to make sure a warranty claim or service call has been handled satisfactorily.

We realize we're just a business. But we also believe that the matter of standards and morals should be practiced by everyone, every day. And we feel if we can do our part, and encourage others to do the same, then the art of looking up might never be completely lost.



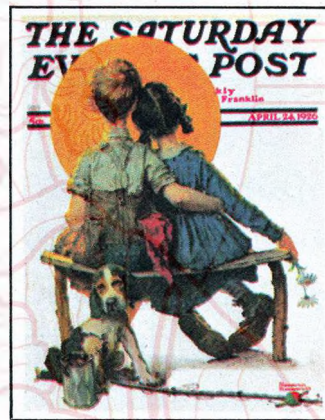


the fabrics in hot water before cutting them. This will avoid their shrinking later; it will also make them softer and easier to work with. Buy dacron batting for the padding (it won't bunch up when the quilt is washed) and white fabric for the backing (color or a print would show through).

Cutting the Fabric for Background and Border

The pattern for the patchwork blocks and the measurements given here for border strips and background *do not include seam allowance*. You will add the seam allowance along all edges when

The finished cover story (left)—as created by Miss Edmonds from a 1926 Norman Rockwell Post cover (below). To personalize, embroider your own name and the date completed in tiny stitches near one corner—your own byline.



you cut the fabric. Chris adds $\frac{1}{4}$ inch; you may add more if you wish.

You will need:

White background: 1 piece 36"x48"
Blue print border: 2 pieces 1"x38",
2 pieces 1"x50"

White border: 2 pieces 3"x44", 2
pieces 3"x56"

Inner dark green border: 2 pieces
2"x48", 2 pieces 2"x60"

Outer dark green border: 2 pieces
2"x64", 2 pieces 2"x76"

For the patchwork border, trace drawings on page 25 and then cut from cardboard patterns for the four different pieces: square, triangle, diamond-shaped, and the special corner strip. Draw and cut very carefully when making the patterns, as a small error here can cause big trouble later.

You will need:

36 dark red squares

40 white triangles

144 red print diamond-shapes

152 tan diamond-shapes

4 white corner strips

At each corner you will combine one special corner strip with 2 tan diamond-shapes.

Allow extra dark green fabric to make wide bias binding with which to finish the edges of the quilt.

For patchwork pieces, place the cardboard pattern on the wrong side of the fabric and draw around it with a sharp pencil, then add the seam allowance when you cut. The pencil line will become the seam line.

Enlarging the Working Drawing

With a sharp pencil and a good ruler, draw a grid of $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch squares over the drawing on page 25. Use a yardstick and a ball-point pen to draw a similar grid of 1-inch squares on a piece of paper 3 by 4 feet in size (tape two strips of shelf paper together if you haven't access to paper this large).

Using a pencil, sketch in each square of the large grid just what appears in the corresponding square on the book page. When you go wrong, you can erase your pencil line without destroying the grid. When you are satisfied, go over the pencil lines with a felt-tip pen.

Note that our drawing has both heavy and light lines. With a few exceptions, the heavy lines indicate the finished edges of appliqué patches, while the lighter lines indicate quilting (on clothing or bench) or embroidery (on hair). The letters of *The Saturday Evening Post* and the horizontal black lines are appliqué, while the other letters, the numbers, and the artist's signature are embroidered in satin stitch.

Transferring the Picture to Cloth

Lay the full-size working drawing on a large table and spread the white background cloth over it. Pin securely so the cloth won't shift. You should be able to see the pattern well enough to outline the main parts lightly with a sharp pencil. To make sure your lines will not show on the finished quilt, draw inside rather than outside the heavy black lines of the working drawing. Trace clearly and carefully the letters and lines that are to be embroidered.

Next, trace individual parts of the picture on pieces of paper to make patterns for the appliqué patches. Do not add a seam allowance when making a pattern. You will place the pattern,

SEW YOUR OWN MAGAZINE COVER QUILT

Like Chris Edmonds of Lawrence, Kansas, you too can make your own Rockwell-design heirloom. Here's how.

Chris Edmonds quilts while she's ahead. Inspired by a 1975 *Post* cover that showed George Washington kneeling at Valley Forge—a J. C. Leydendecker painting that had first appeared on a 1935 *Post*, she created a quilt reproduction that won top honors in a half dozen Bicentennial Year contests.

"Could you make a quilt of a Norman Rockwell cover?" *Post* editors asked Chris. She could and did. Here are the results, delightful and bright, with patterns, pictures, all the how-to notes you'll need. Organize your own party. Brighten your child's bedroom. And enjoy yourself in the process.

More and more young folks are out to capture the same sense of warmth and satisfaction that our grandmothers found in the pride of a job well done, the creation of art and beauty through mutual labor. Select your pattern, colors, fabric. Set up your quilt frame before the fireplace. Invite your friends in for tea and crackers.

Little Spooners

Chris's quilt shown here is based on a 1926 Norman Rockwell cover called "The Little Spooners." Sized for a child's bed, the finished size of the quilt measures 64 by 76 inches. Here's what you need to make your own.

Buying the Materials

Fabrics made from 100 percent cotton, soft rather than stiff and not too tightly woven, are best for this kind of sewing. Wash all

right side up, on the right side of the colored fabric and draw around it, then add a seam allowance of approximately $\frac{1}{4}$ inch when you cut. Clip at inside corners and sharp curves. Use a sharp pencil to draw on light-colored fabrics, tailor's chalk or a dressmaker's white pencil on the darkest fabrics.

Note that edges which will later be covered need not be shaped carefully. For example, you will trace the circular edge of the yellow moon but draw and cut straight across the bottom where the children's heads and shoulders will be sewn over it.

Pin or baste the appliqué patches in place, a few at a time. You will turn the edges under as you do the final sewing down with matching colored thread. Chris brings her needle up through the appliqué piece, catching just a few threads along the folded edge, then down through the background cloth, taking a slightly longer stitch underneath where it won't show, then up, catching the folded edge of the appliqué piece again, and so on.

Many edges will not need to be turned under and sewn down as they will be covered by other patches. This determines the order in which the pieces are put on the background.

Start with the black letters and horizontal lines, since they are covered by the yellow moon.

After the yellow moon is sewn on, add more pieces of the picture in the following order: the girl's neck, the girl's ear, the two parts of the girl's hair, the girl's hair ribbons, the boy's neck and ears cut in one piece, and the boy's hair.

Moving to the lower part of the picture, add the girl's stocking and her shoes. Chris made the stocking of one color, then sewed bias strips of the other color across it to make the stripes. For the shoes she used three slightly different shades of brown plus olive green for the soles. The nails are embroidered.

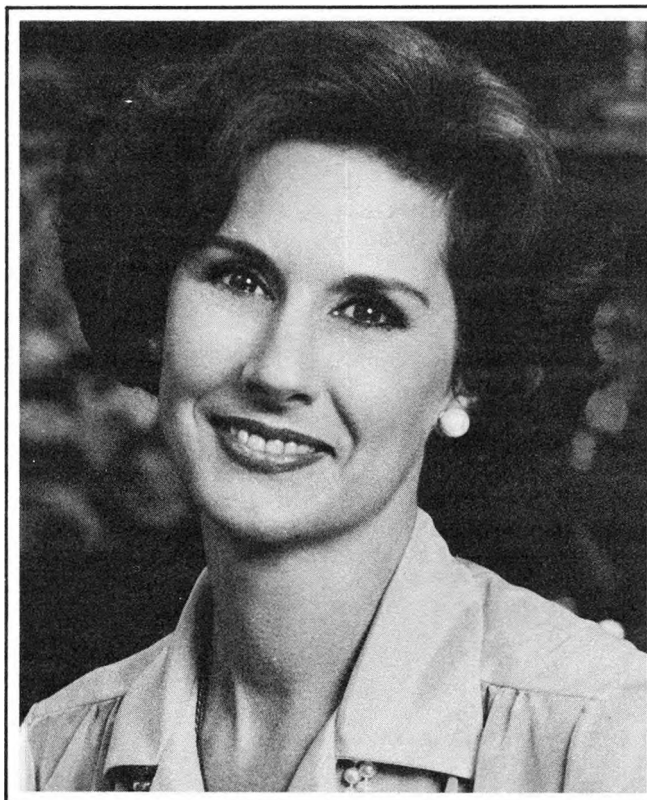
Proceed by adding the lower part of the girl's dress, the two legs of the bench, the flowers, the girl's hand, the part of the bench she is sitting on, then the rest of her dress (blue print with a black shadow).

Next, add the lower part of the boy's clothing, his end of the seat, his arms and then the rest of his clothing. Chris used three different shades of brown for his trousers and four of tan for his shirt. The buckles on his suspenders are embroidered. Add the red handkerchief in his pocket and the patch on his pants.

Proceed to the dog, starting with his paws and ending with his eyes and nose (his whiskers are embroidered), the bait can and, finally, the fish pole. Chris, who kept count, numbered her last piece 152. Complete all embroidery at this time—the red letters and numbers, the light brown lines on the hair, green flower stems and gray or brown fishline.

Completing the Quilt

Assemble the quilt top by sewing together the patchwork blocks, the central panel



WOULD YOU LOVE TO LOOK YOUNGER TO YOUR HUSBAND?

Ever since your husband started playing tennis again and his step became springier, was the secret wish there? When you found yourself suggesting little candlelit dinners and feeling almost absurdly romantic, you probably knew for sure that you'd love to look younger to him, just as he's looking younger to you.

At a moment like this, how lucky to discover the secret of a mysterious beauty fluid that can help you look younger by creating a moist climate for your skin. This secret, shared by enlightened women around the world, is known in the United States as Oil of Olay beauty lotion.

Oil of Olay quickly penetrates your skin, without a greasy feeling, to help maintain its natural moisture balance and ease dryness. That's very important, of course, because dryness can make those age-telling little wrinkle lines more noticeable. (If you've glimpsed them in the mirror, you probably felt the pang every woman feels at the thought of looking older than she likes.)

You gentle light and silky Oil of Olay on your face and throat. Almost at once, your skin drinks in the wealth of pure moisture, tropical oil and precious emollients. Your face becomes softer to the touch. The little lines show less. And, surprisingly, the luminous look you thought had vanished birthdays ago is back. Will others see the difference? Your husband may be the first to notice. How will you look to him? How will he react? Those are pretty exciting things to find yourself wondering about.

If you're like most dedicated users, you'll want to make the mysterious beauty fluid a part of your beauty care twice a day. At night, smooth it on for a deliciously silky feeling as your skin benefits into

the night. In the morning, apply Oil of Olay again for a fresh start under your cosmetics. (Because Oil of Olay is so fast-penetrating and non-greasy, you'll love it under makeup.) Use the beauty fluid at other times, too. Whenever your face feels as though it's having a dry spell, let Oil of Olay create a dewy climate for your skin and watch the bloom come back.

Would you love to look younger to your husband? It's easy to ask yourself that question when Oil of Olay is there to help.

Beauty Secrets

If you're feeling and looking a little frazzled after a long day of shopping, take a break. Feet up, dampened pads on eyes, and a lovely sleeking of Oil of Olay on face and throat. Play a record, sip a cooling beverage and think romantic thoughts. What a pleasant prelude to his homecoming.

* * *

When you and your husband are on a weekend car jaunt exploring the countryside, your skin can begin to look dry. Why not pack a bottle of Oil of Olay in your tote bag. Smooth on the beauty fluid before you get to that charming inn for lunch. You'll arrive fresh-faced and radiant enough for lunching outdoors in the sunlight.

* * *

Being alone together, not even talking, can be the most intimate of times. The next evening he's listening to music and you're reading, pamper your face with an extra application of Oil of Olay. It's nice to know that because Oil of Olay doesn't leave a greasy look, he'll see only a lovely, dewy glow.

(Advertisement)



(Above) *The Leyendecker quilt*. J. C. Leyendecker, one of the Post's most popular cover artists, was idolized by Norman Rockwell. (Right) Chris Edmonds in her workroom. The quilt took her 90 days from start to finish. (Below) Actual-size patterns for the patchwork border she designed for the Rockwell quilt, overlapped to save space. The diagram, below right, shows how it is assembled. (Opposite) Chris' pattern for the center panel of the quilt, reduced to one-sixteenth actual size. The lighter lines indicate quilting or embroidery.

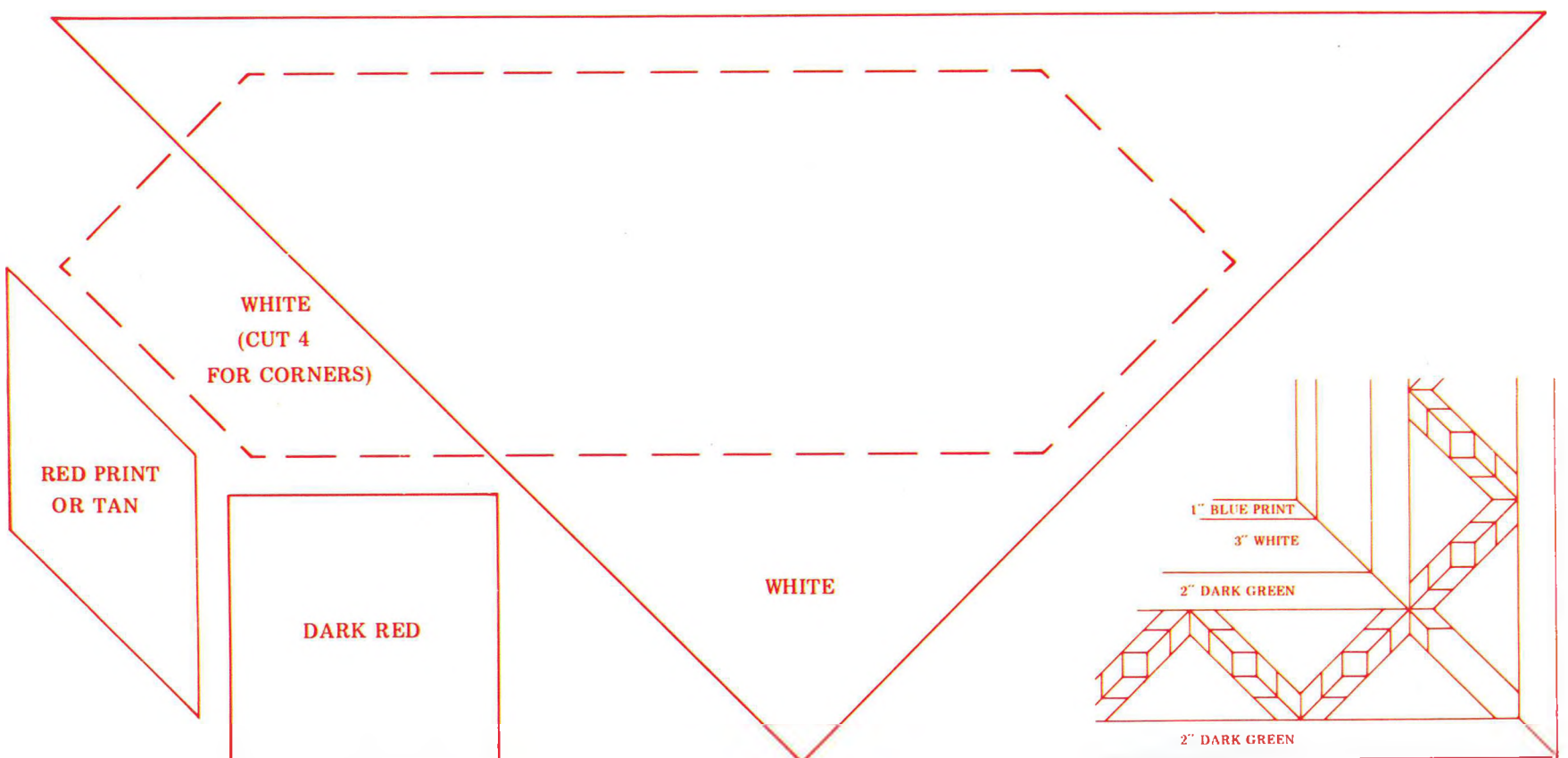
and the border strips. Make diagonal mitered seams at the corners where the border strips come together. Steam-press all the seams.

Spread the white backing fabric out on a large table. Spread the batting smoothly over it and trim off most of the extra batting. Spread the quilt top, right side up, over all. Pin together; baste back and forth with large stitches so the layers can't shift.

You are now ready to do the actual quilting, which involves sewing the three layers together with a decorative pattern of small stitches. For best results use a quilting frame (Chris Edmonds uses a lap-size oval frame like a large embroidery hoop), special quilting thread treated to resist tangling, and a thimble.

Quilt around the letters, numbers, and all parts of the picture, then quilt the lines on the working drawing that represent wrinkles in the clothing and the grain of the wood in the bench. Quilt the white background with a simple pattern of verticals and horizontals, then quilt along the border stripes, with zigzags in the widest white stripe. Finishing on a romantic note, quilt heart shapes in the white triangles of the patchwork border.

Last of all, embroider your name and the date near one corner of the quilt. Chris Edmonds says this is very important. Your quilt will be a treasured heirloom someday, and it's nice to know there won't be arguments about who made it or when.

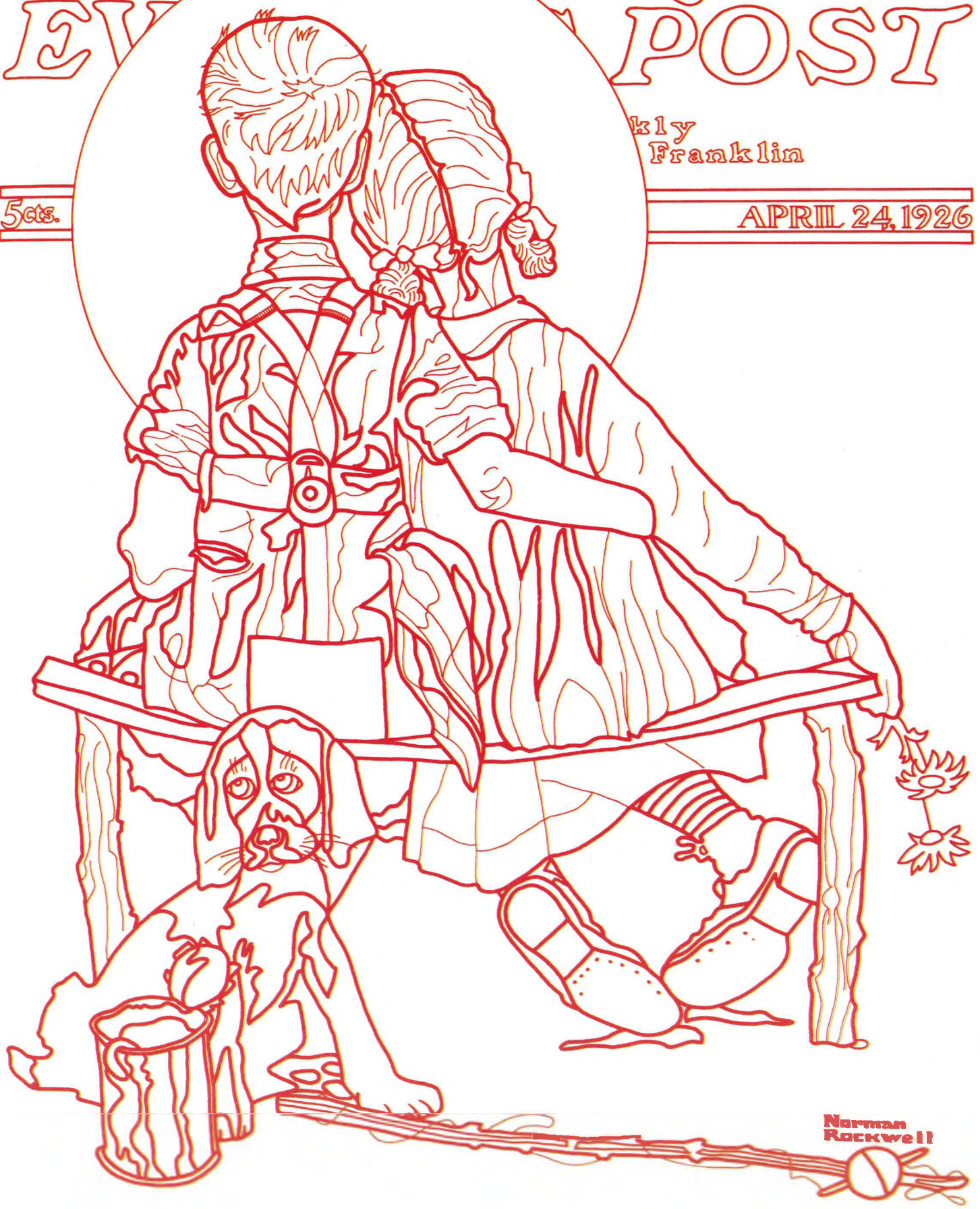


THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

W. W. R. Franklin

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APRIL 24, 1926



Norman
Rockwell

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

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America's Irresponsible Policy Toward South Africa

The United States has recently joined in the United Nations resolution calling for an arms embargo against the Republic of South Africa. We have recently spent several weeks in that country, and it is quite apparent that U.S. policy toward South Africa is not working. Indeed, U.S. action is slowing the process of bringing blacks and Asians into the mainstream of government there.

The United States has not been supplying South Africa with anything remotely connected with arms anyway, but now, civilian technology, such as computers and electronics, which we routinely sell to communist countries, is also not sold to South Africa. However, countries such as France have, for some time, supplied sophisticated naval weaponry to South Africa. For instance, French firms are now building two small modern submarines for the South African coast guard. Presumably, these will now never reach the Cape of Good Hope.

It is difficult to envision how these submarines could have been used against South Africa's blacks. The Soviet Union has invested mightily in bases bordering South Africa. The Russians will no doubt appreciate cancellation of the contract for two South African submarines. Architects of the permanent U. N. sanctions either didn't think ahead or wanted to hurt South Africa for years to come. It will be very difficult, if not impossible, to remove the arms sanctions over Soviet veto power in the U. N. Security Council.

South West Africa Under Attack

The armed forces of the Republic of South Africa face hostile communist forces and Soviet bloc weapons, including missiles, across their northern frontier every week. Communist insurgents from Angola are making repeated armed attacks into

South West Africa. There is absolutely no doubt in our State Department that these terrorists are armed with communist bloc weapons. The intensity of these cross border attacks is due to the remarkable success the citizens of South West Africa (or Namibia) are having in setting up a new multiracial government. This peaceful transition to a free society is obviously an anathema to the communist world, and they are trying to break it up with armed force. The tactics used are standard communist fare: the murder of village chiefs and the kidnapping of possible recruits. There are more than a thousand South West Africans now being held prisoner in Zambia and Tanzania. Meanwhile, much of the original South West African dissident leadership—they call themselves SWAPO—have returned to South West Africa and have joined in the refreshing local efforts going on there to set up a new government.

The proposed new government in South West Africa has passed certain resolutions considered by the South African government as quite radical. For example, laws prohibiting social mixing of whites and blacks have been discarded. Nevertheless, South Africa is guarding Namibia's northern border.

Western members of the United Nations Security Council (the U. S. included) are well aware that South Africa faces an armed hostile world every day in a potentially hot war. For this type of warfare the Republic of South Africa can and does produce its own arms. The irony of a U. S. arms embargo of South Africa becomes ever more apparent as the thousands of Soviet-supported Cubans remain in Angola to arm insurgents coming from bases in Angola into South Africa.

A Free Press In South Africa

Officially, the crisis which perpetrated the United Nations action against South

Africa, and United States recall of certain diplomatic personnel, was South Africa's crackdown on her domestic black press. By our standards the opposition press in South Africa is sharply critical of the government but responsible. However, the South African government, which believes first in law and order, had real reason to believe *The World*, and its militant black editor, Percy Qoboza, with whom we talked, were deliberately provoking black schoolchildren to mass truancy protests. *The World* had been warned repeatedly to cool its rhetoric. Also, many responsible black leaders in South Africa disapproved of *The World's* action in instilling an aura of mob excitement about events which America would consider very minor rioting. We know these incidents to be true since we were in South Africa at the time. Nearly all of South Africa's press immediately denounced their government's action as excessive.

Not reported in America is the fact that South Africa had, and still has, the freest press on all the continent of Africa. The very African nations whose leaders have been so enthusiastically embraced by President Carter, for example Mozambique and Nigeria, have no free press at all.

White Tribes, Black Tribes, Colored Tribes and Indians

The real issue between America and South Africa is how the country's blacks and Asians are to be given more voice in their government. Vice-President Mondale shook all of South Africa—black, brown and white—when he mandated, after meeting with South Africa's Prime Minister Vorster in Vienna, America's one-man, one-vote model for South Africa.

Now South Africa's 16 million blacks are not at all like American blacks. In America the black population has essentially the same culture and language as the whites but with less access to wealth. In



South Africa, virtually all blacks have maintained their own cultures and languages. Strong enmities exist between tribes. Among tribal blacks there's no concept of a black South African nation.

Two groups in South Africa do have cultures quite similar to the whites: the "coloreds," the South African term for those who, as in America, are part white and part black and have English as the mother tongue; and the Indians or Asians, who are Moslems and also use English as their official language. Both of these groups are extremely proud of their identity and both have good reason to deeply fear a South Africa submerged in uncontrolled black tribalism, which, as in Uganda, Angola and Mozambique, might expel the Asians and "coloreds," after expropriating their property.

South Africa Is Not Ready For Universal Suffrage

The white South Africans can hardly turn over the reins to the blacks and leave, even if they had a home to return to. South Africa is a highly industrialized nation with about one-half of all the industry in Africa. Millions of blacks in South Africa, and indeed tens of thousands of migrant workers from neighboring black states, are dependent upon this sophisticated civilization and the South African transportation and electrical infrastructure.

There is a reasonable way out of this racial dilemma. It is not easy and it will take time. Asians and the South African-styled "coloreds" are most nearly compatible in culture with the modern industrial state. It should be possible, and the government has now proposed to quickly increase the stature of these groups, not only in self-government but in the total national decision process. Behind

these two groups are the urban blacks, mostly around Johannesburg, who seem to be shedding their tribal culture. Within a short time, all of these groups, if they are careful, will be able to begin the process of being assimilated into the mainstream.

U.S. Black Political Power

The unprofessional stand taken by the Carter administration has driven much of the liberal white element of South Africa into the arms of the conservatives. The older black, "colored" and Asian leaders

Continued on page 67

Just released—a new book and record collection

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST® GOES TO THE MOVIES



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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST GOES TO THE MOVIES



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Here in one lavishly illustrated book and two stereo LP records is the most fascinating collection of Hollywood movie memorabilia ever. Selected interviews, stories and articles from 50 years of The Post, plus an incredible album of hit songs by the stars who made them famous.

Few books about the movies can ever hope to tell more about this fabled era than this one. For like the legendary Hollywood star-world it presents, it is larger than life. It is filled with the great names and countless anecdotes from a period when this uniquely American art form flourished. It is about the **Mary Pickfords** and the tragic **Marilyn Monroe**... the dashing **Doug Fairbanks** and cowboy heroes like **Gary Cooper**. (If you look closely, you will find "Coop" is the subject of Norman Rockwell's cover painting.)



CLARK GABLE

Pete Martin calls on... an intimate look at the stars When the Saturday Evening Post sent Pete Martin to Hollywood, they and he had no idea what would happen. What did happen was a series of candid, authentic and altogether captivating interviews with such stars as **John Wayne, Ingrid Bergman, Marlon Brando, Marilyn Monroe, Jimmy Stewart, Clark Gable**, and a host of others.

The stars and the star makers Every page of this book is filled with the personal triumphs and tragedies of a **Judy Garland**, an **Elvis Presley**, a **Rudolph Valentino**, a **Bill Robinson**. You will also visit, all too briefly, with such famous producers and directors as **D. W. Griffith, Cecil B. DeMille, Sam Goldwyn** (whose unforgettable assaults on the English language were called "Goldwynisms") and **Charlie Chaplin**, whose flair for pantomime made him an early movie millionaire.



JUDY GARLAND

You'll find every kind of entertainment that ever came out of Hollywood represented in this book and the musical album that accompanies it.

18 great artists sing and play your favorites **Bing Crosby** sings "Secret Love," and, with **Dick Powell**, "Lullaby of Broadway." **Judy Garland** is recorded in her all-time top performance "Over the Rainbow," and there are **B. J. Thomas** with "Raindrops Keep Fallin' on My Head," **Dionne Warwick** with "Alfie,"... the **Jackie Gleason Orchestra**, plus **Debbie Reynolds, Mantovani, Maureen McGovern, Frank Chacksfield**, and others.

After you have heard these fine performers sing and play scores of your favorite movie song hits, dip into the Moviebook for a glimpse into the origins of such classic films as "Lassie" (from "Lassie Come Home"), "Murder on the Orient Express," "Grizzly Adams," "True Grit," and the long famous "Tugboat Annie" series. All of these movies were originally published as stories in the **Post** and are reprinted in part in this new movie book.

This book captures for all time the trivia, the zany, the heroic and the preposterous that was Hollywood. It

is intimate, accurate, fun, exciting and an altogether entertaining look inside this famous celluloid city. You will never forget either the book or the record album once you have enjoyed them.

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MODEL AMERICANS

What happened to Arlington, Vermont and to the people whose faces became as familiar to us as our own? An update on Rockwell's adopted hometown.

by *Stephen Smith*

If Norman Rockwell touched America, then he held and caressed Arlington, Vermont, and he holds it in his grip to this day.

The Rockwell-Arlington association began entirely by chance, after the illustrator spent the night in and fell in love with the narrow Vermont valley. Almost at once he set out to capture the simple values and easy joys he saw in Arlington's faces, and before long he had made the people of Arlington symbols of American life.

"It was like living in another world," the artist would recall. "A more honest one somehow. Because almost everyone had lived in the town all his life and had known one another since childhood and even everybody's parents and grandparents, there could be little pretension. And because farming was a hard life and yet not competitive there was a great neighborliness."

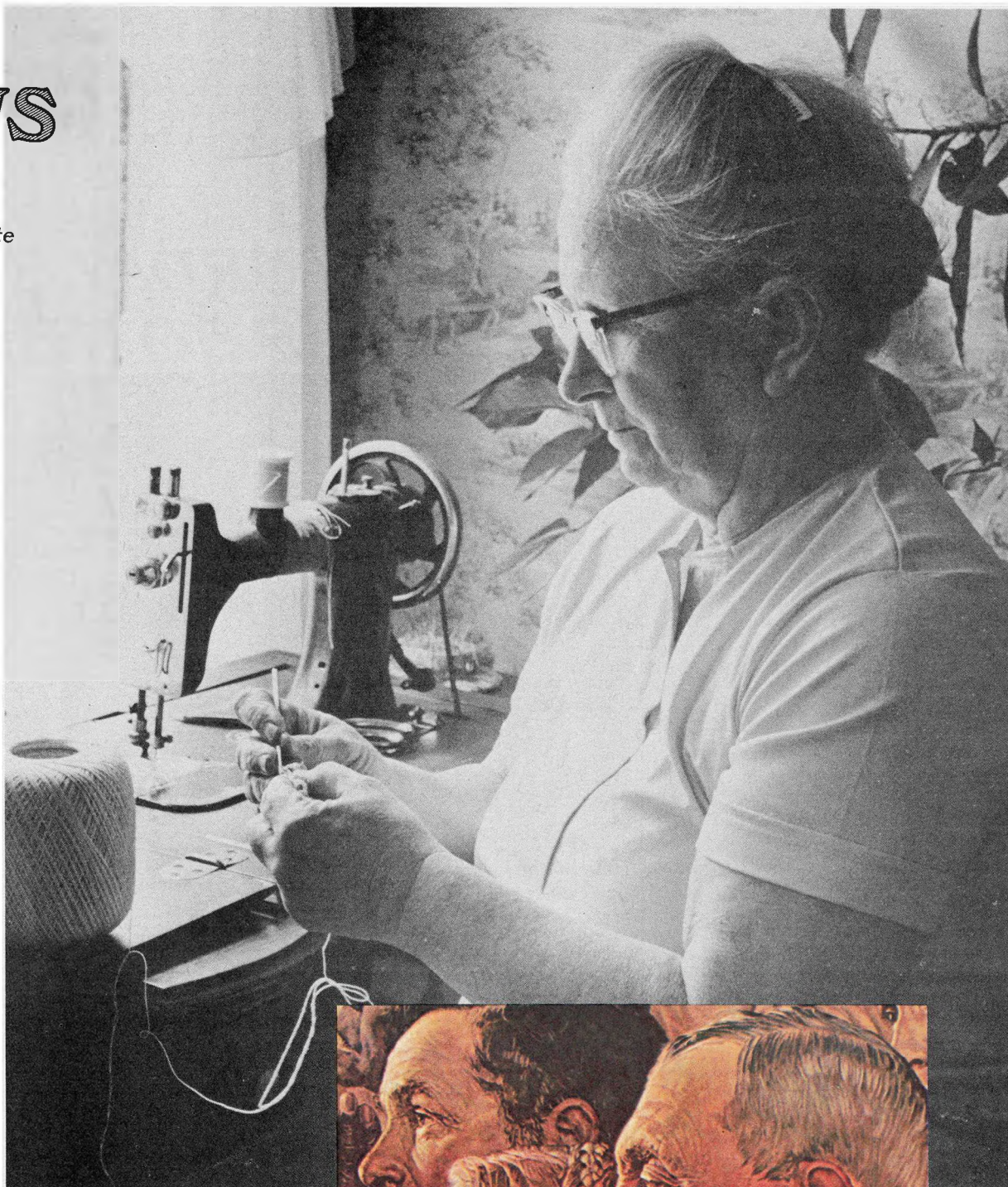
For one enchanting decade the people here would be at center stage, their lives imbued with a special excitement. Then, one day in 1953, completely without warning, Norman Rockwell would pack his things and leave. As quickly as the town's citizens had been catapulted into the living rooms of the country, so quickly would they sink back into the commonplace.

Everywhere in this area of Vermont are reminders of the decade that the artist spent in Arlington, the time frozen in framed reproductions and tattered scrapbooks and faded *Post* covers rolled in cardboard tubes. In homes with few books, there are copies of his autobiography. In humble farmhouses where there is little art, Rockwell prints hang from living room walls.

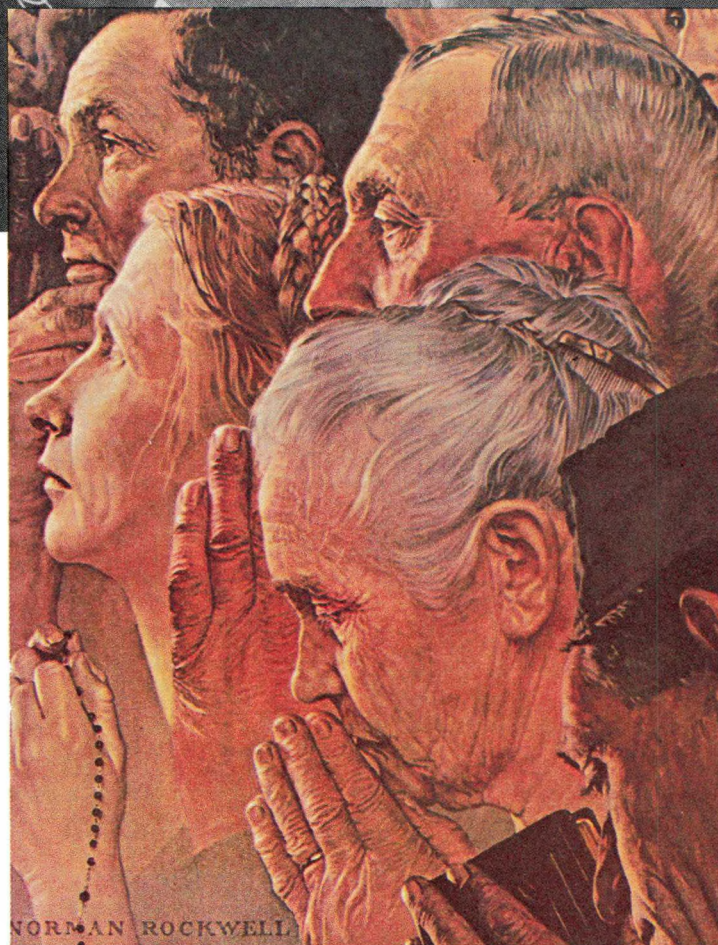
In more sophisticated parts of the country, it was often said that Rockwell painted Americans the way they wanted to be seen. In Arlington everyone thought that his neighbors were painted pretty much as they looked.

"He's part of Arlington's heritage in a lot of ways," says Shirley McTernan. "So many people posed for him—most of the old-timers—and they sort of consider it Rockwell's home whether he lives in Stockbridge or not."

His art defined them, but they remember him more as a friend and neighbor, a down-to-earth man, not "stuck up" like so many of the others who have come to



Rockwell thought Rose Hoyt in her strawberry blond braids the perfect mother figure for his Freedom of Worship painting—and with cause. She had eight children, would have two more and legions of grandchildren. Although the government brushed him off when Rockwell first offered his Four Freedoms idea for war posters, Post editors were enchanted. They were right, of course. More than a million people lined up to see the paintings on a bond-selling tour, and the Four Freedoms raised \$133 million for the war effort.



Vermont to live. His neighbor, Jim Edgerton, best remembers the personal things, like how Rockwell wouldn't paint his home until Edgerton could afford to paint his.

"He just loved the people here and they just loved him," says Edgerton. "It wasn't because he put their pictures in the paper. They just loved him."

Edith Smith, the town clerk, pays Rockwell the highest compliment of all: "He was one of us."

In the 25 years since Rockwell left, Arlington undoubtedly has changed, but how much and in what ways is a matter of some debate. A few natives argue that the "outsiders" and their city ways have all but obliterated local customs. But most residents seem to feel that the changes have been constructive and have not detracted from Arlington's small-town charm, values and traditions.

There is a generous time lag between "progress" elsewhere and its arrival here, which might explain why Rockwell has frequently been accused of painting a sentimentalized, bygone America. The Arlington of today, in fact, could easily pass for a pleasant, uncomplicated suburb of 30 years ago.

On a warm summer night at the new Arlington Recreation Center, a sports complex including two baseball diamonds, basketball and tennis courts, a soccer field and a swimming pool, the scene is distinctly suburban. Dozens of late-model automobiles are on the macadam lot, the grass is well manicured, the youngsters are in neat uniforms, and the parents are cheering, but not too hard.

It may not be Vermont as a New Yorker would have it, but it is a source of considerable pride among the good citizens in Arlington.

A large number of retirees have moved here, and the stores and motels along Route 7, the main thoroughfare, indicate a vigorous pursuit of the tourist dollar. East Arlington, with its crafts shops and bookstore, might even be termed chic.

Shuffleton's barber shop, which Rockwell captured so vividly in a 1950 *Post* cover, has been swallowed up by Salters IGA Supermarket, but the trout still run in the Batten Kill. And Red Mountain still looks like a ball of fire in the evening sun.

The spot where Rockwell lived has hardly changed at all. A covered bridge off Route 313 spans the Batten Kill and leads to the West Arling-

ton green. On the right is the white Methodist church and its attached Grange Hall, and farther on is the green pavilion where the artist attended the square dances that once were held weekly. On the left is a former one-room schoolhouse that has been converted into a private home.

Straight ahead are twin white farmhouses. The one on the left belongs to Jim and Clara Edgerton; the one on the right is the former Rockwell residence and now Grandmother's House, a country inn run by Betsy Finney.

Jim Edgerton is 70 now, but he can still embarrass younger men at haying time. He has an engaging grin and a soft manner, and he was once one of Rockwell's closest friends.

Edgerton takes a visitor up the hill behind the farmhouses, skillfully guiding his pickup truck over the rough terrain, past the big rock where the painter used to sit in the mornings, then into the upper fields, "Braggin' Acres" and "God's Acres."

A fellow who used to work for Edgerton came up with the name "God's Acres"—he refused to call the field anything else—and looking down on the farmhouses and the church steeple and covered bridge below, it is easy to see why Rockwell chose this place.

Rockwell described his new life in Arlington in his autobiography. "The kids swam in the river from sunup to sundown. And when I awoke in the morning I saw the forested side of Red Mountain. And the Batten Kill, sparkling in the sunshine.

"The people we met were rugged and self-contained. None of that sham, 'I am so

glad to know you!' accompanied by radiant smiles. They shook my hand, said, 'How do,' and waited to see how I'd turn out. Not hostile but reserved, with a dignity and personal integrity which are rare in suburbia, where you're familiar with someone before you know him. In Vermont you earn the right to be called by your first name."

One day in 1953, Jim Edgerton walked out back and saw moving men loading the Rockwell family belongings into a truck. Like everyone else in Arlington, Edgerton didn't know the artist was leaving until he had already left.

Rockwell moved because his wife Mary was being treated at Austen Riggs Center in Stockbridge, and he wanted to be near her. He was feeling restless anyway, and he thought his work was flat. A change of scenery, he reasoned, might be the perfect antidote.

Rockwell settled comfortably into the rhythms and pace of his new residence in the Berkshires. Mary Rockwell, his second wife and mother of his three sons, died in 1959, but six years later he found his beloved Molly.

Stockbridge considers him a native son, and rightly so, because he has lived there a quarter of a century and painted many of its citizens.

In this little town in Vermont, where the once sturdy symbols of America are growing old, Rockwell's spiritual citizenship is never questioned. When they were young and he was young, Norman Rockwell was one of them."


(Meet two more of Rockwell's favorite Arlington models on the following pages.)

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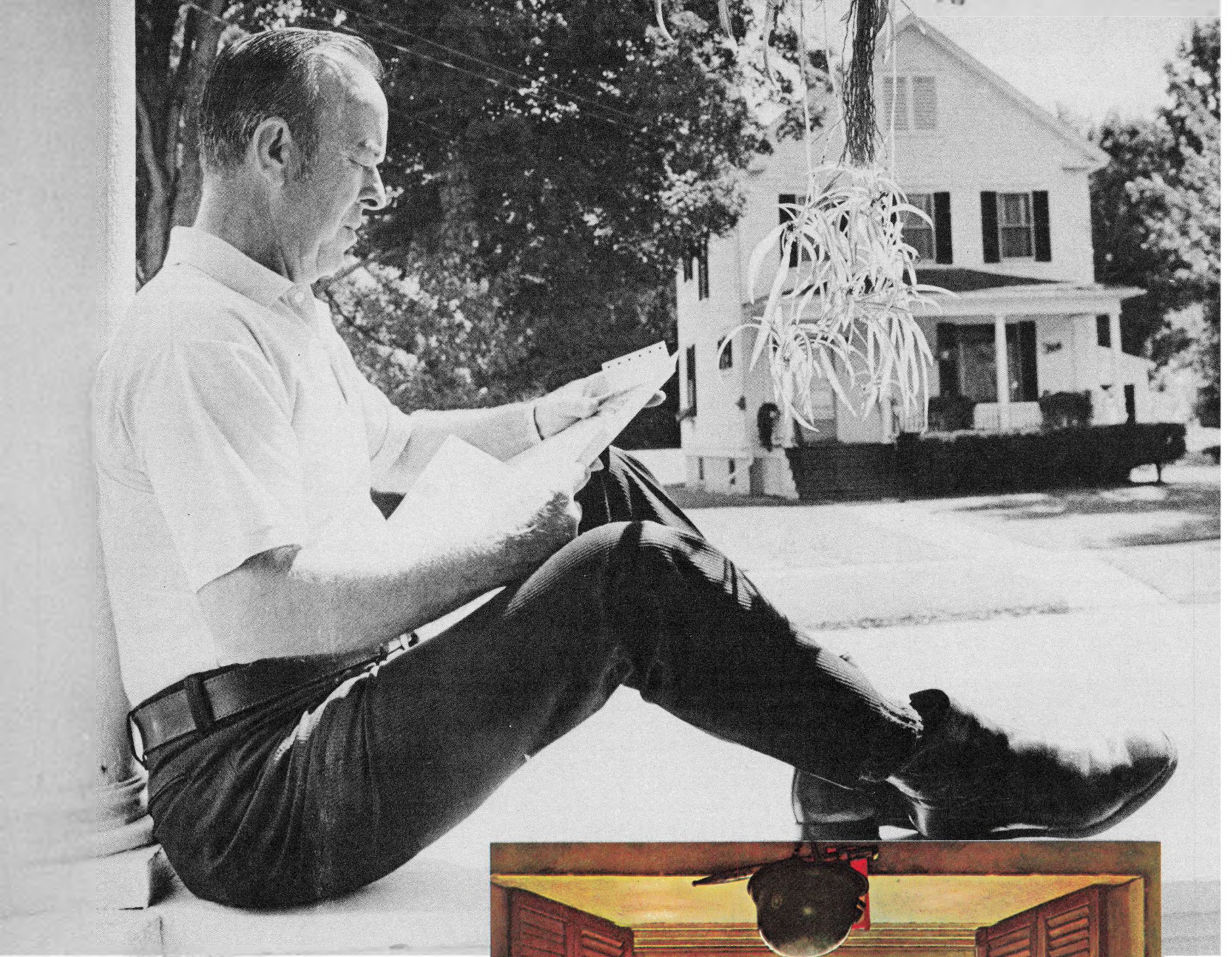
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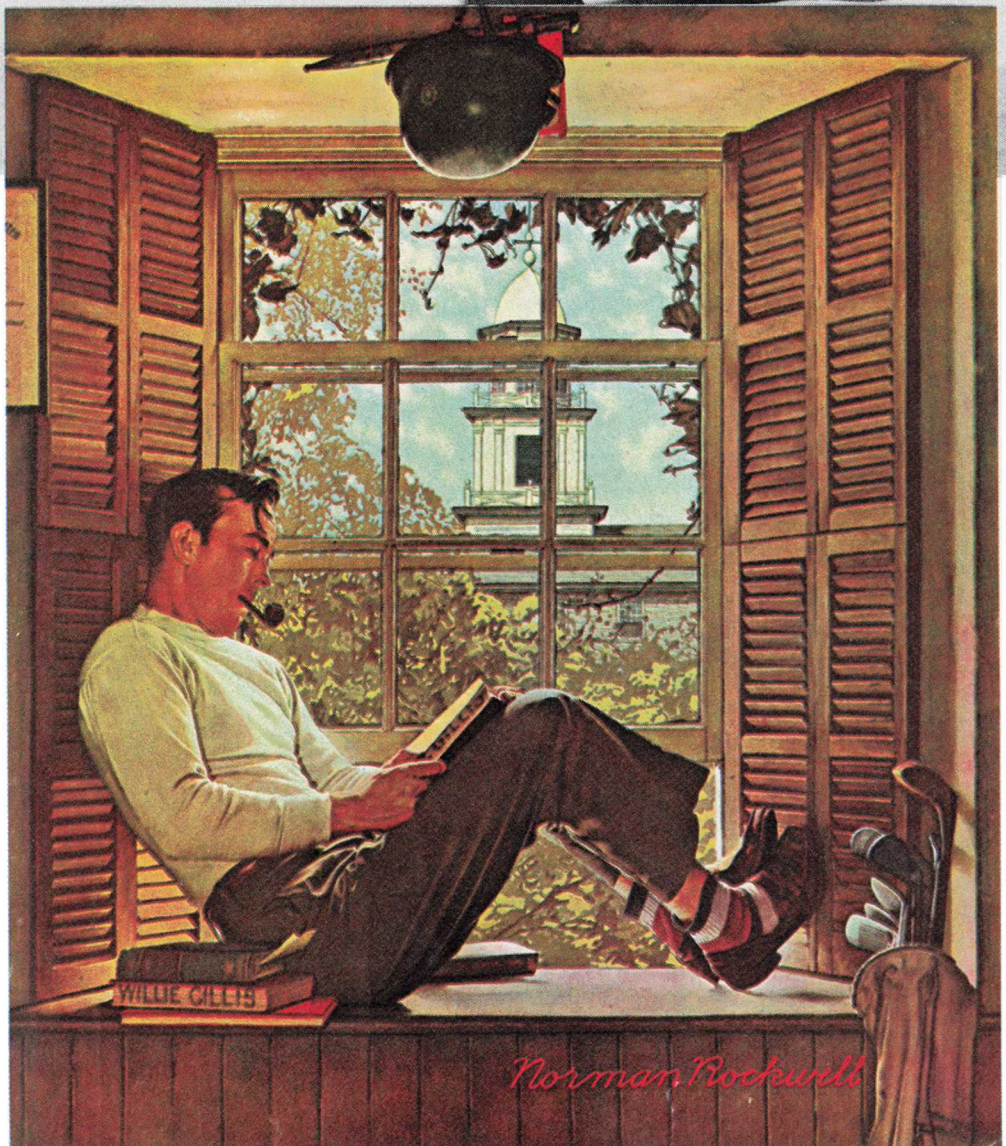
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Rockwell spotted Robert Buck one Saturday night in 1941 at a square dance on the West Arlington, Vermont, green. As Willie Gillis, Buck became everybody's favorite symbol of the citizen soldier. He appeared on 11 covers and even after he was drafted, Rockwell kept the series going by depicting Willie's absence from the home front. In this, Willie's last cover, Buck portrays the GI back home again and making the most of his opportunity to go to college on Uncle Sam. Rockwell helped Buck win admittance to Middlebury College, but he decided to go to trade school instead. Today he is a prosperous insurance salesman in rural Vermont.

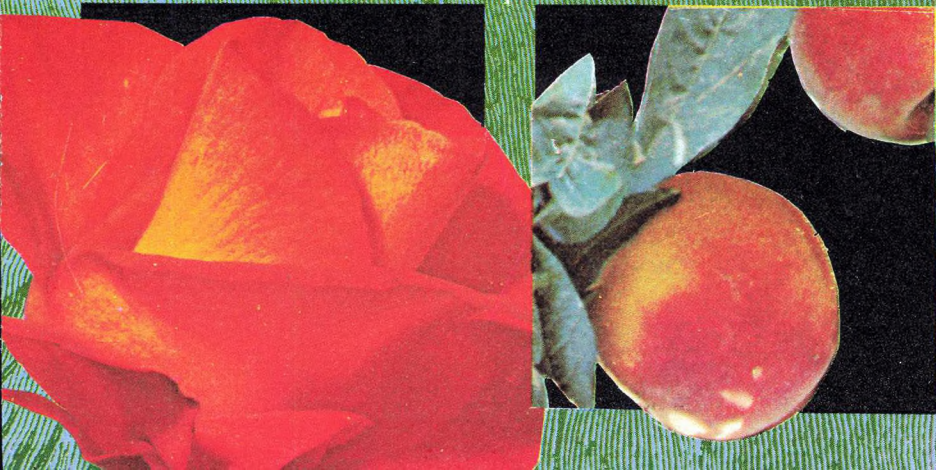


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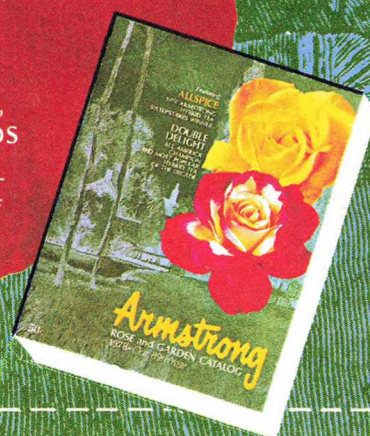
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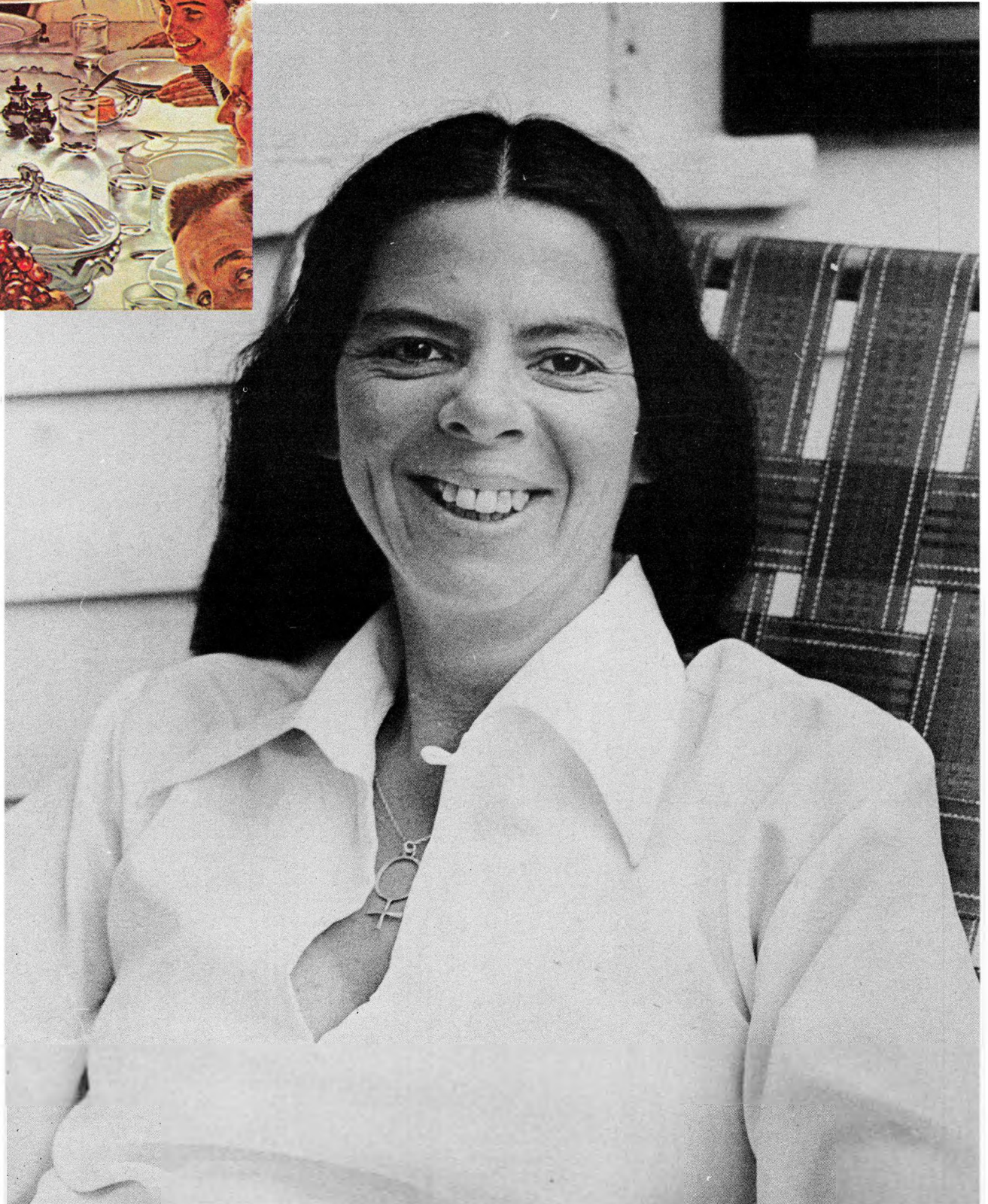
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Shirley Hoisington McTernan was six years old when she posed in 1942 as the girl with pigtails in Freedom from Want. "I was all alone at the table, and there was nothing there but bright lights. I had a wicked headache and it ruined my Thanksgiving." Today, with two college degrees, Mrs. McTernan directs the Bennington Opportunity Center and lives in Arlington. Her brother, Bill, who was pictured sitting next to her in the painting, died three years ago at the age of 47, after a successful career in real estate.



IT DIDN'T JUST HAPPEN

Post covers were a labor of love—and often of desperation.

by Norman Rockwell

One of the most difficult problems in painting magazine covers is thinking up ideas which a majority of the readers will understand. The farmer worries about the price of milk; the housewife fusses over the drapes for the dining room; the gossip gossips about Mrs. Purdy and her highfalutin airs. You have to think of an idea which will mean something to all of them. And it's darned hard to be universal, to find some situation which will strike the farmer, the housewife, the gossip, and Mrs. Purdy.

In wartime the problem vanishes. Everyone in the country is thinking along the same lines, the war penetrates into everybody's life. Take the *Post* cover I did at the end of World War II of a soldier coming home. That scene was being repeated all over the United States. I could be pretty sure that nobody would scratch his head and say, "Now what is that soldier standing about in the backyard for? And why is that woman delightedly screaming at him?" But that was in another time.

Back in the '20s and '30s I was doing nine or ten covers a year for the *Post* besides all my other jobs. I worked hard but I didn't stew over how I painted the pictures. And *Post* covers were easier to do in those days. The figures were silhouetted against white; I didn't have to relate them to a background. I toiled blithely away, using sable brushes, which give a kind of slick, tricky quality to the painting (I thought it was smart to be tricky). Oh, I worried some about being old-fashioned or the steady rise of my prosperity. I'd think about how right from the start I'd been successful and about how every other illustrator I knew had had to work in an art service or wash dishes for a while. It can't last, I'd say to myself, it's going to stop. But these worries didn't sit around and hammer at the insides of my skull. I'd receive an especially nice fan letter or become absorbed in a picture and they'd vanish.

The only real trouble I had during those years was digging up ideas for pictures. I look back now over the scrapbooks of my work and I can't understand it. All those pictures—*Post* covers, ads, illustrations, posters. Did I actually struggle over ideas? I couldn't have. Look at the amount of work I did. I must have been bursting with ideas. But a good idea is hard to come by. And suddenly I remember how I used to feel during my first years as an illustrator when I'd sit down in the evening to think up a batch of new ideas—all washed out, blank, nothing in

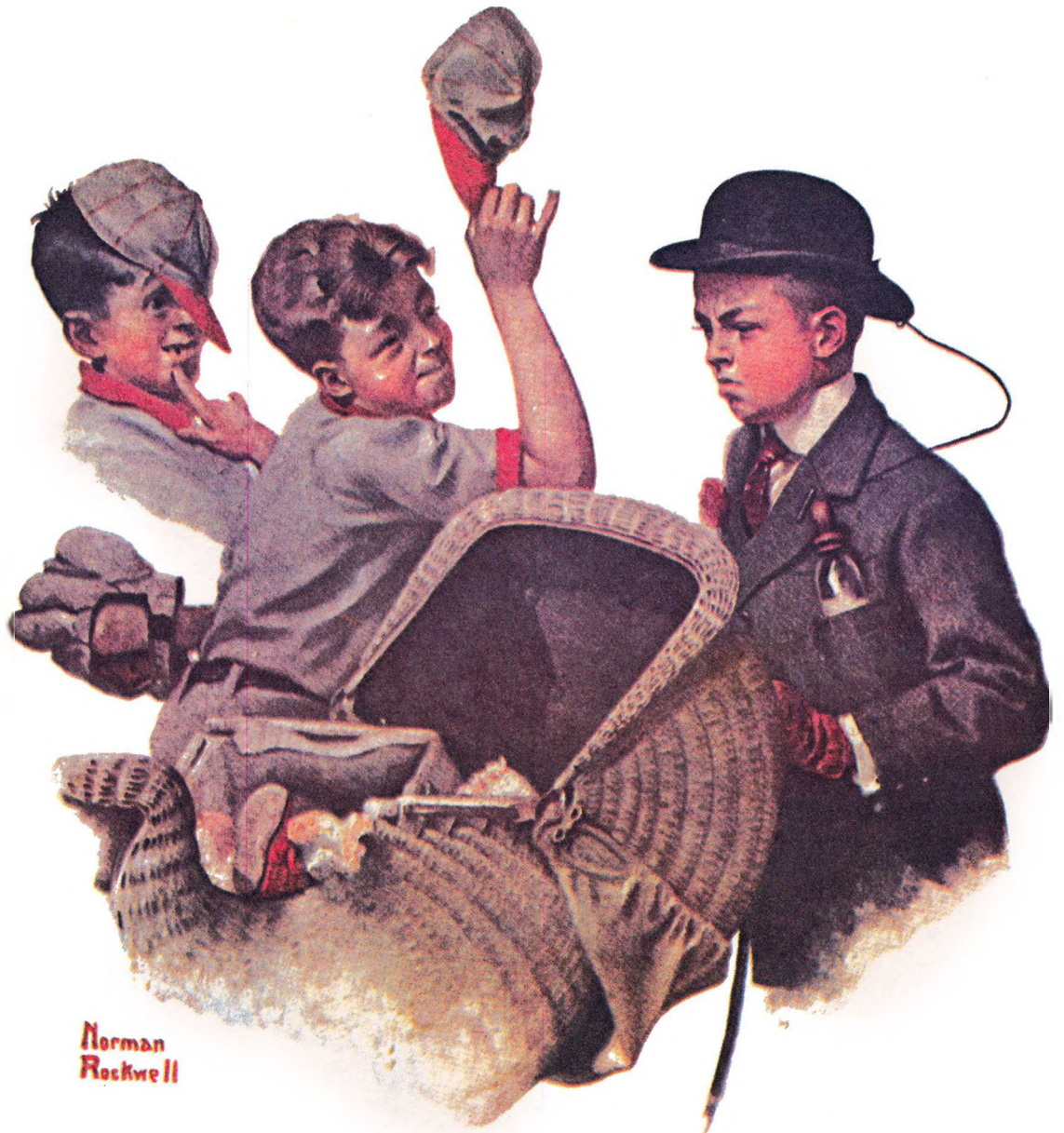
my head but a low buzzing noise. I'd stare at the wall and doodle. Then I'd begin to examine the wall more closely and wonder how they got the strips of wallpaper to match so perfectly. Or I'd try to figure out where the various beams and crossbeams bisected and why there and not two feet higher. And I'd notice a little cobweb in a corner and a black spider crawling toward it. Why don't spiders fall off the wall? I'd think. Then I'd doodle some more. Then I'd look for the spider again and see him two feet higher on the wall, still crawling, and wonder about where he was going since he'd already passed the cobweb.

One day after I'd been aimlessly scribbling and sketching and crumpling up sheets of paper and gazing at the walls, floor, ceiling, table for four or five hours,

I said to myself, This has got to stop; I can't sit here with my mind as empty as a beer barrel at the Elks' club; I've got to start somewhere; otherwise I'll just doodle and muse all day. So I figured out a system. I used it for, oh, twenty, twenty-five years.

When I had run out of ideas and had to have some new ones I'd eat a light meal, sharpen twenty pencils, lay out ten or twelve pads of paper on the dining-room table, and pull up a chair. Then I'd draw a *lamppost* (after a while I got to be the best lamppost artist in America). Then I'd

A tip of the hat to the artist's favorite model, Billy Paine, who posed for all three boys in Rockwell's first Post cover, this two-color vignette dated May 20, 1916.



draw a drunken sailor leaning on the lamppost. I'd think about the sailor. His girl married someone else while he was away at sea? No. He's stranded in a foreign port without money? No. Then I'd think of the sailor patching his clothes on shipboard. That would remind me of a mother darning her little boy's pants. Well, what did she find in the pockets? A top. A beanshooter. An apple core. A frog. A knife handle. A turtle. A turtle—how can I use that? So I'd sketch a turtle slouching slowly along too . . . Slowly. That would make me think of a kid going to school. No, it's been done a thousand times. How about the kid in school? Pulling Suzy's braids, writing on the blackboard, reciting. Nothing there. Of course the kid hates school. Gazes out the window at his dog. I'd sketch that. The dog runs off after a cat. Cat climbs a tree. Dog ambles about, looking for trouble. Sees an old bum stealing a pie from the kitchen window. Latches onto the seat of his pants. I'd sketch that. Bum escapes. Eats the pie. Sheriff enters. Collars bum. I'd sketch that. Bum to jail . . . etc.

I'd keep this up for three or four hours, the rough drawings piling up on the floor. Then, worn out, I'd arrive at the absolute conviction that I was dried up. There just aren't any more ideas in me, I'd think. I'm through, finished, kaput. I'd better give it all up and go to Madagascar and eat fish. But I can't give it up. It's all I know or have ever done. So I'd go to bed, completely discouraged.

The next morning I'd be desperate. After pawing at my eggs for a few minutes I'd push them away and drag myself out to the studio. What was I going to do? No ideas. I'd kick my trash bucket and suddenly, as it rolled bumpety-bump across the floor, an idea would come to me, lighting up the inside of my head like a flash of lightning in a dark sky. I'd given my brain such a terrible belaboring the night before that it was in a tender, sensitive state, receptive to ideas. Or I'd go through the pile of sketches. That one doesn't look so bad, I'd think, maybe there's something in it. I'd rough it out again, trying different angles, characters. Pretty soon I'd have a *Post* cover.

Thinking up ideas was the hardest work I did in those days. I never saw an idea happen or received one, whoosh, from heaven while I was washing my brushes or shaving or backing the car out of the garage. I had to beat most of them out of my head or at least maul my brain until something *came* out of it. It always seemed to me that it was like getting blood from a stone except, of course, that eventually something always came.

Now, when I find myself bogged down on a picture—the story I'm trying to tell is muddy, unclear; I can't work it out; I'm struggling at a blind impasse—I often lay out reproductions of the 305 *Post* covers I've done since 1916 in neat rows on the floor of my studio and, walking around

among them, try to decide if my work has progressed in all those years. If it hasn't, I say to myself, I'm dead, washed up; if it's the same as it was in 1916, it's no good. But as I look at the covers I can't help remembering things about each one. The models, the trouble I had with it, how the public reacted, something that happened to me while I was painting it. And I never seem able to decide whether my work has progressed because my memories keep intruding; I can't clear my head of the people, incidents, feelings which have accumulated in it over the years and which the covers bring sharply to mind.

I look, for example, at my cover of January 25, 1936. That's my uncle Gil Waughlum. He was a well-to-do elderly gentleman who in his youth had been something of a scientist and inventor. It



"Uncle Gil loved to give presents but mixed up his holidays. Christmas candy on July 4th? I have never enjoyed anyone else's gifts as much."

was always told with pride in my family that, from a tower on the southwest corner of Washington Square, Uncle Gil, in the course of one of his experiments, had flown the great Gil Waughlum kite. I don't know what the experiment proved or disproved (something to do with Benjamin Franklin and electricity, I believe), but it was important, for in their day Gil Waughlum and the great Gil Waughlum kite were well known.

But when I knew him he had given up science. A stout old gentleman with round pink cheeks and a bald head, he was very jovial, always giggling and nudging Jarvis and me with his elbow to make sure we were being properly merry. Whenever I think of him, I'm reminded of Mr. Dick, the kindly gay simpleton who was, as you remember, Betsey Trotwood's companion

in Dickens' *David Copperfield*. I don't mean that Uncle Gil was a simpleton. He wasn't. He talked very good sense. But he did have one eccentricity. He got his holidays mixed up.

On Christmas Day, with snow on the ground and a cold wind in the trees, Uncle Gil would arrive loaded down with firecrackers to celebrate the Fourth of July. On Easter he would bring us Christmas gifts; on Thanksgiving, chocolate rabbits. The next year, firecrackers on my birthday, chocolate rabbits on Christmas Day. We never knew what to expect. (I used to wonder where he got the firecrackers in December or the Christmas wrappings and cards in April. But, as I said, he was well to do and evidently the merchants in Yonkers understood his problem.)

He often sneaked into the house and hid our gifts—under pillows, mattresses, behind the couch in the parlor, in dresser drawers—so that we might have the pleasure and he the merriment of a treasure hunt.

One Easter Sunday Uncle Gil arrived with his arms full of Christmas gifts while we were away at church. Somehow he mistook the neighbors' house for ours and, creeping inside, hid the presents all over their house. When they returned from church Uncle Gil was seated in an overstuffed armchair beside the fireplace in their living room, beaming with smiles and Christmas cheer. They didn't know what to make of the strange elderly gentleman who on seeing them began to puff and stammer and wave a bunch of Christmas cards about over his head. But finally Uncle Gil gasped out his name and they explained his mistake and helped him to find the gifts he had so painstakingly hidden.

When we came home Uncle Gil was standing on our front steps with his packages scattered about his feet, almost in tears because his surprise had been ruined and his packages mused and his Christmas in April was altogether a failure.

Later on Uncle Gil's eccentricity broadened and he was put away in an institution by the family. But I remember him as he was on his visits to us. He always had a kind of spirit of Christmas about him—jovial, warmhearted, shouting, "Warm, Norman, warm!" as I approached a hidden present and "Hurrah!" when I found it. Then in a moment he'd become quite bashful, all atremble to see whether I liked what he had picked out. I don't think I have ever enjoyed any gifts as much as I used to Uncle Gil's.

In 1936, when I painted a *Post* cover of a small boy digging into the pockets of his grandfather's greatcoat in search of a present while the grandfather beams down at him, I was really painting Uncle Gil and the old-fashioned spirit of Christmas which he has always typified for me and for my family.

And that is what I mean when I say that everything I have ever seen or done has gone into my pictures one way or another. ☺



THE DOCTOR AND THE DOLL



THE CALL



THE MAGIC FLUTE



NUCKLES DOWN



SUMMER'S END



Norman
Rockwell

THE DREAMER

THE NARRATIVE ELEMENT IN PAINTING

*or how a story gets told and hold of your heart
while your eyes and your arms are still wide open.*

by Sam Walton

Museum of Fine Arts, Budapest

The story and the picture are man's oldest undiluted pleasures. Sexing and eating were doubtless less pleasurable before the advent of Chanel Number 5 and the Cuisinart food processor, but the elements of a story, the fascination it has for the ears and the mind and the heart, remain unchanged from that moment thousands of years ago when a caveman raised his hand for silence.

When a story finds its expression in a picture, it is a double delight. If a picture is worth a thousand words, then the narrative picture is a certain compressor. And everybody likes a short story. The body's attention span is not so long as the mind's, and the visual imprints itself upon the brain with a permanence that makes the imagination pale.

Man's first pictures were strong in the narrative element. They left little to the imagination. There were fears enough around the cave. The image man made was reassuring, graphic, real. The dark contained the rest. Art was light.

Narrative painters have always had as their audience the people, not other artists or critics. Painting was a means to an end, not an end in itself. Art showed, art reproduced, art interpreted; but art for the storyteller followed what the artist and his audience saw. Making people feel



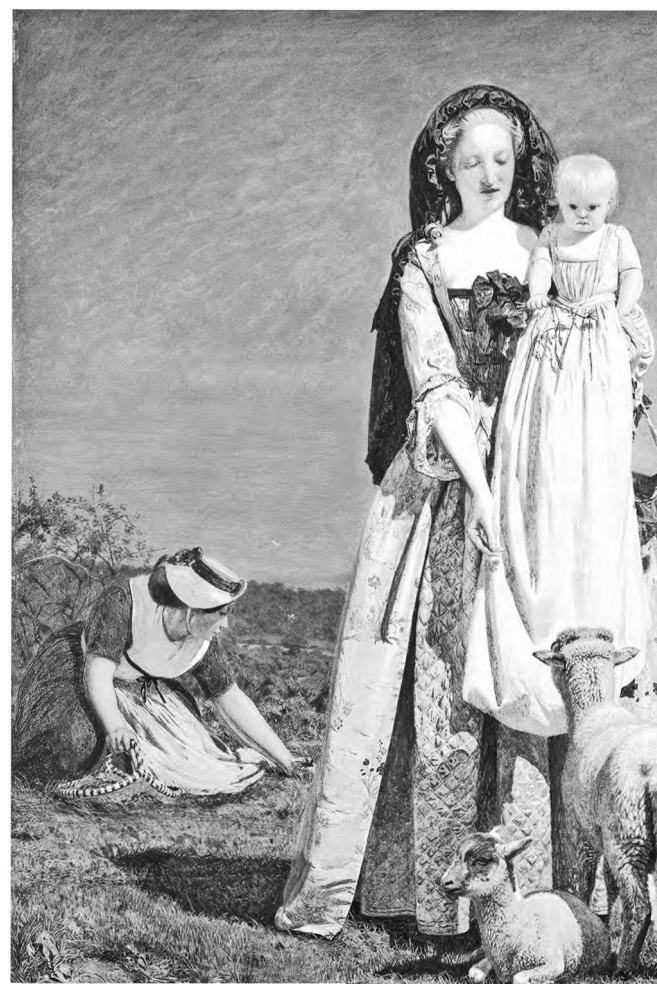
(Above) The Dutch painter Cornelis de Man takes us inside a Netherlandish interior of the 17th century and inside a wealthy upper class couple's thinking. The orderly, decorative details of the room reflect the boredom of the wife as she prepares to check her mate in a game of chess. (Left) Rockwell's straw-hat circuit thespian puts on her makeup amid a variety of distractions, literal straw, chickens, the elements. Rockwell's dexterity in costume work is fully equal to the Dutch master's treatment of satin and velvet, but Rockwell paints with a humorous purpose.

something different in the commonplace was achieved by underlining every word, firmly grasping the obvious and planting a positive moral within the context of the story.

Many early narrative artists interpreted the Bible for masses of people who could not read or did not possess the book in their native language. Even though the purpose is simple, the method is often highly sophisticated.

Norman Rockwell is very firmly rooted in this tradition. He tells a story and he tells it for millions of people. He cannot dictate the price of the picture or the frame or the environment in which his painting will exist as other artists can. And he has no control over the quality of the picture as it will appear on newsstands all over the world, far removed from the softly lighted, temperature-controlled environment of a museum. So his grasp of the world's emotion—that particular week—must be sure and straight.

Narrative painting became a dominant force in the middle 19th century in England with the Pre-Raphaelites, who sentimentalized, moralized and bourgeoised their way into the feelings of the time. The technical ability of these artists was brilliant. Their coloring was dazzling. If sometimes they bordered on the mawkish, their feelings were utterly sincere and their credo was carefully conceived. Jewellike tones, everyday situations, and an intense faithfulness to detail are evidence these artists relied on real models and settings. William Holman Hunt camped out by the Dead Sea in the Holy Land to capture the exact sky for his *Scapegoat*. Sheep were brought from the village common daily for Ford Madox Brown's *Pretty Baa Lambs*. Another artist built a cottage onto his studio so that he could



City Museum and Art Gallery, Birmingham, England



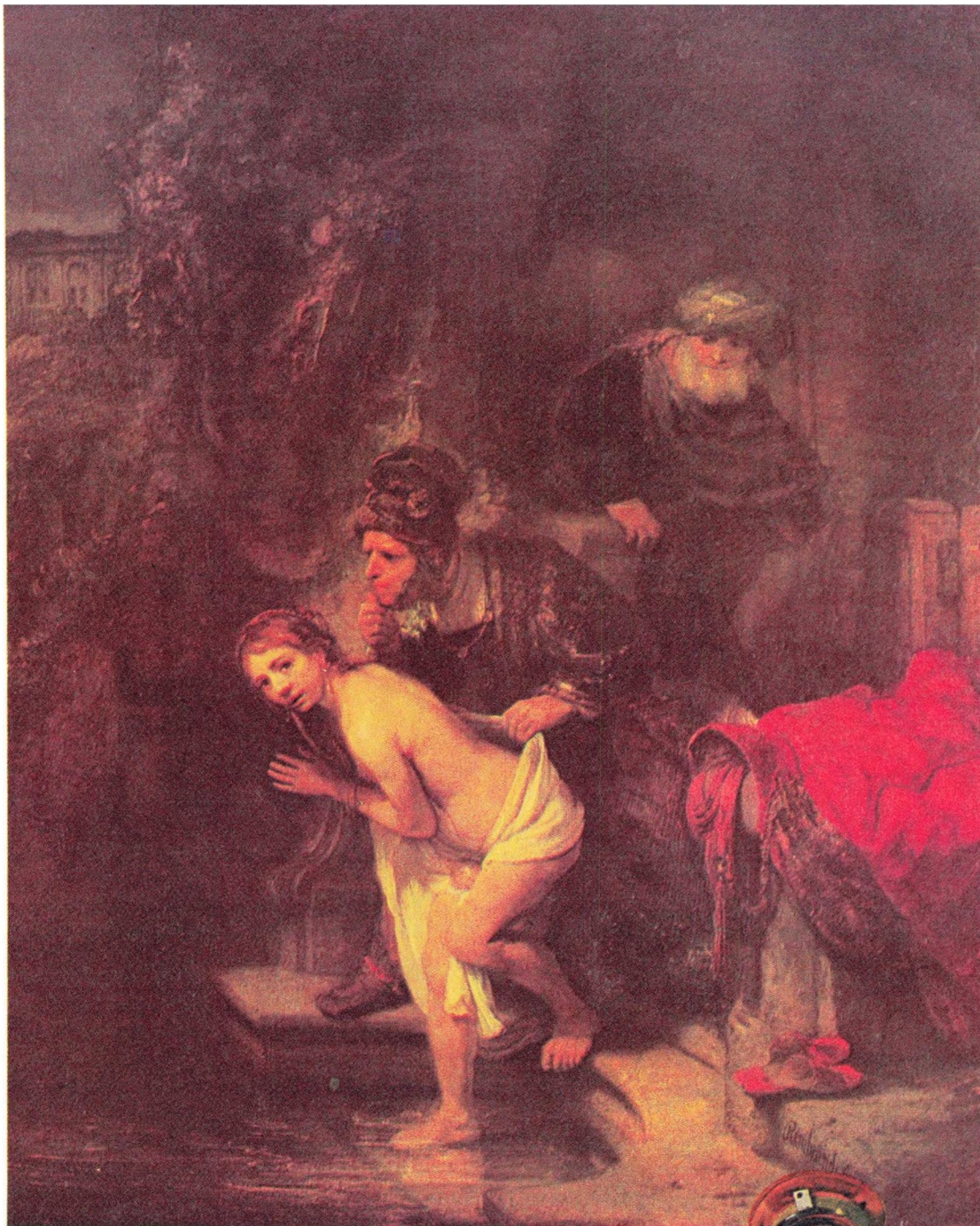
(Above) While the beauty of the English countryside disports itself around her in gorgeous array, the blind girl (by Sir John Everett Millais, 1856) reflects an inner beauty and spiritual awareness earth's treasures can never supply. Her companion tries to imagine blindness by pulling her charge's shawl across her eyes, clutching the blind girl's hand, partly in fear, partly in hope of some revelation of spiritual peace. (Left) Rockwell's breakfasting couple transcends a comic situation. The wife (posed by Mary Rockwell) reflects the wistfulness of the workaday world; the husband rushes to keep up with the pace of life and fails to notice life in the moment of pleasure with his pretty young wife. The solemnity of the still life, the cloth, the silver coffeepot show that she is aware of time's flight and the reverence of special moments together, but loneliness may destroy it for her.

recreate authentic still lifes.

Rockwell follows many of these procedures. Like the Pre-Raphaelites, he is a superb painter. Like them too, he paints from real life. When he showed a girl with a black eye in *Outside the Principal's Office*, he advertised for shiners. Hundreds turned up, but he held out for perfection. The viewer gave the eye no more than a passing glance—a nod to say in effect it was right—but Rockwell had agonized and deliberated and created a miniature as sure and nostalgically accurate in likeness as a miniature portrait of his grandmother.

The accumulation of details in a story-telling picture invites the eye to linger and examine and comment. We are allowed to focus for ourselves. The center of attention is everywhere even though there are main characters and nuances to the plot and action. In that sense narrative painting is the freest art. The viewer is not directed. The title—a very important feature of narrative painting—is part and parcel of the piece and the picture does not exist, say, in the manner a Renaissance painting might exist with a vague, general handle such as *Portrait of a Youth*, or *Young Woman from Verona*.

Narrative illustration is very much a people's art. The great English artist, William Hogarth, came to prominence with a rising merchant class. From their secure and comfortable positions, this newly rich group watched with pleasure the weakening of the old aristocracy through profligacy in Hogarth's series of engravings. These engravings were available at a fraction of the cost of paintings and were widely reproduced. The Pre-Raphaelites followed many of these same riches-to-ruin themes. And Rockwell, with his World War II Willie Gillis and Cousin Reg-



Berlin-Dahlem, Gemaldegalerie

(Above) Rembrandt's *Susanna and the Elders* depicts the struggle of purity in a world of lust. Susanna, surprised at her bath by two aged judges, resists their seduction. In anger the judges accuse Susanna of committing adultery with another man. The wise Daniel, in cross-examining the elders, finds discrepancies in their stories leading to Susanna's exoneration. The story hinges on right triumphing over the law and the establishment since Susanna's story cannot carry the weight of that of the elders. It is only God's intervention in the person of his minister, Daniel, which saves virtue, demonstrating man's ability to deal with his own institutions. (Right) Rockwell's *redcap* ponders beauty and philosophy as created by civilization in Greek artistry. The man, in his wonder, achieves a kind of beauty and understanding of his own. (Left) Ford Madox Brown's *Pretty Baa Lambs* is reminiscent of the poet Blake's *Songs of Innocence and Experience*. The painter's wife and baby shine almost supernaturally in the fields of lambs. The promise of slaughter in the harsh world lingers vaguely, reminding the viewer of the Christ and the weakness of good in a pervasively evil world. But hope and innocence, often because of their unawareness of evil, rise above the plots and machinations of self-beautification.



Norman Rockwell

City Museum and Art Gallery, Birmingham, England

gie series for *The Country Gentleman*, was working in this illustrative convention. Rembrandt had told stories with his great masterpieces and he too was painting in a particular genre familiar to 17th-century Hollanders.

Rockwell has never pretended to be more than a magazine illustrator. And magazine illustration was, for the first 50 years of the 20th century, a genre. Great American artists covered magazines: Frederic Remington, Winslow Homer, N. C. Wyeth, Grant Wood, Edward Hopper, John French Sloan, George Bellows and Andrew Wyeth. And Rockwell's magazine illustration transcends the genre of contemporary magazines. He goes to the heart with a sure instinct and a surer knowledge. He shows us ourselves from the past; we are a little behind ourselves in his paintings, both in time and place and feeling.

The *Post's* covers were from the first nostalgic. Even in 1897 they showed people in costumes or engaging in sentimental or patriotic pastimes. But Rockwell's humor, his positive spirit, lift him above the sentimental. He has found some good; he has found some hope. His working career has spanned all the great calamities of the 20th century: the two world wars, the atomic bomb, the Depression, the loss of faith in the political and military leadership. Yet this man, successful, accom-

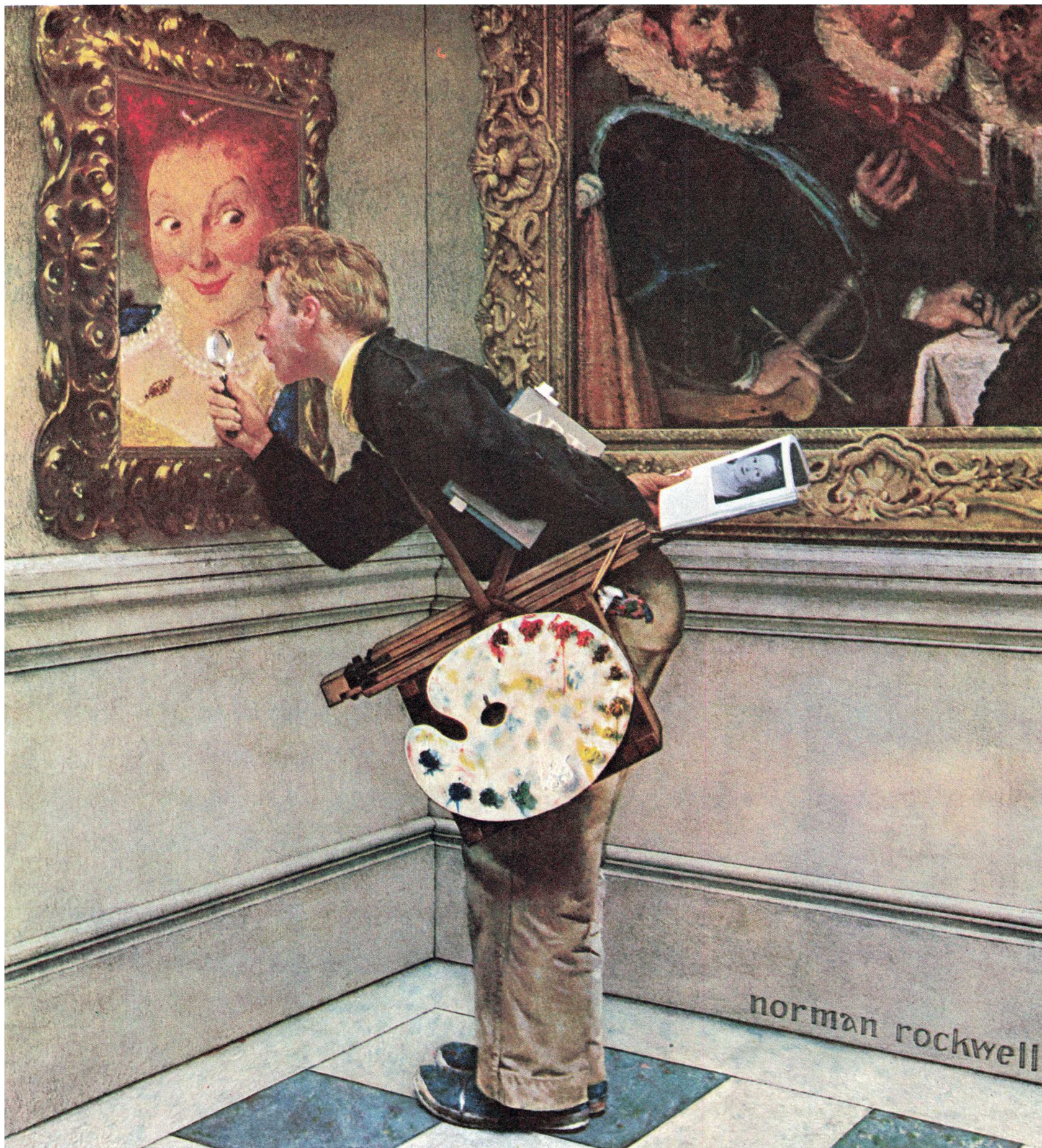


(Above) *The Last of England* by Ford Madox Brown (1855) shows a yeoman couple compelled to emigrate to Australia because of economic conditions at home. The white cliffs of Dover, which they will never see again, fade in the background. The couple's eyes reflect the unfairness of a class structure but the tiny hand the woman holds inside her shawl suggests a new day is dawning when hard work will triumph over status at birth. (Left) *The Long Engagement* by Arthur Hughes, 1859, pictures the agony of delayed connubial bliss. (Right) *Making a choice* between two beautiful women gives Rockwell a chance to prove he can paint feminine countenances, a talent he often denied, claiming he worked better with rugged masculine topography.



City Museum and Art Gallery, Birmingham, England





Rockwell the cover illustrator could copy the old masters and sometimes beat them at their own game.

plished, honest, fair, has found in the smaller emotions of man the possibility of happy endurance. Friendliness, neighborliness, humor, devotion to harmless pleasures—these are the moral values of Rockwell. And the story he tells is one the world loves to read.

Rockwell is a great artist. He is no mere

illustrator. *The Four Freedoms, Saying Grace, Breaking Home Ties* are paintings that will last as long as our culture. Art, said Bernard Berenson, is the record of significant human emotion. Rockwell has captured significant human emotion. He has made America home without in any way nationalizing it. The characters he has

created have become abstractions much in the way 20th-century painters have created nonsubjective canvases. The abstractions are ourselves, and they are also models for us to try to live up to, and this is the masterful achievement of the true moralist who is, too, the great and good man. ☞

LITERATURE AND LIFE

The artist's hand cleaves the conscience of our national genius with his vision and lets us walk dry shod through the beauty and truth of all men's thoughts.

My teacher is so near to me that I scarcely think of myself apart from her. How much of my delight in all beautiful things is innate, and how much is due to her influence, I can never tell. I feel that her being is inseparable from my own, and that the footsteps of my life are in hers. All the best of me belongs to her—there is not a talent, or an aspiration or a joy in me that has not been awakened by her loving touch.

—Helen Keller, *The Story of My Life*



There was every reason why jazz should have burst forth at the touch of a hundred or more orchestra leaders in 1915. The time was ripe for almost any explosion. The war spirit was on the loose. The whole tempo of the country was speeded up. Wheels turned like mad. Every factory was manned by night and day shifts. Americans—and the term included Slavs, Teutons, Orientals, Latins welded into one great mass as if by the gigantic machines they tended—lived harder, faster than before. They could not go on so without some new outlet. Work was not enough. And America had not yet found out how to play; the hard-pressed, hard-working young country had no folk songs, no village dances on the green.

—Paul Whiteman, "Jazz"



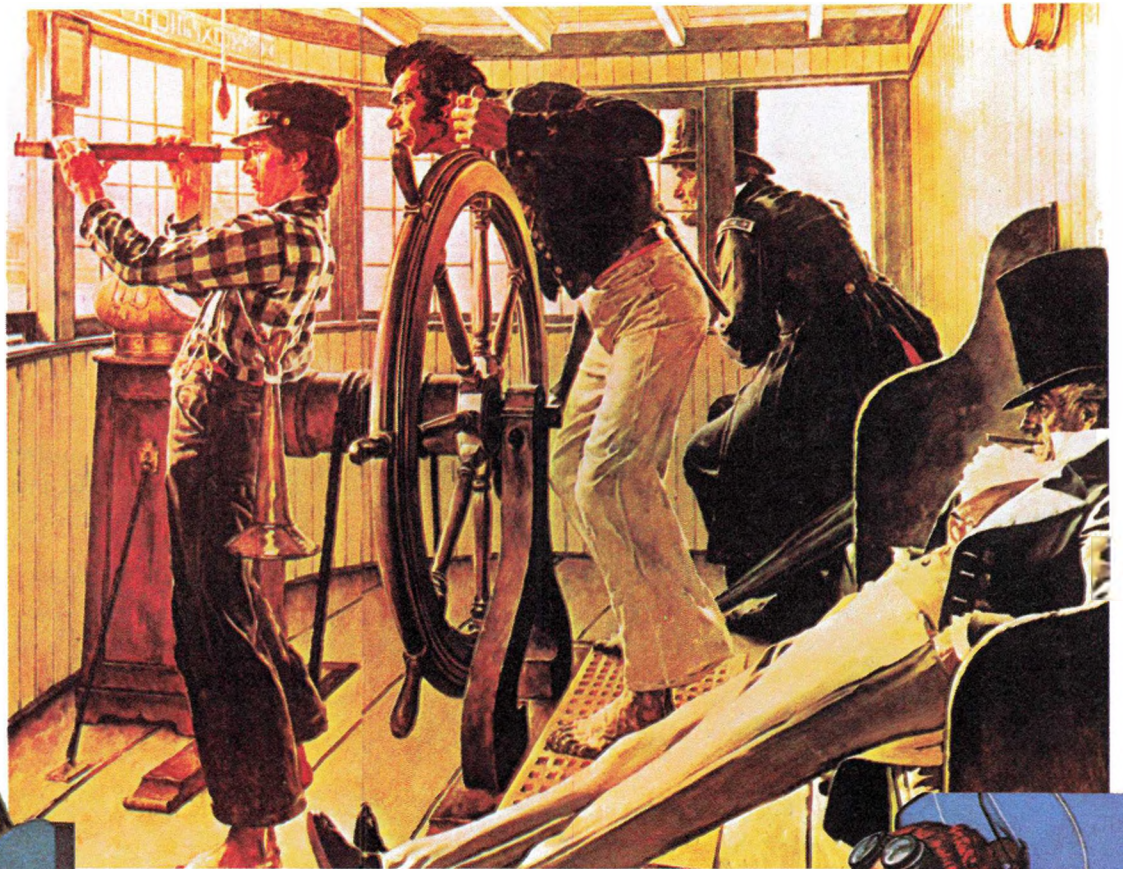
I did not know then how much was ended. When I look back now from this high hill of my old age, I can still see the butchered women and children lying heaped and scattered all along the crooked gulch as plain as when I saw them with eyes still young. And I can see that something else died there in the bloody mud, and was buried in the blizzard. A people's dream died there. It was a beautiful dream . . . the nation's hoop is broken and scattered. There is no center any longer, and the sacred tree is dead.

—Black Elk of the Oglala Sioux



When I was a boy there was but one permanent ambition among my comrades in our village on the west bank of the Mississippi River. That was to be a steamboatman. We had transient ambitions of other sorts but they were only transient. When a circus came and went, it left us all burning to become clowns; the first Negro minstrel show that ever came to our section left us all suffering to try that kind of life; now and then we had a hope that, if we lived and were good, God would permit us to be pirates. These ambitions faded out, each in its turn; but the ambition to be a steamboatman always remained.

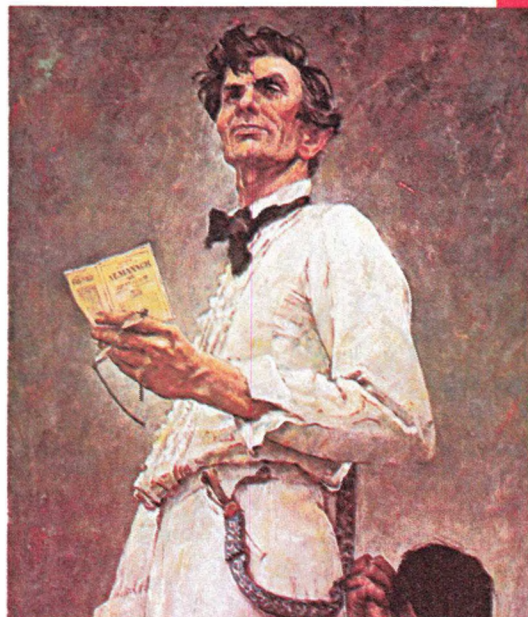
—Mark Twain
“Old Times on the Mississippi”



There had been a notice in the *Transcript*, my mother said, about an aviator who had come to our town. She'd forgotten to tell me about it. He was carrying passengers from a field over on the east side of the river. But rides were unbelievably expensive. He charged a dollar for every minute in the air! And anyone who went up took his life in his hands—suppose the engine stopped, or a wing fell off, or something else went wrong.

I was so greatly impressed by the cost and the danger that I pushed aside my desire to go up in a plane. But I used to imagine myself with wings on which I could swoop down off our roof into the valley, soaring through air from one river bank to the other, over stones of the rapids, above log jams, above the tops of trees and fences.

—Charles Lindbergh, *33 Hours to Paris*



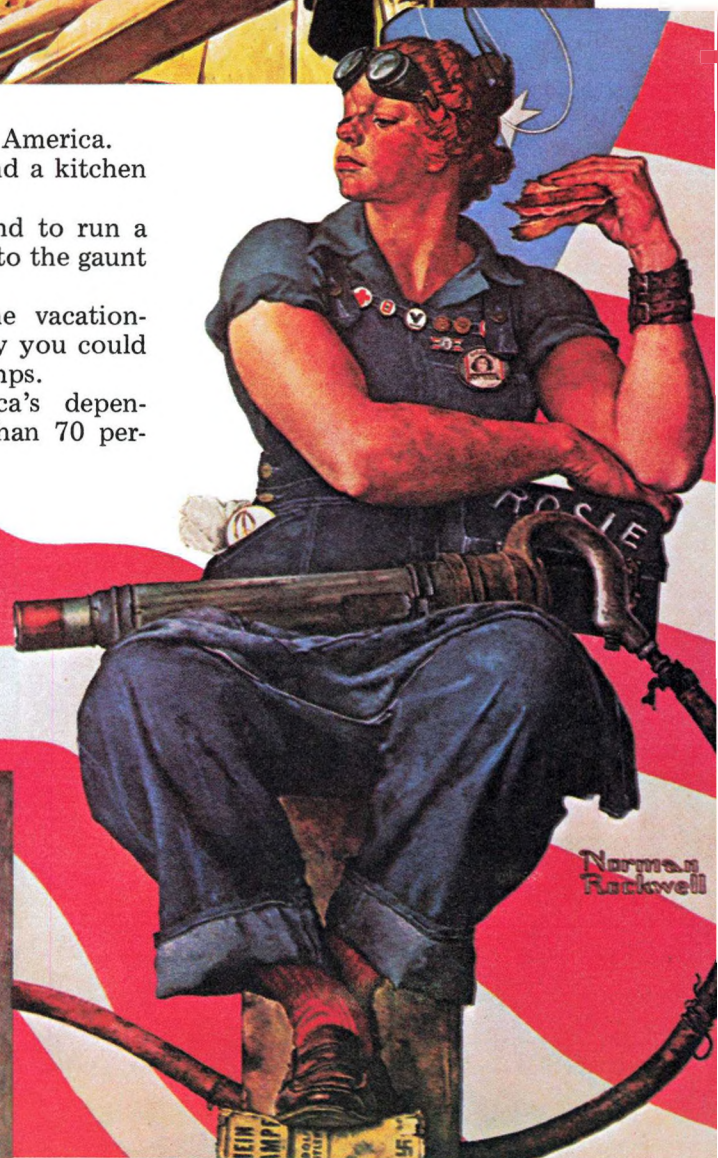
You're a good soldier—Mrs. America.
You're fighting in slacks and a kitchen apron and a street dress.
You've learned to weld and to run a lathe and to hammer rivets into the gaunt flanks of a bomber.

You've sacrificed and gone vacationless—and put every last penny you could spare into War Bonds and Stamps.

Eureka recognizes America's dependence upon you—for more than 70 percent of those employed on our assembly lines today are women who have enlisted for the duration.

Eureka, too, is in this war to the finish.

—Eureka Vacuum Cleaner Company, 1943



Why should there not be a patient confidence in the ultimate justice of the people? Is there any better or equal hope in the world?

—Abraham Lincoln, First Inaugural Address



Why is almost every robust healthy boy with a robust healthy soul in him, at some time or other crazy to go to sea? Why upon your first voyage as a passenger did you yourself feel such a mystical vibration when first told that you and your ship were now out of sight of land? Why did the old Persians hold the sea holy? Why did the Greeks give it a separate deity, and own brother of Jove?

Surely all this is not without meaning. And still deeper the meaning of that story of Narcissus, who because he could not grasp the tormenting, mild image he saw in the fountain, plunged into it and was drowned. But that same image, we ourselves see in all rivers and oceans. It is the image of the ungraspable phantom of life; and this is the key to it all.

Herman Melville, *Moby Dick*



As of July 1977, only 63% of Americans over 18 have ever flown in an airplane.

Air Transport Association



His name was Dave Singleman. And he was 84 years old, and he'd drummed merchandise in 31 states. And old Dave, he'd go up to his room, y'understand, put on his green velvet slippers—I'll never forget—and pick up his phone and call the buyers without ever leaving his room, at the age of 84, he made his living. And when I saw that, I realized that selling was the greatest career a man could want. 'Cause what could be more satisfying than to be able

to go, at the age of 84, and be remembered and loved and helped by so many different people? Do you know? When he died—and by the way he died the death of a salesman, in his green velvet slippers in the smoker of the New York, New Haven and Hartford, going into Boston—when he died, hundreds of salesmen and buyers were at his funeral. In those days there was personality in it, Howard. There was respect, and comradeship, and gratitude in it. Today, it's all cut and dried, and there's no chance of bringing friendship to bear—or personality. You see what I mean? They don't know me anymore.

Arthur Miller,
Death of a Salesman

Oh! the old swimmin'-hole!
In the long, lazy days
When the humdrum of school
made so many run-a-ways,
How pleasant was the journey
down the old dusty lane,
Where the tracks of our bare
feet was all printed so
plane
You could tell by the dent of
the heel and the sole
They was lots o' fun on hands
at the old swimmin'-hole.
But the lost joys is past! Let
your tears in sorrow roll
Like the rain that ust to
dapple up the old
swimmin'-hole

James Whitcomb Riley,
"The Old Swimmin'-Hole"



BLACKSMITH'S BOY

It's a contest between giants. All day long the hammers ring and sparks fly until one man proves that losing isn't always what it seems.

by Edward W. O'Brien

This is what I remember. January, 1907, I was in the coal bin, so I heard it all. "Why, Frank," Zeke said, "there ain't a man in this town—nor not in this county—could stay with that McCann *half* a day, let alone ten hours." He shook the change in his pocket, and looked pointedly at pop, and I knew he was thinking how pop was rated the best blacksmith in our town. Zeke had been bragging hard about the big man he saw work in Philadelphia, and had looked directly at pop all the while. But pop said nothing. He was at the vise, rasping a hot shoe, and the sparks splattered against the wall and died out.

I thought he wasn't going to answer, but then, without looking up, he spoke. "Well, Zeke, I don't know this McCann; from what you say, though, he must be a good man. But there's good men in this town too. Dare say Reddy Britton would give him a go."

"No, Frank, he wouldn't, neither! He ain't in McCann's class for fast work; Reddy says so hisself. He's heard of him. Like I said, I misdoubt there's any man in this town could stick out a full day with him, the pace he hits."

"Maybe so, Zeke; maybe so. Like the Orientals say, one horse can always run faster'n another. Somebody's got to be top dog." He took the shoe out of the vise, tapped her a few on the anvil, doused it in the slack tub, and threw it down, as though the subject was closed. But it wasn't.

Zeke hesitated, then blurted out nervously, "I got fifty dollars, Frank, says no man in this locality can heel and toe, in a day's goin', as many shoes as McCann." Zeke was tight-fisted; he must have felt mighty sure, to chance fifty dollars.

Pop was taking a heat, turning the blower handle leisurely, puckering his eyes against the red glare of the forge, and he acted as though Zeke hadn't spoken, or wasn't there, but when he took out his shoe, he said to him, without stopping his work, "Zeke, it'd be a pig-in-a-poke bet for sure, me never seeing McCann work, but maybe I'm just fool enough to take it. However, let's make it round figures. Say an even hundred."

Zeke blinked, and shook that pocket silver again, but it was his say now.

"Frank, it's a bet! We'll put up the cash later; I'll see about getting McCann. He's a floater, but I'll locate him."

"Any time, Zeke; any time. Just so it's not during a roughing spell. I can't spare time for running off any bets if the streets get slippery. Getting sharp shoes on horses'll be my worry then."

Zeke untied his mare, and when pop wasn't looking, I double-thumbed my nose at his buggy as he drove off. A hundred dollars! One hundred dollars! Six weeks' pay for a journeyman blacksmith!

Pop was busy, and didn't seem to notice me, but he knew exactly where I was, safe from sparks and the horses. While he was trimming a hoof, our fox terrier, Gumption, begged a piece, and busy as he was, pop cut him a thin slice of the frog, and Gumption carried it under the bench to eat. When the last horse went out, pop reached under his leather apron, handed a dime to Jimmy, his helper, for a kettle from Lou's. When he came back, pop got glasses from the pad closet, and they

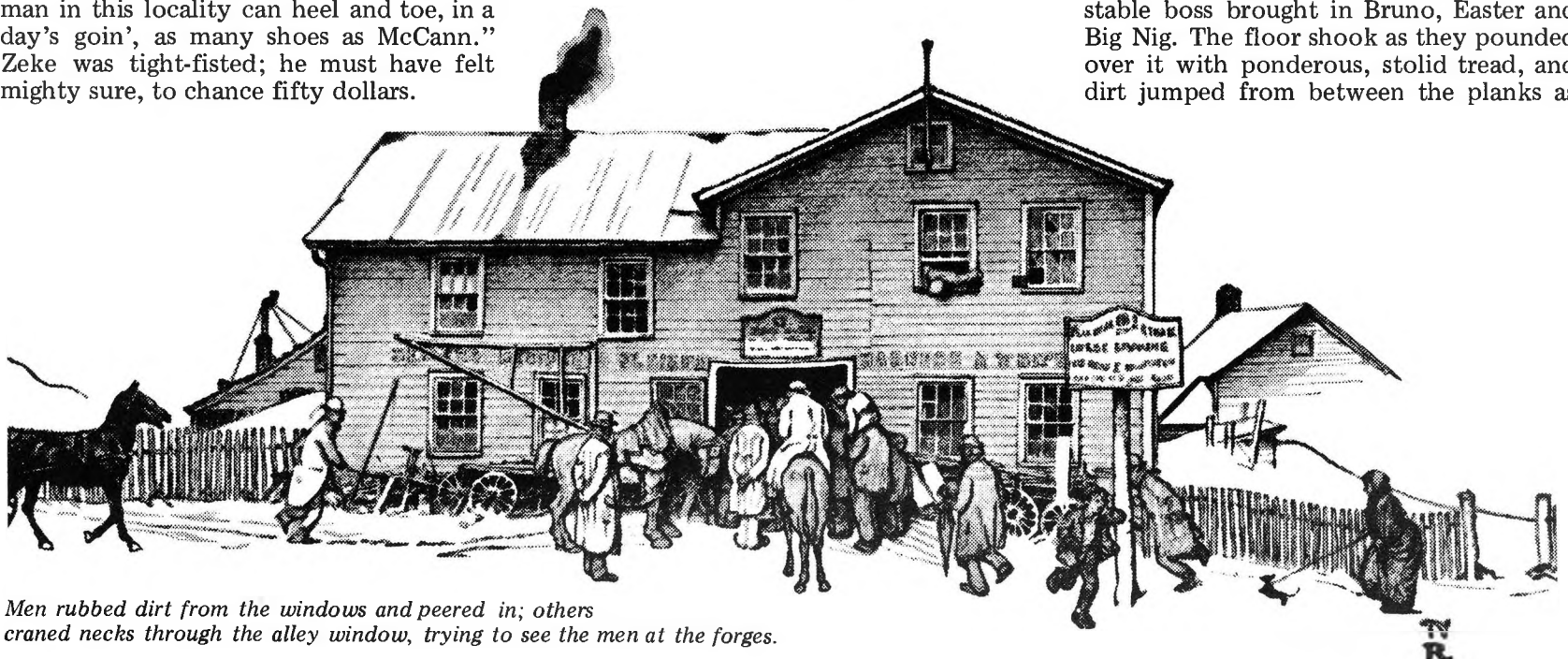
drank. There was some left in the kettle, and pop poured it in old Jimmy's glass.

Jimmy objected, "Now, now, Frank! You take that! Take that for yourself!" but he held his glass steady as a rock till the last bit of foam drained in.

Days went by and McCann didn't show up. Zeke was having trouble locating him. Saturday, ground-hog day, was partly clear, and Jimmy said we'd have white weather soon, but pop didn't believe in the ground hog. Monday morning, though, was bitter, and the shop was gloomy, so I hooked down the swinging gas lights over the anvil, and lit both burners; Jimmy started the stove and made the forge fire. The shop roof was high-peaked, and wind whistled through a broken pane in the skylight. My breath blew white steam.

Pop was sorting shoes, and I wondered how he held that cold iron, barehanded, but his hands had hard, brown calluses, and he never minded. Where his thumb went on his hammer handle, a smooth hollow was worn in the tough hickory wood, almost to the middle; just from his thumb. His forge scraper, quarter-inch round, was shiny-smooth from his thumb, and the steel there was worn past the middle.

It started snowing, and the flakes blew into the frozen wheel ruts, making white streaks in the dirt. I saw the stable boss from the gas works coming up the street, leading five horses. He hollered to me, I opened the door, and Jimmy took in Coconuts and Bess, by the halters, and the stable boss brought in Bruno, Easter and Big Nig. The floor shook as they pounded over it with ponderous, stolid tread, and dirt jumped from between the planks as



Men rubbed dirt from the windows and peered in; others craned necks through the alley window, trying to see the men at the forges.



Pop's hair glistened with sweat where it showed in front of the derby that rode his head the way a shield fronts the prow of a war galley.

the floor sprung under their weight. They were chained up, and each blew twin jets of frosty steam against the wall.

"Morning, Franko!" the stable boss bel-lowed. "I don't want to be out no rawer day than this one."

"You're right about that; she's down to sixteen, outside."

"What if she is? Just so these plugs is roughed up, let 'er come and let 'er freeze!"

"Sharp all around?"

"Sure, sure. Do 'em all sharp. I don't want the foreman givin' me hell tomorrow if these hosses start sliding around. And I got twelve more to be sharpened afore the day's out."

Jimmy let him out, and snow swirled

in. Jim took one hasty glance up the snowy street, slammed the door, and re-marked, "It's a good day for women and cats." He had hardly pulled the first shoe when I let in our baker with his milk-leg mare, and behind him came a roan and two mule teams, Eeny and Meeny, and Miney and Mo. Around the corner plodded Johnny Gunpowder, leaning against the wind, leading four sorrels from the foundry. Pop hollered to tie them outside; Johnny must have figured on it, for they wore blankets. He tied them up, came in, sat on the bench and stretched his feet across to the forge, soles up, and took out his makin's, saying there was no use goin' back till he had a sharp horse to go with him.

When the jobs began piling up too fast, pop sent me over for Uncle Sharkey to give a hand, and soon as I told him, Shark-ey put down the *Trades Union Advocate* he was reading, and said he'd be there in a tail switch. When I came back, a dozen horses were tied outside, and men were walking them up and down, two at a time, to keep their blood moving, and except for wheel and hoof tracks, the street was smooth and white, wagon axles creaked, and the wheels made a rasping, brittle crunch in the snow.

When Sharkey came, he sized up the floor jobs, bit a piece off his plug cut, and set to.

The shop was warm now, from the stove and all the horses. A thick cloud of



McCann drove like an iron man; his undershirt was wet across the chest and shoulders, and the flying hot scale scattered the men in front of his anvil.

smoke hung under the rafters, and now and then it sucked toward the broken pane near the peak, and was blown back, and every time pop fitted up a hot shoe, another cloud went up from the scorched hoof, and it smelled good. I didn't think of it then, but when I was a man grown, and the shop was gone, and its days gone with it, that acrid hoof-smoke odor would come back at times, in memory, and set up its own particularly sharp nostalgia.

It was a hectic day, with only a sandwich pause at noon, and right smack in the middle of it, who shoves his nose in the door but Zeke. Behind him was a husky six-footer I knew instinctively was McCann, and I got all writhy inside. He was hatless, and his bright red hair was

bushy, as though it seldom felt a comb, but it wasn't out of place; it was that kind of hair. He wore a short belted coat, and under one arm he carried a rolled apron. His gray eyes shot round the shop sharply, and he split his mouth in a grin wide as a mule's. I said to myself, "I bet he's got bridle teeth."

Pop's hammer stopped, and he looked inquiringly at Zeke. "Frank, here's the fella from Philly I spoke about. Jack, shake hands with Frank Farrell. He's the man we're up against."

Pop shook. "Jack, looks like Zeke's got his reins over a good horse. Heard a lot about you."

"Guess maybe you have, Farrell. I'm pretty well known, round 'n' about. So

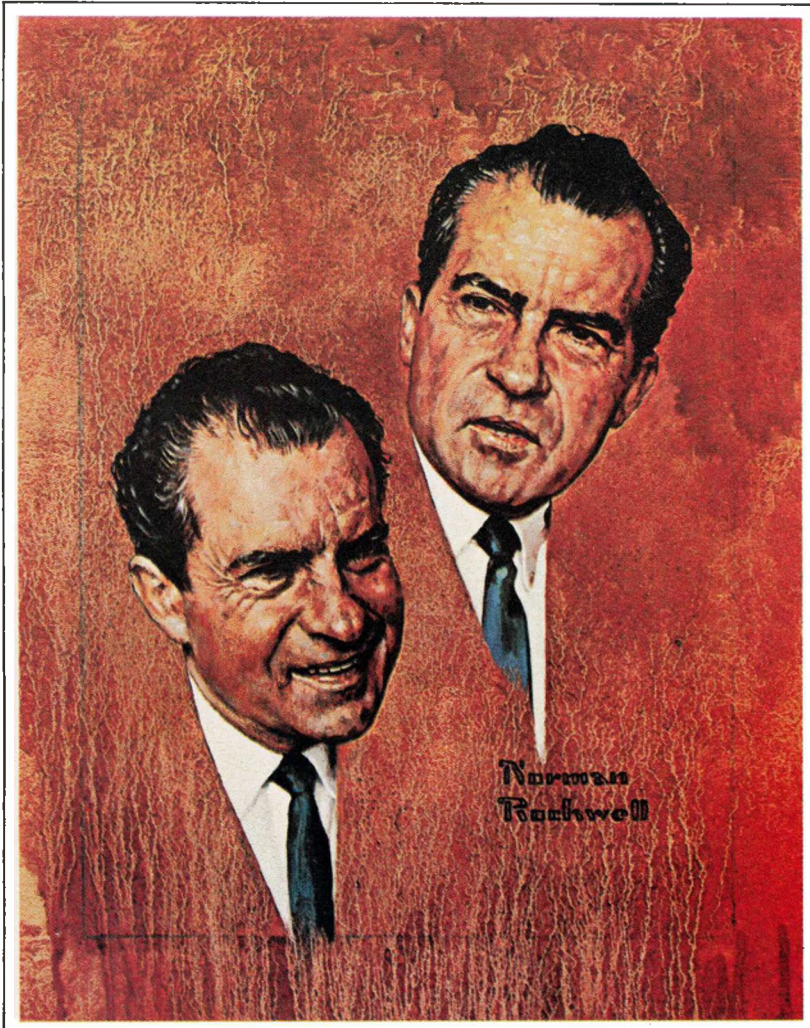
you're the village blacksmith, eh!" His glance quartered back and forth, and he took out a cigar, bit the end, and lit it with quick, sure movements. He left on the band, and puffed lazily. "Helluva small place you got here. Ain't hardly room enough to swing a cat by the tail. Looks like a one-man business in a one-horse town."

The bluntness of it drove all sound from the shop. The sound stayed away a moment; then came back, for old Jimmy, staring, had absently dropped his horse's hoof with a thud, and he had to pick it up again. Pop settled his derby a little farther back on his head and looked squarely at McCann, and I can't recall a man who

Continued on page 78

PORTRAITS IN POWER

The Post always aimed to present the human side of public figures but words could scarcely match the eloquence of a Rockwell painting.



Richard Nixon

He's friendly, truly interested in the people he meets, and his manner is natural. But he is a man of dignity. He draws a line, and I think he should. He's not at all stuffy, though. One of the best parties I ever went to was after the '54 campaign. He invited the staff and the reporters over to his house, and late in the evening he sat down at the piano. For more than two hours he played, by ear, whatever anyone asked, while we all sang along with him.

Rose Mary Woods, 1957

Barry Goldwater

He is a man of nearly irresistible charm. Liberals and Democrats may feel it more than Barry's conservative followers, whose emotions are influenced by strong political loyalty. Those who disagree with him feel the strength of his personality directly and unfiltered by rose-colored glasses. Goldwater does very little to achieve this charm. He is strangely shy. It seemed a very doubtful proposition to Goldwater that a sane, normal voter would want to shake hands. One day his manager dragged him into a restaurant in Concord to shake hands during the lunch hour. Goldwater looked terribly embarrassed. "If somebody walked up to me while I was eating lunch and stuck out his hand, I'd put a hamburger right in his palm," Goldwater remarked. He once told me that he hated to sign autographs, because he couldn't believe anyone really meant to save "the damn things."

Charles Mohr, 1964



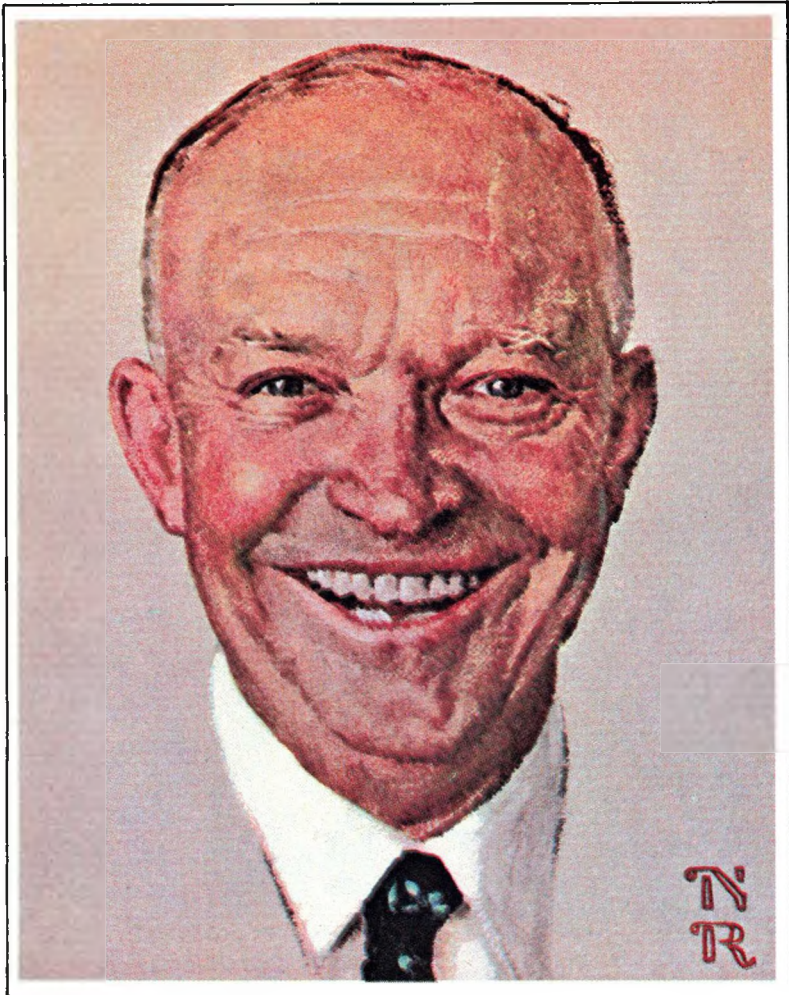
John F. Kennedy

President Kennedy sometimes gives his letters a humorous twist. Consider his answer to an invitation to attend a testimonial luncheon for the Postmaster General.

"I am delighted to learn of the testimonial luncheon," the President said. "I know that the Postmaster General will enjoy his day off in Springfield, and I am only sorry that I cannot join in this tribute." In a postscript the President added, "I am sending this message by wire, since I want to be certain that this message reaches you in the right place and at the right time."

Rowland Evans, Jr., 1961

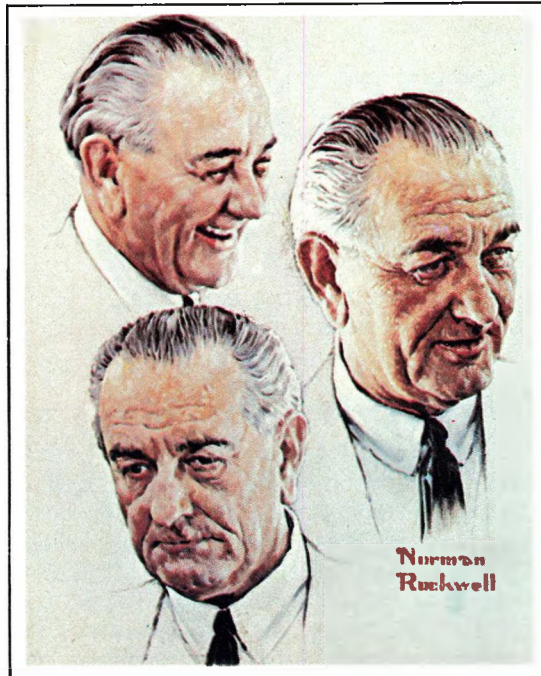
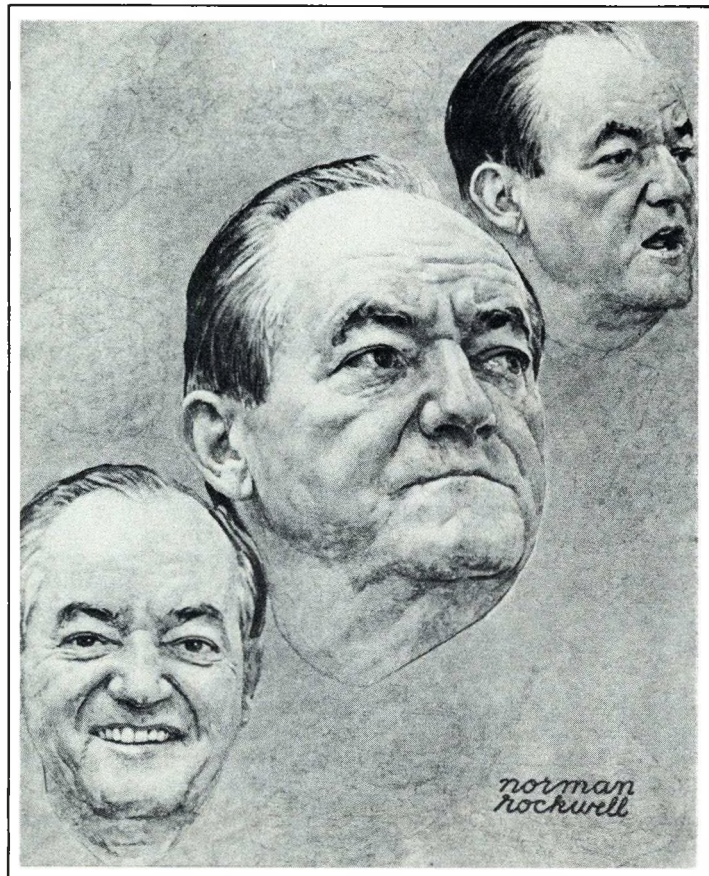




Dwight D. Eisenhower

When we began to take photographs I asked for a series of different expressions. "Could you act as if you're whipping out a command?" I asked. "Forr-ard Harch," he barked. "That's it," I said. "Now laugh." "Gee," he said, laughing, "don't show this gold tooth. Mamie doesn't like it." "Now," I said, "think of something pleasant. What do you like best?" "Well," he said, "I've got some pretty nice grandchildren." And his eyes sparkled, the corners of his mouth turned up, and I honestly think he has the most expressive face I've ever painted.

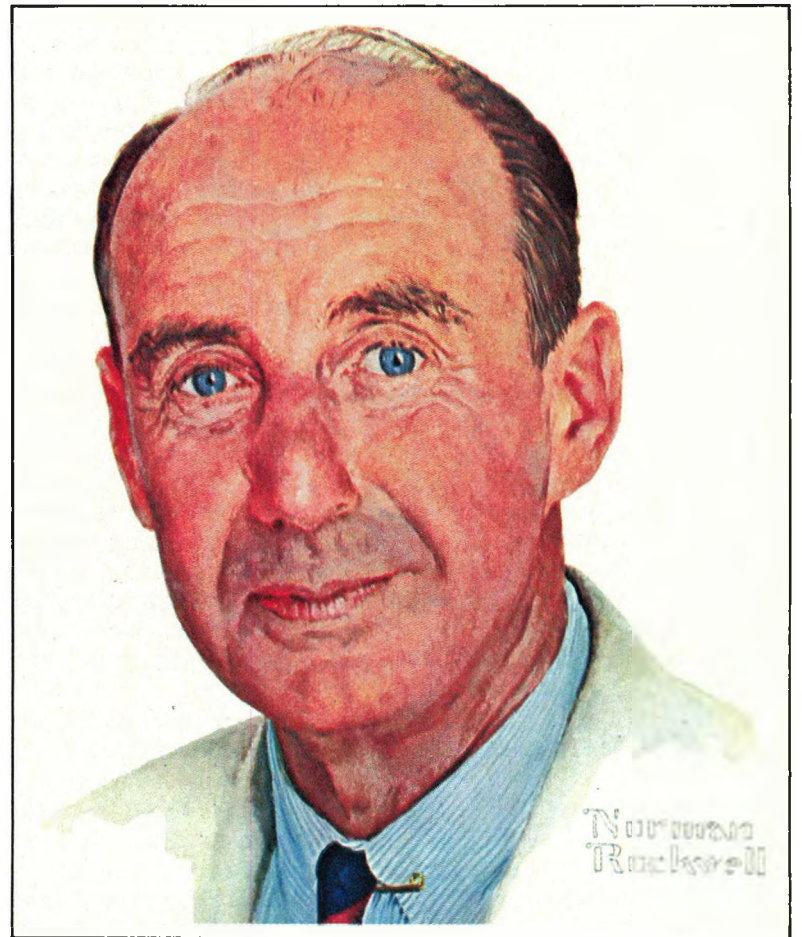
Norman Rockwell, 1952



Lyndon Johnson

Visualize a huge man perched on a limousine, towering over a sea of people, pressing the flesh with both hands, shouting orders to the cops, yelling homey platitudes through a bullhorn, and inviting "all you good folks to come to the White House for the inauguration." A Northern politician who behaved in the same way might be laughed off the hustings. But when Johnson behaves this way, the crowds love it. His very strangeness, his Texas-ness, instead of being a drawback, give him a sort of glamour, a star quality in the North.

Stewart Alsop, 1964



Adlai Stevenson

The '52 campaign had been a hard one, but he had endured its rigors with his ebullience undiminished. One hot day in Eugene, Oregon, he had begun a speech, "I say to you, Mr. Chairman, that I hope I finish this speech before I spoil." Odd things kept happening to him. A "welcome" sign misspelled his name. Proud parents thrust a large child into his arms and snapped a picture; Stevenson said, "I think the child should be holding me."

John Bartlow Martin, 1955

Hubert Humphrey

Hubert Humphrey calls more people by their first names than any other major politician, and there are literally tens of thousands of people who consider "Hubert" a personal friend. There is the Humphrey sense of humor, which is quick and very American. He opened a college commencement address this year: "Mr. President . . . (pause) . . . that is generally the way I start anything I have to say these days. . . ." On another occasion: "This is the kind of country where any poor boy can grow up to be Vice-President. It's just one of those chances you have to take."

Stewart Alsop, 1968

STARS IN MY EYES

Superstars, self-important moguls and little girls who never got a break—the artist saw them all.

by Norman Rockwell

I was rather excited by California. I'd been there once before and the model situation near Hollywood was as rich and varied as a Christmas spice cake. All the extras, out-of-work actors—cowboys, old geezers, wizened crones, sleek matinee idols, lovely girls, plain girls. When I wanted a model—any type, it didn't matter—I just had to walk around Hollywood, looking at the people, and before long I'd find exactly the one I wanted. I'd done an illustration of a ham actor—decayed Hamlet type—an old woman and a girl—Mary Pickford type—sitting on a bench in a casting office. Right off I'd found the perfect man; decayed Hamlet types were as thick as bluebottle flies on a plate of molasses in August. I found an old woman with no trouble at all. And for the Mary Pickford type I got a girl who had won a Mary Pickford contest in, let's see, Nebraska, I think. Hollywood was full of them in those days. All over the country, towns and cities were holding contests to find the girl who looked most like Mary Pickford. Then they'd send the girl who won to Hollywood with a great fanfare—bands at the railroad station, cheering crowds. She was going to be a star. But of course 99 percent of the girls never got anywhere. And it was sort of sad. Because after their triumphant departure the girls didn't dare go back home as failures. So they'd stay on in Hollywood, working as drugstore clerks or seamstresses. The girl I used as a model told me she hardly got enough to eat. She had big blue eyes, blonde curls, pink cheeks—sort of delicately pretty like Mary Pickford. "But I'll get a break," she'd say, "one of these days. I take acting lessons and singing lessons when I can afford them. I'm not doing so well now, but something'll happen." And she'd smile cheerfully. I guess she just couldn't put aside her pride and crawl back home. And you couldn't blame her. Even too little to eat and sewing or clerking was better than admitting failure and returning to Nebraska a nobody with the station platform bare, only her mother and father to meet her. After that band and her picture in the local newspaper and the cheering crowds.

Nowadays authenticity in illustration (and television and the movies) consists of what everybody has decided should have been worn or used. No matter if it really was. People have got an idea in their heads and it can't be violated. Take the TV Westerns. You'd think the West had an immense surplus of laundresses and tailors. Didn't anybody ever wear a dirty shirt or a ragged vest? The sailors on whaling vessels in the early 19th century used to wear shiny patent-leather hats when they dressed in their Sunday best. But you can't show such a hat. Everybody's ideas of sailors of that time don't include such hats.

I ran head-on into this attitude in Hollywood. I had a studio in the Los Angeles County Art Institute at the time. Because the telephone was such a long way from my studio—down a flight of stairs, across a hall and yard, up another flight—the secretary in the director's office used to take my calls and at the end of the day hand me a list. Well, every afternoon for about a week there was a call from a Mr. Goldwyn on the list. I didn't know any Goldwyns so I didn't bother with it. Then one day the secretary came all the way up to my studio and said, "I really think you should come to the phone and speak to Mr. Goldwyn." "Oh," I said, "it's probably some pest. I don't know any Goldwyn." "It's Samuel Goldwyn," the secretary said, "the movie producer." I went to the phone.

"Hello," I said. "How's the weather up there in Vermont?" shouted Mr. Goldwyn. "I'm not in Vermont," I said, "I'm in Los



Ann-Margret dances, sings, acts. How to catch a comet racing across the stage without resorting to the Picassoesque techniques of faceting the human face like a crooked ruby? Rockwell does it with a tilt of the head, a soft expression.



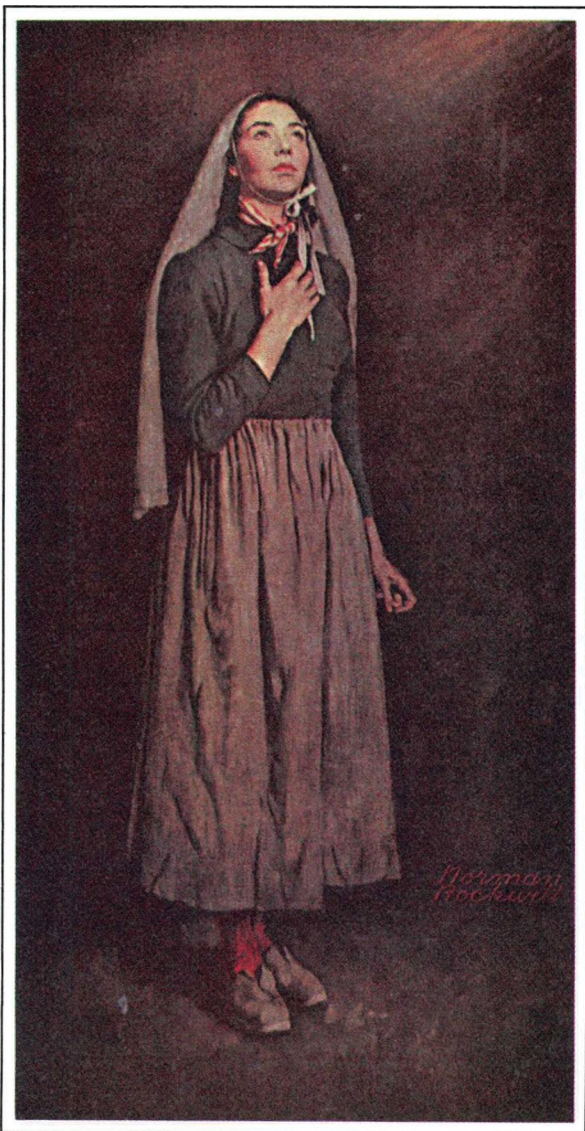
Bing Crosby, the gentle, genial Irishman, acted an alcoholic doctor in Stagecoach, but Rockwell penetrated the boozy clouds to snare the truth.



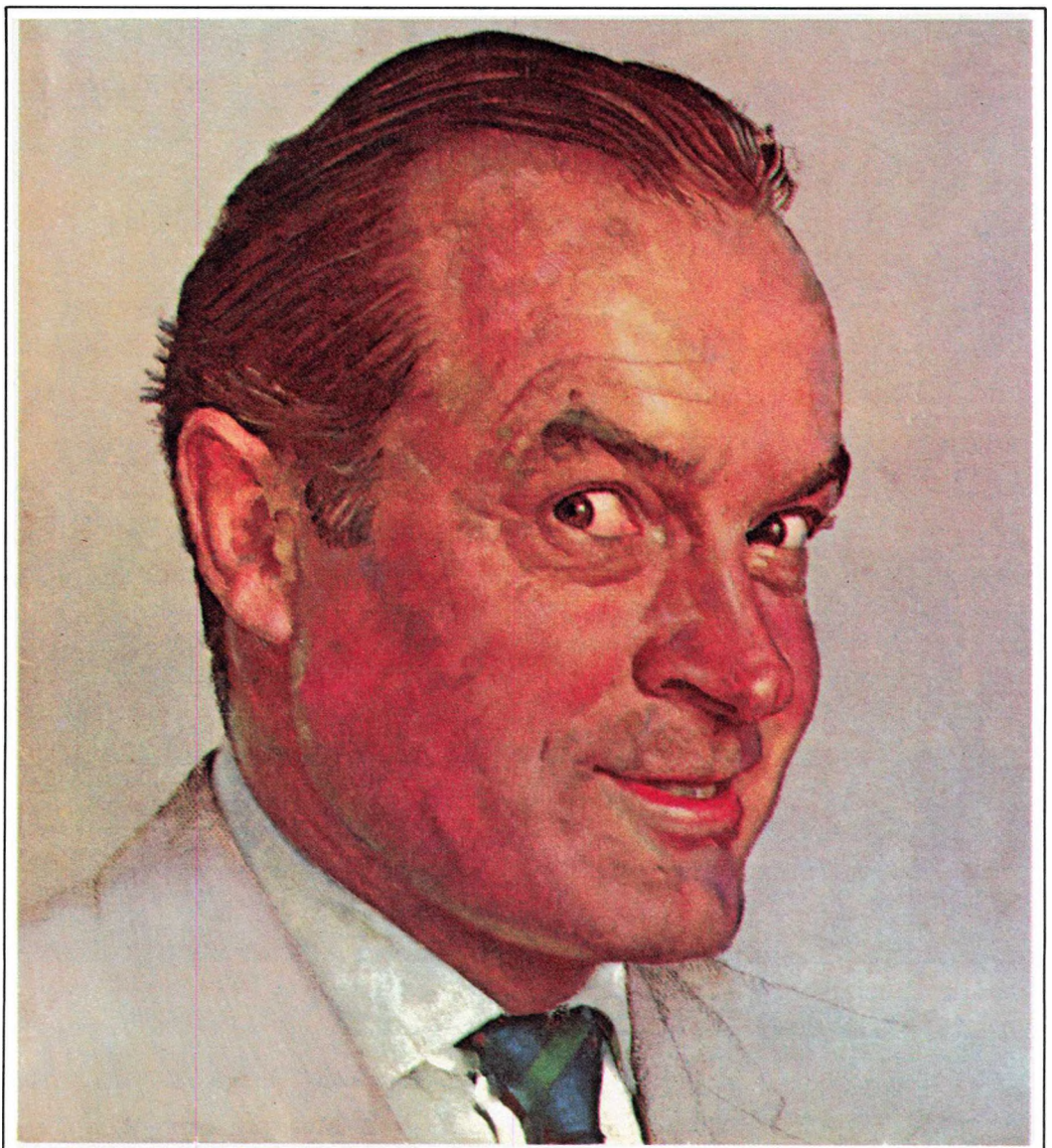
Jack Benny miserled his way into America's heart. His folded arms, head and "is that your best offer" lip answered the age-old concept of "have you no shame" with no, a thousand times no. He kept the money in his basement.

Angeles." "My God!" shouted Mr. Goldwyn in surprise. "Why don't they tell me these things? Come to lunch with me tomorrow." "All right," I said, and we hung up after we had agreed upon a time and a place.

At lunch in his private dining room, which was, by the way, a perfect duplicate of a dining room in a Cape Cod cottage—knotty-pine walls, red and white checkered tablecloth, fireplace, Boston rockers, frilly curtains on small paned windows, and the waitress, who was a stout, sweet old lady and wore a wide gingham apron and served us delicious codfish cakes on quaintly patterned china (I heard later that Mr. Goldwyn was going in for Cape Cod simplicity that year)—Mr. Goldwyn said he wanted me to do a billboard for a movie he was producing of the Hatfield and McCoy feud. I asked him what sort of thing he had in mind. Lots of people, single figure action? He took me down to the set where the movie was being made and introduced me to the principals. The girl, very beautiful of course, had on an extremely revealing dress. The man (Farley Granger if I remember rightly) was wearing a picturesque felt shirt which laced up the front with leather thongs. "I'll be glad to do your billboard, Mr. Goldwyn," I said, "but I couldn't use those costumes. They're not authentic. At that period Southern mountain girls wore long gingham dresses tight at the neck and the men blue jeans and work shirts." Mr. Goldwyn was furious. "My God," he said, his eyes flashing angrily. "I have six months of research by six men and you tell me the costumes aren't authentic?" So I never did the billboard. ☹



The Song of Bernadette starred Jennifer Jones, who won an Oscar for the part. Rockwell painted the special miracle of Lourdes with the actress's eyes, her gesture of awe and wonder, the feeling of her aloneness, the dark disbelief surrounding her convictions.



The ski-slope nose, the trick-or-treat eyes, the USO smile constitute a delivery ward for America's funniest comic writers. Rockwell's portrait immortalizes all the snap and canned laughter of one of Hope's greatest punch lines. Millions of soldiers he's entertained say thanks for the memories, and several sand traps and water hazards have a few souvenirs, too.



ALL IN FUN

Norman Rockwell was known to be a stickler for detail. Every facet of a picture was carefully researched, but there were inevitably mistakes and many readers wrote him about them. Rockwell answered every letter. In 1943, after 27 years of answering complaints, he painted an April Fool cover and deliberately included 45 mistakes or incongruities. To his amusement, a man wrote claiming to have found 120 errors. How many do you see? See page 75 for a full accounting.

A Post Humor Classic

PENROD'S FIRST DANCING PARTY

In which a most misunderstood young person manfully attempts to enter a society not yet ready for him.

by Booth Tarkington

"One-two-three; one-two-three—glide!" said Professor Bartet, emphasizing his instructions by a brisk collision of his palms at "glide." "One-two-three; one-two-three—glide!"

The school week was over, at last; but Penrod's troubles were not.

Round and round the ballroom went the 17 struggling little couples of the Friday Afternoon Dancing Class. Round and round went their reflections with them, swimming rhythmically in the polished, dark floor—white and blue and pink for the girls; black, with dabs of white, for the white-collared, white-gloved boys; and sparks and slivers of high light everywhere as the glistening pumps flickered along the surface like a school of flying fish. Every small pink face—with one exception—was painstaking and set for duty. It was a conscientious little merry-go-round.

"One-two-three; one-two-three—glide! One-two-three; one-two-three—glide! One-two-th—Ha! Mister Penrod Schofield, you lose the step. Your left foot! No, no! This is the left! See—like me! Now again! One-two-three; one-two-three—glide! Better! Much better! Again! One-two-three; one-two-three—gl—Stop! Mr. Penrod Schofield, this dancing class is provided by the kind parents of the pupils as much to learn the manners of good societies as to dance. You think you shall ever see a gentleman in good societies to tickle his

partner in the dance till she say Ouch? Never! I assure you it is not done. Again! Now then! Piano, please! One-two-three; one-two-three—glide! Mr. Penrod Schofield, your right foot—your right foot! No, no! Stop!"

The merry-go-round came to a standstill.

"Mr. Penrod Schofield and partner"—Professor Bartet wiped his brow—"will you kindly observe me? One-two-three—glide! So! Now then—no; you will please keep your places, ladies and gentlemen. Mr. Penrod Schofield, I would puttically like your attention; this is for you!"

"Pickin' on me again!" the smouldering Penrod murmured to his small,

unsympathetic partner. "Can't let me alone a minute!"

"Mister Georgie Bassett, please step to the center," said the professor.

Mr. Bassett complied with modest alacrity.

"Teacher's pet!" Penrod whispered hoarsely. He had nothing but contempt for Georgie Bassett. The parents, guardians, aunts, uncles, cousins, governesses, housemaids, cooks, chauffeurs and coachmen, appertaining to the members of the dancing class, all dwelt in the same part of town and shared certain communal theories; and among the most firmly established was that which maintained Georgie Bassett to be the Best Boy in Town. Contrariwise, the unfortunate Penrod, largely because of his recent dazzling but disastrous attempts to control forces far beyond him, had been given a clear title as the Worst Boy in Town. (Population, 135,000.) To precisely what degree his reputation was the product of his own energies cannot be calculated. It was Marjorie Jones who first applied the description, in its definite simplicity, the day after the "pageant," and, possibly, her frequent and effusive repetitions

of it, even upon wholly irrelevant occasions, had something to do with its prompt and quite perfect acceptance by the community. "Miss Rennsdale will please do me the fafer to be Mr. Georgie Bassett's partner for one moment," said Professor Bartet. "Mr. Penrod Schofield will please give his attention. Miss Rennsdale and Mister Bassett, oblige me, if you please. Others please watch. Piano, please! Now then!"



Steps to "society" are often painful, to others.

A Post Humor Classic

Miss Rennsdale, aged eight—the youngest lady in the class—and Mr. Georgie Bassett one-two-three-glided with consummate technique for the better education of Penrod Schofield. It is possible that amber-curled, beautiful Marjorie felt that she, rather than Miss Rennsdale, might have been selected as the example of perfection—or perhaps her remark was only woman.

“Stopping everybody for that boy!” Marjorie said.

Penrod, across the circle from her, heard distinctly—nay, he was obviously intended to hear; but over a scorched heart he preserved a stoic front. Whereupon Marjorie whispered derisively in the ear of her partner, Maurice Levy, who wore a pearl pin in his tie.

“Again, please, everybody—ladies and gentlemen!” cried Professor Bartet. “Mister Penrod Schofield, if you please, pay puttickly attention! Piano, please! Now then!”

The lesson proceeded. At the close of the hour Professor Bartet stepped to the center of the room and clapped his hands for attention.

“Ladies and gentlemen, if you please to seat yourselves quietly,” he said; “I speak to you now about tomorrow. As you all know—Mister Penrod Schofield, I am not sticking up in a tree outside that window! If you do me the fafer to examine I am here, insides of the room. Now then! Piano, pl—no, I do not wish the piano! As you all know, this is the last lesson of the season until next October. Tomorrow is our special afternoon; beginning three o’clock, we dance the cotillion. But this afternoon comes the test of manners. You must see if each know how to make a little formal call like a grown-up people in good societies. You have had good, perfect instruction; let us see if we know how to perform like societies ladies and gentlemen 26 years of age. Now, when you are dismissed each lady will go to her home and prepare to receive a call. The

gentlemen will allow the ladies time to reach their houses and to prepare to receive callers; then each gentleman will call upon a lady and beg the pleasure to engage her for a partner in the cotillion tomorrow. You all know the correct, proper form for these calls, because didn’t I work teaching you last lesson till I thought I would drop dead? Yes! Now each gentleman, if he reach a lady’s house behind some other gentleman, then he must go somewhere else to a lady’s house, and keep calling until he secures a partner; so, as there are the same number of both, everybody shall have a partner. Now please all remember that if in case—Mister Penrod Schofield, when you make your call on a lady I beg you to please remember that gentlemen in good societies do not scratch the back in societies as you appear to attempt; so please allow the hands to rest carelessly in the lap. Now please all remember that if in case—Mister Penrod Schofield, if you please! Gentlemen in societies do not scratch the back by causing frictions between it and the

back of your chair, either! Nobody else is itching here! I do not itch! I cannot talk if you must itch! In the name of Heaven, why must you always itch? What was I saying? Where—ah! the cotillion—yes! For the cotillion it is important nobody shall fail to be here tomorrow; but if anyone should be so very ill he cannot possible come he must write a very polite note of regrets in the form of good societies to his engaged partner to excuse himself—and he must give the reason. I do not think anybody is going to be that sick tomorrow—no; and I will find out and report to parents if anybody would try it and not be. But it is important for the cotillion that we have an even number of so many couples, and if it should happen that someone comes and her partner has sent her a polite note that he has genuine reasons why he cannot come, the note must be handed at once to me, so that I arrange some other partner. Is all understood? Yes. The gentlemen will remember now to allow the ladies plenty of time to reach their houses and prepare to receive calls. Ladies and gentlemen, I thank you for your polite attention.”

It was nine blocks to the house of Marjorie Jones; but Penrod did it in less than seven minutes from a flying start—such was his haste to lay himself and his hand for the cotillion at the feet of one who had so recently spoken unamiably of him in public. He had not yet learned that the only safe male rebuke to a scornful female is to stay away from her—especially if that is what she desires. However, he did not wish to rebuke her; simply and ardently he wished to dance the cotillion with her. Resentment was swallowed up in hope.

The fact that Miss Jones’ feeling for him bore a striking resemblance to that of Simon Legree for Uncle Tom deterred him not at all. Naturally, he was not wholly unconscious that when he should lay his hand for the cotillion at her feet it would be her inward desire to step on it; but he believed that if he were first in the field Marjorie would have to ac-



Remembrance fades at inconvenient moments.

Norman
Rockwell

A Post Humor Classic

cept. These things are governed by law.

It was his fond intention to reach her house even in advance of herself, and with grave misgiving he beheld a large automobile at rest before the sainted gate. Forthwith, a sinking feeling became a portent inside him as little Maurice Levy emerged from the front door of the house.

"'Lo, Penrod!" said Maurice airily.

"What you doin' in there?" Penrod inquired.

"In where?"

"In Marjorie's."

"Well, what shouldn't I be doin' in Marjorie's?" Mr. Levy returned indignantly. "I was inviting her for my partner in the cotillion—what you s'pose?"

"You haven't got any right to!" Penrod protested hotly. "You can't do it yet."

"I did do it yet!" said Maurice.

"You can't!" Penrod insisted. "You got to allow them time first. He said the ladies had to be allowed time to prepare."

"Well, ain't she had time to prepare?"

"When?" Penrod demanded, stepping close to his rival threateningly. "I'd like to know when—"

"When?" the other echoed, with shrill triumph. "When? Why, in Mamma's 60 horse powder limousine automobile, what Marjorie came home with me in! I guess that's when!"

An impulse in the direction of violence became visible upon the countenance of Penrod.

"I expect you need some wiping down," he began dangerously. "I'll give you sumpting to remem—"

"Oh, you will!"

Maurice cried with astonishing truculence, contorting himself into what he may have considered a posture of defense. "Let's see you try it, you—you itcher!"

For the moment, defiance from such a source was dumfounding. Then, luckily, Pen-

rod recollected something and glanced at the automobile.

Perceiving therein not only the alert chauffeur but the magnificent outlines of Mrs. Levy, his enemy's mother, he maneuvered his lifted hand so that it seemed he had but meant to scratch his ear.

"Well, I guess I better be goin'," he said casually. "See you t'morrow!"

Maurice mounted to the lap of luxury, and Penrod strolled away with an assumption of careless ease that was put to a severe strain when, from the rear window of the car, a sudden protuberance in the nature of a small, dark, curly head shrieked scornfully: "Go on—you big stiff!"

The cotillion loomed dimly before Penrod now; but it was his duty to secure a partner and he set about it with a dreary heart. The delay occasioned by his fruitless attempt on Marjorie and the altercation with his enemy at her gate had allowed other ladies ample time to prepare for callers—and to receive them. Sadly he

went from house to house, finding that he had been preceded in one after the other. Altogether his hand for the cotillion was declined eleven times that afternoon on the legitimate ground of previous engagement. This, with Marjorie, scored off all except five of the seventeen possible partners; and four of the five were also sealed away from him, as he learned in chance encounters with other boys upon the street.

One lady alone remained; he bowed to the inevitable and entered this lorn damsel's gate at twilight with an air of great discouragement. The lorn damsel was Miss Rennsdale, aged eight.

We are apt to forget that there are actually times of life when too much youth is a handicap. Miss Rennsdale was beautiful; she danced like a premiere; she had every charm but age. On that account alone had she been allowed so much time to prepare to receive callers that it was only by the most manful efforts she could keep her lip from trembling.

A decorous maid conducted the long-belated applicant to her where she sat upon a sofa beside a nursery governess. The decorous maid announced him composedly as he made his entrance.

"Mr. Penrod Schofield!"

Miss Rennsdale suddenly burst into loud sobs.

"Oh!" she wailed. "I just knew it would be him!"

The decorous maid's composure vanished at once—likewise her decorum. She clapped her hand over her mouth and fled, uttering sounds. The governess, however, set herself to comfort her heartbroken charge, and presently succeeded in restoring Miss Rennsdale to a semblance of that poise with which a lady receives callers and accepts invitations to dance cotillions. But she continued to sob at intervals.

Feeling himself at perhaps a disadvantage, Penrod made offer of his hand for the mor-

Continued on page 88



Too much youth is often a handicap.

POST SCRIPTS



Send in the Substitute

A young teacher substituted for a friend who was taking a week's honeymoon. A month later, at a party, someone started to introduce her to the groom.

"Oh, don't bother introducing us," he said brightly. "I know this young lady quite well. She substituted for my wife on our honeymoon."

—Honey Greer

Mystery Voice

A little boy needing a minor operation was taken to the hospital. His ward had an intercom system by which the floor nurse could talk to her patients. That night, however, her efforts to reach the boy were in vain. "Timmy," she said into the intercom, "I know you're there. Why



don't you answer me?"

There was a long pause. Then a small, quavering voice asked, "What do you want, Wall?"

—Dorothea Kent

So It's Rumored

On gossip rumors grow and thrive,
It greatly helps their circulation.
And how are rumors kept alive?
By mouth-to-ear resuscitation.

—Richard Armour

Diplomatic Service?

My college son professed the
other night
That he wanted a foreign job.
Envisioning his life of social service
My heart with pride began to throb!



I asked the boy what he had in mind.

"A foreign job," he replied with

a shrug,

"Maybe a Porsche or a Triumph GT6—
Rather one of those than a bug. . . ."

—R. M. Walsh

X-tra Bad

Reviewing the movie he had seen the night before, the man added the following remarks: "It was truly an X-rated movie. It was X-hausting, X-aggerated and X-pensive!"

—Lucille J. Goodyear

Bell Notes

When Alexander Graham Bell invented the telephone, he rushed out and told the neighbors. Here are some of the ringing replies:

Printer: "Great! Now I can use up these extra yellow pages."

Doctor: "Calm down, Mr. Bell. Take two aspirins and call me on your gadget in the morning."

Teenager: "I don't know what it is but I want one for my room."

Lady next door: "Very nice, Mr. Bell, but did you really have to call me out of the bathtub?"

Club chairman: "Just the thing to sell my tickets!"

Talent scout: "Don't call me; I'll call you. If we need a new wire act."

Plumber: "It may not work, Mr. Bell. Not enough pipes. Let me send my helper back to the shop and get some."

Crow: "Sounds to me like some kind of pole-ish joke."

Police chief: "Well, put me on your line if you like. But I really think I'd look better on TV."

TV repairman: "Don't call me! I haven't been invented yet."

Teacher: "Long distance to Philadelphia! I already know it's a long distance to Philadelphia."

Indian: "Finally, I'm going to learn what my cousin has been making all that smoke about."

Weather man: "This is a recording. . . ."

Mr. Watson: "Why did you leave me here holding these wires?"

Mrs. Bell: (No response. She was too busy using the phone.)

—Arch Napier



"It's a quarter to three, no one in the place except for you and me. . . ."

Bad Recipe

The metal strips used to band birds are inscribed: "Notify Fish and Wildlife Service, Wash. D.C." They used to read "Washington Biological Survey," abbreviated "Wash Biol Surv." This was changed after a farmer shot a crow and disgustedly wrote the government:

"Dear Sirs: I shot one of your pet crows the other day and followed instructions attached to it. I washed it and biled it and surved it. It was terrible. You should stop trying to fool people with things like this. . . ."

—Lucille J. Goodyear

Pluck of the Rich

"To what," asked the reporter interviewing the millionaire, "do you owe your fortune?"

"Pluck, my boy," boomed the wealthy man. "Pluck, pluck, pluck!"

"Quite true, sir," replied the novice reporter, "but won't you tell our readers whom you plucked?"

—Audrey Earle

High Bidder

The bridge game was finished. Out of an ominous silence Joe's wife finally spoke.

"What in the world," she demanded, "did you bid no-trump on? I had four aces and three kings."

"Truthfully, dear," he answered, "on two jacks, two queens and four martinis."

—Rose Sands

Inflation Hurts

Our oldest national health insurance went out the window when the price of apples got too high to afford one a day.

—George E. Bergman



Back to Work

Psychiatrist, setting out for the office on his first day back from vacation: "Well, back to the minds."

—Honey Greer

Comparatives

I am neat and orderly; you are a little officious; he is a fussbudget.

My dog is outgoing and friendly; yours is a public nuisance; theirs will hear from my lawyer.

I don't intend to kill myself working; you are a little slack; he is a deadbeat.

I had a disagreement with the IRS; you used some questionable deductions; he was busted by the Feds.

—G. B. White

Father's Helper

When the woman looked out and saw her teenage son having a snowball fight with the neighbor kids while his father shoveled the driveway, she threw up the window and called to the boy.

"Johnny, aren't you ashamed of yourself to let poor Dad do all the work?" she chided. "The *least* you can do is use the stuff in the driveway for your snowballs!"

—Edward Stevenson

Vibrant Youth

A young lady had redecorated her apartment in psychedelic colors. She was showing it off to an elderly friend. "Do tell me how you like it," she said proudly.

"How wonderful," said the friend, "to be young enough to have the stamina to live with it."

—Dorothea Kent

Dead End

The speakers with the strongest views
Never seem to quit;
And while they "stand" for this and that,
I sit—and sit—and sit.

—L. L. Miller

Selective Memory

Time lets you remember the rich, good taste of country butter—and forget about the churning.

—Lane Olinghouse

Wrapped up in Work

My wife's no good at paperhanging, a project meant for two. I found her tangled in pasty paper and called her "Wrapsody in Glue."

—David Bissonette



250th Anniversary Serial

DEATH IN THE AIR

A notorious French moneylender is dead, but the consequences of her murder expand in ever widening circles of intrigue—and romance.

by *Agatha Christie*

Illustrated by *Frederic Mizen*

The death of Mme. Giselle took place aboard the airliner *Prometheus* midway between Paris and London. Suddenly she had slumped forward in her seat. She had been killed, apparently, by a poison dart shot from a blowpipe. The blowpipe was found wedged behind a seat; the dart, after puncturing Mme. Giselle's neck, had dropped to the floor. There could be no doubt it was murder.

Investigation proved that any of half a dozen passengers might have wished Mme. Giselle out of the way. The notorious French moneylender to society, and occasional black-mailer, had few friends and many enemies. Of all the passengers, indeed, only Hercule Poirot, famous detective, could be considered as completely above suspicion. And by the time the plane had landed in London he had begun the hunt for the murderer.

The inquest proved nothing, beyond the fact that Mme. Giselle was indubitably dead. Her will left everything to her daughter, Anne Morisot, whom she had not seen for years. There were under suspicion James Ryder, businessman; Dr. Bryant; Norman Gale, dentist; Armand and Jean Dupont, archaeologists; Daniel Clancy, writer; Miss Kerr, gentlewoman; Miss Grey, hairdresser; and Lady Horbury, once an actress. Poirot asked for an itemized list of their baggage. When he looked it over, he said:

"On the face of it, it seems to point very plainly to one person as having committed the crime. And yet I cannot see why, or even how."

Inspector Japp stared.

Further inquiry seemed only to make the case simply more baffling. There was, for instance, Mme. Giselle's notebook, with all its intriguing and damaging entries. More important, there was the man who had purchased the blowpipe from the antique shop of M. Zeropoulos in Paris. But the man, M. Zeropoulos said, was an American.

Yet there was no American aboard the *Prometheus*.

XII

Lord Horbury stood by the sideboard and helped himself absentmindedly to kidneys.

Stephen Horbury was twenty-seven years of age. He had a narrow head and a long chin. He looked very much what he was—a sporting, out-of-door kind of man without anything very spectacular in the way of brains. He was kindhearted, slightly priggish, intensely loyal and invincibly obstinate.

He took his heaped plate back to the table and began to eat. Presently he opened a newspaper, but immediately, with a frown, he cast it aside. He thrust aside his unfinished plate, drank some coffee and rose to his feet. He paused uncertainly for a minute, then, with a slight nod of the head, he left the dining room, crossed the wide hall and went upstairs. He tapped at a door and

waited for a minute. From inside the room a clear, high voice cried out, "Come in!"

Lord Horbury went in.

It was a wide, beautiful bedroom facing south. Cicely Horbury was in bed—a great carved-oak Elizabethan bed. Very lovely she looked, too, in her rose-chiffon draperies, with the curling gold of her hair. A breakfast tray with the remains of orange juice and coffee on it was on a table beside her. She was opening her letters. Her maid was moving about the room.

Any man might be excused if his breath came a little faster when confronted by so much loveliness, but the charming picture his wife presented affected Lord Horbury not at all.

There had been a time, three years ago, when the breathtaking loveliness of his Cicely had set the young man's senses reeling. He had been madly, wildly, passionately in love. All that was over. He had been mad. He was now sane.

Lady Horbury said in some surprise:

"Why, Stephen!"

He said abruptly, "I'd like to talk to you alone."

"Madeleine," Lady Horbury spoke to her maid, "leave all that. Get out."

The French girl murmured, "*Très bien, m'lady*," shot a quick interested look out of the corner of her eye at Lord Horbury and left the room.

Lord Horbury waited till she had shut the door, then he said:

"I'd like to know, Cicely, just exactly what is behind this idea of coming down here?"

Lady Horbury shrugged her slender beautiful shoulders.

"After all, why not?"

"Why not? It seems to me there are a good many reasons."

His wife murmured: "Oh, reasons."

"Yes, reasons. You'll remember that we agreed that as things were between us, it would be as well to give up this farce of living together. You were to have the town house and a generous—an extremely generous allowance. Within certain limits, you were to go your own way. Why this sudden return?"

Again Cicely shrugged her shoulders.

"I thought it better."

"You mean, I suppose, that it's money?"

Lady Horbury said: "How I hate you! You're the meanest man alive."

"Mean! Mean, you say, when it's because of you and your senseless extravagance that there's a mortgage on Horbury."

"Horbury—Horbury—that's all you care for! Horses and hunting and shooting and crops and tiresome old farmers. What a life for a woman!"

"Some women enjoy it."

"Yes, women like Venetia Kerr, who's half a horse herself.



Venetia looked her best on a bay mare, Stephen thought; but his wife thought Venetia was half a horse for preferring life in the country.

You ought to have married a woman like that."

Lord Horbury walked over to the window.

"It's a little late to say that. I married you."

"And you can't get out of it," said Cicely. Her laugh was malicious, triumphant. "You'd like to get rid of me, but you can't."

He said, "Need we go into all this?"

"Very much God and the old school, aren't you? Most of my friends fairly laugh their heads off when I tell them the kind of things you say."

"They are quite welcome to do so. Shall we get back to our original subject of discussion? Your reason for coming here."

But his wife would not follow his lead. She said: "You advertised in the papers that you wouldn't be responsible for my debts. Do you call that a gentlemanly thing to do?"

"I regret having had to take that step. I warned you, you will remember. Twice I paid up. But there are limits. Your insensate passion for gambling—well, why discuss it? But I do want to know what prompted you to come down to Horbury? You've always hated the place, been bored to death here."

Cicely Horbury, her small face sullen, said, "I thought it better just now."

"Better just now?" He repeated the words thoughtfully. Then he asked a question sharply:

"Cicely, had you been borrowing from that old French moneylender?"

"Which one? I don't know what you mean."

"You know perfectly what I mean. I mean the woman who was murdered on the plane from Paris—the plane on which you traveled home. Had you borrowed money from her?"

"No, of course not. What an idea!"

"Now don't be a little fool over this, Cicely. If that woman did lend you money, you'd better tell me about it. Remember, the business isn't over and finished with. The verdict at the inquest was willful murder by a person or persons unknown. The police of both countries are at work. It's only a matter of time before they come on the truth. The woman's sure to have left records of her dealings. If anything crops up to connect you with her, we should be prepared beforehand. We must have Ffoulkes' advice on the matter." Ffoulkes, Ffoulkes, Wilbraham & Ffoulkes were the family solicitors, who, for generations, had dealt with the Horbury estate.

"Didn't I give evidence in that damned court and say I had never heard of the woman?"

"I don't think that proves very much," said her husband dryly. "If you did have dealings with this Giselle, you can be sure the police will find it out."

Cicely sat up angrily in bed.

"Perhaps you think I killed her. Stood up there in that plane and puffed darts at her from a blowpipe. Of all the crazy businesses!"

"The whole thing sounds mad," Stephen agreed thoughtfully. "But I do want you to realize your position."

"What position? There isn't any position. You don't believe a word I say. It's damnable. And why be so anxious about me all of a sudden? A lot you care about what happens to me. You dislike me. You hate me. You'd be glad if I died tomorrow. Why pretend?"

"Aren't you exaggerating a little? In any case, old-fashioned though you think me, I do happen to care about my family name. An out-of-date sentiment which you will probably despise. But there it is."

Turning abruptly on his heel, he left the room.

A pulse was beating in his temple. Thoughts followed each other rapidly through his head:

"Dislike? Hate? Yes, that's true enough. Should I be glad if she died tomorrow? I'd feel like a man who's been let out of prison. . . . What a queer beastly business life is! When I first saw her—in *Do It Now*—what a child, what an adorable child she looked! So fair and so lovely. . . . Young fool! I was mad about her—crazy. She seemed everything that was adorable and sweet. And all the time she was what she is now—vulgar, vicious, spiteful, empty-headed. . . . I can't even see her loveliness now."

He whistled and a spaniel came running to him, looking up at him with adoring sentimental eyes.

He said, "Good old Betsy," and fondled the long fringed ears.

Cramming an old fishing hat on his head, he left the house, accompanied by the dog.

This aimless saunter of his round the estate began gradually to soothe his jangled nerves. He stroked the neck of his favorite hunter, had a word with the groom, then he went to the home farm and had a chat with the farmer's wife. He was walking along a narrow lane, Betsy at his heels, when he met Venetia Kerr on her bay mare.

Venetia looked her best upon a horse. Lord Horbury looked up at her with admiration, fondness and a queer sense of homecoming.

He said, "Hullo, Venetia."

"Hullo, Stephen."

"Where've you been? Out in the five acre?"

"Yes, she's coming along nicely, isn't she?"

"First rate. Have you seen that two-year-old of mine I bought at Chattisley's sale?"

They talked horses for some minutes. Then he said:

"By the way, Cicely's here."

"Here, at Horbury?"

It was against Venetia's code to show surprise, but she could not quite keep the undertone of it out of her voice.

"Yes. Turned up last night."

There was silence between them. Then Stephen said:

"You were at that inquest, Venetia. How—how—er—did it go?"

She considered a moment.

"Well, nobody was saying very much, if you know what I mean."

"Police weren't giving anything away?"

"No."

Stephen said, "Must have been rather an unpleasant business for you."



Cicely sat up angrily in bed. "You don't believe a word I say. And why be so anxious about me all of a sudden? You'd be glad if I died tomorrow."

"Well, I didn't exactly enjoy it. But it wasn't too devastating. The coroner was quite decent."

Stephen slashed absentmindedly at the hedge.

"I say, Venetia, any idea—have you, I mean—as to who did it?"

Venetia Kerr shook her head slowly.

"No." She paused a minute, seeking how best and most tactfully to put into words what she wanted to say. She achieved it at last with a little laugh: "Anyway, it wasn't Cicely or me. That I do know. She'd have spotted me and I'd have spotted her."

Stephen laughed too.

"That's all right then," he said cheerfully.

He passed it off as a joke, but she heard the relief in his voice.

So he had been thinking—

She switched her thoughts away.

"Venetia," said Stephen, "We've known each other a long time, haven't we?"

"H'm, yes. Do you remember those awful dancing classes we used to go to when we were children?"

"Do I not? I feel I can say things to you—"

"Of course you can." She hesitated, then went on in a calm matter-of-fact tone: "It's Cicely, I suppose?"

"Yes. Look here, Venetia. Was Cicely mixed up with this woman Giselle in any way?"

Venetia answered slowly, "I don't know. I've been in the south of France, remember. I haven't heard the Le Pinet gossip yet."

"What do you think?"

"Well, candidly, I shouldn't be surprised."

Stephen nodded thoughtfully. Venetia said gently:

"Need it worry you? I mean, you live pretty semi-detached lives, don't you? This business is her affair, not yours."

"As long as she's my wife it's bound to be my business too."

"Can you—er—agree to a divorce?"

"A trumped-up business, you mean? I doubt if she'd accept it."

"Would you divorce her if you had the chance?"

"If I had cause I certainly would." He spoke grimly.

"I suppose," said Venetia thoughtfully, "that she is aware of that."

"Yes."

They were both silent. Venetia thought: "She has no morals! I know that well enough. But she's careful. She's shrewd as they make 'em." Aloud she said:

"So there's nothing doing?"

He shook his head. Then he said:

"If I were free, Venetia, would you marry me?" Venetia said in a voice carefully devoid of emotion:

"I suppose I would."

Stephen! She'd always loved Stephen—always since the old days of dancing classes and cubbing and bird's-nesting. And Stephen had been fond of her, but not fond enough to prevent him from falling desperately, wildly, madly in love with a clever, calculating cat of a chorus girl.

Stephen said, "We could have a marvelous life together."

Pictures floated before his eyes—hunting, tea and muffins, the smell of wet earth and leaves, children. All the things that Cicely

could never share with him—that Cicely would never give him. A kind of mist came over his eyes. Then he heard Venetia speaking, still in that flat, emotionless voice:

"Stephen, if you care, what about it? If we went off together, Cicely would have to divorce you."

He interrupted her fiercely:

"Do you think I'd let you do a thing like that?"

"I shouldn't care."

"I should."

He spoke with finality.

Venetia thought: "That's that. It's a pity, really. He's hopelessly prejudiced, but rather a dear. I wouldn't like him to be different from the way he is."

Aloud she said: "Well, Stephen, I'll be getting along."

She touched her horse gently with her heel. As she turned to wave a good-bye to Stephen, their eyes met, and in that glance was all the feeling that their careful words had avoided.

As she rounded the corner of the lane, Venetia dropped her whip. A man walking picked it up and returned it to her with an exaggerated bow.

"A foreigner," she thought as she thanked him. "I seem to remember his face." Half of her mind searched through the summer days at Juan les Pins while the other half thought of Stephen.

Only just as she reached home did memory suddenly pull her half-dreaming brain up with a jerk:

"The little man who gave me his seat in the aeroplane. They said at the inquest he was a detective."

And hard on that came another thought:

"What is he doing down here?"

XIII

Jane presented herself at Antoine's on the morning after the inquest with some trepidation of spirit.

The person who was usually regarded as M. Antoine himself, and whose real name was Andrew Leech, greeted her with an ominous frown.

It was by now second nature to him to speak in broken English, once within the portals of Bruton Street.

He upbraided Jane as a complete *imbécile*. Why did

she wish to travel by air, anyway? What an idea! Her escapade would do his establishment infinite harm. Having vented his spleen to the full, Jane was permitted to escape, receiving as she did so a large-sized wink from her friend, Gladys.

Gladys was an ethereal blonde with a haughty demeanor and a faint, faraway professional voice. In private her voice was hoarse and jocular.

"Don't you worry, dear," she said to Jane. "The old brute's sitting on the fence, watching which way the cat will jump. And it's my belief it isn't going to jump the way he thinks it is. Ta-ta, dearie, here's my old devil coming in. I suppose she'll be in seventeen tantrums, as usual. I hope she hasn't brought that lap dog with her."

A moment later Gladys' voice could be heard with its faint faraway notes:

"Good morning, madam. Not brought your sweet little Pekingese with you? Shall we get on with the shampoo, and then we'll be all ready for M. Henri."



Dr. Franz Pick warns that within 2 to 3 years the U.S. will adopt a new dollar worth 10 to 20 old dollars

Dr. Franz Pick is one of the world's most respected experts on monetary affairs and precious metals. He studied law at the University of Leipzig, monetary theory at the University of Hamburg, and inflation-devaluation theory at the Sorbonne in Paris. His degrees include BS, MA, MBA, LL.D. and PH.D.

Dr. Pick is the Publisher of *Pick's World Currency Report* and *Pick's Currency Yearbook*, two publications noted for their authoritative and candid assessments of global currency events and trends. He is the author of 6 books on silver and gold, and a contributor to *Barron's*, *Playboy*, *Harper's* and the *Northern Miner*.

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On government bonds

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On the future of the country

"The destiny of the currency is the destiny of the nation... By debasing the currency we have endangered the economic existence of the U.S."

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SP-1

Jane had just entered the adjoining cubicle, where a henna-haired woman was sitting waiting, examining her face in the glass.

"Good morning, madam," said Jane, with that airy brightness expected of her and which she could now produce quite mechanically and without any effort whatsoever. "It's quite a long time since we've seen you here. I expect you've been abroad."

"Antibes," said the henna-haired woman, who in her turn was staring at Jane with the frankest interest.

"How lovely!" said Jane with false enthusiasm. "Let me see. Is it a shampoo and set, or are you having a tint today?"

Momentarily diverted from her scrutiny, the henna-haired woman leaned forward and examined her hair attentively.

"I think I could go another week. Heavens, what a fright I look!"

Jane said: "Ah, wait until M. Georges has finished with you."

"Tell me"—the woman resumed her stare—"are you the girl who gave evidence at the inquest yesterday? The girl who was in the aeroplane?"

"Yes, madam."

"How too terribly thrilling! Tell me about it."

Jane did her best to please:

"Well, madam, it was all rather dreadful, really." She plunged into narration, answering questions as they came. What had the old woman looked like? Was it true that there were two French detectives aboard and that the whole thing was mixed up with the French-government scandals? Was Lady Horbury on board? Was she really as good-looking as everyone said? Who was her seatmate on the plane? Who did she, Jane, think had actually done the murder? They said the whole thing was being hushed up for government reasons, and so on and so on.

This first ordeal was only a forerunner of many others, all on the same lines. Everyone wanted to be done by "the girl who was on the plane." Everyone was able to say to her friends, "My dear, positively too marvelous. The girl at my hairdresser's is the girl. . . . Yes, I should go there if I were you; they do your hair very well. . . . Jeanne, her name is—rather a little thing—big eyes. She'll tell you all about it if you ask her nicely."

By the end of the week Jane felt her nerves giving way under the strain. Sometimes she felt that if she had to go through the recital once again she would scream or attack her questioner with the dryer.

However, in the end she hit upon a better way of relieving her feelings. She approached M. Antoine and boldly told him that she wanted a raise of salary.

"You ask that? You have the impudence? When it is only out of kindness of heart that I keep you here, after you have been mixed up in a murder case. Many men less kindhearted than I would have dismissed you immediately."

"That's nonsense," said Jane coolly. "I'm a draw in this place, and you know it. If you want me to go, I'll go. I'll easily get what I want from Henri's or the Maison Richet."

"And who is to know you have gone there? Of what importance are you anyway?"

"I met one or two reporters at that inquest," said Jane. "One of them would give my change of establishment any publicity needed."

Because he feared that this was indeed so, grumblingly M. Antoine agreed to Jane's demands.

Gladys applauded her friend most

every word and confidence exchanged seemed to reveal a bond of sympathy and shared tastes.

They both liked dogs and disliked cats. They both hated oysters and loved smoked salmon. They didn't like fat women, and admired really jet-black hair. They disliked very red nails. They disliked loud voices and noisy restaurants. They preferred buses to tubes.

It seemed almost miraculous that two people should have so many points of agreement.

At lunchtime on Saturday, when Jane received her augmented pay, she felt full of high spirits.

"And to think," said Jane to herself, "that I was worrying so that day coming over in the aeroplane. Everything's turned out beautifully. Life is really too marvelous."

So full of exuberance did she feel that she decided to be extravagant and lunch at the Corner House and enjoy the accompaniment of music to her food.

She seated herself at a table for four where there were already a middle-aged woman and a young man sitting. The middle-aged woman was just finishing her lunch. Presently she called for her bill, picked up a large collection of parcels and departed.

Jane, as was her custom, read a book as she ate.

Looking up as she turned a page, she noticed the young man opposite her staring at her very intently, and at the same moment realized that his face was vaguely familiar to her.

Just as she made these discoveries, the young man caught her eye and bowed.

"Excuse me, mademoiselle. You do not recognize me?"

Jane looked at him more attentively. He had a fair boyish-looking face, attractive more

by reason of its extreme mobility than because of any actual claim to good looks.

"We have not been introduced, it is true," went on the young man. "Unless you call murder an introduction and the fact that we both gave evidence in the coroner's court."

"Of course," said Jane. "How stupid of me! I thought I knew your face. You are—"

"Jean Dupont," said the man, and gave a funny, rather engaging little bow.

A remembrance flashed into Jane's mind of a dictum of Gladys', expressed perhaps without undue delicacy:

"If there's one fellow after you, there's sure to be another. Seems to be a law of Nature. Sometimes it's three or four."

There was no doubt about it. Jean Dupont's face as he leaned across the table held more than mere interested politeness.



"Stay."

heartily and at length over her victory.

"Good for you, dear," she said. "Iky Andrew was no match for you that time. If a girl couldn't fend for herself a bit, I don't know where we'd all be. Grit, dear, that's what you've got, and I admire you for it."

"I can fight for my own hand all right," said Jane, her small chin lifting itself pug-naciously. "I've had to all my life."

"Hard lines, dear," said Gladys. "But see that you keep your end up with Iky Andrew. He likes you all the better for it, really. Meekness doesn't pay in this life, but I don't think we're either of us troubled by too much of that."

Thereafter Jane's narrative, repeated daily with little variation, sank into the equivalent of a part played on the stage.

The promised dinner and theater with Norman Gale had duly come off. It was one of those enchanting evenings when

Editorials

continued from page 27

have seen their newly won accomplishments and aspirations discredited as petty "Uncle-Tomism." These progressive leaders have been isolated and driven to the sidelines in confusion. The communist bloc, which continues to fish in troubled waters, is pleased; so, too, are the impoverished, strong man socialist black states in central Africa.

Israel "Si"
South Africa "No"

We Americans have been deceived by our own press and our new official U.S. policy. We complain about South African press freedoms; yet no African nation other than South Africa has any real press freedom. We demand free elections in South Africa though black Africa has never seen a real ballot box. We complain about the welfare of South African blacks; yet these blacks have a standard of living exceeding that of the working class of the Soviet Union. They lead a more healthy, orderly life than blacks in the American ghettos and certainly far better than in the black dictatorship of Central Africa.

The South African society does have, according to modern American morals, lamentable defects, notably official segregation similar to our own official segregation of several decades past. Most, but not all, of their blacks do not enjoy a chance of upward mobility. Yet, there is no apparent justification for America to be intruding in the internal affairs of another state. Nor is there justification for the petty little hit list of dirty tricks to foul up South Africa recently prepared at White House direction.

First It Was Taiwan,
Then South Korea,
Now South Africa

Why do we do this? We once thought that the new administration was just naive. The real answer seems to be that President Carter is simply grandstanding. He knows better. The American black community, an important part of Carter's electorate, is being paid off cheaply in Africa because there is no money to pay them off at home. In addition, the Carter team is buying goodwill

with left-wing elements in the American press and in the Third World.

Our action will cause much damage to our staunch ally of World War I and II. We are driving South African whites, "coloreds" and Indians into a frightened posture of truc-

ulent self-preservation. Meanwhile, America's attitude causes great uncertainty which is bad for the South African economy. Unless the Russians, emboldened, go in and get them, the Afrikaners can last forever against any foe in Africa. Hurt most,

and first, by our action at home and abroad, are the urban blacks of the Union of South Africa and its neighboring black nations, which are completely dependent upon South Africa's government and its economy. 73

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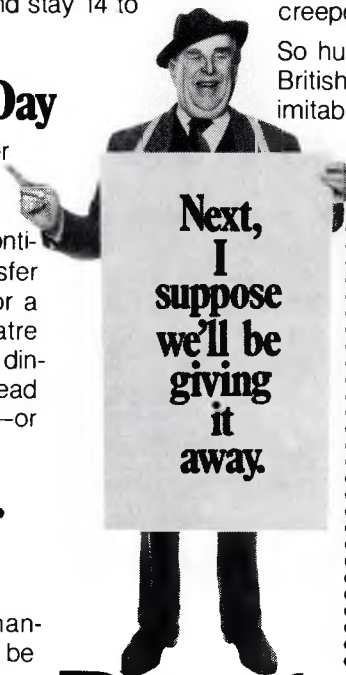
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LITTLE DIX BAY

Norman and Molly Rockwell on vacation.

by Beurt SerVaas

Illustrated by Joe Krush

Winston Churchill, when asked about the location of the British Virgins, supposedly replied that he wasn't exactly certain, but that presumably they must lie as far as possible from the Isle of Man.

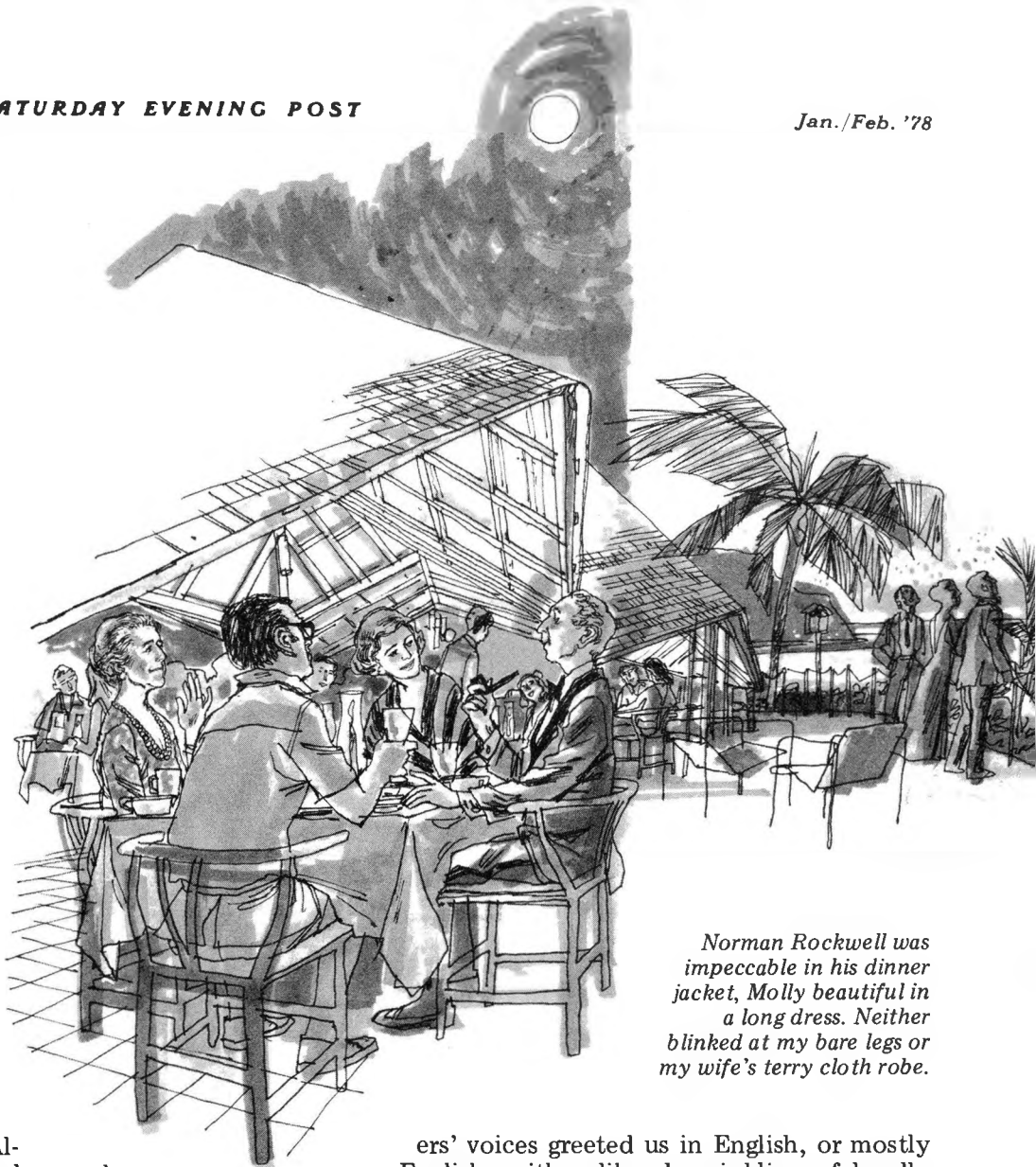
At one time, the British home office listed Tortola, the largest of the British Virgins, as "the least important place in the Empire." Although members of Parliament often had difficulty locating their remote colony in the Caribbean Sea, Columbus managed to discover the islands on his second voyage (1493) and personally named them Las Virgenes. There are some 60 small islands and islets, 14 of which are inhabited, lying about 60 miles east of Puerto Rico and extending over 60 miles with a land area of 192 square miles.

The islands are peaks of submerged mountains. Although most elevations average between a few score and several hundred feet, isolated peaks reach 2,000 feet. The climate is near perfect, healthful, sunny and refreshing with temperatures seldom over 90 degrees F.

Perhaps there are 900 permanent inhabitants on the steppes of Virgin Gorda, earning a modest existence as small landholders and fisherfolk. Laurance Rockefeller's eyes, however, beheld only beauty, for he has invested \$9 million to erect a storybook, 500-acre series of South Sea-style cottages with beachfront settings, some on stilts, with nature's very own air conditioning, with moodful blends of native stone and cool straw amid vivid oranges, yellows and blues along with blessedly sophisticated private plumbing.

Little Dix Bay is a "Rock" (stands for Rockefeller) resort—a sun-drenched thatched-roof hideaway, a place of understatement that attracts a distinguished clientele with its absolute and complete privacy.

Cory Jane and I arrived by way of the American Virgin Island of St. Thomas. The island-



Norman Rockwell was impeccable in his dinner jacket, Molly beautiful in a long dress. Neither blinked at my bare legs or my wife's terry cloth robe.

ers' voices greeted us in English, or mostly English, with a liberal sprinkling of locally coined words and African expressions called Calypso. "The goose blow" means the iron doesn't work. "You say you is comin', man, but you don't reach" means you're late. Communicate one can and communicate one does, with no dictionary clutched in hand and strange syllables tumbling out as is true where foreign language is a barrier to meaningful conversation.

Little Dix Bay on the east coast of Virgin Gorda is a sheltered beach with clean white sand (no pollution), palm trees rustling in the wind, small sailboats, swimmers with paddleboards, water skiing, scuba diving, suntan sunning, seashell collecting and gentle wafers of banana daiquiris and piña colodas.

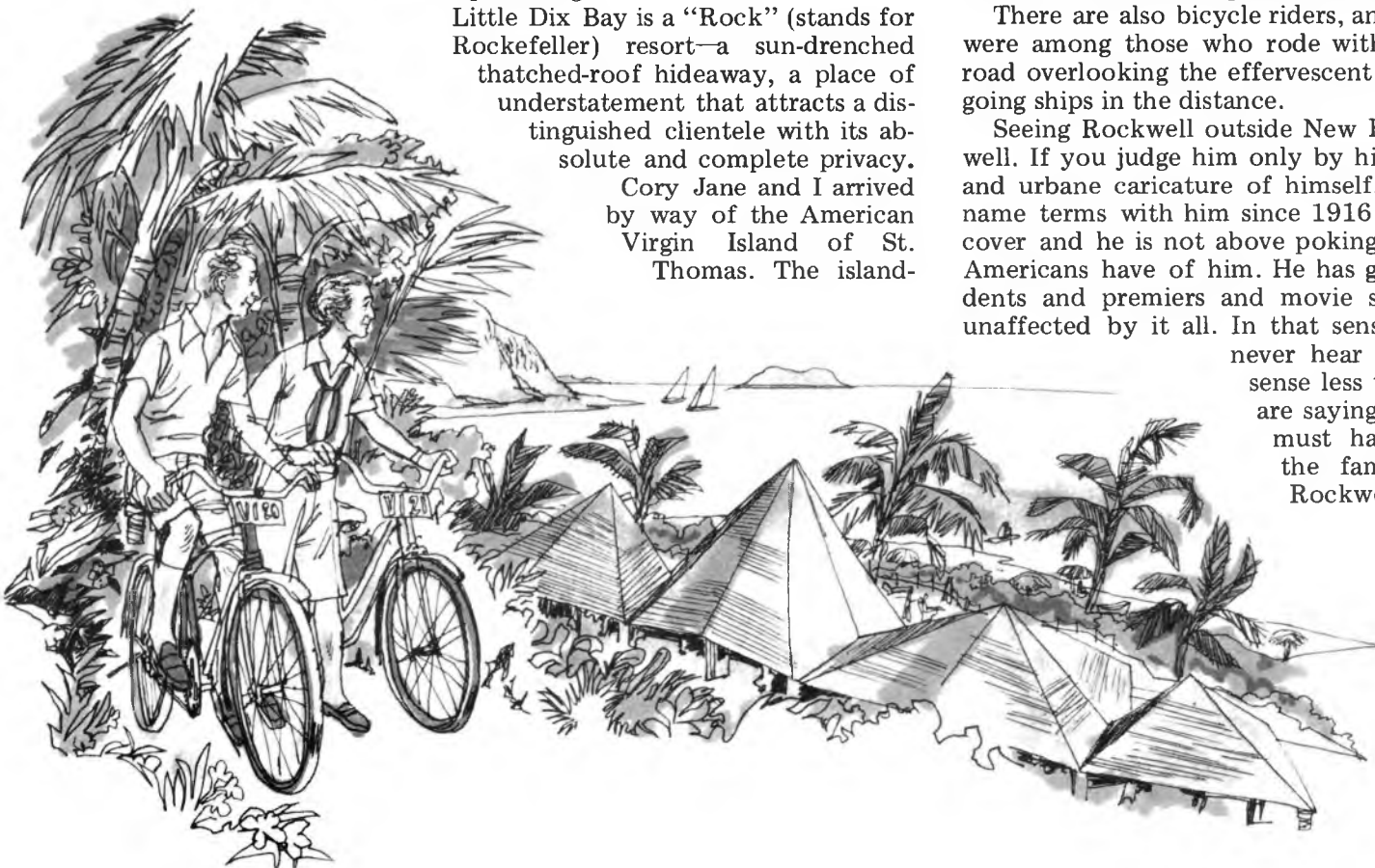
There are also bicycle riders, and Norman and Molly Rockwell were among those who rode with obvious enjoyment along the road overlooking the effervescent blues of the bay with the sea-going ships in the distance.

Seeing Rockwell outside New England is seeing another Rockwell. If you judge him only by his work, you are missing a witty and urbane caricature of himself. The nation has been on first-name terms with him since 1916 when he painted his first *Post* cover and he is not above poking a little fun at the image most Americans have of him. He has gone everywhere, painted presidents and premiers and movie stars and remained completely unaffected by it all. In that sense he is a true aristocrat. You

never hear him drop a name. You never sense less than deep interest in what you are saying though it is he, of course, who must have scores of anecdotes about the famous and the historical. The Rockwells visited Little Dix often,

Continued on page 76

Every day you could see them energetically biking high above the bay, the blue of the Caribbean bright in Molly's eyes, Norman looking as though he might prefer being back at work.



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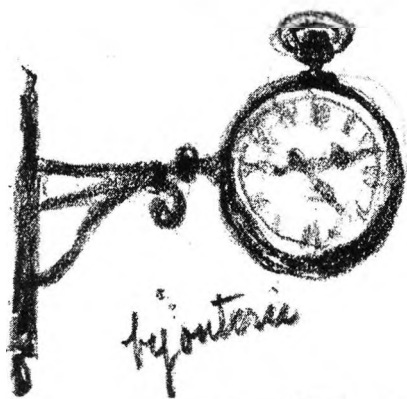
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TRAVEL SKETCHBOOK

"To heck with deadlines, money, bills. I was going to sketch my way across Europe."

by Norman Rockwell

Editor's Note: During the 1920s Norman Rockwell took two trips to Europe. Having already gained considerable fame as an illustrator, he had been drawn increasingly into the life of a playboy—fashionable parties, beautiful people, gourmet foods. It was a role which he eventually renounced. But, meantime, he toured the southeastern coast of England in a rented Rolls-Royce, sailed the Rhine on a steamer, traveled with two companions to Munich for its famed boisterous beer festivals, hiked to Venice, partied in Paris.

In 1958 he made an extensive around-the-world trip sketching for a Pan Am advertising campaign and later traveled a number of times to Europe, the Caribbean. Travel was for him a break, a "shake-up" for fresh ideas, characters.

Some illustrators feel that their commercial work is just a way of making a living—nothing more. Their serious painting, the painting by which they hope to be remembered and into which they pour their talents, ideas and energies, they do in their spare time.

I don't feel that way. A Post cover, an ad, an illustration is never just a check to me. It means a whole lot more than that. Whatever talents, energies and ideas I have go into the painting of it. Consequently I rarely do anything but my regular work.

But occasionally I get to feeling that I'm in a rut, I'm tightening up, my work is not improving, I'd like to be slapdash and experimental. But one can't do that on a commercial job to any extent. It has to be acceptable to the client, conform to certain requirements. So I hire a model and do some sketching, or join a sketch class, or go off on a trip with my sketchbook—but never with the idea of giving up my regular work, always with the hope of improving it, of shaking myself up so that I will do a better Post cover.

In the summer of 1927 I went to Europe with Dean Parmelee and Bill Backer. I remember it as a sort of sunny, carefree interlude. When I boarded the *Aquitania*, carrying a fat new sketchbook under my arm, I sloughed off the rather frenzied life I'd been leading. Like a snake shedding its scarred and worn-out skin in the spring. I stood on deck sniffing the raw, fishy smell of the dock. I was going to sketch my way across Europe. Like an art student. To heck with deadlines, money, bills, the right flannel trousers and the country club.

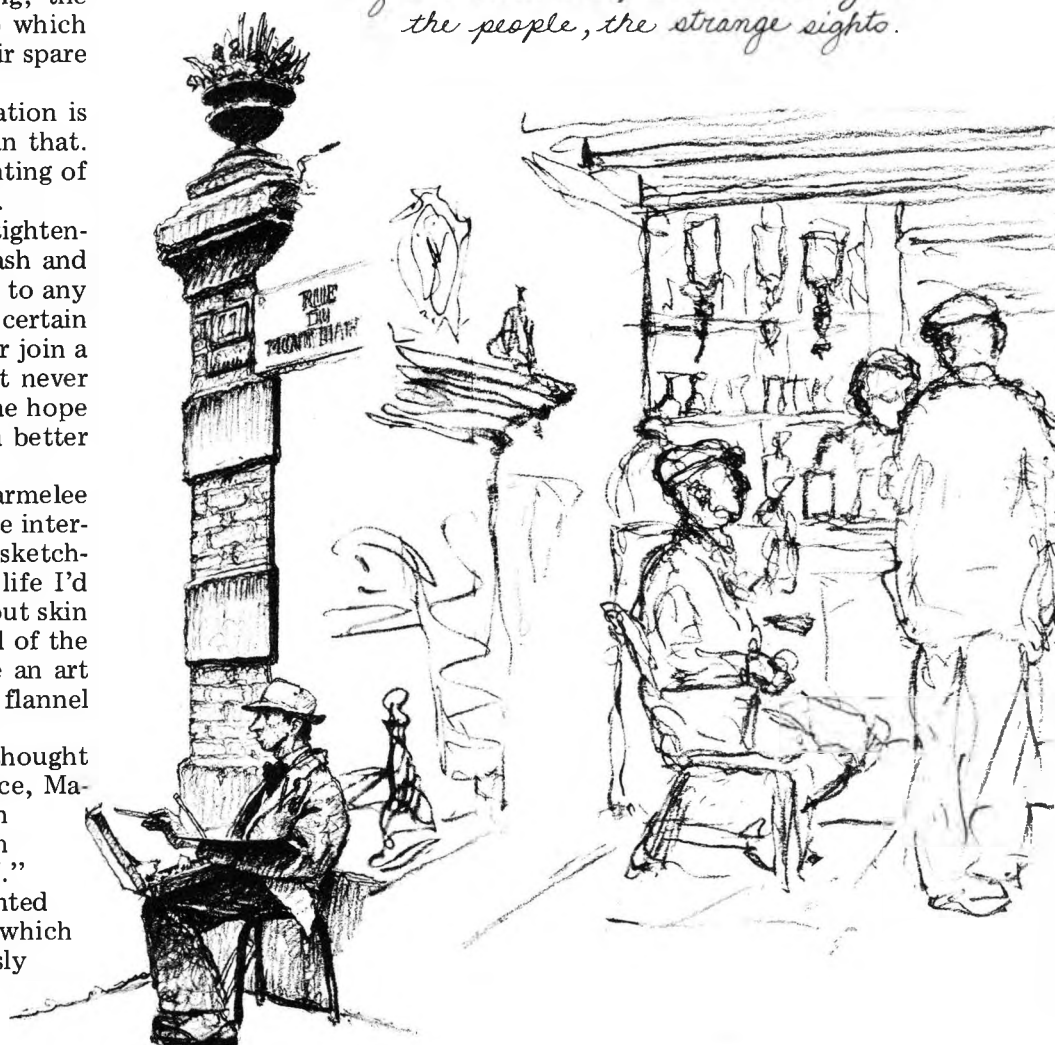
"Let's not miss a thing," Dean said, chuckling at the thought of our trip, "not one damned thing. London, Paris, Venice, Madrid. We'll live it to the full. Be gay in Paris, swank in London, romantic in Madrid." "And I'm going to sketch everything," I said. "Yes," he said, "we'll live it to the full."

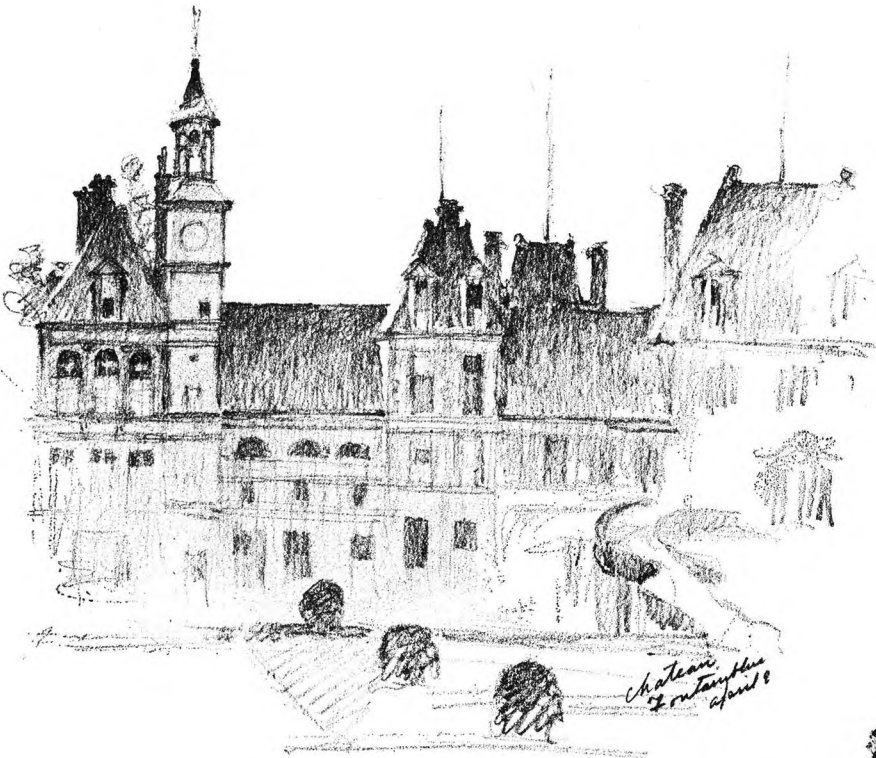
In England we toured the southeastern coast in a rented Rolls-Royce, visiting among other things a castle dungeon which had been converted into a laundry (that seemed a curiously fitting fate for a dungeon, though I've never been able to figure out quite why), and craned our necks around a booth at Simpson's to see the King of Spain



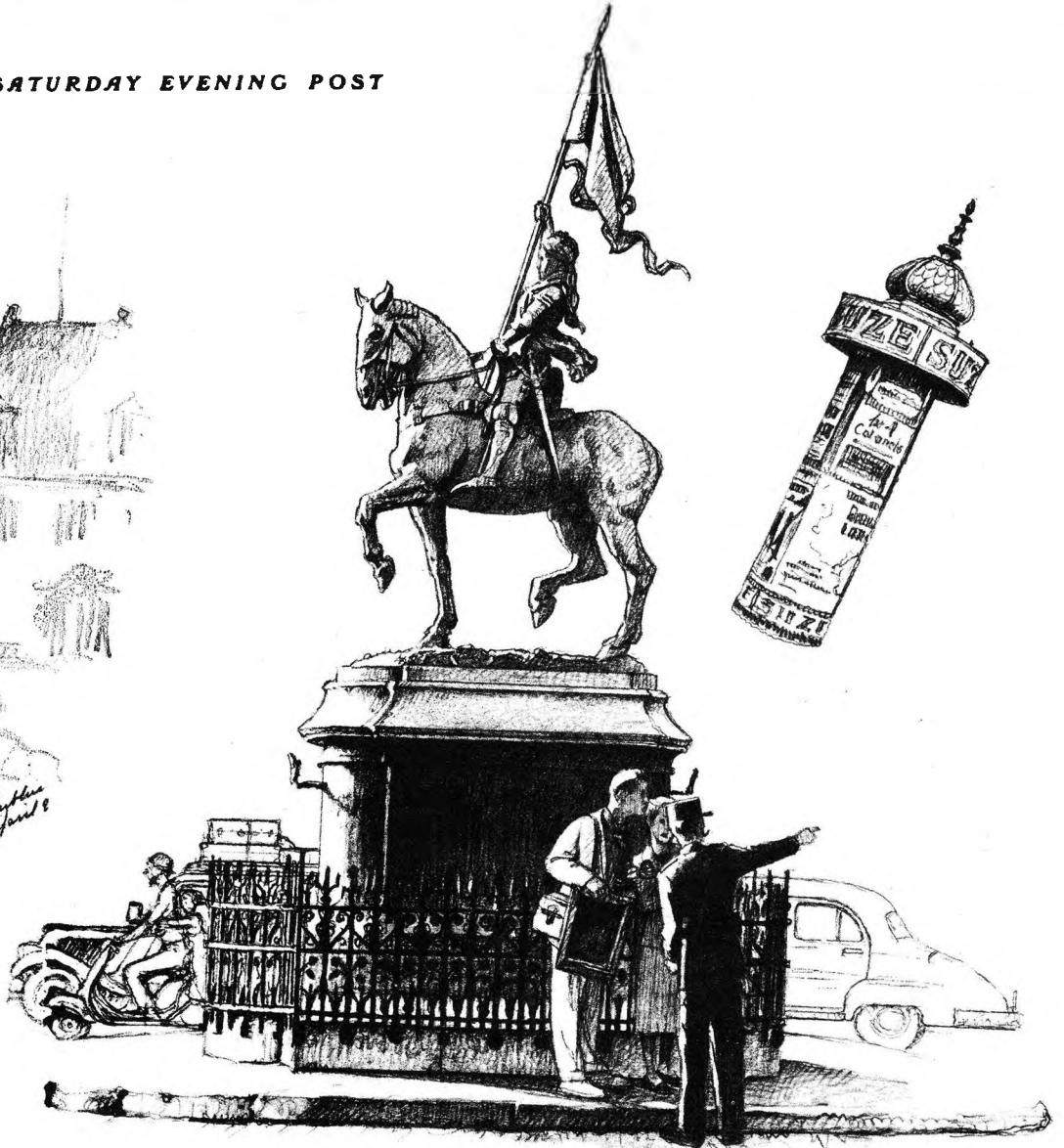
skin up in Spain - a graceful, lusty custom.

I wanted to sort of get the flavor of the cities we passed through -- the people, the strange sights.





*Chateau
Fontainebleau
April 2*



Which way to the hotel?

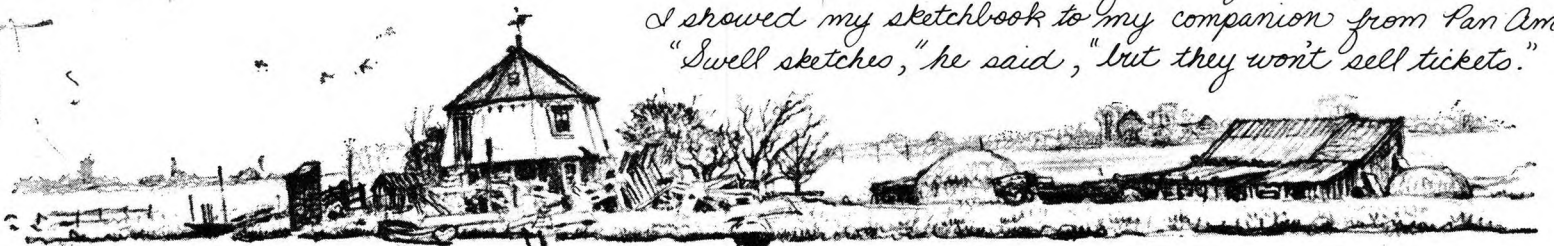
I sketched British pub-goers in London, a scenic old mill in Holland, artists sketching in Paris, the Chateau Fontainebleau, Joan of Arc implacable above unmistakably American tourists.



Chiddingstone also has a 'Main Street'



The first night in London I showed my sketchbook to my companion from Pan Am. "Swell sketches," he said, "but they won't sell tickets."



Old mill near Monnikendam N.R.

and the Prince of Wales eating roast beef and Yorkshire pudding.

After a few days' practice I developed a quick sketching technique, a sort of shorthand. At night in my room at the hotel I'd carry the rough sketches through while the subjects were still fresh in my mind, adding little touches of watercolor here and there. I sketched the guards at the Tower of London, castles, curious characters I saw in the streets—a chimney sweep, rag merchant, apple lady.

We decided to go to France.

My sketchbook was filling up. And it was good stuff if I do say so myself (Dean and Bill said so too). I was carrying it everywhere I went (as a precaution, I'd written my name and address on the endpapers, both front and back, adding, "A huge reward will be given to the finder," in French, German, Italian, English and Spanish). Dean and Bill never rushed me. They'd wait patiently until I'd finished my sketch. We wandered around the back corners of places to find good subjects. I did a wonderful sketch of a priest shaking out his cassock behind Notre Dame cathedral at sunset.

Late one night as we were strolling down a street near the Place de l'Opera, Dean stopped before a restaurant. "Aux Belles Poules," he said, reading the sign above the door. "The beautiful chickens." "No," said Bill, "literally, it means to the beautiful chickens. A free translation would be—" "Oh, c'mon," said Dean, "let's try it." And he pushed open the door and walked in. "I think we ought to try Fouquet's again," said Bill. "This doesn't look like much of a restaurant." "Well," I said, "Dean's already inside. We can't desert him." So we walked in and stumbled over Dean, who was standing just inside the door, staring at the ceiling. "What's the matter?" I asked. And then I looked around.

It was a big room, garishly decorated and lighted. On a bench built into the walls all around the room sat maybe 20 girls, laughing, chattering, smoking, patting their hair. They wore high heel shoes and carried large purses—black, red, green, yellow. And that was all—just shoes and purses. Not one had a stitch of clothing on.

"Oopf!" said Bill. "This isn't a restaurant." "Let's get out of here," I said, backing toward the door. But before we could escape, all the girls grabbed their purses, rushed over to us, and herded us

to one of the little tables by the dance floor. Dean, Bill and I tumbled into chairs. The girls crowded around. "You buy me champagne?" said one. "I sit?" suggested another, shoving the girl beside her. "You nice fellow," said another. "You got a smoke?" asked another, elbowing her way to the table. It was a melee. Dean, Bill and I sat at the table all hunched over, in a state of shock. Then one girl wrested a chair from a girl with fuchsia hair who was waving her green purse in my face and sat down beside me. Two others wedged their way through the crowd and plumped down beside Dean and Bill. At that the rest of the girls went back to the bench against the wall.

"Well!" I said to Dean. "Yes," said Dean. Bill looked as if he had swallowed a

champagne corks were popping. The room was blue with smoke and redolent of the girls' professional perfume. Whenever the door opened there would be a clatter of high heels as the girls rushed to greet the newcomer.

Suddenly, fisisst-bang! went a cork and Henriette squealed, "Hurroo!" The champagne had arrived. Hortense poured out six glasses, and after a bit Dean, Bill and I relaxed as the girls toasted *le bel accord* of France and America. They loved Americans, they said; Americans were *très gentils*.

After a minute I heard Bill, in his serious, interested way, ask Marguerite how she had come to embrace such a queer profession. Well, it was the usual sad story. She had run off to Paris from a farm in Brittany and had her innocence beguiled by a dissolute wine merchant. "That's too bad," said Bill (rather naively, I thought). "It's not a very healthy life." "Non," said Marguerite, somewhat surprised. "That's a bad cough you have," said Bill, for he had noticed that she had coughed while telling her story. "Oui," said Marguerite. "You should get outside more," said Bill in a fatherly manner, helping her to some champagne. "Get some fresh air into your lungs. It's very unhealthy being cooped up in here. The air's bad."

"What do you say we take them out right now?" I suggested, grasping frantically at any way of getting out of the place. "Yes," said Dean with alacrity. "All right," said Bill. The girls agreed. We called the madam over. Of course, she said, it was not unusual, though there was a special charge. So Henriette, Marguerite and Hortense trotted upstairs to dress.

Ten minutes later they returned, dolled up in very short, gaudy silk dresses and trim little coats with enormous, moth-eaten fur collars. (From the rear of Henriette's coat there flopped a fancy fur tail.) Bangles sparkled on their wrists, their spike heels beat a quick tattoo on the floor, and the flowers on their perky hats bobbed up and down as they flounced toward us, all giggles and flusters.

We taxied to the Bois de Boulogne, where we rented a rowboat. "Climb in," said Dean, "we're going for a row." The girls hesitated. They began to look worried. "You not sadist?" asked Hortense, trembling. "Of course not," said Dean indignantly. "You not going to drown us?"

Continued on page 98

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ripe peach. "My name is Henriette," said the girl sitting beside me, "and thees is Marguerite and thees is Hortense." The girls smiled and bobbed their heads up and down. Dean, Bill and I nodded dumbly. "You like champagne?" asked Henriette. "I get you some." The waiter came and went. "Nice, English, chap," said Hortense to Dean. "Skiddoo," said Marguerite to Bill. I glanced around the room.

The tables and dance floor were thronged—soldiers with their hats on, tourists, here and there a woman in street clothes. A gramophone blared dance music above a babble of talk and laughter. A soldier was whistling "Lillibullero" over in a corner. A girl wearing a sailor's cap was singing a French song. Glasses were clinking,

April Fooleries

continued from page 56

Check your powers of observation. The principal errors in Norman Rockwell's April 1, 1943, cover painting are: the trout, the fishhook and the water, all on the stairway; the stairway running behind the fireplace, an architectural impossibility; the mailbox; the faucet; wallpaper upside down; wallpaper has two designs; the scissors candlestick; silhouettes upside down; bacon and egg on the decorative plate, the April-fool clock; the portraits; ducks in the living room; zebra looking out of the frame; mouse looking out of the mantelpiece; a tire for the iron rim of the mantelpiece; medicine bottle and glass floating in the air; fork instead of a spoon on the bottle; the old lady's hip pocket; the newspaper

in her pocket; her wedding ring on the wrong hand; buttons on the wrong side of her sweater; crown on her head; Stillson wrench for a nutcracker in her hand; skunk on her lap; she is wearing trousers; she has on ice skates; no checkers on checkerboard; wrong number of squares on the checkerboard; too many fingers on old man's hand; erasers on both ends of his pencil; he is wearing a skirt; he has a bird in his pocket; he is wearing roller skates; he has a hoe for a cane; billfold on string tied to his finger; milkweed growing in room; milk bottle on milkweed; deer under chair; dog's paws on deer; mushrooms; woodpecker pecking chair; buckle on man's slipper; artist's signature in reverse.

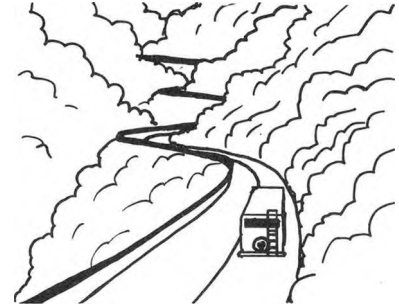
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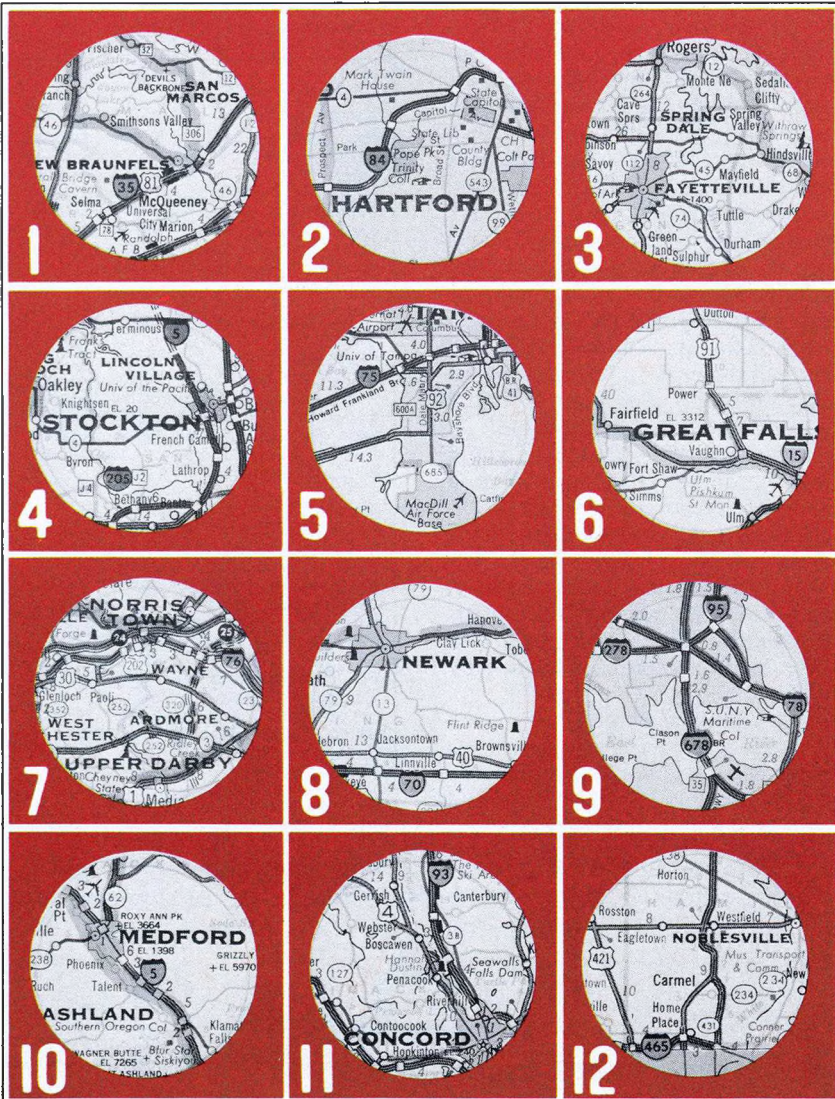


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Little Dix Bay

continued from page 68

and it kindled my interest to see them in their favorite vacation spot, Little Dix, situated so perfectly—small, quiet, understated, and exactly the kind of hidden retreat one would have expected them to select. No beautiful people rushing about, no beautiful people there to be seen and quoted, yet exclusive, luxurious, and as secluded as one could wish—a clientele probably selected by referrals. A place for total relaxation and escape from the windswept, ice-laden shores of New England, and the Rockwells looked like any middle-class English couple down to the shore for a holiday.

On that Thursday evening we had a dinner date with Norman and Molly. In the afternoon Cory Jane and I played a vigorous set of tennis, and, coming in at the zero hour to dress before dinner, consulted the monthly calendar of events: dinner on Thursdays was casual, it said. What to wear? The fact was that Cory Jane had brought with her only a formal dinner dress, and, faced with a "casual dinner," raced down to the boutique and bought a brown-and-white striped long caftan. We completely lost sight, here in this eternal-summertime oasis so remote from the rest of the world that one could scarcely even put through a phone call, that it was Christmas Eve.

We hurried to dinner, I, barelegged in my safari suit, Cory Jane in her terry cloth caftan, insouciant as they say in Neiman-Marcus catalogues, both of us looking forward to a delightful evening with the Rockwells. Well, meet them we did. There they were, almost like a couple in a Noel Coward play where the characters never refer to "dressing" for dinner, only to "changing" as if everyone in the world metamorphosed into a black and white lithograph before the evening meal. Norman was in his dinner jacket, Molly was resplendent in a long brocade dress. They were easily the handsomest, most sophisticated couple in the Caribbean that night. Never, during the evening, did either one betray by an eyelash that our outfits were somewhat less than *comme il faut*. And I really think, looking back, that perhaps they didn't notice what we had on. They just smiled into our eyes and found our hearts. Not a word was said about the various degrees of formality present. (Other guests arrived too, some casual, some in evening clothes.) The atmosphere warmed with the spirit of Christmas and conversation, wit, voices and laughter mingled with the night air.

Mr. Rockwell, as one might expect from the lively wit so ever apparent in his art, is a sparkling conversationalist and Molly no less. At the dinner table I asked an admittedly leading question: "Why do you suppose women never made it as famous artists in history? Why no women Michelangelos, Rembrandts,

Van Goghs, etc.?" After a lengthy pause, and with a decidedly mischievous twinkle in his eye, Norman said, "Well, isn't it because women get their creative kicks from having babies?" At which Molly sat up abruptly and said, "Oh, Norman! How could you?"

So when the tropical breezes of the blue/green/lavender Caribbean lifted Norman's soft gray hair and his kind eyes chided his wife about women and their role in the arts, it was easy to see he knew all about great women artists, Mme. Vigée Lebrun and Mary Cassat and Berthe Morisot and Marie Laurencin and Georgia O'Keeffe and Louise Nevelson and Helen Frankenthaler and Dame Barbara Hepworth. But who could resist a bit of badinage with a wife who married at 65 for the first time and told everybody that Norman was worth waiting for, knowing full well nobody in the entire universe would disagree.

Mr. Rockwell, a well-traveled cosmopolite, of course, used travel as a means to expand himself and his art. He told us that he is something of a workaholic. We had heard from others as well that he works Saturdays and Sundays, Easter, Christmas, whenever possible, and, to Molly's chagrin, he's even been caught working on Christmas morning. But he confided to us that occasionally he gets to feeling that he's in a bit of a rut, and he gets so hopelessly behind with all the projects he has promised that he simply closes up shop and goes off on a complete vacation.

My feeling is that one could scarcely do better than go off on a complete vacation to the British Virgin Islands. Aquatic activities are the equal of those anywhere in the world. Crime is low, the pace is slow, and the modus operandi for tourists is toward quality rather than quantity. The place remains bucolically intact.

The drinking water is pure, made from sea water by desalinization in a plant designed by, of all people, the Coca-Cola folk. Seems the world

over, Coke must taste like Coke, so brackish water is purified, else, God forbid, Coke might not taste like Coke.

The people, however, are the principal attraction—warm, friendly and helpful. These willing British colonists smile often, seem genuinely interested in what they are about, maintaining their dignity and sense of purpose while making others feel at home. The United Nations are trying to foist "independence" on the islands but, as one native recently responded to a visiting journalist, "If we were to take this thing called 'independence'—and we don't like it—can we give it to somebody else?" about sums up the average islander's little enthusiasm for independence or major constitutional change. And small wonder, because the British crown provides a feeling of individual security and permanence, which is notably missing in many of the independent mini-countries of the Caribbean. ☼

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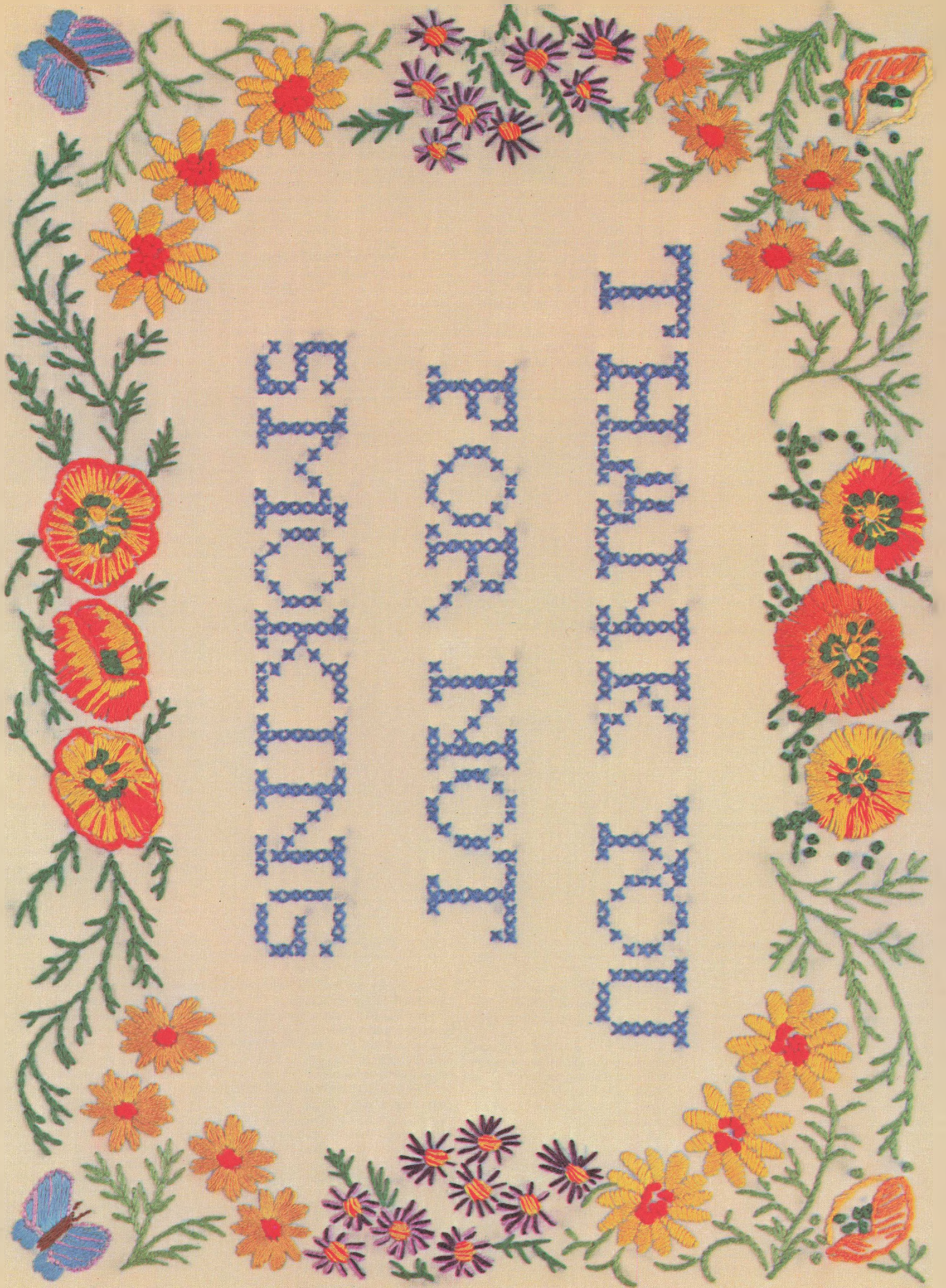
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Blacksmith

continued from page 51

could bore his eyes into you like pop. But the gray eyes bored back, unperturbed, and they sized each other up frankly, each cool and appraising. That appraisal was swift, but it started a pulse beat in my stomach, for McCann was diving in shallow water when he disparaged pop's shop.

"No, Jack; this's not a one-man business. I always carry a helper, but at times I do 'most anything; even brush flies, if need be."

"Do, huh! Well, I ain't no fly brusher, *no* time!" He peered through his cigar smoke at the shoes on the wall. "I've worked shops had more spares in one corner than you got in the whole diggin's."

Came another pause, pop intent on punching nail holes with the pritchel. He had been friendly enough, but McCann's manner and tone flicked out and struck steel to the flint in his makeup. He slobbered his shoe in the slack tub, looking at McCann abstractedly, and he was slower replying, this time. "Yeah, Jack, we do have a small stock, but, as you say, this's a small shop. However, we're busy, as you can see, and this talking ain't nailin' on a shoe. Drop in later in the week and we'll fix things up."

"Frank, why can't we run her off tomorrow? Jack's all set!"

"Maybe Jack is, but this storm isn't. Horseshoein' comes first now. I told you that before, Zeke." Zeke and Jack conferred in whispers.

"Frank, Jack's come on from Pittsburgh, 'specially, but he admits you're justified in delayin'. I'll come in Wednesday, and we'll dicker on the day."

"Righto, Zeke. If my horses're on the street, I'll dicker." They went out, and the day's rush swirled around us again, blotting out, for the time, McCanns and Zekes and bets. But pop was thoughtful.

The winter dusk closed down, and mother called "Supper!" from our window; pop passed the coal scoop over the alley, she put the dishes on the scoop, and he hauled it in, three times, and she didn't have to come out in the storm. Then, briefly, there was quiet, except for sleet beating against the windows, an occasional stamping hoof, and Tom mule wheezing in the corner; he had the heaves, bad. In the gaslight and flickering glow of the forges, shadows scurried up and down the walls, horses' heads silhouetted, grotesquely huge, with ears standing up, and when the hanging burners swayed, the shadows wavered, chased each other, and ran away in the dark corners under the loft stairs and behind Jerry mule, sound asleep beside his heaving mate.

After supper, McCann came back, ensconced himself on the bench, without much to say at first, but a man can be mighty critical and superior in a few words. His outright con-

descension and patronizing tone irritated and rankled. And the confounded, cussed confidence of the man! He did one thing this way, another that way; he had outworked this man, outclassed that one; shown another how to do so and so, till Uncle Sharkey spat out his tobacco cud in disbelief and annoyance.

There was a strange buckskin on the floor, and he drooped on his chain, dozing, resting one hind leg, leaning on his toe. Before picking him up, Jimmy laid a hand on his rump, the buck reared his head and rattled his chain, so that pop looked over.

"Hold on, Jimmy! Don't touch that horse! He's a kicker."

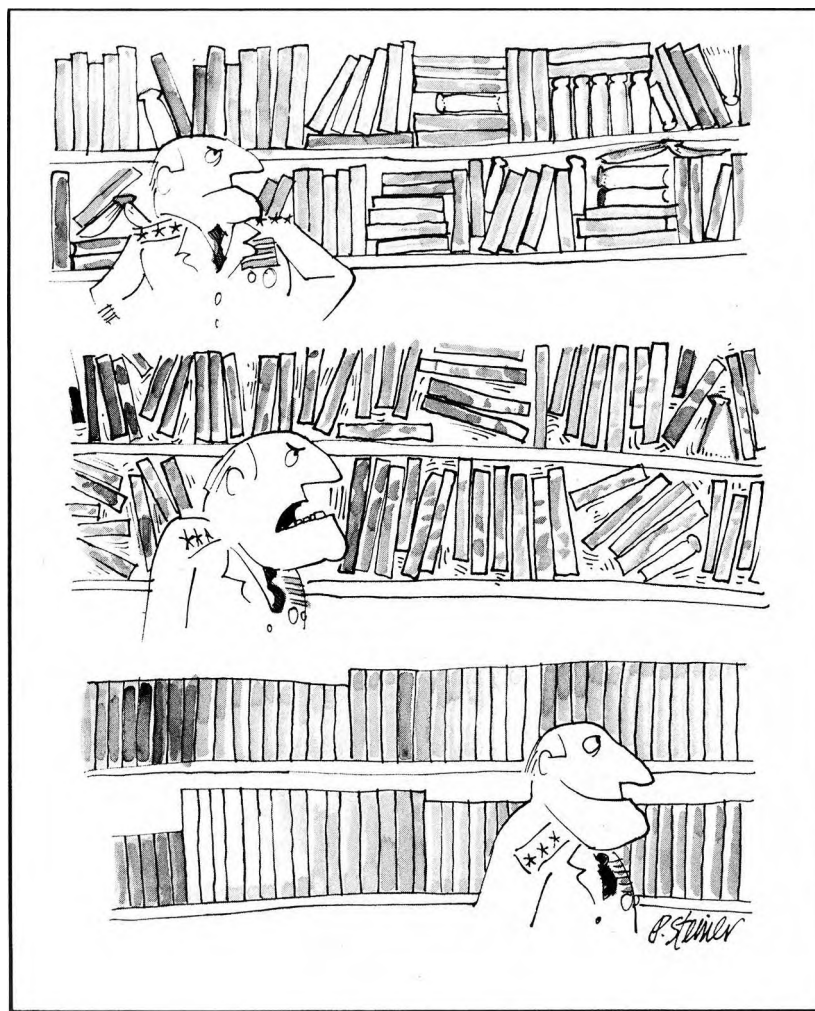
"Oh, I don't know, Frank. Maybe

got a family to support!"

"Ah," McCann insisted, "all this hoss needs is to learn who's boss. Lemme show you!"

"Easy now! All of you! It's my shop, and I won't have any of you hurt, not while I'm here. Jimmy, bring the twitch." The twitch was a wagon spoke, with a rope loop in the end, and Jimmy gathered up the buck's nose, put the loop over it and twisted, tight.

Standing away from him, pop slid a cautious hand down the buck's hip, then his leg, and "Whoa-baby"-ed him, while the buck mouthed at the hurt of the twitch, nervous. When pop lifted on his fetlock, and asked him to "Up, boy!" he kicked twice past the leather apron, so fast we



he's strange. I'll take him gentle."

McCann horned in. "Ah! He's full of spirit, nothin' else. Show him who's boss."

"I know he's a kicker. You see him bow up his tail? When a horse kinks his tail that way he'll kick."

"Kick hell!" says McCann, walking over. "Not if he's handled right. I'll pick him up."

"I'll do the picking up, Jack. Tie him two ways, Jimmy."

Pop talked to him, smoothed his forelock, and rubbed through his mane; worked along his saddle, soothing, low. When he reached his rump, the buck let fly, but pop was in front of that lashing hoof.

"Frank," Jimmy said, "lemme try again. Suppose he hits you. You

could hardly see his hoof whip out and back, but pop was clear.

Pop swore. "Helluva time to have a kicker, and a green one at that; he must be fresh from the West. Take off the twitch, Jim; we can't fool no more. We'll throw him."

McCann peeled off coat and shirt, exposing a hairy barrel chest, and arms corded with muscle. Jimmy whispered, "Look at him strip down at the least chance. 'Tain't even mild in here, either."

"Here you, Jimmy," McCann ordered, "hand me that block and tackle off'n the wall. I'll tumble him quicker'n he can lay back his ears."

"Whoa, Jack," pop said quietly. "I give the orders around here. And we don't just throw a horse. They

threw a stallion in Cincerbeau's and ruptured something in him. he never got up again. We do it different."

Across our shop was a steel I-beam, and hanging from it a heavy, three-sheave chain block. Pop buckled a wide leather bellyband on the buck, hooked onto the chain block, drew his four feet up close with the block and tackle, and McCann, biceps bulging, slacked off on the chain, and down went Mr. Buckskin, slowly.

He squealed and fought, but down he went! They rolled him ignominiously on his back, slid a three-by-four between his legs, and lashed his feet to the timber. At the indignity of it, he flared his nostrils, snorted and whinnied shrilly. Alphonse and Apollo, the brewery's dapple-gray mates, arched their Clydesdale necks, pricked their ears and answered his winny piercingly, as they swung wide on their chains, whipped their tails, and pawed. But pop went ahead calmly, while Uncle Sharkey sat on the buck's head, unperturbed, watching pop. He shod him, cold-rasped the shoes so they shone nickel-bright, and blacked the hoofs besides. "Just to show him we ain't like little fellers that can't do it," he said.

He loosed the ropes, Sharkey got off his head, and the buck came up in a scrambling rush and shook himself violently, but when he was led out, he was as docile as an old nag.

I had forgotten about bedtime, and wondered why mother let me stay. When I went in, she didn't mention McCann, but said she watched from the window, so I knew why she didn't call me, because pop had a green horse. Mother knew the blacksmith business too.

During the night I woke, once or twice, and the anvils were still going. Tuesday breakfast and dinner were served in the shop, for that spell ran 36 hours, without sleep, and when the last one went out, stepping gingerly on his sharp new shoes, the men wearily untied their aprons; pop went directly to bed and slept till Wednesday noon.

That evening, arrangements were made, and I got scarer by the minute, thinking of the hundred. Friday was the day. Four town blacksmiths would judge the shoes, and Tom Jackson was to be final say. He'd be fair to both; everyone knew that. Billy Evans, our grocer, phoned that he'd bet with another grocer from St. Mary's Parish, and said money was down in the shops uptown and across the stone bridge. Terry O'Neill had a side bet, the loser to get in the shafts of a buggy and pull the winner from Five Points to the lower bridge. Bull Davis and Eddy Fisher wagered pop'd outwork McCann or they'd haul the other two up Market Street hill in a two-horse coal wagon. A barrel of flour was stacked against Mick McQuade's white bulldog, and Mick said earnestly to pop, "Frank, the old lady needs that flour, that's cer-

tain, but God knows and you know how I can't never part with Cue Ball. So ladle it out to McCann the way I did to that dogcatcher. Remember?"

At quitting time, Thursday, the worsted-mill super stopped in. He wore a gray derby and always carried a cane to the mill.

"Mr. Farrell, on the way home I usually stop at the Alhambra for a drop of brandy, and there's been considerable talk about you and McCann. His size and reputation seem to have impressed them up there."

"Mr. Patterson," pop said, half sitting on the anvil horn and folding his bare arms, "what they say may be true; I don't say it isn't, never having seen McCann work. But rum isn't sold over an anvil or across a loom, and a piece of cloth or a horseshoe can't be made on a bar. I make my shoes at the anvil."

"Quite true, Mr. Farrell. I've heard a lot of cloth woven over the mahogany, at that, but I prefer what comes off the loom. However, I stopped in to mention that I have fifty on you. If you lose, think no more of it. In any event, McCann will know he's had a day of it, I'm sure." He removed one gray glove and shook pop's black hand, not as though he didn't mind the coal dirt on it, but as though he didn't think of it, one way or another. I thought of a saying of old Jimmy, "Dirty hands, a clean living."

Friday morning, we had just finished building the forge fires when we heard men's voices coming down our street, and Zeke slid back the door. Behind him were McCann and half a dozen others. There weren't any preliminaries. Pop told McCann to look at both forges and take his choice, but McCann waved that aside. "Nothin' doin', Farrell. Use your own forge. I don't want no excuses, after this's over, that you weren't at your own anvil."

"McCann," pop said, in a level way he had at times, "there'll be no excuses after this's over; wouldn't be if I was makin' 'em on the bench. That excuse business goes double; keep that under your carrot top."

McCann winked knowingly at Zeke, hung up his coat, and said his fire looked fine as a woman's on baking day. He unrolled hand hammer and tongs out of his apron, tied it on and flipped the blower handle around, easy, but the fire shot sparks, and he stopped the blower dead, poked, scraped, and laid his hammer on the anvil, ready. The whistles blew seven, each shoved three shoes and a piece of bar steel in the fire, and the blowers took hold. They started slowly, and Jimmy whispered he'd bet pop would let McCann drop the first shoe.

Over the anvil edge, pop belted the shoe ends, they turned up for heels; on the anvil's right side, he straightened them. After heeling the second, the first was hot again, and he welded on a piece of the bar for a toe. He was extra careful about that

toe, and McCann's shoe dropped on the iron plate in front of his anvil, first blood.

There were a dozen men in the shop, and after two or three shoes, everyone eased up. Around nine o'clock, two men came in and asked how it was going. They talked low, as men do in the front room of a wake, before they get out to the kitchen where they can speak up, or the way they do at the polling place, when the count is on.

Pop shot a clinker at them and asked where's the corpse, and McCann drawled, "Right, Farrell; wake 'em up! They stay that way, they'll never get their jaws open to-night when we tap that half, and you 'n' me can't git away with a keg."

Ten o'clock; seemed as though they'd hardly begun, and I wished it was just starting, or had never started; then I wouldn't know McCann was a shoe and a half ahead. At eleven, I wished harder it'd never started, for he was two up. I felt everyone was looking at me, and I stared at the anvil, or into the fire; pretended to be busy getting coal. Especially, though, I didn't look directly at pop. I watched him covertly, and wondered why he wasn't nervous, but I couldn't see he was bothered any. Perhaps he sensed how I felt, for once he looked at me and laughed, and I felt some relieved, but by noon I was worse again, for McCann finished the morning three ahead.

The judges and McCann and Zeke had dinner with us, and mother was pleasant, but not quite herself. I knew she was worried, and didn't like pop betting all that money; she said he earned it too hard on that anvil to chance it. After dinner, I hoped McCann would go up to Lou's and drink a lot of beer, but he didn't. He was in a more pleasant mood than the other night; maybe because he was three ahead, but pop wasn't to be outdone in friendliness in his own house, so, the others listening, he and McCann, clay pipes drawing well, discussed horses and horse-shoers and colts and brood mares and shops and foundered horses and what to do for hoof corns; Philadelphia, Norristown, different ways to stop a horse from cutting, and the track records of Anteo, Highball, Sonoma Girl, Nancy Hanks and Peter the Great. And of all the discussion, they were most perfectly in accord on what an awful scourge to a blacksmith was an ignorant bull-headed ignoramus of a stable boss who thought he knew how a horse should be shod! All this talk, just as though it was any old noon hour! Before one, pop watered the pigeons as usual, they tied on their aprons and blew up the fires.

Two o'clock—McCann still three up. A man came from the *True American* and asked what's what; scribbled something on an envelope and went out. I thought of the morning paper and the kids in school, and what I'd say if pop lost.

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One thing I knew, for certain; if he lost I'd be in plenty of fights tomorrow.

There were so many men in the shop now, I couldn't see between them to the back forge, but I listened with dread for McCann's shoes to drop. Some men offered odds on McCann, but no one took them up, and pop never let on he heard, but looked inquiringly at his judges, who were muttering over the last shoe he'd tossed down, and he asked what's the matter with it.

"Well, that outside heel ain't got just the right cant to it, Frank, if you ask me," Ambsey Shallcross said, and McCann came over, looked, but said nothing.

"Hell's fire, Ambsey," pop said, "these is work shoes, not for a lady's pacer. Whaddaya say, Tom?"

Tom Jackson looked at it, looked pointedly at Ambsey, then stared into his tobacco pouch, his probing finger loosening the fine cut. Never a word did he say, but his silence was eloquent. So was pop's. He simply reached out his tongs for the shoe, laid the disputed heel on the horn, and "Whong!" he hit her, cold. Silently, without looking, he handed it back and turned to his fire. Ambsey glanced briefly at the heel, tossed down the shoe. But McCann hadn't looked at the shoe; he was looking at pop, puzzled, for that shoe was a No. 7, and practically cold. He made no comment, and went to his forge, while pop spun his blower hard, and he changed from then on. Everyone sensed the difference, and the shop was quieter, expectant.

Not long afterward, pop said, "McCann, me bucko, you're along the rail and too far out front to suit me. I'm two-gaited, though, and this trotting ain't enough, I can see that. So I'll switch to a pacin' gait. We're starting even this heat, and I'll beat you on this one."

"Think so, Farrell? Let's see!" McCann challenged, and the anvils rang sharper as both let out a notch, and each was used to a long, driving day.

McCann struck heavier, faster blows, but pop's anvil was talking, too, and his shoe dropped as Jack finished toeing. For a long while afterward there was no more talk between the forges; the anvils were speaking now. By three o'clock, McCann had dropped back to two ahead, and the shop began filling up with men. We heard our phone ringing often, for word was getting to the other shops, and they wanted to know, but mother wouldn't give them any satisfaction one way or the other.

By three-thirty, McCann was cut to under two, and his red-haired, freckled arms swung the four-pound hammer as though it were a toy, and his anvil block quivered. But for all his pounding, pop edged up, and Jimmy talked to me, low.

"See how it is, sonny? Your daddy doesn't seem to strike as hard

as Jack; but he does. Besides, he hits exactly the right place, in exactly the right way, and doesn't have to undo some he's already done. Jack thinks an arm like his can't be beat, but Frank's catching up. And when he does, he'll belt it out with that McCann at McCann's own game. So, by and by, we'll show McCann a little muscle work too."

The afternoon wore on; three-forty-five and four; four-thirty, and close to five, and pop worked to within one shoe of McCann, in spite of all that McCann did, and he did plenty. Then a man came in with two kettles, the workers and judges had a glass, and the others took a seventh-inning stretch. The bench overflowed with men; every keg was a

pop started singing "Molly Brannigan," I knew McCann's dog was as good as dead. Pop's hair glistened with sweat where it showed in front of the derby that rode his head the way a shield fronts the prow of a war galley, and all of him, natural and acquired, was black. Hands, arms, neck and face were blacker than his hair. His dark eyes sparkled in that black mask of a face, and the thought came to me that with all the brutal work of it, this was what he really loved best; best of all: The smell of soft coal, hot-iron scale, his own healthy sweat, and the feel of the ball-peen hammer in his big right fist, whaling away, up and down, up and down, let 'er have it! Above his own blows and those of McCann, his

*you'd aisy roll a turnip in!
It's as large as all Dublin and from
Dublin to the Devil's Glen;
If she wished to take another, sure-
she-might-have-left-mine-
back-again!
And not, and gone, and left me, here
alone, fe-er t'die!*

And both forges driving like fury, for all the song. Pop had a Stillson-wrench grip on his tongs, as though he'd just begun, instead of whaling away at that anvil since seven a-morning, and his arm, from the strong fulcrum of his elbow, rose and fell the same as it did ten hours ago, and like black magic, the iron, the black metal from which comes the name of his trade, shaped itself hurriedly at his will. Striking or not, his hammer never idled. Often, squinting a moment at his shoe, he'd keep his hammer dancing on the face, and he'd break the tempo; clatter the heel and ball. Then, swiftly, "Wallop! Wallop! Wallop—wallop!" he'd strike in miniature thunder, and McCann'd dance a challenging answer from the back forge, as though they were two fiddles, one dropping the melody, the other taking up the tune, and, as old Jimmy said about McCann, the big devil having himself a fine time of it, still confident as all hell.

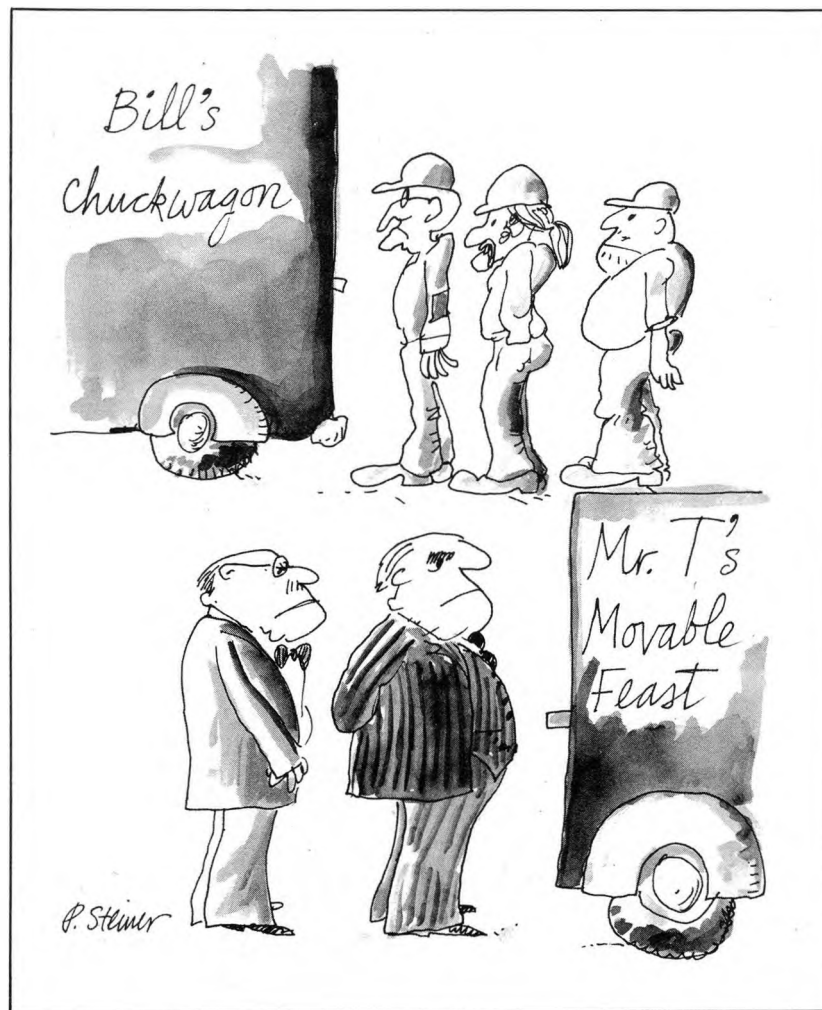
Then pop called to McCann, "Now, Jackie, old boy, old boy; tune up your anvil, for it's a lively piece we'll play this last part of the hour."

"I'm your man, Frank! I ain't never been headed! The back turn of the track's ahead, comin' into the stretch. The bit's in me teeth, I've a belly full of wind, and my stride ain't faltering. Let 'er go!"

McCann went, and the Lord knows his stride *wasn't* faltering; not that any of us could see, it wasn't! He surprised everyone, maybe even pop, for no one believed mortal man could work harder or faster than he had, the last brace of hours. He drove like an iron man; his undershirt was wet across the chest and shoulders, and he scattered the men in front of his anvil, the way he flung hot scale, taking shoes out of the fire.

"Ah! But pop looks good to me, pop looks good to me!" I told myself happily, for with all Jack's lambasting pop was coming on, coming on; part of a heel, then a heel, then part of the other heel, and nobody was sitting now. Men still pounded on the door, and in my pockets, where nobody could see, I clenched and unclenched my fists, and my palms were sticky.

His heats came out of the fire just as fast as McCann's, and he flung his own hot scale in a flashing semi-circle. Glittering sparks flew around his bare arm and beat against his leather apron as his hammer bit into the hot iron with vicious, sullen thumps. His anvil strained against its block clamps, and when he rounded out on the horn, the hollow booming thundered through the shop, up to the peaked roof and down again, as though trying to find a way out. The



seat, and half a dozen squeezed onto the loft stairs. Tom Jackson ordered the hasp put on the door, but men outside rubbed dirt from the windows and peered in; others craned necks through the alley window, trying to see the men at the forges.

I'll never forget that last hour. And never, I imagine, will any of those who watched. McCann peeled down to his red undershirt, pop was still behind that one shoe, and it was hard for me to breathe, because my stomach was in a ball. Both men were lost to everything now but the swing from the forge to the anvil, the heels to be turned and the toes to be welded. Nip and tuck they went, almost heel-and-toe abreast, but when

voice rose in the rapid, sing-song, minstrel beat of the piece:

*Oh! Man dear, did ye niver hear, of
pretty Molly Brannigan?
and troth she's gone and left me
and I'll niver be a man ag'in!
Not a spot on me hide will the
summer sun e'er tan ag'in,
Since Molly's gone and left me, here
alo-one, fer t'die.*

McCann's red mane shook to the beat and nodded to the words, like a Percheron stallion prancing to music, and before pop could start another verse, McCann's baritone took it up, in a ringing, bellowing challenge, wild as the wild Irish moors around Inishcarra, where he said he was foaled.

The place where me heart was,

cadence changed to the sharp, clear ring of the face; then back to the melodious horn, like a big bell tolling, but fast and insistent.

That last quarter hour was something grand to see, and remember! Two black maniacs in a welter of muscle and sweat and skill. McCann, for a brief part of that last quarter, hung tenaciously to the pace, the way a burr clings to a filly's tail, sweating out the best that was in him, but in that final, inhuman drive, pop inched up, up, irresistibly, with a surge of power and speed that McCann couldn't stem, and when the whistles blew six, he was ahead two heels and almost a toe; almost a whole shoe, and bedlam broke loose, drowning out the whistles. Men pounded one another on their backs, shook hands, and let out whoops could be heard over at Thropp's pattern shop. McCann loosed a yell that cut through the others like a power saw whining through oak, and I heard the pigeons flying around upstairs, excited at the commotion.

McCann threw his hammer on the floor, strode over, and with both hands shook pop's right, and said he'd never swung against a better man, or one as good. The outcome had changed him; the cocksurenness had come out with the sweat, and a better man stood forth. "Now, Frankie, me boy," he said, "do you please be sending old Jimmy up to Lou's and nail a handle on that keg, just for me. A dram less wouldn't quench the thirst that's on me."

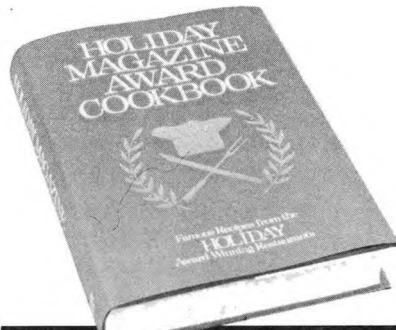
Through the alley window I saw mother looking out between the curtains, resting her hands on the sill. She wore a dark dress with a white collar, and white lace down the front, and she waved to me, and smiled.

All the men went up the street to Lou's. I watched them go, and I can see them yet; pop and McCann striding in front, where they belonged, shoulder to shoulder, black derby and flaming hair, both in their prime, young and strong. Two good men! Two damn good men, I know now, looking back at it. Two of a kind that you don't see anymore; men don't have to be that good anymore. Machines do now what their strong right arms and big fists did. Right arms that can ease down now, and rest; big fists that can relax, and perhaps, on many a night, clench again, in sleep, the hickory handle of a ball-peen hammer. ☺

Where Do You Think You Are?
from page 80

- | | |
|----------------|-----------------|
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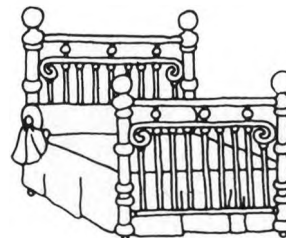
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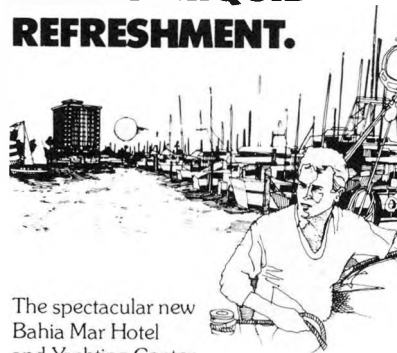
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Death in the Air

continued from page 66

He was pleased to be sitting opposite Jane. He was more than pleased, he was delighted.

Jane thought to herself, with a touch of misgiving:

"He's French, though. You've got to look out with the French; they always say so."

"You're still in England, then," said Jane, and silently cursed herself for the extreme inanity of her remark.

"Yes. My father has been to Edinburgh to give a lecture there, and we have stayed with friends also. But now—tomorrow—we return to France."

"I see."

"The police, they have not made an arrest yet?" said Jean Dupont.

"No. There's not even been anything about it in the papers lately. Perhaps they've given it up."

Jean Dupont shook his head.

"No, no, they will not have given it up. They work silently"—he made an expressive gesture—"in the dark."

"Don't," said Jane uneasily. "You give me the creeps."

"Yes, it is not a very nice feeling—to have been so close when a murder was committed." He added: "And I was closer than you were. I was very close indeed. Sometimes I do not like to think of that."

"Who do you think did it?" asked Jane. "I've wondered and wondered."

Jean Dupont shrugged his shoulders.

"It was not I. She was far too ugly!"

"Well," said Jane, "I suppose you would rather kill an ugly woman than a good-looking one?"

"Not at all. If a woman is good-looking you are fond of her; she treats you badly; she makes you jealous, mad with jealousy. 'Good,' you say, 'I will kill her. It will be a satisfaction.'"

"And is it a satisfaction?"

"That, mademoiselle, I do not know. Because I have not yet tried." He laughed, then shook his head. "But an ugly old woman like Gisselle—who would want to bother to kill her?"

"Well, that's one way of looking at it," said Jane. She frowned. "It seems rather terrible, somehow, to think that perhaps she was young and pretty once."

"I know, I know." He became suddenly grave. "It is the great tragedy of life—that women grow old."

"You seem to think quite a lot about women and their looks," said Jane.

"Naturally. It is the most interesting subject possible. That seems strange to you because you are English. An Englishman thinks first of his work—his job, he calls it—and then of his sport, and last—a good way last—of his wife. Yes, yes, it is really so. Why, imagine, in a little hotel in Syria was an Englishman

whose wife had been taken ill. He himself had to be somewhere in Iraq by a certain date. *Eh bien*, would you believe it, he left his wife and went on so as to be on duty in time? And both he and his wife thought that quite natural; they thought him noble, unselfish. But the doctor, who was not English, thought him a barbarian. A wife, a human being—that should come first. To do one's job—that is something much less important."

"I don't know," said Jane. "One's work has to come first, I suppose."

"But why? You see, you, too, have the same point of view. By doing one's work one obtains money; by indulging and looking after a woman one spends it; so the last is

and charming women, all so different from one another."

"What did you think of us all?" asked Jane, amused.

"That Lady Horbury—bah, I know her type well. It is very exotic, very, very expensive—you see it sitting round the baccarat table—the soft face, the hard expression—and you know—you know so well what it will be like in, say, fifteen years. She lives for sensation, that one. For high play, perhaps for drugs. *Au fond*, she is uninteresting!"

"And Miss Kerr?"

"Ah, she is very, very English. She is the kind that any shopkeeper on the Riviera will give credit to—they are very discerning, our shopkeepers. Her clothes are very well cut, but

Jane said: "You're an archaeologist, aren't you? You dig up things."

And she listened with keen attention while Jean Dupont talked of his work.

Jane gave a little sigh at last.

"You've been in so many countries. You've seen so much. It all sounds so fascinating. And I shall never go anywhere or see anything."

"You would like that? To go abroad? To see wild parts of the earth? You would not be able to get your hair waved, remember."

"It waves by itself," said Jane, laughing.

She looked up at the clock and hastily summoned the waitress for her bill.

Jean Dupont said with a little embarrassment:

"Mademoiselle, I wonder if you would permit—as I have told you, I return to France tomorrow—if you would dine with me tonight."

"I'm so sorry. I can't. I'm dining with someone."

"Ah! I am sorry—very sorry. You will come again to Paris, soon?"

"I don't expect so."

"And me, I do not know when I shall be in London again! It is sad!"

He stood a moment, holding Jane's hand in his.

"I shall hope to see you again, very much," he said, and sounded as though he meant it.

XIV

At about the time that Jane was leaving Antoine's, Norman Gale was saying in a hearty professional tone:

"Just a little tender, I'm afraid. Tell me if I hurt you."

His expert hand guided the electric drill.

"There. That's all over. . . . Miss Ross."

Miss Ross was immediately at his elbow, stirring a minute white concoction on a slab.

Norman Gale completed his filling and said:

"Let me see, it's next Tuesday you're coming for those others?"

His patient, rinsing her mouth ardently, burst into a fluent explanation: She was going away—so sorry—would have to cancel the next appointment. Yes, she would let him know when she got back.

And she escaped hurriedly from the room.

"Well," said Gale, "that's all for today."

Miss Ross said: "Lady Higginson rang up to say she must give up her appointment next week. She wouldn't make another. Oh, and Colonel Blunt can't come on Thursday."

Norman Gale nodded. His face hardened.

Every day was the same. People ringing up. Canceled appointments. All varieties of excuses—going away, going abroad, got a cold, may not be here.

It didn't matter what reason they gave. The real reason Norman had just seen quite unmistakably in his



"Let's face it, Edgar, our friendship is out of the reach of most individuals."

much more noble and ideal than the first."

Jane laughed.

"Oh, well," she said, "I think I'd rather be regarded as a mere luxury and self-indulgence than be regarded sternly as a first duty. I'd rather a man felt that he was enjoying himself looking after me than that he should feel I was a duty to be attended to."

"No one, mademoiselle, would be likely to feel that with you."

Jane blushed slightly at the earnestness of the young man's tone. He went on talking quickly:

"I have only been in England once before. It was very interesting to me the other day at the—inquest, you call it?—to study three young

rather like a man's. She walks about as though she owns the earth; she is not conceited about it; she is just an Englishwoman. She knows which department of England different people come from. It is true; I have heard ones like her in Egypt. 'What? The Etceteras are here? The Yorkshire Etceteras? Oh, the Shropshire Etceteras.'"

His mimicry was good.

Jane laughed at the drawing, well-bred tones.

"And then, me," she said.

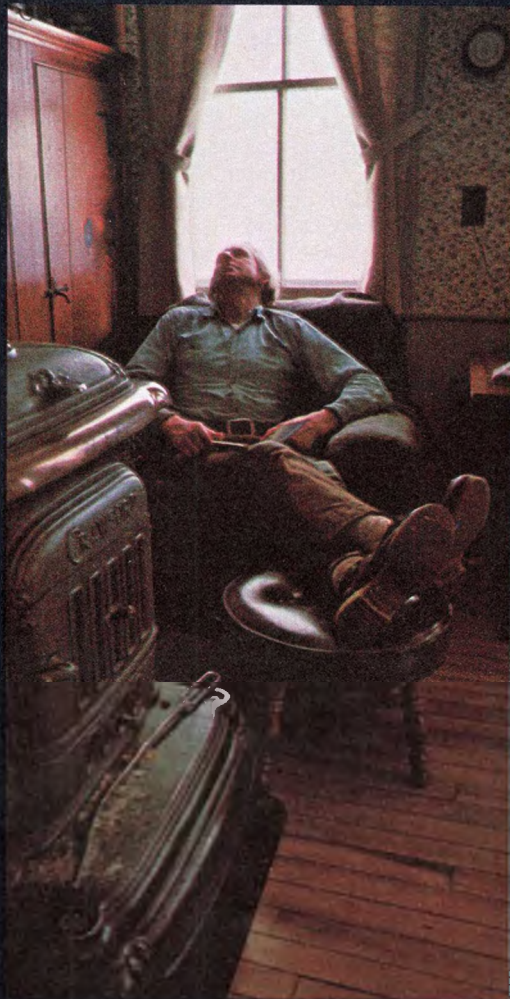
"And then you. And I say to myself, 'How nice, how very nice it would be if I were to see her again one day.' And here I am sitting opposite you. The gods arrange things very well sometimes."

A Few Words About The Country Gentleman

The *Country Gentleman* is the magazine for people who live on a farm or would like to. If you like country ways, stalking fields just as the sun comes up like an overripe orange, or waiting in a duck blind for the distant flapping of leathern wings, or planting a seed no bigger than a gnat and watching it turn into a radish or a marigold, *Country Gent* is your kind of friend.

The *Country Gentleman* is America's oldest agricultural magazine—founded in 1853—and more than any other publication in these United States, it catches the long view of country living.

The *Gent's* pages side with the land, try to uphold its rights as a living, breathing entity which must survive us. The meadows, the rivers, the pastures, the mountains hold us only for a little while and it is up to us to leave them green and free and alive.



When day is done.



From sun to sun.

The *Gent* is practical, too. You'll learn to make your place productive, to keep a goat, to manage a horse in the suburbs, to fish in the ice and to survive in the snow and to cut your fuel bills and to make yourself and your family more comfortable all year long.

There's help on repairs, too. Stopping leaky basements, building mulch piles, tending bees, grafting camellias, landscaping your yard to look bigger or making a large place more intimate, and finally putting your feet up by an old fashioned, wood-burning stove.

You'll meet your kind of people in the *Gent*. John Connally will show you around his Texas ranch. Robert Redford talks about his fight to save the West. Then there's Prince Philip on conservation, Marlin Perkins on getting around the world of wildlife.

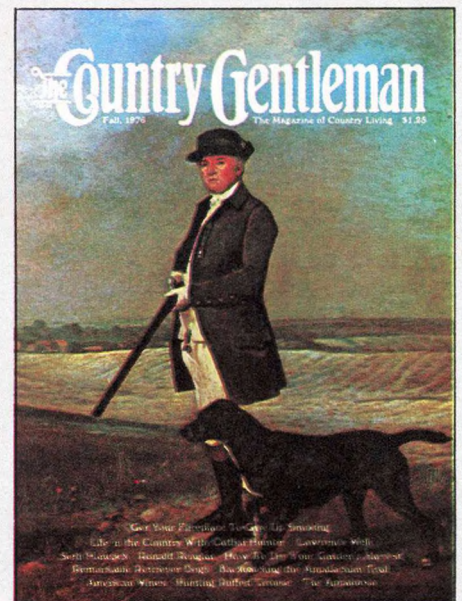
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last patient's eye as he reached for the drill. A look of sudden panic.

He could have written down the woman's thoughts on paper:

"Oh, dear. Of course, he was in that aeroplane when that woman was murdered. . . . I wonder. . . . You do hear of people going off their heads and doing the most senseless crimes. It really isn't safe. The man might be a homicidal lunatic. They look the same as other people, I've always heard. I believe I always felt there was rather a peculiar look in his eye."

"Well," said Gale, "it looks like being a quiet week next week, Miss Ross."

"Yes, a lot of people have dropped out. Oh, well, you can do with a rest. You worked so hard earlier in the summer."

"It doesn't look as though I were going to have a chance of working very hard in the autumn, does it?"

Miss Ross did not reply. She was saved from having to do so by the telephone ringing. She went out of the room to answer it.

Norman dropped some instruments into the sterilizer, thinking hard:

"Let's see how we stand. No beating about the bush. This business has about done for me professionally. Funny. It's done well for Jane. People come on purpose to gape at her. Come to think of it, that's what's wrong here. They have to gape at me, and they don't like it! Nasty, helpless feeling you have in a dentist's chair. If the dentist were to run amuck—

"What a strange business murder is! You'd think it was a perfectly straightforward issue, and it isn't. It affects all sorts of queer things you'd never think of. . . . Come back to facts. As a dentist, I seem to be about done for. . . . What would happen, I wonder, if they arrested the Horbury woman? Would my patients come trooping back? Hard to say. Once the rot's set in. . . . Oh, well, what does it matter? I don't care. Yes, I do, because of Jane. . . . Jane's adorable. I want her. And I can't have her yet. . . . A damnable nuisance."

He smiled.

"I feel it's going to be all right. She cares. She'll wait. . . . Damn it, I shall go to Canada—yes, that's it—and make money there."

He laughed to himself.

It was that same evening that he dined with Jane.

Half unconsciously he pretended to be in very high spirits, but Jane was too astute to be deceived. She noted his sudden moments of absentmindedness, the little frown that showed between his brows, the sudden strained line of his mouth.

She said at last:

"Norman, are things going badly?"

He shot a quick glance at her, then looked away.

"Well, not too frightfully well. It's a bad time of year."

"Don't be idiotic," said Jane

rapidly and sharply.

"Jane!"

"I mean it. Don't you think I can see that you're worried to death?"

"I'm not worried to death. I'm just annoyed."

"You mean people are fighting shy—"

"Of having their teeth attended to by a possible murderer. Yes."

"How cruelly unfair!"

"It is, rather. Because, frankly, Jane, I'm a jolly good dentist. And I'm not a murderer."

"It's wicked. Somebody ought to do something."

"I'd like to do something," he said. "If I was a young man in a book, I'd find a clue or I'd shadow somebody."



"I'll be out shortly; I have to wake your father."

Jane tugged suddenly at his sleeve.

"Look, there's Mr. Clancy—you know, the author. Sitting over there by the wall by himself. We might shadow him."

"But we were going to the flicks?"

"Never mind the flicks. I feel somehow this might be meant. You said you wanted to shadow somebody, and here's somebody to shadow. You never know. We might find out something."

Jane's enthusiasm was infectious. Norman fell in with the plan readily enough.

"As you say, one never knows," he said. "Whereabouts has he got to in his dinner? I can't see properly

without turning my head, and I don't want to stare."

"He's about level with us," said Jane. "We'd better hurry a bit and get ahead, and then we can pay the bill and be ready to leave when he does."

They adopted this plan. When at last little Mr. Clancy rose and passed out into Dean Street, Norman and Jane were fairly close at his heels.

"In case he takes a taxi," Jane explained.

But Mr. Clancy did not take a taxi. Carrying an overcoat over one arm, and occasionally allowing it to trail on the ground, he ambled gently through the London streets. His progress was somewhat erratic. Sometimes he moved forward at a

level of the first floor that was riveting Mr. Clancy's attention.

He said aloud:

"Perfect. The very thing. What a piece of luck!"

He took out a little book and wrote something down very carefully. Then he started off again at a brisk pace, humming a little tune.

He was now heading definitely for Bloomsbury. Sometimes, when he turned his head, the two behind could see his lips moving.

"There is something up," said Jane. "He's in great distress of mind. He's talking to himself and he doesn't know it."

As he waited to cross by some traffic lights, Norman and Jane drew abreast.

It was quite true; Mr. Clancy was talking to himself. His face looked white and strained.

Norman and Jane caught a few muttered words:

"Why doesn't she speak? Why? There must be a reason."

The lights went green. As they reached the opposite pavement, Mr. Clancy said:

"I see now. Of course. That's why she's got to be silenced!"

Jane pinched Norman Gale ferociously.

Mr. Clancy set off at a great pace now. The overcoat dragged hopelessly. With great strides the little author covered the ground, apparently oblivious of the two people who were on his tracks.

Finally, with disconcerting abruptness, he stopped at a house, opened the door with a key and went in.

Norman and Jane looked at each other.

"It's his own house," said Norman. "Cardington Square. That's the address he gave at the inquest."

"Oh, well," said Jane. "Perhaps he'll come out again by and by. And anyway, we have heard something. Somebody—a woman—is going to be silenced. And some other woman won't speak. Oh, dear, it sounds dreadfully like a detective story."

A voice came out of the darkness.

"Good evening," it said.

The owner of the voice stepped forward. A pair of magnificent mustaches showed in the lamplight.

"Eh bien," said Hercule Poirot. "A fine evening for the chase, is it not?"

XV

Of the two startled young people, it was Norman Gale who recovered himself first.

"Of course," he said. "It's Monsieur—Monsieur Poirot. Are you still trying to clear your character, M. Poirot?"

"Ah, you remember our little conversation? And it is the poor Mr. Clancy you suspect?"

"So do you," said Jane acutely, "or you wouldn't be here."

He looked at her thoughtfully for a moment.

"Have you ever thought about

murder, mademoiselle? Thought about it, I mean, in the abstract—cold-bloodedly and dispassionately?”

“I don’t think I’ve ever thought about it at all until just lately,” said Jane.

Hercule Poirot nodded.

“Yes, you think about it now because a murder has touched you personally. But me, I have dealt with crime for many years now. I have my own way of regarding things. What should you say the most important thing was to bear in mind when you are trying to solve a murder?”

“Finding the murderer,” said Jane Grey.

Norman Gale said: “Justice.”

Poirot shook his head.

“There are more important things than finding the murderer. And justice is a fine word, but it is sometimes difficult to say exactly what one means by it. In my opinion, the important thing is to clear the innocent.”

“Oh, naturally,” said Jane. “That goes without saying. If anyone is falsely accused—”

“Not even that. There may be no accusation. But until one person is proved guilty beyond any possible doubt, everyone else who is associated with the crime is liable to suffer in varying degrees.”

Norman Gale said with emphasis: “How true that is!”

Jane said:

“Don’t we know it!”

Poirot looked from one to the other.

“I see. Already you have been finding that out for yourselves.”

He became suddenly brisk:

“Come now, I have affairs to see to. Since our aims are the same, we three, let us combine together. I am about to call upon our ingenious friend, Mr. Clancy. I would suggest that mademoiselle accompanies me in the guise of my secretary. Here, mademoiselle, is a notebook and a pencil for the shorthand.”

“I can’t write shorthand,” gasped Jane.

“But naturally not. But you have the quick wits, the intelligence. You can make plausible signs in pencil in the book, can you not? Good. As for Mr. Gale, I suggest that he meets us in, say, an hour’s time. Shall we say upstairs at Monseigneur’s? *Bon!* We will compare notes then.”

And forthwith he advanced to the bell and pressed it.

Slightly dazed, Jane followed him, clutching the notebook.

Gale opened his mouth as though to protest, then seemed to think better of it.

“Right,” he said. “In an hour. At Monseigneur’s.”

The door was opened by a rather forbidding-looking elderly woman attired in severe black.

Poirot said, “Mr. Clancy?”

She drew back and Poirot and Jane entered.

“What name, sir?”

“Mr. Hercule Poirot.”

The severe woman led them upstairs and into a room on the first floor.

“Mr. Air Kule Prott,” she announced.

Poirot realized at once the force of Mr. Clancy’s announcement at Croydon to the effect that he was not a tidy man. The room, a long one with three windows along its length and shelves and bookcases on the other walls, was in a state of chaos. There were papers strewn about, cardboard files, bananas, bottles of beer, open books, sofa cushions, a trombone, miscellaneous china, etchings, and a bewildering assortment of fountain pens.

In the middle of this confusion, Mr. Clancy was struggling with a camera and a roll of films.

“Dear me,” said Mr. Clancy, looking up as the visitors were announced. He put the camera down and the roll of films promptly fell on the

floor and unwound itself. He came forward with outstretched hand. “Very glad to see you, I’m sure.”

“You remember me, I hope,” said Poirot. “This is my secretary, Miss Grey.”

“How d’you do, Miss Grey.” He shook her by the hand and then turned back to Poirot. “Yes, of course I remember you—at least—now, where was it exactly? Was it at the Skull and Crossbones Club?”

“We were fellow passengers on an aeroplane from Paris on a certain fatal occasion.”

“Why, of course,” said Mr. Clancy. “And Miss Grey too! Only I hadn’t realized she was your secretary. In fact, I had some idea that she was in a beauty parlor—something of that kind.”

Jane looked anxiously at Hercule Poirot.

The latter was quite equal to the situation.

“Perfectly correct,” he said. “As an efficient secretary, Miss Grey has at times to undertake certain work of a temporary nature; you understand?”

“Of course,” said Mr. Clancy. “I was forgetting. You’re a detective—the real thing. Not Scotland Yard. Private investigation. . . . Do sit down, Miss Grey. . . . No, not there; I think there’s orange juice on that chair. . . . If I shift this file. . . . Oh, dear, now everything’s tumbled out. Never mind. . . . You sit here, M. Poirot. . . . That’s right, isn’t it? Poirot? . . . The back’s not really broken. It only creaks a little as you lean against it. Well, perhaps it’s best not to lean too hard. . . . Yes, a private investigator like my Wilbraham Rice. The public have taken very strongly to Wilbraham Rice. He bites his nails and eats a lot of bananas. I don’t know why I made him bite his nails, to start with; it’s really rather disgusting, but there it is. He started by biting his nails and now he has to do it in every single book. So monotonous. The bananas aren’t so bad; you get a bit of fun out of them—criminals slipping on the skin. I eat bananas myself—that’s what put it into my head. But I don’t bite my nails. . . . Have some beer?”

“I thank you, no.”

Mr. Clancy sighed, sat down himself, and gazed earnestly at Poirot.

“I can guess what you’ve come about. The murder of Giselle. I’ve thought and thought about that case. You can say what you like; it’s amazing—poisoned darts and a blow-pipe in an aeroplane. An idea I have used myself, as I told you, both in book and short-story form. Of course it was a very shocking occurrence, but I must confess, M. Poirot, that I was thrilled—positively thrilled.”

“I can quite see,” said Poirot, “that the crime must have appealed to you professionally, Mr. Clancy.”

Mr. Clancy rocked gently back in his chair.

“You know,” he said, “I begin to think this murder is going to be a really fortunate thing for me. I’m writing the whole thing exactly as it happened—only as fiction, of course, and I shall call it *The Air Mail Mystery*. Perfect pen portraits of all the passengers. It ought to sell like wildfire, if only I can get it out in time.”

“Won’t you be had up for libel, or something?” asked Jane.

Mr. Clancy turned a beaming face upon her.

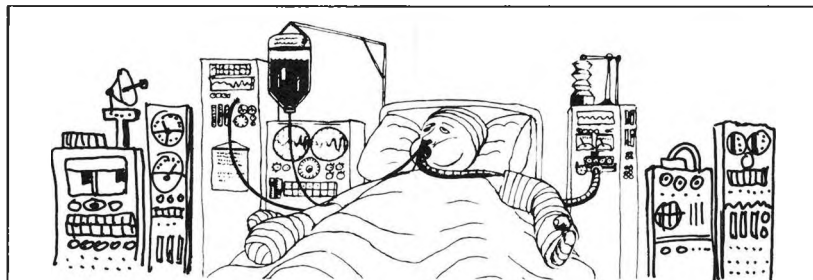
“No, no, my dear lady. Of course, if I were to make one of the passengers the murderer—well, then I might be liable for damages. But that is the strong part of it all—an entirely unexpected solution is revealed in the last chapter.”

Poirot leaned forward eagerly.

“And that solution is?”

Again Mr. Clancy chuckled.

“Ingenious,” he said. “Ingenious and sensational. Disguised as the pilot, a girl gets into the plane at Le Bourget and successfully stows her-



You be the Judge

By J. K. Newton

Sally Haney was bleeding badly when she was pulled from her smashed automobile. As the ambulance sped to the hospital, the attending medic gave her a blood transfusion; and, once in the hospital, she received several more to help replace the blood she had lost in the accident. Fortunately, Sally recovered rapidly from her injuries.

Several months later, however, she was back in the hospital to begin treatment for what her doctor diagnosed as serum hepatitis. When Sally discovered that this condition can be transmitted by infected blood, she sued the hospital for damages caused by the impure blood.

At trial, Sally claimed “the blood given to me in the hospital was contaminated and because of that, I contracted hepatitis. I’ve been laid off work and have had to hire special nursing care because of my getting sick.”

Hospital attorneys admitted that, in most circumstances, the hospital would be held liable for administering impure substances. “There is, however, an exception to this rule of liability,” they explained. “It deals with products which, at the time of their use, are incapable of being made completely safe for their ordinary and intended use.” This exception clearly applies in the present case, they argued.

If you were the judge, would you release the hospital from liability on the basis of this technicality?

The hospital was released from liability. The court said that the evidence had shown that there was a small risk that transfused blood can cause hepatitis. Unfortunately, at the time of the transfusion, no tests could have adequately detected the hepatitis virus in the blood and further, no process could have destroyed it without damaging the blood. The court noted that the blood, therefore, was a product which was quite incapable of being made safe for its intended and ordinary use—an exception to the liability rule.

(Based on a 1974 New Mexico Court of Appeals case)

MEDICAL MAILBOX

By Cory SerVaas, M.D.

"Common sense is not so common" Dictionnaire Philosophique, Voltaire

We heard a grateful mother recently telling how she had saved her little girl's life just one day after she had read about the Heimlich maneuver. Her daughter was eating a hot dog when suddenly she gagged and started turning purple. The mother stepped quickly behind her, claspng her arms around her abdomen, and pulled up sharply against the child's diaphragm. The hot dog dislodged and "shot across the room like a bullet," she said.

Dr. Henry Heimlich developed and began publicizing his life-saving maneuver in June 1974, but unfortunately the vast ma-

Clip and post in your first aid cabinet.

majority of people still don't know what to do when choking occurs. If you don't believe it, ask the next 10 people you meet. I just did a poll of 20 acquaintances met at random.

"Pretend I'm choking to death on a piece of food," I said. "I'm turning blue. Obviously I can't tell you what to do because my windpipe is obstructed. You have four minutes before I'll be dead. What are you going to do?"

I urge you to try this on your friends or the next time you make a talk before a group; get a show of hands. You'll be surprised at the answers.

"I'd hit you on the back and try to get the food out with my

The Heimlich Maneuver

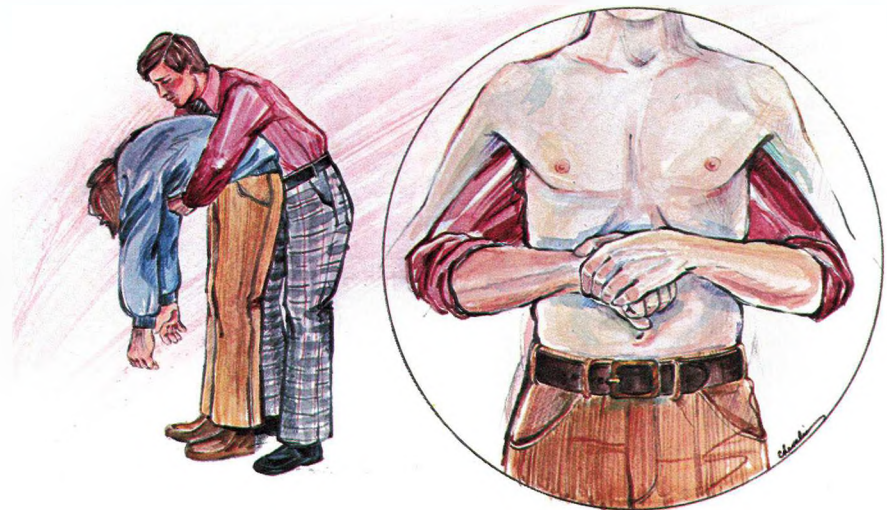
A victim with food obstructing his airway will die in 4 minutes unless the food is removed.



IF YOU ARE CHOKING WHILE ALONE

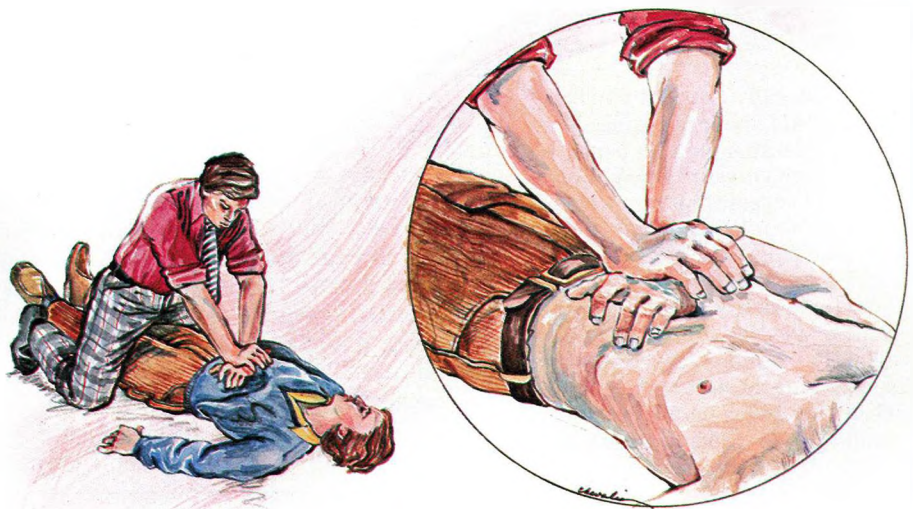
You can perform the Heimlich maneuver on yourself. Place your fist thumb side against your abdomen, above navel and below rib cage. Grasp your fist with other hand and press into abdomen with a *quick upward thrust*. OR, lean over and force the abdomen against the back of a chair, a sink, a stair or porch railing. Repeat several times if necessary.

The Heimlich maneuver exerts pressure that forces the diaphragm upward, compresses the air in the lungs, and expels the food blocking the passage.



IF THE VICTIM IS STANDING OR SITTING

Stand behind the victim and wrap your arms around his waist. Place your fist thumb side against the victim's abdomen, slightly above the navel and below the rib cage. Grasp your fist with your other hand and press into the victim's abdomen with a *quick upward thrust*. Repeat several times if necessary. When the victim is sitting, stand behind the victim's chair and perform the maneuver in the same manner.



IF THE VICTIM IS LYING DOWN

Turn victim onto his back. Facing victim, kneel astride his hips. With one of your hands on top of the other, place the heel of your bottom hand on the abdomen slightly above the navel and below the rib cage. Press into the victim's abdomen with a *quick upward thrust*. Repeat several times if necessary.

fingers," replied my first rescuer. (That's obsolete now, and the wrong thing to do, according to Dr. Heimlich.)

Another said, "You check the heartbeat!" (A waste of precious time—the heart is *not* the problem!)

At last I found a young athlete, Phi Beta Kappa, who holds two graduate degrees and a number of athletic letters. After casting around with answers like the above and wasting three of his four precious minutes, there was a glimmer, "Ah! I remember, it's the 'Heidelberg Syndrome!' You pick them up from behind," he beamed, "and press on the chest." (Alas, he had confused it with cardio-pulmonary resuscitation.)

I became so alarmed by the lack of penetration that the Heimlich maneuver has had in our environs that I called Dr. Henry Heimlich to find out what we could do to help.

"Tell your readers that many choking victims have generated the internal pressure to save themselves by forcing their abdomen against the back of a chair, a sink or a porch railing," advised Dr. Heimlich. He estimates that in excess of 4,000 individuals a year die from "inhalation of food." One must suspect choking as more likely than a heart attack when someone collapses while eating. All too often, persons in restaurants are thought to have had a heart attack only to be found at autopsy with a large ball of steak wedged against the epiglottis. This mistaken diagnosis has become so common that the medical profession refers to these chokings as "cafe coronaries."

Dr. Heimlich, who now works at Xavier University in Cincinnati, tells touching stories from letters he has received. An attorney and his wife in Sioux City, Iowa, were celebrating their 40th wedding anniversary with family and friends. He and his wife were at opposite ends of a large dining table when he heard screams that his wife was turning blue and couldn't breathe. "I am *blind*," he wrote, "but quicker than a man who can *see* I ran around the table and did the Heimlich maneuver. A piece of roast beef popped out of her mouth. My wife, our six children, and eleven grandchildren thank you for saving her life." He had "read" about the maneuver in a talking book and has since become a close friend of Dr. Heimlich.

In Port Chester, New York, a woman was working in her kitchen with three young children playing near her. She choked on a chunk of food, and as she was falling unconscious, she could only think how terrible it was for her children to watch her die. Just then her 13-year-old son came up from the basement, took one look and performed the maneuver to save her life. He had learned it in school.

Most people, after the maneuver, simply sit down and resume eating, says Dr. Heimlich, though to be certain there is no injury it might be well to see a physician. If done properly, there should be no injury. Press into the abdomen, using only the hands, not the arms. Don't crush the ribs. But, of course, even a fractured rib will heal; the important thing is the immediate removal of the obstruction.

Dr. Heimlich, a chest surgeon, observed at the operating table that when pressure is applied by the surgeon's fist upward into the abdomen below the rib cage, the diaphragm can be seen to rise several centimeters into the chest.

Abrupt elevation of the diaphragm compresses the lungs within the confines of the rib cage, increasing the air pressure within the tracheobronchial tree. This pressure is forced out through the trachea and will eject food or other objects occluding the airway.

The action can be simulated by inserting a cork in the mouth of a plastic bottle, then squeezing the bottle suddenly. Increased pressure in the bottle forces the cork out with the "pop" of champagne being unbottled. Think of the lungs as two large inflated balloons on which you're putting pressure.

Many letters from rescuers describe the tremendous force with which the compacted food explodes from the mouth of the victim after the Heimlich "hug." "It popped from the mouth," "It flew across the garden." In a case of drowning, "water gushed from the mouth," after which the victim resumed breathing.

First aid organizations formerly taught backslapping and finger-in-the-mouth techniques but there had been no scientific research to find out how well these techniques were working. Studies have now revealed that the techniques didn't work and many victims would go right on to die of choking. Backslapping can cause the object to go deeper into the airway. Sadly, medical journals report that parents have been known to put their fingers in the throats of children while they were still coughing and the airway was only partially occluded. In an attempt to remove the object the fingers pushed the object farther into the airway, cutting off the breath completely and assuring death.

There are records of approximately 2,000 lives which have been saved since the Heimlich maneuver was first published in

medical journals in 1974. Researchers have analyzed 851 of these cases, and of these, 121 were slapped on the back unsuccessfully before the Heimlich maneuver was tried. Of great importance is that many of these persons became unconscious during the backslapping and therefore were seconds from death. There are reports of deaths occurring during backslapping and one of the worst of those was a 17-year-old emergency medical technician who backslapped and put his fingers in the mouth of his 15-year-old brother before he choked to death.

Interestingly enough, the Heimlich maneuver

has proved successful for drowning victims as well (you can't get the air in until you get the water out). This is not without precedent. As early as the 17th century in Germany, people were taught to lay drowning victims face down over a horse and trot the horse. This was really a Heimlich maneuver.

Now that you're medically informed, *you* will always be able to recognize a choking emergency immediately. The victim, often middle-aged or elderly, often wearing dentures and perhaps having had a few drinks, has attempted to swallow food. He is aphonic—that is, he cannot talk, groan, cough or breathe. All that is necessary for you to recognize this emergency is to look at the victim's dinner plate and to ask, "Can you talk?" If the victim is unable to respond, and has taken a bite of food off his plate, you can be fairly certain there is food lodged in his throat, and equally sure that he will die in a matter of minutes unless the air passage is opened immediately. By the time the victim's companions become alarmed (and he may pitch forward onto the table, or he may walk a few steps and then collapse), he is already near death. Calling and waiting for an ambulance is no help. Mouth-to-mouth resuscitation is futile. But *you* know exactly what to do.

WHILE YOU'RE THINKING ABOUT IT, PLEASE GO TEACH SOMEONE WHO DOESN'T KNOW.

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self away under Madame Giselle's seat. She has with her an ampul of the newest gas. She releases this, everybody becomes unconscious for three minutes, she squirms out, fires the poisoned dart, and makes a parachute descent from the rear door of the car."

Both Jane and Poirot blinked.

Jane said: "Why doesn't she become unconscious from the gas too?"

"Respirator," said Mr. Clancy.

"And she descends into the Channel?"

"It needn't be the Channel. I shall make it the French coast."

"And, anyway, nobody could hide under a seat; there wouldn't be room."

"There will be room in my aeroplane," said Mr. Clancy firmly.

"Epatant," said Poirot. "And the motive of the lady?"

"I haven't quite decided," said Mr. Clancy meditatively. "Probably Giselle ruined the girl's lover, who killed himself."

"And how did she get hold of the poison?"

"That's the really clever part," said Mr. Clancy. "The girl's a snake charmer. She extracts the stuff from her favorite python."

"Mon Dieu!" said Hercule Poirot.

He said:

"You don't think, perhaps, it is just a little sensational?"

"You can't write anything too sensational," said Mr. Clancy firmly. "Especially when you're dealing with the arrow poison of the South American Indians. I know it is snake juice really, but the principle is the same. After all, you don't want a detective story to be like real life? Look at the things in the papers—dull as ditch water."

"Monsieur, would you say this little affair of ours is dull as ditch water?"

"No," admitted Mr. Clancy. "Sometimes, you know, I can't believe it really happened."

Poirot drew the creaking chair a little nearer to his host. His voice lowered itself confidentially:

"M. Clancy, you are a man of brains and imagination."

Mr. Clancy flushed with pleasure.

"I'm sure that's very nice of you."

"You have studied the criminology. Your ideas will be of value. It would be of great interest to me to know who, in your opinion, committed the crime."

"Well—" Mr. Clancy hesitated, "you see, M. Poirot, it's an entirely different thing. When you're writing you can make it anyone you like, but of course in real life there is a real person. You haven't any command over the facts. I'm afraid, you know, that I'd be absolutely no good as a real detective."

"Let us suppose that Madame Giselle knew of something—attempted murder, shall we say—on the part of one of those people."

"Attempted murder?" said Mr.

Clancy. "Now why attempted murder? What a very curious suggestion."

"In cases such as these," said Poirot, "one must think of everything."

"Ah!" said Mr. Clancy. "But it's no good thinking. You've got to know."

"You have reason—you have reason. A very just observation."

Then Poirot said:

"I ask your pardon, but this blowpipe that you bought—"

"Damn that blowpipe," said Mr. Clancy. "I wish I'd never mentioned it."

"You bought it, you say, at a shop in the Charing Cross Road? Do you, by any chance, remember the name of that shop?"

gles. Then she surreptitiously wrote the names in longhand on the reverse side of the sheet, in case these instructions of Poirot's should be genuine.

"And now," said Poirot, "I have trespassed on your time too long. I will take my departure with a thousand thanks for your amiability."

"Not at all. Not at all," said Mr. Clancy. "I wish you would have had a banana."

"You are most amiable."

"Not at all. As a matter of fact, I'm feeling rather happy tonight. I'd been held up in a short story I was writing—the thing wouldn't pan out properly, and I couldn't get a good name for the criminal. I wanted something with a flavor. Well, just a

give you. You can't say no."

He came back with a book in his hand.

"*The Clue of the Scarlet Petal*. I think I mentioned at Croydon that that book of mine dealt with arrow poison and native darts."

"A thousand thanks. You are too amiable, monsieur."

He shook hands with them both.

"I wish I could have been more helpful."

They left him in the littered room smiling wistfully after them.

(To Be Continued)

Penrod

continued from page 63

row with a little embarrassment. Following the form prescribed by Professor Bartet, he advanced several paces toward the stricken lady and bowed formally.

"I hope," he said by rote, "you're well, and your parents also in good health. May I have the pleasure of dancing the cotillon as your partner tomorrow afternoon?"

The wet eyes of Miss Rennsdale searched his countenance without pleasure, and a shudder wrung her small shoulders; but the governess whispered to her instructively, and she made a great effort.

"I thu-thank you fu-for your polite invu-invitation; and I ac—" Thus far she progressed when emotion overcame her again. She beat frantically upon the sofa with fists and heels. "Oh, I *did* want it to be Georgie Basset!"

"No, no, no!" said the governess, and whispered urgently, whereupon Miss Rennsdale was able to complete her acceptance.

"And I ac-accept wu-with pupleasure!" she moaned, and immediately, uttering a loud yell, flung herself face downward upon the sofa, clutching her governess convulsively.

Somewhat disconcerted, Penrod bowed again.

"I thank you for your polite acceptance," he murmured hurriedly; "and I trust—I trust—I forget. Oh, yes—I trust we shall have a most enjoyable occasion. Pray present my compliments to your parents; and I must now wish you a very good afternoon."

Concluding these courtly demonstrations with another bow he withdrew in fair order, though thrown into partial confusion in the hall by a final wail from his crushed hostess:

"Oh! Why couldn't it be anybody but *him*!"

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The luggage-laden husband stared miserably down the platform at the departing train.

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"Well," said Mr. Clancy, "it might have been Absolom's—or there's Mitchell & Smith. I don't know. But I've already told all this to that pestilential inspector. He must have checked up on it by this time."

"Ah!" said Poirot. "But I ask for quite another reason. I desire to purchase such a thing and make a little experiment."

"Oh, I see. But I don't know that you'll find one all the same. They don't keep sets of them, you know."

"All the same, I can try. . . . Perhaps, Miss Grey, you would be so obliging as to take down those two names?"

Jane opened her notebook and rapidly performed a series of—she hoped—professional-looking squig-

bit of luck, I saw just the name I wanted over a butcher's shop: Pargiter. Just the name I was looking for. There's a sort of genuine sound to it—and about five minutes later I got the other thing. There's always the same snag in stories. Why won't the girl speak? The young man tries to make her and she says her lips are sealed. There's never any real reason, of course, why she shouldn't blurt out the whole thing at once, but you have to try and think of something that's not too definitely idiotic. Unfortunately, it has to be a different thing every time!"

He smiled gently at Jane.

"The trials of an author!"

He darted past her to a bookcase. "One thing you must allow me to

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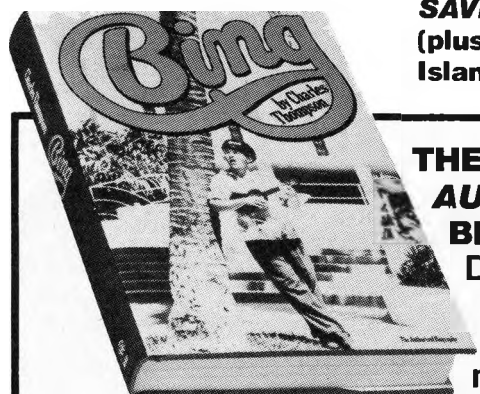
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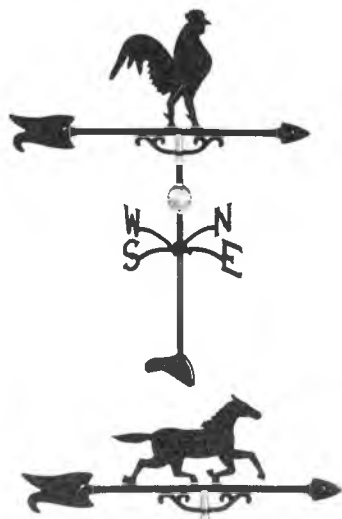
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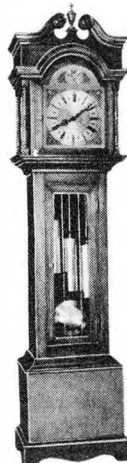
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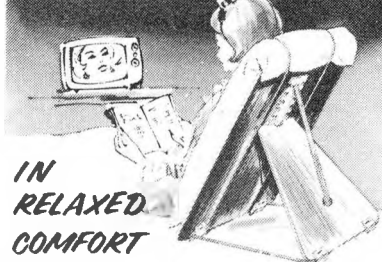
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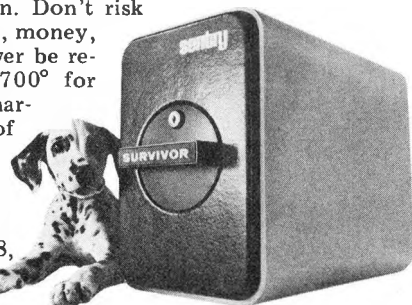
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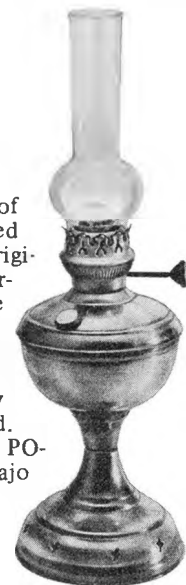
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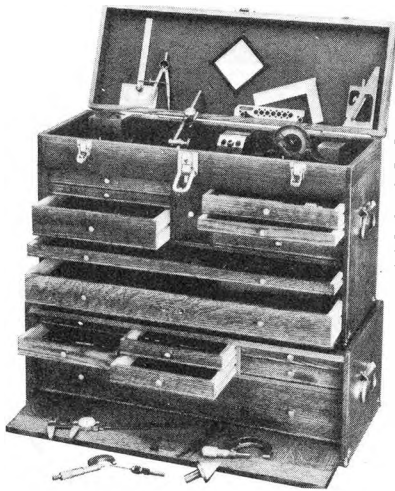
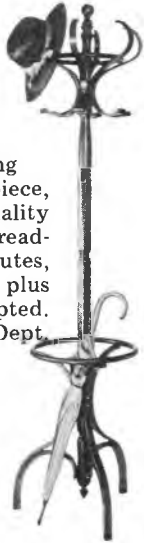
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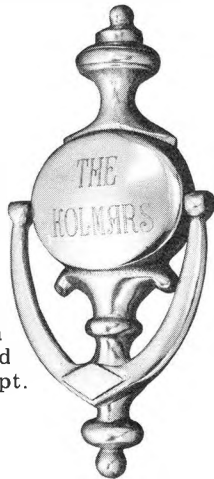


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Open ALL screw tops instantly

QUICK...EASY

- Slip lid in.
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*Quick Money Back Guarantee

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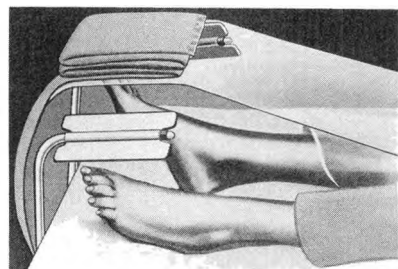
BUILD A PURPLE MARTIN BARN

Purple martins will help fight encephalitis. An adult martin can eat up to 2,000 mosquitoes a day. Attract purple martins with this inviting Bird Barn. Send \$3.00 for booklet, *Hints on Purple Martins*, which includes plans and material list for 16-apartment complex. Step-by-step plans, with hinged and removable dividers for easy opening and cleaning. Send 25¢ for brochure on other projects to build. Hammond Barns, Dept. SE-78-A, Box 584, 3130 Hardacre Ct., New Castle, Indiana 47362.



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All-different U.S. & foreign stamps from over 55 countries: British colonies, Russia, etc., including space, Kennedy and triangle-shaped stamps. Worth over \$30. Yours for only \$2.95 ppd. to introduce approval service. Buy any or none—cancel service anytime. Included **FREE**—80-page collector's catalog. Kenmore Co., FM-972, Milford, New Hampshire 03055.



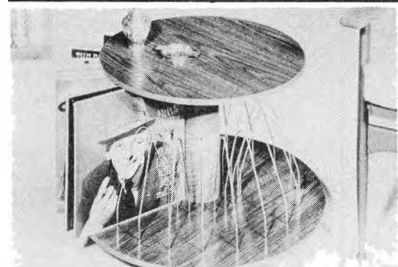
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Keep favorite records handy! Use as occasional or end table. Lower shelf, with gold-plated steel divider rods, rotates on ball bearings. Top has mar-resistant surface. Ruggedly constructed of warp-resistant hardboard in choice of walnut, maple, mahogany. \$20.95 + \$4.50 p&h. Holloway Distributors, 19012 Belshaw Ave., Carson, CA 90746.

ASTRONAUT GORDON COOPER ANNOUNCES:

Now! CONVERT AIR INTO ENERGY— EXPLODE IT LIKE FUEL—and GET up to 7 MORE MILES PER GALLON!

Yes, save up to \$18 a month, save up to 350 gallons of gas each year, save up to 2 full gallons every 60 minutes you drive — ALL FREE — because air costs you not one single penny!

Proven in the labs — proven on the road — proven by California university scientists: How it is now possible to convert air into energy 2,000 times a minute — boost gasoline mileage by as much as 7 more miles per gallon . . . actually drive up to 500 miles on a single tank of gas . . . all without changing a single part in your car!

The result: Instead of filling your gas tank each and every week . . . your car's engine now converts ordinary air into piston-driving power . . . explodes it just like a second source of FREE fuel . . . and saves you up to 350 gallons of gas, (over \$200 worth), each and every year!



by Col. Gordon Cooper, Astronaut, Engineer, Research Advisor
Brace yourself, Mr. Car-owner! Get set — for this incredible release — this "bombshell" announcement every automobile driver has been waiting for. News of a fantastic new era in automotive history. An era of mileage miracles where you can take even a 10-year old car and blaze across 6 states of the union on a single tank of gas — drive from New York to Chicago on less than 2 tankfuls — actually squeeze out "impossible" mileage figures of as much as 31, 35, even 47%

more miles a gallon . . . as reported by actual "in-traffic" usage runs. Yes, save up to 30 gallons of gas each month, up to 350 gallons of gas each year, save up to \$200 OR MORE on yearly fuel bills — set up gasoline mileage by as much as 5, 6, even 7 MORE MILES PER GALLON. All by simply converting ordinary air into a second source of high-powered energy . . . with just a simple, 60-second change that even a schoolboy can do!

I'VE ACTUALLY SEEN A CAR WITH OVER 200,000 MILES BOOST GASOLINE MILEAGE BY 7 MORE MILES PER GALLON — WITH JUST THIS ONE 60-SECOND CHANGE!

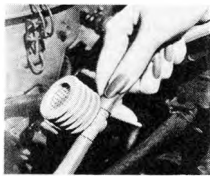
Yes, from this day on you are going to do to your car what automotive experts now do to their cars. You are going to do to your car what California university researchers have proven time and time again. You are going to take ordinary air — the very same air you breathe — air that costs you absolutely nothing — and you are going to convert that air into a source of piston-driving power for your car . . . get such staggering boosts in mileage, horsepower and performance, you may only have to: **FILL YOUR GAS TANK AS LITTLE AS ONCE A MONTH!** Here's how:

STOP RUNNING YOUR CAR ON 12¢ EXPLOSIONS!

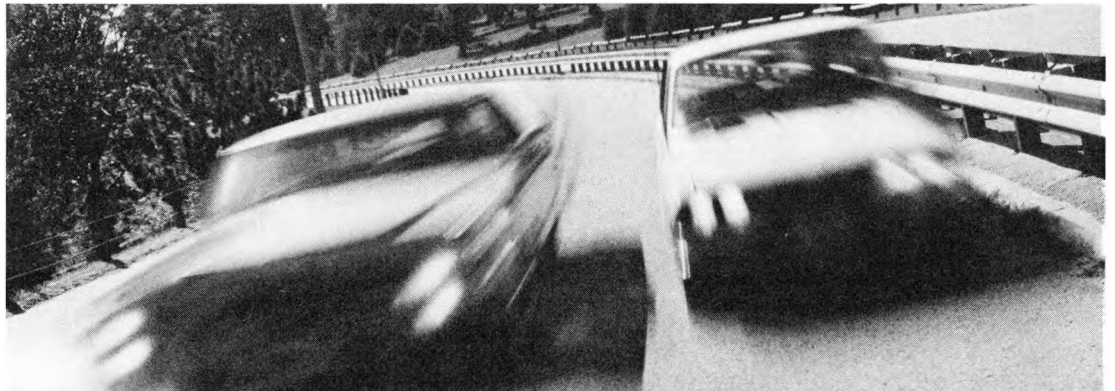
Right now your car runs on a very simple principle. You step on the gas-pedal and pump an air-gas mixture from your carburetor into your cylinders. There, a spark explodes it. This air-gas explosion is the lifeblood of your car. Only there's one trouble. Even though you invest as much as 65¢ to 70¢ for each gallon of gas . . . all you get in return is as little as a puny 12¢ explosion . . . a mere 12¢ worth of usable power. Because most of that air-gas mixture never fully explodes . . . in fact, never even warms up. And if you want to prove this to yourself, simply take a wad of cotton, hold it next to your exhaust pipe and idle your engine. What happens to that cotton in the next 2 minutes will absolutely shock you. Because in less than 2 minutes that cotton ball will be damp and clammy from wasted, unused gas. Why this incredible waste?

LOOK HOW EASY IT IS!

All you do is simply slip the TURBO-DYNE ENERGY CHAMBER onto the line leading from your engine to your carburetor and simply screw into place. (As simple as screwing in a lightbulb). Why it's so easy and so quick that even a schoolboy can do it. In fact, even if you never lifted the hood of your car before it takes but 60 seconds to install. (Naturally, easy 1 — 2 — 3 step-by-step instructions accompany each unit). And since it is a precision instrument, there are no special adjustments for you to make. They've already been made for you at the factory. Total time to install—60 seconds. Total savings on gas: up to \$200 a year.



SPECIAL NOTE: The "TURBO-DYNE ENERGY CHAMBER" — is not for use on fuel injected, diesel or super-charged cars (such as Mercedes, Volvo and Maserrati racing car).



THIS 1968 CADILLAC GETS BETTER GAS MILEAGE THAN THIS TINY FOREIGN "ECONOMY" CAR . . . SO CAN YOUR CAR TOO! What's the secret? AIR! That's right . . . Now thanks to an amazing automotive discovery you can actually convert air into piston-driving power, so that instead of relying on gas alone you can simply step on the accelerator and turn air into energy while you drive. For documented proof of just how this wondrous "Air-to-Energy" discovery can save you up to \$200 in gas bills in the next 12 months alone . . . read the rest of this page. See no-risk trial offer below. (Test performed by leading research University).

WHAT DO YOU EXPECT FROM A MACHINE THAT'S GOT THE POWER OF A GIANT BUT THE MIND OF AN INFANT!

Because as any automotive engineer will tell you, your carburetor, (which was invented in 1901 and hasn't been improved since then), is nothing more than an old-fashioned pump without a mind, without a brain. It cannot think. It cannot regulate itself to varying driving speeds. It only knows one thing. Blindly pump — pump — pump a steady flow of gas all the time . . . BUT WITHOUT EVER ADJUSTING THE RIGHT AMOUNT OF AIR. Which means, every time you step on that gas-pedal . . . be it at idle or 70 miles per hour . . . your "midget-mind" carburetor pumps and force-feeds your engine with up to 4 TIMES AS MUCH GASOLINE AS IT ACTUALLY NEEDS . . . BUT STARVES YOUR ENGINE OF THE OXYGEN-RICH AIR so vital to explode all that gasoline. The result of this "over-drowning" with too much gas and too little air? A difference of as much as 2 GALLONS OF GAS EVERY 60 MINUTES YOU DRIVE! (or in plain dollars and cents a difference of as much as \$1.50 a day — \$10.00 a week — \$300.00 to \$500.00 a year).

BUT WHAT A DIFFERENT STORY IF SOMEHOW YOUR ENGINE COULD THINK!

In other words, right now there is simply no way for your present "no-brain" engine to effectively meter the right amount of air coming into your engine . . . and convert the oxygen in that air into a super-blazing source of extra power . . . by effectively exploding all the fuel fed into your cylinders (the same way jet airliners are now economy-designed to scoop in air with their giant suction-fan engines).

BUT NOW — YOU GET SO MANY FREE, EXTRA MILES YOU CAN ACTUALLY SAVE UP TO 2 GALLONS OF GAS EVERY HOUR YOU DRIVE!

But suppose that automotive experts told you that NOW, without changing a single part in your engine . . . by simply adding one simple attachment to your car . . . the very same wonder-invention that has been tested in Governmental research labs . . . you could add a "brain" to your engine . . . a mechanical genius that would automatically feed to your engine the right amount of air. Even more significant, suppose these same automotive experts showed you laboratory PROOF . . . PROOF that has been filed with both State and Federal Government agencies of how this wondrous new invention actually helps CONVERT THE OXYGEN IN THAT AIR INTO RAW, BLAZING POWER PLUS FREE EXTRA MILES PER GALLON mile after mile! Why, do you realize what this breakthrough development means?

MAIL NO-RISK COUPON TODAY

PRATT-AMERICAN, Dept. JDF-3] Caroline Road, Philadelphia, PA 19176
Yes, I want to try the amazing new TURBO-DYNE ENERGY CHAMBER entirely at your risk, with this understanding: It must slip onto my car in 60-seconds or less and be as easy to screw in as a lightbulb . . . it must instantly boost gasoline mileage up to 7 MORE MILES PER GALLON — up to 200 more miles per tankful — it must save me up to \$18 the very first month . . . up to \$200 OR MORE the very first year — or I may return it for a full refund of my purchase price, (except for postage and handling, of course).

CHECK OFFER DESIRED

- 1 TURBO-DYNE ENERGY CHAMBER — Only \$12.95 plus 75¢ for postage and handling.
- SPECIAL MONEY SAVING OFFER: Order 2, one for yourself, one for a friend — Only \$21.95 plus \$1 for postage and handling. (A savings of \$3.95).

Amount enclosed \$_____ PA residents add 6% sales tax. Check or money order, no CODs please. 3760-006

NOW! FINALLY POSSIBLE! UP TO ALMOST TWICE THE MILEAGE ON NOT A SINGLE EXTRA DROP OF GAS!

It means that from this day on you can actually take ordinary air . . . and convert it to a second source of power for your car. Yes, gallons and gallons of air suddenly turned into thousands of miles of FREE driving power. Air that costs you absolutely nothing, automatically converted into SUPER BLAZING HORSEPOWER day in, day out for the life of your car! Why now you'll save up to \$18 a month on your gas bills. Now you'll drive for hundreds of miles at a time and swear to yourself the needle on your gas gauge must be stuck . . . and you'll get more power, more smooth and quiet performance than ever before thanks to this air-to-energy discovery!

NOW! CONVERT AIR INTO ENERGY — GET FOREIGN CAR ECONOMY — EVEN FROM BIG LUXURY SEDANS — MORE MILES PER GALLON THAN YOU EVER DREAMED POSSIBLE!

The name of this breakthrough development that finally makes it possible for you to effectively convert air into energy is the "TURBO-DYNE ENERGY CHAMBER". It is the very same "air-converter" that has been tested and proven in leading university labs. Tested and proven by fleet owners, industrial giants, consumers and heads of transportation departments where it racked up incredible mileage savings of as much as 40% more miles per gallon!

So, if you are sick and tired of wasting hundreds of gallons of gasoline each year . . . if you would like to stop this ridiculous dollar-drain ONCE AND FOR ALL by simple harnessing the power in ordinary air and saving hundreds of dollars doing it . . . then take advantage of this exciting no-risk trial offer:

COSTS LESS THAN A TANKFUL OF GAS — PAYS FOR ITSELF IN LESS THAN 30 DAYS!

Most exciting of all, the price of the TURBO-DYNE ENERGY CHAMBER is not the \$40 or \$50 you might expect for a precision air-converter but only \$12.95 . . . less than the cost of a tankful of gas. And you'll easily save as much as 10 times that price in just the first few months of use.

REMEMBER—YOU PROVE IT YOURSELF ENTIRELY AT OUR RISK!

Yes, you must save up to \$18 worth of gas each and every month — save up to \$200 in fuel each year — you must get at least up to 7 MORE MILES PER GALLON — or your money refunded in full (except for postage and handling, of course).

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CHARGE IT: (check one) Exp. Date _____

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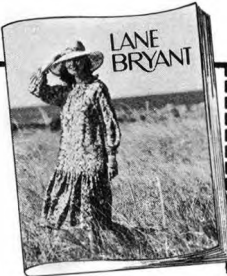
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Read tiny print! Magnifying glasses from France in tortoise, duo-tone smoke & blue or smoke & cognac. Specify men's or women's. Not for astigmatism or eye disease. With case \$8.95+50¢ p&h. Personalized with 2 gold initials \$1.00 add'l. (No NY del'y.) Joy Optical, Dept. 314, 73 Fifth Ave., NY, NY 10003.

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Make top quality wine at home! We furnish all ingredients but sugar. Seven popular varieties all shipped direct to you from famous Northwest vineyard-orchard area. Choose from: Blackberry, Dark Sweet Cherry, Apricot, Vin Rose, Concord Grape, Light Mountain Riesling (white) or Mountain Cabernet (red). \$10.50 each plus \$1 shipping. Each variety makes 5 gallons. Easy-to-follow instructions are included, of course! Order Now!

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Over 70 full-color pages featuring over 200 varieties of Tulips, Daffodils, Crocus and other bulbs shipped directly to you from Holland at savings up to 50%. All bulbs guaranteed to bloom. Special \$1.00 Discount Bonus Coupon included with catalog. Breck's, Dept. BK728, Peoria, Illinois 61632.

NOT A DRUG

Amazing "Burn-fat-by-the-hour" program
Developed by Doctors at Boston Medical School

BURNS AWAY MORE FAT EACH 24 HOURS THAN IF YOU RAN 14 MILES A DAY!

Incredible "Crash-Loss" Breakthrough Reported in *Reader's Digest* Works So Fast
You Can Actually Measure the Difference In Your Waistline In Just 24 to 48 Hours!

Yes, LOSE up to 6 POUNDS the first 48 HOURS — LOSE up to 12 POUNDS the first 7 days — LOSE up to 4, 5, even 7 POUNDS MORE the next 7 days — and continue to burn away as much as 7 to 9 pounds more fat every 2 weeks thereafter, (if you still need it) . . . until you've finally lost 50 — 70 — 100 pounds OR MORE . . . without fasting, without constant willpower, without constant pangs of hunger or a single moment of body-racking exercise!

Recommended by the U.S. Government's very own doctors to members of Congress who want to lose weight fast . . . Hailed as the weight-loss "breakthrough of the century" by leading medical journals . . . here at last is the most effective NO-DRUG program for FAST — INSTANT — PERMANENT LIFETIME WEIGHT-LOSS ever made available to the public without a prescription!

WORKS SO FAST THE FIRST WEEK ALONE YOU LOSE AS MUCH AS 1½ TO 2 POUNDS OF BOTH FLUID AND FAT EVERY 24 HOURS!

Direct from the pages of the *N.Y. Times* and *Reader's Digest* comes reports of an incredible "fat burning" breakthrough by medical researchers at one of Boston's foremost medical schools! Reports of a new "crash-loss" program (featuring a remarkable natural substance) that safely yet surely steps up FAT-BURNING METABOLISM . . . forces your system to ATTACK bulging pockets of fat . . . and starts to shrink and burn that fat in just a matter of hours!

Yes, from one of New England's leading medical centers comes the new SUPER FAT-BURNER way to turn up your "inner furnace" . . . unlock those clinging pockets of fat . . . break them down SO FAST . . . you burn off excess bulge at the unbelievable rate of up to 6 POUNDS of both fluid and fat GONE the very first weekend alone!

Think of it! You actually burn away more fat each 24 hours than if you ran 12 to 14 miles a day! Lose more inches each week than if you did 300 sit-ups each morning and 300 push-ups each night! Actually LOSE as much as A FULL SIZE THE FIRST 7 DAYS . . . and from 3 to 5 inches off your waistline the very first month!

That's right! Weight-loss results and inches-off wonders that absolutely stagger the imagination. Just look:

U.S. ARMY OFFICERS LOSE WEIGHT 3 TIMES FASTER THAN EVER BEFORE!

Case History #1: When medical researchers in Boston, New York, Philadelphia and Los Angeles first tested this new hi-amino concept on a scientific weight-loss program . . . they reported astonishing results of as much as 12 POUNDS LOST IN JUST THE FIRST 7 DAYS! — 16 to 18 pounds gone by the end of week number two — and most mind-boggling of all — U.S. Army Officers actually

losing weight 3 times faster than ever before! As much as 50 POUNDS GONE, like that!

WAISTLINES SHRINK UP TO 3 INCHES IN 7 DAYS — A FULL 5 INCHES SMALLER IN A SINGLE MONTH!

Case History #2: When first rumors of this medical breakthrough leaked out to professional actors, actresses and celebrities . . . they immediately rushed to the offices of America's leading weight-loss specialists to get their hands on this "magic compound"; and no wonder! Because the first week alone they carved away as much as 2 pounds a day . . . 13 pounds a week . . . were forced to take in their belts 3 notches smaller in just 10 days!

DOCTORS REPORT: AVERAGE LOSS—57 POUNDS!

Case History #3: But most significant of all . . . when universities, hospitals and medical schools, (such as New York's Leading Medical School and Cleveland's largest hospital) tested this newly discovered "crash-loss program" on patients who all their lives had been hopelessly overweight . . . they reported astonishing losses of as much as 2 pounds a day at the start . . . 20 to 30 pounds a month . . . as much as 70 pounds lost over a single summer season! — by simply stepping up their fat-burning metabolism and burning, melting, oxidizing 50, 70, 100 pounds of hard-set fat . . . FASTER, SURER than they had ever dreamed possible!

WORKS LIKE "POWDERED HEAT" — MAKES YOUR INNER FURNACE BREAK DOWN BODY FAT!

What is this wondrous new development that helps safely stimulate fat-burning metabolism and shrink your body's fat cells the moment it starts working in your system? It is a totally new concept in the war against fat. An ANTI-FAT WEAPON unlike anything you've ever seen, or tried in your life. A FAT-BURNING aid that helps you convert body fat to body fuel AUTOMATICALLY . . . and EVAPORATE excess pounds and inches starting the very first day!

Think of it! A medically proven formula that is such an effective reducing aid . . . that when combined with the food you eat on this "crash-loss" program . . . burns off as much fat each 24 hours as if you jogged up to 14 miles a day . . . or played 3 hours of tennis in the most brutal heat!

The name of this wondrous amino formula is "THERA-SLIM-100" and here is precisely how you use it to win the body and figure of your dreams as you:

- LOSE UP TO 4 TO 6 INCHES OFF YOUR WAISTLINE
 - LOSE UP TO 2 TO 5 INCHES OFF YOUR HIPS
 - LOSE UP TO 3 INCHES OFF YOUR THIGHS
 - LOSE UP TO 4 INCHES OFF YOUR BUTTOCKS
 - LOSE UP TO 4 INCHES OFF YOUR STOMACH
- and as we've said before, starting not in weeks, but in mere days.

HELPS YOUR BODY CONVERT STORED UP FAT TO BURNED UP ENERGY!

At this very moment — having read this far — you are but one short step away from LIFETIME IMMUNITY TO FAT! Now comes your FINAL GIANT STEP into a whole new world of LIFETIME SLIMNESS.

Of course, there is one thing you must keep in mind. With the "THERA-SLIM-100" way to LIFETIME SLIMNESS you cannot gorge yourself on all sorts of fattening foods, candies and desserts. Not that you'd ever want to, because with "THERA-SLIM-100" — due to your new, stepped up metabolism — besides enormous weight-loss you also experience a loss of hunger. Which makes it one of the easiest ways to lose weight fast. Now here's how simple it is:

STEP #1 — YOU EAT

In addition to the wide and tasty selection of food you enjoy morning and night, (all scientifically programmed to help maintain a high-level of FAT-BURN-OFF) . . .

STEP #2 — YOU TAKE "THERA-SLIM-100" hi amino compound.

Once a day, you take "THERA-SLIM-100" in a glass of water, (just like refreshing fruit juice). This hi-amino intake helps keep the fat-burning chain reaction going ALL 24 HOURS OF THE DAY — NON STOP!

STEP #3 — YOU HAVE AUTOMATICALLY STEPPED UP YOUR FAT-BURNING METABOLISM — SO YOU AUTOMATICALLY BURN OFF EXCESS WEIGHT!

In virtually no time at all, you make your inner furnace accelerate fat burn-off. Safely, gently, yet surely you cause a gradual change in your fat-burning metabolism as you "rev-up" that inner furnace.

The result: Your body begins to eliminate stored-up fat and fluid at a rate so incredibly fast, the very first weekend alone YOU DRAIN AWAY AS MUCH AS 5 OR 6 POUNDS!

In short, with the "THERA-SLIM-100" weight-loss program, you force your body to automatically convert body fat to body fuel . . . automatically shrink fatty cells . . . drain off excess flab . . . flush it right out of your system ONCE AND FOR ALL!

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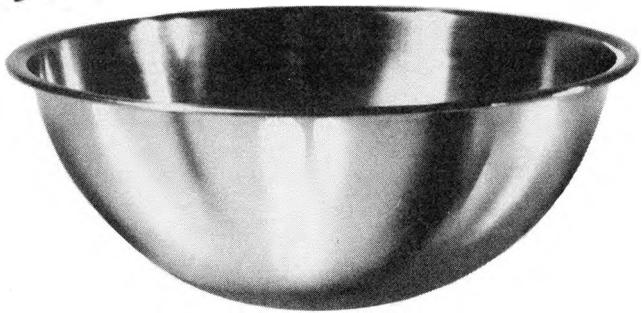
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with your physician to be sure you are in normal health and your only problem is obesity. Individuals with gout, heart disease, diabetes or pregnant women should not use it at all. As a matter of fact, we insist that you show this entire program to your family physician . . . have him check you regularly to make sure you're not losing too much, too fast . . . and advise when you've lost enough. See if he doesn't agree that the "THERA-SLIM-100" road to Lifetime Slimness, including the recommended progressive daily toneup, isn't by far the most effective approach to the conquest of obesity ever developed by medical science.

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Travel Sketchbook

continued from page 72

asked Hortense. "Never," I said. "We just want you to have some good clean air."

Well, after we'd rowed about a bit the girls got into the spirit of the thing and began to laugh and shout and splash each other. Then Henriette took the oars and rowed and almost fell overboard when she pulled mightily and missed the water. Marguerite rowed, and Hortense, who toppled over backward into the bottom of the boat, squealed. Then we landed and played hide-and-seek among the trees and pick-up-sticks and leapfrog.

"Now let's give them a real American breakfast," said Bill. So we crammed ourselves into a taxi and drove to a swank all-night restaurant on the Champs Elysées which served American food, stopping on the way at our hotel to pick up my sketchbook. And while Hortense, Henriette and Marguerite ate pancakes drenched in Vermont maple syrup, and waffles, and fried eggs with bacon, bouncing in their chairs, giggling, squeaking gleefully, I sketched them. I don't think the dignified proprietor of the restaurant quite approved of our picturesque group.

When we left them at the door of Aux Belles Poules, they thanked us quickly and ran inside to tell the other girls about their outing.

The next day Bill, Dean and I left for Germany. We sailed down the Rhine on a steamer, sitting on the top deck in the sunlight, sipping beer and watching the blue-green mountains slide by. At every castle we passed, a German choral society which was traveling on our boat would sing that castle's song, its *Lied*.

We decided to take a walking trip over the mountains from Munich to Hall. We bought rucksacks and Bill and I outfitted ourselves in complete Tyrolean mountaineers' costumes—leather shorts with suspenders attached, embroidered jackets, stockings which reached from the calf to the ankle, and jaunty little hats with feathers in them. My legs were long and thin and Bill's were short and thick so we complemented each other. Dean refused to wear such a costume. (Later on that proved a wise decision, for Bill's and my knees got painfully sunburned.)

We walked, finally, for ten days—from Munich to Venice. Through forests where the sun dappled the rocks and the thick, soft layer of pine needles; through high mountain passes, the wind rattling in the stunted fir trees and whisking away the dust kicked up by our boots; over narrow trails where we were suddenly engulfed in a herd of sheep, bleating and bumping against our legs as they scurried by us down the trail, driven by an old man or a couple of boys. One day as we were climbing through a wood a giant of a man dressed in a worn Tyrolean outfit came striding down the trail smoking

a great meerschaum pipe and carrying the carcass of a deer slung over his shoulder. Though we spoke no German, everyone we met was very cordial, shouting a greeting as they passed or telling us with much gesturing of *das Wunderschein* which we must be sure not to miss.

Nights we stayed in mountain inns. One Saturday we came at evening up a steep pass to an inn. All the mountaineers from miles around had gathered in the inn's common room to dance and drink. A husky barmaid dressed in a tight, swelling bodice and wide skirt served us our dinner while the men shouted and banged their steins on the tables, for she was their dancing partner. And after she'd finished with us she danced

honey-moon. They walked hand in hand, swinging their arms and singing Austrian folk songs. They insisted we accompany them to Innsbruck and though it was out of our way we did. As we approached the top of the mountain from which we would get our first view of the city they made us shut our eyes and led us to the brink. "Now," they said, and we opened our eyes and saw Innsbruck far below, the sunshine glistening on the tiny church spires and the blue sinuous river; flags waving in the breeze, specks of color against the brown roofs, and a castle off to one side on a spur of the great mountains which rose steeply—darkly green—all around.

After two days in Venice we took

sketchbook was gone!

I dropped to my hands and knees and crawled all around the settee. Nothing. I ran into the gallery on the right. Nothing. No one. I ran back to the first gallery, looked under the settee again. Nothing. I never found my sketchbook.

It wasn't the work I'd put in. Or lugging it all over Europe. But it was the record of our trip. And it had come to symbolize the trip. And I'd done it just for my own pleasure. No deadline; I wasn't planning to sell it. I still almost cry when I think about it.

In 1958, Wally Elton, a vice-president at the J. Walter Thompson advertising agency, asked me if I would like to go around the world for Pan American Airways. I would visit all the major cities at which the Pan American clippers landed and make sketches. When I returned, the sketches would be published as advertisements for Pan American.

I accepted enthusiastically. The fly showed up in the gravy in London. The first night there I returned to the hotel and showed my sketchbook to Wally. He leafed through the drawings of people feeding pigeons in Trafalgar Square, a railroad station, et cetera. "They're swell," he said, "but they won't sell tickets. You can feed pigeons in St. Louis. Drawings of railroad stations don't sell airline tickets." "All right," I said, assuming that he wanted me to sketch the people I saw and the strange sights, sort of get the flavor of the cities we passed through. And that's what I did. In Paris, Barcelona, Rome, Istanbul, Beirut, Karachi, Calcutta, Benares, Rangoon, Bangkok, Hong Kong, Tokyo, Hawaii. People from bullfighters and priests to snake charmers and monkey tamers. But the agency did not want pictures of strange lands and people. "Those would only frighten the tourists," they said. I can't understand their attitude. If tourists want only to sit on beaches, why go abroad?

I dare say I'm wrong. Selling tickets for airplane rides is not exactly my strong point after all. I'm better in my own backyard, painting my neighbors. ☺



with them, one after another, kicking up her skirts and slapping her round, full hips and singing. Every so often there would be a fight and the barmaid would stop dancing and, gathering up the steins, fill them again. Then the clock on the mantelpiece chimed midnight. The barmaid shooed all the men outside. We followed them out to watch them go. There was a crackling thunderstorm in the valley below, but where we stood was bright with moonlight. The mountaineers, all drunk, staggered, one after another, down a narrow, rocky path, disappearing suddenly into the silver clouds of the storm.

For two days we walked with a bride and groom who were on their

the train back to Munich and then to Paris. Spain was next.

I sketched a bullfight in San Sebastian, the beggars on the cathedral steps in Toledo. My sketchbook was practically full. Dean, Bill and I treasured it.

Then one day in Madrid I went to the Prado. I'd been sketching all morning and was tired, so I walked directly to the gallery where *The Topers* by Velasquez, one of my favorite paintings, hung, and sat down on the round, cloth-covered settee in the middle of the room to rest. After a minute I got up to look at *The Topers* more closely, leaving my sketchbook on the settee. When I sat back down I had a feeling something was missing. I looked around. My

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