JANUARY 1948

Woman's Home COMPANION

25 CENTS

Beginning ⋆ a refreshing two-part novel - A SUMMER TO REMI

***BOOTLEG DENTISTRY* - by Clive Hou**

"THE BEAUTY AND DISTINCTION OF CUSTOM CAR STYLING"

Omar Kiam

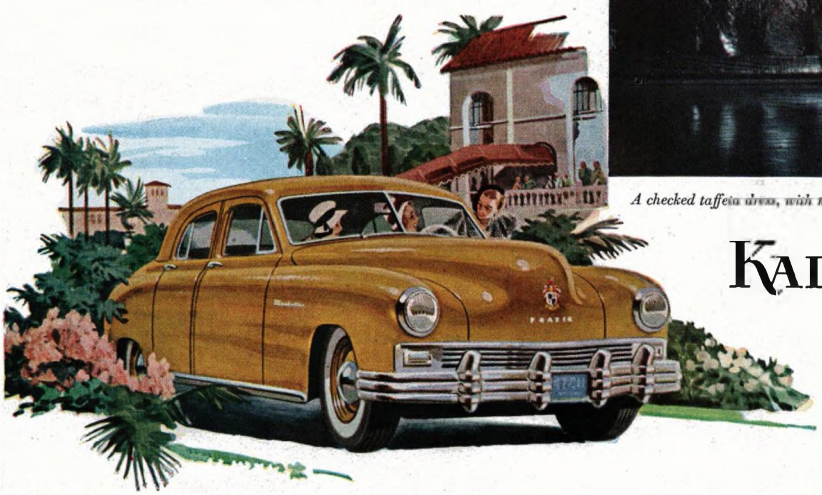
RECOGNIZES "THE FUTURE TREND" IN KAISER AND FRAZER DESIGN

Important and versatile creator of women's fashions, Omar Kiam is now designing for Ben Reig, Inc. in New York, after years in Hollywood. His style judgment is considered infallible by fashion experts the world around.

Asked to comment on the styling of the new KAISER and FRAZER cars, Omar Kiam said: "These automobiles are outstanding in beauty of line. And the good taste of their designers is evidenced also in color, trim, and interior upholstery and appointments. Unquestionably, they establish the future trend in fine cars."

You, too, will instantly admire the new beauty of the KAISER and the FRAZER. But only a *ride* can give you an appreciation of their supreme comfort and remarkable performance.

A checked taffeta dress, with matching coat lined in red wool . . . a Ben Reig original by Omar Kiam



KAISER

FRAZER

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Product of Bristol-Myers

Ipana...for your Smile of Beauty

P.S. For correct brushing, use the DOUBLE DUTY Tooth Brush with the twist in the handle (pictured above). 1,000 dentists helped design it.

Picture OF THE MONTH

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer presents

"GOOD NEWS"

JUNE ALLYSON • PETER LAWFORD

PATRICIA MARSHALL • JOAN McCRACKEN

RAY McDONALD • MEL TORME

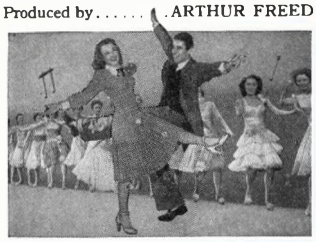
COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR

Screen Play by
BETTY COMDEN and ADOLPH GREEN

Based on the Musical Comedy by LAWRENCE SCHWAB, LEW BROWN, FRANK MANDEL, B. G. DeSYLVA, and RAY HENDERSON

Directed by.....CHARLES WALTERS

Produced by.....ARTHUR FREED



If ever a picture was perfectly titled it's "Good News". No matter what the headlines are saying today, there's "Good News" on the screen. M-G-M gives America a youthful, tuneful, joyous shot in the arm in the form of the gayest, fastest-paced film ever brightened by Technicolor's magic. It's good news for 1948!

All of us at one time or another have hummed the song hits which were made popular by one of Broadway's best musical shows. The motion picture version is far better than the original, a really bang-up job. You'll like the way they do "The Best Things in Life Are Free", "Varsity Drag", "My Blue Heaven" and the title song.

The cast couldn't be improved upon. June Allyson gives an acting, singing and dancing performance which makes us remember how she first caught the public eye. Peter Lawford, teaming with her, fulfills his promise as the most personable romantic lead on the screen. With them are a group of lively young Broadway personalities from musical comedy hits who justify their invitation to Hollywood, including Patricia Marshall, a new find; Joan McCracken of "Oklahoma" fame who is, in a word, great. Bing and Frank also had better look to their laurels after seeing and hearing Mel Torme, the newest croonsmith. What with its marvelous songs, wonderful dancing and bevies of pretty girls, you're bound to agree that "Good News" is just that.

The direction by Charles Walters, who is himself no mean stepper, has breakneck pace. Producer Arthur Freed, who will be remembered for "Meet Me In St. Louis", has presented another sure-fire attraction.

Betty Comden and Adolph Green, two Broadway talents responsible for "On The Town" and "Billion Dollar Baby", have handled the script in a way that keeps you feeling young and gay and wanting to live your love all over again.

It is unquestionably the picture of the month and the musical of the year.

JANUARY 1948

Woman's Home COMPANION

EDWARD ANTHONY *publisher* WILLIAM A. H. BIRNIE *editor*

Cover: Color Photograph Paul D'Ome
Model: Virginia Kavanagh *Sweater:* White Stag

The characters in all stories and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary. No reference or allusion to any living person is intended.

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Wet Feet? Sniffles?

Some "Secondary Invaders" which Listerine Antiseptic attacks

These are some types of the threatening germs that can cause so much of the misery of a cold when they invade the body through throat membranes.

TOP ROW, left to right: Pneumococcus Type III, Pneumococcus Type IV, Streptococcus viridans, Friedlander's bacillus. BOTTOM ROW, left to right: Streptococcus hemolyticus, Bacillus influenzae, Micrococcus catarrhalis, Staphylococcus aureus.

It's Listerine Antiseptic—*Quick!*

FOR COLDS AND SORE THROATS

MOTHER knows best . . . realizes that, used early and often, a Listerine Antiseptic gargle can often head off a cold or lessen its severity. In countless families it's a time-tried first-aid against colds and sore throats. Here's why:

Attacks Surface Germs

Listerine Antiseptic reaches way back on throat surfaces to kill millions of germs called "secondary invaders". These germs often invade throat tissue when body resistance is lowered by wet feet, cold feet, fatigue, or sudden changes in temperature.

If used frequently during the 12 to 36-hour period of "incubation" when a cold may be developing, Listerine Antiseptic can often help guard against the mass invasion of germs.

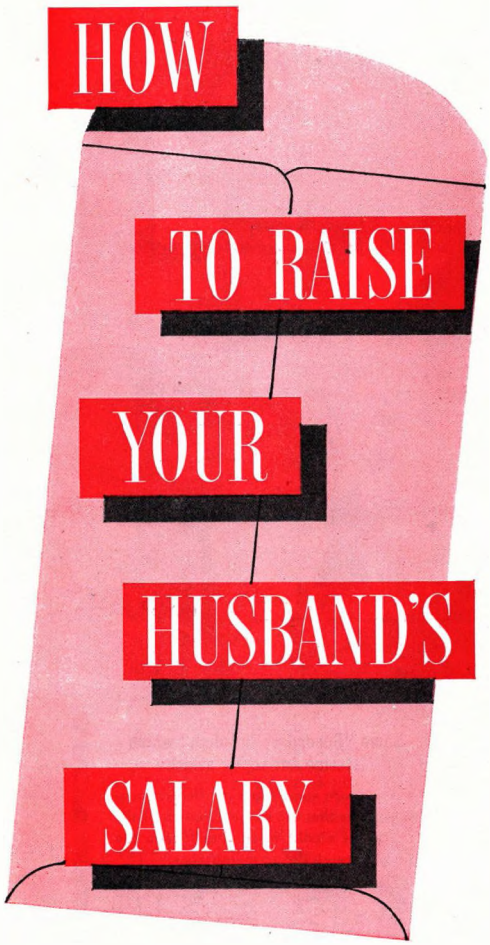
If the cold has already started, the Listerine Antiseptic gargle may help reduce the severity of the infection.

Keep Listerine Antiseptic on Hand

Bear in mind Listerine Antiseptic's impressive record made in tests over a 12 year period: those who gargled Listerine Antiseptic twice daily had fewer colds and usually milder colds than those who did not gargle . . . and fewer sore throats.

So make the Listerine Antiseptic gargle a "must" for the whole family. Keep a bottle in the medicine chest and use it at the first hint of a cold. Better still, make the Listerine Antiseptic gargle a morning and night habit for everyone.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Mo.*



THE *Companion*
Marriage Clinic

BY DAVID L. COHN
Author of Love in America

MARRYING is one thing, but marriage is quite another. The number that fail, partially or wholly, is immense. What can you do to make yours a successful marriage?

The catalogue of what a woman can do for her husband and her marriage is almost endless. Few are more important, in my opinion, than this rather commercial-sounding statement: She can raise her husband's salary.

At the same time she can do much to make a better man of an average man, a distinguished man of a superior one. She can help to lift him above the crowd. By making her husband's career *her* career she can go far toward making her marriage spiritually and materially satisfactory.

Why, you may ask, should I make my husband's career my career? If I do shall I not become merely an appendage to a lord and master?

When, as all too seldom, a woman marries not with one eye on the church altar and the other on the divorce court, her marriage is a total investment. Into it she puts her past, present and future. Upon her choice of one man among millions she risks her destiny. Marriage is the one overwhelmingly important investment that runs counter to the first canon of investing: don't put all your eggs in one basket. Yet having done so prudence dictates that you watch the basket.

In countries older than ours, among peoples who have profited from long race experience, a wife's identification with her husband's career is almost instinctive. It is not difficult, but the doing presupposes certain realizations.

The first is that above all else you want your marriage to succeed. The second is that you are not an egoist convinced that your own affairs are far more important than your husband's. The third, and most subtle, is that you are not corroded by a feeling of inferiority which makes you feel that helping him puts you in a subservient role. Whatever you do to further his career is not subservient but comradely. It leads toward that firm friendship in marriage which is rarer than love and, paradoxically, often more endearing and enduring. The fourth is your understanding that as you further your husband's career you become more and more the *needed* woman in his life, wanted and indispensable to him. The moment a woman is no longer needed she becomes but the shadow of a wife.

A wife may be proud of her detailed knowledge of her husband's personality yet make a poor job of her marriage because she doesn't know the broad characteristics of the American man in his business life. Most men are emotionally simpler than women, but every man has two great primitive needs: wife and work. His wife is his first interest but his work comes a close second. From the time of his marriage until, say, the age of forty—when he usually is well on the road to success, or a failure—his job, if not all-absorbing, is constantly with him. He may love you as his wife and adore his children, but you may possess him wholly only by entering actively into the real world and dream world where he plays out his career. Certainly no one sees or feels the sun who has seen or felt it only in partial eclipse.

More than any other man, perhaps, the normal American *must* achieve a high standard of living for his family, *must* make it economically secure through his labors while he lives and through insurance after his death. Maybe he overemphasizes his obligations, but hard work is our national tradition. The American air is electric with energy. Much remains to be done on this still pioneering continent. A man wants to earn the respect of his community and his wife's respect as a competent man. It is abnormal when she does not share much of his real life by becoming, so far as possible, a collaborator in his career.

Even given the will to do so, you will be ineffectual unless you understand certain mannerisms of the American man. Kind, hardworking, usually asking little for himself, he, unlike his European counterpart, seldom discusses his affairs with his wife. If he occasionally mentions his successes he is silent about his failures. Affection and false gallantry dictate that he must not burden her with anxieties. Thanks to an affectionate desire to shield her and a paternal depreciation of her intelligence, he remains silent. Its results are usually unhappy, sometimes tragic. Sometimes a man never mentions to his wife that he is on the verge of bankruptcy. If she had known she would have made necessary adjustments in their standard of living.

All this is understandable, however unfortunate, not only for the reasons stated but also because of masculine vanity. Nearly every man, for example, thinks that he is, or could be, irresistible to the ladies. He is certain that he can earn a living for his family, although during the depression of the thirties his wife often got a job when he could not get one. Most of the male vanities are harmless and the wise woman regards them with amused indulgence. But vanities are more than skin deep. (What man in his right mind would say to his wife: "Yes, you are forty and you certainly look it!") They lie close to the heart and are destructive when exploded. All of us, to some extent, live by illusions. All of us, to some degree, are bolstered by self-esteem. The Russian saying that conceit is the salt of life is matched by a shrewd observation of Walt Whitman's: "I find no sweeter fat than sticks to my own bones." To crush a man's vanity is to crush the man.

The negative side of making your husband's career your career is what not to do when you know or sense his business troubles. Don't nag him about them, or insinuate that you could do a better job. The probability is that you couldn't, while, in any event, it's his job. Don't feel visibly sorry for yourself. Your husband feels worse than you do about it.

Don't be cattily subtle by making broad references to Mrs. Jones' new car or drawing comparisons between your living husband and your sainted father. "Why, when father was only twenty-five, he . . ." Your husband knows about Mr. Jones and the chances are he has also heard of your father. You won't help him to keep up with the one or emulate the other by throwing him a crowbar when he needs a life preserver.

And finally, don't ask or hint for things he cannot afford. It may wound his vanity to say he cannot afford them. But—far worse—he may buy them for you and begin to hate you. You may get a new coat and lose a husband.

What, on the other hand, can you do affirmatively to further your husband's career? Obviously, a smooth-running restful home where a man may relax and cleanse himself of his business cares; zestful meals; creature comforts generally; and a social schedule considerate of his energies. Above and beyond, make it clear that you are profoundly interested in what your husband is doing. There is an immense compulsion in human beings to unburden themselves, an almost equally compelling desire to state ideas. A philosopher put it this way: "The one desires to give birth to an idea. The other is a midwife. Thus is conversation born." It does not even matter that some intricacies of his work escape you. As he talks to a sympathetic listener he is more likely than not to find inspirations that might otherwise have lain dormant.

Once your husband understands that as he is first in your affections so is his career first in your mind he will instinctively turn to you. Few men stand alone. Fewer still want to stand alone. And when he does turn to you you will have achieved that solidarity in marriage which is almost unbreakable and that community of spirit which elevates and exalts what otherwise might have been a mere pedestrian and perhaps transitory partnership. [THE END]

Stop Washing Dishes

UNTIL YOU GET SENSATIONAL NEW *IMPROVED* DREFT!

America's Favorite for Dishes

FIRST to get dishes so clean they Shine
—*even without wiping!*

FIRST to cut dishwashing time in half!

FIRST to give you greaseless dishwashing!

FIRST to perform miracles no soap in the world can match!

NOW 4 WAYS BETTER!

It's amazing! Improved Dreft makes more suds, ounce for ounce in average water, than any leading product you ever used for dishes! ***Try it!***

It's thrilling! Dreft always was milder than any soap to colors. And Improved Dreft is even milder—kinder than ever to your hands. ***Try it!***

It's wonderful! Improved Dreft contains less irritating "sneezy" dust than any leading dishwashing product of its kind! ***Try it!***

It's thrifty! Every box of Improved Dreft weighs more—does more work! Packed with extra value—washes a quarter more dishes! ***Try it!***

You Must Try It! Nothing Like It!

Dreft makes Dishes SHINE

—even without wiping!

PROCTER & GAMBLE'S
PATENTED SUDS DISCOVERY

® A HYMOSOL PRODUCT

DUZ DEMAND TERRIFIC! MILLIONS HAIL "DOES EVERYTHING" SOAP!

No other leading washday soap is so TOUGH on dirt yet so SAFE for colors!

WOMEN everywhere are buying more Duz than ever before! Every day more women are discovering this famous soap that's made especially to do *everything* in the family wash!

No wash is too tough for Duz because no soap made beats Duz at getting out dirt! Put the grimiest overalls, the dirtiest work shirts in rich Duz suds and see how *clean* Duz does 'em! Put your dingiest sheets, your streakiest towels in Duz and see how *white* Duz does 'em! Why, there isn't a soap made that gets white things *whiter* than Duz!

Yet, with *all* this terrific cleaning power, Duz is *safer* for colored things —wash dresses, play clothes, rayon undies—than any other "big-name" washday package soap!

It's because of that almost unbelievable combination of cleaning power and safety for colors that Duz is still unmatched by any other leading washday soap. No wonder women everywhere are taking those big red boxes of Duz off grocers' shelves almost as fast as they get there! Once *you* try Duz, you'll see why.

DUZ does Everything IN THE FAMILY WASH!

MORE REAL SOAP SUDS FOR YOUR MONEY!

Ounce for ounce, Duz gives you more real soap suds—faster, longer-lasting suds in your washing machine—than any other leading granulated washday soap! And what clean, sweet-smelling, soapy suds they are! Richer, hard-working suds so you can do more loads of wash with Duz—even in hard water! *Fast* for dishes, too—yet *kind* to your hands!

THAT'S WHY DUZ DOES MORE!

Companionably yours

COVER • Bright-faced girl in the brilliant ski clothes is Powers model Virginia Kavanagh. Virginia is a junior at St. Joseph's College for Women in Brooklyn, confesses that she's never been on skis but loves the clothes and has won a cup for roller skating. Photograph by Paul D'Ome.

TOOT TOOT • It's Food Editor Dorothy Kirk at the throttle of that peewee locomotive—the famous Edaville choo-choo, last two-foot gauger running in the United States today. Miss Kirk met the midget recently

Cranberry Special

while visiting the Ocean Spray cranberry cannery and bogs at Hanson, Cape Cod, Massachusetts. Owner of the Ocean Spray plant is the gentleman holding the waste rag in the picture—Marcus L. Urann, also president of the National Cranberry Association. The tiny Edaville train does giant's work, we're told, hauling sand to be spread on Ocean Spray bogs and moving pickers and berries.

TUT TUT • "Elementary," says a California reader of our November Picture Companion feature, First Grade Cook. "So Roger cooks at age six. My grandson at four and a half was changing his little brother expertly, attending to his bottles, cooking his cereal. Not long afterward he was making pancakes and waffles, ironing. And we never gave it a second thought."

NO FOOLING • Libbie Block Duggan informs us that Ever-Loving—her boy-meets-girl-through-dog tale (page 22)—is one story she'll never forget; we purchased it the same day her baby boy was born—April first. We asked Mrs. Duggan, now in New York hunting an apartment, for a quick summary of her life with dogs. "I've never been related to a not-so-toy fox terrier like the one in Ever-Loving," she tells us, "but at present our family does include a Dalmatian and an Airedale, both in California waiting for us to find a home for them." Her prospects for getting a place? "Good," she says, "*if* we give up the baby."

MOMENT OF GLORY • "I am a Negro and I couldn't resist commending this story. To know there are people of other races who really know the feelings of my people gives me a much brighter outlook."

Says another reader of that November story: "I am a southerner. My Jimmy has hair like wheat and blue eyes, but while I read Moment of Glory I couldn't separate him from the Jimmy with dark skin and tight curls. Today I got my heart creased by a well-aimed bullet."

GOLD • "The daily grind of household duties has always irked me," writes a reader from the state of Washington. "Recently I've become more and more cross with my family. Then last night I read Never a Proper Meal by Val Teal (June). Today I farmed out the baby, donned boots and packsack, got my equipment for panning gold—there's still some in the streams around here—called my son. . . . No gold in the pan, but gold came from the mouth of my ten-year-old: 'Gee, Mom, we're having fun again.' I needed that story!"

WHO IS PIERRE? • "Three friends who read the ms. of A Summer to Remember (page 21)," says Marjorie Marks, "have spoken to me about the resemblance of Pierre Mazerac to an artist they know. But each is sure he is a different artist! Of course Pierre is really entirely fictitious." But as for the setting of her two-part serial, Miss Marks won't say Tern is *not* Martha's Vineyard.

COSMOPOLITE • Born in St. Paul, now living near Paris . . . married to an Austrian who recently became an American citizen . . . mother of six children (five girls, one boy) . . .

Kay Boyle

author of sixteen books and twice winner of the O. Henry Memorial Prize for the best short story of the year. Who? Kay Boyle, of course. We think The Searching Heart (page 19) is Boyle at her best—and we'll wager you won't guess the ending.

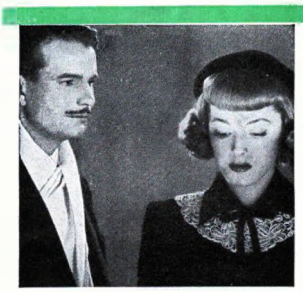
BOWWOW • The pooches who've pleaded their cases in the Companion recently—verses by A. C. Gate, drawings by Morgan Dennis—are now safely collared in a book—Every Dog Has His Say (Watson-Guptill). And with publication of the volume a secret's out—author Gate is none other than Edward Anthony.

The Editors

HOLLYWOOD

THE BISHOP'S WIFE (Goldwyn-RKO) is a Christmas fantasy for adults. Angel Cary Grant comes to earth to help overworked bishop David Niven and incidentally manages to cheer Loretta Young, the bishop's neglected wife, and poor old professor Monty Woolley. In fact handsome angel Grant brightens the lives of lots of people in this delightful film, among them James Gleason, Elsa Lanchester and Gladys Cooper, a wealthy dowager who finds Cary irresistible at the harp. But when Grant discovers he's becoming too interested in Loretta, he goes back where he came from. However, Niven carries on very well alone.

FOREVER AMBER (20th Century-Fox). As Amber, Linda Darnell decides that dashing Cornel Wilde is the man for her. But he thinks not, soon leaves her and she starts on a whirl of adventure and men. Eventually she marries elderly earl Richard Haydn, hoping to use his position to win Wilde. But after she's nursed Wilde through the plague he leaves again. She climaxes her dubious career by becoming mistress to Charles II, brilliantly portrayed by George Sanders. This Technicolor spectacle, with gorgeous costumes, leaves Amber, still beautiful but out of favor with the king and Wilde, facing a future of second-rate prospects.



THE VOICE OF THE TURTLE (Warner Bros.). Bewildered and hurt when Kent Smith breaks off their affair, Eleanor Parker vows she is finished with romance. But when Eve Arden jilts her sergeant, Ronald Reagan, who is in New York on a week-end pass, Eleanor takes pity on him, accepts his dinner invitation and even lets the hotel-less soldier sleep in her living-room. They become good friends, go out together again the next night. Realizing he is falling in love, Reagan does not stay a second night but returns for breakfast the following morning. Gay dialogue and amusing situations brighten this modern love story that ends happily.

MAN ABOUT TOWN (RKO). Chevalier falls for Marcelle Derrien in a witty French movie. Audiences will fall for him and his charmingly accented English.

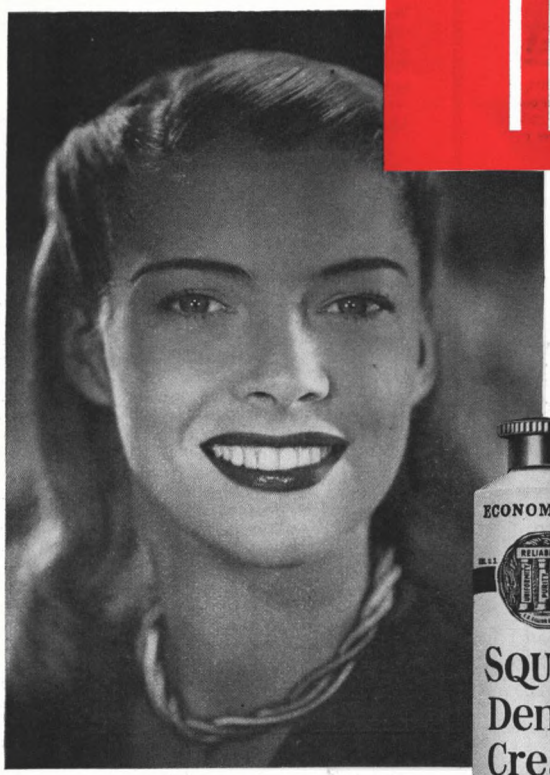
CURRENT

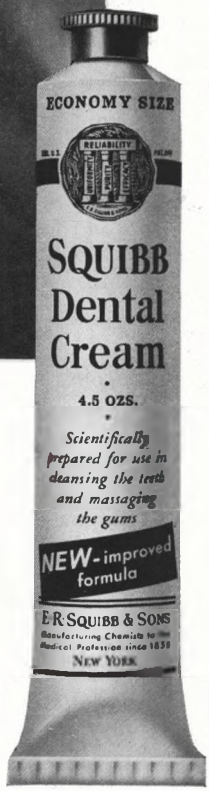
The Swordsman—*Swashbuckling in Technicolor; Larry Parks, Ellen Drew*
Thunder in the Valley—*Shepherds Lon McCallister, Edmund Gwenn and dogs*
Love from a Stranger—*Sylvia Sidney marries Bluebeard John Hodiak*
The Last Round-up—*Gene Autry again*
That Hagen Girl—*Touching story of an illegitimate child in a small town; Shirley Temple, Ronald Reagan*
The Tawny Pipit—*Charming English movie about a fuss over two rare birds*
Intermezzo—*Reissue of an old favorite; Leslie Howard, Ingrid Bergman*
Nightmare Alley—*Tyrone Power as a fake spiritualist in an adult thriller*

GREEN DOLPHIN STREET (MGM). Lana Turner wins Richard Hart, Donna Reed becomes a nun—in a drama with everything from earthquakes to savages.

I WALK ALONE (Paramount). Burt Lancaster gets tough with Kirk Douglas in a tale about ex-gangsters. Lizabeth Scott wisely switches from Kirk to Burt.

NEW IMPROVED SQUIBB DENTAL CREAM





action keeps on longer after brushing

Now, after test, comes the new improved Squibb Dental Cream, a new experience for you in longer mouth refreshment. You'll find it stays with the brush better. And it's alkaline. After brushing, its refreshing action stays longer on the job. Natural, not synthetic, oils flavor it. Stays soft and creamy in the tube, won't harden, even with the cap off. Compare and feel the refreshing difference. Try it today.

it's alkaline

SAVE MONEY··· BUY THE GIANT "ECONOMY SIZE"

THE PRICELESS INGREDIENT OF EVERY PRODUCT IS THE HONOR AND INTEGRITY OF ITS MAKER

THE FIRST OYSTER AND OTHER FIRSTS

HAVE you ever wondered how certain foods found their way into our kitchens? Who, for instance, braved the first oyster? Who first managed to get beyond the prickly part of an artichoke? Who ate the first olive? Who ate the second olive?

Ceylon likes honeybees

Nobody seems to know the answer to these questions. But we do know how macaroni reached the pantry shelf, who proved potatoes aren't poisonous, what led to the discovery of coffee and why mustard came to be used to season meat.

In eating, humanity is governed by taboos which differ from place to place and change from era to era. Once people would eat nothing that didn't have fur on it. There have been periods when it was fashionable to eat anything that could be chewed—from ants to trees. Americans today seem to lean toward the anything-goes attitude. Not long ago National Geographic scientists reported that worms, properly baked, have a not-unpleasant earthy taste. Rattlesnake is becoming quite the rage among gourmets today. According to the brochure of a flourishing rattlesnake cannery in Oregon it tastes like a combination of pork and chicken.

The rest of the world could still teach us an eating trick or two, however. In southern Russia they swear by smoked locusts, while in France of course it's snails. The Chinese have been cooking—and presumably enjoying—jellyfish for years. In some South Sea islands animal hides are considered a great delicacy. Back in the 1700's a trader, noting the nakedness of the natives of a small island where he had come to do business, sent ashore a good-will gift of a dozen pairs of fine buckskin breeches. The overjoyed islanders promptly stuffed them with seaweed and boiled them for dinner. Some years ago an Englishman took with him as a trading gift to Ceylon the finest honeybees he could find and was horrified when his grateful Singhalese friends stewed his gift. To this day every bee in Ceylon is a fugitive from a cook pot.

France prefers snails

Not everything that has been eaten in the past is considered edible today. Caterpillars, for instance, were much esteemed by the Romans, who reported enthusiastically that they tasted like almonds. Epicures in the days of the Caesars also liked ants fried with sugar and butter. They claimed spiders were delicious, having a pleasant nutty flavor. Also prized were parrot tongues and ostrich meat. Though these tidbits have now fallen into disrepute, one Roman eating habit has survived. The Romans started every meal with eggs and from them we get our custom of beginning the day with that dish.

Our European forebears set a great deal of store by what the Bible had to say about food. They refused to touch rice or potatoes because they weren't mentioned at all in the Bible. Onions and garlic were considered products of the devil.

The first European known to have defied tradition and eaten a potato was an Englishman named Thomas Harriot, who was trying to commit suicide. He took this momentous step in 1584 on the way back from a roistering expedition to the Americas with his pal Walter Raleigh. Perhaps we should give partial credit to Tom Harriot's interpreter for what happened. It seems the interpreter confused the Indian words for boiled and raw. He had been informed by the natives that potatoes were O. K. cooked but that if you ate them raw you were likely to die. The interpreter told Harriot that potatoes were good raw but that boiled they were certain death. At any rate Tom Harriot had a

girl back in Ireland. She was one of the reasons he had left Ireland to roam the world with Raleigh. Homeward bound, he thought of her and reached for the bottle. The more he drank the more he thought about her and the more unbearable life seemed. Finally when he felt he couldn't stand it any longer he went and boiled himself a potato.

Jellyfish for China

Now there are potato lovers who dispute Tom Harriot's claim to having pioneered in potato eating. They say that Captain John Hawkins was there first. True, twenty years before Harriot's suicidal attempt miscarried, Hawkins had returned from Santa Fe, Mexico, with what he described as a wonderful new food called the *batata*. That's how spuds got their name of course, but Hawkins' *batatas* were sweet potatoes.

England's beefeaters were late in taking to salads and vegetables popular on the Continent. Back in the sixteenth century when one of Henry VIII's wives wanted a salad she had to send a special messenger to Holland or Flanders for the makings because at that time the English refused to grow what they called "edible roots." Englishmen didn't even know what a cucumber was until the middle of the sixteenth century; asparagus wasn't seen in England until a century after that; and still another fifty years had to pass before the English learned about celery.

Even today our salads might be tomatoless if it hadn't been for a skinny youngster named Charley Dendril. Legend has it that one day in the year 1834 Charley's grandmother, who had tried every known herb to put flesh on weedy Charley, in desperation handed him a tomato.

Now tomatoes, as the whole world knew, were love apples. They made colorful lawn borders, but as far back as the sixteenth century a gentleman named Commerarius had dubbed them *pommes d'amour* (apples of love) and classified them under the heading of deadly poisons.

Of course Charley Dendril knew about love apples. He was no doubt sure that his grandmother was handing him certain death. But, sick of being dosed, sick of being sick, he opened his mouth and for the first time in history down the human gullet went a consignment of vitamins A, B and C via the tomato.

One of our great known food heroes is Giuseppe Cicho, the man who invented macaroni. In the thirteenth century Giuseppe lived in a little alley in Genoa. All his neighbors thought he was a sorcerer because he kept his door locked and his windows shuttered. In reality he was an alchemist, who puttered around with all kinds of things on the side. One day a neighbor named Javanella noticed a delicious aroma emanating from the vicinity of his workshop. Being a natural enemy of shuttered windows she mastered her fear of the sorcerer sufficiently to creep up close and peek. What she saw was Cicho making a new thing to eat. She stayed there peeking until she'd learned the whole recipe.

And even rattlesnakes

Some days later Javanella's husband, an assistant cook in the king's palace, set a dish of the new food before the king. The king smacked his lips, summoned Javanella, rewarded her with one hundred pieces of gold. Almost immediately the food became a fad.

Meanwhile, Cicho, confident that macaroni was his secret, stayed in seclusion. When days later he finally went out for a walk he smelled his invention being cooked wherever he turned. Overcome with chagrin he died of a broken heart.

The earliest known discoverer of coffee was a donkey. His breakfast-shaking discovery took place in Abyssinia about the time of Charlemagne. The owner of the donkey noticed that whenever his animal came to a certain hill neither kicks nor blows would budge him until he had eaten his fill of a clump of bushes growing there. After he had eaten he would start off with such energy that more kicks and blows were required to stop him. Finally the owner investigated the bush, discovered berries growing on it, chewed them, found them pleasant and stimulating. They were still chewing coffee berries in Abyssinia when later explorers found the western hemisphere drinking them.

Ostrich for Romans

Over the years the ordinary bean has probably ranged further up and down the social scale than any other food. Once, as Tlaloc, it was worshiped by the Mayas and Aztecs. Homer's *lotos* was merely a bean. Early Romans burned beans on altars to drive away ghosts.

Aside from the matter of the first apple women don't seem to have been especially outstanding in food pioneering. However, it was an Englishwoman, a Mrs. Clements who, in the time of George I, first tried mustard. One day Mrs. Clements ran out of coffee. You know how some people are about their coffee. Bent on finding a substitute Mrs. Clements popped some mustard seed into her coffee mill and brewed the result. For quite a while she was certain she had found a wonderful use for mustard as a substitute for coffee. Then one day she happened to slop some of her newly discovered drink on her plate. It soaked into her meat. Mrs. Clements took a tentative bite. After that her long-suffering family didn't have to drink mustard any more—they had it on their beef.

Feeling adventurous yourself? The chances of your discovering a dish never before sampled by man are very slim. But just in case you're interested, the record shows newt liver, moths and yucca haven't been tried. Is there a hero in the house?

—MORTON THOMPSON

UNCLE SAM'S NIECES

BY MARY VAN RENSSELAER THAYER

IF YOU'RE a lady engineer, editor, mathematician, research chemist, authority on the life and loves of the field mouse or just a girl with an agile mind but not much in the way of special training, the job opportunities for you in Washington, D.C., working for the government, are practically unlimited.

For it's women, thousands of feminine public servants, who make our government's wheels go round. To hear them tell it they all have wonderful jobs—good salaries, a five-day week, generous sick leave, long vacations with pay. Besides that their work is interesting and the people they meet are the kind to write home about. Perhaps most important of all—at least to lots of government girls I've talked to—is the fact that in the U. S. Civil Service that old battle cry, "No women need apply," is never heard. Our government, stanchly adhering to the revolutionary principle that women are as smart as men, welcomes the female of the species with open arms. Because no sex line is drawn women can get ahead just as fast as men—and command equally good salaries too.

Pictured on these pages are five women, each with a typical civil service job. If you remember they are but an infinitesimal drop in the government bucket, you will begin to get an idea of why so many girls across the country today think of Washington as the golden land of opportunity.

How does a government career tie in with marriage? Let Dr. Thora Hardy, our fur expert, and Lucille Stickel, girl with the DDT spray gun, answer that. They're both married to men with Civil Service jobs similar to their own. They tell me that husband-and-wife combinations aren't at all unusual throughout government service. And it's certainly no secret that many a nice niece of Uncle Sam has found that her job led to a happy marriage with one of the old boy's nephews!

Most government departments have special openings for women. The Weather Bureau, for instance, wants lady meteorologists, while the Department of the Interior is scouting for geologists and engineers. Elsewhere there is a demand for legal assistants, dieticians, social scientists and an almost endless assortment of consultants and analysts—employment, price, economic and physical analysts; business, home, medical and economic-planning consultants—all newish fields for women, just waiting to be explored and exploited.

For the girl with no special bent or training, who possesses ample tact and a nimble wit, two fields are wide open—employment relations consultant and information specialist. Instinctive feminine diplomacy seems to do the trick every time in untangling employee problems. While native feminine curiosity is a boon to the information specialist who, like pretty Mildred Carter, right, keeps tabs on who's doing what and where and then distributes this information to the right places and people. Is it any wonder women have almost entirely cut out men in these two fields?

Scientifically speaking the government seems to be especially fascinated by women, offering them over twenty different types of scientific jobs. The list starts off with agronomist, works its way through horticulturist and nutritionist and winds up with zoologist. Since the government maintains experimental stations and laboratories all over the country it's often possible to get a job of this kind near home. Starting salary is $2,644.80 and in some such jobs there's no reason why an up-and-coming young woman with the right training—a college degree or its equivalent in experience—couldn't climb right up toward the ten-thousand-a-year level.

If a girl isn't quite sure just what is the right spot for her particular capabilities the Civil Service Commission will help her find it. The Commission, with headquarters at Eighth and E Streets, Washington, D.C., is the clearinghouse for all information on

Whether a girl's taste runs to furs or filing, whether she's a Ph.D. or specializes in pothooks,

Louella Cable, aquatic biologist, has pried into every angle of the shad's private life. Heading a project to revive our dwindling shad fisheries she can tell you to a month the age of any of her charges; she does it by counting scars on the fish's scales. Her research is being used as a basis for laws which will up the shad birthrate by restricting overfishing and stream pollution. If ever you meet a shad with a tag on its belly send the tag to Louella and she'll send you a dollar. She tags 10,000 yearly to prove that though shad set out to sea at a tender age they hustle back to their natal river to spawn. Starting salary: $4,149.

Dr. Thora Hardy, fur microanalyst, works amid incredible luxury, surrounded by mink, fox and karakul skins. Recklessly snipping a patch of fur, she puts it under her microscope to determine how an animal was bred. Her experiments to improve quality have proved, for instance, that changing a mink's hairdo makes finer coats —short-haired fur snaps back better than long when sat on. Ranchers consult Dr. Hardy about diets for baby fur bearers. Right now her pet project is karakul—a little black sheep, below, that goes to market as Persian lamb. Starting salary: $4,149.

ARE NICE

government jobs—which ones are open, how to get them, what examinations must be taken, when such tests are given.

Not all government work is cut to pattern. For instance, there's a woman naval architect, a girl who is writing the history of the Civil Service, a laboratory assistant who spends most of her time tasting oysters, a lady who bands migratory birds—she's banded over four million—another who concocts recipes for the cooking of wild animals.

But the government's undisputed heroine is the stenographer. Though her job doesn't lend itself so easily to glamourizing as some held by her sisters in government service, without her the nation's machinery would come to a standstill in twenty-four hours. A girl with little experience can start at $2,168.28. Keen workers make up to $3,773.10 a year. But even that need not be the end. Many top women executives used a typewriter and squiggly pothooks as steppingstones to success.

"A stenographer is right where things are happening," says Mrs. Josephine Atwood Maulding, one of the government's most luminous feminine stars, who is personnel director for the Department of the Interior and has the final say in hiring and firing thousands of workers. "If she keeps her eyes open and uses her wits, she's sure to get ahead." Mrs. Maulding ought to know. Some twenty years ago she too was a clerk-stenographer.

there's a career for her in government service

Mildred Carter, information specialist, almost always knows a secret. Every day hot news reports come to her desk in the State Department for editing, mimeographing and close guarding until they're okayed for release to newspapers, embassies, government officials. One of the government's fastest typists—her fingers race along at ninety words a minute—she manages to answer hundreds of questions with brisk accuracy even while she's cutting stencils and writing synopses of the day's news. She has a phenomenal memory for dates and stories. Exacting work, but Millie gets a kick out of scooping the world. Salary: $2,700.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LILLY JOSS—BLACK STAR

Faye Rossi, clerk-typist-stenographer, has worked for the State Department for more than four years. During the war she took twenty-seven months off to be a Marine Corps sergeant. But no tough soldier Faye; she served as a baking instructor, taught the lady marines to make bread, cake and pie. Back again now in the International Trade Office handling information which our State Department uses in controlling world-wide trade, Faye says her job is of such magnitude and exciting variety she's never bored. As for glamour she thinks it has soldiering beat! Salary: $2,400.

Lucille Stickel, junior biologist, is one girl who isn't afraid of mice; she handles them all the time in connection with her work. Her job is to find out if useful animals are harmed by eating DDT-sprayed vegetation and bugs. Eventually she will know how every type of rodent reacts to every strength of DDT. Only then will DDT be government-endorsed for everyday use. At present officials feel its indiscriminate use might cause irreparable damage to valuable wildlife. Lucille and her husband, who works across the hall from her, form one of the many husband-and-wife teams in Uncle Sam's service. Starting salary: $2,600.

GOOD NEIGHBORS CLUB

MEET YOUR NEIGHBORS, EXCHANGE IDEAS AND RECEIVE $1500.00 IN CASH PRIZES EACH MONTH

A service to the women of America by the Pepsi-Cola Company

Here are the five top prize-winning suggestions in the fourth of this monthly series of "Good Neighbors Club" contests:

$700.00 paid to Mrs. James A. Goetsch, of Naperville, Ill., for this idea:

I'd like to share with others the good neighbor plan that defeated the housing shortage for a group of us here in Naperville. We organized twenty-six veterans and their families, and together we've built twenty-six homes, doing all the work ourselves, even though none of us had had any previous building experience. We're proud of the homes we've built, and proud of the cooperative spirit of our community that makes us all better neighbors.

$250.00 paid to Mrs. Dexter W. Phillips of Tampa, Fla., for this idea:

Last summer we couldn't send our three boys away to camp. So instead we brought camp to them with a regular six-hour-a-day camp program, including Outdoor Work, Play, Individual and Group Projects, Rest, etc. Their friends joined in and our "camp at home" summer was so successful we plan to repeat it next year.

* * *

In addition to the above winners, each of the following contestants was awarded a $10 prize:

J. C. Allen, Elinor Burdo, Mrs. Charles L. Campbell, Mrs. W. T. DeVane, Mrs. William A. Dynes, Mrs. Carol Elder, Margaret F. Elmer, Mrs. J. H. Frishette, John E. Geiselmann, Mrs. F. W. Giebel, Mrs. W. A. Goerss, Mrs. Ray Harbour, Mrs. M. M. Herbert, Juanita L. Johnson, Mrs. Harold Jousma.

Mrs. M. H. Krieger, Ruth G. Monohon, Mrs. Charles R. Otto, Mrs. Neal Owens, Mrs. H. H. Peck, Mrs. M. Jay Ream, Mrs. Doris Richardson, Miss Josephine Ringrose, Muriel Scholz, Mrs. O. J. Schulz.

Mrs. R. W. Slyker, Mrs. Henry D. Smith, Mrs. Jerrold Spangler, Mrs. E. E. Steinbrecker, Mrs. J. K. Willis.

$125.00 paid to Mrs. William Bodamer of Lakewood, Ohio, for this idea:

Buying all the new phonograph record albums we wanted was too expensive. So several of us started a record exchange plan, buying albums we all agreed upon and then exchanging them among ourselves. As our group grew, our "library" grew too. Now we hold regular meetings and music discussions, forming another strong neighborhood bond.

$75.00 paid to Mrs. Gerald Winters of Los Angeles, Calif., for this idea:

Your imagination can suggest many simple, practical ways to bring out the real charm and personality of your home. For example, after we redecorated a bedroom recently, the small bed with no headboard or foot just didn't look right. So we *painted* a matching headboard on the wall behind the bed, making the whole room more "finished" and attractive.

$50.00 paid to Mrs. Charles Elsmar, of Vero Beach, Fla., for this idea:

Youngsters should play a definite part in making the home. So we turn the sun porch over to them at regular intervals for decorating experiments. The results, such as a South Seas theme or an authentic Gay Nineties background, are always fun while the creative effort and research involved are wonderful for the children. The cost? Surprisingly low.

* * *

Send in your entries now . . . read these simple rules

1. These contests are being offered *every month* as a public service of Pepsi-Cola Co., to be of help to women in their daily lives.

2. Here's all you do: Write out in 50 words or less, the best idea you have which will help your neighbor. Then write your reasons for selecting the idea you did. Ideas can deal with any subject of interest to women.

3. Submit your entries in your own words . . . literary style will not count. The originality and aptness of the subject matter, and your reasons for selecting it, are the things for which prizes will be awarded. You may enter these contests as many times as you wish. Write each entry on a separate sheet with your name and address on each.

4. Mail your entries to Pepsi-Cola Company, Dept. W, Good Neighbors Club, P.O. Box 230, Long Island City 1, N. Y. All entries that are received during January, will be judged in the January contest and similarly in the February contest.

5. Every month, 35 cash prizes will be given totaling $1500.00, in order of excellence as follows: 1st Prize: $700.00; 2nd Prize: $250.00; 3rd Prize: $125.00; 4th Prize: $75.00; 5th Prize: $50.00; plus *30 prizes* of $10.00 each.

6. Checks will be mailed to prize winners in the Jan. contest not later than Feb. 29, 1948.

7. Pepsi-Cola Company shall have the right to publish all prize-winning entries in any form desired, with or without editing, and including names and addresses of winners, and also pictures of the five top prize winners. Do not send any pictures with entries.

8. Judges will be a nationally-known judging organization. Their decisions will be final. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in case of ties. No entries returned.

HOW DO YOU FEEL ABOUT TIPPING?

SIXTY-FIRST COMPANION POLL

DO YOU approve of the custom of tipping? What a flood of pent-up frustration in Reader-Reporters was loosed by that innocent-appearing little question this month. By almost two to one the women declared themselves "agin" it. Some managed to confine their objections to a curt, "It's one of my pet peeves." But others couldn't refrain from lashing out wildly with something like: "I consider it a foreign custom, non-American."

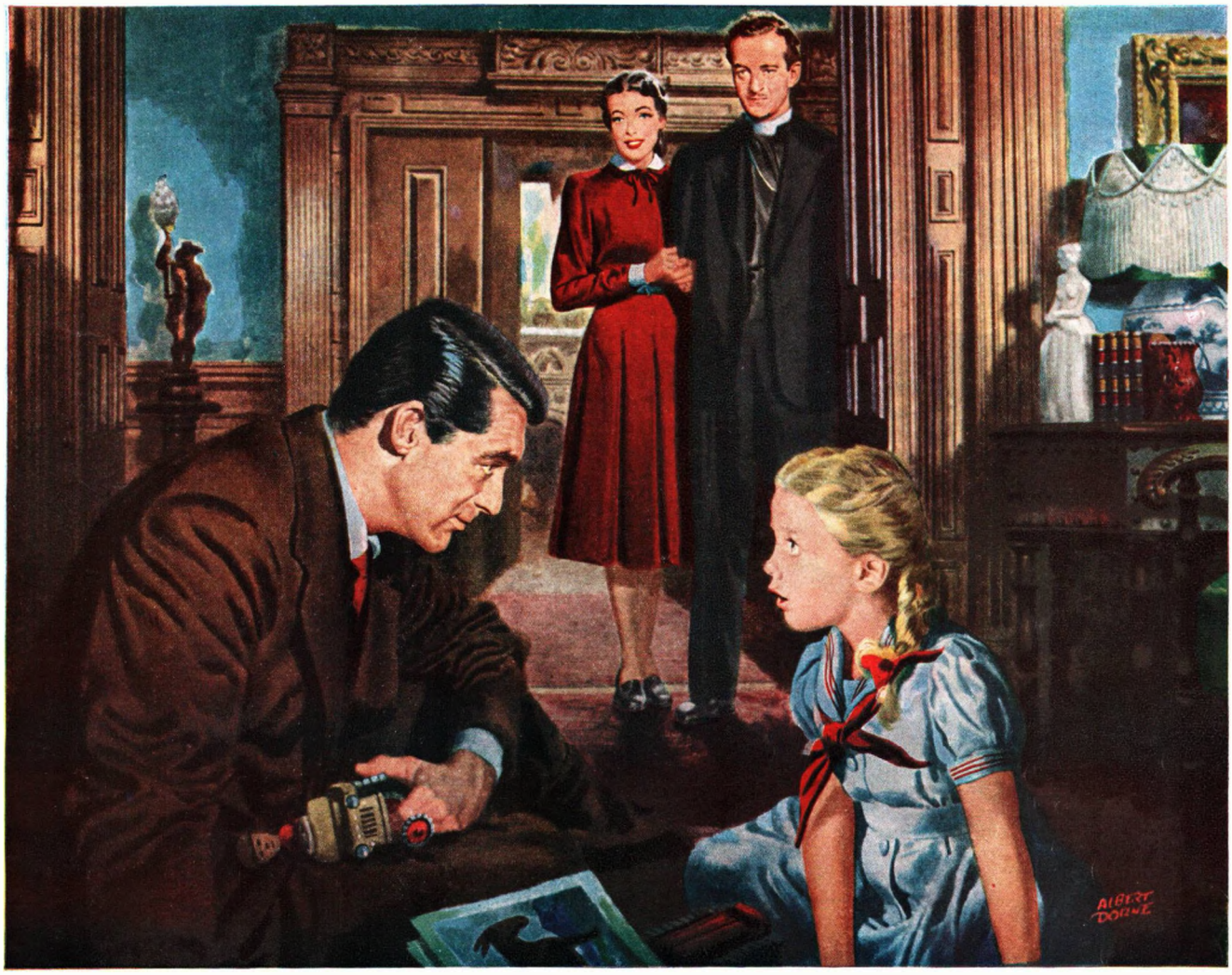
• **Quite a bit of disapproval seems to spring from a feeling that the tipped need the money less than the tippers.** For instance: "A waitress I know made $150 one week in tips. She should leave the customer a quarter." And: "It's ludicrous that I, a school teacher, always tip a waitress who doubtless earns more than I do and whose children I may be teaching to earn their living!" Several women disapprove of the custom because the government has no way of checking up accurately on tips for taxation purposes. "Do you ever earn a dollar that isn't taxed?" demands one Reader-Reporter angrily. And still others resent the fact that patrons are often squeezed into tipping: "I tip because I'm a timid soul but I don't approve." There's one altogether feminine argument advanced by the opposition: "Tipping is so inconvenient. The need so often arises when it's most difficult to open a purse."

• **But by and large those opposed to tipping are against it primarily because they think it undemocratic.** As a woman from Missouri says: "In a country where 'all men are created equal' the practice of taking tips has always struck me as degrading. Tips lack the flavor of an earned wage." And from North Carolina: "Tipping reduces friends to servants." And from Massachusetts: "If I were to accept a tip I am sure that I should have a feeling of inferiority, so I think it unfair to subject others to this."

Even the third of our Reader-Reporters who *do* subscribe to the practice nearly all agree that, "The tip shouldn't be a foregone conclusion." Apparently the old rule of ten per cent still holds with the majority for determining the amount one should tip. However, a large number of women feel tips should be in proportion to the quality of the service. And a few insist they should be determined by the tipper's ability to pay: "Sometimes before payday I can't stretch out a tip for love nor money."

• **How does the opposition propose to eliminate this thorn?** Here again some suggestions are typically feminine: "I think writers of etiquette books should say it has been abolished and publish it in all magazines and newspapers." And: "Instead of tips patrons could hand in slips describing the service as extra good, good or poor and these slips could be used by the employer in determining who should get raises." Other Reader-Reporters are for: "Passing a national law against it;" for abolishing it: "Like one railroad did and all airlines have done:" for posting "No Tipping" signs. But by far the majority of those opposed agree with the New Hampshire woman who says: "All workers should be paid a salary which does not need a crutch, even if it means raising prices."

COMPANION POLL questions are submitted every month by mail to more than 2,000 readers, a group that was first selected in 1935 and which has been frequently revised since then, to give an accurate cross-section of what our readers in more than 3,700,000 homes are thinking.



A quiet moment between chuckles. Cary Grant's stories go over big with the ladies—even the little ones!

What an idea for a picture!

Think back. All the pictures you really remember had wonderful ideas behind them. The kind of ideas you found, for example, in "The Best Years of Our Lives"...the kind of ideas that have made Samuel Goldwyn's pictures gather so many awards.

In "The Bishop's Wife" he has another great picture with heart-warming ideas that are rich in humor, tender in emotion, and deep in understanding.

It's a picture in which Cary Grant plays an out-of-this-world guy with a worldly touch—that does wonderful things for some wonderful people (including Loretta Young, David Niven, Monty Woolley, James Gleason and Gladys Cooper).

Watch for it..."The Bishop's Wife" will do some wonderful things...to *you!*

Samuel Goldwyn *presents*

CARY GRANT • LORETTA YOUNG • DAVID NIVEN

in

THE BISHOP'S WIFE

with **MONTY WOOLLEY** • **JAMES GLEASON** • **GLADYS COOPER** • **ELSA LANCHESTER** and **THE MITCHELL BOYCHOIR**

Directed by **HENRY KOSTER** • Screen Play by ROBERT E. SHERWOOD and LEONARDO BERCOVICI • From the Novel by ROBERT NATHAN • Released through RKO-RADIO PICTURES, Inc.

Your Hands will tell you why!

IVORY SNOW KEEPS LOVELY WASHABLES LOVELY LONGER

Prove it!

MAKE THE HAND TEST

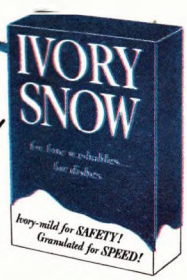
This week let your hands tell you why Ivory Snow keeps lovely washables lovely *longer!* Just wash your dishes with Ivory Snow. When you see how kind it is—how it pampers your hands—you'll *know* it's extra kind to dainty colors and fine fabrics.

You see, there's no finer soap made! So mild! 99 44/100% pure! Ivory Snow is the ONLY soap *both* Ivory-mild *and* in granulated "snowdrops" that burst into rich, instant suds in safe lukewarm water—*even in cool water!*

So for your dainty lingerie . . . fluffy woolens . . . colorful prints—use wonderful Ivory Snow. Just follow tested directions on the package to keep lovely things lovely *longer!*

No other soap like it!

. . . for Lovely Nylons



IVORY SNOW— the only granulated soap that's Ivory-mild

"Look," Harris said shakily. "I think I'd better go check in at my hotel"

Wild Oats in December

A blonde—a glamorous blonde—caught his eye, so he's off on his big adventure. No man ever thinks himself too young for that

BY SCOTT YOUNG

HARRIS HATCH wasn't really reading the letter he held in his hand although it was from Betty who had kissed him shyly but with some tenderness at the end of summer holidays and who was now waiting in New York to take him to her New Hampshire home for Christmas. The words of his nominal beloved lay uncherished while he gazed at a fancy-looking blonde scarcely three feet away.

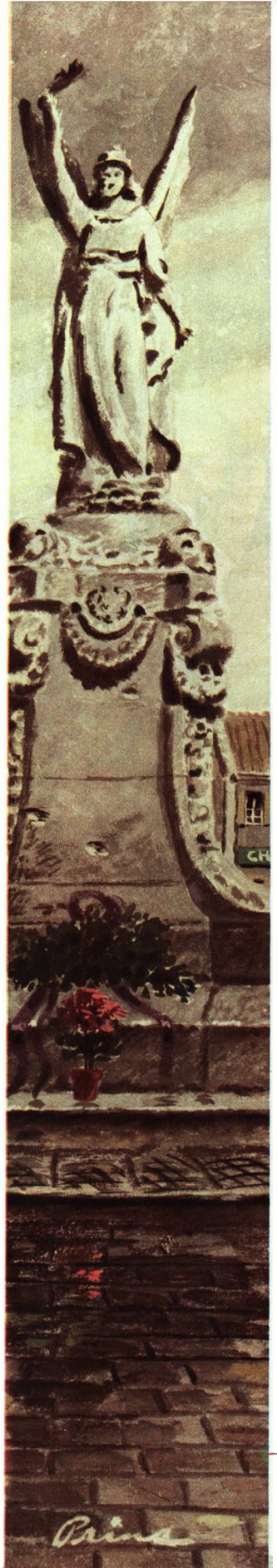
Possibly the reason for this germ of infidelity was that Harris was nineteen, a significant age to people who study the growth and course of human passions. And although Betty's arms opened for Harris alone, as far as he knew, they were governed by a finishing school conception of just how open a set of well-bred arms should be. Frankly, on this point Harris was not in complete agreement with the finishing school. He had a confused but insistent feeling that he was missing something. Which brings us back to the blonde.

She sat in the front seat of the airline taxi traveling between downtown Montreal and Dorval airport. Harris sat in the back seat. He was close enough that he could have reached out and touched the long gold-yellow hair. By merely touching those full and slightly parted lips with his, taking a sample on a handkerchief and studying it against a lipstick chart, he could have identified their color as Glorious Red.

At this thought the notepaper in his hand rattled slightly, drawing [*continued on page* 92]

ILLUSTRATOR: WARD BRACKETT


A new year is an anniversary
for honor and sacrifice of life.
This woman did not in her heart
believe in that sacrifice.
In Normandy, she learned



The Searching Heart

BY KAY BOYLE

ILLUSTRATOR: BEN PRINS

PERHAPS on every transatlantic liner, on every ocean crossing, there is an older lady of this sort: one who has accepted the role and who does not paint her face, or go with her legs bare, or smoke cigarettes, but who plays the part the years have sanctioned. This one, who was crossing to France for the first time in her life, had soft skin, and when she spoke her voice was low, as if she were accustomed to hearing other people's voices, not her own. Her eyes were blue, like the blue of certain wild pansies, and slightly faded now, and her hair had bands of silver in it; and she dressed in grays, pale mauves and fuchsia blues, with little stiff-brimmed hats of matching colors set on her silky silver knot of hair.

She did not speak of herself continuously, as many aging women do, or of the past which linked her to her present life, or sharply and acidly of other people or their politics. Everything she saw or heard was new and wondrous to her, and if the other travelers seated at her table were young people still she listened with respect to what they had to say.

"Where has it been written," asked one of the young men at breakfast the third day out, "that children should obey their parents?" He had just received a radiogram from his father in Ohio saying he wanted him home by August instead of September.

"It is written that children should honor their parents," one of the young women said, and Mrs. Peyton sat listening to them speak.

"I used to say to my son," she said then, in a gentle voice, "that in my experience parents should honor the lives and the decisions of their children more than they do." The young people at the table laughed a little. But this to her was wisdom; it had nothing to do with humor at all.

This was the only time Mrs. Peyton had mentioned her son to them—at least it was the only time until the night before they got to France. The steamer had been feeling its way along the Irish coast through rain and mist, its deep voice calling aloud. After midnight it entered, tentatively, the treacherous port of Cobh. There were some who had stayed up to see the show and they had gone to the forward deck to witness from there the wending of the ship's way through the alley of buoy lights.

The little group of passengers stood in their waterproof coats in the darkness, with the soft rain or the mist, or the mingling of both, falling on their faces and their hair. For a while the young man who had spoken of parents and children did not realize that Mrs. Peyton stood, small and without exclamation, beside him at the rail. He was watching the maneuverings of the ship, and making jokes and laughing as the others did, and he did not know she was among them until she put her hand upon his arm.

"This may sound like a very foolish question to you," she said, and he had to lean over to catch the words, "but I wanted to ask you if you thought that men going toward a beachhead in landing boats stood and looked out into the rain and darkness like this?"

"So it's you, Mrs. Peyton, my little commando," the young man cried out. "Have you got your face blacked up for the raid?"

"I'm just trying to steal someone else's experience from him," Mrs. Peyton said, speaking almost in apology. "My son landed on a beachhead in Normandy three years ago. I'm trying to find out a little what it was like for him."

"Well, what has he said about it? Hasn't he spoken of it since?" the young man asked, and as the ship's voice boomed deeply out, he knew it was not this he should have said.

"You see, he didn't come back," said Mrs. Peyton in her apologetic voice. "So it has been a little difficult to know. He was reported missing on that beachhead," she said, speaking quietly beside him there in the soft Irish night, "and later they said he must [*continued on page* 66]

When she came close enough to see the side of his face, she began to tremble

"You love my island already," he said. "I can see it in your face"

Here on the island Pierre had molded Margot from a simple girl into a bewildered woman

Summer to Remember

PART ONE OF A TWO-PART NOVEL

BY MARJORIE MARKS

IT WAS a perfect day for flying. From her seat next to the window Margaret Neale watched the line of shore far below. How different this was, she thought, from her first approach to the island. At eighteen, that journey from Minnesota, by train and by boat, had been all too slow. And now—if the pilot should announce that Tern Island had been swallowed up by the Atlantic she would have felt like cheering.

How many times since that evening two weeks ago when Tom had told her casually that he was dickering for Windover, the Mazerac place on Tern Island, had she been on the verge of revealing the distress and confusion evoked by those names—Mazerac, Windover, Tern? Wouldn't she like to go with him, he had urged; they had had such fun on the last house-buying junket to Tucson and it was time they got away again.

These sporadic ventures in real estate—the purchase, renovating and quick resale of houses—were Tom's way of keeping his hand in his real profession, architecture. The Detroit glass factory he managed for his mother was too restricting for his basically creative nature.

Margaret had used every plausible subterfuge to avoid going along. What about the children and the spring cleaning? But he had an answer for her objections. Why, surely this was the one expedition she must not dream of missing. Since she was such an authority on Tern and the Mazerac house, he needed her. Unless of course she had some feeling against going back—naturally, he would understand if the reminder of the hurricane and the tragedy—

"Nonsense, that's not it at all," she had interrupted quickly. "I'll go. I can't imagine what got into me. You know I always think up reasons for staying home in this wonderful house," she had said.

"I'd better see about plane reservations," Tom had said and, lightly caressing her hair, hurried to the telephone.

Had he guessed how profoundly he had upset her? You never could tell with Tom. After six years of marriage, he was still able to astonish her with an almost feminine acuteness and subtlety of perception. With this unpredictable quality in Tom she had first fallen in love. And now she feared it.

She had prayed during the intervening two weeks for some accident which would keep her home. But here they were in the plane, island-bound. And she must watch herself every instant lest she say something to reveal to Tom the secret of that crime—if it *were* a crime—which might unbalance their marriage.

She glanced at him now on the seat beside her. He held a map of the coastline on his lap, and his eyes, outdoor eyes, gray and keen, dwelt alternately upon printed contours and real landscape. Tom's fondness for gadgets caused amusement among his family and friends. His desk and his pockets were always full of them—sliderule, tape measure, a knife with innumerable attachments, trick lighters, a compass, a pedometer. His camera, she sometimes teased him, he treated more tenderly than he did her. But of course that wasn't true. He was the tenderest of men, the least demanding. His love and sympathy had never failed her. And still she could not bring herself to tell him what all these years she had succeeded in shutting away as far as possible from her own consciousness. How could she risk losing his love by confessing the crime she still felt guilty of in her innermost heart?

He felt her eyes and turned to look at her. "Hello, honey. Quite a day. I ordered it specially for the trip. When we get there, how about a swim?"

"Tom, you nitwit. It's only April. The water will be icy. It was June, and much warmer weather [*continued on page* 98]

ILLUSTRATOR: TOM LOVELL

Ever-Loving

If the puppy never recognized what kind of girl Salty is, how

BY LIBBIE BLOCK

ILLUSTRATOR: HARRY FREDMAN

HE WAS a grave and optimistic puppy. He sat day after day in the window of a New York City pet shop, watching the legs of the world go by, wishing harm to no one and expecting something rather nice for himself.

The trouble was he sat too long. His brothers and sisters flirted their ways into the hearts of the purchasers and departed. New litters came and went until, among pink-tongued stumbling infants, he became the sober old man of the world. His age was five months. He was supposed to be a toy fox terrier, but cursed by the Mendel's law of heredity he was reverting to a standard-sized ancestor. He was no more a toy than a horse is a pony.

He was not aware that his long residence worried the shop owner, Mr. Gretcham, who fretted because it was expensive to keep him and because a pet shop needs new faces nearly as much as does a night club revue. But since Mr. Gretcham really liked dogs he kept feeding and housing the big fox terrier pup . . . and hoping. And selling Scotties and poodles and importing a new batch of golden cockers. And selling those. And hoping.

Late one winter afternoon a young woman came into Mr. Gretcham's pet shop. She did not halt as most do to make kissing and clucking sounds at the puppies. She went directly to Mr. Gretcham, without a glance at the parakeets and lovebirds, with no eye for the red slices of goldfish in their tank.

Mr. Gretcham looked at the girl's pretty face framed in long light hair, a face half the girls in the country would have been glad to own . . . and the other half already did. Mr. Gretcham was glad that dogs did not have their eyelashes stiffened and blackened into barbed wire, like hers. A dog's eyes were always easy to get into, the eyes of the girl were not.

The girl asked, "How much is your cheapest dog?"

Mr. Gretcham made a quick month-end sale, a drastic yearly clearance. "I have just one at five dollars," he said and it was the fox terrier pup he meant. This was far below what the animal had cost him but it would mean a pet for the girl, a home for the dog and relief for Mr. Gretcham.

"That's fair enough."

He did not at once accept the five-dollar bill she held out to him. This transaction was improper. Dogs were not sold like breakfast food. There must be eye-to-eye soul-searching between human and animal, a caress exchanged for a kiss. "Don't you want to see him?" he asked in distress.

"Sure. And I want a collar and a leash. Something cute."

The puppy was brushed free of straw, set down upon the floor. After a brief preliminary tour around the legs of Mr. Gretcham and the girl, he sat looking up as though he had been invited to join a discussion. His tongue, in sheer earnestness, hung out a little.

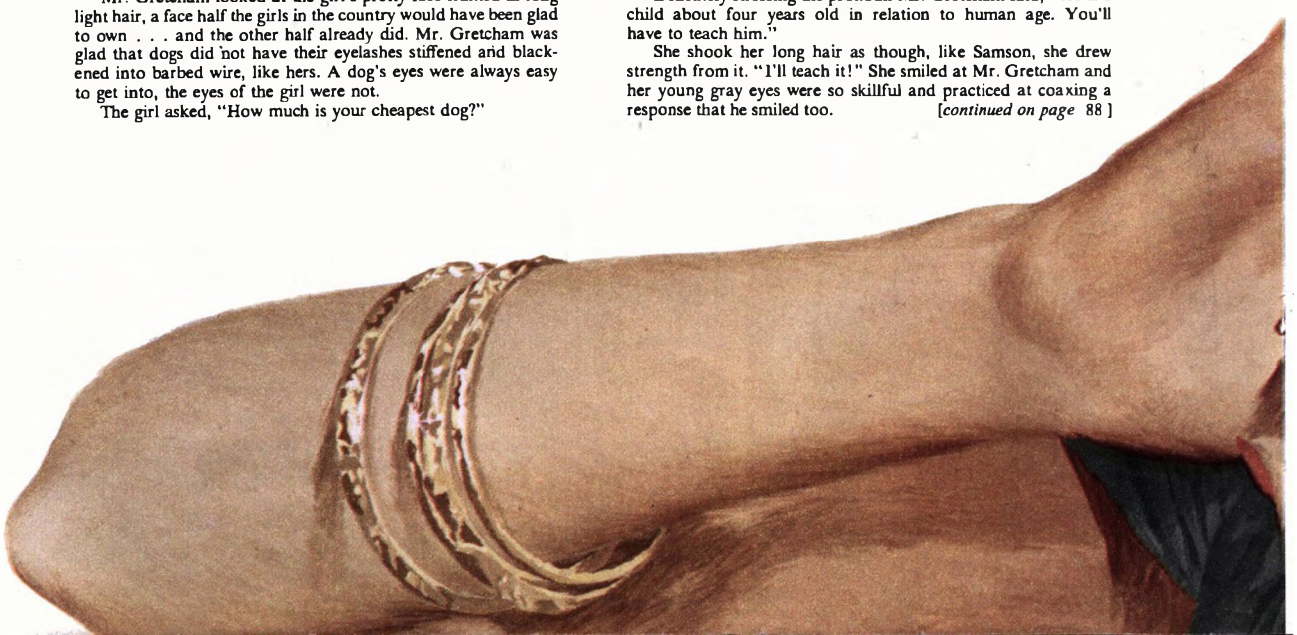
"It's sort of cute, like that old dog in the phonograph ad," she said. "Mostly white too. White dogs show off better. I'll take it." She also bought a plaid leash which had taken her fancy and a rhinestone-studded collar which cost more than her dog.

Now he was hers, decked in all his finery. At last she had a question to ask about him. "Will it sit still?" she demanded of Mr. Gretcham. "I mean if I take it to a restaurant or some place, will it always be jumping around?"

Delicately stressing the pronoun Mr. Gretcham said, "*He* is a child about four years old in relation to human age. You'll have to teach him."

She shook her long hair as though, like Samson, she drew strength from it. "I'll teach it!" She smiled at Mr. Gretcham and her young gray eyes were so skillful and practiced at coaxing a response that he smiled too.

[*continued on page* 88]



could you expect that Charlie would?

"He's the only friend I've got in this world, aren't you, puppy?"


the
HAPPY
couple

A STORY BY RACHEL THORNTON COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

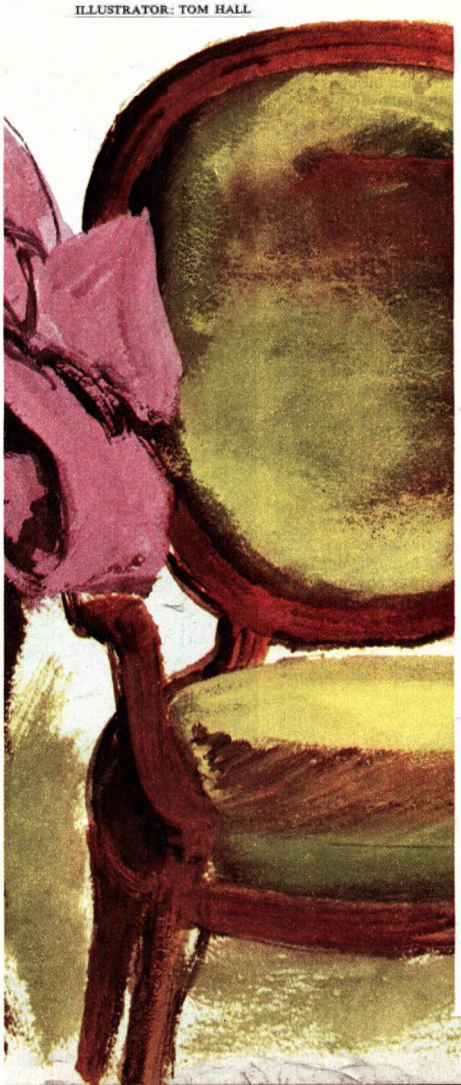
No one can measure love—

but there is an abundance of it

in this little room

As the door closed, Don and Mary drew together in a long kiss

ILLUSTRATOR: TOM HALL



IN THE light of the pair of lamps symmetrically placed on the identical tables at either end of the pale blue sofa, the small living-room positively glistened. Never were varnished surfaces so glossy. Never, apparently, had the puffy sofa been sat on and subsequently poked and prodded back to puffiness. Surely the Venetian blinds had never stuck and been ruthlessly jerked by impatient hands. And no cigarette could ever have been messily stubbed out in those shining crystal ash trays.

Mrs. Worthington, pausing in the doorway, peered at the neat perfection of the room through her gold-rimmed spectacles and nudged her husband with an admonitory elbow.

"Isn't this lovely, Ed?" she asked in the high-pitched voice of the slightly deaf.

Ed Worthington mopped at his balding head with a crumpled handkerchief, panting a little after the three flights of stairs.

"It certainly is," he said. "This is wonderful."

Behind them in the tiny entrance hall Mary Harrison closed the flimsy door leading to the stairway.

"I'm so glad you like it." Her voice broke and bubbled with happiness. "Don and I are so pleased. Of course we were terribly lucky to get it." Lovingly her eyes caressed the heavy blue curtains, the white walls—her own home, her private miracle. Heavens, one of the pictures was crooked! She frowned importantly and shifted the gilt frame a quarter of an inch. "Do sit down. I'll go and tell Don you're here."

She smiled, radiant and incredibly young, and with a rustle of the silk dress, almost visibly labeled "trousseau," vanished into the next room, where the sound of closing bureau drawers was perfectly audible even to Mrs. Worthington's dulled hearing.

Ed Worthington smiled after her and looked at his wife, who nodded in agreement. Surely there had never been anyone so young, so bridal as Mary Harrison. "Cute," Mrs. Worthington's lips framed inaudibly and her husband smiled with her.

Carefully, tentatively, Mrs. Worthington sank into the unsullied cushions of the sofa and indicated the neighboring armchair to her husband. Ed shook his head, pantomiming an indignant refusal to dent the bulging roundness of the seat, and Mrs. Worthington hastily transformed her little gasp of laughter into an unconvincing sneeze as he sat with exaggerated caution on the edge of the chair. They looked at each other in comfortable middle-aged love and understanding and smiled again as Ed waved his hand at the bandbox newness of the room. He pointed from himself to his wife and opened his hand five times to show the twenty-five years that had passed since he and she had been as untouched, as pristine, as the little room. Do you remember, his eyes asked, do you remember? And, nodding in comprehension, Mrs. Worthington blew him a series of kisses.

Don Harrison burst from the bedroom door with Mary close behind him.

"Say, this is terribly nice." He shook hands with the Worthingtons and stood back, smiling as though he could never stop. He looked at Mr. and Mrs. Worthington, one on the brand-new sofa, one on the brand-new armchair, separated by the brand-new coffee table, as though they were actors on a stage and he was admiring them, their setting, their costumes, their makeup. Suddenly Mrs. Worthington knew exactly what he was going to say.

"Do you know—" his voice was portentous—"you are our very first visitors?" He and Mary beamed triumphantly at each other. That was all they had needed. Visitors. And here they were. Real live visitors, even if they were only friends of Don's mother and about a million years old. "You're the first people who've come to see us. We only got back from Florida yesterday."

Oh, Florida had been marvelous, their two weeks perfect. There had never been a sun so bright or a sea so blue. He and Mary interrupted each other, telling of the marvels, pouring out their stories in a glittering heap at the Worthingtons' feet.

"Do you remember—there was a—one day we—" Oh, that magical word "we." Each young voice lingered on it, caressing it, cherishing it. "We—we—we—" Mr. and Mrs. Worthington's heads moved from side to side like spectators' at a tennis match, following the antiphonal recital, which was punctuated occasionally by shared and secret laughter. Yes, Florida had been wonderful.

"But we haven't shown you the apartment!" Mary's voice was self-reproachful. How could they have kept the Worthingtons from a treat like that?

Four steps into the dining alcove, two more into the kitchenette, the dollhouse kitchenette, the bright and glittering kitchenette that would surely never be smelly or greasy or littered with dirty dishes. Back across the stage-set living-room to the bedroom with its twin beds swathed in flounced and ruffled chintz and its matching bureau and dressing table. Into the bathroom, so small and so white that standing in it was like standing in a cardboard box, where, aggressively monogrammed, the trousseau towels hung in mathematical precision on the chromium towel racks. Mrs. Worthington's voice—the resonant voice of the slightly deaf—Mr. Worthington's voice—the heavy voice of middle age—rose and fell in suitably enthusiastic admiration.

And then what? Back into the kitchenette where the Worthingtons exclaimed over the china and the glass and the silver and the linen as though they had never seen anything before except cardboard plates and ten-cent store tumblers and tin tableware and paper napkins. Once, when Don and Mary were bending gravely over the intricacies of an unbelievably complicated can-opener that they were displaying, the Worthingtons' eyes met over the bowed young heads and Ed Worthington let one eyelid droop in a lightning wink of amused affection. Mrs. Worthington, struggling to suppress her sudden laughter, choked, and Don, solemn with pride, drew her a glass of water.

And then good-by's and handshakes and invitations to come and see the Worthingtons and promises to come and see the Harrisons again. "Good-by, good-by," the little hallway echoed, "it's been so nice, good-by, good-by."

Behind the door closed upon the Worthingtons, Don and Mary drew together in a long kiss, a kiss as strained and desperate as though, instead of being together, they had been separated for the evening, for weeks, for months, for eternity. Up the stairwell to their unheeding ears came the sound of the Worthingtons' receding footsteps and then the sound of Mrs. Worthington speaking, as so many deaf people do, in a voice that was louder than she realized.

"Weren't those children adorable, Ed? Do you suppose they'll be as happy as we are?"

Don raised his lips from Mary's and their eyes met in bewilderment before they smiled tolerantly at each other. The Worthingtons happy? Oh, they probably got along all right in a dreary placid middle-aged way, but Don and Mary . . . why, no one had ever been, could ever be, as happy as they were. It was nice that the Worthingtons were contented but actually all the happiness in the world was here in this little room, here in each other's arms. Silently, smiling secretly, they moved through the apartment. [THE END]

Quicksand

Beckie's life had been controlled by others for so long. Now, with frightening suddenness, she held in her hands the happiness of everyone she loved

To Beckie Toner the offer of the position as secretary to the wealthy Mary Lanniers was a miracle. Young as she was, and beautiful, Beckie could hardly believe in such generosity and trust—after serving a year in the Calbern School for Girls for a theft she had not committed.

Beckie did not know that Mrs. Lanniers had been almost forced to take her by Jen Drake, head of the Calbern School and an old friend of Mrs. Lanniers. For Jen knew that Mary's widely publicized philanthropies were the cover of a profoundly selfish woman. Only Jen knew that Mary's husband Hugo, whom Mary had driven into a personal exile, was still alive. And Jen was in love with Hugo.

Beckie proved invaluable to Mary Lanniers with the socially prominent Jane Edgeley and her husband, head of the art museum. When Beckie fell in love with Samuel Doone, who worked there, the falseness of her position became unbearable. Mary Lanniers, while using her, kept reminding her how unsuitable it would be for a girl with her record to marry a man like Sam. That was why, at Mary Lanniers' party to announce her donation of a new wing to the museum, Beckie tried to retreat from Sam and the Edgeleys. Sam, sure only of his own love, sensed the haunting edge of danger yet could find no clue to the mystery.

Part Two: Conclusion

BECKIE hung away the brown and yellow dress, almost as if she were hanging away more than a dress. She lay wide awake in bed, asking herself the reason for her sudden unhappiness. The look Mrs. Lanniers had given her in the garden? Sam Doone's veiled sarcasm toward Mrs. Lanniers at the table?

I ask for too much, she thought. I can't ask that Mrs. Lanniers see me as I am. How could she? How could anyone? Miss Drake does—but it's her business to understand. No one else could possibly believe in me altogether. Mrs. Lanniers is right. I mustn't see him again. Even if he loved me there could be nothing between us, once he knew. And you don't keep such things from people you love. You just don't. . . . I will go to the gallery but I won't be excited about it or care at all. It's wrong to care. Even if everything isn't as beautiful as it looks, it's still beautiful. I'm still lucky that I can work here and be useful.

She did force her heart to a sober steadiness. Then on Monday Mrs. Lanniers asked her to bring the files on the tax bill for education to the drawing-room. "This is Mr. Caine, our state representative—my secretary, Miss Toner. Sit down, Beckie. You know more about this than I do. Miss Toner's that most amazing thing, a secretary who understands what she's put in her files, Mr. Caine!"

"I didn't know they existed," Mr. Caine said with a grin.

Mrs. Lanniers talked about the bill, drawing Beckie into the conversation. She said once, "I suppose we might as well have some tea to wash these facts down. Would you mind seeing about it, Beckie?"

I loathe that man, Beckie thought, bringing the tea. He was young, aggressive, intelligent enough, but that he was flattered to be asked here was obvious. There was something politic, obsequious, about his every remark.

After he had gone Mrs. Lanniers said, "That's a man who might be very useful [*continued on page* 47]

BY NELIA GARDNER WHITE

ILLUSTRATOR: EDWIN GEORGI

"I can't love you," Beckie said.
But the words seemed unreal, untrue

She is a great enemy of peace and quiet

The enemy of all recipes

She is the Hawthornes' new cook

Funny That Way

MARY AUGUSTA RODGERS

ILLUSTRATOR: MILTON STOHL

BESIDES being young and pretty and a thoroughly nice little wife, Lulu Hawthorne was always neat and crisp in her movements. Now she set the coffee pot on its blue and white tile and went back into the kitchen for more rolls before she allowed herself the pleasure—the distinct tasty luxury—of reading the letter aloud to her husband.

She began with a flourish. "Listen to this, Pet," she said, sitting very straight. Mr. and Mrs. Hawthorne were reasonably sedate in public but in private they liked to call each other by silly-sounding names, the origin of which they had forgotten. She called him Pet and he called her Pooch.

Mr. Hawthorne laid aside the morning paper with a look of regret. "Who's the letter from?"

"Aunt Martha. She's visiting in Indiana. And guess what!"

"What?" he echoed with the proper interest.

"I can hardly believe it but she's found an assistant for me!"

This time Mr. Hawthorne's interest was genuine—even startled. "Found a what?"

"An assistant," Mrs. Hawthorne repeated firmly. Despite her blond curls and sweetly rounded face Mrs. Hawthorne was capable of holding definite opinions. One of her most definite opinions was an objection to the word maid when used to mean someone who did cooking and housework. It was an expression, Mrs. Hawthorne felt, which suggested an outmoded point of view. When she first decided to engage someone to help around the house she tried to think of other terms to use. Housekeeper was too pompous, it suggested the manager of a great estate. Helper was too vague, companion wasn't accurate. She had finally decided upon the term assistant.

She explained this to Mr. Hawthorne, who looked baffled but agreeable. Then she picked up the letter.

"Anyway, Aunt Martha says she's found this wonderful woman—Austrian ancestry, lives on a farm, she says—who wants a job in the city. Aunt Martha says she is a real find. 'Honest, hard-working, completely reliable,' Aunt Martha writes. 'Her kitchen is the best reference you could want. And when I was there I smelled the most delicious pies baking. She says she loves to bake. I talked to her about coming to work for you—she's the oldest of five daughters and they don't need her at home any longer—and she is ready to come as soon as you write. Her name is Dorothy Switzer and the address is Route Fifteen, Hillenfield, Indiana."

Mrs. Hawthorne put the letter down and beamed at her husband. "Doesn't she sound perfect?"

Mr. Hawthorne agreed. "Austrian ancestry . . ." he murmured. "Have you ever tasted Austrian pastries?" There was a happy mellow expression in his eyes and he bit through a slice of toast gently. Mrs. Hawthorne was dreaming of pastries, too, and of Viennese coffee with whipped cream.

As soon as her husband had left, Mrs. Hawthorne sat down at her desk and wrote the letter to Dorothy Switzer. Dorothy Switzer—honest, hard-working, completely reliable, oldest of five daughters. Mrs. Hawthorne guessed that she would be about thirty-five, or possibly forty; hair strained back into a bun, plain features, but clear blue eyes. A stocky woman with large capable-looking hands. Quiet, probably inclined to be brusque at first, but underneath she would be friendly and sentimental. Mrs. Hawthorne found her letter difficult. She wanted to sound cordial and yet neither chatty nor gushing. She had a feeling that Dorothy Switzer would be suspicious of a gushing tone. She wrote the letter over three times before she felt satisfied enough to take it to the mailbox.

The hiring of her first assistant made young Mrs. Hawthorne feel more mature, as if she had reached a plateau of dignity and solid worth.

In two days she had Dorothy Switzer's answer. [*continued on page* 75]

DREAM HOUSE

Above: View from street showing trellis built round tree. Car shed is at right of front door, at left the future added bedroom shown on the plan opposite in tint.

Below: Garden side is a sweep of glass and stained redwood or cedar siding. Wide overhang of roof protects from rain and summer heat, lets in low winter sun.

COMES TRUE

BY WALLACE W. HEATH, A.I.A.

We are happy to present the first of a series of expansible house designs based on the needs of our readers

WHEN a young family today faces the old problem of "how much for how many," frills go overboard. The way is then opened for a newer and simpler beauty, a beauty that springs from fine proportion, imaginative design and the lovely colors and textures made possible by postwar building materials. Today a house may be small and yet be spacious, convenient, efficient; it can provide, besides mere shelter, the dignity, privacy and flexibility which make for pleasant living. With that as a goal we asked the distinguished firm of architects, Raymond and Rado, to design this small house, suitable for any part of the country and including a future addition that can be built without destroying good work already completed and paid for.

The entire house rests on a concrete slab containing pipes of the floor-panel heating system. You may leave floors concrete and tint them or you may lay other flooring on the concrete—asphalt tile, cork, linoleum or wood parquet. In our version the flagstone path to the front door carries right into the living-room to make the hearth and elsewhere asphalt tile is used.

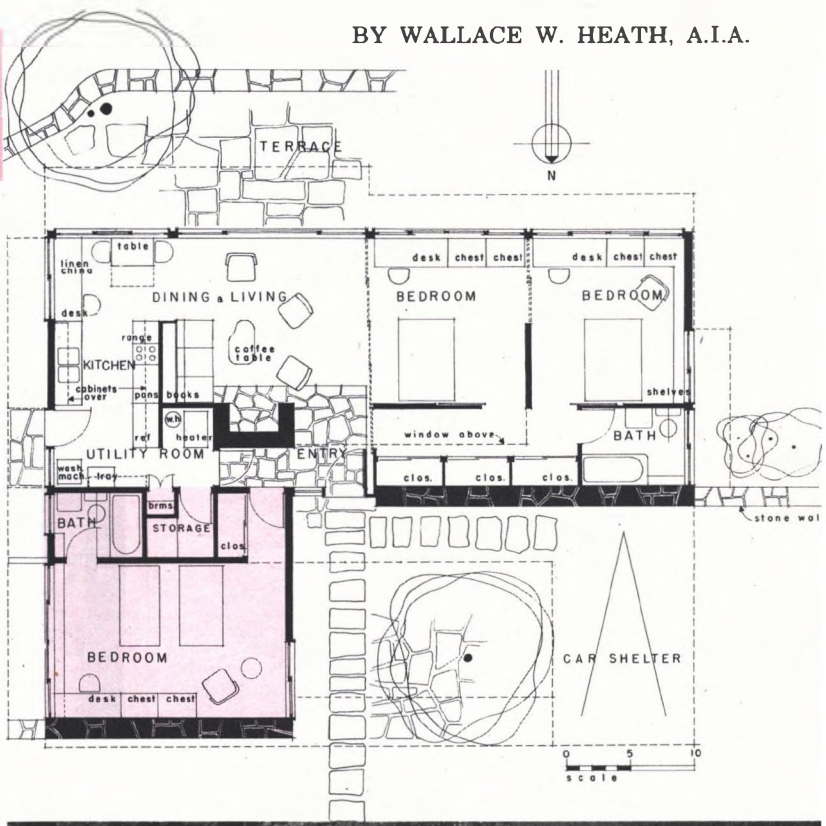
Now look for a moment at the plan: Once you're inside the front door, notice how you can reach any room in the house without passing through other living quarters. The walls between the living-room and the two initial bedrooms are movable. See how the row of little dormers, visible in the view above left, has been used to light the corridor opposite the bedrooms—a corridor where all the closets are assembled, handy to everyone but not cluttering up the rooms. Interiors are shown on next page.

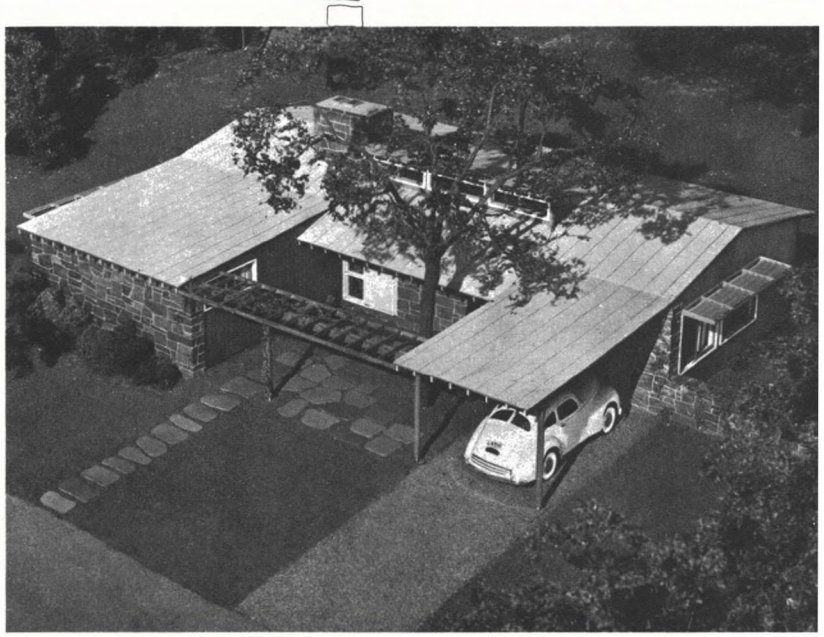
How to Figure the Cost

Building costs vary so over the country and from month to month that figures cannot be given; but any reputable builder can give you an approximate estimate if you show him these pages and tell him the square-foot area covered by the house:

The plan in its first stage covers 1205 square feet. The second stage, with future bedroom and bath, adds 266 square feet, making a total of 1471 square feet.

For a more definite cost and for actual construction a builder would of course need the architects' detailed working drawings and specifications.



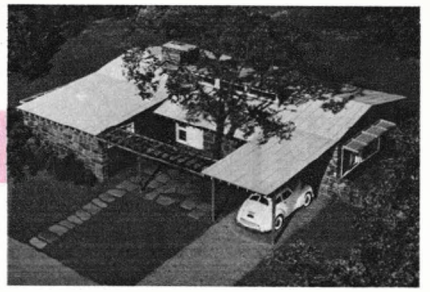


Airplane view shows louvered sunshade over east window. Stone walls, stained siding and a lifetime copper roof require practically no maintenance, will grow handsomer in color and texture as years go by.

HOUSE DESIGN BY RAYMOND AND RADO
HOUSE MODEL BY THEODORE CONRAD
PHOTOGRAPHS BY LOUIS CHECKMAN

Turn page and step inside the house with us for a look around

DREAM HOUSE COMES TRUE



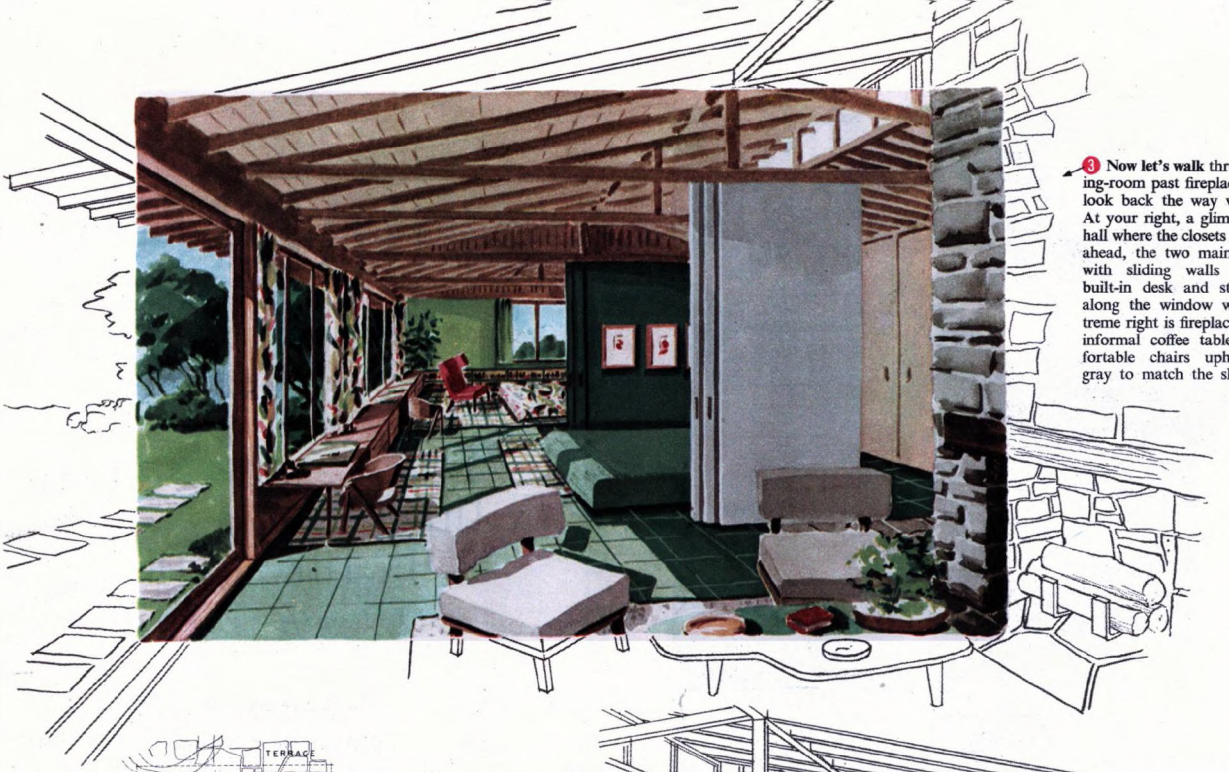
Now come inside our dream house and let us take you on a tour through it to show you how livable and beautiful it can be

We've asked Interior Design Editor Harriet Burket to suggest a decorative scheme for the inside of our house just to show you how pleasantly it takes to color, pattern and the charm of easy informal living. Since the initial house before expansion permits all rooms to open into one another on occasion, the individual units have been treated here so that they really can look like one big room. Dark green asphalt tile is the flooring throughout and the leafy print and plain fabrics harmonize with this. Sliding walls covered with gray tweed blend with fieldstone mantel and natural cypress of interior walls. There's no needless decoration here, nothing that doesn't work for you to make life easier, pleasanter, less cluttered. Only furniture that isn't built in is beds, sectional sofa, coffee table, dining table and chairs. Chairs are one of three simple designs, can be used in any room. Fluorescent fixtures, carefully placed for adequate lighting, eliminate little tables, table lamps, shades. Curtains are rigged to slide freely to wherever you want them at the moment—for privacy, shade or a heavenly view. Let's start our tour: First take another look at the plan (opposite), then go to picture 1, directly below it, and follow numbers round.

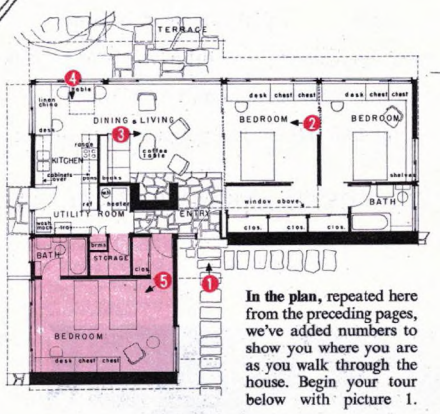
4 Now turn round and move into service end (Point 4 in plan). You're at dining end of living-room looking into kitchen and, beyond that, laundry unit. At right is a built-in planning desk; at far end, just this side of washer, is door to yard. Cheerful colors, natural wood make it homey.

DRAWINGS BY GEORGE COOPER RUDOLPH AND BASIA BENDA

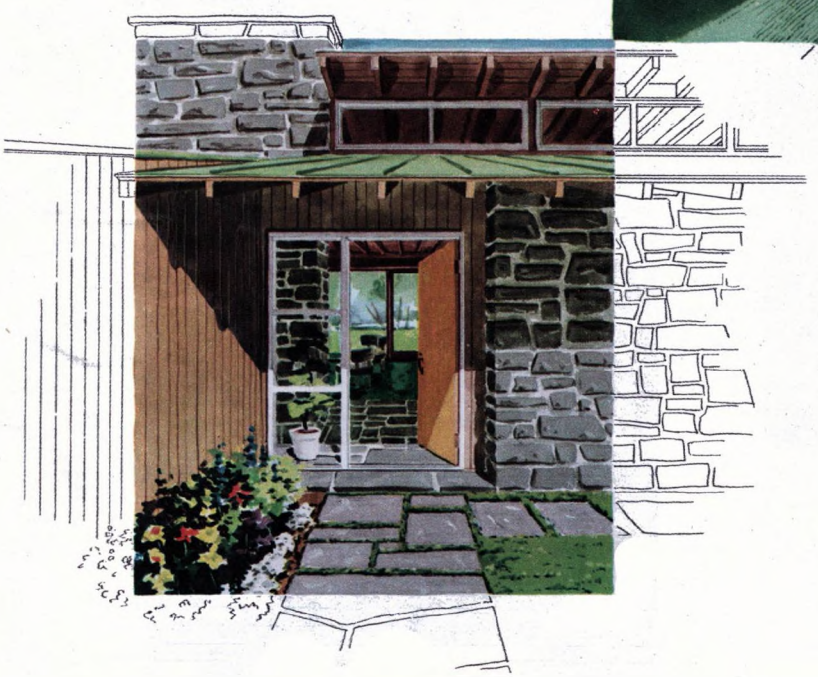
5 Keep on through the kitchen and when you reach the laundry turn left. You're now at the door of that future room you may be adding one day. Main color scheme holds here, but with different print. A peaceful room, remote from main living quarters, for restful quiet or concentrated desk work.



3 Now let's walk through the living-room past fireplace, turn and look back the way we've come: At your right, a glimpse into the hall where the closets are; straight ahead, the two main bedrooms, with sliding walls open, and built-in desk and storage units along the window wall. At extreme right is fireplace with a big informal coffee table and comfortable chairs upholstered in gray to match the sliding walls.



In the plan, repeated here from the preceding pages, we've added numbers to show you where you are as you walk through the house. Begin your tour below with picture 1.



2 As you enter you turn right and so find yourself at the door of the master bedroom. Standing at point 2 in our plan you look down the length of living-room. Note green-painted wall containing bookshelves painted yellow to match the yellow leaf in curtains. The sectional sofa is covered with the leaf print.

1 Here you are approaching the house by the flagstone path. Note at right of door the fieldstone wall against which all the closets are lined up inside. Above this you see the clerestory windows which give the corridor light. A glimpse of living-room picture windows and garden greets arrivals as they enter.

BLOUSE BY SPORTSWEAR ORIGINATORS, SKIRT BY M. SLOAT

• The shirtwaist costume can look like a wool dress. This one has a blouse of beige wool gabardine with a deep yoke. The skirt, of brown men's-wear flannel, has a trouser cuff.

LOOK! IT'S 1948

IN THE NORTH IN THE SOUTH

The shirtwaist and skirt has become a costume in itself, a dress that you can wear as you'd wear any other. Very often it's held together by color so that it looks deliberately planned as a unit like the clothes you see on these pages

BY ELIZABETH AMBROSE MADEIRA

Fashion Editor

CABANA

• The shirtwaist costume looks well in the afternoon too. Sleeveless blouse in gray wool jersey, circular skirt in darker gray wool crepe.

LUCIENNE NABARO

• The shirtwaist costume can be a dinner dress. Black lace top and a ballet-length taffeta skirt with high shirred cummerbund.

VERA MAXWELL

• The shirtwaist costume for travel is a three-way affair—the crepe blouse picks up the citron yellow of the striped tweed coat, the flannel skirt is red. A tie of the skirt material is knotted under the blouse collar.

RED HAT BY ANNA, OTHERS BY JOE COHN. FURS BY NIKOLAI. BAGS BY PARISIAN. JEWELRY BY RICHELIEU. LINEN PUMPS DYED TO MATCH BY CAPEZIO

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PAUL D'OMÉ

CAROLYN SCHNURER

• The shirtwaist costume in cotton makes a dress for the south—blue chambray blouse, darker piqué skirt.

CLAREPOTTER

• The shirtwaist costume in crepe has a double-apron skirt. One ties over the other at the front or the side, as you like. One apron matches the blouse, the other is a deeper tone.

GUARD YOUR HUSBAND'S HEART

A challenge to every wife by the heart specialists of the nation. Your wisdom and care could prolong your husband's and children's lives

BY PATRICIA LOCHRIDGE

NO ARTICLE which has appeared in the COMPANION's public service program has greater possibilities for immediate far-reaching effect than Patricia Lochridge's article, Guard Your Husband's Heart. If every woman who has a husband, a brother or a father of forty or over would follow its simple suggestions we could help scores of thousands of men and women whose lives otherwise will be needlessly shortened.

Medical science has been fighting the battle against heart disease for more than a generation. Today eight million people in the United States have some form of heart disease and the number is steadily increasing. I believe we can slow up this killer if the women of this country will help.

A woman's first responsibility is her own health and that of her family. But she also has a community responsibility—to bring the best that medical science has to offer within the reach of each sufferer and potential sufferer from heart disease. So far, outside of a handful of cities, community programs simply

YOUR COMMUNITY CAN HELP TOO

The best that medical science has to offer in the fight against heart disease should be at your command—but if your community is remiss, here's a program to work for

BY DR. CHARLES A. R. CONNOR

Medical Director, American Heart Association

The man in the blue serge suit was puffing a little as he reached his seat on the early morning commuters' train. "Pretty fair sprint for a man of fifty-one. Haven't missed the 8:05 once this month," he told his companion. "I'm in great shape. The old heart hasn't bothered me for ten years."

Seconds later as he commenced unfolding his paper a look of pained surprise contorted his face. "Touch of indigestion," he gasped. They were his last words. He slumped forward in his seat—dead.

"Sudden death from heart attack," read his obituary. The same paper recorded the quiet death during sleep of an eminent scientist, the three-hour fatal illness of a new ambassador on the eve of his departure abroad and the death of a traveling salesman who fell from a tenth-story hotel window after lunging toward it gasping for air.

These four deaths from disease of the heart and blood vessels are typical. And there will be several hundred thousand more this year. But the tragedy is not the number alone. It is that so many lives could have been prolonged by a few simple precautions.

Heart disease kills three times oftener than cancer, six times oftener than accidents and over ten times oftener than tuberculosis. One out of every three deaths in the nation is caused by diseases of the heart or blood vessels. But this rate is not inevitable—it could be lowered. And women, according to the nation's heart specialists, can take the first and most necessary step.

Heart disease, like cancer, kills because it is not caught in time. And one Baltimore specialist says, "Many, many lives could be saved if every American woman would learn the symptoms of heart disease and have every member of her family see the family doctor immediately when one or another of these simple easy-to-recognize symptoms appears."

Why women? Well, men don't like to admit weakness—even to themselves. As a Chicago physician reports it: "Too many men put off an examination. Negligence and fear are the real reasons we have so many heart fatalities." A woman's insistence after the warning signals appear could well save her husband's life.

All specialists agree on the warning signals to watch for—three major and four minor signals which every American woman should know about. They are symptoms common to many different kinds of heart diseases—the kind resulting from infection, such as rheumatic fever and syphilis, the kind caused by high blood pressure which doctors call hypertension and the kind known as coronary heart disease or hardening of the heart's arteries.

Of course these symptoms do not always mean heart disease is present. But they do indicate temporary trouble which may or may not be serious. The essential thing is for women to recognize them early.

1 Chest pain. This is a continuous mid-chest pain, occasionally a slight ache but often a very severe pang which often travels to the left shoulder and down the left arm. It may last a few minutes or twenty-four hours. Sometimes along with pain comes a feeling of oppression beneath the breastbone. A patient at New York's Lenox Hill Hospital says: "You feel as if a sandbag is resting on your chest. And all the time there is a vise squeezing and crushing your ribs." In the most severe cases there is acute oppression which lasts for hours or even days. Doctor Paul D. White of Harvard Medical School says this is perhaps the worst pain that can be experienced by man.

2 Breathlessness. The degree to watch for is shortness of breath after only slight exertion, such as walking up a few steps, or paroxysms of difficult breathing with wheezing. In some cases a person wakes in the middle of the night and sits up in bed gasping for breath. Doctors call this cardiac asthma. Sometimes deaths which at first look like suicide occur when individuals, awakening in the night with this air hunger, stagger dizzily to a window and fall out. Air hunger is one of the easiest symptoms for an observant woman to discover. But she should not confuse it with the ordinary heavy breathing of anyone who has, say, run several blocks to catch a bus.

3 Palpitation or pounding of the heart. The heart seems suddenly to beat too fast. Sometimes there is a quick fleeting pain accompanied by skipping heart beats. "The most terrifying feeling of all is when you first become conscious of your heart pounding and thumping," say many patients. The more sensitive a person is the more distressing is palpitation. Consciousness of it is increased by excitement, fatigue, infections, menopause, or in some people by the common stimulants—tea, coffee, alcohol or tobacco.

4 Dizziness. This minor symptom, most frequent when high blood pressure is present, follows no uniform pattern. The victim may feel as if everything in the room is turning round and round. Or he may feel lightheaded or very weak. As one woman describes it: "You feel it's not safe even to walk across the room."

5 Swelling of the feet or ankles. This is one of the first signs a doctor looks for after you have reported other symptoms of heart disease. The skin around the feet and ankles balloons out because of waterlogged tissues. At first you may notice only that shoes feel very tight at the end of the day. Pushing the flesh with the thumb leaves an indentation which stays five or ten minutes.

6 Fatigue. Watch for continual tiredness without good cause and for tiring too quickly. Typical examples are the man who after working for an hour feels as tired as at the end of a long day, the woman who is exhausted after merely washing her breakfast dishes. Occasionally heart cases are discovered when a man or woman reports to a doctor complaining of being rundown. But one must be very careful to separate heart-induced fatigue from the nervous fatigue to which we are all subject from time to time.

7 Vague digestive complaints. The most common is a lack of appetite. Or there may be a heavy feeling in the abdomen, nausea and vomiting. These vague and indefinite digestive disturbances are not specific characteristics of heart trouble but are important when they appear with one or another of the other indications.

Of course these warning signals may indicate a number of ills other than heart trouble. But they are never present unless something is wrong—something that a medical examination can detect. Though they may appear to be minor aches and pains—no more than temporary annoyances—to ignore them, to pass them off with a wisecrack as many now do, is often fatal.

Women should be so familiar with these symptoms that they can recognize them even when there is an attempt to conceal them. I know a woman in Kansas City whose husband for three years successfully hid from her his suspicions that [*continued on page* 88]

do not exist. Your job is to bring them into existence. A start is being made in a number of localities to attack rheumatic fever and rheumatic heart disease, childhood's No. 1 menace. But this is a very small drop in an ocean of need.

To understand what community organization can mean to an average American suffering from heart disease let us take the case of John Sullivan, who was fortunate enough to live in a big city having a number of heart specialists, a strong local heart association, many medical and welfare facilities and a vigorous heart disease program.

John is a simple decent man in his fifties. He supports a wife and three school-age children on his modest wages—and asks nothing better than to continue doing so. He used to work as a cleaner for a transportation system. The work was hard. Every day he walked miles and in addition had to climb up and down long stairs many times. Recently he suffered an attack of coronary thrombosis. He was cared for by leading specialists in one of the city hospitals where the best medical facilities are available. Upon his release he was told to report to the hospital's cardiac clinic to be kept under expert supervision indefinitely. But even after hospitalization he needed several weeks of convalescent rest before going to work again. Doctors told him that any job involving hard physical labor was out of the question for him in the future.

The hospital's social worker immediately got in touch with the city welfare department and arranged for John to spend a month in a convalescent home on the outskirts of the city. Then she approached John's boss and his union, explained that he could no longer work as a cleaner and asked them to find a less strenuous job for him. As a result he was put to work in a ticket booth, where he can sit at work and stair-climbing is reduced to a minimum. Today John is a valuable wage-earning citizen able to take care of himself and his family.

Eight organizations worked together to make this happy outcome possible—the local heart association, the hospital, the cardiac clinic, the hospital's social service division, the city welfare department, the convalescent home, John's employer and his union. Without their combined services John's outlook would probably have been hopeless, demoralizing to his family and costly to the community which would have had to support them.

What each community needs first in order to control heart disease is a local heart association. It would be composed of physicians and other professional workers interested in diseases of the heart and circulation, and of important lay people. In cooperation with local medical societies, public health departments and other groups a local association can set an adequate program in motion. The area a local association serves will vary in different parts of the United States, depending on the size and wealth of the population, the number of practicing physicians, the availability of specialists in cardiovascular disease, and medical and welfare resources. Sometimes it will confine its activities to [*continued on page* 66]

THE WORLD'S

THE HUMAN REASONS WHY YOU

• Nobody can match an American for generosity when his heart is touched.
• To help you realize the human misery and hopelessness that lie behind those cold words—malnutrition and starvation—we present these authentic case histories, collected especially for us by United Press correspondents all over the world.
• Actually they aren't the neediest cases at all. Each one is typical of hundreds and thousands of others, varying in detail but identical in depth of tragedy. They stand as symbols of the grim fact that starvation knows no boundaries—and that the life or death of helpless men, women and children depends on your willingness to conserve food. —THE EDITORS

PHOTOGRAPH BY TONI FRISSELL—PIX

Somewhere in Italy—blessed sleep for the hungry child

CARBITO, *near Naples, Italy*—When the planes came and bombed out their home on the Naples waterfront, the family of Francesco Tixton felt that life could hold nothing worse in store. Actually, their misfortunes had just begun. With their eleven children Mr. and Mrs. Tixton moved to this poverty-stricken suburb. Since then their three youngest have died. "They didn't die fast," Mr. Tixton explains. "They just starved little by little." Now, with their eight surviving children, a son-in-law, a daughter-in-law, three grandchildren and Mr. Tixton's mother-in-law, they are living at No. 5 Villagio—sixteen people in one room twelve by fifteen feet. Bread is their only food with the exception of a little fruit or an occasional fistful of beans. They know death is going to visit them again soon. Mr. Tixton expects one of his grandchildren, a four-months-old boy who weighs only eight pounds, to be the next victim. "Yes, the baby will be next," he says. "His mother does not have the milk—she can't nurse him. She does not even have food enough for herself. Canned milk? That's a dream."

ATHENS, *Greece*—A picture of Abraham Lincoln hangs in the home of the Alexandroa Mitti family at 65 Parmaras Street. It is the only attempt at adornment. The Mitti home is a hut of dried mud. A tattered carpet serves as a front door. The door itself was used for fuel last winter. The floor is of clay and there is no furniture to speak of. Yet six people live there and carry on a brave struggle against starvation. Mr. Mitti, 48, lies on a pallet on the floor most of the time because he has a severe case of stomach ulcers. But whenever the gnawing pain inside of him stops for a while he goes out and tries to earn a few drachmas as a vegetable peddler. His oldest son, George, 14, works as a bootblack. His wife, Krysatello, 45, and the other three children go every day to a factory yard where they pick up tiny bits of discarded coal which they can sell for two cents a pound. Altogether, the family earns between $10 and $12 a week. They spend all of it for food but it isn't enough. For breakfast they usually have tea without milk and a little bread; for lunch, cabbage or beans with bread; and for dinner, the same menu they had for lunch or whatever is left over. The Mittis eat meat just once a year, at Christmas, and on many days there aren't enough vegetables to go around. When that happens Mrs. Mitti has a simple expedient. "While I'm cooking the meal," she says, "I just add more water."

AMSTERDAM, *Holland*—The eight waxen-faced children of Gerrit Schouten, 45, look often at the single picture which stands on the mantel of their cold and poorly lighted three-room apartment. It is a picture of their mother, who died of starvation two years ago, and each of the children—from Beppie, 16, down to Klaartje, 3—knows the rest of them may die the same way. All are undernourished.

NEEDIEST CASES

ARE ASKED TO CONSERVE FOOD

Klaartje, who weighs only twenty pounds, still looks like a baby and the eight-year-old boy twins are in the lowest grade at elementary school because they are often too ill to attend. Mr. Schouten is doing the best he can, but the 54 guilders ($21) which he earns a week is not enough to buy nourishing food which is available only on the black market. "Often," he says, "I am desperate."

SHANGHAI, *China*—For months Chang Hsinhai, a teacher of arithmetic at Chungpeng primary school, has been trying to buy a pound of powdered milk for his three-months-old baby, who is undernourished by her undernourished mother. In August, when the baby was born, milk cost 50,000 wildly inflated Chinese dollars a pound. Chang's salary was only 800,000 dollars, which barely bought rice and pickled vegetables and paid the rent. In September the school raised his salary to 1,000,000 Chinese dollars but prices soared rapidly too. The school raised wages again in October—fifty per cent—but prices rose eighty per cent. Chang ended last month owing the rice shop 20,000 dollars. He does not feel he can catch up—a pound of milk now costs 125,000 Chinese dollars. The baby is sickly.

LONDON, *England*—When her husband was alive Mrs. Annie Hobbs, 68, always got plenty to eat, but since he was killed in the big blitz of 1940 life has been harder. As she is under 70 Mrs. Hobbs can't qualify for an old-age pension, but since she is partially blind she receives a government allowance of twenty-six shillings ($5.20) a week. Out of this she pays eleven shillings ($2.20) for an unheated garret in Hoxton, one of the drabbest of London's east-end slums, which leaves her just $3 for all her needs. For breakfast every morning Mrs. Hobbs has bread, grease drippings and a cup of tea, and more often than not her midday and evening meals are the same. Her neighbors frequently invite her to come in and have a snack with them but she always says, "No, thank you." She knows they are struggling with short rations too.

BOMBAY, *India*—This is a story about just one of the many families in India which are dying from hunger. They are Govind Vital, 35; his wife, Nanjalabai, 26; and their two sons, Vasuedo, 13, and Ashok, 2½. They live in a small dark room, about ten feet square, in the Municipal Chawls at 2780 Delisle Road in Bombay's mill district. One small window provides dim light and a little air, and the only furniture in the room is one rickety chair. At night the father, mother and two boys sleep on a mat on the concrete floor. Govind earns $18.18 a month as a bank peon. He pays $2.40 a month for rent, leaving $15.78 for all other expenses, and the family subsists entirely on grains, depending mainly on jowheri, which is a cattle fodder, and even that is rationed. This diet has bloated the boys' bellies and covered large patches of their skin with festering sores. Their mother is suffering from a variety of diseases, mostly resulting from malnutrition. Their father is so weak that he can hardly walk to and from his work. Unless a miracle happens all four will die soon.

PARIS, *France*—Rats swarm through the two basement rooms of the Jean Marie Affaire family. Mrs. Affaire can't understand why because there is never a crumb for them to eat. She and her husband and four children—three girls and a boy who all sleep in the same bed—consume every morsel that comes into the house and are still hungry. Mr. Affaire, a factory worker, earns 10,000 francs a month, which amounts to about $2.50 a day, and they receive another $2.50 a day from the government as a family allowance, but it buys very little food on the black market where eggs sell for $2 a dozen and butter for $4 a pound. The Affaires never have either. They breakfast on dry bread and ersatz coffee, lunch on fish and a vegetable and dine on soup, potatoes and bread. Once every two weeks they have a bit of meat for dinner.

ROME, *Italy*—Salvatore Turzi, 51, earned good pay as a carpenter when he and Maria got married and started having a family. But that was before the war. Today nobody has work for him and he feels lucky to pick up about seven thousand lira a month ($12) from a few vegetables which he raises for the black market. Maria takes in laundry to help out, but it is hard to wash clothes without soap and their combined earnings are not enough to feed their eight children. Their daily diet is always the same—two meals of boiled chestnuts and bread. The oldest child, Giuseppe, sixteen, is suffering from lung trouble and malnutrition. The others are also sickly and two—Luisa, 6, and Anna, 4—are so weak that they spend most of their time in bed. Their bed is an old wheelbarrow in which the little sisters lie side by side in the doorway of the family's two-room home at No. 8 Atitburtino Via Della Trebbiatrice. When Mrs. Turzi looks at them she is often tempted to dip into her hidden supply of food to give them strength. This hoard consists of one can of powdered milk and two chocolate bars which she received several months ago in a CARE package. "But I'm afraid to open it," she said. "We might need it worse sometime."

VIENNA, *Austria*—Mrs. Anton Burgar, a middle-aged housewife of Sterngasse No. 2 in the International Zone, is troubled because she can't afford to buy garments for her one-year-old daughter, Else. She has only one set of clothes to dress her in and has to wrap the child in a blanket while she is washing them. Her husband, a frail stooped man who earns about $50 a month as a city employee, agrees clothing is a problem but says food is what they need most. "It is not a question of whether we live or die tomorrow," he says. "It's worse than that in some ways. We are half-starved all the time. For years now we've had nothing much but bread and potatoes, potatoes and bread. It would make all the difference if we could look forward to plenty of food once more."

ATHENS, *Greece*—Only a little more than a year has passed since Mrs. Anna Exlandroia's husband died of tuberculosis and she lives in constant fear that her four children will be taken from her by the same disease. She lives in a neat little whitewashed house at 17 Vergovitsis Street and works hard in a factory, pasting labels on tobacco packages, but she can't earn enough money to buy the food that would keep her children from losing weight. Her boy, Leonidas, 12, weighs only forty-two pounds; Margarita, 10, weighs forty pounds; Marina, 8, weighs thirty-four pounds; and Evantanthia, 7, weighs thirty-two pounds. All of them have chronic coughs and Marina runs a temperature every day.

TOKYO, *Japan*—Before the war the family of Keihachi Awata, 40, lived in a snug little house in Kayabacho, Tokyo's Wall Street, and always had enough to eat. But their home was destroyed in the first big B-29 raid on March 10, 1945, and since then they have never had enough food. Awata, a former policeman, is suffering from tuberculosis; his wife, Ch'yoka, also has a racking cough; their four children are pale and emaciated; and they reside with a hundred other homeless families in a bombed-out school building in Fukagawa, a slum area of East Tokyo. For breakfast they have only flour dumplings. For lunch they have a pancake fried in whale oil and the evening meal is the same as lunch except there may be some vegetable soup. "I know my husband will never get well with such a deficient diet," says Mrs. Awata, "but there's nothing we can do. Why, oh why, did we ever let our militarists lead us to war?"

MILAN, *Italy*—Giacomo Bertolotti and his wife, Vitalina, who is 39 but looks 60, are more prosperous than many of their neighbors in the so-called Popular Home in Milan's outskirts. This is because Mr. Bertolotti recently obtained a job as a porter in a vegetable market. He earns about thirty-four dollars a month and is thus able to provide his wife and three children with three meals a day. For breakfast each of the Bertolottis has a cup of milk, a cup of barley coffee and a small piece of bread; for luncheon they have vegetable soup and boiled vegetables; for dinner there is rice soup and often some not-too-rotten apples or pears which Mr. Bertolotti picks up at the market. Sometimes the family of five shares an egg, but that is too expensive for everyday fare.

BRUSSELS, *Belgium*—Apoline E, who lives with her family of nine in a candlelighted garret in one of the poorer sections of Brussels, [*continued on next page*]

THE WORLD'S NEEDIEST CASES

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used to have fine dreams about love and marriage but she doesn't even dream any more. Since her father's return from slave labor in Germany he has been broken in health, and her mother is bedfast with cancer. As a result Apoline is the mainstay of the family but she can't take a job because she has to nurse her parents and take care of her six younger brothers and sisters—Henri, 11; Francis, 8; Louise, 5; Yvette, 4; Marie Thérèse, 3; and Marcel, 9 months. One night a few weeks ago, when there was no food in the house and the children were crying from hunger, Apoline couldn't stand it any longer. She put on her one wearable dress and went out on the streets. When she returned she brought money with her and food, including two cans of corned beef hash. The children had never tasted anything so good before. Little Louise called the hash "angel's food." Since then, Apoline has gone out on the street several times. Her sick brother weeps about it and her father becomes very angry, but Apoline doesn't know what else she can do. There is no other way to get food.

PEIPING, *China*—Since their oldest son froze to death last February, Mr. and Mrs. Fu of Haunwei Hsia Lane have been deprived of the thirty cents a day he used to earn and consequently are finding it almost impossible to keep their other children alive. The father, Fu Chengchang, 42, receives twenty-seven cents a day as a hospital janitor; the oldest daughter, Chia Chi, 14, makes fifty cents a month doing embroidery; and the two boys, Kou Liang, 12, and Kou Tung, 9, rake ash piles all day for the one or two pounds of fuel which they find to every ton of ashes; but altogether the family income is barely sufficient to provide the two scant meals they eat daily—the first of millet soup with a few vegetables and corn bread and the second of vegetables and corn bread alone. The children have grown thinner steadily until fourteen-year-old Chia Chi now weighs but forty-five pounds, Kou Liang thirty-eight pounds, and Kou Tung only thirty. Mr. and Mrs. Fu know that more food could still keep them from dying this winter, but where are they to get more food?

FRANKFURT, *Germany*—Mrs. Anna Schwarz, 60, has always been an honest woman and a religious one. A banker's wife, she has reared three handsome children—Hilda, 24; Lola, 22; and Hubert, 21—for medical careers. When her husband and children came home from work recently, however, they found that there was no bread for them. Mrs. Schwarz had eaten it all in their absence. Since then, each member of the family has kept his bread ration locked up in a separate cupboard, but the children don't blame their mother for what she did. They know that she couldn't help herself. A hungry person is a sick person mentally as well as physically.

BRUSSELS, *Belgium*—Since their only daughter, Fideline, died from hunger and cold last winter, Pierre Bouvencourt, 33, and his wife Berthe, 27, of 83 rue de Dinant, have been trying desperately to keep their three little boys—Gaston, 8; Albert, 6; and Raoul, 2 months—adequately nourished. On the $2 a day which her husband earns as an office worker, Mrs. Bouvencourt told a reporter, she provides three meals a day—dry bread and sugarless black coffee for breakfast, bread and soup for lunch and soup again in the evening. Sometimes, she said proudly, by pinching pennies carefully she is even able to afford a little marmalade for the breakfast spread. While she was speaking, little Gaston burst into tears. "Mummy," he sobbed, "I'm hungry."

FRANKFURT, *Germany*—Pretty Gertrude Waller, 36, took her three attractive children to the doctor recently. He found that Heinz, a studious fourteen-year-old, was eleven pounds underweight; doll-like little Ursula, 10, weighed nine pounds less than she should; mischievous Franz, 7, was six pounds underweight. "It's calories that they need," the doctor said, "not medicine. If they don't have more food, they won't grow up." That was what Mrs. Waller was afraid he would say but she doesn't know what she can do about it. She has spent all of the 7,000 reichsmarks which she and her husband saved before he went away to war and never returned. She works as a housekeeper in a black-market hotel and does the laundry for an American newspaperman and his wife. All of her earnings go for food—ersatz bread and two kinds of soup twice a day, one made of grits and the other of spinach and cabbage. On Sundays the children share a candy bar which the newspaperman gives them. There is nothing else.

HEDEL, *Holland*—Tall blonde Anna Van den Berg, 35, tries to be cheerful. "We live in a chicken coop," she said as she invited a reporter into her home, "but you won't find any eggs here." Mrs. Van den Berg moved into the chicken coop with her husband and children after many misfortunes. Their home in Rotterdam was destroyed by bombing in 1940. They fled southward but Mr. Van den Berg was captured later by the Germans and put in a concentration camp. Mrs. Van den Berg nearly starved during the winter of 1945-1946, and her two older children, a seven-year-old boy and a five-year-old girl, are still anemic from the privations they suffered at that time. The blue-eyed baby, one year old, has never had adequate food either and is underweight. The meals served in the chicken-coop home consist mainly of bread, potatoes and cabbage. But Mrs. Van den Berg is very thankful she has been reunited with her husband. "We may still starve," she said, "but we will at least die together." [THE END]

Somewhere in France—they've had their dinner, cabbage soup and one potato apiece

FOSTER PARENTS' PLAN FOR WAR CHILDREN, INC.

HOW

THERE are five stages of starvation. First, you are hungry and fast losing surplus fat. Second, you are very hungry and losing essential protein weight in your muscles. You think of food constantly, plan imaginary meals and drool at even the sight of it in store windows. You are nervous with a constant belly gnawing which you try to stop by drinking lots of water. This doesn't help. It is hard either to sit or to stand still, you sleep fitfully and always dream of food.

Restlessness comes to a climax in the third stage when you still have some reserves of strength left. If you see anyone on the street carrying a package, you conk him or her on the head from behind with a brick from a convenient ruin and run with the bundle in the hope that it will contain potatoes or turnips which he has been bringing home to his children from the country.

After this point you collapse into starvation's fourth stage, in which you are too weak and dispirited either to lift a brick or to run, but are still able to get out on the street for about two daily hours to hunt or beg for food. Now you don't think of food so constantly and conserve your strength by spending much time at home and in bed—if you have a home and bed. When you must get up, you feel dizzy and lightheaded and go outdoors only in the daytime, since by now you have night blindness from vitamin deficiency. You are listless, depressed, and it would take you all day to finish a job which a well-fed person could do in an hour. If you run onto some food, you gorge yourself like an animal and then vomit most of it afterward.

Now you are vulnerable to pellagra, beriberi and scurvy, and wide open to any contagious disease, particularly pneumonia and tuberculosis.

You are not pretty, for probably you have open carbuncles on your legs and your skin is turning brown in patches. But you don't care, for early in stage two you have lost all interest in sex, because many gland secretions are drying up. However, if you did care, you would be glad to notice that you are picking up a little weight. Only this is not normal flesh, but water which is saturating your tissues and making them soggy. The flesh now has little resilience and if you prod the puffy calf of your leg with a forefinger, it leaves a dimple which does not disappear for several seconds. Children, incidentally, usually start bloating not in the arms or legs, which remain spindly, but in the stomach.

This bloating is the beginning of the end and you now enter starvation's fifth and final stage. The bloat-

IT FEELS TO STARVE

BY W. L. WHITE

Noted correspondent, author of Journey for Margaret and They Were Expendable

ing presently hits your intestinal tract, bringing diarrhea, with agonizing cramps many times a day, plus a cold sweat and a following weakness so great that you lie limp afterward. Since your tiring heart has slowed down, your hands and feet are cold and you don't move if you can help it. If someone forces you to your feet and gives you a shove, you totter on as though in a trance.

Because your stomach has shrunk almost to atrophy and because you no longer secrete any digestive juices, you are no longer hungry. But your failing brain dimly remembers food as something valuable. If you get any, you are apt to hoard it like a miser instead of nibbling it, hiding it away among the old rags on which you are probably sleeping.

This is just as well, because if at this point you were rescued and taken to a hospital your weakened stomach could stand only the tiniest quantities of the simplest softest foods.

In addition to the failure of the digestive juices, the glands which secrete sex hormones now stop completely, with the result that when you die, you do it without much dignity; because if you are a woman, you have started growing a little beard and mustache and your voice has taken on a masculine tone. If you are a man, you have started developing feminine characteristics.

As to just when you die, that depends on how plump you were at the beginning and how much food you get before the end. Death can come mercifully in a few months or it can drag out for years. But on a one-thousand-calorie diet, the very strongest person cannot hope to go much over two years.

Even if you are rescued just before the end, permanent damage has often been done. If brain tissue has been destroyed it can never be replaced. And growing children are often permanently crippled. They get rickets and, without milk, their bones and teeth fail to develop and frequently they are stunted for life.

Last year I visited a classroom of nine-year-olds in a foreign country, where the ration has been reduced to twelve hundred and fifty calories a day. Perhaps you might care to see what effect mass starvation has on the school system.

The lucky children in this classroom were getting an extra pint of hot and fairly rich soup, paid for and served to them by the Red Cross. I arrived just as they were lining up with their bowls and spoons. I was told the arithmetic lesson would immediately follow this noon meal. The teachers had found that in the mornings the children were too weak and listless for arithmetic, and were able to concentrate only after they had begun to digest the hot soup.

When I asked about their health the teacher explained that she suspected a number of them were running little temperatures in the afternoon. But she hated to send them to the school doctor. If he should diagnose it as tuberculosis and send them home, they would then miss the noon soup which, if they did have tuberculosis, was their only hope of recovering from it. She sent them to the doctor only if they coughed, which would endanger others. She explained that the sick children, obviously warned by their parents, did everything they could to keep from coughing.

Because of that hot soup, she said, truancy was no problem. But if a child was out a week with the measles, the mothers would always bring a four- or five-year-old brother or sister to take the place of the sick child in the noon soup line, arguing that if the older child were sick, then the bowl of soup belonged by rights to an under-school-age child in the same family. The mothers never could understand why this was refused.

When I asked how the preschool-age children got along, the teacher explained that this was a coal mining town. Anxious to stimulate coal production so that it could be sold abroad for food, the government had allotted the miners an extra thousand calories a day, served to them at a pit-head kitchen in the form of a thick stew of meat and potatoes.

The miners asked permission to take half or more of each man's stew allotment home to his hungry family. At first this was refused. A miner's family was in theory no better than any other family, and the extra thousand daily calories had been given to men only to enable them to do a full day's work.

However, a quick rise in absenteeism immediately followed this decision and coal production dropped. It seemed that the miners would take off about a week out of each month to go out in the country to hunt food for their families, and one method of getting it was this: because of the food shortage, all the potatoes in that province had been eaten so that none were left for seed and the authorities had imported from abroad enough for this purpose, which the farmers had duly planted. But the miners were now going out at night, digging raw potato eyes out of the hills and bringing them home, where the mothers would wash and then boil them into soup for the children.

Therefore in order to save those seed potatoes, which were that country's only hope for a new potato crop, the authorities finally ruled that the miners could share their noon stew with their children. So now every day the toddlers line up at the pit-head cafeteria, carrying various kinds of cups, bowls and pans, into which Daddy pours what he can spare of his extra thousand calories. The toddler then goes home, where his mother divides the stew among all the children.

The result is that coal production has increased. If that mining village today is not precisely a happy one, it is at least somewhat less miserable than it was. The authorities have learned that even an adequately fed miner will not work well if he has to come home each night to children who are starving. And if some seed potatoes are still being dug at nights, the scavenging is being done by people who are weak and totter, and consequently are able to find and steal potato eyes less efficiently than were the comparatively well-fed miners.

Very possibly you don't want to kill anyone, but even so you should realize that there is, in every modern American home, a compact streamlined little gadget which in 1947 killed more people than died of that great atomic flash over Hiroshima.

Let us start with that wienie which Junior left on his lunch plate, after eating the other two. Junior should have all he wants, because Junior is a growing child, unlike those children who get only twelve hundred and fifty calories and who, as a result, are not growing. Of course there really isn't much meat in one wienie—only about as much as one of those twelve-hundred-and-fifty-calorie kids ever sees in a week.

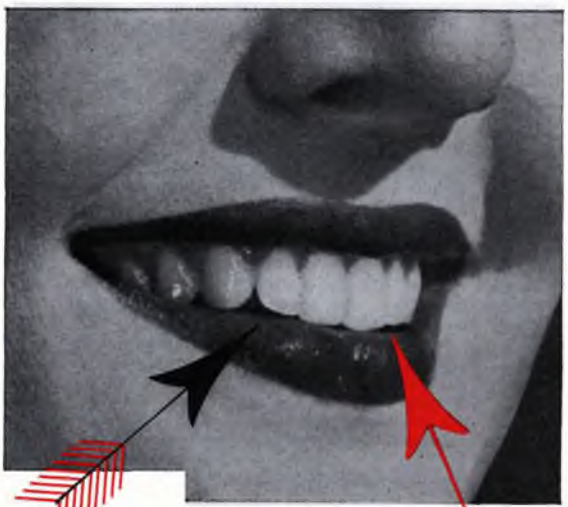
So what do you do? You could put it back in the icebox but it would only clutter things up. You could eat it yourself but it might spoil your appetite for dinner. You could give it to the dog but you've already fed the dog, since you live in a country where people can afford to feed dogs.

So instead you do the following, and note carefully: slightly extending your right foot, you press your toe on the little pedal whereupon the lid of the garbage can flies open. Bending, you then insert the wienie. If the enamel pail is already overflowing with burned toast, ends of slightly rancid butter, thick potato peelings and old steak tails, you compress this mass slightly so there will be room for Junior's wienie.

Finally, when you raise your toe from the pedal, the lid will fall shut. And this is bombs away!

[THE END]

BOOTLEG



Letting a poorly trained technician make dental restorations is almost like giving a baby a cannon—yet many laboratory technicians have eighth-grade educations

A badly made bridge can cause the loss of healthy teeth, disfigure the face, impair the hearing or, in extreme cases, irritate the mouth enough to cause cancer

BY CLIVE HOWARD

DENTISTRY

Good dentists and dental laboratories know—and deplore—a major weakness in their profession. But up to now the danger has been hidden. It's time for the public to realize—and act on—the startling facts

AS UNBELIEVABLE as it may seem in the enlightened year of 1948, there is a hundred-million-dollar-a-year industry which affects the health of almost every American—and yet is under practically no supervision whatever by health authorities. Almost every man or woman who needs a dental inlay, crown, bridge or plate is at the mercy of this industry—and yet some of the men who run it cannot even read or write.

If you have ever suffered from an uncomfortable or unsightly bridge, or a badly fitting dental plate, you can probably blame this industry and the slipshod laws which have permitted it to grow up untrammeled by any sound rules of professional conduct. If you are in need of dental care, you should be careful that you do not fall victim to it.

The industry is the dental laboratory business. It exists because few dentists, in this age of specialization, have time to make their own "prosthetic devices," the term which is applied in the profession to inlays or to any type of false teeth from a crown to a full plate. Therefore ninety per cent of the nation's seventy-five thousand dentists have the work done by a dental laboratory staffed by technicians who do nothing else.

Theoretically all the technicians are experts at their jobs. Actually neither the dentist nor the public has any guarantee that the laboratory will turn out work of good quality or even maintain minimum standards of sanitation.

There are numerous fine dental laboratories in America. The men who run them take great pride in their work and do a better job than most dentists who divide their time between chair and laboratory could possibly do. In fact it is these reputable technicians who have been in the forefront of a movement to license and regulate all laboratories for the protection of the public. For every good laboratory, however, there is at least one bad one and possibly more. The laws are so lax that anybody with a spare room and fifty dollars to buy such equipment as a Bunsen burner, a small power drill, plastic molds and a tin pan for boiling water can call himself a dental technician. He does not have to take any special training. Or, if he wants a diploma to give him added prestige, he can get it at trade schools such as one which advertises that it can teach even illiterates because all its instruction is done by visual demonstration.

Letting a poorly trained technician make dental restorations is almost like giving a baby a cannon. A badly made bridge, or one manufactured of inferior materials such as some laboratories use to save money, can cause the loss of healthy teeth to which it is attached. An ill-fitting denture can stretch the patient's facial muscles so unnaturally as to cause neuralgia, or can make him chew his food so poorly that he develops stomach disorders or malnutrition. It can even impair his hearing by pressure on the ear tubes—or in extreme cases irritate the tissues of the mouth so badly as to cause cancer. Apart from health considerations, an inexpertly constructed denture may cause facial disfiguration and contribute to neurosis.

Dr. W. H. Sherer, a former president of the American Dental Association, has said that the quality of the dentist's services to his patients is "limited to the quality of the laboratory" which makes his prosthetic devices. Yet a survey by the Dental Association has shown that the average laboratory technician has only an eighth-grade education.

An expert and veteran technician, Israel Margoshes, who heads the Dental Laboratory Association of the State of New York, told me that in the majority of all American laboratories dentures "are produced without any benefit of science whatsoever." The statistics back him up. New York City's welfare department once asked a committee of the Dental Society to pass on the qualifications of laboratories to which work could be sent from the city's free clinics. The committee rejected half of the laboratories which were under consideration.

The public health menace represented by the ill-trained technician is getting worse instead of better. Before the war there were sixty-eight hundred technicians in the business. But the wartime boom attracted thousands more and the army and navy trained an additional ten thousand, many of whom hope to practice in civilian life. It is estimated that there are now about thirty-two thousand five hundred technicians in the United States. This is far too many and is leading to cutthroat competition and the rise of illegal dentistry.

Most dental authorities estimate that one technician to every five dentists is adequate and that one to four is just about ideal. Today, however, there is almost one technician for every two dentists. Obviously they cannot all make a living—unless they find a way of getting more work.

This is exactly what is happening. Many laboratories are no longer waiting for dentists to send them prescriptions for dentures. Instead they are going out and seeking patients, eliminating the dentist and trying to perform the whole dental job that should be done only by dentists. They are setting themselves up as dentists without any of the qualifications.

The number of bootleg "dentists"—practicing without adequate qualification or license—is bound to rise unless something is done about them. The number of technicians is increasing daily. New schools of training, many opposed both by the American Dental Association and by reputable laboratory owners, have mushroomed under the GI Bill of Rights. Four schools in New York City have almost two thousand enrollments. A big school in Newark, New Jersey, has an enrollment capacity of about a thousand. In the last few months about two new laboratories have opened every week in New York City alone. Few of the newcomers to the business can survive without practicing illegal dentistry.

Many laboratories now advertise "emergency repairs" for false teeth or bridges, guaranteeing to do the work in two or three hours. In many cases these advertisements are not meant for the eyes of dentists, but for the general public, which it tacitly invites to visit the laboratory instead of a dentist.

Other laboratories try to spread by word of mouth, through friends of the owners, the information that they will undertake to do any prosthetic work that a dentist could perform. In Boston recently a practicing dentist was outraged to find himself approached on the street by a policeman who was soliciting business for a laboratory!

Probably the most dangerous practice, and one of the hardest to detect, is that of the inexperienced apprentice technician who, to supplement his earnings, converts his cellar, kitchen or garage into a laboratory to make and repair dentures for neighborhood friends. What makes this even more vicious is that it flourishes mainly in low-income districts where patients can't afford replacements.

In all states, of course, it is illegal for anyone to practice dentistry without a license. But the machinery for enforcing the law is woefully inadequate—in New York, for example, there are only three inspectors for the twelve hundred laboratories all over the state's nearly fifty thousand square miles.

A laboratory man seeking more business can practice illegally without much fear of detection and with no penalty except a fine if he is caught. Or he can get around the law by hiring an unethical dentist to sit in his office and lend a show of professionalism to the whole operation.

Naturally no dentist of much standing in his profession would take such a job. In one case where New York authorities cracked down on a laboratory in an upstate town, the dentist hired by the laboratory was an old derelict so senile and alcohol-sodden that a technician had to stand beside him and direct his work.

I found one bootleg laboratory on the sixth floor of a run-down office building in an eastern city. In the front office there were a dozen chairs. On the left was a little anteroom in which, through the open doorway, I saw two dentist's chairs. Beyond this was the laboratory, from which came the smell of molten metal. An elderly man in a neat white jacket came from the laboratory to greet me. He was the head technician. I told him I needed a partial denture and had heard that the laboratory could do the work more cheaply than a dentist. He nodded, explained that his dentists were not on duty that day and made an appointment for me to return on the afternoon of the following Thursday. [*continued on page* 44]

When I returned on Thursday, a half-dozen men and women waited in the front office. Beyond the door of the anteroom two young dentists were busy, at work on patients.

Eventually I met the proprietor of the laboratory—a tall shy man in his midthirties. After he had sworn me to secrecy on his identity he explained his method of operation with complete candor.

At one time he had been a junk broker. But he was clever with his hands, knew some dental technicians and decided to get into the business himself. After some training in another laboratory, he opened his own shop with the best technicians he could lure away from other jobs.

His laboratory turned out good work and many dentists began sending him orders for bridgework and plates. But he soon discovered that there were many dentists who wanted him to do more than just the laboratory work. These dentists would send their patients to his shop so that he could take the "bite" or impression, in wax or plaster of Paris, from which artificial teeth are designed. In other words, he was being asked to do the whole job from determining the proper size and shape of the denture to the final construction—everything except installing it in the patient's mouth. This, of course, was strictly illegal—but unscrupulous dentists themselves were asking him to do it.

Eventually he decided there was no point in waiting for dentists to send him business. He found two young dentists who did not have enough money to set up their own offices and hired them at a flat per-hour rate. Then he spread the word around to patients for whom he had previously designed dental devices that he was ready to offer treatment at half the dentists' price.

Today he employs eight technicians. His two young dentists work in his office two days a week and the rest of the time for other laboratories which are run the same way. He pays them enough to keep them happy, although not so much as he pays his top technicians. When business gets too rushing, he sends some of his patients out to what he calls his "stable" of practicing dentists—doctors who know what he is doing but are glad to take some of his cases at a small fee.

His net profit last year was twenty-five thousand dollars. "Why should I bother waiting for dentists to send me their work?" he asked me. "I can turn out work myself that's no worse than some of them hand over to their patients. I charge less and make more money."

The case of this Mr. X and the comment he made to me shed light on a problem that lies at the heart of illegal dentistry This is the fact that a number of dentists—themselves careless or mercenary—have become virtually partners of slipshod laboratories or technicians who practice dentistry although they have never been inside a dental school in their lives.

In New York City recently a woman who needed a full set of dentures became suspicious when her dentist turned her over to another man in his office. She complained to state authorities, who sent an investigator with her on a one-o'clock appointment one afternoon. When the investigator and the woman arrived, a half-dozen patients were waiting in the office. The man who had been treating her returned from lunch, put on a dentist's jacket and began treating the patients one by one. The investigator watched him for an hour, then questioned him and discovered that he was merely an unlicensed technician.

In this case the dentist, presumably fonder of his leisure than of his profession, had turned over his entire restorative practice for a time to a technician with no training in dentistry. An even more startling case occurred in the same city. After a similar arrest of a technician caught practicing in a dentist's office, the dentist was brought into court as a witness. Asked why he permitted the technician to do the chair work on a set of dentures, the dentist replied candidly, "I just didn't know how to do it myself."

Legitimate laboratory owners claim that a minority of irresponsible dentists are chiefly to blame for the evils in their industry. They claim that as dentistry has come to rely more and more on the laboratories, some dentists have forgotten how to do certain phases of their own work and have failed to keep abreast of the scientific strides made by prosthetic dentistry. The laboratory owners say they are called upon to do illegal work by dentists who don't know how to plan a scientifically fitting restoration and who lack the professional ethics to refer the patient to someone who can. They say too that dentists ask them for professional advice which they are not equipped by education to give.

Even some competent dentists, these laboratory men contend, have encouraged bootleg dentistry because it helps them to make money. This claim is based on the peculiar economics of the dental profession.

A dental education, like a medical one, is expensive. So is the equipment that a modern dentist's office requires. Moreover, a dentist's income depends solely on what he can accomplish with his hands each hour.

Most of the dentist's time, on the average about three fourths of it, is occupied with general practice—that is, on such jobs as filling cavities or pulling teeth. By custom, the fees for this type of work are very low in proportion to the time the work requires.

• Ethical practitioners in the dental profession—and they are in the majority by far—are quick to deplore the illegal practice of dentistry. More is expected of them, however. Only through vigilant and accredited dental organizations can such practices be stopped. A dental society is in the best position to know in what manner and to what extent violations of professional standards take place. The degree of successful law enforcement has a direct bearing on the overt, substantial and genuinely enthusiastic support received from such professional organizations. To do less is to incur public distrust. No substitute exists.

• Whatever differences of opinion may exist among members of the dental profession in respect to the extent of the functions of dental mechanics, let there be no mistake about this: the law does not countenance the slightest invasion by either or both upon the fullest protection to which the public is guaranteed.

• Professional care means exactly that: the law tolerates nothing less.

From a recent decision by
JUSTICE IRVING BEN COOPER
Court of Special Sessions, New York City

To make the kind of income justified by his long education and his investment in equipment, the dentist has to make a proportionately higher profit out of jobs such as bridges and dentures. For example one Illinois dentist, whose career was the subject of an article in one of the professional journals, made only twenty-six hundred dollars a year from the "operative dentistry" that took up three fifths of his time. But the "prosthetic dentistry" to which he devoted the other two fifths of his time brought him seventy-four hundred dollars a year.

Naturally there are dentists who will try to save as much time as possible when they install a bridge or a plate. The temptation to let the laboratory man take the impression and draw up specifications for the denture is very great. Although it is against the law for the laboratory man to do anything but *construct* dental devices, some dentists have encouraged the technicians to take more and more responsibility. "I break the law every day in the week," one reputable laboratory owner told me. "I have to if I want to stay in business."

Out of all this has grown a vicious circle. The mercenary or unethical dentist—of whom fortunately there are relatively few—in relying more and more on the laboratory has permitted the rise of the kind of laboratory that does shoddy or definitely dangerous work. He has also encouraged the laboratory men to go into the illegal practice of dentistry. It takes only a small percentage of unethical dentists, working with one eye on the minute hand of the clock and sending the patients to the laboratory at every opportunity, to encourage owners and technicians into illegal practice.

At the same time the thoroughly competent dentist, trained in a good school and faithful to the standards of his profession, has a hard time in many communities finding a laboratory which can do work that meets his own high specifications.

In New York City there is one laboratory man who has been convicted three times of practicing illegal dentistry—that is, of working directly on patients without the help of a dentist. Yet his laboratory is still patronized by the very dentists whose business he is trying to take away.

Not a few dentists are beginning to think that their own profession needs a housecleaning. One leading practitioner told me, "It is time that a lot of dentists were brought up short and made to realize that patients are entitled to thorough and scientific care."

The same dentist told me that one of several really scientific ways to fit a complete set of false teeth was to use an instrument known as the balanced occlusion articulator, which imitates exactly the full movement of the lower jaw both up and down and sideways. A set of false teeth planned on this instrument becomes, in effect, a functioning organ of the human body. Yet a researcher of dental equipment has found the instrument is used by only ten per cent of dentists. The factors presumably limiting its use are that it nearly doubles the dentist's time and adds about one third to laboratory charges—and not many laboratories can do their part of the job.

How many dentists use other equally scientific methods is not known but an instrument called the plane line articulator, which looks like a door hinge and is not more scientific, is in common use. It allows only for the jaw's vertical motion and leading experts of the Dental Society of the State of New York recently criticized dentures planned this way as being frequently "unusable or even a health hazard."

In many places dentists have been the chief stumbling block to laws which would regulate the dental laboratory industry. In spite of all the damage that the industry as now constituted can do the public, some dentists like the present system. Others are afraid that licensing of laboratory technicians might be the first step toward admitting them to dental practice.

In every other field relating to public health, it is accepted practice to set up rules and regulations. Every state licenses pharmacists and oculists, requiring them to meet certain standards of education and training. Most states require physical examinations of restaurant employees and others who handle food. Yet only a few states have made any attempt to regulate dental laboratories.

In Ohio and southern California, a system of voluntary accreditation has been worked out. Laboratories volunteer for inspection by a committee of the state dental society and those approved are accredited by the state dental society. But even in these states there is no law to prevent a dentist from dealing with an unaccredited laboratory, as many do, and no effective way to prevent any laboratory from engaging in bootleg dentistry. In southern California the system is said to be working out very well, but in Ohio only twenty of the state's more than two hundred laboratories have applied for accreditation.

New York has a law prohibiting a laboratory from turning out work except on a dentist's prescription. But the law does not concern itself with how well the prescription is followed and investigators have no right to enter a laboratory unless they have a specific complaint from a dentist or a patient.

The only law in the United States regulating technicians and laboratories was set up by South Carolina in 1946. Under South Carolina legislation, dental technicians are licensed by a state board of dental examiners after proving their training and ability. The board can revoke a license at any time for malpractice, false advertising or the practice of illegal dentistry.

Almost from the beginning there was dissatisfaction on both sides with the [*continued on page* 47]

LOOKS GOOD!
See how brightly tempting!

LISTENS GOOD!
Hear it bubble softly!

SMELLS GOOD!
Catch a fragrant whiff!

My hustle, bustle, brawn and muscle
Come from exercise—
And also eating Campbell's Soup; so
Try it—you'll be wise!

'TIS GOOD!

"And It's Almost a Meal in Itself" Say Women Everywhere

From every point of view, it's a grand choice for a main dish any day and any time of day. A nourishing beef stock and fifteen different garden vegetables make Campbell's Vegetable Soup hearty eating for hungry people, sure enough! All the family love it, and that goes for mother, too. She knows it's "almost a meal in itself"—with all the many good things in it. Memo to Mom: Just *try* to keep it on hand!

21 KINDS TO CHOOSE FROM: Asparagus Bean with Bacon • Beef Noodle • Black Bean Beef • Bouillon • Consommé • Chicken with Rice Chicken Gumbo • Chicken Noodle • Cream of Mushroom • Clam Chowder • Ox Tail • Green Pea Pepper Pot • Scotch Broth • Cream of Spinach Tomato • Vegetable • Vegetarian Vegetable Vegetable-Beef.

Campbell's VEGETABLE SOUP

"AFTER A DAY IN THE SNOW," by John Gannam. Number 11 in the series "Home Life in America," by noted American illustrators.

Beer belongs...enjoy it

In this home-loving land of ours . . . in this America of kindliness, of friendship, of good-humored tolerance . . . perhaps no beverages are more "at home" on more occasions than good American beer and ale.

For beer is the kind of beverage Americans like. It belongs—to pleasant living, to good fellowship, to sensible moderation. And our right to enjoy it, this too, belongs—to our own American heritage of personal freedom.

AMERICA'S BEVERAGE OF MODERATION

Bootleg Dentistry

from page 44

South Carolina law as it was written. Some of the state's leading dentists have felt the law was not workable and they are in the forefront of a movement to wipe the statute off the books.

Nevertheless the great majority of reputable laboratory owners and many dentists with vision and a knowledge of the problem have agreed that this kind of legislation is one answer to the problem of illiterate technicians and bootleg dentistry.

Another answer lies in the establishment of more schools like the one set up last year by the New York State Institute of Applied Arts and Sciences. This school, which accepts only high school graduates, offers a two-year course in dental laboratory work which requires the student to attend classes thirty hours a week for eleven months of the year. Its curriculum includes not only actual laboratory work but also anatomy, metallurgy, chemistry and physics.

For over twenty years the better type of laboratory man, the dental associations and public health officials have been discussing laws which would drive the bad laboratories and the illegal dentists out of business. So far they have accomplished very little.

Today—especially in view of the thousands of new technicians who have suddenly entered the field—it seems to be high time for the twenty years of effort to bear fruit. Probably the first move is up to the dental societies, which might as well recognize that more illegal dentistry is probably going to be practiced under the present system than under any possible law.

One step in the right direction has been taken by the Prosthetic Service Committee of the Dental Society of the State of New York. This committee has proposed that the State Board of Dental Examiners be empowered to register laboratories, set up standards and blacklist any violators.

Until this suggestion or something like it is adopted all over America, the public will continue to be at the mercy of incompetents and charlatans—some of whom are so ignorant of medical science that they cannot even realize the harm they are doing. Unless the dentists act first to clean up this unsavory side of their profession, some day an aroused public may do it for them. [THE END]

Quicksand

from page 26

to us. He will go far, I fancy. He may be a bit crude but he has the makings of a successful politician. He was quite bowled over by you, my dear."

"By the house, you mean. By being here."

"Oh well, I meant him to be a little impressed. He has force and that's valuable. He'll want to see you again, I imagine, and you'd better let him. You really need to have a little fun, anyway. It won't hurt to go about with Mr. Caine a bit."

"You mean—to talk about the bill?"

Mrs. Lanniers laughed. "Well, you could, couldn't you? It wouldn't hurt, and might help considerably."

SO WHEN Tom Caine phoned her on Sunday and asked her to drive up the river with him for dinner, she said slowly that she'd like to.

"Knew I was going to ask you out the minute I laid eyes on you," he said before they'd gone a block.

"You flatter me," Beckie said.

"Well, let's relax, shall we? Swell day. Where would you like to eat? The Link Tavern? It isn't bad."

"I don't care," Beckie said. "Anywhere you like."

"Mrs. Lanniers fancies herself as a politician, eh? Well, I see her game but I don't mind playing on her side."

"You're frank about it," Beckie said.

"Frank? Well, I'm not exactly known for my frankness, Miss Toner. I learned to cover my tracks pretty early. I pick the people I can talk to. I knew I could talk to you and no harm done."

"Don't be so sure you can."

"Oh, I know people," he answered, throwing a grin her way. "I came up the hard way—same as you did." There was something forceful about him, but ugly too.

"How do you know I came up the hard way?" Beckie asked at last.

"You always know, if you've been through the mill yourself," he said. "But it's too nice a day to be serious. What do you do in your time off?"

"I don't have much time off," Beckie said.

"We'll have to see about that! To tell you the truth, I'm in the mood for a little fling and you look like the kind of girl I'd like to have it with. My wife's just left me. Oh, I'm not grieving—she was one of my mistakes. I don't make so many but I made that one. We never got on. No drive in her. She bored me. She doesn't even know I fixed the whole thing—that she should fall for somebody else. Worked like clockwork. She's gone—now everybody's happy."

At the table Beckie tried to bring up the matter of the bill but he laughed it away.

"I said this was my day off, didn't I?" he insisted.

He wanted to go on somewhere else afterward but she wouldn't. Finally, he left her at the house. "That was fun. Do it again?"

"I'll see," Beckie said evasively.

"Have a nice time?" Mrs. Lanniers asked when Beckie came in.

"It was all right," Beckie said. "We had dinner at Link's."

"Oh? A nice place. Mr. Caine's amusing, don't you think?"

Beckie went to her room, full of confusion and something like anger. Surely Mrs. Lanniers saw exactly what the man was like. She would not dream of having him for a friend—of having him in the same room with the Edgeleys. But he was good enough for Beckie Toner.

WEDNESDAY Tom Caine phoned and said, "Having lunch with Senator Grauer—how about joining us and bringing along the dope on the bill? You have some good stuff there—we could use it." He was matter-of-fact, no special familiarity in his voice.

"Just a moment," Beckie said. She went to Mrs. Lanniers. "Do you want me to go?" she asked. "It's the day I serve tea."

Mrs. Lanniers reached for her phone. "Good morning, Mr. Caine!" She talked briskly for a moment about the bill, then said, "Of course Miss Toner can come if it will help. But she has to be at the art gallery at three. Could you get her there? . . . Very well, she will expect you."

It wasn't as bad as Beckie had feared. She gave the senator her facts about the bill, and then, shortly before three, Caine looked at his watch and said, "Sorry to run, Senator, but I promised to get Miss Toner to an appointment by three. Come along, Miss Toner—we'll just make it."

In the car he grinned at her and said: "All this—and brains too!" He drove up to the gallery entrance with a flourish, helped her out. Beckie saw Mrs. Edgeley just going in, saw her turn and look at her, at her companion. She felt an odd angry breathlessness, wanted to cry out, "I couldn't help it! I don't want to be with him—it's business!"

Mrs. Edgeley waited for her at the door. "Hello," she said. "It was good of you to come! Do you want to hear the lecture—or would you like to come into the office and meet some of the girls who are helping?"

It was a queer small decision to have to make and it seemed strange that it should be difficult. [*continued on page 48*]

"I'd like to hear the lecture, if it's all right," she said at last.

"But of course!" Jane Edgeley said. "Maynard's giving it—he'll be delighted that you want to hear it. I'll go in with you."

Listening to Maynard Edgeley speak, Beckie's heart quieted down. His deep faith, intelligence and honesty were infinitely comforting and when he had finished, she sat quite still for a moment. Then she became aware that Mrs. Edgeley was waiting, and got quickly to her feet.

"Did you like it so much?" Jane Edgeley asked warmly. "I've always thought Maynard should have lectured in a university. He does have a gift for it, doesn't he? Oh, the girls are coming in with the tea and sandwiches. Sara, come meet Miss Toner and let me have a sandwich, will you? Miss Toner's going to help you." The girl grinned at Beckie as if she took it for granted that Beckie was someone special or she wouldn't be there. "Come meet Mrs. Lawrence—she's managing the urn today!" And suddenly Beckie was passing tea and sandwiches, smiling, moving mechanically. It was easy enough.

When she went back for more sandwiches, Sam Doone said: "Art! How wonderful!" took the plate from her, set it down. "Come see the Pennsylvania Dutch room. You really ought to, you know."

"Some other time," Beckie said. "I'm busy."

"Oh, run along," Jane Edgeley said. "It's almost over. She actually listened to the lecture, Sam. She deserves something for that."

THEY walked across the marble floor in silence. But when they were in the room of the exhibit he didn't point out anything. With his hand on her arm, he drew her down beside him on a marble seat.

"It's been a long wait," he said. "Know what I did Friday?"

"What?" Beckie said.

"Went over and saw our friend Marquis. He's quite a lad—T.B. of the bone. I joined the Engineers' Club."

Sudden tears stung at Beckie's eyes.

"I'm terribly in love with you," Sam Doone said. "You knew that, didn't you?"

"Oh no," Beckie said. "*No.*"

"What do you mean—'Oh, no'? I am, I tell you. Why not? Why shouldn't I be? Anyway, I am. I can't help myself."

"You don't even know me," Beckie said. The room and the other people in it seemed to be floating round and round, mixed with the quaint out-of-perspective paintings on the walls.

"Yes, I know you," Sam said quietly.

When she had thought of love long ago, she had not thought of it like this—something so full of hurt and despair, something that squeezed her heart, that went beyond all dream of the beautiful and right into the pain of adult life, the responsibilities and agonies. It had been something free and joyous then—not this—oh, not this.

"I must go," she said.

His hand on her arm was gentle. "No. You must sit right there and tell me it's all right—that you love me, too."

"But I can't," Beckie protested. "I can't."

"Can't what? Can't tell me—or can't love me?"

"Can't love you," she answered. The words seemed not said, seemed to float off, unreal, untrue.

"Why?" he said.

"I just can't." Then she did get to her feet. He stood up and began to show her the exhibit, like a guide. His voice was almost distant and she could hardly bear to hear it. But she made answers. They came to the alcove where some examples of weaving hung.

"It looks something like Finnish weaving," Beckie said.

"Finnish? Yes, perhaps it does. Are you Finnish?"

"No. I helped make a Finnish tapestry once. I read a book on it."

He frowned a little, as if reminded of something. But he said only, "A girl of many talents." Then: "Do you love anyone else?"

"No."

"Then you don't mean you can't ever love me?"

Quicksand

from page 47

I love you now. I love you so much I can't bear any more of this. Don't you see that I can't bear it? Then for a moment it suddenly seemed that she didn't have to bear it, that she could just say she loved him, that she was foolish not to say it. That he need never know, that she had a *right* to this. "It's the devil on a high mountain, all the same, you know!" Sam's own voice, speaking of the dress, came to her clearly, and it was all back again, the school, the courtroom, Mrs. Lanniers' generosity, Pitt's eyes, the wall.

"No, I can't ever love you. Not ever," she said. But she made the mistake of looking at him. She couldn't see his brown eyes looking at her with such real love, such real misery, without letting some of her own misery and love show through. "I must go," she said. And this time he walked with her across the foyer toward the entrance.

He didn't offer to take her home. He said, "Till next Wednesday," and let her go.

IN THE gallery office Sam sat on the desk, waiting with Jane for Maynard to come.

"What's the matter, Sam?" Jane said.

"She won't have me."

"You've asked her—already? You don't know her well, Sam."

"Maybe not. Enough. I'm twenty-nine, Jane—not a schoolboy."

Jane Edgeley gave a small sigh. "She came here today with Tom Caine, the state representative," she said.

"What of it?" he said impatiently. "She doesn't love anyone else. She said so. . . . Jane, she does love me—she just said she *couldn't*. Why not?"

"How could I know, Sam? I don't know her."

"Know her, then, Jane. Find out for me, won't you? Because I can't understand. . . . I mean this—for all time, like you and Maynard."

He wasn't looking at her, but for an instant the pure lines of her distant face under the wings of ash blonde hair took on a beauty that was warm and revealing.

"I'll help you if I can, Sam," she said.

On the bus the devil sat down by Beckie Toner and whispered, "But he'd never have to know. It doesn't show. It doesn't show at all, my dear."

"But suppose he came to know—afterward?"

"What is there to know? You aren't guilty of anything. You had a bad break and have paid a thousand times over for it. You've been unjustly treated. He won't care about Calbern—not if he really loves you."

"Suppose he began to doubt me? Suppose he thought I'd cheated him?"

"You haven't any right to doubt his love," the devil said.

She slipped up the stairs, into her room, the devil still beside her. She felt weak with argument, frightened. She looked at herself in the mirror, turned her eyes away from their own reflection. They told too much.

"Well, did everything go all right?" Mrs. Lanniers said from the doorway.

"Yes, I think so," Beckie said.

"And the gallery? I don't suppose Mrs. Edgeley bothers to go?"

"Yes, she was there. Mr. Edgeley lectured. He was very good."

"I must go some Wednesday," Mrs. Lanniers said. "I'll have Mrs. Edgeley for lunch perhaps and we could go together. You look a little wan, my dear. You're sure everything went all right?"

"Yes, quite all right," Beckie said.

"Was Mr. Doone there?"

"Yes."

"Unfortunate," Mary Lanniers said. "You aren't thinking of him more than you should, are you, my dear?"

Beckie turned toward her a little desperately.

"Probably I am," she said. "But you needn't worry. I know it won't do!"

"Oh, I'm quite sure I can trust you," Mary Lanniers said gently.

On Saturday Tom Caine dropped in again. He wandered about, looking at everything with his bold curiosity.

"Quite a house. Quite a house," he said. "As I told you, I grew up on the east side. But I see how it's done. Not with chromium and mirrors, nor with overstuffed divans. My place is all wrong. Have to make a clean sweep and start over again. Get a picture—you could help me find one maybe. You know about galleries, things like that. Put on your hat and come along."

She had a queer thought as they drove away: I could tell him about Calbern. He'd laugh and say: "Hell, sister, who cares? It could happen to any of us!" It was a frightening thought, for it made Mrs. Lanniers right. Why didn't she give up thought of Sam Doone, take what she could? Why did she struggle after the moon when she knew the moon was not for her? But she knew why.

It was after that day that she said to Mrs. Lanniers: "Mrs. Lanniers, I've given Mr. Caine all the material we have on the bill. Would you mind if I didn't see him any more? I do dislike being with him very much."

Mrs. Lanniers toyed with an envelope, then said, "Why, no one's forcing you to be with him, Beckie. But he doesn't seem so objectionable to me. Oh, he's a rough diamond, but he has personality. I think he'd make a bad enemy and I hate to see what we've done go for nothing. . . . He admires you intensely, that's obvious."

"I see," Beckie said slowly.

Mrs. Lanniers gave her a quick glance. "You see what, my dear?"

"But wouldn't it be just as bad," Beckie stumbled on, "to have Mr. Caine know about me as—as anyone else? People running for office—they always dig up everything unpleasant they can, don't they?"

"Child, you mustn't be so sensitive. And don't misunderstand me when I say that it's for the very reason you mention that I've felt Tom Caine might be a good friend for you. He isn't afraid of opinion. But you must choose your own friends, of course."

"I see," Beckie said again. "Good night, Mrs. Lanniers."

"Good night, Beckie." Mrs. Lanniers' voice was a little hurt and reproachful.

On Tuesday Beckie sat in the library staring at the phone for a long time, finally drew it toward her and rang a number.

"Is Mrs. Edgeley in?" she asked. And when Jane Edgeley's clear voice said, "Hello!" she said, "Mrs. Edgeley, this is Beckie Toner. I'm sorry, but I won't be able to help you tomorrow. Mrs. Lanniers is kind about letting me come, but it does take time that I need for work here. So will you excuse me, please?"

"Of course," Jane said. "I'm sorry, though—and Sam's going to be disappointed."

"You were nice to ask me," Beckie said.

"Well, I'll hope to see you again," Jane said. "Some day when you're free, maybe you'd drop by for a chat?"

JANE EDGELEY stood in the window by the terrace, looking out into her gay garden. Her eyes were troubled, almost sad. At last she turned, rang the gallery, asked for Sam.

"Sam, she won't be there tomorrow," she said. "She was very final about it. She just doesn't have time."

"Oh," Sam said.

"I'll go see her some day, very soon."

"Oh," Sam said again. "Well, thanks, Jane."

Jane Edgeley was not given to using her social prestige to get things she wanted and she was reluctant now to use her position as a whip over Mary Garnett Lanniers. She knew Mary Lanniers coveted the peaks, that she could give them to her if she chose. By making her a friend, a seeming intimate, she could so arrange things that Mrs. Lanniers would not dare oppose a match between her secretary and Sam Doone.

[*continued on page 50*]

MRS. RICHARDS WILL SHEAR YOUR CHILD AT HOME

BY SARAH LINDSAY

DRAWING BY R. ROBERTS BALDWIN

• Barbering two-year-old Johnnie may only amount to snipping a little overgrown fuzz around his ears and the back of his neck. But for this his mother must dress him, transport him to the barbershop, wait her turn for perhaps forty minutes, stand by while he fidgets, struggles or wails as his character prescribes and then—just when she's saying to herself, "I deserve five dollars for doing this,"—she must pay the barber seventy-five cents.

• Mildred Richards decided it would be a lot easier to do the clipping herself so she purchased a home barbering set—scissors, electric clippers and such—for $12.50. Practice on her two small sons soon made her conscientious efforts compare favorably with those of the professionals. When she announced herself ready to give house-to-house barbering service her friends and neighbors gave almost unanimous response.

• She barbers preschool children Tuesdays, school children Saturdays. She takes along a portable phonograph and several nursery song and story records to play while she works. This halts whimpers and wiggles on the part of her victims and reduces barbering time. However, she can play only stories for little Willie Moore, aged three; he waggles his head up and down in time to music.

Maybe you can make money this way too!

"You're lovely!"

CLAUDETTE COLBERT is indeed lovely as she plays opposite ROBERT CUMMINGS in "SLEEP, MY LOVE"

"I'm a Lux Girl" says CLAUDETTE COLBERT

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"I've found Active-lather facials with Lux Toilet Soap really make skin lovelier," says exquisite Claudette Colbert. When you see her in a romantic close-up on the screen notice the smooth soft beauty of her skin. "Here's all I do," she tells you. "I smooth the creamy fragrant lather well into my skin. Rinse with warm water, then splash with cold. As I pat with a soft towel to dry, skin takes on fresh new loveliness!"

YOU want softer, smoother skin, so don't let neglect cheat you of romance. In recent tests of Lux Toilet Soap facials by skin specialists, actually 3 out of 4 complexions improved in a short time.

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap!—*Lux Girls are Lovelier!*

I like Sam. I like him a good deal, she said to herself. It's a lot to ask of friendship, though.

But it was the girl, really, who haunted her, for whom she wanted to make this sacrifice. She had not had that girl often out of her mind since she'd met her in her brown and yellow dress that night. There was something contradictory about her that teased you like a puzzle, a forgotten name.

She began by arranging a rather select dinner for the public announcement of the gift of the new wing, asking the most important people she knew. "And I think, Mrs. Lanniers, that you're simply going to have to let us use your name. It stands for so much, you see. Everyone I speak to feels the same way . . ." That was true enough, she admitted. People did seem to admire Mary Lanniers very much, to consider her a public benefactor, modest and kind. It was surprising how many people knew of her, were flattered to be invited to the old Chaminaux house. Beckie did not appear when Jane called on Mary Lanniers, though Jane asked for her, said how charming and interesting she found her.

"Yes, she's all that," Mary Lanniers said. "I thought when she came to me she was the perfect secretary."

"And isn't she?" Jane asked.

"Well, she's efficient. Perhaps I've spoiled her a bit. I haven't any family—but perhaps I shouldn't have made her quite so like a daughter. She's very pretty, I know, but when all's said and done, she's a poor girl with her living to make. If she sometimes forgets that, it may be, as I say, my fault. . . . But between us, Mrs. Edgeley, I fancy she won't be a secretary forever. Tom Caine is very much taken with her and it would really be a most satisfactory match. Most suitable."

"Suitable?" Jane said carefully. "Oh, do you think so, Mrs. Lanniers? She seems to me far too nice to waste on Tom Caine!"

"In a way, that is her misfortune, that she looks so very nice."

BECKIE, who of course knew nothing of this conversation, was going through these days in a kind of numbness. She got through one Wednesday, two. She went out three times with Tom Caine. That she was distant seemed to intrigue and amuse him. She felt that she was being called on to make some difficult decision, but she knew not what.

Then, the day before Jane Edgeley's big party, everything seemed to come into focus and she knew what she had to decide. In the afternoon Tom Caine wanted to see Mrs. Lanniers. She was impatient at the very notion, but he was so insistent that she finally agreed to give him ten minutes—no more. After he had gone, she said to Beckie: "He wants to go to this dinner. Of course he can't possibly. It's not my affair—I can't bring guests. I told him you'd go out with him. It more than satisfied him. He's really serious about you, my dear. Be nice to him tonight. You know you have my blessing!"

And in the afternoon mail Beckie had a letter.

Beckie darling:

What is it? Where are you? What have I done? Remember that dream of mine? I still don't know what I'm to rescue you from—but something, surely? I love you terribly much. Am I wrong in believing that you need me too, but for some reason just don't dare to let me help you? It's something to do with Mrs. L., isn't it? What is she doing to you? What has she done to you? Let me come and talk with you. Just once. If I've rushed things, I'm sorry. I'll go slow. I know you don't know me well, but it did seem enough, from the very start. Enough for me, anyway. I will come on Friday afternoon and I intend to see you. I must. SAM

She put the letter in her bag and went through the rest of the afternoon. She saw Mrs. Lanniers off for the party. She dressed to go out, sat in a corner of Link's Tavern while Tom Caine told her of his ambitions, his successes, his hard life, his dull wife. On the way home he slipped an arm about her shoulders and said, "The devil with art galleries!" She almost liked him in that moment but she slid away from his arm.

Quicksand

from page 48

"Look," he said, "I don't mind your standoffishness up to a point, Beckie. But there are limits, you know. Be yourself!"

And then she knew what she had to do.

"I'm sorry," she said. "I'm really sorry. I *am* myself—I'm stand-offish, not because it's you but because it isn't somebody else. And you needn't call me again because I won't be here. I'm leaving Mrs. Lanniers."

"What?" he said. "What are you talking about? Leave that soft job? You're crazy!"

"No, I've been crazy but I'm not now. Good luck, Mr. Caine. I hope you get everything you want!"

She slipped from the car, almost ran up the steps. *Quick, quick,* her heart cried. *Get it over! Get away!*

In her room it came to her with a kind of shock that she didn't have any suitcase. She looked at her clothes, her lovely dresses hanging in the closet, the perfume, the filmy stockings, some slim shoetrees. But they're not mine, she thought. It doesn't matter. I won't take anything.

There was no sound from Mary Lanniers' room. The party must not yet be over. She stood by the window and waited, the words clear in her mind.

THEN Catherine was pounding on her door, saying: "Oh, Miss Toner! Come! I don't know what to do. She's gone all to pieces!" Beckie followed her into the lovely room where Mary Lanniers was walking up and down, up and down, clasping and unclasping her hands, her face old and ravaged by fear or despair, or something that looked like hate.

"I won't have it! I won't have it! Not now!" she cried.

"Mrs. Lanniers!" Beckie said. "What *is* it? What's the matter? What's happened?"

"I saw him. I could have put my hand out the window and touched him. He's going to make trouble. I won't have it! Get me Jen Drake. Call her. Tell her to come here right away. I won't *have* it!"

"Miss Drake?" Beckie said. "Here? Tonight?"

"Yes, now. Don't stand there. It's all her doing—call her."

Beckie went slowly to the telephone. She was shaking, but she steadied when she heard the calm voice say: "You mean, come there? But I'd gone to bed, Beckie."

"It's Mrs. Lanniers, Miss Drake. She says she has to see you. Please come."

"As soon as I can get dressed," Jen said.

When Beckie turned, Mrs. Lanniers was again controlled. "Oh, Beckie," she said, "forgive me. I loathe scenes but I've had a shock tonight. Get me some tea, Catherine, quickly! Oh, don't ever leave me, Beckie! Don't marry Tom Caine or anyone for a long, long time!"

"Did something go wrong at the dinner?" Beckie asked.

"Oh, no! No! It was a beautiful dinner—a real tribute. Only— I'd had a shock. Oh, why doesn't Jen come? Leave us alone when she comes. I have private things to say to her. She isn't my friend. She never has been."

"Please, Mrs. Lanniers. Sit down—you're ill," Beckie said gently.

Mrs. Lanniers reached for Beckie's hand. "Oh, my dear—how I depend on you!"

Over Beckie's face went a wave of despair but her hand did not flutter inside Mary Lannier's clasp. The words she had waited to say lay in her heart like a stone.

While she sat there, waiting, her decision gone meaningless, Sam Doone walked home alone from the party. "No thanks, I'd rather walk," he'd told the Edgeleys dully, when they urged him to come home with them for a while. As he walked away from them Jane watched him, troubled, saw him go down the street under the lampposts, the figure of an elegant young man-about-town in evening clothes, walking as if he were blind or drunk.

He was neither. He had remembered. During the dinner, when Mrs. Lanniers had made her little speech, he had remembered the first night he had met her, the story at the dinner table of the visit to Calbern, of the Finnish tapestry and the redheaded girl who'd designed it and seen that the other girl won the prize. And he heard Beckie saying: "I helped make a Finnish tapestry once," heard her say: "I can't love you." Beckie Toner had been at Calbern. That explained everything, his sense of her danger, her gratitude to Mary Lanniers, Mary Lanniers' hold over her, everything. Everything.

In her yellow room Beckie sat waiting. It seemed hours later when Jen Drake rapped, came in.

"Is everything all right?" Beckie asked.

"She's asleep. What a lovely room!" Jen sat down, gave a small sigh.

"Is she ill?"

"Yes. She will recover, though. She always has."

"Miss Drake—" Beckie said. "Oh, Miss Drake, I must tell you something. I was going to leave here tonight. I had my mind all made up. I was coming to you. But how can I now? She needs me, really needs me, doesn't she?"

"Perhaps she does," Jen said. "Why were you leaving, Beckie?"

"It's hard to tell you. . . . She wanted me to marry Tom Caine. Because it would be useful to her. I was good enough for Tom Caine but not good enough for Sam. Sam loves me. I know I can't marry him, mustn't even think of it, but I couldn't love Tom Caine after knowing Sam, Miss Drake. It wasn't only that, though. It was the feeling I got of being made into something that suited her, of never being myself. And Tom Caine—I couldn't marry him just to help her politically."

"No, Beckie, you couldn't," Jen said quietly.

"Not when I love Sam Doone. I do love him, Miss Drake. But I won't see him again. . . . I never took those bonds but I know it doesn't make any difference whether I did or not—I put in time in prison and no one could ever be sure of me. So I was going away from here and not hide anything any more. Only, tonight—she clung to me, she made me feel she needed me. And I was right back at the beginning. I can't go now. But I won't be something *she's* made any more. I'll do my job but I won't be more than a secretary. And when I can, without hurting her, I'll leave."

"All right, Beckie. All right," Jen said. "It is hard to become an adult, isn't it?"

"And may I come to see you sometimes?" Beckie asked with loneliness in her voice.

"Of course. Any time," Jen said.

IN THE morning Mary Lanniers seemed her usual self. She glanced at the papers almost casually, remarking that you'd think nothing had happened in town last night except the dinner. After she'd given Beckie a few letters she said, "Jane Edgeley tells me you said you couldn't come on Wednesdays any more. Why did you do that, Beckie?"

"I really don't have the time," Beckie said.

"But she made a point of it. And this isn't an office job—I told you being my secretary included quite varied duties."

"Perhaps I'm not the kind of secretary you need," Beckie said.

"Why, *child!* How can you doubt it? You're exactly what I need! I love sending you here and there as my—my emissary! And in that role, I do think you need another summer frock. Perhaps a linen suit would be nice. I'll call Josephine . . ."

"No, please don't, Mrs. Lanniers," Beckie said. "I've saved a little money now and I can buy a dress or two, but not from Josephine. I'd rather get my own clothes. And I was serious when I said perhaps I wasn't the right secretary for you. I'm used to regular hours and no social duties. If—if I stay with you, I'll have to have a little time to myself, for things of my own life. An afternoon, like any office girl."

"Why, my dear, how serious you sound!" Mary Lanniers said with a bright smile. "I'm so sorry—I thought you liked working with me on a friendlier basis. But by all means

[*continued on page* 53]

Del Monte Golden Cream Style Corn, piping-hot and seasoned, served in parboiled green pepper halves. *Always* a hit! And just the thing to go with this delicious casserole of leftover turkey. Make it with toasted almonds, crisp-cooked celery, onions and green pepper, combined in a well seasoned sauce of turkey broth thickened with cornstarch. Or serve your own favorite turkey or chicken mixture. Surround casserole with these hot, crusty

DRESSING STICKS

- 4 cups soft bread crumbs
- 2 tbsps. finely cut parsley
- 3 tbsps. finely chopped onion
- 1 tsp. each, salt and celery seed
- ⅛ tsp. pepper
- ½ tsp. thyme
- ¼ tsp. paprika
- 1 egg, slightly beaten
- 3 tbsps. hot water
- 3 tbsps. melted fat

Toss dry ingredients together lightly. Stir in beaten egg, hot water and melted fat. Form dressing into finger shapes on greased cooky sheet, and bake in hot oven (400° F.) about 15 minutes. Makes 8 sticks 4½ in. x 1¼ in. x ½ in.

This is the way  you buy the corn 

that's packed by the brand  that flavor built

If you like corn so tender it's hard to tell where the butter leaves off and the corn begins —then Del Monte Brand Corn is for you.

And my, but it does *taste* good! It's rich. It's hearty. It's milky-sweet. Altogether something quite special in corn—fully what you'd expect from a brand that's been on such good terms with flavor for so long.

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A QUICK, SIMPLE, "FOOLPROOF" YEAST RECIPE

Betty Crocker presents her exciting

"Double-Easy" Recipe

FOR VARIETY SWEET DOUGH

EASY BOWL-TO-PAN METHOD CUTS DOWN WORK BY HALF

With this Betty Crocker "Double-Easy" method *you* can make delicious yeast bakings so quickly!

No kneading! No rolling, no cutting, no bread-board! *One* bowl for both mixing and rising! And this *one basic dough* makes these 5 new, exciting variations. Before you know it . . . out of your oven pops Sugar 'n' Spice Puffs, Fancy Fruit Buns, or perhaps Merry-Morning Ring. Compliment-winners all!

Be sure you make this Betty Crocker "Double-Easy" recipe with *dependable, uniform, sifted-thru-silk* Gold Medal *"Kitchen-tested"* Enriched Flour—America's favorite by nearly 2 to 1. Testing from wheat to sack insures its superb quality for *all* baking . . . helps you avoid food-wasting baking failures. *Try a sack.* Don't risk costly ingredients with a less dependable flour!

General Mills

IMPORTANT! Variations 2, 3, and 5 may be refrigerated, baked next morning. Place in pans after first rising; cover with waxed paper and damp cloth. Place immediately in refrigerator. Remove following morning, bake at once, using time and temperature specified.

EASY! BOWL-TO-PAN

The Betty Crocker "DOUBLE-EASY" RECIPE for VARIETY SWEET DOUGH

Perfect results are assured only with Gold Medal Flour . . . the flour for which this recipe was perfected by the Betty Crocker Staff. If used with any other flour, the proportions might not be right.

All 5 variations shown are from this one "key" recipe:

Mix together.....
- ¼ cup sugar
- 1 tsp. salt
- ¼ cup soft shortening
- *¾ cup lukewarm milk
- 1 large egg

Crumble into mixture..... 1 cake compressed yeast
Stir until yeast is dissolved.

Add.....
- 2¼ cups *sifted* GOLD MEDAL *"Kitchen-tested"* Flour
- ½ tsp. nutmeg
- ½ tsp. mace
- (Additional ingredients for variations 4 and 5 . . . see below)

Beat 1 minute (at least 100 strokes). Scrape dough from sides of bowl; cover with damp cloth and let rise at 85° until double in bulk . . . about 1¾ hr. Beat well (20 to 30 strokes). Follow directions below for variation desired, using whole recipe above for each variation.

*If raw milk is used, it should be scalded and cooled to lukewarm.
NOTE: This recipe should not be used with Self-Rising Flour!

VARIATIONS

1. **Sugar 'n' Spice Puffs . . .** drop by spoonfuls into 12 medium-sized greased muffin cups. Let rise until very light . . . about 30 min. **Bake** *about 15 min.* in *mod. hot oven* (400°). Dip tops and sides *immediately* in 6 tbsp. melted butter, then roll in cinnamon-sugar mixture (½ cup sugar, 1 tsp. cinnamon).
2. **Merry-Morning Ring . . .** spoon dough into greased 9-in. ring mold (3-in. deep). Cover with damp cloth, let rise at 85° until very light . . . about 45 min. **Bake** *30 to 35 min.* in *mod. oven* (350°). While still warm, frost top with Thick White Icing (¾ cup confectioners' sugar and about 1 tbsp. milk). Decorate with nuts and maraschino cherries, if desired.
3. **Yankee Clipper Coffee Cake . . .** spread dough into greased sq. pan, 9x9x2-in. Sprinkle with mixture of ¼ cup sugar, 2 tsp. cinnamon, 2 tbsp. Gold Medal Flour, 2 tbsp. butter. Let rise 45 min. **Bake** as for Merry-Morning Ring.
4. **Fancy Fruit Buns . . .** mix with flour in basic recipe and stir into dough: ¼ cup cut-up candied cherries, ¼ cup cut-up citron, ¼ cup raisins, ¼ cup chopped nuts. After first rising, drop by tbsp. 3-in. apart onto greased baking sheet. Brush with milk. Let rise 30 min. **Bake** as for Sugar 'n' Spice Puffs. While still warm, frost with Thick White Icing and decorate (see Merry-Morning Ring). **Makes** *18.*
5. **Tutti Frutti Bread . . .** mix and let rise first time as for Fancy Fruit Buns. Spread in thin layer in greased oblong pan, 9x13x2-in. Sprinkle with 2 tbsp. sugar. Let rise 45 min. **Bake** *about 20 min.* in *mod. hot oven* (400°).

CLIP . . . FILE IN LOOSELEAF NOTEBOOK

let's be businesslike, if you want it that way. What afternoon would you like?"

"It doesn't matter," Beckie said.

"Then let's make it Friday, shall we? There, that's settled. . . . As to clothes, I *love* giving you things!"

"But it puts me in a false position," Beckie protested. "I never look what I am. Never. I look as if I belonged here. I'm not your kind, Mrs. Lanniers. I never could be."

"You *do* hurt me," Mrs. Lanniers said. "But I'm sure you don't mean to. Let's forget all this. I couldn't get along without you and I hope you need me too. Take your Friday, if you like, but try to give Mrs. Edgeley a hand at her teas!"

Beckie walked out of the room. She felt tired, as if she'd been running in a dream, never reaching her destination. She had her afternoon off but she had been made to feel greedy and ungracious by taking it. Still she would take it.

On Thursday Mrs. Lanniers said to her, "Whatever does Tom Caine mean, Beckie? He called asking for your address!"

"I did tell him I was leaving," Beckie said. "I'd thought I would, that I ought to. But I'd rather not see him any more."

"He's a very persistent man!"

"I don't ever want to see him," Beckie insisted, but it seemed to her that she was talking into a fog.

Then it was Friday and as soon as she'd had her lunch, she covered her typewriter, walked out of the house. She had Sam's letter in her bag and she wanted to go somewhere very quiet and read it again. This was the day he had said he would come, but she would not be there. She took out the letter and held it in her hands, then did not read it because she knew it by heart. It felt warm, felt like love flowing into her hands, up her arms, around her heart.

She ate dinner all alone in a small restaurant, took the bus home. Catherine was coming through the hall.

"Where were you for dinner, Miss Beckie? You were expected."

"Oh? But I told Readie it was my afternoon off," Beckie said. Then she asked slowly, "Was anyone here to see me?"

"Not that I know of," Catherine said.

NO ONE had been there to see her. For late Thursday night Sam Doone had taken the train to Philadelphia, taken the last local to a familiar Main Line stop, a taxi to his home.

The old stone house was still alight behind its rhododendrons and azaleas. When Sam walked in, it was all familiar and pleasant, the house of scholars, with books and pictures and desks everywhere, spring flowers on the sills, his mother's knitting on a sofa. His father called from his study desk: "Why, hello there, Sam! What brings you home?"

"Just thought I'd like to sleep in my own bed," Sam said. "Where's Mother?"

His mother came to the kitchen doorway with a tray. "Why, Sam!" she cried. "Take this tray while I get another cup!"

He leaned across the tray to kiss her. She looked just the same, a little faded woman, hair untidy, but unmistakably a lady.

"You're thin, Sam," his mother said. "Is it love, or what?"

"All the Doones are thin," Sam said. "What *is* that thing you're knitting?"

She gave a dubious grin toward the sofa. "Argyle socks—for your next Christmas, darling. You haven't lost your job, have you?"

"Heavens, no! I run the gallery! It's spring—I just had a yen to see what you were doing in the garden. . . . Socks for Christmas!"

"Oh, but that's just for in-between, darling. The garden's beautiful. Arnold, where's that poem I was saving to read to Sam when I saw him again? . . . Here it is. Listen, Sam . . ."

It was all easy, familiar, as if he had only stepped out that morning. They were nice people, he thought, really nice people. They talked till one, then Sam went up to his old room, went to bed in his own place. In the morning he carried his cup out and sat on the garden wall talking to his mother. Freely, inconsequentially, of familiar things. "Take me to the eleven o'clock?" he asked her suddenly. She didn't urge him to stay, just said yes, she would. But on the way to the train she asked, "What *did* you come for, Sam?"

"I just wanted to see what you look like."

"Sounds remarkably like love," she said. "I remember when your father took me home to see Grandmother Doone. A very nervous time! Bring her down, Sam. If we look all right. Do we?"

They were at the train now. He put a hand on either side of her face, bent and kissed her. "Yes," he said. Then: "You're snoopy. You stick to Argyle socks and leave my love-life alone!" They waved to each other gravely through the train window.

ON THAT same day, at five, one of the girls came to Jen Drake. "There's someone to see you in the office, Miss Drake. A young man."

"Just tell him to wait, please."

It was half an hour later when she walked into the office. Sam Doone rose and said, "How do you do? I wonder if you could give me a little information?"

"What sort of information?"

"My name is Doone," he said. "Samuel Doone, Miss—?"

"Drake," Jen said. "And what is the reason for your investigation, Mr. Doone? We do not give out information readily."

"I didn't expect you did," Sam said. His voice was tired.

"Then what is it?"

"It's a personal matter. Was there a girl called Beckie Toner here last year, and if so, for what?"

"I'm sorry, Mr. Doone, I don't think I could tell you that. Are you a prospective employer, may I ask?"

"No. No, I'm just in love with her."

"Please sit down," Jen said. Yes, he is like Hugo when he was young, she thought. "You must see, Mr. Doone, that we can't talk to outsiders about our girls here. It wouldn't be fair to them."

"I suppose not," he said. "But you've answered me, Miss Drake. If she hadn't been here, you would surely have said so."

Jen was silent for a moment, then said: "Come with me into my sitting-room, Mr. Doone." He followed her into the other room, mechanically accepted the cigarette she offered. Then, carefully, she said: "I gather you wouldn't love her so much if this were true?"

"You do?" he answered. "Well, you are wrong, Miss Drake—though I suppose it is a natural question to ask. I've asked it of myself for a good many hours, but the answer always comes out the same." Then some sympathy in her blue eyes made him go on: "I'm no nobler than most. We're a proud family, I suppose. I even went home last night to look at my people in the light of this knowledge. But it didn't change me—I had no feeling I couldn't take Beckie to them, none at all. What she would feel is another matter. And that's why I'm here. I must know what her particular hurt is, so I can help her."

"How did you happen to come here?" Jen asked.

"It's a longish story. . . . It has to do with a Finnish tapestry. Mrs. Lanniers told a story of seeing a Finnish tapestry here and—well, it tied onto another story. No one told me directly. . . . Why, in heaven's name, if you want to help your girls, did you send her to Mary Lanniers?"

"I did it," Jen said, her eyes very grave. "Mrs. Lanniers was someone I had known in my childhood. . . . I am admitting Beckie was here, you see. She was here for theft."

"Silly," he said flatly.

"It has always seemed so to me," she agreed. "But the bonds, or one of them, was found in her room. She was here for a year. These are the outside facts. The inside facts are something else entirely."

"Of course," he said.

"Guilty or not, Mr. Doone, you cannot live in a place like Calbern for a year without its doing something to you. If she is not guilty, the harm is perhaps even greater, for the sense of injustice is greater. . . . I love the child, I love her very much. But I do not know what you or I can do for her now. She has to do it all herself. There is still the possibility of finding out the truth about the bonds. But I do not think that would be the great help it might seem. She knows whether she is guilty or not. Now it is a question of her own inner adjustment to a world that will always judge her. . . . I should never have let her go to Mary Lanniers, I know."

"Mrs. Lanniers holds it over her," he said grimly.

"Yes, I think in her way she does," Jen said. "Still, Beckie is growing up very fast. She is not blind to her position, nor to Mrs. Lanniers' character. But even if she left there, even if her innocence were proved, this year could never be taken out of her life. Never. It will take a great deal of faith and love to balance it."

"I have the love and the faith," Sam Doone said. "You mean, I must just wait? And not tell her that I know? That is cruel."

"It is cruel," Jen admitted. "And I am responsible. I sent her to Mary Lanniers' house, knowing Mary Lanniers. I didn't, naturally, know about you, Mr. Doone. And all I can do now is to go on having faith in her, love her."

Sam stood so still by the window that it began to seem he would stand there forever, not moving. There was something impregnable about him, in spite of his easy manner, something so strong that Jen Drake was deeply moved. She saw why Beckie loved him, saw how she could not have failed to love him, and her heart was filled with such pity it seemed to her she could not bear it. Then Sam turned, came toward the desk.

"You've been very kind," he said. "Since you've told me so much, would you tell me, too, where she worked?"

"The Sackett-Frank Company in Burrettville."

"Thank you. Thank you very much, Miss Drake." He held out his hand and she took it. They seemed to be sealing a pact, a friendship, a partnership.

"Thank you for coming," she said gently.

SAM DOONE that night wrote his second letter to Beckie. "Beckie: I couldn't make it today. I had to go out of town. But I now dream of you daytimes too. My campaign went sour as you know, but it doesn't matter. It couldn't matter less, I suppose. Try to come Wednesday. All my love, SAM."

On Monday he went to Burrettville, and explained his errand to Mr. Sackett. "I'm not an investigator," he said. "It's a private matter. I think an injustice has been done and I want to set it right."

Mr. Sackett frowned. "You know, young man," he said, "I'm inclined to agree with you. I've never felt right about that business and yet it was an open and shut case. I've often wondered what became of the girl."

"She has a good job," Sam said. "But there must be some explanation. I'm going to find it."

"Hope you do. I worked on it myself—never got anywhere. There were three bonds missing—two were never cashed, never showed up. And of course one we got back. I'd sooner have thought her sidekick, that Laura Carey, was the one but nothing ever pointed that way. She wasn't even in the room. No, whichever way you turned, nothing looked any different."

"Who else worked here? Is this Laura still here?"

"No, she left quite awhile back. Don't know where she went to. She and the Toner girl roomed together."

"Could you tell me where? And who else was here?"

Sackett told him frankly, looked up Beckie's old address.

"No, no idea," the landlady said when Sam inquired. "They come and go. . . . No, no idea. Glad to see the last of them—a bad pair. Went to a reform school, the Toner one." [*continued on page* 54]

Quicksand

from page 50

"But Laura? Didn't she have friends?"

"She had boy friends. Didn't go for girls much."

"Well, who were her boy friends?"

But he got no more out of her beyond the fact that Laura often hung around the juke box place at the corner.

The man at the corner wasn't much more helpful. "Sure, I remember her," he said. "She hasn't been in for quite a spell though—months, I guess. . . . No, I wouldn't know. She was just one of the gang. She'd have a glass of beer and maybe dance a little."

Sam went back to town discouraged. He didn't even know that it was important to find this Laura. She was the only one, it seemed, who was normally in the office with Beckie when she opened the mail. But she hadn't been there the morning the bonds were supposed to have arrived. She'd gone out on an errand. If he did find her what would he say to her?

IT WAS on Thursday that Jane Edgeley dropped in on Mary Lanniers, sat in the garden with her, sipping cool drinks and talking about the architect they had discovered. "Of course you'd have to meet him and see some of the things he's done but we do feel he's a find," Jane said. "He's a Belgian, a baron, though he doesn't trade on that. You should meet him and see what you think anyway. Maynard's awfully anxious to see the wing take shape."

"I'd thought of John Lawrence," Mary Lanniers said.

"Oh, he's good, but I would like you to meet Baron de Jong. He's quite charming and worth knowing, even if he doesn't do the job. And I want him to see this house too. I've always loved this old house. My grandmother used to bring me to have tea with old Charlotte Chaminaux. Yes, Baron de Jong must see this house. You will let him, won't you?"

"I'd be delighted," Mary said.

"I looked for Beckie yesterday."

"I urged her to come," Mary said. "But she is stubborn."

"Oh, she probably thinks it's a waste of time. Still, she did seem to like the lecture. I'd hoped she could come for Sam's sake too. He's mad about her."

"Sam? You mean Mr. Doone?" Mary said.

"Don't tell me you hadn't noticed! I really hope something comes of it. Sam's one of my favorite people. It isn't everyone I'd hand him over to without qualms, but Beckie's so exactly right for him!"

"You surprise me," Mary said regretfully.

"Surprise you? Why?"

"My dear Mrs. Edgeley, you must see that Beckie isn't right for Sam Doone. She's pretty of course, and intelligent, but she's a small-town girl without any real breeding. I don't want to speak ill of the child, but if you knew her background you'd see it simply wouldn't do. Beckie . . . Well, she was really just one of the difficult cases in which I interest myself—I decided to give her a chance, see if she wouldn't straighten out in decent surroundings."

Jane Edgeley turned her glass slowly in her hand. "I'm not so sure about backgrounds as I once was, Mrs. Lanniers," she said finally. "I've taken them for granted. But the world's turned so topsy-turvy—certain things don't matter as they once did, do they? If your Beckie came from sordid surroundings let me congratulate you. You have done a marvelous job with her. But she must have had character to start with. I noticed her at the gallery with all the other girls, girls certainly brought up on traditions—she made them all seem pale and unimportant."

"I'm afraid I still think character comes through a thorough grounding in tradition, all the same," Mary said.

"I don't know. I think it might be quite the contrary," Jane said. "Because Beckie has it. Oh, let's join forces to make things come right for Sam and Beckie, Mrs. Lanniers! It would be such a lovely thing for you to do, have a wedding for them here in this sweet house or in the garden. And so like you! I'd love to help—I'd even donate the veil I wore when I was married. It would be such fun. I think the child's afraid of Sam—I suppose for the reasons you say. But she shouldn't be.

Quicksand

from page 53

He's terribly in love with her. I think we could see that it happened, you and I, if we put our minds to it. Shall we?"

Jane Edgeley smiled at Mary Lanniers with an eager intimacy that was in itself extremely flattering, and meant to be so. Mary gave a small sigh and said, "Well, we'll see. It's so sweet and generous of you to be interested. We'll just have to wait and see what happens."

"Why don't we have her come out and join us? Is she here?"

"Yes, she's here. I'll go ask her."

She came back almost at once with Beckie. Jane called: "It's too heavenly a day for sitting at a typewriter. Come be lazy with us."

Beckie smiled, took a glass and sat down. "I missed you at the lecture yesterday. I think Maynard wrote it especially for you, though he didn't say so!"

"It was rather hectic here," Beckie said. "I'd like to have heard him but I couldn't make it."

"Well, do try next week. . . . I'll tell you, I'll stop by for you. Shall I? That would save time."

"I'll let you know," Beckie said evasively.

"Try, for Sam's sake at least," Jane threw in with a friendly grin. "You should see him watching the door for you."

"Mr. Doone?" Beckie said, and Jane was disturbed by the firmness of her voice. "But I hardly know him."

"All I know is his side—he certainly thinks he knows you. But I won't embarrass you any more."

Little Girls and Little Boys

Little girls from cradle days
Are adept in social ways.
Little boys, dazed by doubt,
Don't know what it's all about.

Little girls without a qualm
Early learn to use their charm.
Little boys, with dirty faces,
Are devoid of social graces.

Little girls are very smart things:
Little boys tug your heartstrings!

INA SINGLETON STOVALL

After she had gone Beckie turned and looked at Mary Lanniers. Then Mary said, "Perhaps, for the sake of appearances, you ought to see the boy occasionally. You could be polite to him without encouraging him."

"No, I couldn't, Mrs. Lanniers."

"You make it too difficult for yourself," Mary Lanniers said. "I couldn't explain everything to Mrs. Edgeley. Naturally, she doesn't see any obstacles."

"I'm sorry," Beckie said, "but I can't see him, Mrs. Lanniers. No matter if it does look rude. I love him and I can't see him. I'm only human. I cannot do it."

"Oh, well, we'll talk it over another time. But you have to face these problems, Beckie. You can't wrap yourself up in cotton wool forever, you know!"

"But it's silly to pretend I'm in Mrs. Edgeley's world. I tried to tell you that before—but please listen to me, Mrs. Lanniers, please listen this time. There's no point in it and it hurts too much. It can never be anything real . . ."

"Well, suppose it isn't," Mrs. Lanniers said, patiently reasonable.

"I'm sorry," Beckie said again, helplessly.

THE next day she ate lunch quickly, told Readie she would not be back for dinner. Mrs. Lanniers had asked her to do an errand that afternoon but she had said, "This is my afternoon off, Mrs. Lanniers. I'll do it early tomorrow, or this morning, but I have my plans made for the afternoon." It took great effort to say it but she did, and as soon as she'd swallowed lunch she left the house.

When she was halfway to town on the bus, someone dropped down beside her with a breath of exhaustion and said, "Why didn't you wait for me?"

She couldn't look at first. His nice eager voice, the closeness of his sleeve, even the way he pressed his foot up against the iron support of the next seat, as if he were too tall, too cramped for room here—all were too much to bear suddenly like this.

"Why should I have?" she managed at last.

"You knew I'd come. I just missed the bus and I've been chasing you in a taxi. Come on, we're getting off here!"

"But I'm not."

He had seized her hand and, willy-nilly, she was on her feet, following him to the bus door.

He kept hold of her hand and it seemed infinitely comforting, his hand over hers in broad daylight. "If I get my raise in September," he said, "I'll buy us a car and we can go to the country. Now we have to settle for the park. Know where the old quarry is? We'll go up there."

I mustn't do this, her head kept saying, but her heart let her walk along the narrow path down the slope to the quarry, almost hidden from passers-by, its ragged walls made into a rock garden, its floor a soft summer green with a tiny creek—bordered in forget-me-nots—running across it.

THERE were benches but they sat on the grass. There was no one about, no one at all. Far off, very far off it seemed, a child called something in a high sweet voice. In some other distant place there was the faint sound of a power mower. But to them it was all stillness. She pulled together arguments against him but he didn't argue. He leaned back on one elbow and said, "Tell me about your father, and I'll tell you about mine."

"My father? He was a teacher. I did tell you."

"I mean, all about him."

"I don't know how," she said. "He was just my father. He taught Latin and was the principal at Gates' Falls. He wanted to teach Greek but no one studies Greek in high school any more—he thought it was a great pity. Not so many studied Latin either. I was the only one who took Virgil and only three had Cicero. . . . He got me to translate De Amicitia one summer, just for fun. . . . He had coppery-blond hair, like mine. He was very thin and—and very patient."

"Sounds nice."

"He was. He was nice. My mother was an invalid and he used to read to her for hours. He had a beautiful voice; quiet, but it made you understand everything, feel everything. He had a lot of jokes, too. It's hard to describe him, but he was someone special."

"I see him clear as day," Sam said gently. . . . "Did I ever tell you I loved you? Don't answer. . . . I want to tell you about my father. He is near seventy but strong as a lion. He writes books on art and, amazingly enough, makes a good living out of it. He's never bored—gets in arguments with critics, writes letters to people all over the world. He loves to roar but his heart's like putty. He's always let me decide my own path, never forced me into anything. He couldn't do more for me than that, could he?"

"No," she said.

"I'm going to take you down to see him one week end soon. He doesn't know you exist, but he'll like you a lot. So will Mother. Mother knows you exist because she knows everything. She doesn't know your name or anything, but she knows I'm in love. I suppose it shows all over me. I don't mind, though, because it's so extraordinarily pleasant to be in love. Don't you find it so, my darling?"

"Please," she said, "please don't."

"I can't help it," he said. "Neither of us can help it. But I won't badger you today. It's just going to be, that's all—no matter how long it takes you to admit it. But today we won't argue."

"You're not fair!" Beckie cried out. "To—to bring me here, to talk like this! How can I say I don't love you when it shows so plainly that I do? How can I?"

"Say that again," Sam said.

"No. No. I'll never say it again. . . . You mustn't let me say it. I'm not just being silly.

[*continued on page 56*]

The care you give your tiny baby's delicate skin can mean a lot to his daily comfort

His skin is finer and thinner than Yours

Handle it with tender care

You're almost afraid to touch his delicate rosebud skin. Certainly it needs your most devoted care. For it *actually is finer and thinner* than a grownup's.

Naturally, you are sure, *sure* that it is kept dry and that his diapers are rinsed free of every smitch of irritating soap.

Another way you can spare him daily discomfort is in the very careful selection of his bathroom tissue. Three very special qualities should govern your choice of baby's tissue.

Check For 3 Qualities In Baby's Tissue

First, powder-puff softness—so it cannot possibly chafe or irritate that thinner skin. *Second*, high—really high—absorbency—to insure immaculate cleansing. *Third*, just enough strength—to prevent tearing and shredding.

More mothers every day are finding this ideal combination of qualities in ScotTissue than in any other brand of tissue. ScotTissue is "old linen" soft, amazingly absorbent, yet firmly strong for thorough cleansing.

You can depend on ScotTissue for giving your baby's thinner skin *gentler* care now. You will find it invaluable in training your child to proper toilet habits later on.

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For babies up to six months, try fluffing up twenty or more sheets of soft, absorbent ScotTissue. Then line your baby's diapers with them. With this routine, you'll be happy to find that you will have fewer diapers to wash, and less staining. Just flush away the wet or soiled tissue. It's pleasanter for you and baby, too!

ScotTissue is soft as old linen

Trade Mark "ScotTissue" Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Quicksand

from page 54

There are good reasons why I can't see you. You must believe me and not ask me what they are. It would be the worst thing you could ever do, to love me. You'd be sorry forever."

"I couldn't be sorry," he said.

"You could. I'm not what you think I am. That sounds melodramatic and silly but it's true. Your father *wouldn't* like me. I don't want to see him or your mother. I don't want to see you again. You must see I don't!"

"Hush," he said. "Oh hush, darling."

He reached for her hand, put it up against his cheek. She began to cry and could not stop. Then she scrambled to her feet. "Oh, take me home! Take me home!"

He got up at once. At the bus he gave her an odd smile, loving, almost teasing, and said, "I suppose by 'home,' you mean Mary Lanniers' house?"

"Yes," she said, holding her head high.

On the bus he didn't talk at all. He walked up to the house with her and said, "I'll look for you Wednesday. . . . I love you!"

When he left her he went straight to the station and took a bus to Burrettville. Late that night he called the Edgeleys and Jane answered the phone. Maynard wasn't in. "Jane, I have to be gone for two or three days," he said. "Tell Maynard, will you? There's something I have to do."

"All right, Sam."

"Jane . . . she loves me."

"Bless you, Sam! That's wonderful—I'm going to give her my veil."

"Wait, Jane. Don't get it out yet," he said.

Jane Edgeley turned from the sudden soberness of his voice, sobered herself. She had an impulse to call Beckie, but she did not. Where was Sam? What was he up to?

IT WAS late Sunday when Sam Doone sat in a noisy little restaurant with Laura Carey in a town far away from Burrettville. It was a place quite like the corner place with the juke boxes where she had once been "that blonde"—and where he had finally discovered her whereabouts. She was still "that blonde." He did not like her and he was very uncomfortable. He had got nowhere with Laura, though he had been with her an hour, had drunk several strange things to which he was not accustomed. She was like an eel. He couldn't pin her down to anything though she admitted readily that she had once known Beckie.

"But I thought you roomed with her?" Sam said.

"Oh, we did room together for a while. What'd you say she was doing?"

"She's secretary to a woman I know."

"I wondered sometimes what had become of her," Laura said.

"Funny thing about those bonds, wasn't it?" Sam dared at last.

She took out her makeup and carefully fixed her lips before she said, "What bonds? You mean that jam she got into at the office?"

"Yes."

"She tell you about that?" Laura said. "I shouldn't have thought she'd go around advertising it."

"Oh, you can't keep such things hidden, can you?" he said in his lazy voice. "I've never thought for a minute she took them. Have you? Didn't she ever write you when she was at Calbern, tell you what she really thought happened?"

"Well, no," Laura said. "Beckie and I never wrote. Kind of embarrassing for her, I thought—I just let her go."

"But what do *you* think happened?"

Laura shrugged. "How should I know?" she said. "Look, how about another of the same if we're going to sit here chewing over the past all night?"

"I know it's past," he persisted, after another of the same, "but not to Beckie. After all, she went to Calbern for it. I want to clear it up for her."

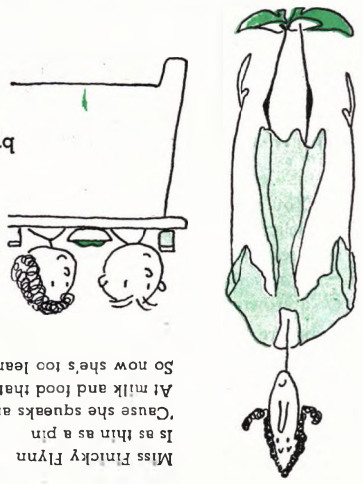
"I don't see there's anything to clear up," Laura said.

And that was all he got out of Laura Carey. She had a date and he took her home, then walked to the station, asked about trains back. He would have to wait two hours and would get in at an ungodly hour. Out on the platform he sat down on a mail cart, lighted a cigarette.

"The truth is never going to be known," he said to himself. "Laura Carey knows. She's afraid of me though. I think she took them but I don't think I could prove it in a thousand years. She's got away with it up to now and

THIS IS TOPSY-TURVY TOWN

WHERE EVERYTHING IS UPSIDE DOWN



by GIL ANDREWS

Miss Finicky Flynn
Is as thin as a pin
'Cause she squeaks and turns up her nose
At milk and food that will do her good,
So now she's too lean for her clothes.

Here boys and girls are very wise, kind and fair and right
While grownups rave and misbehave all morning, noon and night.

she knows she can go on getting away with it."

When the train came he still had the feeling that he ought to go back, make some gesture of accusation, keep on boring. But he knew it was useless. It did not even occur to him that Beckie might have been guilty. No, that never once occurred to him.

On Wednesday Mary Lanniers did not even urge Beckie to go to help Jane Edgeley. Instead, she said, "I believe I'll drop in at the gallery this afternoon. Mrs. Edgeley said something about this Baron de Jong being there and it would be nice to meet him casually first."

When she came back, late, she asked Beckie to join her in her room for dinner. "It's been a long rather exciting day," she said. "Let's be cozy here!"

She chatted about a number of things and Beckie tried to respond as best she could. Suddenly her whole attention was caught by Mary Lanniers' words.

"You know, Beckie, I've been thinking. This Doone boy—perhaps I've been too certain nothing could come of it for you. I may have been wrong about—well, about everything. Perhaps he doesn't need ever to know anything about the past. . . . It would be such fun to have you married here, to get you a wedding dress. It might be managed."

"No, you haven't been wrong," Beckie said. "It's good of you—but nothing's any different, Mrs. Lanniers. It wouldn't do."

"But perhaps it would. Mrs. Edgeley seems to take it for granted that you will marry this Sam Doone. Why, she even offered her wedding veil! I think you're capable of keeping your own secrets, and you know you can trust me. I really think it might work out quite beautifully after all . . . Why, what is it? Where are you going?"

"I'm afraid I'm not hungry," Beckie said. "Please excuse me."

"But, child! Have I upset you? I know—I know, my dear. Sudden happiness often takes me that way too."

Beckie only looked at her. Then she walked out of the room.

"There is nothing I can say to her. Nothing," she said, standing still in the middle of her yellow room. "There never was anything. It doesn't get through, no matter what you say."

This time she did not hesitate. She did not even glance toward the doors behind which hung the lovely dresses, toward the books, the knickknacks, the soft bed.

She wanted to say good-by to Catherine, to Readie, to Pitt, but she could not. She must go while she could, while she had the strength. Quietly she walked out of the room, down the stairs, straight to the front door. No one stopped her.

IT WAS when she was walking up the steps at Calbern that she thought, strangely, now I am just getting out.

Miss Elliot, the head nurse, sat at the desk.

"Where is Miss Drake?" Beckie said.

"Why, this is the night she takes off. Is something wrong?"

"I just have to see her. Tonight. Will she be back?"

"Not till morning. She has a place over on College Street—number ninety-nine, the second floor."

"Thanks," Beckie said.

It seemed too much, not to have Miss Drake there. It seemed she had been on her way to Miss Drake for a long time. But at last she was on College Street; she stood before number ninety-nine, walked up the stairs and rapped on the door. And there was Miss Drake.

"Oh, Miss Drake. Miss Drake!" she said.

Then she saw that Miss Drake was not alone. A tall man stood up from a deep chair. But Jen drew her in. "It's all right, Beckie. This is Mr. Lane. He knows all about you, all about me too. Don't mind him."

The man smiled and said, "I'll go away if you like, though."

"No, don't go," Jen Drake said quietly. "Now, what is it, Beckie? You're cold. You're trembling. Sit down and tell me."

"It's just—I've left. I'm not going back."

"What happened?"

"Nothing. Everything. . . . She was going to let me marry Sam. Oh, Miss Drake . . . not because she believes in me—it isn't that, at all! Because she wants to please Mrs. Edgeley, because she wants to have a wedding in the house. When it suited her not to believe in me, she didn't—she'd use me and keep my secrets, just to please people she wants to get on with. I can't live like that any longer, with everything a lie. I'd rather scrub floors, anything. She doesn't need me, not really. I can't stay there any more. Not any more."

"But you don't have to. I told you you didn't have to."

"You wanted me to manage the job. I did try. But you can't ever be yourself in that house, Miss Drake. Not ever."

"You have managed it, Beckie," Jen Drake said. "All that was important was that you see just what you do see, that you cannot live there. That's all, Beckie. . . . What about Sam?"

"*Sam*," she said in a whisper. "I must tell him too."

"Is there any coffee left, Hugo?" Jen Drake asked.

"Yes, a little. Sit down. Do sit down, Beckie," the man said. Hugo—the name seemed to mean something, then the meaning was gone.

BECKIE sat down and the man brought her coffee.

"We were just sitting here talking about you," he said. "We have worried about you a good deal, Jen and I. All this has been hard for you, but it has been hard for us too. We are responsible, you see."

"Responsible?" Beckie repeated.

"Yes. We sent you there. For reasons of our own."

"Please, Hugo," Jen Drake said. "You mean, I did."

"I'm going to tell her the truth, Jen," the man said. His mouth was suddenly stern but his eyes remained kind and intimate. "She is one of us now. She deserves the truth, all of it. . . . My name is Hugo Lanniers, Beckie. I am Mary Lanniers' husband."

Beckie stared at him.

"It is a long story. I must tell you all of it. It begins years ago when Jen and Mary and I were young. Mary was beautiful then, exquisite. She is beautiful enough now. Jen loved her, and so did I, Beckie. I followed her to Paris even, working my way on a freighter. I worshipped her and for even a crumb of her attention I would have sold my soul. Jen felt the same way. . . . Mary's father was the rich man of our town and she had everything she wanted from the time she was born. In Paris she fell in with a group of writers and was charmed by them. I had a little talent and suddenly she saw me as famous, a great novelist, and she began to be kind to me. She married me, in fact."

"Oh, Hugo!" Jen Drake said.

"No, I must tell her," he went on. "Mary wanted me to be famous immediately. She couldn't wait till I'd written my novels. I didn't have the talent. I don't know whether I ever did have it— Probably not. But certainly nothing of swift development, nothing that would make me a best seller at once. She tried to make me famous on the strength of one short story I'd sold. She built me a study, gave me paper and a typewriter and a beautiful desk, and saw no reason why I couldn't do the thing in a few months. At first, even then, I saw her as kind. I wanted to do what she expected of me. Then I began to see I couldn't. If I was ever going to write it must come slowly, peacefully. It infuriated her—she thought me lazy, willful. And she lost interest in me. Then it began to seem as if I were in prison—I know all about prison, Beckie—and suddenly I blew up. Jen was there that night. I walked out and never went back."

"She said you were dead," Beckie said.

"Yes, I know. She hated me. No one had ever told her what she was like before. I asked for a divorce and she wouldn't give it to me. Oh, she would have, had she seen ahead, but she didn't. She preferred to be the deserted wife. Then her father died. She came here, thousands of miles away, where no one had

[*continued on page* 58]

ever heard of her or me. She began to be somebody. But she began by posing as a widow and then she couldn't stop without making a fool of herself. That was why she was so frightened the other night—it was the first she knew I was living near by. I asked nothing of her; I simply stood on the sidewalk beside her as her car stopped for a light and when she turned and looked at me I said, 'Hello, Mary.' That was all. I made no accusations, though perhaps that is what I should have done. . . . I wanted to marry Jen, but I've never been able to.

"Now we come to you. You see, Jen has never seen Mary wholly. There's always been the hope that Mary might prove herself what she used to think her. She saw a chance, a chance that included you. She would keep still about me if Mary would give you your chance. And that is the way it is, Beckie. After you were there, and happy, we were stuck. We had to let you go all the way to disillusionment by yourself. It is a great relief to us to see you sitting here, out from under her spell, not afraid to stand alone."

Beckie sat there, very still, while his voice went on to the end of his quiet but somehow horribly tragic little story. "And now, I must go if I'm to get the last bus," Hugo said.

Beckie looked up. "Thank you," she said. "Thank you very much."

"You're welcome, Beckie," he said as simply. "Good night, Jen."

"Good night, Hugo," Jen Drake answered.

His steps sounded on the stairs and Beckie said, "You always think your own troubles are worst, don't you? I'm sorry, Miss Drake. I'm terribly sorry."

"It's all right," Jen said. "He shouldn't have told you."

"Yes, he should have. . . . May I stay here tonight?"

"Of course."

"Miss Drake . . . how do you bear it year after year? Not having him?"

"I don't bear it very well. But I work." She got some sheets and they began to make up the day bed in the little sitting-room. When they had finished Jen said, "I'll probably be gone when you wake up. Make yourself coffee and toast if you like—there are oranges too. Now I'll say good night."

"Good night, Miss Drake."

IN THE morning, when Beckie awoke, the room was strange at first. No yellow walls, no bright garden below. She was in a shabby but comfortable room with a great many books on low shelves everywhere, bright prints on the walls, two deep worn chairs by an ugly hearth. She got up quickly, dressed, fixed herself breakfast, washed the dishes carefully and put them back on the shelf behind the screen. Then she stood looking about this small haven of Jen Drake's, seeing again the quiet man, hearing his steady voice.

"If they were going to blackmail her, why not for themselves?" she said suddenly.

She knew the answer to that even as she asked it. It wasn't only that they weren't that kind of people. It was that they had known they could not, that they had known Mary Lanniers' heart for what it was—a quicksand that swallowed you up, never let you go. *Never!*

She saw then, under a book on the table, a five-dollar bill and a note with it. "Beckie: Just in case you need a little money today. I'll be at the school all day. Love, J. Drake." She had plenty of money but she put the bill in her bag as if it were special, a very great gift.

She had thought she would never see Mary Lanniers' house again, but an hour later she walked up to its front door. Readie, answering the bell, looked startled.

"Why didn't you just walk in? Have you lost your key?"

"I don't have a key. Is Mrs. Lanniers here?"

"No, she's not. She'll be back about eleven, she said. . . . Oh, Catherine, it's Miss Toner!" Catherine came hurrying.

"Oh, but you did give us a scare!" Catherine said. "What happened?"

"I'm sorry," Beckie said. "I just had to go. I'm not working here now. . . . But I'll wait for Mrs. Lanniers."

"You want me to pack your things or anything, Miss Toner?"

"No. No, Catherine."

"But what is it, miss?" Catherine said with friendly urgency. "Did you have a row? We'd all miss you like anything!"

Beckie's eyes filled with tears. She went to Catherine, put her arms about her and kissed her plain friendly face.

"Oh, Catherine," she said, "I'll miss you too! But don't make me talk about it now, not until I've seen her!"

AT EXACTLY eleven Mary Lanniers came in. Beckie heard her saying, "Miss Toner hasn't phoned or anything, has she?" and Catherine's reply, "She's in the drawing-room, Mrs. Lanniers."

Mary Lanniers came in with a little rush of reproach. "Why, child! How you frightened me!" she cried. "Where have you been? Whatever made you run off like that?"

"I should have told you," Beckie said. "But there didn't seem any way to tell you. I'm not going to work here any more, Mrs. Lanniers."

"Oh, please let's not go dramatic this morning, Beckie! I thought everything was going to be wonderful for you from now on—"

"No, you didn't, Mrs. Lanniers," Beckie said. "You didn't think about me at all."

"*Beckie!*" The word was only a breath of shocked protest.

"You've never thought about me or Miss Drake or your husband or anyone," Beckie said. "I—I've met your husband, Mrs. Lanniers."

"So." The word came out cold, implacable.

"No one's betrayed you. You needn't be afraid," Beckie said. "They keep their word. It was quite by accident I met him. . . . It's I you must be afraid of, Mrs. Lanniers. And it won't do any good to say I'm a jailbird and you might have expected it of me. I am a jailbird—it *is* just what you can expect of me. And I don't care whom you tell. I don't care at all. For if you don't give Mr. Lanniers a divorce so he can marry Miss Drake I am going to tell everyone I know. And even if I am a jailbird they will listen. I will make them listen. I don't think you will want a scandal going around just now, not when they are about to build the new wing."

"Your gratitude for all I have done for you is very touching."

"Oh, I was grateful, Mrs. Lanniers. I'm just not grateful any more because there's nothing to be grateful for. I've given value received, haven't I? I've earned my twenty-five dollars a week and the clothes I never wanted. They are still upstairs. . . . You could take a holiday somewhere while you gave your husband a divorce. You could keep it quiet."

"Don't be stupid. I am too public a person to keep it quiet."

"I'm sure you could. And if you couldn't I'm sure you would make it seem all right. You *thought* he was dead—it had been reported to you. . . . I'm sure you could do it if you had to. And you do have to, Mrs. Lanniers, because it's wicked that he can't marry Miss Drake—I'm not going to let it be that way."

"You're not going to let it be that way? Really, Beckie! And all this time Jen has been wanting to marry Hugo—how fantastic! I hope you never know how bitter it is to find your friends working against you behind your back."

"I told you—no one has. No one but me. Miss Drake never told me anything about you, never a word. She let me think you were kind and generous. She never told me she made you take me."

"Where is he? Where is Hugo?"

"I have no idea. But talking to him won't do any good. I told you before I am the one who is going to tell. I am going to tell Mrs. Edgeley and the senator and Tom Caine."

"And you think they will take the word of a thief?"

"I'm not a thief. I think they will take my word."

Mary Lanniers began to cry. Beckie stood there like stone, watching her.

"How silly of me," Mary Lanniers said at last. "It hurts so to love someone and find she doesn't love you at all."

"Yes, it does, doesn't it?" Beckie said slowly. "It does hurt so, doesn't it?"

She thought of Jen Drake hanging onto some vestige of love for Mary Lanniers all these years, trying to believe in her.

"I did think he was dead," Mary said. "It was a shock, seeing him in the flesh the other night. I never dreamed he was alive and wanting to marry anyone, certainly not Jen! Of course I'll fix things for her, somehow. It will be difficult, but somehow I must manage. . . . I really do need a rest—some little spot in Florida, maybe. But I do feel as if I couldn't go through it alone. You must come with me, Beckie. . . . My dear, we've both said things I know we're sorry for, but let's forget them. It will do us both good to have a few weeks' rest in the south!"

Beckie looked at her with sudden horror, horror that took in the self-deception, the story already spinning in her head, the smoothing over of the sand as if no dead body lay hidden there.

"Even now?" she said. "Even now you could pretend?"

"Pretend? I'm not pretending. What I can't understand is why Hugo didn't simply come to me and ask for a divorce?"

"No," Beckie said. "*No!*" She said no to nothing, to everything. She walked out of the room without another look at Mrs. Lanniers and out of the house.

IT WAS a long strange afternoon—walking, sitting in the library, walking again, saying over and over, "People can't *be* like that. She *couldn't*. After all I said. How *could* she? . . . She'd have swallowed me up, even now. . . . People can't *be* like that!"

At half-past five she walked up the long flight of shallow steps to the gallery. The guard was just putting the CLOSED sign in the door and he shook his head at her, then opened the door and said, "Gallery's closed, Miss!"

"I know," Beckie said. "I'm waiting for Mr. Doone."

"Oh, I'll tell him," the guard said, closing the door again.

Sam came almost at once, too soon, before breath had come into her after saying his name.

"Beckie!" he said, his voice warm with delight. "What is it?"

"I wanted to talk to you," she said.

"Wonderful. We can talk over dinner somewhere."

"No," she said. "It might as well be right here." She walked over to the flanking stone walls of the steps, sat down.

He came and sat beside her. "Well?" he said. Then, "You're awfully tired."

"Yes," she said, "I am tired. But it doesn't matter. I've been very stupid. Not to tell you this before. It would have been better in the beginning, before you thought you loved me."

"Thought? I do love you."

"I haven't told you yet. . . . I've been in prison, Sam. In reform school. I'm still on parole. . . . Well, that's all."

He was quiet a long time. She couldn't look at him.

"And why now?" he asked at last. His voice was gentle, loving.

"I had to," she said simply. "I just had to, that's all."

"But I knew that," he said. "I've known it a long time."

She put out a hand to the cool stone beside her, felt it there, solid, but nothing to cling to.

"You knew it?" she asked numbly.

"Yes. I've been trying in my feeble way to fix it up, get it wiped off the record, but I haven't been successful. I think Laura Carey took the bonds but I can't prove it. I doubt if anyone can. I think maybe the record is going to stand, Beckie. It's just one of those things we don't like but have to learn to live with." His voice was grave but matter-of-fact, too, as if you could live even with things like prison in your past.

"You sound as if . . ." she began.

"As if what?"

"As if it didn't make any difference."

"In my loving you? No, it doesn't make any difference. And I'm going to marry you. I'm not so foolish I don't know there may be a rough spot or two along the way. And there's your conscience I'll have to put up with—but we'll make out, darling. You see, no one who matters could possibly know you and believe it. No one. And don't say silly things like, 'But it would ruin your career!' I love you and you love me and that's all there is to it, Beckie."

"It would ruin your career," she said.

"I don't think so. But it doesn't seem to matter one way or the other. You never read my article on El Greco, I'll wager? I tried to put my credo into it, though. It was all about integrity, the integrity of the artist. . . . Just so we're strong enough to go on loving each other forever, time without end, for better or for worse—it's all that matters to me, Beckie. But if you said you didn't love me—you can't say it, can you?"

"No," Beckie said. "I can't say it."

He's asking me to be terribly strong. I don't know whether I am that strong. He's asking me to stand all that will come to him because of me. That's too much. I don't know whether I can. Yes, I can. I can. He loves me. He believes in me. I have to stand it because he loves me. Because I love him. I have to be that strong. *But it isn't going to be easy. It won't be easy at all.* The last words came like an echo of Jen Drake's words the day she had left Calbern. She felt a sudden incredible gratitude to Calbern, as if she had got this strength from there.

"Then let's go have dinner," Sam Doone said and stood up in the dusk. She stood up too and suddenly Sam put his hands on her shoulders, bent and kissed her. Then he took her hand in his and together they went down the long flight of steps. [THE END]

WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION FRANK OWEN

"Wind up these new toys and you can't take your eyes off them a minute!"

PRICED TO FIT

SUNDAY

Roast pork loin and gravy
Sweet potato patties
Spinach with egg garnish
Celery, apple and nut salad
Rolls
Rice-raisin custard with currant jelly

Here's a week of satisfying dinners based on good taste, good health and a well-trimmed food allowance. They show you *how* to meet the biggest battle of the budget. On these pages a roster of marketing tips . . . recipes are on the next

BY DOROTHY KIRK
FOOD EDITOR

KNOW YOUR MEAT

• **Buy meat by brand or grade** to be sure of good value. Select cuts that are the best buy in your market at the time and be sure to consider the number of servings per pound in relation to the cost per pound. You pay for the fat and bone on the meat so trim extra fat to use for cooking, save bones for seasoning soups. **Buy a roast** with at least two meals in mind—there's less waste in roasting a larger piece. Remember, cuts for stewing and braising have just as high food value as the more expensive roasts, steaks and chops.

• **Canned meat products** are usually purchased by brand. They are completely cooked and ready to serve—and no waste! Labels give number of servings and other information; read carefully.

KNOW YOUR FISH

• **Buy fresh, quick-frozen or canned fish**—whichever represents the best buy. Fresh fish should have firm elastic flesh, fresh odor. If it's a whole fish look to see that the eyes are bright, full, bulging. Scales should cling to the skin and gills should be reddish pink. Any quick-frozen package should feel hard and icy when purchased.

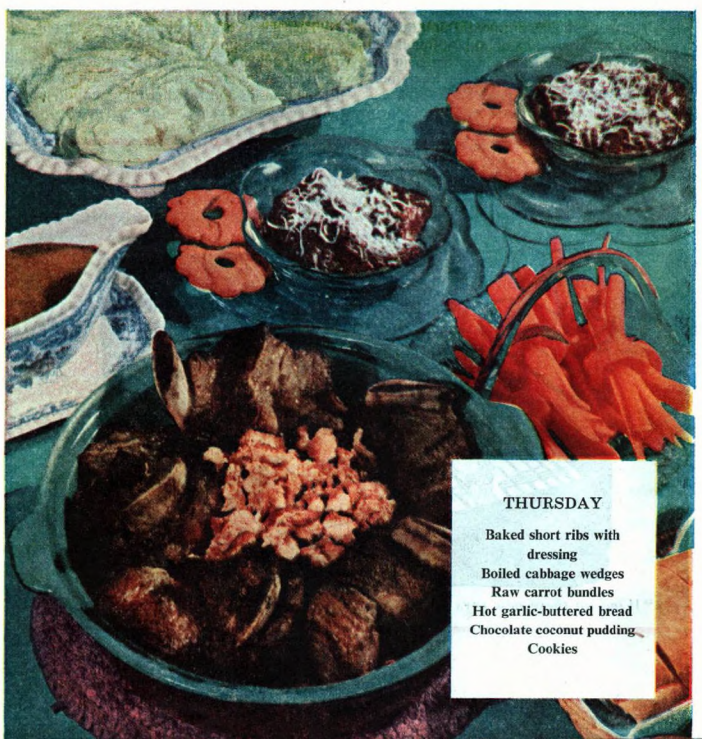
KNOW YOUR FRUITS

• **Buy fruit in season.** Make sure it has no blemishes, store carefully to avoid spoilage. Select small thin-skinned **oranges** for juice, larger seedless ones for salads and eating out-of-hand. Learn the **apple** varieties—which to buy for cooking, which for eating.

WEDNESDAY

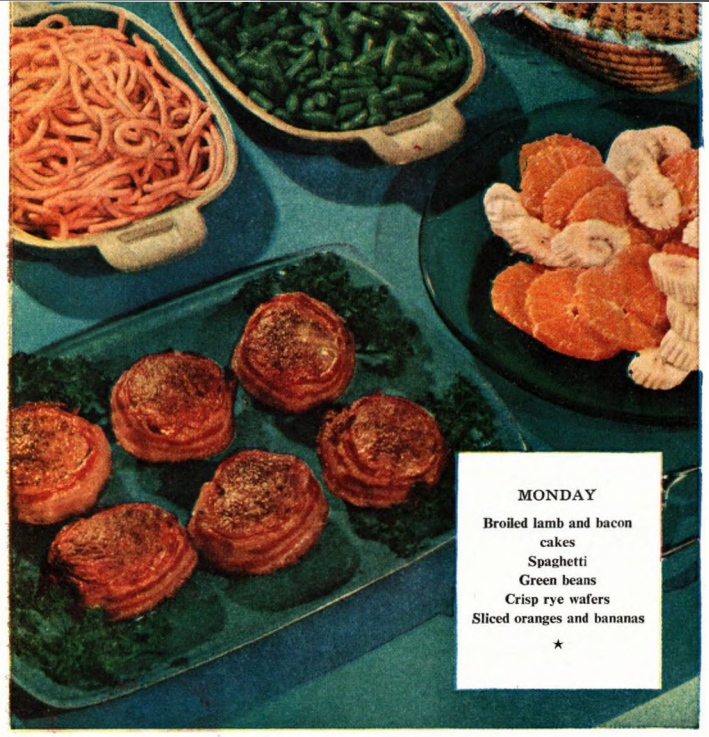
Cold sliced pork
Mashed parsley potatoes
Sugared beets
Toasted hard rolls
Cake with apricot topping

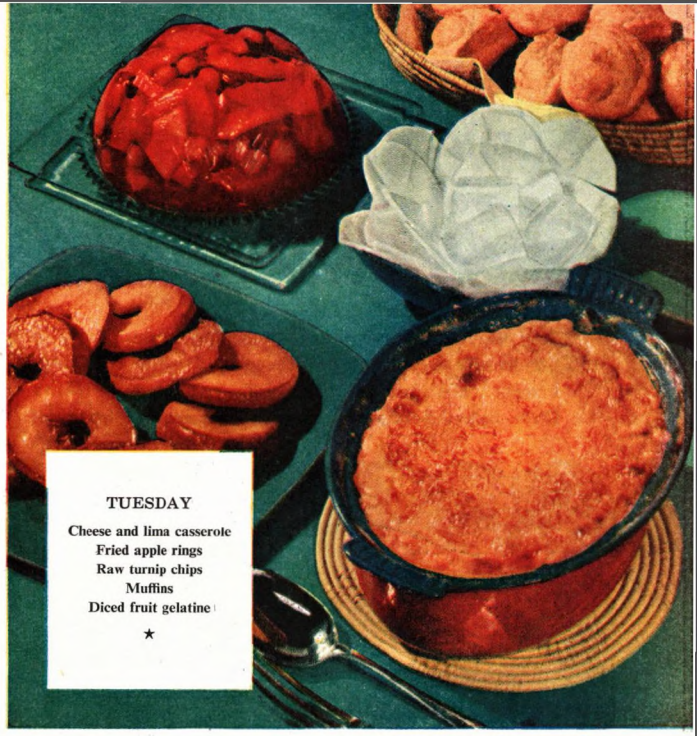
★



THURSDAY

Baked short ribs with dressing
Boiled cabbage wedges
Raw carrot bundles
Hot garlic-buttered bread
Chocolate coconut pudding
Cookies





Buy **bananas** green-tipped for cooking, all-yellow for eating or baking, flecked-with-brown for eating, salads, milk shakes.

KNOW YOUR DAIRY PRODUCTS

• **Buy eggs by grade**, depending on their use. Grade A are fine table eggs but grade B can be used for table eggs and are a much better buy for cooking and baking. Large eggs should weigh twenty-four ounces per dozen; medium, twenty-one; small, eighteen. Figure the cost per ounce—small or medium may be a better buy.

For safety, buy pasteurized milk in sealed bottles or containers. Larger units than 1 quart (2 quarts or more, whichever suits your family needs) will save several cents per purchase. Evaporated milk is an excellent buy and serves many purposes. **Cheese** bought in the 2-pound loaf is another penny-saver for cheese-loving families. Store covered or in original wrapper in refrigerator.

KNOW YOUR VEGETABLES

• **Buy vegetables in season,** choose them fresh and crisp—preferably from a market that keeps them water-sprayed or packed on ice. Watch for bargains in canned and quick-frozen vegetables.

Green leafy vegetables like spinach, chard, kale: Look for minimum of waste leaves.

Cabbage: Pick solid heavy heads, fresh leaves.

Beets: Look for uniform medium-sized winter beets with smooth velvety skin.

Carrots: Should be firm, evenly shaped.

Onions: Should be dry, firm. Small are best for creaming.

Lettuce: Should be tightly packed, heavy, without brown spots.

Celery: Stalks should be firm, crisp; leaves fresh.

Turnips: Should be firm, smooth, heavy.

Potatoes: Buy evenly shaped firm smooth-skinned ones: large for baking; medium to serve plain, mashed or creamed.

KNOW YOUR STAPLES

• **The brand you buy** indicates price and quality. The can or package size depends on the size of your family—a large can of fruit juice is cheaper only if your family uses it up! **Take advantage of ready-mixes** when ingredients are high. [*continued on page* 62]

COLOR PHOTOGRAPHS BY H. I. WILLIAMS

PRICED TO FIT

from page 61

SUNDAY

Roast pork loin and gravy
Sweet potato patties
Spinach with egg garnish
Celery, apple and nut salad
Rolls
Rice-raisin custard with currant jelly

This is the day to splurge a little with a crackling pork loin roast. There's enough to have cold sliced pork for another meal for 4 people too.

For Sunday-best dessert, see page 64 and follow the step-by-step pictures to a creamy rice-raisin custard. It's extra special topped with a dab of currant jelly.

Roast Pork Loin

Pork loin, rib end, 3½ to 4 pounds
Garlic, 1 clove (optional)
Salt, 1 teaspoon

Wipe pork loin with damp cloth. Place fat side up in oven pan. Rub with cut garlic clove and sprinkle with salt. Roast in slow oven 325° for 3 hours. (Allow 45 minutes roasting time for each pound.) Make gravy by pouring off all but 3 tablespoons fat from roasting pan. Add 3 tablespoons flour and slowly stir in 2 cups water. Cook, stirring constantly, until thickened and smooth. Season to taste.

Sweet Potato Patties

Sweet potatoes, cooked, mashed, 2 cups
Margarine, fortified, melted, 1 tablespoon
Milk, ½ cup or ¼ cup evaporated milk and ¼ cup water
Salt, ½ teaspoon
Sugar, 1 teaspoon
Corn flakes, 2 cups

Combine sweet potatoes, margarine, milk, salt and sugar. Form into 6 round patties and roll in corn flakes. Place on greased baking sheet and bake in slow oven 325° for 30 minutes. Serve hot with roast pork. Makes 6 servings.

MONDAY

Broiled lamb and bacon cakes
Spaghetti
Green beans
Crisp rye wafers
Sliced oranges and bananas

No one would suspect you've been counting your pennies when you serve broiled lamb cakes wrapped in bacon! Golden shreds of carrot stretch 1 pound of meat to make 6 large patties.

Broiled Lamb and Bacon Cakes

Lamb shoulder, ground, 1 pound
Carrots, grated, 1 cup
Onion, chopped fine, 1 tablespoon
Bread crumbs, soft, ½ cup
Evaporated milk, ¼ cup
Worcestershire sauce, 1 teaspoon
Bacon, 3 strips
Salt and pepper

Combine lamb, carrots, onion, crumbs, milk and Worcestershire sauce. Shape into 6 round patties. Split bacon lengthwise and wrap half a strip around each patty and fasten with a toothpick. Place patties in preheated broiler 3 inches from medium heat or 4 to 5 inches from full heat. Broil about 9 minutes on each side. Season with salt and pepper.

Spaghetti

Spaghetti, 1 package, 8 ounces
Ketchup, 3 tablespoons
Salad oil, 1 tablespoon
Salt and pepper

Cook spaghetti in boiling salted water as directed on package. Drain. Combine with ketchup and salad oil. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Serve hot. Makes 6 servings. (Or use canned spaghetti in tomato sauce.)

TUESDAY

Cheese and lima casserole
Fried apple rings
Raw turnip chips
Muffins
Diced fruit gelatine

A cozy casserole dish for a cold day. With it, apple rings fried while the casserole's cooking: Core and slice two red apples, sprinkle with brown sugar and fry in a small amount of fortified margarine until the rings are tender and lightly brown. The fruit gelatine dessert is made ahead of time, combines cut-up fruit with a package of flavored gelatine.

Cheese and Lima Casserole

Dried lima beans, 2 cups
Water, 2½ cups
Salt, 2½ teaspoons
Sugar, 1 teaspoon
Pepper, ⅛ teaspoon
Onions, chopped, ¼ cup
Tomatoes, canned, 1 cup
Worcestershire sauce, 1 teaspoon
Cheese, process American, grated, 1 cup

Pick over and wash lima beans. Soak overnight in water. Add salt, sugar, pepper and onions and cook covered until tender (or follow directions given with pressure cooker). Add tomatoes and Worcestershire sauce. Place in greased casserole (about 1 quart). Cover with grated cheese and bake in moderate oven 350° for 30 minutes. Makes 6 servings.

WEDNESDAY

Cold sliced pork
Mashed parsley potatoes
Sugared beets
Toasted hard rolls
Cake with apricot topping

Serve the cold roast pork left from Sunday. Hot sugared beets are the right touch with it: slice 6 medium

FINDING THE FOOD MONEY

BY ELSIE STAPLETON

IF YOU were to write me a letter probably you would say pretty much the same things as the reader who wrote this letter:

"It's all very well to talk about shopping carefully, planning menus and watching waste with a sharp eye. But a dollar does not remain a dollar today. It is easy enough to decide that you just won't buy butter at so much a pound, fine cuts of meat, eggs at a frightful price per dozen. All the time you know your children must be fed nutritious food. So much of our money now goes for food—about forty per cent out of our three-thousand-dollar net income—that we have about eighteen hundred dollars left for everything else. Seven hundred and twenty dollars go for rent a year, to say nothing of gas, light and electricity. Our car is a necessary expense and we're going to hang on to it to the last ditch. But where will we get money for clothes, for movies, for paying our share to community funds? I could name a lot of other things we're entitled to—my club dues, a hairdo now and then, a small party occasionally. Our children need allowances, our son likes to take a girl out once in a while. What is the answer to all this? Can you help me?"

Well, I can't make money grow where it isn't—but perhaps I can suggest a new way of *thinking* about it which will help.

A budget is always built around its biggest weakness, not its greatest strength. If, for instance, you have an unavoidable medical expense of a thousand dollars your entire spending plan has to be geared to that figure. Today the food bill by and large is the weakness in all our budgets. Temporarily you must accept as inevitable the amount you must spend for food and work around it.

But I know that there are still garbage cans too full, too little comparison shopping, too much impulsive buying. If you are not doing your very best at spending your food money wisely you are depriving yourself of a movie, a new hat, a permanent wave. So be very sure your food money is not out of line. For instance:

Not long since a woman came to me with the family clothes problem. Her teen-age daughter was extremely clothes-conscious. At one moment the mother was proud of this fine clothes sense, at another discouraged about the money spent on her daughter. She said, "Her father and I have bought almost nothing—everything goes on her back." So we set out to see how much was spent on the family clothing. The mother was amazed when I told her, "This amount is about average for your income. Your daughter is not so overspent. It's not the clothes budget that's upsetting your spending plan. Let's look somewhere else."

And just where was the leakage after a careful checkup? Food! And just what sort of leak was it? Careless shopping.

Socially active in a small suburban town, the mother constantly rushed to keep her little house shining clean, polished and scrubbed. Her talents were many. She sang in the choir, was chairman of a literary group, adult leader of the teen-age project. Program committees, bazaars, church festivals, clubs begged her to be chairman of these events because she had great executive ability. She felt it was much easier to shop in the store where she had traded for years, where they knew just what she wanted so she never had to bother. This way time was saved for her various interests. Well, she might not have to bother but she had to worry and she was worrying.

Some sort of community interests are necessary to any woman. But today careful shopping comes first—getting the best food possible for your family at the best prices. That takes time. Maybe foregoing one club for a while is the answer for this woman.

The thousands of budgets I've done in the past years have proved to me that everyone at some time has a weakness in the spending plan. I'm talking now about things that happen to people through no fault of their own, such as illness, accidents, unexpected contributions to support relations, emergency trips. Often even savings, consistently put by over a period of years, can't stop the leakage. Today, through no fault of our own, food is a problem for all of us. If your shopping is the very best you can do gear the family spending plan to that weakness. Do without something else. Constant worrying won't help and many of your friends are in the same awkward spot. But for you and for your friends times will change; they always have. And in the long run your spending plan will right itself again and the pressure will let up.

cooked beets into saucepan. Add 2 tablespoons fortified margarine, 2 tablespoons brown sugar and ½ teaspoon salt. Place over low heat until margarine is melted, sugar dissolved and beets hot. Makes 4 to 6 servings. For dessert whip up a one-egg cake—or use a vanilla prepared cake mix. Top with apricot sauce.

Apricot Topping

Wash 1 cup dried apricots. Place in saucepan and add 3 cups water. Bring to boil, simmer 10 minutes uncovered. Cover, cook 10 minutes longer. Combine 4 tablespoons sugar and 2 tablespoons cornstarch with 1 tablespoon cold water. Stir into apricots. Cook over low heat 5 minutes. Cool, serve over split squares of white cake. Makes 2½ cups apricot topping.

THURSDAY

Baked short ribs with dressing
Boiled cabbage wedges
Raw carrot bundles
Hot garlic-buttered bread
Chocolate coconut pudding
Cookies

And a big welcome for baked short ribs with chili powder adding a spicy touch to the dressing. Cabbage wedges are cooked via the quickie method—5 to 7 minutes with very little water so they keep crisp-tender. Raw carrots look festive served in bundles, cost no more: cut several slices from large end, hollow out centers and put carrot sticks through rings. The chocolate pudding is a ready-made mix sprinkled with coconut just before serving.

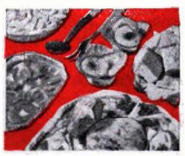
Baked Short Ribs

Beef short ribs, about 2 pounds
Salt, 1½ teaspoons
Bread cubes, dry, 8 cups
Chili powder, 1 teaspoon
Water, 2½ cups
Flour, enriched, 3 tablespoons

Have meat dealer crack short ribs in serving-size pieces. Wipe with damp cloth. Trim off all excess fat. Try out fat in skillet over low heat. Add short ribs and cook until browned on all sides. Reserve fat and transfer ribs to casserole. Sprinkle with 1 teaspoon salt. Cover and bake in slow oven 325° for about 1½ hours or until tender. Meanwhile, save 3 tablespoons fat for gravy.

For dressing combine remaining fat with bread cubes. Add ½ cup water, ½ teaspoon salt and chili powder; mix well. Place in another greased casserole. Place in oven to bake about 45 minutes or so before ribs are done.

Make gravy by combining 3 tablespoons fat with 3 tablespoons flour. Slowly blend in water. Cook over low heat until slightly thickened. Season to taste. Serve ribs with dressing and gravy. Makes 6 servings.



FRIDAY

Broiled codfish steaks, lemon wedges
Baked potatoes
Stewed tomatoes and celery
Cabbage slaw
Corn bread
Baked peaches

Use either fresh or quick-frozen codfish. For quick-frozen, buy about 2 pounds and follow directions on package for broiling. Stewed tomatoes and celery are a natural with it. Spruce up cabbage slaw by shredding the raw carrots left from Thursday's dinner. This is another good-sized meal—with hot baked peaches for the surprise finish.

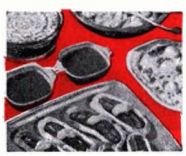
Broiled Codfish Steaks

Select 2 fresh codfish steaks 1-inch thick (about 2 pounds). Wash fish or wipe with a clean wet cloth. Dry thoroughly. Lightly dust the steaks on both sides with flour. Brush with a mixture of melted fortified margarine and paprika. Place fish on well-greased broiler pan 2 inches from full heat in preheated broiler. Broil 5 minutes on each side, basting each side once with margarine during cooking time. Season with salt and pepper. Garnish with lemon wedges and parsley. Makes 4 to 6 servings.

Baked Peaches

Peach halves, canned, 12
Brown sugar, 4 tablespoons
Lemon juice, 2 tablespoons
Margarine, fortified, 1 tablespoon

Place peach halves in shallow baking dish. Sprinkle with sugar and lemon juice, dot with butter. Bake in hot oven 425° for about 15 minutes or until lightly tinged with brown. Makes 6 servings.



SATURDAY

Hot tomato bouillon
Franks-in-blankets
Creamed onions and peas
Head lettuce salad
Sweet potato pudding

This is the day you shop and play so easy cooking is in order. Tomato juice added to a can of bouillon makes a good hot soup—and here are the other recipes you'll need to complete your week of fool-the-budget menus.

Franks-in-Blankets

Biscuit mix, 2 cups
Milk, ½ to ⅔ cup
Frankfurters, cooked, 8
Sweet pickle relish, ¼ cup

Follow directions on package for whisking biscuit mix and milk into biscuit dough. Roll dough out to about ¼-inch thickness; cut into 8 rectangles 2 by 6 inches. Place 1 frank in center of each rectangle. Turn dough up around sides of frank and pinch ends together in boat shape. Make slit down center of frank and fill with relish. Place on baking sheet. Bake in hot oven 450° 12 to 15 minutes. Mustard goes with this too.

Sweet Potato Pudding

Eggs, 2
Sugar, 1 cup
Cinnamon, 1 teaspoon
Nutmeg, ½ teaspoon
Salt, ½ teaspoon
Lemon rind, grated, 1 teaspoon
Evaporated milk, ½ cup
Sweet potatoes, cooked, mashed, 1½ cups
Margarine, fortified, melted, ⅓ cup

Beat eggs with rotary beater until light, add sugar, cinnamon, nutmeg, salt, lemon rind and milk. Beat until smooth. Add potatoes and margarine. Pour into greased casserole (about 1 quart). Bake in moderate oven 350° for about 45 minutes or until a silver knife inserted in the center comes out clean. Sprinkle top with confectioners' sugar if you like. Serve warm with plain or whipped cream. Makes 6 to 8 servings.

COMPANION KITCHEN PIN-UP

RICE-RAISIN CUSTARD

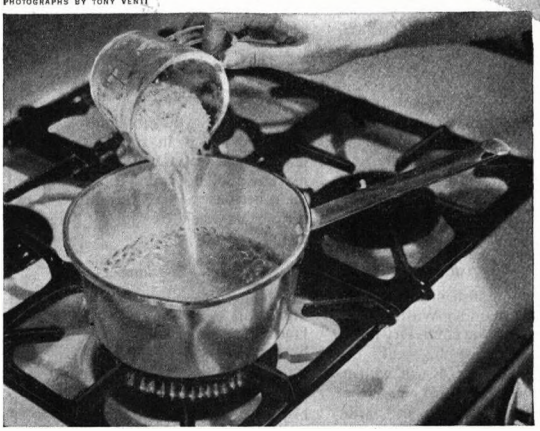
LUSCIOUS RICE CUSTARD, strewn with fat chewy raisins and just a whisper of lemon or orange—there's a family favorite for blustery winter days!

To make enough for six you'll need:

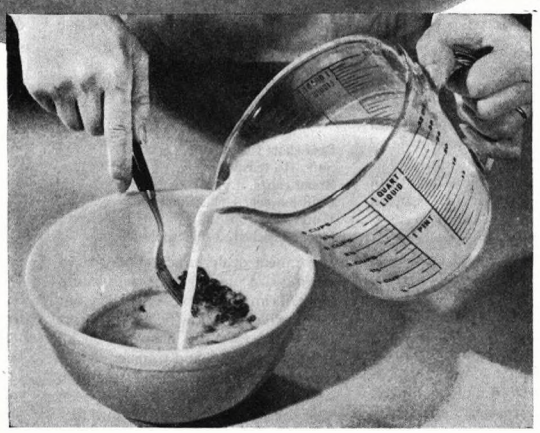
- Water, 1¼ cups
- Salt, ¾ teaspoon
- Rice, ⅓ cup
- Eggs, 2
- Sugar, ¼ cup
- Nutmeg, ⅛ teaspoon (optional)
- Lemon rind, grated, ½ teaspoon—or orange rind, grated, 1 teaspoon
- Raisins, seedless, ⅓ cup
- Milk, 2½ cups—or 1¼ cups evaporated milk and 1¼ cups water

BY DORIS TISDALE
HOME SERVICE CENTER

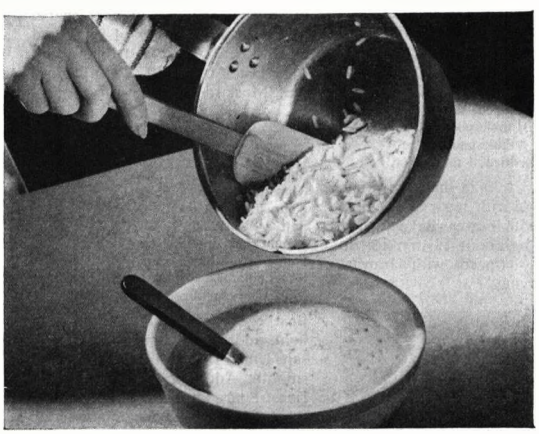
PHOTOGRAPHS BY TONY VENTI



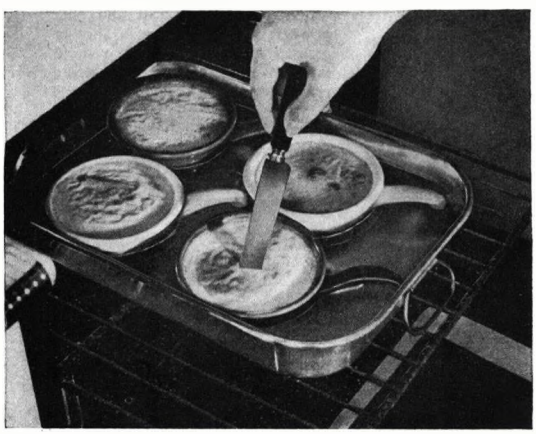
1 Salt water, bring to boil in 1½-quart saucepan. Add rice (no need to wash the packaged kind); when it boils turn heat low, cover, cook 20 to 25 minutes. Stir now and then with fork till rice is cooked, water completely absorbed.



2 Start oven for moderate temperature of 350°; be sure rack is just below center of oven so custard will be centered. Beat eggs slightly with fork. Add sugar, nutmeg, grated lemon or orange rind and raisins. Stir in milk.



3 Add the cooked rice to the egg-milk mixture and blend thoroughly. (If you have a cup of leftover cooked rice you can omit step 1.) Now pour into greased casserole (about 1 quart), individual casseroles or custard cups.



4 Bake in pan of boiling water until knife inserted in center of custard comes out clean. Individual custards will bake in 40 to 50 minutes; quart size takes about 1 hour. Serve warm—or, if you make it ahead, it's good cold too.

CHIQUITA BANANA SAYS:

Here's a golden-brown surprise—

BANANA SCALLOPS

Serve as a vegetable

Best for eating when flecked with brown

for Banana Scallops—choose all-yellow or green-tipped bananas

How to make BANANA SCALLOPS

Melted fat or salad oil
1½ teaspoons salt
1 egg, slightly beaten, or
¼ cup evaporated milk
6 firm bananas
¾ cup fine corn flake, bread or cracker crumbs or corn meal

For deep-fat frying, have deep kettle ½ to ⅔ full of melted fat or salad oil.

For shallow frying, have 1 inch of melted fat or oil in frying pan.

Heat fat to 375°F., or until a 1-inch cube of bread will brown in about 40 seconds. Add salt to egg or undiluted evaporated milk. Peel bananas and slice crosswise into pieces ¾ to 1 inch thick. Dip into egg or milk. Drain. Roll in crumbs or corn meal.

Deep-fat fry or *shallow fry* in the hot fat 1½ to 2 minutes, or until brown and tender. Drain well. Serve very hot. Six servings.

Important. Have fat at correct temperature before frying.

USE ALL-YELLOW OR SLIGHTLY GREEN-TIPPED BANANAS

UNITED FRUIT COMPANY

Easy to Digest

Full of Energy

French-fried bananas—new style

Company Dinner
Tomato Juice • Hamburgers
Banana Scallops
Cauliflower • Lettuce Salad
Orange Sherbet
Cookies • Beverage

Your Community Can Help Too

from page 37

a single city, as it does now in New York, Chicago, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, Washington, D. C., and other large cities. Elsewhere, it may have to spread its work over a county or group of counties—even a state or group of states.

The kind of job a local association does will also vary. In many cities and counties there are splendid hospital, clinic and laboratory facilities as well as a number of specialists to call upon. In such places a local association can also foster research. It should coordinate the use of already existing services so that they are available to any heart patient who needs them. It can carry on an educational program for doctors, social workers, teachers and the general public. It can interest and stimulate the local school board to provide special vocational guidance and training centers for all the wage-earning Mary Joneses and Tom Browns whose heart conditions make it imperative for them to learn a new less strenuous way of earning a living, as well as for young people who have had rheumatic fever and rheumatic heart disease and need special vocational guidance.

In small towns and rural areas, the most immediate task facing a local heart association is to answer the demand of general practitioners of medicine for the latest knowledge on heart and vascular diseases. The usual solution of this problem is to arrange a series of medical meetings, under the auspices of specialists, open to all physicians in the area. Other educational sessions can be arranged for nurses, social workers and teachers.

Another excellent step for a local association to take is to help establish an area heart center for adequate diagnostic and follow-up services, preferably in consultation with the state or county medical societies and departments of public health. At such a center there should be one or more specialists in cardiovascular disease and a hospital or clinic with complete laboratory facilities, including an X-ray department, an electrocardiograph and the services of a pharmacy.

Because the war against heart and vascular diseases must be carried into every community, because communities must be organized before they can wage battle, because local heart associations are the driving force in bringing about this organization, the American Heart Association makes the development of local heart associations one of its first objectives. This is also a problem for the nation's medical societies, its local physicians and its public health departments. And perhaps most of all it is the responsibility of every public-spirited woman who realizes the menace of cardiovascular disease and the importance of bringing the best and newest medical knowledge and practice within the reach of herself, her family and her fellow citizens.

[THE END]

The Searching Heart

from page 19

have been killed in action there, but there was nothing to prove that this was so."

"I'm sorry—I'm terribly sorry," the young man began to say but Mrs. Peyton spoke quickly, softly, out of the dark.

"No, you mustn't be," she said. "This may sound foolish to you because you are younger and more logical than I am, but I've never been convinced that Anthony is dead."

So this was why the trip had been taken, this was why she was traveling on the boat. If it had not been for her gentle stubborn conviction as to what had happened and what had not she might have been home in the pleasant kitchen of her house on a maple-shaded avenue, making pie or gingerbread in the afternoon, with the radio playing, seeking not to remember that he had lived here once. Or she might have sat watching the fireflies pierce the dark at the end of the garden, night after summer night, rocking in her chair, seeking not to remember and not to despair.

But, instead, she had locked up the house with its own silence in it and she had taken the boat and come. The Normandy beach might be a resort place now and there might be nothing left of all that had happened there in violence and bloodshed a long time ago. Except there may be things written down which officials have somehow missed, she thought; there may have been a half-forgotten word or the look of a face still left among the remnants of other people's memories.

"Which will prove what?" The trepidation in her heart may have put the question to her. But even that she could answer. "They never found his identity tags or his papers. I may find something to prove he didn't die."

THE next afternoon she was on French soil.

She went in a horse-drawn open carriage, with her two suitcases and her hatbox on the driver's seat, a small fresh-skinned lady dressed in dark lilac. The day was a fair one after the rain on the other side of the channel the night before. There were rows of blasted houses, gaping block-long cavities, open lots —which may have been the center of the city once—piled high with rubble and debris still. For the first time Mrs. Peyton saw destruction, a vast seemingly irreparable destruction, and her courage faltered a little. This was Anthony's world and she had come to seek him in it. He had done his share and played his part in these ruins and to her it was an alien place. Even the language, quickly, impatiently spoken and heard without meaning in her ears, might be the tongue he spoke by now—and the tongue of home forgotten.

In the room of the hotel which stood askew beneath its scaffolding, she unpacked the suitcases entirely although she knew she would be going farther the next day. She wanted to shake the creases out of the gray and fuchsia silks that Anthony had once liked. She even took out of the second suitcase the man's light-colored summer suit and hung it in the wardrobe with care. It was new and a full size larger than the suits he had worn before he went away. The shoes he had bought in 1941, and scarcely worn, were in individual flowered cretonne envelopes, sporty-looking brown suède shoes of his own choosing, which she would not have selected for him had she been buying them. The two blue shirts she left where they were in the tray of the suitcase, folded in their papers. Then she washed her face, combed out her silvery hair and wound it on her head again. When the trim straw hat was set upon it she went out to find the means of leaving for the beach town the next day.

BUT it was not until evening that the thing occurred. She had bought her ticket, she had eaten her first French meal and she had walked up to the esplanade which runs along the sea. She watched the first stars appear in the bluish translucent sky, and the signal lights, flashing rhythmically from red to white, and red again, in the breakwater turrets facing out to sea. Then she saw, just ahead on the esplanade, the man sitting on the bench in the deepening dusk, sitting leaning a little forward with his hands clasped between his knees.

At first it was merely the singleness and the loneliness of the figure which held her, the hanging almost weary droop of his head. And then, as she came nearer to him, it was the slope of the back in the ancient battle jacket and the narrowness of the neck that startled her with remembrance; but it was not until she had come close enough to see the side of his face that her heart began to tremble in her breast. Now she had ceased to walk for her legs would not bear her any farther, and she stood still on the esplanade, her eyes fixed on him in the twilight.

It was he who spoke first. It might have been that he had known all along that she was there for there was no surprise in his face when he looked at her.

"Good evening, ma'am," he said and she knew the gesture as he tossed the hair back off his brow. He had got to his feet and he came toward her a little warily, glancing swiftly up and down the walk before he asked the other thing beneath his breath. "Got anything to sell today?" he said.

The voice was not his voice she knew at once. The timbre of it was not the same and the accent was foreign, but the half-mocking, half-rueful smile on his mouth was the one that she had known. She stood close to him now, her eyes filling slowly with her tears as they moved in wonder on his face. It was Anthony's face—the nose short, the dark thick eyebrows and the lips full and weak as a child's, above the cleft chin. Anthony's face, with three years of grief and shock and loneliness transforming and disfiguring it. It was gaunt and the eyes were hollow and he had not shaved for a week. Perhaps ever since 1944 he had been wandering in bewilderment like this, and it was only patience and gentleness and love that could restore him in the end.

"Good evening," Mrs. Peyton said, her voice scarcely audible. "Shall we sit down and have a little talk?"

It was not as if any of this were strange to her, for she had read the newspaper stories and it may have been the newspaper stories which had brought her to France. There had been two stories in particular—two that she had cut out of the paper at home, and read over and over in the evenings after the dishes were done. She had read them so many times that she had come to know the names of the men in them as well as if they had been names of family friends, and she knew what their mothers had said—reproduced sitting there by the framed and flag-draped photographs of their sons—having learned that their boys were alive in a foreign country after the years of believing they were dead.

"I just got in from America today," Mrs. Peyton said. She tried to give it an easy natural sound as she sat on the bench with him in the clear blue summer evening, but she heard her own voice trembling as she spoke. "I came all the way from New Jersey. I wonder if you remember New Jersey," she said, speaking softly to him as if she might be trying to rouse a child from sleep. Once we had to catch the six o'clock bus in the morning, she thought, and I tried to wake him. He was four or five then, and I'd get him standing up on the bed to dress him and his knees would buckle under him and his head would roll in sleep when I held him up. "The house hasn't changed," she said. "You'd know it right away."

"PARDON?" the young man said, giving the French accent to the word as he spoke it. He was sitting erect on the bench now, looking uneasily at her, and he passed his hands back over his hair. "Maybe I don' understan' very well. I'm a Frenchman—not good with English. I learn a liddle with the GI's, but I forget."

"But you," said Mrs. Peyton, "you were in the army too, weren't you?" She scarcely dared to look at him in the fading light and yet she could not keep her eyes away. The patches and stripes had been ripped from the sleeves of the battle jacket, so whatever his rank or his outfit had been one could no longer know. The trousers were blue and they had been mended across the knees and they were doubtless French, but his boots, though broken and worn, were familiar to her—they were the boots of the American infantry.

"Oh, sure, I was with the army!" he said, the half-mocking smile on his mouth again. "I been working with Western Base in Paris. That's why I ask you got nothing to sell?"

"To sell?" she repeated. The color was

[*continued on page 69*]

ANNOUNCING

NEW POSTWAR

OLD DUTCH CLEANSER

MADE WITH

ACTIVATED

(EXCLUSIVE PROCESS—PATENT APPLIED FOR)

SEISMOTITE

See If It Doesn't CLEAN FASTER, EASIER THAN ANY OTHER CLEANSER YOU'VE EVER USED!

NEW ACTION! You'll wonder at the new, almost effortless ease Activated Seismotite gives New Postwar Old Dutch. For it cleans, polishes with a smooth *gliding action* that means less work, less rubbing!

NEW EASE! Notice how quickly New Postwar Old Dutch Cleanser dissolves grease. Thrill to the *ease* with which Activated Seismotite (exclusive to New Postwar Old Dutch) cleans away dirt, stains with new, miracle-like speed in hard or soft water!

NEW APPEARANCE! Now *snowy white*—New Postwar Old Dutch Cleanser with Activated Seismotite rinses away quickly when cleaning is done. Try it today—on sink, tub, pans—for *new speed*, *new ease* in cleaning!

Utterly Different! Try It! Compare It!

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Delicious DELRICH

BRINGS YOU NEW

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No Fuss-No Muss Just Knead the Bag TO COLOR DELRICH MARGARINE

No Mixing Bowl!

PINCH BERRY within sealed plastic bag 'til color flows. No mess. No stained hands.

KNEAD THE BAG. Delrich colors quickly. No streaks. No mixing bowl to wash.

RESHAPE BAG IN CARTON. Then chill. No mold needed. Sealed against dust, dirt.

SLICE AS NEEDED. Makes neat, attractive servings in quarters or patties for the table.

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YES—once you taste the delicate flavor of Delrich, see if you don't agree it's America's finest margarine. Flavor sweet as clover, fresh as dewy country meadows. Amazing new E-Z Color Pak seals in the wholesome goodness of Delrich Margarine . . . keeps Delrich delicious as the day it was made. Remember, only Delrich has E-Z Color Pak—the modern way to color margarine. Try it today!

"Stea-m-boat a-comin'!" Glad news for folks of Mississippi steamboat days, eager for fresh supplies of golden New Orleans molasses

For those who love the spun-gold richness of real New Orleans molasses

Your fine homemade gingerbread, molasses cakes and cookies have a special golden richness when you make them with Brer Rabbit Molasses.

Brer Rabbit's unique flavor comes from the freshly crushed sugar cane that grows as nowhere else on the fertile plantations down around New Orleans. With this golden liquid, you are sure of true, *natural* molasses flavor for your gingerbread, cakes and cookies.

Two Flavors: *Gold Label*—light, mild-flavored molasses; *Green Label*—dark, full-flavored molasses.

Rich in Iron—needed for good red blood!

FREE! *New, quick, easy* molasses dessert recipes. Also 52-page cook book; 116 recipes; washable cover.

BRER RABBIT New Orleans MOLASSES

*Name*_____

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Paste on postcard and mail to: Brer Rabbit, c/o Penick & Ford, New Orleans 7, La., Dept. K1-E

After 25 Beware of DRY SKIN

Act promptly to arrest it— with the right care

FROM ABOUT 25 ON—the natural oil chiefly responsible for keeping skin soft and supple gradually decreases. Then dry skin begins to creep up. Even before 40, a woman may lose as much as 20% of this natural oil that skin needs.

Dry skin starts with small signs, tiny "crow's-feet" by your eyes, a slightly darker look to skin, a not-quite-as-smooth texture. *Act promptly*—these soon add up to a less attractive you!

Replacement help from lanolin, the oil that is most like your own natural skin oil, is right at your fingertips in Pond's *lanolin-rich* Dry Skin Cream.

3 features give this cream special skin-softening powers. It is *rich in lanolin*. It is *homogenized*—to soak in better. It has a *special emulsifier* for *extra* softening aid. Pond's Dry Skin Cream is *very* rich—yet so smooth it is quickly absorbable by your dry surface-skin.

2-Point Softening Care—Use Pond's Dry Skin Cream this quick-working way—

Lanolin-Soften by Night . . . Work the extra-richness of Pond's Dry Skin Cream over face, throat. Leave 5 to 15 minutes, or *all* night for full *lanolin-softening* help.

Lanolin-Protect by Day . . . Smooth a very little Pond's Dry Skin Cream over face before make-up. Gives a protective, soft screen to shield skin from dryness all day.

Get Pond's Dry Skin Cream today. Day by day see *your* skin respond to this carefully balanced softening-protective care.

"*—the loveliest cream for dry skin I've ever used.*"
says Mrs. John A. Roosevelt

FREE SAMPLE

If you'd like to try a sample of Pond's Dry Skin Cream *free*—write your name and address on the coupon and send it to Pond's, Dept. 4-DA, Clinton, Connecticut.

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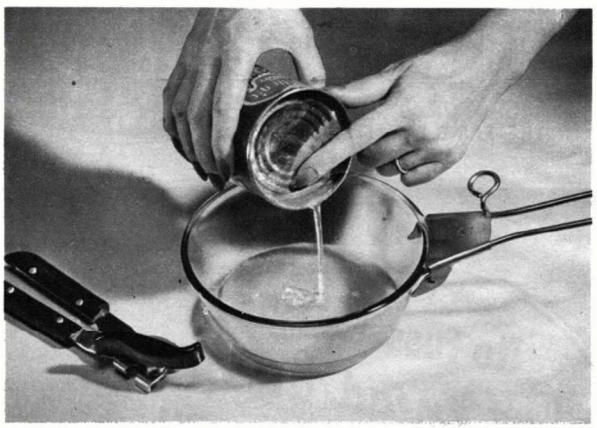
Here's How

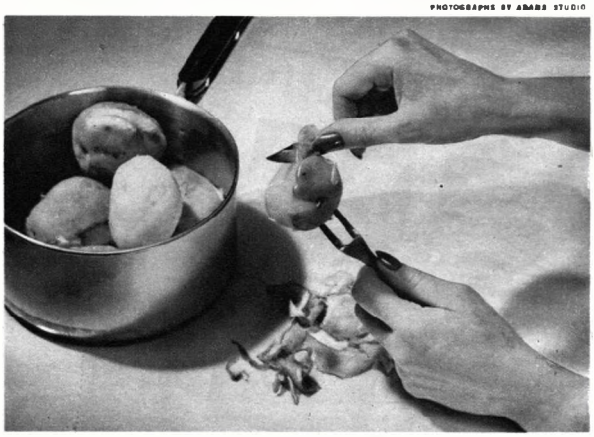
TO GET THE MOST FROM WHAT YOU BUY

For extra goodness serve second-day rolls, muffins, biscuits or corn bread split, spread with a little butter or margarine and toasted in broiler. For flavor variety blend paprika, garlic or celery salt, minced parsley or a bit of chili powder into the spread.



Those vitamins in the liquid from canned vegetables are worth saving! Cut off top of can, hold in place as a lid while you drain off liquid. Boil down to concentrate, heat and serve the vegetables in this juice. Or save for soups and gravies—adds flavor too.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ADAMS STUDIO



No matter how thin you pare potatoes you waste a little. Better to boil scrubbed potatoes in their jackets with just a thin strip pared from one side. When done, hold potato on fork, peel off skin. (Tidbit: carrot, as well as beet, skins slip off easily after cooking.)

The Searching Heart

from page 66

ebbing fast now from the sky and land and in a while they would be sitting in darkness together, with only the stars shining deeply and brightly in the night above them. Then, without warning, the street lights sprang up on the avenue and along the esplanade. "I don't know what you mean, 'to sell.' Perhaps you could explain to me what it is you want to buy."

"Traveler's checks, currency, anything you got," the young man said, the incongruous French accent making something almost humorous of the words. "I had trouble in Paris, so I come down here. Good racket with the GI's—cigarettes, chocolate, gum. Nothing left no more. But I know Americans. I know you soon as I see you coming," he said.

MRS. PEYTON sat silent, musing a moment; yes, she thought suddenly and with courage, this is what Anthony would do. She did not want to remember the first time there had been trouble at school, but there were the young man's eyes fleeing her now, seeking an avenue of escape, as Anthony's flad sought it then. Anthony had not actually taken anything, at least nothing he had not intended to put back, but the school had taken inventory earlier that year and he hadn't had time to get the looseleaf notebooks and the box of art gum and the pastel chalks back on the stockroom shelves. He had sold the ones he had taken for more than their price to freshmen who didn't know. But he was going to buy others and slip them back, except he'd spent the money on something else—ice cream and three stamps for his stamp collection. He hadn't had time. He was only thirteen then, and she knew it had been a matter of bad timing but she hadn't been able to make the school committee see it just that way.

"So you sold cigarettes and chewing gum and currency?" she said to him gently now as she had said to Anthony once: So you sold those notebooks and the art gum although you hadn't any right to them?

"Yes, ma'am," the young man said, and he shifted uneasily on the bench.

"Perhaps your father being dead. Perhaps that," she said and the sea stirred softly.

"Pardon?" the young man said again, as if again he had not heard correctly. "My father he drink too much. He live in Dijon."

Because there was no other approach Mrs. Peyton began to tell him, then, the newspaper stories so that he might know there were others like him who had wandered as he now wandered. There were two in particular who had been obliterated for a little while from life: one, she said, speaking slowly, had gone ashore in a reconnaissance raid before the big-scale landings and the other had gone in on D-day, and they were both listed as missing—missing because there was no evidence that they had died.

"The first one was taken prisoner," she said, "and was put in a German prison camp; but, however it happened, his name never appeared on any prisoners' list and so his people in Oregon never knew." And then, in the autumn of 1946, the Americans came across him in a displaced persons' camp, and he himself hardly knew by then if he were a Pole or a Czech or what he was because of shock and hunger and the brutal treatment he had had. "Two years," said Mrs. Peyton, and she might have been saying two eternities. "But because of the tattooing on his arms they were able to identify him in the end." When you went away I gave you a bracelet, a silver linked chain with the date of your twenty-first birthday engraved on the disk. Are you wearing it still? she wanted to say, but instead she went on saying, "Two years missing and now he's home, back with his people in Oregon."

It may have been that the young man had not listened to her speaking or else that he had not understood the words she said, for now he shifted on the bench and he cleared his throat.

"What you say we go to the *bistro* and you buy a coupla drinks?" he said.

"Yes," said Mrs. Peyton. "If you'd like to do that now, then that is what we'll do."

The stars were out in great numbers in the wide cloudless sky and in the breakwater turrets the lights flashed rhythmically, swiftly, like swinging arms, across the dark. Had she been a weak woman she would have cried out then: Anthony, Anthony, my son! She closed her lips on the sound of it. Patience, patience, she said in silence. In a little while he will wake from the dream. The others too, in the newspaper stories, remembered nothing. But, memory by memory, they came the long way back to recognition again. She saw him rise from the bench, and she too rose and followed where he led. He did not walk fast and as she went beside him she knew, without glancing toward him, how his shoulders would slouch as if he were pushing the grass-mower across the lawn again, and how indolent the gait of his long loose legs would be.

"Perhaps you would like something to eat—to go back to the hotel and have something to eat there?" she said. He was thin—she had never seen him so thin as this before.

"Oh, I get by on not eating too much," he said, and he gave his uneasy laugh. "No dough, no chow, O. K.," he said.

The cafe they went to was as narrow as a hall and it seemed a strange place to her for she had never been in a cafe of any kind before. There were leather-covered seats running the length of the two walls and marble-topped tables set before them. A half-dozen men in shirt sleeves or in blue cotton jackets, with caps or berets on their heads, sat there at the tables.

"Sit down," the young man said and because he had halted there Mrs. Peyton slipped in behind the first table and sat down on the ancient split leather cushion of the seat. The young man pulled out a chair and sat down facing Mrs. Peyton. "What is yours?" he said.

She did not know the names of the things they had so she asked for a glass of water. The young man ordered brandy, and when they had set the thimble-sized glass before him, he took several quick nervous sips. In the light of the cafe she could see him well now and yet she could scarcely bring her gaze to rest on him, as if she could not bear to see what had become of Anthony's youth and Anthony's vulnerability. The lines were deep around his mouth and his eyes were rimmed with scarlet and under the stubble of his beard his skin was as white as death.

"Well, this is a very interesting place," she said, and the young man looked up toward the bar and made the sign for another brandy to be poured for him. "I want to see lots of things in France," she said, "and I want to learn to speak the language. Perhaps you could give me lessons if you had the time."

He sat, with his fingertips drumming on the table, his dark uneasy eyes resting on her for a moment and then shifting away.

"Say, what is the game?" he said, the accent making something else of the slang he parroted. He picked up the glass and drank. "What you trying to get out of me?"

SHE sat there watching him drink and seeking not to remember that, during the last year at high school, Anthony had once begun to drink like this. Because of a girl, she remembered, because of a girl who had gone out with him for a while and who would go out with him no longer. Once he had come home hardly able to stand and she had gone down in her nightgown and opened the front door for him. Oh, Anthony, do not drink! Nothing is lost! She implored him in silence now, as she had said it in comfort to him then. The young man lifted his hand again toward the bar and as he jerked his thumb at his glass she saw there was no bracelet hanging on his wrist.

He sat there slouched in his chair, and Mrs. Peyton began to tell him the second newspaper story, perhaps in answer to the question he had asked. This time the boy had been wounded as he waded ashore, she said—that much at least was known of him because a friend had seen him fall. But not until three years after did they know that, wounded, he

[*continued on page 71*]

Jell-O again!

Six delicious flavors

The Searching Heart

from page 69

had walked by night to a house on the outskirts of a village lying inland.

"He got to the house of a mason and his wife," she said and as she watched the young man's averted face she thought: He is a man now; he is no longer a boy, and his mouth has turned brutal. Whatever has happened to him there must be things he has done that he will never want known, not even after a great many years have passed. "And the mason and his wife called a doctor in because of his wounds and they nursed him back to health again," she said. "But when the boy was well he told the mason he didn't want to go away and so they simply kept him there." Her voice ceased for a moment as if she were seeking the interpretation that would make this right, and then she went on saying, "It's easy enough to understand that after all he'd been through he didn't want to go into action again. And perhaps he'd forgotten where he belonged."

The word honor was not mentioned, for if it had been it would have invalidated all the rest, and the rest was exoneration offered not for a boy in a newspaper story who was a stranger to her but for another whose childhood and boyhood and fallibility she knew. If she thought then, or had thought in the evenings at home when she reread the story, Anthony might have done just that, she did not linger on it. "So he stayed there and began helping the mason with his work," she said. "And he was a good worker and the people in the village still didn't know he was an American or how he happened to be there."

The young man sitting at the table with her seemed not to listen to the words as she spoke them carefully to him. "When the war was over the boy and the mason's daughter got married," she went on saying. "And then this year, in 1947, the doctor who had dressed his wounds three years before fell ill, and on his deathbed he confessed that the boy was an American soldier—a des- . . ." She had begun to say the word but she stopped the fatal sound of it. "That is, that he had been forced to leave the American army because he was so badly wounded he couldn't have gone on. And that's how the military authorities found out about him in the end."

"So what they do the poor guy?" the young man asked, and for the first time now it seemed to her there was a flicker of interest in his hollow eyes.

"Well, the mayor of that village, and the priest, and all the townspeople, they got up a petition," she said, "to ask for leniency. He was sentenced to be court-martialed and given a prison sentence. Yes, court-martialed and a prison sentence," she repeated, almost urgently to him, "but even that's easier to bear than death. Don't you think it would be easier to bear?"

THE young man made a sudden gesture of impatience or anger with his hand, and his eyes fled from her the length of the room.

"I don' understan' what you want!" he cried out savagely and Mrs. Peyton felt then the bitterness and the hopelessness of seeking to reach him in his bewilderment and pain.

"I am trying to say to you that I would stand by you through anything," she said, and she sat looking at her small frail hands to keep tears from falling from her eyes.

But there was another Anthony! her heart cried out in protest. There was the one who didn't steal but who worked at the drugstore every vacation, and the one who saved his money to buy me the coffee set for Christmas. There was another Anthony who went to war believing in his country and in his people and in what the clear high vision of his people could do. There was an Anthony who loved a girl and drank because she broke his heart! Her love cried out in loyalty to him. "And if you got married, the way the boy in the newspaper did," she went on, "I wish you would tell me that because I'd like to meet her. I'd like to meet the girl you married because I've wanted a daughter too . . ."

Nothing happened to the young man's face for a moment, and then he leaned abruptly across the table. "You at a hotel?" he asked in a low tense voice, and his lips seemed to be trembling. "You got a room there?" And Mrs. Peyton nodded her head. "Let's go, then. We talk better in a hotel room," he said, and Mrs. Peyton saw the point of focus that had come now into the loosely drifting eyes.

She paid for the brandy with the strange French money in her purse and then she and the young man walked back through the dark quiet streets beneath the stars. He walked a step or two ahead of her, his hands in his pockets, his shoulders slouching, and they did not speak. At the hotel she led him up the single flight of stairs, and she had a moment of trouble fitting the key into the lock, and then the door was open and she stepped inside. As she felt for the light switch and turned it, the young man came into the room behind her and quickly closed and locked the door.

"Don' try no tricks," he said in the same low tense voice. When she turned she saw the army revolver held in his hand.

"What is it you want?" she asked him and she felt no sense of fear.

"All you got," he answered.

AS SHE crossed to the bureau and pulled the top drawer open the gun in his hand followed where she went, the opening of its muzzle on her like a cold relentless eye. She took out the green-backed bill and he stepped forward and jerked it from her hand.

"That's all I have," she said.

"You come to France with fifty bucks? You're nuts. Gimme the rest," he whispered and she heard the drunken childish outrage shaking in his throat.

"I have more of course," she said in a gentle voice. She stood there, small and a little broken now, before him. Anthony, Anthony, is this what death has done for you? her grief said quietly. "I have five hundred dollars in traveler's checks in the safe downstairs. I'm not accustomed to traveling," she said, as if apologizing for it, "so I asked them to keep it for me. It might be inconvenient for you to take it from there."

The young man ran his tongue along his parched trembling lips and his eyes fled in desperation from object to object which furnished the room. Then he went quickly to the wardrobe, the revolver in his hand still, and he jerked open the carved heavy door. There, among the fuchsia and mauve dresses, hung the man's suit, lonely and inappropriate in this place. The young man reached out and pulled first the jacket and then the trousers from the hanger. He threw them hastily over his arm, and when he saw the flowered cretonne envelopes on the wardrobe boards he gestured toward them with the gun.

"Shoes," said Mrs. Peyton quietly, and she came forward now, a slight stooping little old lady, and she leaned down and picked them up and gave them to him. "They're yours too. The brown suede ones you bought."

He put the revolver back in his hip pocket and then he began hurriedly folding the suit over, paying no heed to the carefully preserved creases in the trousers but rolling it up, the shoes wadded in the middle of it. Before he went out the door he looked back once, and for a moment Mrs. Peyton believed it was not Anthony's face but the face of a stranger who turned to look at her, the eyes evil, weak, escaping down the hallway, and the loose mouth quivering with fear.

The launch for the beach town left at eight-thirty in the morning and Mrs. Peyton was on the forward deck of it early, without luggage, having left her two suitcases and her hatbox for a day or so at the hotel. She had slipped the things she would need for the night into her knitting bag. In a day or two she would return to the harbor town and find Anthony again, she told herself—find him sitting on the esplanade in loneliness—or she might even ask the police to help her find him if this had to be. There would be a doctor to testify to his amnesia and in the end the authorities would help her to get him home. She would see to that, all of it, but not this morning, not today.

Today her heart was too filled with grief and the thoughts came to nothing in her head. Anthony is found, she told herself as she stood on the deck of the little launch in the bright warm wind; and then the question was asked again, as it had been hour after sleepless hour of the night: How do you know it is Anthony? He did not speak with Anthony's voice. It was not his face that turned back at the door. She was undertaking the journey to the beachhead now, having ceased to believe in the mission, in the seeking of the grail; and she looked in bewilderment out across the shining waters of the harbor, an aging lady taking a steam launch toward nothingness, having forgotten the meaning of the words which spoke of honoring the lives of one's children and the decisions they have made.

There was only one restaurant in the little town where they docked and Mrs. Peyton lunched there, sitting outside on the terrace in the sun. This was the place—this the beach—and she bought a dozen postcards of it. This was the shelled and bombarded little town where Anthony had not died. The woman who served her had cooked the meal well, a plump clean happy woman with a pretty face. It may have been that each liked the look she found in the other's eyes for they spoke to each other of cooking and shortages and the penalties of war, although neither spoke the other's tongue. When she had finished eating the woman took her into the fresh bright kitchen, and Mrs. Peyton saw the baked earthen dishes in which she cooked and the long-handled copper pans hanging on the plaster wall. The woman motioned to the logs that were split and stacked beneath the window and then she pointed to the polished cooking stove.

"*Pas de charbon*," she said and she shook her head, and Mrs. Peyton understood.

Mrs. Peyton hugged her own pale blue silky dress as if for warmth. "No coal!" she said. "Oh, it must be hard for you in the winter!"

Hard for the baby, the woman may have answered, for she took Mrs. Peyton to see it now, lying in its wheeled basket in the restaurant garden above the sea. It was a boy, a handsome boy, dark-haired, and his skin as dark as a peach's skin, and when he saw the silver bands of her hair he smiled.

"What a beautiful child!" Mrs. Peyton cried out and the mother understood the words and her cheeks blushed with pride.

And then, as the two women stood there looking in wonder at the baby, the shadow passed over both their faces and the smiles went from their mouths. The thought had perhaps not been identical, any more than their language was identical, but they understood it as well as if they had spoken aloud in a common tongue to each other, the young woman and the older woman standing there looking at the baby in the sun.

"*Plus de guerre, plus de guerre!*" the young woman said, her voice strong, hard, determined. And, no more war, echoed Mrs. Peyton's heart.

THE young woman made a wild gesture toward the beach that lay pure and white below them and Mrs. Peyton knew that she was speaking of what had once happened there. The words came fast and her eyes were filled with anguish as she described it, and then she seized Mrs. Peyton's soft small hand in her work-hardened hand and she led her into the house again, through the kitchen, and into the little room that stood beyond. After the brilliance of the day outside the room seemed dark, and it was a moment before the eyes could distinguish what was there. And then, object by dust-covered object, Mrs. Peyton saw the assemblage of relics, the souvenirs of what had been war's and man's immaculate equipment once: the helmets, the ammunition belts, the water canteens, the fragments of hand grenades and firearms and shells. This was what war had left behind as it passed on, litter to be retrieved by those who had taken no part in it and survived, to be stared at as residue of an archaic civilization which the living had not known.

The objects had been placed on boxes, on tables, the straps of them hung on the backs of chairs. For all that their history had been so vital, a veil of dust lay over them and spiders had spun their webs in the cavities of the helmets and across the hammers of the broken guns.

The young woman moved among these relics, talking and flinging her hands out toward them, saying, "This is what remains of all they had, this clutter," with no patience for the sight of them there. It was her husband who collected them, Mrs. Peyton understood, her husband and his friends who had picked them up from where they had been scattered and who would one day sort them out and label them. To send to a museum, the young woman must be saying to her; but Mrs. Peyton had seen the silver chain of the link bracelet lying among the faded remnants of the campaign ribbons and the rusted battle stars.

"That bracelet," she said and her voice was whispered and calm. A powdering of dust fell from it as she took it in her hand. The catch of it was gone and the disk was tarnished, and as she turned it over she seemed to cease to breathe. There was the date of his twenty-first birthday engraved on it and the two words: "With love."

"My son," Mrs. Peyton said to the younger woman, and she said it in pride and there seemed no cause to weep at all. "My son, my son," she repeated. It was as if nothing had happened in the harbor town the night before, as if there had been no tragedy and mockery made out of one man's likeness to another, no stranger usurping Anthony's flesh. "I gave him this. Before he left I gave him this. My son," she said and she pointed to her heart, her breast, to the beating throbbing core of life. "My son," she said and the younger woman put her arms around her, and it was not her own but the younger woman's tears upon her face.

SHE stayed two days in order to learn the story well; and it was the husband who spoke a little English who made it the clearest to her the next morning when he came back with the fishing fleet from the sea. The soldier who had worn that bracelet on his wrist was dead, he told her as the others had told her, and he took her to hear it again from the mayor of the village for the mayor had seen him die. That year, in 1944, the village had been ordered evacuated, the two men told her, but in times of evacuation there was always trouble: there were always the old and the decrepit who hid in their attics rather than go, or there were children who left with their parents but who strayed from them on the road and could not find their way again and returned to the houses they had known to die. The mayor, said the fisherman, had come back to evacuate those who had not got away, come back when the fury of the thing was at its height, and the American had done what there was no need for him to do—had kept the Germans out of one village street for a half of that first day, until the hand grenade had wiped him out.

When the two men had finished telling her what had taken place they walked with her, one on each side and the townspeople following behind, up the cobbled tilted street toward the village church. Just below its shadow they stopped before the white stone plaque that had been set within the wall. The mayor said they had wished to write the name, but until now there had been no name to write for only the bracelet had remained. The fisherman's blunt strong forefinger moved slowly from word to word as he translated the legend the plaque bore.

"Here," went the words of it, "an unknown American soldier gave his life on June the eighth, 1944, so that women and children of this village might be brought to safety."

"Rest in peace," was engraved in the left corner and, "In eternal gratitude," upon the right. Beneath it a little tin vase for flowers was wired to the wall's crumbling stone and the poppies and the Queen Anne's lace that had been placed in it were as unfaded as if they had been picked an hour before. [THE END]

Post Mortem

The miser and the pig are of no use until death. LAMOTTE

This man-dazzler shows you why

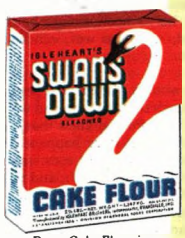
more women buy Swans Down than all other packaged cake flours put together!

Brides and not-so-newlyweds! Bowl him over with this frosty, fluffy gold-and-white dream cake!

And bowl *yourself* over with the perfection of it—the expert fineness—the prize-winning tenderness!

Then you'll know why smart wives bake cakes instead of buying them. And why they insist on using Swans Down Cake Flour in a dependable, guaranteed Swans Down Mix-Easy recipe!

No creaming! Beating cut in half!
Fewer dishes to wash!
Richer taste! Keeps fresh longer!



Swans Down Cake Flour is a product of General Foods

Swans Down "Mix-Easy" Ambrosia Cake

Preparations. Have the shortening at room temperature. Line bottoms of two deep 9-inch layer pans with paper; grease. Start oven for moderate heat (350°F.). Sift flour once before measuring.

Measure into sifter:
2½ cups sifted Swans Down Cake Flour
(And be sure it's Swans Down!)
3 teaspoons Calumet Baking Powder
1 teaspoon salt
1¼ cups sugar

Measure into mixing bowl:
⅔ cup shortening

Measure into cup:
1 cup milk
1½ teaspoons vanilla

Have ready:
5 egg whites, beaten to meringue* with ½ cup sugar
1 cup Baker's Shredded Coconut

*For meringue, beat 5 egg whites with rotary egg beater (or at high speed of electric mixer) until foamy; add ½ cup sugar gradually, beating only until meringue will hold up in soft peaks.

Now—Swans Down's "Mix-Easy" Part I
(Mix by hand or at a low speed of electric mixer.) Stir shortening just to soften. *No creaming!* Sift in dry ingredients. Add milk and mix until all flour is dampened. Then *beat 2 minutes.* Add meringue mixture and *beat 1 minute* longer. *Beating cut in half! And fewer dishes to wash!* (Count only actual beating time. Or count beating strokes. Allow about 150 full strokes per minute. Scrape bowl and spoon often.)

Baking. Turn batter into pans. Bake in moderate oven (350°F.) about 35 minutes. Spread Orange Filling (recipe below) between layers and seven-minute frosting on top and sides of cake. Sprinkle top with coconut and decorate with fresh orange sections.

Orange Filling. Heat 1 cup orange juice and ⅓ cup sugar in saucepan and stir until sugar is dissolved. Blend 3 tablespoons cornstarch with ¼ cup water; add to hot mixture and cook until clear, stirring constantly. Remove from heat. Add ⅓ cup sugar, dash of salt, 1 teaspoon butter, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, and ¼ teaspoon grated orange rind; blend. Cool before spreading between layers.

(*All measurements are level.*)

Bake a better cake with Swans Down

NELL B. NICHOLS *talks about*

AMERICAN FAVORITES

JANUARY FOOD CALENDAR 1948

SUN	A "cook's" tour of the United States—that's what I'm planning for the months to come. During my travels I'll concentrate on dishes that are distinctively regional. But first some national favorites.	**4 Some little Indian** first popped corn. Early settlers made the first popcorn balls. Brighten yours with ¼ cup chopped drained maraschino cherries or chocolate bits added to each 2 quarts of popped corn.	**11 The Yankees did it**—gave us maple sugar and sirup. And here's a favorite snack of Yankee youngsters: Sweeten apples with maple sugar, bake, chill. Cut in bits, add to bowl of buttered bread and milk.	**18-25 New England way** with a South American bean: Fold seasoned canned or cooked lima beans into creamed dried beef. Turn mixture into a casserole and bake with crushed potato chips on top.
MON	SOUTHERN SUPPER *Waffles* *Creamed chicken* *Jellied fruit salad* *Coffee* ★	**5 Squash is a native** that doesn't need dressing up. Cut winter variety in 3-inch squares (allow 3 pounds for 4 servings); brush with drippings, sprinkle with salt and brown sugar, cover, bake 1 hour at 375°.	**12 Waffles and maple sirup** are a famous team. Did you ever try these variations on the standard waffle recipe? Fold ¾ cup of shredded coconut into the batter or substitute ½ cup of bran for that much flour.	**19-26** WEST COAST SUPPER *Upside-down turkey shortcake* *Creamed asparagus* *Avocado salad, ketchup dressing* *Citrus fruit cup*
TUE	**With apple pie** it's cheese the country over. Ever combined them this way? Roll out top crust, sprinkle with 3 tablespoons grated cheese, fold over and roll out again. Repeat process. Place on pie and bake.	**6** LONE STAR SUPPER *Tomato soup* *Toasted avocado-paste sandwiches* *Carrot sticks* *Pumpkin pie*	**13** ALL-AMERICAN SNACK *Sugared doughnuts* *Mild Cheddar cheese squares* *Milk or coffee* ★	**20-27 After-Christmas shortcake.** Place leftover turkey (or chicken) in casserole; over it pour corn-bread batter—a little celery seed added—and bake. Serve upside down. Right with creamed asparagus.
WED	**Something new** to do with Boston brown bread. Try spreading thin slices of it with cream cheese, orange marmalade and a few chopped dates—pretty for parties, easy everyday fare and a lunchbox treat.	**7 Tip from South of the Border.** Peel avocado, mash and season with salt, lemon juice and garlic; then spread on crisp Melba toast. Teams beautifully with that old American standby—tomato soup.	**14 As American as Uncle Sam**—piping hot doughnuts. Heat tightly covered in moderate oven for 5 to 8 minutes. Then shake in a paper bag with white sugar—or granulated maple sugar—and cinnamon.	**21-28 Good neighbor touch.** Brazil nuts sliced very thin, peeled orange sections and halves of seeded white grapes combine to make a winter salad that's a masterpiece. Garnish with fluffy mayonnaise.
THU	**1 Batata casserole**—an Indian food that's a real American winner. Top sliced baked sweet potatoes with thin circles of banana, pour maple sirup over all and bake long enough to heat thoroughly and blend flavors.	**8** BRUNCH IN THE WEST *Grapefruit juice* *Steak balls* *Broiled tomatoes* *Brown hominy slices* *Coffee*	**15** GREAT PLAINS SUPPER *Corn-mushroom soup* *Crackers* *Tossed green salad* *Apple pie with cheese* *Coffee*	**22-29 Irish in name,** South American in origin and wonderful like this: Scoop out baked potatoes, fill cases with creamed codfish, cover with the mashed seasoned fluffy spud centers and reheat in oven.
FRI	**2** DOWN EAST SUPPER *Creamed codfish* *Baked potatoes* *Buttered peas* *Cranberry cole slaw* *Berry pie* *Coffee*	**9 Pioneer specialty**—and mighty good today. Mold cooked hominy grits and chill. Slice, flour and then brown in fat till crust is crisp. Serve the slices with sirup—sauteed pineapple or tomatoes on the side.	**16 Corny—but a superb soup.** Mix a No. 1 can of corn (cream style) with a can of condensed mushroom soup and the same amount of milk. Heat thoroughly. Season with just a whiff of curry powder.	**23-30** HOOSIER SUPPER *Potato soup* *Grilled cheese sandwiches* *Apple salad* *Gingerbread, peanut topping*
SAT	**3 Cranberries**—a native American fruit—give verve and color to many dishes. With ball cutter scoop out gems of the canned sauce to use in fruit cups and salads; add a few sliced raw berries to cole slaw.	**10 Modern larders,** like the early Indians', should contain ground maize—corn meal to you. It makes wonderful flapjacks. And corn muffins, with chopped chives added to the batter, are perfect with fish.	**17 New tricks to try** on an old Pilgrim pet—pumpkin pie. Cut leftover pie in small pieces, cover with thin slices of Cheddar cheese. Just before serving, run pie in broiler long enough to melt the cheese.	**24-31 America's gift** to sandwich makers—the lordly peanut—can do a lot for desserts too. Crushed peanut brittle folded into whipped cream is an out-of-this-world gingerbread topping.

HOW TO COOK KIDNEYS

so your family will look delighted—instead of glum—when you serve them this really luscious meat treat for lunch or dinner

BY JULIA BROWN
HOME SERVICE CENTER

BROILED KIDNEYS

Lamb or veal kidneys are right for broiling. Try them for breakfast too—perhaps adding a few strips of bacon with each serving. (Broil the bacon with kidneys during the last 5 minutes of cooking.) This is really a Sunday best!

Lamb: Allow 3 for each serving. Remove skin, cut out hard center with scissors, then cut in half lengthwise. Dip in salad oil or melted butter or margarine, place on rack in preheated broiler, broil *slowly* 12 to 15 minutes, turning once.

Veal: 2 will make three servings. Slice in thirds lengthwise, cut out tough white tissue from center but leave some of the fat. Dip in salad oil or melted butter or margarine, place on rack in preheated broiler and broil *slowly* about 12 minutes, turning once.

CREOLE CASSEROLE

Beef kidneys, 2
Bacon drippings, salad oil or other fat, 2 tablespoons
Salt, 3 teaspoons
Rice, uncooked, 1 cup
Tomatoes, canned, 2 cups
Water, 1½ cups
Green pepper, minced, 2 teaspoons
Onion, minced, ½ cup
Pepper, ¼ teaspoon
Chili powder, ½ teaspoon

Remove outer skin from kidneys and cut out hard fatty tissue. Soak in salted water ½ hour. Drain, slice thin and brown in fat or oil in skillet over moderate heat. Remove from skillet, sprinkle with 1 teaspoon salt; set aside. Add uncooked rice to fat remaining in skillet, stirring until lightly browned. Add remaining 2 teaspoons salt and other ingredients; blend well and pour into casserole (2 quart). Arrange cooked kidneys in layer on top, cover and bake in slow oven 325° about 40 minutes. Makes 6 servings.

VEAL KIDNEYS IN BROWN SAUCE

Veal kidneys, 3
Fat or salad oil, 3 tablespoons
Onion, minced, 2 tablespoons
Flour, 2 tablespoons
Pepper, ¼ teaspoon
Tomato sauce, 8-ounce can
Bouillon cube, 1
Boiling water, ½ cup
Sherry, 2 tablespoons
Parsley, minced, 1 tablespoon
Toast triangles, 12

Remove most of fat from outside and center of kidneys and slice diagonally into ¼-inch slices. Brown lightly in 1 tablespoon fat or oil in skillet over moderate heat. Meanwhile heat remaining fat or oil in saucepan, add onion; cook slowly until soft. Add flour, stir until lightly browned. Remove from heat; stir in pepper, tomato sauce and bouillon cube dissolved in boiling water. Cook over low heat, stirring constantly, until thick and smooth; stir in sherry. Add with parsley to browned kidneys and simmer covered 5 minutes. Serve on toast triangles. Makes 6 servings.

LAMB KIDNEY SAUTÉ

Lamb kidneys, 8
Onion, minced, 2 tablespoons
Butter or fortified margarine, 2 tablespoons
Mushrooms, canned, sliced, ½ cup
Salt, ½ teaspoon
Pepper, ⅛ teaspoon
Parsley, minced, 2 tablespoons
Lemon juice, 1 tablespoon

Remove outer skin from lamb kidneys. Using scissors, cut out hard center. Cook onion in butter or margarine in skillet over low heat until soft. Add kidneys; cook slowly, stirring until lightly browned. Add mushrooms, salt, pepper, parsley and lemon juice; cover. Simmer 10 minutes, stirring occasionally. Serve with mashed potatoes or whole hominy. Makes 4 servings.

Funny That Way

from page 29

Written on a postcard, it was brief and businesslike and completely to the point. "Letter received," it stated. "Salary agreeable. Will arrive Monday morning on 10:02 train. Very truly yours, Dorothy Switzer."

The handwriting was neat and flowing and distinct. Somehow it confirmed Mrs. Hawthorne's original impression of Dorothy Switzer. "I hope," she said anxiously to Mr. Hawthorne, "she doesn't think I'm too young."

"What difference could your age make, Pooch?"

"Well—she might think I was too flighty to work for."

THE rest of the week Mrs. Hawthorne spent in an orgy of house cleaning. She beat rugs, washed and ironed the curtains, polished the silver. On Saturday afternoon she cleaned all the Venetian blinds, not skipping a single slat. Mr. Hawthorne, coming home, found her sitting on the kitchen floor with the last Venetian blind piled before her. Her slacks were spotted with soapy water and there were smudges on her round weary-looking face.

"Listen, Pooch," Mr. Hawthorne said, "the idea in hiring a mai— assistant is that *she* does most of the housework, not you. Why not wait and let her do it?"

"I don't want her thinking she's a better housekeeper than I am," Mrs. Hawthorne said, almost sobbing with fatigue. "I don't want her to think I'm young and flighty."

Although Mr. Hawthorne laughed about her elaborate preparations for the arrival of the paragon, the next morning he put on his best suit and told Mrs. Hawthorne that he was leaving the car so she could drive to the railroad station. "Don't worry, I had the car washed," he said in farewell.

On her way to the station Mrs. Hawthorne rehearsed her speech of welcome. "You must be Dorothy . . . Miss Switzer . . . I hope you will be happy with us . . ." No, that sounded pompous rather than dignified. A simple hello and so-glad-to-meet-you would be better. She would wait until later to tell Dorothy (Miss Switzer?) about the schedule. She had worked it out very efficiently. Eight hours a day, not a moment more, with an hour allowed for lunch. All day Saturday and every other Sunday off. No heavy wash and guests for dinner only once or twice a week.

Nervously, Mrs. Hawthorne watched the train grind to a stop. Passengers poured out but none of them seemed to be looking for anyone—they grabbed up their bags and rushed toward the gate.

The last passenger to leave the day coach was a young girl wearing a light silk dress and a large hat and the fanciest shoes that Mrs. Hawthorne had ever seen. She stopped on the last step and gazed around with the air of a movie star waiting for the photographers. Then she looked directly toward Mrs. Hawthorne, the only person still waiting on the platform.

The girl smiled and waved. "Hi," she said.

Mrs. Hawthorne stared.

The girl stepped down to the platform and came closer. "I'll bet you're Mrs. Hawthorne," she said. "I'm Darleen."

"Darleen?" Mrs. Hawthorne repeated weakly. "I was expecting someone named Dorothy—Dorothy Switzer from Hillenfield, Indiana."

"That's me," the girl said. She smelled of carnation perfume and cinnamon-flavored chewing gum. "My real name's Dorothy. But all the kids call me Darleen. Don't you think it's cute?"

"Oh, yes," Mrs. Hawthorne replied weakly.

"Have a stick of chewing gum?" Darleen asked.

"Not right now, thank you." Mrs. Hawthorne felt helpless. "Do you have your bags? The car is outside, in the parking lot."

Darleen Switzer had, it developed, three suitcases, a paper bag with the remains of the lunch she had eaten on the train, two large stuffed animals and an accordion.

"I couldn't squeeze Daffy and Downy in the suitcases," Darleen explained, picking up the stuffed animals and the lunch bag and leaving Mrs. Hawthorne to stagger along with the suitcases and the accordion.

She settled herself in the front seat and watched Mrs. Hawthorne push the suitcases into the trunk. "I'm so excited, I feel like I've got the quinsy," she said. "I've never been to a big city before. How many movies do they have here? When your aunt talked to me about coming I got excited right away. She told me all about you. I didn't," she said, smiling happily, "expect you to be so good-looking, though. You look just like a movie star."

Mrs. Hawthorne tried to repress a faint glow. "I expected you to be different too," she said with great sincerity.

DURING the ride back to the house Darleen kept up a constant flow of chatter. She exclaimed over the business section of town, hung out the window to admire the tall buildings and uttered shrill little yelps of alarm when the traffic grew heavy.

"When I get excited I let a person know it," she explained. "I'm funny that way."

She really was, Mrs. Hawthorne noticed, a very pretty girl. She had glossy hair waving down to her shoulders and a rosebud mouth. Her eyes were dark, widened with interest, and her cheeks flushed.

"How old are you, Darleen?" Mrs. Hawthorne asked. [*continued on page 80*]

"There'll be a nickel more when I go next door and return the bottle!"

A LOCKHEED EQUIPMENT CENTER FEATURE

FLICK A SWITCH

BY ELIZABETH BEVERIDGE
HOME EQUIPMENT EDITOR

A heat lamp speeds hair drying. Screw the bulb into any convenient lighting fixture or into this handy adaptable one. You can also use the lamp for warming up a cold car motor on a frosty morning.

No time to relax under your sun lamp? This one screws into a regular light socket in bathroom, lets you absorb your ultra-violet as you pin your curls or do your nylons. Man of the house gets his shaving.

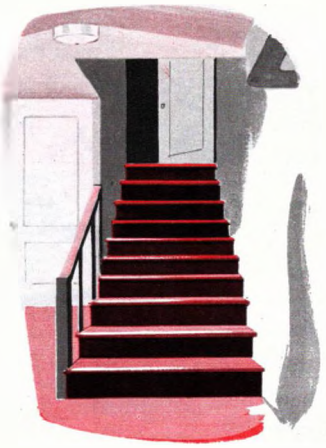
The germicidal lamp has proved its worth as a germ killer in hospitals, schools and industry. In the home it can virtually rid the nursery of cold germs or it can be used to keep the baby's dishes sterile.

Good light at the sink insures safety as well as working ease. Wherever sharp knives and tools are used there should be shadowless light. Mixers and clothes washers both must be well lighted too.

Here's light enough to guide you but not enough to disturb baby. It comes from a walnut-sized plug-in lamp at base-board. This and other night lights cost little to buy and next to nothing to use.

Industry knows the value of good light on power tools to prevent accidents. The home workshop needs good light too for fun and safety. Fluorescent lamps flood whole bench with diffused light.

Soothing heat for weary aching muscles or joints is supplied by the heat lamp too. This special fixture gives double service; it carries a heat lamp in one end of the pivoted cylinder, a sun lamp in the other.



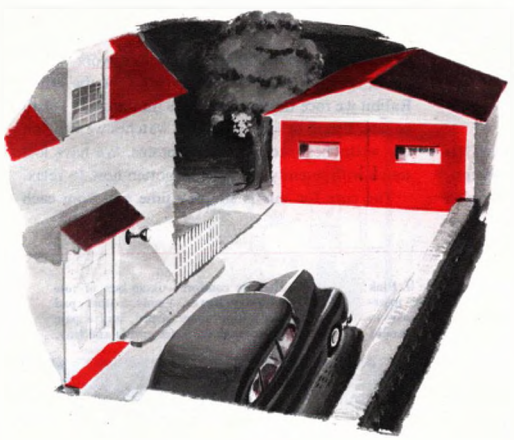
Don't risk a fall on dark or badly lighted cellar stairs. The light should hug the ceiling, illuminate all the steps and be correctly shielded so it can never blind a person by shining directly into the eyes.

Maybe you like your friends to drop in but don't let them stumble in for lack of light on the front steps! Be sure to light tricky steps extra well. It helps people find your number, discourages snoopers.

• Aladdin had only to rub his lamp and his dearest wish came true. Did you ever stop to think that modern science has put into your hands gifts almost as fabulous? Today you can give your family light for safety, sunshine at midnight, freedom from germs—all at the flick of a switch!

DRAWINGS BY DORRIS AND FRED WRIGHT

There's less chance of his cutting himself when shaving if his face is well lighted. The circular fluorescent lamp lights the whole face at once, or two good side lamps will dispel most of the shadows.



Light your way from back door to garage with a projector lamp mounted near the back door. Such a light, if it can be turned on from inside the house, is a very unpleasant surprise to nighttime prowlers.

Sunbathing is sheer luxury when you can take it right in bed. This fixture is attached to the bed and stays down under between uses. When you are ready for it you simply swing it up into place.

TIME OUT

A place to get away from it all. Clear clean colors—cherry red, shell pink, warm green—team with the Viking modern oak furniture designed by Harold M. Schwartz, in the bedroom above. The slanting headboard makes for comfortable reading in bed, so does the fluorescent light above it. A convenient arm in the bedside table swings out for writing, reading or serving. Soft percale sheets embroidered with merry pink roses, fluffy green blanket give you that wonderful cozy pampered feeling.

In a tumultuous world everyone needs an oasis, a safe harbor that will soothe his nerves and calm his spirit. Your bedroom and your bath can do just that for you if they're properly planned.

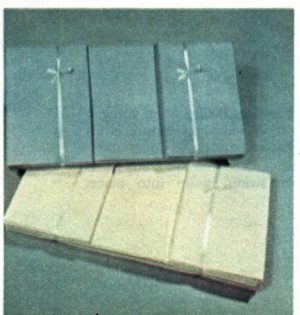
Most of us are running at a hectic pace today. To the business of everyday living—cleaning the house, cooking the food, supervising the children—we've added new responsibilities: volunteer work of all kinds, charities at home and abroad. Like the White Rabbit we race through our days muttering, "I shall be late, I shall be late," until the watches we wear on our wrists begin to tick in our brains. We have lost touch with serenity, we have forgotten how to relax.

The cure for this is simple—time out from each

Luxury in your Bedroom

A wonderful thing, the electronic blanket. Set switch on control cabinet for desired warmth, blanket will maintain that temperature all night long.

Good news—colored sheets are with us again. Here are two of them, delicate yellow with white embroidered scallops, sky blue with plain hem.



Pure luxury—and you'll love it. Pink crepe blanket-cover with lace insertion, matching pillowcase. Easy to make if you're handy with a needle.

Bedside comfort—tissue box of tole with ivy leaves, handy leather pad for jotting notes in bed, and a pale green vacuum water carafe and tray.

FOR REST

COLOR PHOTOGRAPHS BY GRAY-O'REILLY

day to pamper yourself with a little pure honest-to-goodness comfort. This may mean half an hour alone in your room with a favorite book. It may mean luxuriating for ten minutes in a warm tub with your favorite soaps and lotions handy. It may mean a brief cat nap followed by the luxury of a cup of tea in bed—even if you make it for yourself and serve it to yourself. It can mean anything that fits into your individual schedule, gives you a chance to be alone, to lead a private life in your own home for just a few minutes each day. Make bedroom and bath charming and you'll find it acts like balm to the nerves.

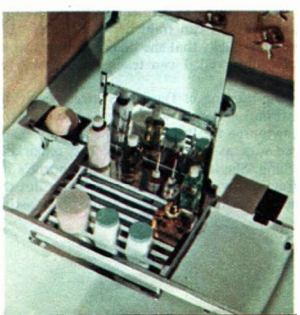
BY HARRIET BURKET
INTERIOR DESIGN EDITOR

For blessed relaxation. The bathroom above is rich in color, rich in comfort. Floor is dark green linoleum. The wall above the pink tiles is painted sea green to match the towels, oxford, with their bright chintz rose appliqué. On the floor, red cotton rug. At the windows, embroidered organdy curtains, beruffled and beribboned, over a white shade, red rose stenciled on. Taffeta shower curtain is pink and white Somerset stripe, spacious hamper is outlined in red. Charm scale helps keep you in trim.

Comfort in your Bath

Pretties for your bathroom—linen guest towels in pastels, dressed up with embroidered flowers, monograms, drawn threads, designs in applique.

Fabulous bathtub rack, holds lotions, creams, soaps, has convenient mirror, and even rack for propping up book in case you like to read in your tub.



Good morale builders—jumbo bottles for your favorite colognes, cosmetic box with pansies; designs by Frances Martin. Home Manicure Tray.

To turn you into a pampered pet—Shocking bath essence, eau de cologne, skin freshener, dusting powder, soap. Lucite bath and nail brushes.

Darleen gave her a quick sidelong glance. The flush on her cheeks grew deeper. "Eighteen," she said. And then she added in a frightened rush, "I told your aunt I was going on twenty-one. I had my heart set on coming and I was afraid she'd think I was just a kid. You don't mind, do you?"

Mrs. Hawthorne reached over and patted her hand. "Of course not," she said. "I think it's nice." It really was, she thought to herself now that she had recovered from the shock. Her first image of Dorothy Switzer faded from her mind. Someone like that would have been sour and sullen undoubtedly, intent on doing things her own way. Darleen would be a cheery addition to the house.

Mrs. Hawthorne was touched and flattered by Darleen's reaction to her room. She gazed at the striped curtains, the ruffled bedspread and the white rug with awe. "Golly day," she whispered. "I never had a whole room to myself before."

Mrs. Hawthorne patted her hand again. "I'm so glad you like it," she said warmly. "I—" The telephone rang downstairs. She ran to answer it.

"Well?" she heard Mr. Hawthorne ask. "Did she come? Was she what you expected?"

Mrs. Hawthorne decided that an explanation would be too complicated. "She wants to be called Darleen, not Dorothy," she said and let it go at that.

Darleen spent the afternoon unpacking; Mrs. Hawthorne spent the afternoon enjoying the knowledge that she would not have to prepare dinner. She had taken Darleen into the kitchen and explained where everything was.

Darleen had nodded competently when Mrs. Hawthorne outlined the evening's menu. And when she said, "I think I'll fix you up a real fancy dessert tonight. I love to bake. I'm funny that way," Mrs. Hawthorne began thinking of Austrian pastries again. She went out into the garden to pick a bouquet for the table and listened to the clattering from the kitchen with as much appreciation as if it had been a symphony.

MR. HAWTHORNE was late for dinner. He rushed upstairs to wash and then seated himself at the head of the table and assumed a look of dignified friendliness.

Darleen kicked the kitchen door open and entered the dining-room bearing a steaming platter. She set the platter down and gave him her brightest smile. Her hand moved through the air in a wide slow arc.

"Hi," she said.

Mr. Hawthorne gaped. "Hi," he said.

Mrs. Hawthorne waited impatiently until the door had swung behind Darleen.

"Sort of young, isn't she?" Mr. Hawthorne whispered. He looked very vague.

"I'm glad she is," Mrs. Hawthorne whispered back loyally. "She's such a cheerful little thing and she's a won—"

She had started to say "wonderful cook." But she tasted the meat first.

It *was* meat—a rib roast in fact. She knew that because she had bought it. There were few other indications of its identity. It lay on the plate gray and flabby and tasted like something washed up by the tide.

Mr. Hawthorne had tasted the meat too.

"Vegetables, Pooch?" he inquired politely, avoiding her eyes.

The vegetables were black with pepper, stiff and dry. Mrs. Hawthorne turned with faint hope to the salad. Her first bite brought back vivid memories of that day in her childhood when she had on a dare chewed and swallowed a green tobacco leaf.

Hypnotized by the starry look in Darleen's eyes as she raced back and forth from the kitchen Mr. and Mrs. Hawthorne ate all of the substance on their plates. They drank a great deal of water. They talked with enthusiasm and smiled often but their eyes remained fixed on their napkins.

Darleen announced the arrival of dessert by an unusually energetic kicking-open of the kitchen door. She set down the plates, wiped her forehead and sighed happily.

"Well, there it is!" she announced. "Something real special for our first dinner."

It could be a pie, Mrs. Hawthorne thought. But there seemed to be an unusual amount of pastry for a pie, arranged in a most unusual way. The crust on top was slit in the middle and the gap seemed to stare up at her like a malevolent resentful eye. She repressed a shudder and picked up her fork. It can't, she thought with desperation, be as bad as it looks.

It was. She did not dare look at her husband.

WHEN their chairs scraped back, Darleen burst in from the kitchen again. "Now you folks just go right on out and set down somewhere," she cried gaily. "I'll have these dishes done up in a whiz-bang." Mr. and Mrs. Hawthorne rushed to evacuate the dining-room before she could ask them how the dinner had been. They sank down in their favorite living-room chairs and finally their glances met.

"If you say a word," Mrs. Hawthorne said, "just *one* word, I'll cry."

Mr. Hawthorne's mouth opened, then closed. He did not even move to turn on a light as the room grew dark. From the kitchen they could hear bangs and clatters, interspersed with an occasional crash. Mr. Hawthorne peered through the darkness and watched the expression on Mrs. Hawthorne's face change from bewilderment to worry to sternness.

When she spoke again she sounded resolute. "I'm going in and have a talk with Darleen," she said.

Mr. Hawthorne sat still for a moment after she left, drumming his fingers on the arm of the chair. Then he rose, walked cautiously into the dining-room and leaned against the door to listen.

"Darleen," he heard Mrs. Hawthorne say in an introductory tone. "About dinner tonight—"

"Oh, it wasn't much trouble," Darleen interrupted. "Nothing's too much trouble for me when I like folks. I'm funny that way. And say, your husband is sure cute. Ever think who he looks like? I kept trying to decide, all the time I was doing dishes, and I finally said—Tyrone Power. He looks just exactly like Tyrone Power. Ever notice that?"

Mrs. Hawthorne's voice came more slowly. "Well, I—"

"I don't mind saying it right out," Darleen continued fervently. "I'm just thrilled to pieces. You two are the cutest couple!"

Mr. Hawthorne moved silently into the hall and waited.

"I hope you weren't too rough on the kid," he told Mrs. Hawthorne when she emerged from the kitchen. "After all, she's awfully willing."

Mrs. Hawthorne seemed greatly relieved by his words. "I can train her," she said. "It's probably lucky that she doesn't know how to cook very well. I can teach her my way of doing things."

The training of Darleen Switzer began the next morning. Two weeks elapsed before Mrs. Hawthorne finally gave up the attempt. Darleen was, as Mr. Hawthorne had remarked, willing. She listened to Mrs. Hawthorne's instructions with wide-open eager eyes. But the meats continued to appear at the table tasting as if they had been flogged to death, the vegetables stiffly enameled with grease and pepper, the pastries weird in taste and design.

Mrs. Hawthorne tried to be firm but tactful. "Darleen, I know it must seem like a lot of work, but if you'll watch the oven temperature when the roast—"

"Work!" Darleen exclaimed in her sweetly shrill voice. "I could work all day and all night. I'm funny that way."

Darleen was funny other ways. She loved to sing and her choice of song was given a morbid flavor by the work she was engaged in at the time. At almost any hour of the morning Mrs. Hawthorne was apt to hear Darleen's uplifted voice, resolutely cheerful, reminding the neighborhood at large that:

"The worms crawl in, the worms crawl out,
The worms crawl innnn and oooout your mouth . . .
Did you ever think when a hearse goes by
That you yourself someday will die?"

Her song repertoire was limited but she sang constantly while she worked, if work was the correct term for her unavailing flurry. After two weeks of her ministrations the rugs and slip covers had broken out in a rash of spots. The once crisp curtains hung at the windows with a strained desperate tightness and dust covered the furniture like velvet cloth. Darleen could lay claim, with justice, to only one efficient touch. Deliveries began to arrive at the Hawthorne house with amazing speed once the delivery boys were greeted hospitably by Darleen at the kitchen door. They did not leave with the same spirit. Darleen served them iced coffee and, if it were near mealtime, sandwiches. She had a social cup of coffee with them herself—to make them feel right at home. By the end of those first two weeks it was amazing how much at home LeRoy (Saunder's Super Market), Eddie (Jason's Cleaning and Pressing Service) and Walter (McCauley's Embassy Dairy) felt.

DARLEEN had been with the Hawthorne's two months to the day when Mr. Hawthorne arrived home early, announcing his mood by slamming the car door, the kitchen door and the door into the upstairs hall. Darleen was downtown enjoying her day off by seeing two double feature movies with Walter (McCauley's Embassy Dairy) Meers. Mrs. Hawthorne had spent the day battling the sinister effects of Darleen's housekeeping. Mr. Hawthorne found her scrubbing the bathroom floor.

"Lulu!" Mr. Hawthorne said explosively. "This can't go on!" He sat down precariously on the edge of the tub and glared at his wife. "Do you know what Darleen did today?"

Mrs. Hawthorne indicated that she did not.

Mr. Hawthorne's face was red. "Jack Daly called up here, he wanted me to play golf with him. Darleen answered the phone. 'Oh, you mean Pet!' she said. 'Pet isn't here. He's down at his office.'"

"Well?" More was required to impress Mrs. Hawthorne.

His face grew a deeper red and his voice swelled. "I'll never live it down, that's what! Jack called me up and spent a half hour calling me Pet. He'll tell everybody. I will probably," Mr. Hawthorne concluded, "have to leave town."

"Don't be silly." Mrs. Hawthorne took a final swipe at the floor and sat back. She gazed at Mr. Hawthorne with a dreamy distant look in her eyes. "This morning," she said, "Darleen said that Walter was going to bring his ukulele with him the next time he delivers the milk. They are planning to play some duets. Darleen has already brought down her accordion."

Mr. Hawthorne teetered dangerously on the edge of the tub. When he recovered his balance he said in a newly calm tone, "Something has got to be done. We're both dying of malnutrition. And you're wearing yourself into

Funny That Way

from page 75

My Kingdom for a House

(P. S., a small one!)

At twenty I longed for a mansion,
With drawing-room classic in splendor;
With terrace and park, where shy deer
at dark,
Would nibble the foliage tender.

At fifty my dream is a dwelling,
So simple and cozy and small
Just kitchen and bedroom, with just
enough head-room
To eat and to sleep and that's all!

FRANCIS WHITING HATCH

a shadow trying to clean up after *she* cleans up. Lulu, you'll just have to fire Darleen."

"She tries so hard—" Mrs. Hawthorne began feebly.

"Tonight," Mr. Hawthorne said. "As soon as she gets back from town."

"All right," Mrs. Hawthorne sighed. "I suppose I'll have to."

Her strength of purpose steeled by the discovery of a broken teapot, Mrs. Hawthorne waited grimly for Darleen's return. Kind but businesslike, that was the proper note. "Darleen," she would say, "our arrangement doesn't seem to have worked out well for either of us." She might even add something about Darleen's considering another type of work. Ten years of experience would not be enough to subdue her exuberant approach to cooking and housework.

She waited until she heard noises, indicating that Darleen was again in the kitchen choking the life out of the evening's supper. Then Mrs. Hawthorne sighed, bit her lip and went down the stairs.

"Darleen," she said, "I'd like to talk to you."

DARLEEN whirled around at the sound of Mrs. Hawthorne's voice. Her smile was radiant.

"Oh, I had the most *wonderful* time today!" she cried.

"I'm so glad," Mrs. Hawthorne said. "But I'd like to talk to you about—"

"We went to the movies," Darleen continued breathlessly, "and the movie house was big as a hotel, with stars and clouds floating over the ceiling. And before we came back Walter took me to a place where they play violin music and we had fudge sundaes." She paused for breath. Her eyes were shining.

"Oh, I can't believe I'm this lucky!" she said. "Living in a big city and knowing such swell fellows and having such a swell job!"

She hugged Mrs. Hawthorne tightly and then sank down on the kitchen stool and looked up at her with those wide ecstatic eyes.

"Try to have dinner ready about seven, Darleen," Mrs. Hawthorne said in a strangled voice and fled upstairs.

Mr. Hawthorne was waiting for her in the bedroom.

"Well?"

"I can't do it!" Mrs. Hawthorne said frantically. "I can't fire her!" She burst into tears.

Mr. Hawthorne rose. "Then I will," he said. "I'll go down and tell her."

Mrs. Hawthorne sat and sniffled, remembering the glow in Darleen's eyes. Mr. Hawthorne's steps, mounting the stairs again, sounded heavy and final.

"Well?"

Mr. Hawthorne did not reply. She waited a moment and then she said, "It's nice that Darleen is having such a good time, anyway."

"I'll do it yet," Mr. Hawthorne said. "I couldn't today, when she was so excited. But tomorrow I will." But his voice was the voice of a man who is defeated and knows it.

Neither of them said anything more about firing Darleen. They began to live like guests in a poorly run boardinghouse, inventing excuses to stay away. Mr. Hawthorne worked on his golf game with a fervor which surprised all his friends; Mrs. Hawthorne joined clubs which met in the afternoon, and began to learn bridge. They celebrated every possible occasion by eating out.

"I never saw the beat of you two for running around," Darleen said. "But if there's anything I like it's seeing folks enjoy themselves. I'm funny that way. I'd get real lonesome when you go out, though, if Walter wasn't so nice about keeping me company."

Mr. and Mrs. Hawthorne looked at each other with a new wild hope.

"Darleen's such a sweet child," Mrs. Hawthorne told her husband. "Do you suppose he might be—ah—serious about Darleen? Thinking of—ah—marriage, perhaps?"

"Maybe," Mr. Hawthorne muttered like a man afraid to hope.

They watched the progress of Walter's courtship eagerly. They even began to enjoy the duets Walter and Darleen played every night. "Music is so romantic," Mrs. Hawthorne said as the assortment of thumps and squeaks roared out from the kitchen. She reported daily to Mr. Hawthorne: Walter had brought Darleen a gardenia . . . he was taking her to the dance at the Odd Fellow's hall . . . he had given her a bracelet. They suffered when they saw Darleen going out with LeRoy (Saunder's Super Market), or Eddie (Jason's Cleaning and Pressing Service).

"Walter is such a nice-looking boy," Mrs. Hawthorne said to Darleen tactfully. "So much nicer looking than LeRoy or Eddie."

"Oh, Walter's a character all right," Darleen replied flirtatiously. "But have you seen that super car LeRoy bought?"

Mrs. Hawthorne repressed a feeling of fear.

Hope rose again when Walter bought a car and his evening visits became longer and more frequent. He came at seven o'clock and waited in the kitchen while Darleen served dinner.

One night Walter appeared earlier than usual, wearing a new suit and a strained anxious expression. Mrs. Hawthorne was so excited that she ate all the stew before her.

"I think maybe tonight—Walter looked awfully nervous when he came," she whispered to Mr. Hawthorne.

Mr. Hawthorne raised his eyebrows. "You really think he might—"

"Maybe so."

Like detectives in plain clothes they tried to keep up a normal dinnertime conversation as they observed Darleen's abrupt entrances and exits. She looked preoccupied and nervous. From the kitchen they could hear the muffled murmuring of whispering voices.

Mrs. Hawthorne realized that she was holding her breath. "If there were only something I could *do*," she said.

"Just pray," Mr. Hawthorne said.

The voices from the kitchen rose to a louder pitch, then fell silent. There was a long hush. Then they heard chairs scrape across the floor and another silence.

"Oh, darling—" Mrs. Hawthorne was beginning, with a great gush of hope, when she was interrupted by the slamming of the kitchen door. Walter's car sputtered down the driveway. And Darleen ran upstairs, crying.

Mr. and Mrs. Hawthorne sat quite still at the dining-room table. Mrs. Hawthorne stared down at her dessert plate. It was pie again, with that same wide slit in the middle staring up at her like an evil leering eye. Years and years of this food, she thought wearily. Years loud with Darleen's serenades. Mrs. Hawthorne felt too tired to move.

DARLEEN came back down the stairs slowly. Her face was pale and her eyelids looked damp. She came into the dining-room and faced Mr. and Mrs. Hawthorne.

"I guess I ought to tell you," she said mournfully. "I'm going to marry Walter. I love him," she said and burst into tears.

After their congratulations had become coherent Mr. and Mrs. Hawthorne seated Darleen in the most comfortable chair; Mr. Hawthorne ran for a glass of water, and Mrs. Hawthorne gave her a handkerchief.

"I do love him," Darleen wailed. "But I just hate to leave you folks, after all you've done for me. I guess I'm just funny that way."

"You mustn't cry, you must be happy," Mrs. Hawthorne said anxiously. "Don't give us a thought. What made Walter rush off like that?"

Darleen was brightening slowly. "He couldn't wait to tell his family," she said. "He'll be right back."

When Walter returned he found an impromptu party in progress. "They sure are being swell about it," Darleen announced.

Mr. and Mrs. Hawthorne looked modest under her praise. "We only hope that you'll both be very happy," Mrs. Hawthorne said.

Mr. Hawthorne clapped Walter on the shoulder. "You're getting a fine little girl," he said, "and I hope you'll appreciate her. Remember, it's the little things that count. Buy her flowers after you're married. Pay her compliments. And don't let her work herself to death around the house. As often as you can, Walter—take her out to dinner."

[THE END]

HERE'S YOUR TAILORED DRESS

MINX MODES

Longing for spring? Then wear this navy and white checked two-piece wool dress with wide-swinging skirt and touches of white pique. About $20.00.

Look, it's here! A new version of the classic one-piece rayon gabardine dress has wide collar and cuffs and skirt flaring from the hips. About $17.00.

BEDFORD

As waistlines slim, as skirts swing out, there's a return to the tailored dress.

• You'll wear it in pretty much the way you wear a suit—under your winter coat while the snow flies, on its own when spring sunshine warms the city pavements. And you'll wear it in suit colors—blacks, navies, neutrals, dusty pastels

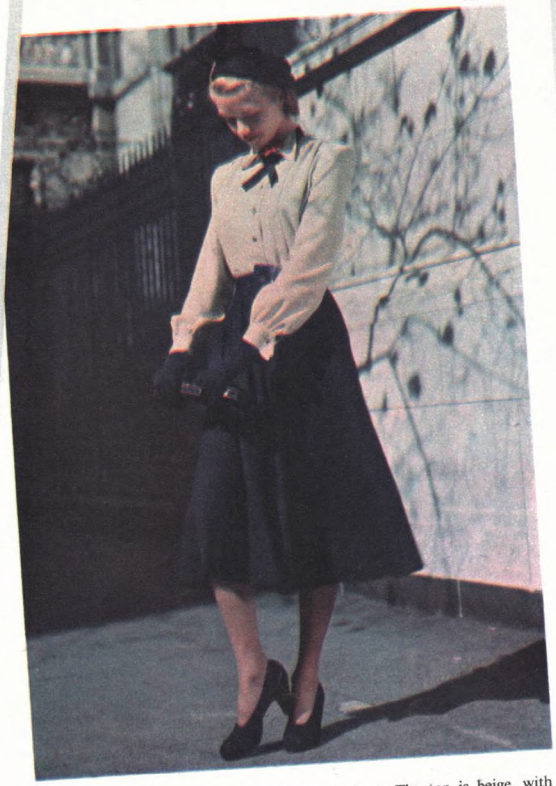
BY MARY-ALICE HAMORY

YELLOW HAT, JOHN FREDERICS, JR. ALL OTHERS BY HEYMAN
JEWELRY BY HOWARD DEMARIST
GLOVES BY DAWNELLE
SHOES BY JOHANSEN
BAGS BY HARAY

JUNARD OF DALLAS

Tired of your dark clothes? Why not change to this one-piece beige rayon gabardine dress with its little collar and gathered full skirt? About $20.00.

BEDFORD



It's the shirtwaist look in a one-piece wool dress. The top is beige, with a leather belt nipping in your slightly flared black skirt. About $23.00.

For you who are partial to slim skirts here is a one-piece dusty-pink wool dress with stitched bodice and buttons down the front. About $18.00.

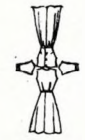
BEDFORD

COLOR PHOTOGRAPHS BY GEOFFREY MORRIS

Starched white collar and cuffs put the hallmark of spring on navy-blue rayon crepe. Double row of silver buttons marks the closing. About $25.00.

ARKAY

4417 • A sheer wool for spring has fresh white piqué collar and cuffs. Quick and Easy pattern. Sizes, 12 to 20. Size 14 takes 2½ yards of 54-inch fabric, ⅝ yard of 35-inch fabric for contrast. Price, 50 cents. Wool by Deering Milliken.



4417

A good basic dress is a girl's best friend—and with lots of accessories you can change its appearance to suit the occasion. Here are three simple dresses that are "Quick-and-Easies"

ONE GOOD DRESS

4424 • Two-piece suit with a little collar and short jacket. Sizes, 12 to 20. Size 14 takes 3⅛ yards of 54-inch fabric, 1⅝ yards of 39-inch fabric for lining. Price, 50 cents. Make it in one of John Walther's pastel tweeds.

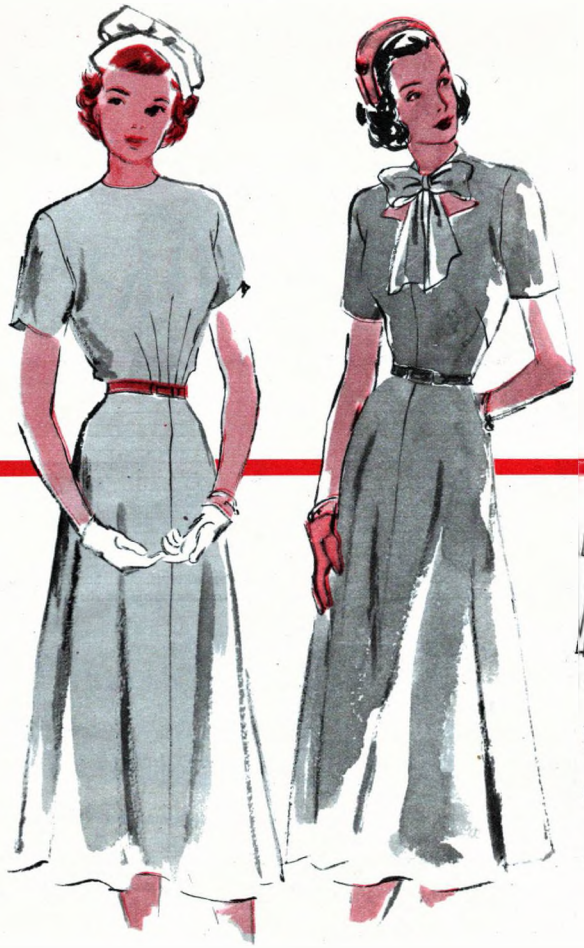
ONE GOOD SUIT

A simple suit with clean-cut lines will have a long life in any wardrobe. It will be your constant companion from morning till night and it mixes well with the blouses we've chosen too

4424

PATTERNS

BY ELEANORE MERRITT



4418

4349

4418 • A Quick and Easy dress with a young look about it because of its high round neck, short sleeves and a full circular skirt. Sizes, 12 to 20. Size 14 requires 3⅜ yards 39-inch fabric. Price, 50 cents.

4349 • Quick and Easy dress with a soft bow at the neck. Tie it front or back to suit yourself. Sizes, 12 to 20. Size 14 takes 3 yards 50-inch fabric or 3⅞ yards 39-inch fabric. Price, 50 cents.

4392 • Short bolero. Sizes, 12 to 20. Size 14 takes 1⅛ yards 54-inch fabric, 1½ yards 39-inch fabric for contrast and lining. Price, 35 cents.

4235 • Straight-line skirt. Sizes, 24 to 36 waist. Size 26 waist requires 1¼ yards 54-inch material. Price, 25 cents. Both are Quick and Easy patterns.

4388

4402

4235

4392

4388 • Cap-sleeve blouse to wear with a suit or a skirt. It buttons down the front and ties with a bow. Quick and Easy pattern. Sizes, 12 to 20. Size 14 takes 1⅜ yards 39-inch fabric. Price, 35 cents.

4402 • Quick and Easy short-sleeved blouse with dressmaker details looks pretty for daytime and afternoon wear. Sizes, 12 to 20. Size 14 requires 1⅛ yards 39-inch material. Price, 35 cents.

HATS BY BETMAR
SHOES BY VALLEY
DRAWINGS BY HILDA SLADDEN
PHOTOGRAPHS BY PAUL D'ORS

Butterick patterns at local dealers or Woman's Home Companion, P. 8, Service Bureau, 250 Park Avenue, New York City 17.

48 STEPS TO GOOD LOOKS

BY HAZEL RAWSON CADES
GOOD LOOKS EDITOR

Decide you're better-looking than you thought you were. Make up your mind you *can* be better-looking than you think you are. Then do something about it! Every little bit helps

1. Take a really good look at yourself. Are you up-to-date for '48? Makeup soft and feminine? Hairdo small and neat? Figure to fit the new clothes?
2. An easy way to give your hairdo a new style slant is to change the part and a part on the slant is often a good bet.
3. Smooth lip-brush technique. Start at corner of mouth and roll brush slightly in fingers as you come up to center.
4. Pull yourself together. Contract muscles in buttocks and abdomen. Lift yourself up from hip sockets to lengthen midriff.
5. Quick trick. Cleanse face with cream on pad of cotton dampened with freshening lotion. Use reverse side of pad for second going-over.

6. Rouge should *glow*, not *show*. Choose a rouge without too great color intensity. Apply sparingly.
7. Don't forget that a deodorant is not only a social obligation but can also save you money on dry-cleaning.
8. Rule for gray hair: neat, sweet and short enough for good management. Soft flat waves preferable to tight curls.
9. Cuticle crack in cold weather? Try soaking in warm oil.
10. Tense and tired? Let head flop forward and roll loosely in a backward circle. Eases up on nerves at back of neck.
11. Winter's a good time to try those powder bases for dry skins.
12. Inexpensive way to improve the shape of your mouth: smile!
13. If facial hair is soft fuzz use a mild bleach. For safe permanent removal of bothersome hair—electrolysis. Consult your nearest large hospital or county medical society for name of expert. *Never* have hair removed by X-ray or radium.

14. The right eyeglasses do not cut down eye-appeal—really make the eyes look larger. Be sure rims do not hide brows.
15. Don't get stuck. Before recapping liquid polish, wipe the neck of the bottle with cotton and polish remover.
16. "Fiddling" with your hair can muss up a fine hairdo.
17. To insure a younger-looking face, don't skimp on sleep.
18. Have trouble getting to sleep? Try stretching—heels way down toward footboard, head as far up as it will go. Relaxing!

19. To play up eyes, play *down* mouth with a lighter lipstick.
20. Keep chin up to discourage sagging. Or try a chin strap.
21. "Elbow-length" creaming or lotioning is smart in winter.
22. If you have whiteheads, try gentle friction with complexion brush or washcloth. Never open with needle.
23. Tie scarf over head to protect hairdo when you put on dress.
24. A magnifying mirror is a big help when you put on lipstick.

25. Save those squeezed lemons. Useful for hand bleaching.
26. To avoid stocking snags, keep toenails filed smooth.
27. Does your lipstick "bleed"? Blot, dust lightly with powder, reapply lipstick and blot again.
28. Careful! Perfume spilled on polished fingernails is apt to blur the shine.
29. Eyes tired from close work? Glance away every once in a while to change focus.
30. Tweezing eyebrows doesn't hurt so much if you pull skin tight with fingers. Touch spot with alcohol for safety's sake.
31. Hands cramped? Spread fingers wide, stretch and let flop.

32. For untidy wisps and hair straggles, try a little pomade.
33. Figure your hair-growing rate and de-fuzz legs on schedule.
34. Don't wear a difficult shade too near your face. Cast it for bit parts in your costume, such as a bag or gloves.
35. After-the-bath waist exercise. Hold towel (taut) by each end and seesaw it across buttocks. As your hands move right, push out your left hip and vice versa.
36. If skin feels tight and drawn after washing maybe you're not rinsing completely and drying thoroughly.
37. The new light rosy shades in makeup flatter the older face.
38. Combination pedicure and bath: file nails, remove polish, apply cuticle softener. Pop into tub. Finish bath by scrubbing feet and nails with brush and using orangewood stick.

39. Ever try a cleansing meal mask for a quick complexion pickup?
40. Don't overdo eyebrow-thinning. Remove straggles. Keep space over nose clear. Inner ends of brows should line up with corners of eyes.
41. Oily skin and blackhead campaign: cleanse thoroughly at least twice a day with soap and water. Use a drying preparation. Sunshine helps too.
42. To get in and out of your chair more gracefully, keep one foot a little ahead of the other.
43. Flat up-curved earrings "lift" a face; pearls light it up.

44. Economy note: Use a bath mitt with pocket for scraps of soap.
45. Feet tired? Up on your toes for a run around your room.
46. Women have discovered that the new detergent laundry flakes make a luxuriantly foaming bubble bath.
47. To save polish open bobby pins with flat of thumb, not nail tip.
48. And won't you please encourage our pet campaign against lending or borrowing lipsticks, powder puffs and combs?

DRAWINGS BY RUTH WOODS

FRIENDS WONDERED . . . when John—a confirmed bachelor—first dated Irene. She might have been pretty—except for her dull, stringy, unmanageable hair. But at a theatre party, he asked her casually, "How about dinner tomorrow night?"

IRENE GETS BUSY . . . Next afternoon she consulted a famous hairdresser. "Let me give you a Lustre-Creme shampoo," he said, "to bring out your long-abused hair-loveliness. Lustre-Creme is *not* a soap . . . *not* a liquid . . . but a dainty new *cream* shampoo that lathers luxuriously. Kay Daumit's way to glamorize dull, unruly hair, give it new *three-way* loveliness."

"USE IT AT HOME" . . . the hairdresser urged. "Lustre-Creme Shampoo gives hair this three-way loveliness: (1) Makes it fragrantly clean . . . free of all dust and loose dandruff; (2) highlights every hair strand with a lovely glistening sheen; (3) leaves your entire head of hair soft, pliable, easy-to-manage. Its instant, billowy lather is a rare blend of secret ingredients—plus gentle lanolin, akin to the natural oils in a healthy scalp."

Confirmed Bachelor finds his DREAM GIRL a lovely "LUSTRE-CREME" GIRL

THAT NIGHT . . . John met a new lovelier, dazzling Irene . . . her hair gleaming, *alluring*. His eyes drank in its soft, burnished beauty; he thrilled to its very touch as they danced. The "confirmed bachelor" finally found his "Dream Girl" . . . in a "Lustre-Creme" girl! (And he discovered, too . . . through Irene's praises of Lustre-Creme Shampoo . . . the way to keep *his own hair* clean, sleek and well groomed.)

WEDDING BELLS . . . at long last rang out for the elusive John! His friends were astonished—but Irene knew the answer! Lustre-Creme Shampoo, with its rare blend of secret ingredients plus gentle lanolin, had changed the dull, drab appearance of her hair to soft, shimmering loveliness. The wise hairdresser got a wedding invitation with a special card from the happy bride, reading, "Thanks to you, Dan Cupid, and Lustre-Creme Shampoo."

YOU, TOO . . . can have soft, glamorous "Dream Girl" hair with this new, magical Lustre-Creme Shampoo. So easy to use at home. Lathers lavishly, instantly, in hard or soft water. (*No special rinse needed.*) Just a single Lustre-Creme shampoo will amaze you with its "three-way loveliness" results. Your hair is sweetly clean . . . gorgeous in its sheen . . . so soft, so easy to manage and lovely to caress. Try it! 4 ounce jar $1.00. Also 30¢ and 55¢ sizes, at all cosmetic counters.

Kay Daumit, Inc. (Successor), 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Guard Your Husband's Heart

from page 37

he had heart trouble. He was afraid to see a doctor and have his fears confirmed because, like most men, he believed mistakenly that heart trouble meant certain—perhaps immediate—death.

One Sunday afternoon several months ago he was indulging in that favorite but pernicious American pastime—strenuous exercise topping a big dinner. As he vigorously pushed a handmower over his front lawn he felt once more the pain which he liked to believe was caused by a "touch of indigestion."

The pain became so acute by late afternoon that he finally had to tell his wife about it. She called a doctor, who diagnosed a serious coronary condition. If he had not put off a medical examination because he feared a diagnosis of heart disease or if his wife had recognized telltale warning signals, his doctor might have advised him how to live within the limits of his heart reserve and avoid physical activities which would overtax his heart.

Women should not wait for danger signals before taking action. Every man above the age of forty—women above fifty—should have a comprehensive physical examination complete with electrocardiogram and X-ray or fluoroscopic study of his heart and lungs every two to five years.

Every day hundreds of vigorous successful men in their forties and fifties are struck down by coronary thrombosis or angina pectoris at the very peak of their usefulness. These are often the men who work too hard and too long in their offices.

Every year thousands of mothers who will sacrifice anything to maintain the health and well-being of their families foolishly sacrifice their own health. They work too hard and worry too much. Like the men they refuse to heed their heart's warnings.

But there is hope even for these men and women who are so spendthrift of their health. Almost everyone has a second chance. The encouraging medical fact is that eighty per cent recover from a first attack of coronary thrombosis. The heart is a strong organ with a great capacity for comeback. Even after a serious attack men and women can live as useful and productive citizens another five, ten and sometimes twenty-five years without further trouble—if they conscientiously follow a doctor's advice.

That advice is simple and the same for most kinds of heart disease: Take it easy. Learn to live wisely and happily within the limits prescribed by your physician. Don't hurry, worry, overeat or overexert. Above all avoid anger. A prominent New York specialist says: "I'd rather have a patient run a mile than get into an argument."

The human heart when properly cared for can function a hundred years or longer. If you believe that you or a member of your family has heart trouble see an experienced physician. Avoid quacks, self-medication and nature cures. There is no magic cure for heart disease—in fact, no cure of any kind for most types. But heart disease can often be arrested by diet, rest, a careful way of life and a few simple drugs.

And heart disease can be more successfully treated when diagnosed early. In fact that is the only way to fight it. Discovering this disease early—preventing it in some cases—is America's number one medical problem. This medical science knows all too well. It lies within the power of the women of America to help solve it. [THE END]

Ever-Loving

from page 22

But he was somehow distressed about the whole thing. "You know he's not . . . housebroken. . . . Miss . . . Miss?"

"Thomas. Salty Thomas. Don't you worry about its being a bother to me. I won't put up with a lot of mess." She narrowed her shining eyes at Mr. Gretcham in an intimate manner. "Come on, you!" She tugged the leash.

Mr. Gretcham leaned down and stroked the smooth warm head of the pup. "He never made me a bit of trouble, this puppy. Smart and sweet-tempered. He's a good boy." It was part apology, part graduation diploma.

When the girl and the dog had gone, Mr. Gretcham discovered that she had left behind the package of dog food which he always supplied to purchasers. He ran into the street but the girl and the dog had vanished. He hoped she would remember that dogs get hungry.

WELL, it was the first time he had been on a sidewalk, it was the first time he had been on a leash. Within a block he had begun to understand that below the legs of humans, which he was accustomed to seeing from the pet-shop window, there were feet and that at his new level he would be seeing more feet than anything else. Further, that feet could be dangerous.

Within three blocks he had a dim unresentful comprehension that the leash which held him to his human was like a wall all around him. He could go no farther in any direction than the leash permitted. This was a hard lesson. He kept forgetting, lingering, leaping ahead, straying to the sides. Then the other end of the leash would pull him and the collar press his neck. It was hard but interesting.

By temperament he was not timid. Not once during the long walk did he slink. From a world where he was larger than all the other living things he had moved into one where he was the smallest, but he did not cower. He had a feeling that everything was natural and right and that this had to do with the other tail end of his leash.

Ah, how he wished he could get closer to that figure, those quick silky legs. To be acquainted with these things . . . to taste a little, sniff a little . . . But every time he tried the human went past him, then the collar choked him and he had to travel on.

It was too dark now for him to see the feet or for the feet to see him and suddenly he was trod upon. He screamed with pain but began at once to wag his tail and wiggle his apologies to the faces which leaned down to him. It was nothing—really nothing at all—and he tried to kiss the gloved hand which he already knew was hers . . . his owner's. But she stood erect before he could.

"Why don't you stay out from under people?" They went on and his leg didn't hurt very much at all.

Pretty soon they went through a door and into a warm place and it felt good. There was more light here and this was lucky because, besides the feet of the people, the pieces of furniture had four feet apiece and they kept being pushed backward and forward in a long row. His owner sat high above him still holding his leash and he tried to get as close to her as he could, looking up at the soles of her shoes perched on a rung of the stool.

From above and behind the long wooden thing against which the stools were ranged, a man's voice said, "Evening, Salty, what'll it be?"

"Give me the regular, Buck."

There were sounds and clicks. Then, "What you got down there? A dog? What you doing with a dog?"

"Is it a good dog?" There was a tug on the leash to bring him out into view. Then he was hoisted by his collar, strangling, paws waving.

"You'll choke him to death! Here, let me." A pair of large moist hands caught him, elevated him comfortably. For an instant he lay resting against the man's chest, then he turned his head and for the first time he saw at close range the face of his goddess.

She was blindingly beautiful, great and good beyond all others. Had she not chosen *him* to be her own? Love coursed through him, his eyes pleaded for her to touch him, to hold him.

"Fox terrier, huh? Didn't know they were stylish any more," Buck said. "I always liked them. Had one when I was a kid. Smart as a professor. What you going to call him, Salty?"

"I don't know. Something like 'Ingrid.' That's it, Ingrid."

The big hand stopped its caress. "He's a *he!* Who you kidding?"

"I want a name that's something to talk about."

"Poor little pup!" The man put his face near the dog's muzzle. "Why'd you get him?"

"Maybe I like dogs."

"You got to give a dog a lot of attention. Feed him, exercise him, give him a bath. Otherwise it ain't fair to the dog."

She gave him her intimate narrow-eyed smile. "I've always heard that bartenders make the best preachers."

"Yeah? Well, when you going to get a job? This bar-hugging stuff is no good for a hoofer. That is, if you really want to work."

"Would you like to keep your ideas to yourself or would you like me to take my business elsewhere?"

"By me, the customer's always right. Here." He held out the pup.

So for an instant Ingrid was actually in her arms; he smelled her odor and would know it forever. She had his love. She was his flag, his star. He wriggled up to lick her cheek.

"Foo!" she said and let him drop.

Buck had been watching. "Whatever made you buy that animal, it wasn't because you like dogs."

DOWN on the floor Ingrid looked for a place to be safe and comfortable. He began to learn a new lesson in the life of a city dog. To avoid being stepped on, choose the most conspicuous spot available. He stretched out in the aisle which ran between the bar and the tables, where there was no tangle of chair legs and human feet. He noticed that everyone was careful to walk around him or step over him and that some stopped to pet him, a ritual which was pleasant but unimportant since the touch of only one pair of hands really mattered.

But the attentions paid him by strangers seemed to matter to *her* up there. Every time a man stopped to fondle the dog Salty turned and spoke pleasantly. Then there would be a little talk, nearly always the same. "What's his name?" Then laughter. Then, how old was he and how large would he grow?

When the passer-by moved on Salty would turn back to the bar, leaving Ingrid to remember how sweet her voice had been, how unique her laughter. He hoped this new life would include eating. He was ashamed of himself for being so melancholy, for longing for his good meal at the pet shop.

Finally, a man who was passing by did not pass by.

He patted Ingrid, he spoke to Salty and then he went to the bar and sat beside her and her voice was sweet as bells. After a few minutes they all left the place—Salty and the stranger and, sleepily, hungrily straggling at the end of his leash like a little watch on a long, long chain, Ingrid.

Just before they left Buck found a moment to say to Salty, "I catch on. I savvy the dog. You don't have to be lonesome with him around to win friends and influence people."

"I didn't invent it, I just noticed it," she said. "If you've got a dog guys talk to you."

"Then you give them the green light and away you go."

"Bright boy!" And away she went.

Buck's whistle was of admiration or astonishment, but Ingrid pulled back toward him in instinctive obedience.

The big bartender leaned out. "Listen, fella, don't forget to get your ten per cent. Or anyway a bone!"

Finally, late in the night it was all too much for him. He had had no food, only a saucer of water that the checkroom girl in the night club had given him. Then he had been brought to this place, all cold and tired, with no straw to sleep on, no warm puppy-breathing to hear. The door had been shut, he had been closed in . . . alone.

That was what broke his heart. His idol, his mistress had put him away from her. Still wearing the leash and the collar, which had become very heavy, he had been shut into the slippery unfamiliar dark. He feared he'd never see her again. He began to cry.

He tried to be quiet at first. But it terrified him to hear his own low wails—he had never cried before—and he began to scream and run at the door. He heard her voice, "Shut up! Shut up, you!" At least, then, he knew he was not deserted.

But if she were so close why couldn't he be with her? He cried louder and louder, imploring her to let him stay with her in this terrible strange world. He begged and begged and all he had to pray with was his shrill and endless wail.

The door opened. A light went on, blinding him. He whimpered his relief, he began the crouching side-to-side sway of his tail and hindquarters to tell her of his gladness.

"Do you want to get me put out of my apartment?" she said. And she hit him with her slipper, hard. And again. "Now you be quiet or I'll break your neck."

The light went out. The door banged. It was just as it had been only he understood that he had offended her. It was one more grief on his overloaded heart. He cried again, softly, then louder, until she came and beat him again and he was happy even for that because for a minute she was with him.

The night was an agony. Finally it was light and he thought, remembering the pet shop, that since it was day she would come to him. But the time went by and still he was alone in his white shiny cold prison. Exhausted, he slept as much as his hunger would let him; he dreamed of terrible unidentifiable things.

But he was on his feet, joyous, when at last the door opened. There she stood. He jumped against her and nibbled at the hem of her robe, a testimonial to his delight in her.

She looked down and saw how he had had to use the floor. "Filthy thing!" she said. "I'll teach you!" She grabbed him and hit him again with her slipper. "You're more trouble than you're worth." Then she laughed. "You did all right last night, though."

He understood that he had committed a crime upon the bathroom floor and he did not know quite how to reform, but for her sake he would try. For her he would do everything, be everything that was good and nice.

THIS morning she remembered to feed him —toast and a hot black bitter liquid which he could not drink at first. When she observed his despair she said, "Can't take it black? Where do you think you are, at the Ritz?" But she put a few cooling drops of milk in it so he could lap it up. The dry toast was very nice. He sniffed about on the floor for more, but that was all she gave him.

While she dressed he danced about her. This was a very good game, to retreat from her feet, to advance, prance and paw. She lifted the punitive slipper. "Get away from me, will you?" she said. "If you tear these nylons . . ."

He betook himself sorrowfully to a corner, watched her with concentration. Now she was putting on a coat. This was how she had looked yesterday when they were on the street. Out, they were going out and he must be good enough to deserve going with her.

Naturally he followed her to the door, his leash, never removed, trailing behind him. But though he tried eagerly not to keep her waiting she lifted him and thrust him again into the white cell where he had spent the night. He could hear the outer door close and then it was very quiet.

Much later a woman came in carrying rags and frightening things with long sticks. When she saw him she said, "Well, what have we here? A puppy! Poor little thing, not even a drop of water would that one leave you." The woman spread the bathroom floor neatly with newspapers, set down a dish of water and patted him once or twice. "I haven't time to play with you, boy. You look smart and you look healthy. You'll need to be both."

Nothing, no one else, broke the wearying day. There was nothing to eat, no faces or legs of people to watch as there had been at the pet shop.

But when the light was gone his lady came. She lifted the leash and said, "Hurry up, In-

[*continued on page* 90]

grid, you're going to work." Forgetting his misery, he saluted her by rising on his hind legs and trailed her happily into the evening. She had not forgotten, she had come back to him, and to exist a lover needs no more than that.

He was eager, he was young and he learned quickly. Within three weeks he could have submitted to an examination involving the following questions:

"What is your name?" Answer: "Ingrid."

"What are your most important obligations?" Answer: "To sit quietly in bars and restaurants, hoping men will notice me and then talk to *her*. Not to cry or bark."

"Whom do you love?" Answer: "I love *her*. She is the most wonderful kindest . . ."

"What do you intend to do when you grow up into a big dog?" Answer: "I intend to love *her* and take care of her."

ONE night a terrible thing almost happened. They had been in Buck's place a long, long time and Ingrid needed to go to the street. He had tried tugging and jerking at the leash but she only drew him up sharply without looking at him. He began to worry; it would be a calamity if he had an accident. She would whip him; worse, she would be ashamed of him.

His situation grew so desperate that he began to shiver. He crawled on his belly as far as the leash would let him, but there he was halted. He whimpered a little.

Then came feet, a man's feet, a stranger's. High above, coming closer, a voice said, "Never mind, son. I know what you're after." The man pulled his belt out of his trousers, stooped to disengage Ingrid's leash and attached the belt. "Come on, pup, this way to the curb." After one anxious look back at *her* to find that she had not turned around, Ingrid went gratefully.

The man was nice and patient. Ingrid was stroked, informed that he was a good boy, which was nice to hear. But he knew where he belonged and he tugged back toward the door of Buck's place. The man picked him up and carried him right to *her* at the bar.

"Don't suppose you want to sell him," the man said to *her*.

She was angry. "What are you doing with my dog?"

"What do you think you're doing, letting him suffer like that? I just took him out."

From his perch in the man's arms Ingrid was close, for the first time in many days, to her beautiful face. He saw her smile, narrow her eyes as though she knew a secret too nice to tell. He was not surprised to feel the beat of the man's heart change, grow more rapid. "Lady, I don't blame the pup for wanting to hurry back to you."

She crossed her shining legs. "Actually, I thank you. Ingrid thanks you too, don't you, puppy?" Wonder of wonders, she leaned over and patted him.

Still holding the dog the man took the stool next to Salty's. Warm and content the pup sat in his lap, listening to them talk about him. The man did not like his name,'which was odd because what other name had he ever had than Ingrid? But otherwise, the man had been full of compliments. "Beautiful ears . . . straight forelegs . . . good size, going to be big . . ." The man touched Ingrid competently, fondly. "My father used to call these big smooth-haired foxes, 'gentlemen's terriers.' I didn't know they bred them any more." He looked at Salty. "As long as I didn't see him first, I'm glad *you* got him."

"Even if he's mine, you can come and play with him. You can come and play with us," she said softly.

For a minute Ingrid thought the man's heart was not going to run any more. Then it recommenced and with it his voice: "Lady, I'm a stranger in New York. My name is Charlie Ferrago and I came here to manage a branch store for a big haberdasher. If you didn't mean what you said, take it back right now. Otherwise, you've bought something."

"My name is Salty Thomas and I never take anything back."

After that the usual things happened. There was a little more talk and then the parade—the girl, the man, the dog—toward dinner. Buck, behind the bar, looked after them. To the empty wide-mouthed glasses he said, "That pup's better than a Lonely Hearts club. Poor sucker." He did not mention any names.

It was going to be a night like all the other nights, hunger and loneliness in checkrooms. It was going to be . . . Only it wasn't. As soon as they reached the dining-dancing place Charlie ordered some nice raw meat with vegetables cut up into it for Ingrid. Then he left a saucer of cool water, not taking any chances on the checkroom girl's memory. During the evening he returned several times to the checkroom. Once, most wonderful of all, he brought *her* with him and she picked up Ingrid, saying, "He's the only friend I've got in this world, aren't you, puppy?"

Charlie looked down at the pretty face that was smiling at the ecstatic dog. "Not quite your only friend."

"The minute I saw him, I adored him. It was love at first sight."

"It could happen again," the man said.

It would not be fair to say Ingrid was responsible for the love affair of Salty Thomas and Charlie Ferrago. Things were involved, like Salty's white teeth and her crisp handling of her legs. Ingrid had no control over these matters. Neither had he anything to do with Charlie's willingness to spend his entire salary on Salty.

Ingrid's contribution was both more subtle and more important. He furnished a sort of character reference for his mistress which Charlie accepted gladly and seriously. It was not, "Love me, love my dog," but, "My dog loves me . . . I'm worth it."

The Tender Passion

The man's ideal woman is the one he couldn't get.

HELEN ROWLAND

So, during those weeks the dog loved the girl and the man loved the girl and, as is not always possible even when a dog is involved in a triangle, Ingrid and Charlie loved each other.

Spring crept up on winter and there was no happier dog in Manhattan than Ingrid. He had Salty to love and a companion to play with—Charlie.

Charlie walked him, Charlie fed him; assuming that he had been sleeping at the foot of Salty's bed, Charlie bought him a basket of his own. Charlie even carried a little bottle of cod-liver drops and a box of calcium pills to make Ingrid sleek and strong. He moved to a hotel not far from Salty's apartment and Ingrid forgot the meaning of loneliness.

Charlie found restaurants where dogs, if they were well behaved, could sit under the tables. On Saturdays, Charlie took Ingrid to the park. Sometimes he let the leash drop and Ingrid ran deliriously in circles, feeling so wonderful in the cold that he barked and his bark gave him pleasure because it was almost like talking—he could say what he wished and be understood.

Then they would walk lazily home through the streets and Charlie would let Ingrid get acquainted with other dogs. He learned that each of them loved his owner and he tried to be polite about it. But seeing some of the owners made him feel rather sorry for the silly creatures who could be infatuated with such unworthy people.

Then there came the day when Ingrid almost had a fight. His path crossed that of a singularly bad-tempered old dachshund who snarled and growled and showed his teeth. Ingrid would have liked to mix with the old fellow but Charlie called him, so naturally he had to go. He didn't mind that the dachshund called after him, "Coward! Coward!" barking till they were halfway down the block. Obeying was more important than the fun of fighting.

When they got back to Salty's place, Charlie began to tell her: "I never saw anything like it. He actually *thinks*. Gave me a look asking permission to fight, dying to fight. I would have let him but I know if anything happened to him it would break your heart so I called him again. Well, darned if he didn't turn his back on the other dog and . . ."

"I'm sure you're both heroes," Salty said. "But I happen to be starving."

Then she went into the other room to dress and they looked after her ruffle of hair and the sway of her hips until the door closed. Suddenly Charlie leaned down and caressed Ingrid, hard, as though he had too much feeling for his body to contain. "I'm going to call you Prince. That's what you are, a prince of a dog. How do you like that, Prince!"

When Salty came out she was all fresh and smelled of the stuff which made Ingrid sneeze. Charlie stood. "Honey, this isn't very formal or romantic but I want to change your name and Ingrid's too."

"Which means?"

"You're going to be Mrs. Charles Ferrago and he's going to be Prince. Darling, will you?"

"I never heard such a peculiar proposal in my life. About calling the dog Prince, that's out—it's corny." She came closer, smiling. "Now on the other matter—what have you got to offer?"

"Oh Salty, if you only will! I'll work hard. I'll ask for a chance to learn merchandising. Maybe they'll let me buy for all the stores. There's a chance for the west coast branches . . ."

"I always thought I'd like to live in California." Her eyes were nearly closed. She let him know how exciting her thoughts were. She teased and promised, "You get to be a tycoon. In the meantime we can be engaged, would you like that?"

They stood so long and close that Ingrid felt forgotten and bounded against them, first pawing at Charlie's trousers, then at Salty's legs. He knew better. But he couldn't stand not being up there with their faces.

So he ripped her stockings. All beautiful and dressed to go out as she was, his nail caught the delicate stuff and—catastrophe!

Her face contorted, she stooped, not even waiting to get the slipper he feared. "This will teach you! You filthy thing. How do you like this . . . and this . . . ?"

"Darling, wait." That was Charlie, trying to hold her. "He didn't mean it. Please . . . we have so much to thank him for. Stop! I'll buy you another pair, a dozen pairs . . ."

But she did not stop until she was exhausted, until the dog had squealed and yelped. Humiliated, he crept under a chair.

"Poor fellow," Charlie said. "Poor boy."

"Prince!" Salty said. "Some prince! I'll break his neck." She sat down and Ingrid crawled out from under the chair, inching his way on his belly to apologize. One kiss on her foot he gave her and then he lay flat as a rug, his eyes rolled up, praying forgiveness.

CHARLIE said, "Somehow I wish he wouldn't grovel."

"Well, he'd better be sorry if he knows what's good for him. Wouldn't you love me, Charlie, even if I spanked you?" She smiled with her gray eyes and swung her foot.

"I hope not," he said, "I hope not." He put his hands on her shoulders and kissed her, hard. After the kiss he looked different, flushed; but she looked just the same, even to the smile triangles at the corners of her lips.

Buck said, "Heard you were engaged!"

"I am. See my ring?" Salty fanned her hand, exciting the diamond into sparks.

"Then where's the guy tonight? Where was he last night?"

"Oh, after work he studies up to be a great man. For my sake."

"I notice you're still letting the pooch find chums for you."

"Is there any reason I shouldn't talk to people who admire my dog?"

"Talking is one thing." Buck had a way of rubbing the mahogany bar sleekly, as though it were fur. "That's a great guy you got, I been watching him. Good-looking, clean. Now you tell me he's a hard worker too. Why don't you stay home nights?"

"You need a pulpit and you need it bad, mister."

"Maybe I should change jobs at that. Tending bar is going to keep me single forever."

Down on the floor Ingrid surveyed his fa-

miliar wilderness, the forest of table, chair and stool legs, the stalking legs of humans. There seemed to be a great deal of traffic tonight or maybe it was because the same man passed and repassed so often, looking at Ingrid, looking at Salty.

This man had a heavy walk; it would be bad to be caught under his feet so Ingrid stayed alert. Once the man bent to pat the dog but halfway down he grunted as though the exertion were too much for him. Though he lifted his head Ingrid could not see the man's face, he had such a big round front.

Eventually the round front swerved to the bar. Ingrid heard him say to Salty, "Thought maybe I could make friends with your dog first. But it's too far to the floor."

As she often did, Salty said politely, "Do you like dogs?"

"I like blondes better." And the man laughed very loud.

Salty laughed too and the big man took the bar stool next to hers.

That night they stayed a long time at Buck's, just the way they used to before they met Charlie, and when they went the big man went with them.

For the first time in a long time Ingrid was checked again, this time in a ladies' room, very warm and soft-carpeted, and ladies stopped to give him a caress or two. But *she* did not come until it was very late and time for them to go home.

The man went home with them to Salty's apartment, bringing a big bottle in a bucket of ice. There was still no food for Ingrid. No water either, but he licked the ice in the bucket and no one seemed to mind.

After that, every night Charlie wasn't with them the stout man was. Charlie was working very hard which meant that Mr. Buntz, Salty called him Buntzy, was around more and more.

After work, usually, Charlie would rush in for a few minutes, play with Ingrid, sometimes make him a present of a rubber bone or a box of dog crackers, give Salty some flowers and kiss her, saying, "I know how dull this must be for you, baby. But as soon as I've finished this course they've promised me a chance. Then you'll see."

"I don't mind," Salty would say. "I'm sleepy anyway."

As soon as Charlie had gone she would telephone Buntzy, dress up pretty and go out. Buntzy was not anxious to take Ingrid along, so the nights he spent in the white room were more frequent.

THE dog was not getting his walks regularly, nor his food. Within a few weeks his coat had dulled and his muscles softened.

But to Ingrid it was worth it. Salty had never been happier. She petted him often and she didn't hit him any more. His love, like all true love, asked little.

Now spring was in its fine full bloom. Shut in the room, Ingrid watched the sun on the wall, wishing he could get to it, and thought about running free in the park without his leash. Today Charlie would come. He didn't know how he knew but he was sure today was Saturday and Saturdays were still the same as they used to be.

The afternoon started the same. Charlie came, they all went out to lunch at a restaurant where he was allowed to sit under the table.

But before they left the restaurant Charlie said to Salty. "This is the week end I've got to cram. Monday's the final exam for the term and I need top grades. I won't see you until Tuesday night. I don't think I could stand it except . . . after it's all over I get a raise, a change of jobs—and you."

Under the table Ingrid could feel the toe of his mistress' slipper rise and fall, tap, tap, tap. "If you're going to start studying you'd better get at it instead of sitting here all afternoon with me."

"I thought I'd give the pup a run."

"Don't worry about that. Schoolboy, get to your books!"

"If you only knew how wonderful you are, Salty, how thoughtful—if you only knew."

"Maybe I can guess. Come on."

As soon as Salty and Ingrid were alone in the apartment, the girl went to the telephone.

"Buntzy, do you still want to go to Atlantic City for the week end? Then don't keep me waiting. And don't forget what you said you'd bring me if I'd go."

Then there was a scramble. Suitcase and clothes and a bath and the air full of powder. Full of the excitement of the uncommon, Ingrid bounded and leaped.

"Don't get yourself worked up," Salty said. "You're not going anywhere. If you tear another stocking, so help me, I'll kill you!"

After a while Buntzy came and he brought a box with two little animals in it. Ingrid growled at them—they were so thin and long and still. But Salty petted them as she never petted him.

"There're your sables," Buntzy said. "Now what do I get?"

She put the two animals around her neck and looked at herself in the mirror. Then she kissed Buntzy. "That's the first installment. Now let's go!"

Buntzy took the suitcase. Salty pushed Ingrid into the bathroom and closed the door. The little dog lay mournfully in the silence. All that was left of the lovely spring day was the square of sunshine moving up the wall, out of reach.

IN HIS white prison Ingrid knew something was different. It was a noise. Water was running in the bathtub.

It was a pleasant sound and he dozed off, enjoying it. Even if he had no food he had his nice basket and when it grew dark she always came.

But now it was night, deep in the quiet hours, and she had not come. The water noise had changed—it was more than a trickle, there were splashes of it, little waterfalls to the tiled floor. And besides this, through the window which his mistress had left open, Ingrid heard the sizzle of spring rain.

The rain wet the basket, the water from the tub wet the floor. There was no dry place to lie. At the door Ingrid whimpered and scratched, but no one came. On his hind legs, he pawed the knob, unable to turn it. He tried for a long time and sank back, wearied, to the wet floor. Even a beating now would be nice.

The rain continued in the morning. A constant thin screen of it made dank lumps of his basket cushions. The rim of the tub was like a long waterfall; the bathroom floor, a lake.

Soaked and shivering, Ingrid thought of the lady with the bucket and sticks. Maybe she would come. Did she come every day? He was too miserable to remember. The hours told their own story—today she would not come.

From the other room he heard the ringing which was ended, usually, by her saying, "Hello." She was not here to say, "Hello." After a long while the ringing stopped, started again, stopped.

Ingrid grew frantic. He leaped at the door, tried to dismantle it with his teeth, butted it with his head. He spent his energy ruthlessly and without result. The wet cold room held him close, indifferent as death.

ABOUT five o'clock that Sunday afternoon the superintendent of Salty's building came up in the elevator with Charlie. He was arguing in a Sabbath way, without vehemence.

"Listen, mister, I'm not allowed to bust in there. If she don't answer her phone, she's out, that's all."

"Something's happened to her, I tell you." Charlie was stubborn, tense. "I've been calling her every fifteen minutes since last night." He held a greenback in his hand; his companion was not unaware of it.

But at the door of Salty's apartment the man insisted upon buzzing, waiting, buzzing again. At last, reluctantly, he pulled out his keys and searched among them. "If she makes a fuss it's your responsibility, mister."

"Okay. Okay. Get it open, will you!"

The door opened. At once they knew something was wrong. Across the carpet lay a long dark wet peninsula. The rest of the room was quietly untidy.

Each man reacted in terms of his own concern.

"A flood!"

"Her bed—it hasn't been slept in!"

[*continued on page 92*]

Charlie stood stunned but the superintendent could move fast when he wanted to. He plunged to the bathroom door, opened it. "That stupid skinny dame, that button-brained dollface—she's even let her dog drown!"

Then Charlie moved, pushing past the other man. The bathroom was a lake, the bath mat actually floated, the wet wood of Ingrid's basket stank and through the open window the rain blew in in sheets. Upon the floor, half covered with water, the dog lay. Like the flesh of an animal in a slaughterhouse the pink showed through the smooth white hair of his body, his legs were stretched as straight as rods.

He might really have been dead.

Charlie pulled him up, held him. The rigid legs relaxed. He was not dead . . . yet.

"If this floor doesn't give, we'll be lucky."

One nearly dry towel still hung on the rack. Charlie wrapped it around Ingrid and rubbed him hard, almost desperately. The superintendent turned off the water, pulled the drain and spoke rapidly.

"Keep your dough, mister. You did me a big favor steering me to this mess. Get downstairs to my apartment quick, tell my wife to bring me some rags—whatever she's got. She'll give you a spoon of whisky for the dog." Now there was amused tolerance in his voice, a thread of sympathy. "Maybe my wife will know where Miss Thomas went. She's got ways."

The superintendent's wife clucked and sprang into action. "It's probably soaked through 8F below, only the people are out of town. That Thomas woman, she's nothing better than a . . ." She stopped abruptly, gathered her rags and buckets. "You'll find whisky in the cupboard for the dog."

"Wait!" There was a white ridge around Charlie's lips. "Where did Salty, Miss Thomas, go?" In his arms, held like a sick child, Ingrid began to shiver.

The superintendent's wife turned back. "I don't know why I shouldn't tell you. She went out with that other man she sees when she isn't with you—the fat man. She had a suitcase. And a new fur scarf . . ."

HE TOOK the dog to his hotel room. It was lucky there was a good deal to do for Ingrid. He didn't have time to think about Salty.

"You'll be fine, boy. Maybe I'll have to make you a pneumonia jacket." The busy tender hands stopped, the head of the man came down. No need to keep up appearances before a dog. "How could she do that to you? No food, locked up, no one to take you out." His voice dropped. "How could she do this to me?"

All night they were alone together, the dog languid in his box, the man at his desk. Sometimes Charlie turned the pages of his books, made notes on paper. Sometimes his head dropped upon his arms. Sometimes he came to Ingrid to talk.

"What kind of girl is she really? Oh what's the use. You love her, no matter what. You'll forgive her. One look at her and you'll be begging to be kicked around." He held Ingrid in his arms, smoothing him to the rhythm of despair. "And so will I, heaven help me. So will I. Faithful as a dog I am, and I can't help myself any more than you can."

Ingrid summoned his strength to kiss Charlie's neck and lay still. "All right, boy," Charlie said. "You rest now. I'm going back to work. Whatever happens I've got to pass this test. You and I, we're her dogs. I'll get my advancement and then I'll put it at her feet, just like a bone.

During Monday and Tuesday there were intervals when Charlie was not at home. But the maid brought food and water, and the box was kept in the large room instead of in the bathroom. It was peaceful and pleasant and by Tuesday evening Ingrid was nearly well.

Charlie came home with a new leash and collar, plain brown leather. "All right," he said grimly to Ingrid. "One test's behind me—for better or for worse. The next test is to see her, take you home to her. She didn't expect to see me until tonight, and tonight she shall." He latched the leash to the collar, kneeling by the dog, "I don't know why I kid myself. All I want is the same thing you want—to see her."

Ingrid's legs were wobbly but the out-of-doors looked fine, black picked out with bright electric lights. He tried to prance a little, picking his paws up smartly. Maybe they would go to the park.

But they turned the other way, walking very slowly. The neighborhood grew more familiar. He could smell the dogs he used to know. He lagged behind Charlie. Here . . . here was *her* doorway. He began to shiver.

Charlie noticed, as Charlie noticed everything. "Excited, boy? Well, it won't be long." But they paused in the doorway of Salty's building as though both of them had been sick, as though both of them were too weary for exertion.

It was the dog who knew first that she was coming. His nose pointed, his legs grew rigid. Charlie stood beside him, nor did he move much more than Ingrid as Salty came out of the elevator, across the foyer to them.

She was a swaying pretty thing, wearing her secret smile and around her neck the two thin animals. "Well! I was just on my way to your place, Charlie. The super told me you had the dog."

Missing a greeting, a response, she said, "I'll bet you're angry with me. And you shouldn't be. Look, Charlie, I got word that a very dear friend of mine in Connecticut was terribly sick and needed me. I went right out there . . ." She began to look very sad. "I wouldn't have believed you didn't trust me."

"Why didn't you tell me where you were going?"

"And upset you when you were studying so hard?" She sighed as though it were growing hard to be sweet and patient.

"You left the dog with no food, you left him to die."

"That was awful, I admit. But I was so rushed I forgot. Now, Charlie, let's not quarrel about such silly things."

He was relaxing, weakening, struggling to keep his mind at attention. "What about that fur scarf? Where'd you get it?"

"I've had it ages—you've just never noticed. Now, come on. Let's go upstairs and if you want to you can scold me for leaving the water faucet on."

"Well . . ." Charlie said. He took two steps toward her; she shook her sunny hair and, smiling, held out her hand as though to lead him. But there was an unforeseen brake. Legs taut, braced, Ingrid refused to move.

"Did he miss his mama?" Salty asked, half-kneeling to the dog.

He suffered her touch, then he stepped back. Deep in his belly, moving up his throat, came a noise. A serious and intense noise.

"He's growling!" she said. "He couldn't have forgotten me!"

"He doesn't believe your story," Charlie said. "Maybe I don't either."

HER hand was still held before Ingrid's muzzle. He lifted his lip, showing his sharp young teeth. This was a grave warning.

"What's the matter with him?" she cried. "I'll break his neck."

"If a dog's love can wear out," Charlie said soberly, "I guess anybody's can. I guess we won't come up."

Salty laughed bitterly, still kneeling. "How do you like that? Man's best friend! A lot they know when they say dogs are faithful. You've stolen Ingrid away from me!"

"You can keep the ring I gave you. That'll pay for the dog."

"He's mine and I want him." She snatched at the dog collar. There was a last warning, a snap. Then a shriek. "He bit me!"

Before she could aim a kick at Ingrid's side, Charlie picked him up. "In a couple hundred years, I'll bet we humans will be almost as smart as dogs. Steady, Prince. Steady, boy!"

She was a shrieking fury, not caring who stopped to watch her. All she wanted was to get hold of the dog's neck, snap it with her gloved hands. Charlie stood his ground and his voice was different from the friendly tone of the boy from out of town who met the wonderful girl with the wonderful dog. His voice was ominous, it was like a growl: "You'd better cut it out, babe. I bite too."

[THE END]

his attention back to the letter from Betty.

". . . and it shouldn't take us longer than a day in New York to get our shopping done, so we'll get home on the afternoon of the twenty-third and on the twenty-fourth we'll go skiing and go to Jacky's house after," the letter said. "And Christmas day we'll ski before dinner and later the others will come over here. On the twenty-sixth . . ."

The page ended there. Harris made a small bet with himself there would be skiing on the twenty-sixth. He turned the page.

". . . we will go skiing and go to the inn with the gang for dinner. Can hardly wait to see you. Love, Betty."

Harris regarded the letter thoughtfully. That last little bit, "can hardly wait to see you," wasn't entirely in character. She always seemed to like him, but with restraint. The warm kisses a young man wants had not been plentiful. Small strong waves of excitement lapped at his ribs and he looked ahead again at the blond girl.

Her head was resting in apparent weariness on her elbow, which was propped against the window ledge. Slight lines of dissipation had emerged now, in repose. She must be at least twenty-seven, Harris thought. Wonder how I can get to know her? He had a reasonable faith in his appearance doing much of the work

Wild Oats in December

from page 17

if he could find an opening. Strange women usually thought from his height, which was six feet, and from his dark even-featured handsomeness that he was older. Unfortunately his family was well known in Montreal and even the strangest of women soon found out that he was a college freshman. But this was different. His family was in Florida and he was on his own ("What about Betty?" asked a small voice, which he ignored) and somehow, in one day and two evenings in New York, there should be some time for adventure. Preferably with a strange woman. How could he meet her?

FINDING no immediate real-life solution, Harris began to daydream. She would lose her luggage perhaps, and he would help her find it. In New York he would slip away from Betty and he and the blond girl would go to some famous restaurant.

This line of thought naturally led to Harris's pocketbook—where it fell flat on its face.

He had a one-way fare to New York and then to Intervale, New Hampshire, where Betty lived. In addition, since he had drawn his allowance to the end of January, he had at this moment one hundred and two dollars in cash. He would need twenty dollars for his room and meals in New York, thirty dollars for presents for his mother and father and Betty and about thirty dollars to get back home. That left about twenty dollars to do him through January, back at school, or to meet beautiful blond women now.

He shoved these discouraging calculations behind him and concentrated on the girl in the front seat. She was very still. Then her elbow slipped, her head fell sideways, bumped the door and slowly came erect again. She carefully rearranged herself and closed her eyes.

She must be awfully tired, Harris decided. Then, resuming the train of thought he had been following, Harris fumbled for his wallet to check his money again. It was there—five twenties, two ones. And in the next compartment was a snapshot of Betty.

For a moment he regarded the small dark-haired girl, standing in a sweater and skirt on the campus at her school. From the time they had met in the Laurentians three years before he'd had a desperate yearning for her, but she had always seemed just a little too sensible. She had a bad habit of skiing or playing tennis hard all day and then being very tired when the moon came up.

The taxi pulled up at the airport. The driver shot briskly around in front of the cab and opened the door. The other passengers stood around fishing in their pockets for a dollar twenty-five. Harris handed over his. The girl looked in her bag, withdrew an American five-dollar bill and asked for American money in change. The driver didn't have it.

"Try to get it for me, will you?" she asked. "The last time I was here I had to take my Canadian money to the bank in New York to change it. You could save me a great deal of trouble."

She turned away. A man standing near the door watched her narrowly as she walked toward him, then held the door open.

Suddenly a large flock of geese flew directly through Harris's stomach. His feet took off undirected, and he stopped at the desk inside and tapped the blond girl on the elbow.

"I couldn't help overhearing," he said hoarsely. "I could pay your cab fare here and you could change your money in New York and pay me back."

She turned and looked at him. The geese returned, this time chased by four men on horseback. He noted that although her mouth was large she had not minimized it with her lipstick. She smiled impersonally. "That's very kind of you."

Harris pulled out his wallet, handed the cab driver the money and started to put the wallet back in his pocket. The driver tapped Harris on the arm, returned the twenty, and Harris gave him a one. The driver left.

The girl did not wait for Harris while he checked in with the flight clerk. She walked slowly across the room, sat on a leather settee and crossed her legs. Harris steadied his knees, walked across and sat beside her. He noticed the label on the huge hatbox at her feet: Wendover Model Agency. He offered her a cigarette, and held a match for her. She held his hand lightly while she drew in the flame.

"Modeling must be interesting," he ventured.

She nodded, without apparent interest.

Harris thought desperately for something else to say. When it came he was surprised.

"I'm a writer myself," he said.

The slight shock at his own words evaporated rapidly. She was regarding him with interest.

"Who do you write for?" she asked.

Harris, who never had written for anyone but his high school literature teacher, stepped in up to his neck.

"I'm working on a novel," he said. "I'm taking my time. My father left me some money. I'm luckier than most writers," he continued magnanimously. "I don't have to keep grinding it out for bread and butter."

The sudden change in her attitude was startling. She moved slightly on the settee, loosening her coat, and Harris was acutely conscious that she wore under it a black wool dress which fitted in a most disturbing manner. She leaned toward him.

"That's interesting," she said. "You're lucky not to have to work like the rest of us. What's your name?" He told her. "Mine's Marya Kent," she said, watching his face.

HARRIS couldn't make his tongue move. He felt a slow flush mounting from his neck and he was relieved when she reached down to her side for the huge hatbox.

"Want to see what a friend of mine in Montreal gave me?" she asked. He nodded, and opening the hatbox she showed him six pairs of reptile shoes. "He's in the shoe business," she said. She laughed. "George would murder me if he knew I'd been up here."

Harris asked who George was. George was a professional dancer. He had a winter engagement in Miami and had left New York the week before to find a place to live down there. She would leave New York in three days to join him and would stay there through the season because there always was lots of work for a model in Miami. She was a free-lance model now, she said. She'd left the agency because she'd decided to spend the winter with George.

"George is very jealous," she said. "One time I was at a night club with another friend of mine and George took him outside and punched him and gave him fifty dollars he'd spent. Then he took me home and told me that if I went out with anybody else he'd punch him too."

"Oh," said Harris.

"That doesn't make any difference," she said huskily and put her hand over his. She left it there an instant, then sat back luxuriously and gazed at him.

Harris recapitulated rapidly. She had two boy friends. With one she would spend the winter in Miami. With the other she had just spent a week end in Montreal and he had given her six pairs of expensive shoes. Harris had been to school long enough to add two and two. She hadn't been much interested until he mentioned writing—and then money. The fact that he didn't write and had practically no money didn't occur to him at the moment as being unethical. This girl, he figured grandly, was adventure. And he, Harris Hatch, was on the threshold of being adventurous.

THE other side of the problem presented itself at this point, large and menacing: Betty, and his lack of funds. He was trying to think of a way out when a voice on the loudspeaker called passengers for the New York flight. Marya rose. He followed her.

Before the plane took off she stretched her legs out under the seat ahead and pulled him over so she could put her head on his shoulder.

"I didn't get much sleep last night," she said, smiling slowly.

"Mind?" Harris shook his head. She moved closer against him and closed her eyes. People walking up and down the aisle looked curiously at them. Harris returned all glances with the casual air of the owner of a custom-built car.

Along the way his conscience began to bother him. The small neat figure of Betty bounced around his head for a few minutes, until it was replaced by the even smaller figure of his cash on hand. Then he looked down at the drowsing head on his shoulder and brushed all the misgivings into the background. He'd have to find a way to go out with her at least once. A man has to live before he ties himself down, he told himself defiantly.

All the same the spirit of adventure was mixed with apprehension when he entered the waiting-room and looked around for Betty. A porter watched the passengers come in, then called, "Mr. Hatch, message for Mr. Hatch." Harris left Marya. "Lady phoned," the porter said. "Said she'd meet you at the hotel."

As Harris turned Marya's name was called by the immigration officer. "Wait for me," she said. The taut feeling below his ribs was growing. It was dark outside now and she had asked him to wait. The image of Betty came back, a little stronger. He began to worry again. What if he spent all his money and had nothing left for Christmas presents? He told himself firmly that he wouldn't.

Marya came out of the immigration office and Harris went in. When he finished he piloted her out to a cab. A porter loaded their luggage. Harris turned to Marya as the cab pulled away. She half closed her eyes and moved close to him, her lips slightly parted. He kissed her and she kissed him back, hard. It was like the first time he'd gone over a ski jump. She gave the driver her address, then leaned against Harris.

When the cab stopped she told the driver to unload all the bags. Harris stood by, spellbound. This was like riding an escalator. Once you stepped aboard the system did the rest.

Harris, carrying the bags, struggled into the elevator and along the corridor upstairs. Marya opened her apartment door, closed it behind him and turned on a dim light. He placed the bags on the floor and straightened. How do I feel? he asked himself. He was

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Domestic Accent

Some cause happiness wherever they go; others whenever they go. ANON.

WHAT KIND OF PARENTS DO CHILDREN WANT?

BY ANNA W. M. WOLF
Editor, OUR CHILDREN and Better Babies

DRAWINGS BY E. ROBERTS BALDWIN

They don't want parents who make embarrassing comments on their private lives.

They don't want clothes they dislike, styles that are too young or too old for them.

They don't want self-absorbed fathers who haven't time or interest to give them.

IF YOU were ever in a group of teen-age youngsters and their parents with each side in a mood to speak frankly about their gripes, you probably found that it cleared the atmosphere. You found that a good many matters which had been deadlocking the family peace for months were ironed out; even more important, you got much incidental food for thought.

In a town where grown-up criticism of youngsters' behavior had reached an all-time high, generating bad feeling all round, the Parent-Teachers' Association at the school arranged such a meeting. Each side had its day in court, said its say and tried to understand the other. With a fourteen-year-old acting as moderator and the teachers playing second fiddle in the back of the room, children and parents tried to reach agreements.

The parents' bill of complaints was the old familiar one—late hours, bad manners, the radio and telephone nuisance, lack of responsibility for school work, for home chores, for courtesy to guests.

Then the youngsters had their turn. You couldn't always promise to be home at a certain time, they claimed; the unexpected was always happening. Sometimes a party didn't get really under way till late. They wanted a certain amount of leeway. In return, they agreed to telephone if there was an unusual delay. As for manners—how about parents? What about a mother who's a perpetual iceberg to your best friend? How about Dad barging into the room and turning the radio off at the height of the fun? And what about parents who read your mail? That innocent look on their faces when caught red-handed! And their words, "I opened it before I saw it wasn't addressed to me, dear," fools nobody!

Although complaints on both sides were richly illustrated from real life neither parents nor children violated the rule against venting personal anger. Their targets weren't parents individually but rather the annoying things parents do. Consequently, they worked out compromises and agreements in a spirit from which the United Nations might well learn. Only one grownup was really angry after the meeting; the others felt that in addition to practical plans made they had also learned a lot about how youngsters look at things. As one father said, "This kind of get-together could happen only in America."

What is the secret of reasonably peaceful home life? In what kind of atmosphere do children best work, play, love and grow? What kind of parents do they want? If the magic wishing cap were theirs, what would they transform us into? What kind of people must *we* be if *they* are to have happy memories of home and grow into self-respecting and responsible citizens? Sometimes youngsters can tell us what they want. If they can we'll do well to listen carefully and try to reach the central kernel of truth under words which are often ill chosen and fumbling. But if they're tongue-tied we'll have to be clever enough to divine what it is that they cannot or dare not express:

- *Children want parents* who enjoy a good many of the things that interest them—or at least who enjoy their enjoyment. For example, even if you can't sit glued to the radio during the World Series as they do you'll do well to know some of the team personalities. Don't be caught asking, "Who won?" The same idea applies of course to your daughter's current craze—yes, even to those soap operas!
- *They want parents* with a sense of humor, including an appreciation of corny stories, puns and riddles. They want parents who find time to stop and laugh at small jokes and mishaps even when they're in a hurry.
- *They want parents* who accept them more or less as they are, who don't try to make them over into the image of another brother or sister or ideal—who don't want them to be bookish if they're mechanical or nag them to go to parties and be mixers when they aren't ready to be or just aren't that kind.
- *They want parents* who enjoy life themselves—who are extremely sparing with such remarks as, "Mother has one of her headaches," "Father had *such* a heavy day at the office," or worst of all, "If you keep on this way I'm afraid I'm going to be sick again."
- *They want parents* who let them be their age, who credit them with pretty good judgment and a sense of the decencies, who let them learn by their own mistakes when they're not too costly instead of forever moralizing and sounding off with sermons.
- *They want parents* (no matter how much they seem to deny it) who can say no when no is really called for. They feel more secure if they feel there's a friendly hand at the helm. But it means everything to a youngster to know that his parents will really listen to his case open-mindedly before refusing a desired wish. If he feels this, though he may be disappointed or even angry, he'll accept the no without bitterness.
- *They want parents* who are fully aware that times have changed and who can see good as well as bad in the present generation.
- *They want parents* who don't try to play God, who know they aren't perfect and can't always be right and who can acknowledge it when they're wrong. Yet they must believe too that their parents care deeply and try their best.
- *They want parents* they can be proud of before their friends and in whose integrity they have learned to believe, who are nice to look at, who run a home that's attractive and whom their friends like. But they also want parents who stand up under severer tests—parents who aren't selfish and whose fairness and kindliness extend to every man, woman and child.
- *They want parents* who are interested in affairs outside their own homes and families. They are proud when Dad's on the Community Chest drive or Mom heads the committee for food conservation. Once they're past the toddler stage many a child who can't say so feels, "I wish she'd quit fussing so much over me and get something else to think about." Children's lives are enriched if their parents' interests extend beyond the four walls of their homes.

And this above all: They want two parents, from the time they're born—a father as well as a mother as an active force in their personal lives, a father who believes he has a true companionship to offer his children. They want a father who isn't content with being a dim distant figure even though a large-scale breadwinner or with being a playfellow or a Santa Claus. They want a father who counts his children's thoughts, feelings and development among the major interests of his life.

Two parents! This means a marriage that's built to endure, a marriage which though imperfect in many ways is nevertheless a loyal and loving partnership.

They don't want the martyr-type mother who has "given her all" for her children.

They don't want to be questioned about just where they've been when they begin dating.

They don't want parents they can't respect and who therefore provoke deceit in them.

Wild Oats in December

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somewhat astonished that despite the excitement in him he did not feel too well. He tried to make the eagerness overcome the uneasiness while Marya took off her coat, slung it across a chair. He was still trying when she stretched slowly in a manner not befitting a lady and walked languorously across the floor to him. His arms, acting independently, closed around her. He kissed her. Then, to his own intense surprise, he noticed that although all this was exciting the over-all effect was one of dismay.

She stepped back. "What's the matter?" she asked him.

"Look," said Harris shakily. "I think I'd better go check in at my hotel—or they might cancel my room." He faltered to a stop.

She stared at him suspiciously. She didn't move away, and in spite of his words Harris couldn't look at her. She was too close. Then his resolve began ebbing away and he started to reach for her again. She sank suddenly into the chesterfield.

"You know what, Harris?" she asked.

"What?" he said, mesmerized by the sight of her lounging back carelessly with one leg stretched along the cushions.

"Maybe you've been shooting me a line," she said. "Trying to trick a poor girl."

There was a knock on the door.

"Who is it?" Marya called.

"Helene," answered a low throaty voice. "Heard you rattling around, darling. Got any cigarettes?"

Marya opened the door. A rather rakish brunette stepped inside. Her black lacquered hair was parted in the middle and held close against her head by two tight jet braids.

"Oh," she said. "Didn't know you had company."

"This is Harris Hatch," Marya said casually. "He's a rich writer."

Helene looked at Harris with frank interest.

"He was just leaving," Marya said.

Helene smiled vividly for Harris. "I hope we'll meet again, Mr. Hatch," she said. "I adore writers."

Harris mumbled yes. Helene took the cigarette Marya offered and left with a friendly smile for Harris. Along the hall they heard her door close. Marya held the door open for Harris. He started to speak, but before he could think of anything she had closed the door behind him.

At the hotel Betty was waiting in the lobby. She rose and hurried toward him. He held both her hands and looked at her, and the feeling of frustration and the shame of his indecision began to fade before her fresh beauty. Her face was clear and her eyes eager, under eyebrows perhaps a little heavier than the model agencies would suggest. Her hair clustered softly around her face. Her small vital figure in its simple dark dress was the same as he remembered it, yet different—the difference he sensed in the tight clasp of her hands and the eagerness of her eyes. He held both hands tighter and she smiled up at him.

"I thought you were never going to get here," she said.

Harris gazed at her, the memory of Marya away in the background now and the uneasiness almost gone. "Me too," he said. "Me too."

A BELLBOY took his bags and carried them to the desk and Harris and Betty sat down and looked at each other and talked of everything but what they were thinking—talked of the skiing to come and the excitement of Christmas and the four months since they'd seen each other. And Harris thought all the time: she's changed. I think she really is different. Gradually the blonde in the black dress faded out and Harris felt a great tenderness toward the small girl beside him, and shame. Impulsively, while she was speaking, he held her hand harder and she stopped.

"Could we go to your room and talk?" he said. "Or to mine?" The words came in a rush. "Too many people around here . . ."

She began to answer, then hesitated and glanced at him, and gradually she stopped smiling and looked down at her hand lying in his. Finally, she looked at him again.

"I'd rather not, Harris," she said. "It's not that it isn't all right for us but . . ."

She stopped there and for Harris the joy of the moment was lost. He had wanted to kiss her and the tenderness he'd felt left a bitter legacy. He'd been wrong about her changing, and the feeling of loss in him turned slowly into the taut feeling of the early evening when he'd first met Marya.

"Yes," he said. "I guess you're right. Sorry."

She sat silently watching him and when he looked at her again it seemed to him that her eyes were anxious, as if she were still considering what she had said. He disengaged his hand slowly.

"I'd better go check in and unpack," he said. "We've got a lot of shopping to do tomorrow. When do we leave for your place?"

"Day after tomorrow," she said.

They stood up and walked silently over to the desk. The boy took Harris's bags up and Harris stopped off two floors earlier and walked with Betty to her door. Then he opened the door for her and said good night.

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Wild Oats in December

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Her eyes were pleading. She said good night in a small voice and waited for him to go down the hall before she closed the door.

Harris gave the bellhop a dime and gazed into the mirror. He thought of Betty and the way he had felt in the lobby, then the swift end, and gradually he began thinking more and more of Marya.

As he climbed into bed his thinking resolved itself into the bitter conviction that if Betty wouldn't even kiss him when he felt so warm and fine toward her he should have no further qualms about spending at least a few hours with Marya. He turned on the light again, looked up Marya's name in the directory and picked up the phone.

Marya's voice when she said hello was husky and reassuring and inviting. But it changed when she found out who was calling.

"I didn't think I'd be hearing from *you* again," she said.

Harris had a hard time keeping his voice from shaking. "You've got it all wrong," he said. "I really want to see you again." He could picture her on the sofa, perhaps in a housecoat or a negligee by now. His excitement rose.

"No," she said flatly. "I'm going to bed."

"Marya . . ." he began.

She waited without speaking and Harris tried to think of an argument.

"How about lunch tomorrow?" he asked. "Maybe at the Belfair?" Silence again, but she didn't say no. Harris pressed the slight advantage. "And maybe we could go out somewhere together after," he said.

Another minute of silence; then, with the smallest shade of a thaw in her voice, she said, "Well, all right—for lunch. One o'clock. But don't count on anything but lunch."

"I won't," Harris promised.

But he did. He put out the light and lay with his eyes closed, watching a long parade of blondes in tight black dresses. Harris joined the parade and walked with them, surrounded by them, and when he wakened it was eight A.M.

The phone rang.

"Come on, lazy," said Betty's light clear voice. "Let's get out and do some shopping. I'll wait for you downstairs."

Harris dressed, but not rapidly. He tried twice before the Windsor knot on his tie looked right. His conscience was acting up again. When he thought of leaving Betty the dismay of the moment he had kissed Marya returned. He steadfastly beat it back down. But how could he get away from Betty at lunch? Finally he decided to tell her that he had to go to see somebody she didn't know. You can't treat her like that, Harris, his conscience said. She's too nice. Harris thought that one over, then replied: Just this once.

Betty was waiting for him in the lobby. "Let's eat at a cafeteria," she said. "I have to save all my money for your Christmas present."

When she started toward him, trim and pretty in her close-fitting coat Harris had been about to smile. What she said about his Christmas present stopped it cold. Without looking directly at her he took her arm. Along the street she smiled at him, warmly, two or three times. Then the smiles got smaller. When they finished breakfast they walked toward Fifth Avenue, each looking straight ahead.

HARRIS mentally checked his money again. He could afford about $15 for lunch and cabs. That meant he couldn't take Betty anywhere tonight and also that he would be broke through January. He accepted that. They pushed through the jammed shops for an hour before he found a five-dollar tie for his father and another half hour before he picked out a ten-dollar nightgown for his mother. He and Betty were speaking politely now, when at all, and she glanced at him occasionally, puzzled. He caught her eye and she smiled, a warm tentative smile. For an instant Harris started to feel as he had the night before—then noticed, over her shoulder, a clock. It was eleven-thirty and he hadn't reserved a table.

"Holy cow!" he exclaimed.

Betty stared. "What's the matter?"

"I've got to go," he stammered.

"Why, Harris," she said, her mouth trembling a little. "Where would you have to go?"

"See you later," he said. He stepped away a few feet, bumping through the crowd, then his suddenly desperate conscience forced him back and he seized Betty's hand tightly. "Explain later," he said. "Don't worry. See you at the hotel."

Five times on the way up Fifth Avenue he almost decided to forget the whole thing. Each time he broke into a fresh burst of speed. He hawled himself out for hurting Betty, bawled himself out for not having reserved a table—might have ruined the whole thing. Sometimes he bawled himself out for bawling himself out—after all, he reflected, he wasn't doing anything wrong. It just might be misinterpreted. It was a few minutes before twelve when he turned in at the Belfair grill and stopped in front of two men in formal clothes, who looked at him as if he had his hat on backward. And suddenly all his worries disappeared. He'd burned his bridges and he'd make the most of it.

OUR CHILDREN

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He'd read someplace once that if you're going to gamble do it boldly or you're throwing your money away. He turned to the more disdainful-looking of the two men, estimating correctly that he must be the headwaiter.

"Table for two on the mezzanine for one o'clock," he said briskly. "The name is Hatch."

The headwaiter recognized authority. "Yes, sir," he said. "I believe there are a few good ones left. Would you like to go upstairs and pick it out? See Alfred, the captain."

Harris walked upstairs. He felt masterful. She'd be impressed by the way he did things. They'd part affectionately, old friends. I'll bet I'm the only freshman at college, he reflected warmly, who even knows a New York model.

A small dark man came toward him. Harris looked around, then pointed to a table near the window overlooking the plaza.

"That one," he said. "One o'clock."

Alfred looked doubtful. Harris reached nonchalantly for his wallet, looked down at a one, pulled it out and slipped it to Alfred.

"Thank you," Alfred said, bowing suddenly. "Thank you, sir. One o'clock."

Harris walked grandly down the stairs and turned into the bar. He was so calm at this point that he wondered what he should buy Betty for Christmas. Maybe a ski jacket. Or maybe one of those padded things girls wear around the house after skiing. He shrugged and ordered a Martini. He could decide later. It was only when he reached in his pocket to pay for his drink that he discovered he had given Alfred a twenty instead of a one.

Harris did not move a muscle for five minutes. Then he got down from the stool, walked three indecisive steps toward the door, paused, and finally returned to his stool.

"Anything more, sir?" the barman asked.

"No," stammered Harris. "No, thanks."

He was ruined. Now, after he bought lunch and any kind of a present for Betty, he wouldn't even have enough to get back home. He'd have to borrow. But who from? Not from Betty's father—he'd probably tell Harris' father next time they met. He sat and stared at the bar. He wondered if he could go up and ask Alfred for the money back. No. You can't give a tip and then ask for it back. He stared motionless ahead of him.

IN ABOUT half an hour the grill began to fill up. A waiter from the mezzanine arrived for some drinks and said something to the barman. The barman jerked out an incredulous word, and the waiter nodded. Both regarded Harris with awe. When the waiter went back upstairs, the barman approached Harris.

"Could I get you anything more, Mr. Hatch?" he asked.

Harris was startled by the sound of his own name, but he shook his head sluggishly. Maybe he could tell Betty he'd mailed her present and be surprised it hadn't arrived. In his misery he had almost forgotten about Marya when she walked in, her hair piled up on top of her head now and her mouth full and red and inviting.

As she climbed to the stool beside him everyone, including the barman, stared. Harris didn't even look up.

"Hello," she said, puzzled.

"Uh," said Harris wearily.

She looked at him searchingly. "Say," she said. "Maybe I was wrong about you. You look as if you had a hard night."

"Uh," said Harris. He hadn't had more than three drinks in his life. This was the first time he really felt he needed one. He ordered two Martinis. They were cheapest he understood.

"About this afternoon," Marya began, "I have to dash away about two because . . ." She stopped because Harris didn't seem to be listening. Also, Alfred was standing at her elbow.

"Your table is ready now, Mr. Hatch," he said. "Anytime you wish to come."

Harris gazed at him numbly and slipped from his stool. Marya looked at Alfred, bowing and waiting for them to precede him, then eyed Harris in a new light of appraisal.

At the door to the lower restaurant the headwaiter bowed.

"Mr. Hatch," he said. "This way, please."

Marya looked further shaken and impulsively took Harris' arm. The headwaiter walked ahead of them as far as the stairs, then Alfred took over.

"I didn't know you were so important, Harris," Marya murmured.

Harris shrugged gloomily as they walked up the stairs. He hadn't known it either. He was upstairs, acknowledging the deep bows of two waiters, when he got it—the tip.

Alfred drew out Marya's chair and helped her slip off her coat. He dropped two large menus on the table, retired a few feet and stood poised like a bird dog. Two women in mink coats looked at Marya and Harris and then whispered together. In a low voice one man complained to another about favoritism.

Marya took it all in with one swift glance and leaned across the table. This, because of the neckline of the fawn jersey dress she was wearing, was much more than any young man should be called upon to stand. The four men chasing geese through Harris' stomach made a brief reappearance.

"Darling," Marya said, making seven syllables out of the simple word, "I've changed my mind about this afternoon. I haven't anything to do I couldn't do tomorrow. What did you have in mind?"

Harris realized suddenly that he really hadn't anything definite in mind. Just to be with her. He'd think of something. The load within him began to lighten.

"To tell you the truth," she said, "I thought you must be a lot younger, the way you acted. Then when I saw how well known you are here, and important, I . . ." She let it hang there. "Maybe," she added casually, "we could go back to my place for a while."

THE gloom was evaporating rapidly now and the excitement was returning. After all, Harris told himself, although still weakly, the twenty dollars was gone. No use worrying. He'd find some way out. He glanced up and Marya leaned across the table toward him again. That did it. He pressed her hand and felt better. I'll write a check at the hotel, he thought. Maybe they won't cash it until February.

He glanced at the menu, then at Alfred. The captain was beside him in a second. Harris, remembering from somewhere that the well-bred man doesn't even give a woman a chance to say what she likes, ordered filet de sole for two, salad bowl, frozen éclairs and coffee. Alfred bowed. He and the two waiters formed into a flying wedge and disappeared in the direction of the kitchen.

The rest of the lunch was much the same—Alfred and the two waiters skimming around, pushing up a gas hot table to keep the sole from cooling while it was being served, plying Marya with butter, plying Harris with homage. Through it all Marya became more and more affectionate, until Harris finally steered her through the bowing rows of waiters and captains, acknowledged the headwaiter's fond farewell and climbed into the taxi beside her.

Harris had a brief flash of misgiving—his first for an hour—as he put his arm around Marya and she came willingly close to him. Betty, her mother, his parents, a grim hotel cashier and a group of policemen peered from his subconscious. Harris kissed Marya—and they disappeared in the queer mixed excitement. But when he walked beside Marya along the hall to her apartment Betty stepped in through a back door of his mind and looked at him. He felt weak at the knees. Marya opened the door, then turned and kissed him. Betty didn't go away. Marya pressed closer but the excitement had died within Harris and wouldn't return. Finally he knew he was licked. He stepped back, wondering what he could say to Marya this time. Only then did he notice the large man on the couch. The man had an olive-skinned, handsome face, black hair in deep sideburns and extremely broad shoulders.

"George!" gasped Marya.

He glanced at her briefly, then turned his gaze to Harris and stood up. He was well filled out and about four inches taller than Harris. George stepped lightly forward and slugged him on the side of his jaw. Harris hit the doorjamb and slid slowly down. He wasn't out but he could see no percentage in staying on his feet.

"George," Marya gasped again. "I thought you were in Miami."

"Couldn't get a place until January," he said. "Decided to come back and get you." Then, as an afterthought, "Shut up."

He helped Harris to his feet. "How much did you spend on her?" he asked.

Harris held his jaw.

"Eight dollars for lunch," Marya said.

"I tipped the captain twenty dollars," Harris said in a small voice.

"Must be nuts," George said suspiciously. But he took some bills from his pocket and handed Harris three tens. "Beat it," he said. The door was still open. Harris left.

THEN in the hall came another of these inexplicable mental back flips Harris had been having for two days. He felt fine. He felt relieved. He even felt confident about Betty. After all, he had made up his mind to leave Marya before he saw George. Now he could face Betty without that terrible feeling he'd had this morning when she talked about his Christmas present. He even had more money now to spend on her. He was smiling as he pushed open the front door.

The doorman was at the curb beside Helene—the woman he'd met the night before at Marya's. She smiled warmly at him. Harris looked around to see if there were any taxis. One cruised past a near-by corner. The doorman sprang into action, whistling, and the cab pulled up. The doorman gestured toward Helene. She turned and smiled again at Harris.

"Could I drop you somewhere?" she asked. Her voice was intimate and inviting.

Harris followed her into the cab. She stayed in the middle of the seat so that they sat close together. He was conscious of her moving a little closer to him at each corner. Finally, he took a long look at her, a calculating look, and called forward to the driver the name of his hotel. Even Helene looked a little surprised but she didn't stay that way. "Why, Harris," she said, leaning closer. "Tell me about yourself," she said softly.

Just then the cab pulled up at the hotel. Harris disengaged his arm, climbed to the sidewalk and closed the door sharply.

"About myself," he said through the window, "I'm nineteen. I'm a first-year engineering student. I've never written a line. And I have about forty dollars which has to last me until the end of January."

While she stared at him he paid the driver exactly ten cents more than was on the meter and dashed into the hotel. Betty wasn't in the lobby. He took the elevator to her floor and knocked on her door. She opened it. He stepped inside and kissed her. She was clinging to him as if she hadn't expected to see him again and she was whispering that she thought he'd gone to see some other girl and that she'd never felt like this before.

"I was wrong about last night," she said. "I wanted to kiss you too. And we could have come in here for just a few minutes."

She spoke all this into the side of his neck, just below his ear, but suddenly she stepped back and looked at him.

"But where did you go at lunchtime?" she asked. She waited, her arms at her sides.

Harris thought perhaps one evasion would be justified, taking everything into account—particularly the strength of his conscience.

"I can't tell you exactly," he said, "but it had something to do with the money for your Christmas present."

Her arms opened again. Harris kissed her gently and held her against him. Then, for the first time in the three years they'd known each other, she kissed him of her own accord. Seven thousand geese, pursued hotly by Halley's Comet, circled his lower ribs twice.

In the comparative calm that followed Harris thought again of what he should buy this afternoon for her Christmas present. Maybe some of that black lacy stuff? He held her face in the hollow below his chin a moment, then decided. She had changed, but so had he. Black lacy stuff was more Marya's speed. He thought of Marya, briefly and dispassionately, then forgot about her completely and kissed Betty again. He'd get her the ski jacket—for now. [THE END]

than this, the day I arrived the last time. And when Pierre Mazerac made me go swimming I nearly died."

The image of Pierre, so long and so purposefully blacked out, suddenly rose before her. He was in his faded pink sailcloth slacks and blue sailing jacket. He stood on a dune, his white-pink beard blowing in the wind, smiling at her timidity which arose partly from fear of the ocean—she had never swum in surf before—but mainly from modesty. Her black one-piece swimming suit had shrunk somehow under his gaze. "Go on, Margot"—that first day he had christened her Margot—"you'll love it. Jump off the rock, it's easier all at once."

"It certainly must have been cold," Tom was saying in his amused drawling way, "if it still makes you shiver after nine years. You almost discourage me."

They were flying over the water now, the lovely smiling water that had drowned Pierre and Berta Mazerac. The little dots were fishing boats, draggers or trawlers. She could recall the bustle of them and the creaking—the smell which had grown in the course of that summer from something abhorrent to something acceptable, as much part of the island as its beaches or its moors. Would the landscape still seem, after everything that had happened, so entirely beautiful? It might be the same; but *she* had changed—from a raw unsophisticated schoolgirl into a woman.

From her alligator bag she took a gold compact and examined herself critically. Clear skin with the golden outdoor patina characteristic of so many Scandinavian blondes. High cheekbones and deep-set eyes. A Norsky from Minnesota, Tom said to tease her. Her hair had changed, had grown darker, and she wore it cut to shoulder length, parted in the middle and drawn smoothly into a net in back. Then—that summer of 1938—it had been pale wheat-color in braids around her head. Which had suited, she thought, the strictly unchic appearance of that adolescent Margaret. Her figure too had changed. She was no longer spare and supple, but a well-filled-out generously proportioned woman who had learned to make the most of her height and her erect free carriage. She knew that in a theater or a restaurant people turned to watch her pass. That was, in a way, because of Pierre Mazerac. He had been the one to teach her always to dress in simple lines, in strong clear colors.

How amused Pierre would be now to see her—a correct well-outfitted matron, with something of the statuesque quality he had foreseen, wearing no other ornament than antique turquoise earrings blending with the stripes of her tailored blouse. With a snap she shut the compact. Like Pygmalion, Pierre would be pleased to see his Galatea. Poor Pierre.

TO YOUNG Margaret Christensen the island had been a place of quickening beauty. Each day and night, no matter what the weather, held its fresh and unique delights for the senses. Would the woodlands seem as mysterious now, the meadows as bland? Would the high pastures, rimmed by open stone walls, seem anterooms of heaven? There was the ocean with its silvery borders of sand, its buttresses of multicolored cliffs; there were the hillsides lush with wild rose and bay, so fragrant that merely to breathe gave pleasure. Would moonlight still be too magical to permit sleeping so that one went wandering over the dew-wet grass from cliff edge to beach to hilltop in order not to miss one atom of frosted-over wonder?

And what of Windover itself? Would that still seem to her the most fabulously designed of houses? If only all of it, ocean and land and house, would turn out ugly, not worth a second glance, so that Tom—at heart an aesthete—would lose his enthusiasm . . .

He was tugging at her now, calling her back to reality. "Look, honey. There it is. Tern Island. Is that Windover? That's the shape, isn't it?"

The plane's shadow slid like a bat over the asymmetrical structure. The three great fieldstone chimneys were unmistakable. The familiar gray pasture walls, from here like caterpillars, crept over the meadows. One along the cliff, one around the paddock, one to the hill behind the house. Beyond the rusty fields loomed the ocean, a cold sheet of blue.

"That's it," said Tom. "I can tell by the sea wall."

In a few seconds the great roaring plane sat quiet in the middle of a field.

The ancient taxi, driven by Dan'l Burden, chugged along. After a long uphill climb Margaret wondered, was this the hilltop from which you caught the first glimpse of the ocean? She leaned forward—remembering that other day and her excitement as Mr. Burden—with his same unruffled philosophic manner—had announced, "Now approachin' Lookout Hill. As the rubberneck wagonman says, 'In a moment you will see the Atlantic in all its glory.' If you'd care for me to stop—"

"Yes, yes!" she had cried, forgetting for the moment her impatience to get on to Windover and the Mazeracs.

Mr. Burden was saying it again, in almost the same words. Only now it was Tom who requested the halt.

They got out of the car and walked to the little parapet.

Now, as then, it seemed the top of the world. At the far rim of water-flecked marshland below was the white-scalloped edge of calm ocean in a wide curve, embraced by two cliff arms. The water was a cold living blue, the cliffs a warm living red-tan. As lovely as she remembered it. More lovely.

"Can't say Detroit has anything like this," Tom said. "What a wonderful view!"

Mr. Burden was beside them. "Nothin' wrong with the Mazerac view either." And he began to lead the way back to the taxi. "You're closer to the water there for one thing. Too close, accordin' to my taste. My wife and I, we prefer to be right in the center of town where things are goin' on."

THE car heaved a sigh and again got under way. Margaret whispered, "Wait till you see the town," and then felt ashamed as though she had whispered an insult in the presence of an old woman too deaf to hear.

Tom remarked to Mr. Burden's portly back, "Guess you folks suffered quite a bit in the hurricane, back in '38."

Glory! thought Margaret. Why did he keep harping on that?

"Swept away all the fishhouses down to the creek," said Mr. Burden morosely. "And we lost quite a bit of livestock. Hens and cows, a few horses out to graze near the beach. And Mr. and Mrs. Mazerac. Only humans lost," he wound up resentfully.

Margaret felt her knuckles tighten, her skin crawl.

"But the sea wall stood up," said Tom. "They'd been warned, hadn't they? What happened?"

Mr. Burden was silent for a few seconds. "There's lots of folks'd like to know the answer to that," he said finally.

They drove through Colston Center and then Mr. Burden said, "We'll see Windover next bend in the road. Sticks out like a sore thumb."

He had said it nine years ago. *Sticks out like a sore thumb.*

"Thar she blows," said Mr. Burden. "Now, sir, you take a good look and see if you don't agree it's a crazy color. Who ever heard of a house the color of a bay horse? A barn, mebbe. But a house!"

Tom was inspecting it, excitedly, through field glasses. "To be perfectly honest I rather like it," he said.

"Most summer people do," said Mr. Burden sourly.

"Want to look, honey?" Tom put the glasses in her hand. She had to steady them, consciously. How alive and dominating Windover appeared.

"Wonderful," she said. "It's the work of a genius." Neither tragedy nor time could change her appreciation of that.

BURDEN maneuvered the car beside a galvanized tin mailbox labeled *Mrs. Alice Torrington*, where they were to pick up the key to Windover. With a flourish he reached out for the key and handed it to Tom. "I'd call that key right peculiar," he observed, starting up the car again.

Tom grinned and agreed, holding it for Margaret to see.

It *was* odd. Hand-wrought, with traces of copper paint still clinging. Pierre's brain had conceived it, Pierre's hand had touched it. Only Pierre, thought Margaret, would make certain that anything as unimportant as a key was in harmony with the whole. Pierre and his concept of fitness . . .

Up, up, up climbed the car.

"This here's the driveway," said Mr. Burden. "Gate's closed."

It was a simply designed gate of wood, to match the house. Tom got out of the car to open it up. "You go on ahead," he said. "I'll walk. Want to get the feel of it."

She waved to him and leaned back, glad for a few minutes' respite from pretense and concealment. What a curious ghostly sensation it was to be driven again over the winding rutted road. Memories so long suppressed were enveloping her. She shivered as the car progressed nearer and nearer to the house she so dreaded, yet so longed to see.

And there it was, exactly as she remembered it. Only now Pierre was not standing, magnificent and Neptunesque, upon the stone doorstep, his great arms outstretched in a gesture of welcome, his deep voice booming, "*Bon jour*, Margot." How embarrassed she had been in the presence of Mr. Burden to be thus greeted by a man he knew was a stranger to her. But Mr. Burden had gone imperturbably about his business of swinging the car around and appeared neither to hear Pierre's words nor to see Pierre's hands—the same red-brown color of the cliffs—resting in fatherly affection upon her shoulders.

She said idiotically, now, "I was here before, you know, in '38. As Mr. Mazerac's secretary. But then I don't suppose you remember."

Mr. Burden turned off the motor and twisted to look at her. "Well, now, of all the secretaries worked for Peer Mazerac—and I carried dozens, seems like, to and from the boat—you're the only one I can truthfully say I remember. Them others, they're all in a lump, way I think about 'em."

Margaret felt herself coloring. Slowly she let herself out of the car. She felt that everything was not quite real, suspended between past and present. She could almost hear Berta shout at one of the horses she was breaking in down at the paddock. From inside the studio Pierre seemed to be calling, "Margot! Hurry! I remembered something. Hurry before I forget!" He had said to her so often, "A girl who looks like you ought to walk slowly, always, to feel the sky with her head and the earth with her feet." But when he had needed her he had wanted her to hurry just the same.

She was standing before the house when Tom came up and linked his arm through hers. Mr. Burden had gone. He must have thought her insane.

"Now you can guide me through," Tom said. "And describe the furniture. I understand most of it's locked up in a storeroom."

"I'll remember—as much as I can," she said, forcing a smile.

Her pulse hammered with a strange excitement as Tom fitted the key in the great lock. The massive door opened easily. They walked in.

As they progressed with—for Margaret—agonizing thoroughness through the rooms of Windover Tom became more and more impressed. Here, he said, was the best of functional planning: no inch of wasted space, no construction without its use. The proportions of the living-room appealed to him, too—the great window, which formed one wall, so ingeniously hooded from without to give the view without glare of sun; the generous sweep of the fireplace; Pierre's studio, with its unique table-desk adjustable for the spreading out of blueprints. Tom made notes of everything in his little pigskin loose-leaf book.

"This," said Tom as they stood in the small kitchen, "is my idea of a house. You don't seem so impressed though, honey. You've hardly said a thing."

She answered carefully, "I am impressed of course. All over again. Especially being a housekeeper myself now I can appreciate . . ."

But Tom didn't wait to hear the end of her labored sentence. He was down in the cellar, studying the furnace. His muffled voice came up to her: "Want to come down, honey?"

She called no thanks. Indeed, she was incapable of moving. Here in the kitchen was the ghost of Berta, in her frayed blue jeans, western leather belt and the faded plaid shirt. She was standing at the sink washing the mussels she had gathered for *moules marinières*, working silently and rapidly and deftly, with one thought only in her mind—to please Pierre. *Moules marinières* were not easy when one had to gather the mussels oneself and take time out from other things. But Pierre had complained at lunch that it was too long since they had eaten them. "I'll go to the beach this afternoon, we'll have them for supper," Berta had said without resentment. Her sparely chiseled face was like an Indian's, devoid of changing expression. It was a mask of control. Her gray hair, shaggy and windblown, always rough and coarse-looking like the skin of her face and body—and why not, seeing the life she led? She had fine bones though. And the slenderness of her hands and feet was, somehow, unexpected.

TOM came up from the cellar, rubbing cobwebs off his hands. "Dry as a desert," he said. "There's a whole tool shop all set up too. Gives me ideas. Come out on the terrace, honey. We need a smoke."

On the hot dry flagstones in the sun, facing the sea, they lit cigarettes. Tom kept on writing things in his notebook—shelves here, test chimneys, fireplaces, plumbing . . .

He snapped the book closed and said, "It's many times better than I had imagined a house could be, standing neglected all those years. It will cost practically nothing to fix it up. And at the price they're asking . . . it would be a crime not to snap it up. I can't imagine wanting to sell a house like this."

She tried not to understand that he probably meant he wanted the house for themselves, not to resell. He couldn't *force* her to live in Windover. He couldn't . . . unless this was his way of wringing a confession from her. "You mean . . ." she faltered. "You're trying to say . . ."

"It's yours, honey. Windover is yours, if

[*continued on page 100*]

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Celery Olives Radish Roses
Cold Roast Turkey with Filling
Creamed Onions
Jellied Cranberry Relish
Pumpkin Tarts Coffee Tea

JELLIED CRANBERRY RELISH

Prepare 2 pkgs. lemon gelatin according to package directions using 3 instead of 4 cups water. Add ½ cup sugar and dash of cloves. Grind 1½ quarts cranberries, 4 or 5 stems celery and 2 apples. Add to gelatin. Pour into mold. Chill until firm. Decorate as shown.

Menu and recipe tested and priced by A&P Test Kitchen.

A&P TESTED

you want it. I don't want you to rush into a decision you'll regret," he went on earnestly. "You can see I'm nuts about the place—knew I would be. Any Mazerac house has a head start with me. And here, in this spot . . . well, you know how I feel. But if you decide for any reason, for any reason at all, you wouldn't be happy here, just tell me. Only," he added, looking at her in what seemed a most peculiar way, "I'd like to know right away. Because if we want it for ourselves there are certain changes to be discussed while Bart Waite is still here—that is, if he ever comes." Impatiently, he looked at his watch.

She said, very low, turning her eyes away, "The children would be happy here. About me, about us, I'm not so sure." *Don't let him see.*

Tom said, throwing his cigarette away, "The bedrooms are small. If we could make one big one for us out of two. I guess the Mazeracs had separate rooms."

"Pierre liked to sleep late. Berta was up at five—had to be, to get everything started. Berta was an amazing woman," she said. She had begun to realize now just how amazing. Margaret Christensen had taken so much for granted. What a little nitwit she had been.

"They say," said Tom, "he married her for her social connections. Good Boston family."

"Somehow I can't think of her in terms of the Cabots and the Lowells. Come to think of it, she was a Curtis though. If Pierre wanted *moules marinières* he got them. And so I suppose if he wanted an introduction to the richest of all the Curtises he got that too. Personal pride, a personal life, did not exist for Berta. Her pride, her life, were all in him."

BART WAITE leaned his red-painted bicycle against the wall and shambled toward them, as though there were no such thing as time—an ageless tall lean man, white-haired and leather-skinned.

"Mornin'," he said. "Well, you folks picked a fine day to visit the island. Been over the house yet? That's great. Hope you know just what you want done. Trouble with most of the summer people is they don't know their own minds. But you can't do too much changin' to a Mazerac house. Now I built this with my crew, every stick and stone of it. Mazerac had some unusual ideas but danged if he didn't know every blessed thing there is to know about building, more'n I do myself even. Mr. Mazerac loved this place. Yes, sir. I believe he loved it better'n anything on earth, includin' his own kin."

He paused for breath and took a corncob pipe from his hip pocket. "Seems like I met you somewhere before, Mrs. Neale," he said.

She explained.

He sucked on the pipe. "Well, if his son don't want this property, can't say as I blame him, seein' how things stood between the two of 'em. I guess he'll be glad to get it off his hands. Just got back from Europe."

Margaret cried out, unbelieving, "A son! Pierre had a son?"

Tom said, flipping his notebook against his hand, impatient to get to work, "Harrower. I told you he was coming."

"Why should he be called Harrower?"

"'Tis a mite confusin'," Bart drawled, obviously enjoying his narrator's role. Harrower was his mother's name. Elizabeth Harrower."

"The painter!" Margaret exclaimed. "She died last year. A Carnegie winner," she said to Tom, who nodded as though he'd known it all along. And to herself she thought wildly—Elizabeth Harrower. EH. The clothes I wore were labeled EH.

"Fine woman," said Bart. "Even though she was an artist. Haven't got much use for the run of 'em. But Elizabeth Harrower, she was different. Pretty and serious—a lady. Fell in love with Mazerac on a Saturday and married him the next week, right here in Colston church. Her family pretty near hit the ceiling. New York people, wealthy and proud. They said it wouldn't last five years, and washed their hands of her. Well, it lasted just five. Kevin—that's the son—was born right here in this house. When she ran off she took the boy with her. Must have been twenty years ago this summer. The little fellow was walking and talking, I remember. And she brought him up with her name. Can't say as I blame her."

A Summer to Remember

from page 98

It was safer to let Tom ask why.

Bart answered darkly, "Mr. Neale, you know how much I respect Mazerac as an architect. But as a human being—well, I don't hold with speaking ill of the dead. But she just couldn't stand another minute of it. Never took a penny from him, either. Not that he offered. She supported the boy herself. Half-starved, they say she was, till she married again. But she never got her health back."

Tom said that was tough. And what about the boy?

"Kevin?" Bart puffed moistly. "Spittin' image of his father, as luck would have it. You'd think any father would be proud to own him, a strong handsome fellow. But not Peer Mazerac. If you ask me, he was jealous of the boy. Afraid he'd steal all the girls, most likely. Alice Torrington has the same party line, and she happened to overhear . . . Well—" He tapped his pipe on the stone. "Guess we better be getting down to brass tacks, Mr. Neale. This is my dinner hour."

TOM called over his shoulder, "Try to make up your mind, honey. While Mr. Waite is still here."

She nodded and the men disappeared into the house.

She felt as though she were in the middle of a nightmare. Before, there had been the fact of the summer, and Pierre and Berta and Windover, and the summer's tragic end. Her own

Protect the Birds

The dove brings peace and the stork brings tax exemptions.

flight and her guilt—her part in the deaths. But now so much was added—Elizabeth Harrower and a son ignored by his father. It made her wonder whether she had understood anything, really, about that summer if so important and fundamental a matter had escaped her entirely. For years she had struggled to ignore the crime and her possible guilt for it. Now she was forced to re-evaluate the events and her role in them. Perhaps there was still more of which she had been unaware. How could she make the decision Tom demanded until she knew all the facts? Until she had found out too whether or not in the frenzy of her flight she had destroyed the manuscript which was Pierre's life.

And all at once she found herself climbing the hill behind the house to the rock where, so often that summer, she had gone to think.

Scrambling up the steep slippery grade, matted with dried grasses, she recalled other times. There on the rock she had sat alone to see her first island sunset. And Pierre had come, so quietly she did not hear him, to watch, he said, not so much the sunset as her delight in it. There she had sat in the moonlight with the boy from Davidsboro. What was his name? Bill—Bill Stanfield. He had been in love with her. Sadly, agonizingly, painfully and hopelessly. He had told her so here at the rock. And she had sent him away with the cruelty born of idealism. For he knew nothing of art and was, when he had finished college, slated for his father's cotton mill. And besides, Pierre had asked her to send him away. Poor Bill. To the rock she had fled that last night, whipped by wind and lashed by rain, to think—to try to think—what she must do.

To the rock she had come again.

She placed the flat of her hands on the warm dry surface and drew herself up. She must think hard and straight and purposefully. She might be more guilty than she knew, or less. But she had never felt the necessity of facing the facts until now. What could she tell Tom?

She lay on her back and felt the sun beat down as it had on the morning when Margaret Christensen stood on the deck of the little steamer Tern on her way to the magic island.

On the topmost of the three decks, in the foremost angle of the bow, she stood against the rail, conscious with all her senses of this brand-new glory. The wind gently blew away from her mind the doubts and worries which, during the long trip from Minnesota, had gathered there. Would she bring enough to this job? Would she measure up? Wouldn't the Mazeracs expect more of worldly wisdom for fifteen dollars a week, plus board and traveling expenses? After all, though her typing and stenography were adequate, she had never been as far away from home as Chicago. Shouldn't the secretary of Pierre Mazerac—a name known all over the world—be more of a personage than a mere provincial college sophomore?

She was unsophisticated, she knew, even for a small town college like Tonoma. Her father who taught philosophy there had the repressive strength of an idealist sprung from a long line of missionaries. He had repressed her mother into a semi-invalid submissiveness and herself into a model of health, purity and A work in her studies. No boy, discouraged by her virtues and the rampant puritanism of her father, had ever tried to go so far as to hold her hand. Romance would come in time. Meanwhile, there was the satisfaction of intellectual accomplishment. And now—this wonderful opportunity promoted, amazingly and unexpectedly, by her usually so silent mother. Yet once on her way she had begun to doubt herself. . . .

But now, aboard the little ship Tern, already she could feel her eyes seeing and her spirit growing. It was good to be alive and moving toward adventure.

"WHAT did you say it was called?" asked a little girl's shrill voice close to her. "A what southwester?"

The answering male voice was basso and bored. "A smoky southwester. That's the third time I've told you. Try to hold on to it, dumbhead."

"What a wonderful name for it!" Margaret said out loud before she thought, and became conscious of a tall rather homely young man in a shaggy tweed jacket. Plucking at his sleeve was a little girl whose face seemed all freckles and tooth braces.

She said rudely to Margaret, "That's just what it's called, that's all."

The young man said, "Don't pay any attention to the brat."

Margaret remarked sympathetically that she had a brother of ten herself.

"Thank heaven," said the young man, "Cynthia is only my niece. Let go of my sleeve, brat."

"Not until you give me a dime for an ice cream cone."

"Stay downstairs until you've finished it," he instructed. "They don't want kids dripping all over the decks."

"Ha!" said Cynthia nastily, streaking away. "You want to be alone with *her*. I know."

Margaret concentrated again on the view and wished the young man would go away, but he showed no inclination to budge except to move close beside her against the rail. His name, he told her, was Bill Stanfield and he had just finished his sophomore year at Harvard. Then he asked, "What's your name?" and "Do you sail?"

She said she was Margaret Christensen and had sailed a little in a canoe on Tonoma Lake. At home in Minnesota.

"How come you're vacationing so far from home?"

"I've got a job," she said, feeling herself light up as she said it. "Secretarial. To help a man write his autobiography."

Bill was impressed. "But maybe," he said hopefully, "you'll have time to crew for me in the races anyway. We have them Wednesdays and Saturdays. You're at Davidsboro, I suppose?"

"Colston Center. Is that near?"

"About twenty miles. But anyway, our crowd goes up-island a lot in good weather. The beaches are much better there." He looked at her speculatively. "How much do you know about Colston?"

"Not much. Why?"

"Oh, nothing." He paused and obviously

[*continued on page 115*]

JUNIORS

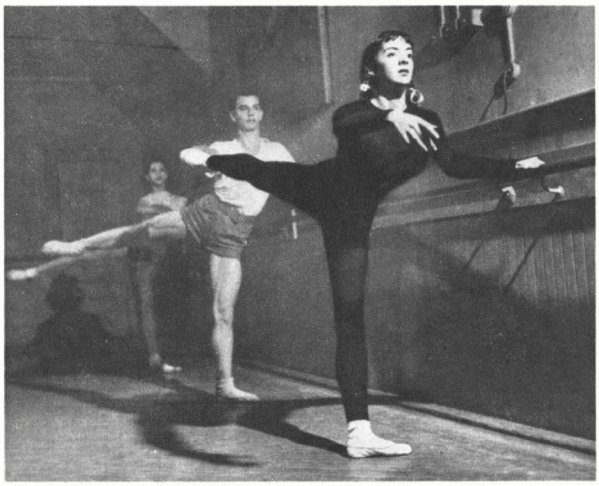
Seventeen-year-old Pat Gianninoto—baby ballerina of hit music drama Allegro—rollicks through a De Mille ballet.

BALLET BABY

• Black-eyed Pat Gianninoto is one teen-ager who knows where she's going. Her ambition—to be a classical ballerina in the great tradition of Taglioni, Pavlova, Genee and Markova. Pat started her training when she was eleven, gives credit for her dancing know-how to the late Mordkin. Lucky with hit shows—Lute Song and Bloomer Girl—she's now in New York's current smash Allegro. At seventeen, Miss G. is tall, slim, blessed with a bright panther grace. Main interests—aside from dancing—are dates, eating, Chekhov, fashion-modeling.

[*continued on page* 102]

Pat lives in Yonkers with her parents, gets up at noon and scurries to town—via bus and subway—for lessons, work.



Like all serious-minded young dancers Pat Gianninoto attends classes faithfully each weekday, running the tiptoe gamut of practice exercises at the Ballet Arts School.

After a 3:30 hot lunch at the Automat, fashion-wise Pat and her friends window-shop around the city. Her pet extravagances: accessories, especially shoes and shoulder bags.

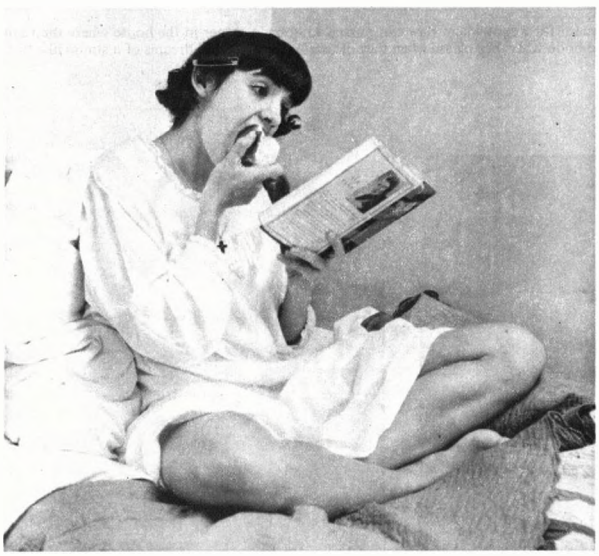
At 5:00 Pat has dinner with a beau—usually movie-bait Harrison Muller, a tap dancer in Allegro. They chatter about their day, make plans to go (you guessed it) dancing.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GEORGE KARGER—PIX

Sign-in time at the theater is 7:55. Pat whips into her makeup and costume, knits or reads until she's on. Intermission is fun, means cake and mugs of milk or coffee.

Home again, hungry again, she munches a fried-egg sandwich, putters until 2 A.M.

A hot bubble bath and Pat is ready for a tall milk. Next, hair goes up in curls.



With the day's work done and practice clothes washed, Pat makes a gesture of going off to bed. Actually she sits up to read and munch apples till four in the morning.

WE CAN DREAM, CAN'T WE?

What do men expect a house to do for them in the way of masculine comfort? To find out we went right to the men themselves. We talked to them, looked at their houses, made a poll to see what they secretly yearn for at home, what their pet peeves are—and we found out! Here are the answers interpreted by artist Ben Stahl

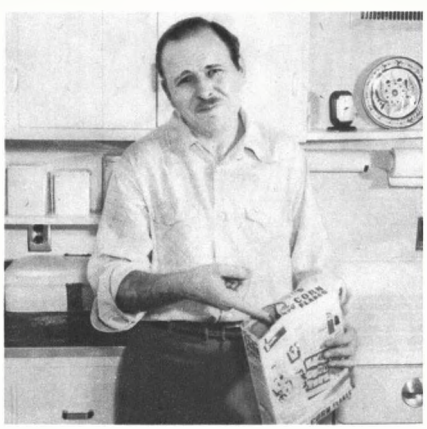
Well-stocked refrigerator for midnight snacks is most men's idea of pure bliss—a small bird, cheese, icy beer head the list.

Place to make a mess in. All men yearn for a spot where they can pursue a hobby, a corner in the house where they can scatter papers, drop ashes, saw wood or do what they please when they please. Artist Ben Stahl dreams of a studio like this.

BASIC GROUCHES

Men know what they don't like in households too

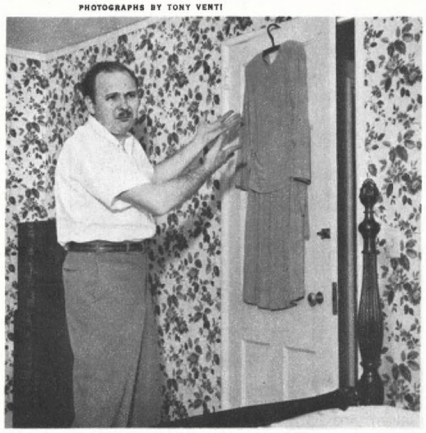
Violated newspapers, mussed, scattered or simply first-read, rank as heinous household crime. Men take news seriously.



Tearing open cereal box instead of cutting along the dotted line is considered minor outrage, brings forth wistful plea.

Solid comfort—big comfortable lounge chair with a place to put feet up, radio handy, jumbo ash tray, good light for reading—all too good to be true?

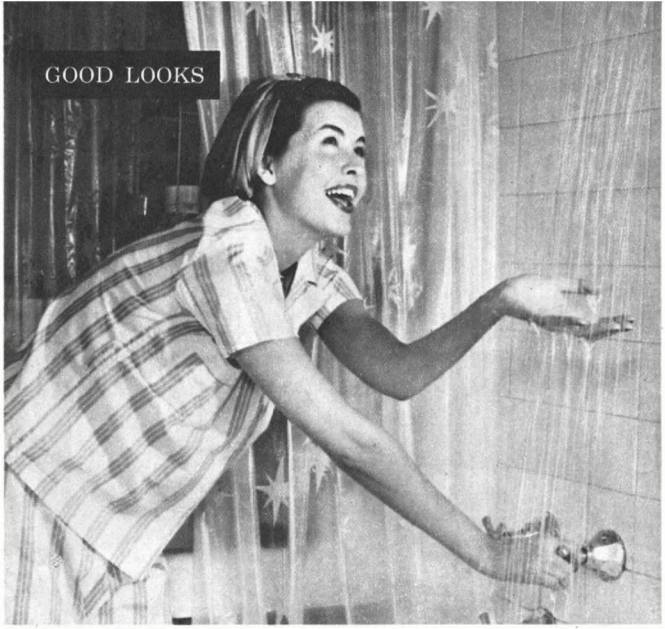
PHOTOGRAPHS BY TONY VENTI



Clothes-hanger-in-use perched on top of closet door makes opening or closing door difficult—is anathema to average man.

Fragile tables laden with bric-a-brac are felt to be a deliberate plot against men. So are bitsy ash trays, wobbly vases.

All men to the fore on this one—stockings drying on the shower rail. Only thing worse is to find them soaking in bowl.



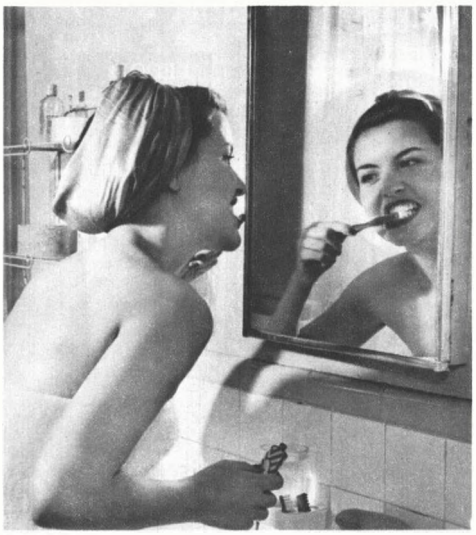
7:00 **There's nothing like a shower** to help wake you up—warms the bathroom too. Some girls prefer a tub. Good—if you don't linger too long.

20 MINUTES TO DRESS

• WHO'S BRIGHT-EYED IN THE MORNING? A few people get right out of bed that way. Oftener the happy state comes only after the morning rush to dress, eat and get to work is safely behind. Save temper wear-and-tear in the rush hour (or two) and you have a head start on a pleasant day. The secret lies in smooth routine—you waste a lot of time if you have to make decisions when you're sleepy. The girl who wants to look her best finds most of her deciding has to do with getting dressed. Happily, this is a place where planning ahead pays off. Using the timing shown here, you can complete the job in only twenty minutes.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TONY VENTI

7:10 **Spend about a minute here.** A good lipstick job will last through breakfast. Apply (with brush), blot, powder, reapply and blot again.



7:06 **Six minutes up.** She's dabbed on her deodorant, dusted on body powder. Now it's tooth-brushing time.

7:07 **Next step is** to put on bra, girdle, slip and stockings. The right clothes laid out the night before make it easy. Everything matches, nothing's mislaid. Seams straight? Of course.

7:09 **All dressed but the top layer.** She applies makeup base with care. smooths it to hairline, powders lightly.

7:13 **In street clothes now,** she has just seven minutes left to take out curlers, brush, comb and arrange her hair.

7:20 **Twenty minutes are up.** Dressed for the day, nicely groomed, calm and collected, she's ready to eat a good breakfast before she sets off on her morning trek to the office.

"Anybody hungry?" Jack shouts and then gets ready to duck as about-to-starve friends crowd in on him. After a few minutes' quick heating, fish chowder will be ready to serve.

CHOWDER GOES TO

SKI CLOTHES FROM NORSE HOUSE

Jack proves he can too cook! His thin pancake batter takes 2 eggs, 1½ cups milk, 1 cup flour, 2 tablespoons sugar, ¼ teaspoon salt, beaten smooth with egg beater. To bake he pours a few spoonfuls on hot lightly greased griddle, tilts pan to keep them thin, even.

This is fast work—pancakes brown just about a minute on one side, then flip over for the other. Betty rolls them up quickly with a couple of forks, tops with spoonfuls of hot fruit sauce (1½ cups whole cranberry sauce heated with a cup of orange juice).

After a day in (or maybe under) the snow, ski enthusiasts clamor for a hot tasty supper that can be served up fast as a jump-turn. With this gang of young-marrieds chowder and dessert pancakes are top choice

Chowder is too good to allow anybody extras so last mouthfuls get shared fa'r and squar'.

A SKI PARTY

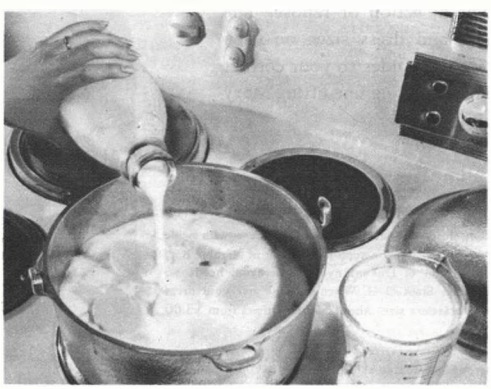
PHOTOGRAPHS BY TORY BERTI

"She just married me for my cooking," Jack says modestly as tart-sweet pancakes are gobbled up by admiring gang. This dessert is amateur's delight because it gives impression of great skill, really is simple, easy. Only joker: making enough to satisfy pleased eaters.

BETTY MAKES THE CHOWDER A DAY AHEAD OF TIME

Hostess Betty dices ¼ pound fat salt pork, puts it into large kettle to cook slowly until crisp and brown, then adds ½ cup sliced onions. Meanwhile she cuts 2 pounds haddock or cod (fresh or quick-frozen) into 1-inch cubes, pares and slices potatoes thin to make 3 cups.

When onions are soft she adds the potatoes and fish, 2 cups boiling water, 1 tablespoon salt, ⅛ teaspoon pepper. She puts on the cover and lets the mixture simmer about 20 minutes—or until tender.



Next Betty pours in 1½ quarts milk, adds 1 tablespoon butter. As soon as the chowder is hot once more it's ready to store in a cool place—needs only reheating the next day to feed hungry ski crowd.

HOW TO WASH A

• **FABRIC SHADES** are timid tubbers but they can usually be coaxed through a sudsy bath if you're wise to the troublemakers: metal frames that rust through to the fabric; glued-on bindings and braid that wash off, shrink or leave a trail of glue stains; improperly cut fabric that shrinks to bias wrinkles. Washing shades may involve a little risk but a shade is no use to you dirty and if the tubbing works you've got as good as a new shade. So here goes—

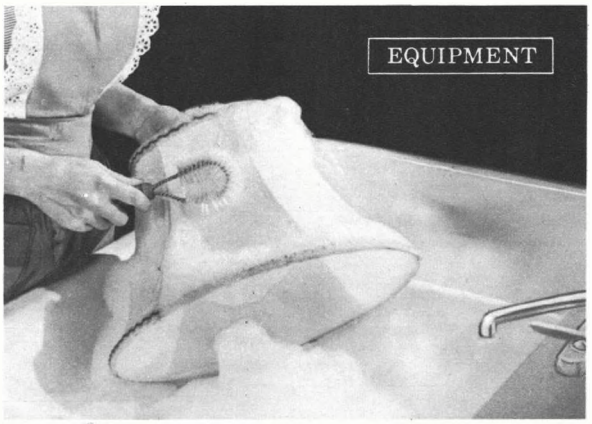
1. Zoop up loose dirt with the soft brush of your vacuum—no streaks, no snags.

2. Sew glued-on trim in place or pull it off and wash separately. It's often smart to replace old trim with new—looks perky, hides chance glue stains that don't wash out.

3. Douse up and down in thick warm suds made with mild soap flakes or one of the new synthetic detergents. If your washtubs aren't quite big enough, use the bathtub.

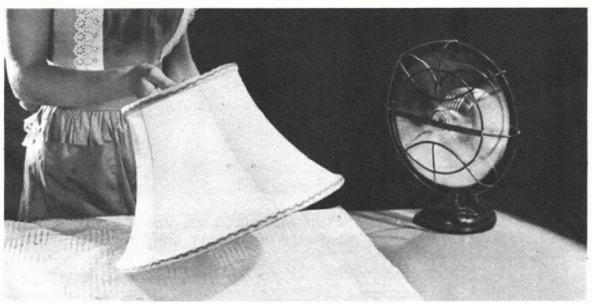
LAMPSHADE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TONY VERTI



4. Use a second suds, made with clean water, to flush away the dirty water spots that collect between cover and lining. Gentle brushing is persuasive to bad spots.

5. Two thorough rinses follow the two sudsings, then blot up the last drops with clean Turkish towel. Handle shade gently; it's easy to poke holes in taut wet fabric.



6. Speed the drying process with a fan to protect delicate colors and lessen danger from rust. Shift the shade frequently so that all its areas get equal exposure to breeze.

CLOTHES FOR THE SUN

FASHIONS

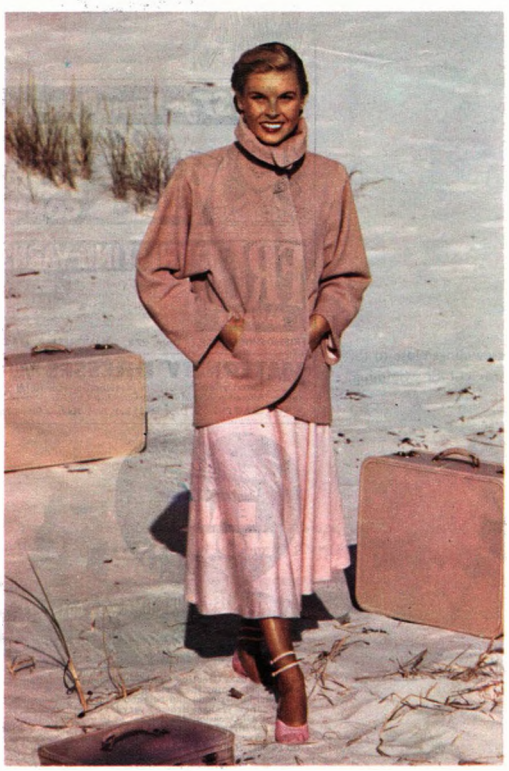
• Here are high spots of resort fashions, pace-setters for south and summer. You'll see how a new silhouette transforms the shortie coat, how sleek or how flirtatious a bathing suit can be. And would you have thought of a bright sheer wool for a blouse and skirt? Or gold-shot taffeta for moonlight bathing?

(*Left*) Frances Sider designs a moonlight bathing costume in changeable green and black taffeta, with a glittering untarnishable metal stripe. It's an evening dress—but if you want a swim after the dance, slip off the skirt and wear the suit (*above*).

Claire McCardell's sun dress is a cover-up if you cross the sash behind, bring it to a necktie bow.

BEACH SANDALS BY J. MACKEY & SON
FINE LINEN SLIPPERS BY CAPEZIO
LUGGAGE BY AMELIA EARHART LUGGAGE

Covered-up blouse and very short close shorts look new; so does the combination of cocoa and white. Detachable collar and cuffs. Del-Mar.



The little wrapped coat with standing collar is the 1948 version of the shortie—goes anywhere over anything, day or evening. Lo Balbo.

continued on page 114

BEACH BAG BY DOROTHY DICKERSON
JEWELRY BY [illegible]
PHOTOGRAPHS BY PAUL D'ORÉ

Tina Leser uses brilliant sheer wool for the south, makes a blouse in multicolor plaid, then picks up its singing yellow in a great-circle skirt. Wonderful for beach, village or patio.

Another Tina Leser design—the bustle-back bathing suit, bright green cotton with ruffles edged in pink. Very feminine and very gay—calls for a pink ribbon knotted in the hair.

Claire McCardell's strapless tube of black and white striped jersey clings close to the figure, nearly covers the brief black shorts—a suit as sleek as a fish, cut for swimming.

Piqué halter-vest, startlingly white against bronzed shoulders, navy skirt. Cabana

After a swim, Tina Leser wraps you in scarf and skirt of thick white toweling.

changed the subject. "They've got a swell tavern at the Center and last year the music wasn't half bad. A bunch of us used to go up every Thursday night. I expect I'll see you there, all right."

Margaret said dubiously, "They didn't write to me about any social life. They just said it would be a quiet sequestered summer and I'd have plenty of time to read evenings. So I've brought along three Russian novels from my required list next year."

"What a way for a beautiful young woman to spend summer evenings!" said Bill Stanfield. "Who are these slave drivers?"

"Their name is Mazerac." She tried not to sound proud as she said it.

Both Bill and Cynthia, who had returned in a chocolate-smeared edition, stared as though she had broken out in spots. Cynthia said, "I know them. They're the ones who—"

"Oh, shut up!" said Bill. "I never knew such a kid. Here, go get yourself some popcorn."

"They *are* the ones," said Cynthia and departed.

Margaret turned her back to the view and asked, belligerently, what was wrong with the Mazeracs.

Bill mumbled something or other about his family being so blastedly conventional that they thought any man who wore pink pants and a beard must have something wrong with him.

"That's not what Cynthia meant," Margaret persisted. "But anyway, he's a great artist," she said stoutly. "And didn't some Russian say—Dostoevski, I think—that to artists all is forgiven." Her eyes blazed at him.

"Golly!" said Bill, pretending to cower. "You're the fightingest woman I ever met up with."

"I come from a long line of Vikings," Margaret said. "But only on my father's side. Mother's people were peaceful French-Canadians who drifted to Maine and stayed there. Same as the Mazeracs. That's how I happened to get the job."

Something about this statement seemed to reassure Bill. "In that case," he said, "my apologies."

She wanted to know, apologies for what, but that was all she could get out of him.

BY THIS time they were nearing Barry Cove wharf. A taxi, she said in answer to his question, was meeting her. Driven by a Mr. Burden. It was nice of Bill to offer to take her to Colston Center in his jalopy but all the arrangements had been made.

The boat tooted twice, deafeningly. And Bill said he'd better go down to his car now and find the brat—and please, he said, suddenly serious, if she should want anything ever, not just now, but any help of any kind, she must promise to call on him. Anyway, he'd phone her soon to see how she was making out.

Slowly she moved down to the exit.

Now she was apprehensive again. Bill had upset her. Though why the remarks and insinuations of a Harvard sophomore should have any effect on her at all, really seemed too silly. The Mazeracs must be all right or Mother wouldn't have urged her to apply for the job in the first place. After all, hadn't Mother been Celia Mazerac's girlhood friend? Hadn't they corresponded for years after Celia had married an Italian count and moved to Florence, Italy? Why, Pierre Mazerac had written himself that it would be a pleasure to have Louise Binet's daughter as his secretary. It was a very informal household, he wrote, and the secretary was actually a member of the family. He and his wife would be happy to . . . Why, it was a fine letter. Bill must be crazy to imply that something was wrong with the Mazeracs.

The crowd surged out onto the smelly creaky old wharf. Margaret's soles tingled inside her shoes as she stepped onto holy ground.

The summer had begun.

Mr. Burden stopped the taxi without warning on the level between two hills. Car trouble, thought Margaret, and a pang shot through her. But then her thoughts raced ahead. It couldn't be much farther to Windover. She

A Summer to Remember

from page 100

could probably walk and Mr. Burden could bring her luggage later.

"No, miss, there's nothing wrong," Mr. Burden assured her. "Fact is, I wanted to talk to you." He turned around, three quarters facing her, removed his swordfishing cap, and mopped his bald pink brow with a red handkerchief.

She waited, wishing he would hurry. The boat had been half an hour late as it was—the Mazeracs would think she had changed her mind and wasn't coming.

"I hope," said Mr. Burden earnestly, "you won't think I'm forward for speakin' up. But fact is, I've got a daughter not much older'n you—'bout nineteen. Well—" He cleared his throat. "I'd be sayin' the same thing to her if she was settlin' there instead of you."

"Yes?" she said and tapped with her foot to hurry him along.

"Well, now, all the way up-island I've been a-thinkin' to myself what I'd say to Elvira—that's my daughter—if she was goin' to work for Peer Mazerac. Now, everybody should lead their own life—I hold with that. Everybody's different, we got to live and let live. But Peer Mazerac—"

She could feel herself getting angry.

"Now, I ain't arguin'," said Mr. Burden equably, "that Peer Mazerac don't deserve to be famous, any more'n I argue he ain't a mighty personable-lookin' man. But fact is, he don't live decent. And I hate to see a nice

Mute Force

A modest man is usually admired—if people ever hear of him. **ED W. HOWE**

young girl like you, come from a good home—can tell by the look in your face and the clothes you're wearin'—get set down right plumb in the middle of a godless place like Windover without a word of warnin'."

He gathered himself together for one last effort. "I'm not much good at explainin' things," he continued. "In partic'lar a delicate subject like this here thing I'm tryin' to tell you now. It's like this—now, Peer Mazerac is old enough to be your father. But he won't act like it." He watched her closely as he went on. "There's pretty wild doin's up to Windover, they tell me. Swimmin' parties, drinkin' parties. Now, I ain't sayin' a word against Mrs. M. She's a real nice woman, but she's got no control over him. Don't see how she stands it. If I was her—"

She could hold back her anger no longer. "Mr. Burden," she blazed at him, "I suppose I ought to be grateful to you for being so interested in me, and I do thank you. But I just can't believe a word of what you say. There are always rumors and gossip in any narrow-minded community about a great man, an artist. Mazerac is the greatest architect in this country, maybe in the world. Naturally he isn't like other people. My family knows all about him—my mother went to school with his sister. And besides, I'm old enough to take care of myself." She was pleasantly conscious of behaving with adult dignity. "And now, if you'd please start the car . . ."

Mr. Burden clucked disparagingly. "Don't forget, though, I warned you. And if you ever need help—I pointed out my cottage down to the Center." He stepped on the starter.

Mean silly old fool, thought Margaret, fighting back the tears. To go and spoil this day with his nasty innuendoes. Maybe the Mazeracs *did* have wild parties, maybe the guests *did* drink too much. But so did a lot of other people. Furthermore, she wasn't a baby any longer, but a young woman on her own, with a mission. Her job was to help Pierre Mazerac finish the first volume of his book—to succeed where the other secretaries, according to his letter, had failed.

"Thar she blows," said Mr. Burden. "Sticks out like a sore thumb."

She leaned forward, set for her first close-up glimpse of the house. And there it was, magnificent beyond imagination. As though he had been waiting for the sound of the motor Pierre Mazerac stepped out of the doorway.

"There's the great man," said Mr. Burden.

Pierre's arms were stretched out in welcome as she moved across the meadowy grass. "*Bon jour*, Margot," he said. His voice was like a deep-toned bell. Hair and beard, once red, were faded to a curious pink. She had no idea he would be so broad and tall, so bronzed by sun and wind. There was something noble about him, something stirring—like one of Blake's seraphim.

"I'm sorry I'm late, Mr. Mazerac," she said.

His bright black-brown eyes held hers. "Call me Pierre," he said. "No formality here." She could feel the warmth and strength of his red-tan hands as he placed them affectionately upon her shoulders.

PIERRE turned her around toward the hillside sloping down to the sound. Then, picking up her bags, he studied her face intently for a moment. "You love my island already," he said. "I can see it in your face."

He led the way inside. No pictures she had seen ever, of castle or cathedral interiors, seemed to her to compare in spaciousness, restfulness or richness. Through the great window on the long wall opposite the fireplace the outdoor colors crowded, blending with and enhancing those within. Her long-drawn-out sigh was from the heart.

"The perfect tribute," Pierre said delightedly. "I'll show you the rest of the house if you like."

She could find no words for her admiration as he led her from room to room, explaining the features of each. The plan was essentially simple and functional, the decorative scheme of each room stemming from some central idea—a vase, a rug, a piece of fabric. To Margaret, who had lived all her life in a home where the aesthetic was the least consideration, it seemed like a dwelling upon another planet. "The fine points," Pierre said, "you can absorb later. But I assure you there's nothing in any room that isn't in harmony with the whole, from the largest table to the smallest ash tray, whether they are modern or two thousand years old. Like that bottle on the bureau. It was dug up in Egypt—a perfume bottle. There's one like it in the fine arts museum in Boston. See how exquisitely it blends with the rug, with the draperies at the windows. Those are modern. And the bedspread, Berta—that's my wife—made it in the days when she did weaving. Now, if anyone told you all such things could be put together you'd think they were crazy, wouldn't you? But I say, and I say over and again, there is no recipe for putting things together except the concept of fitness. Remember that. Mazerac's concept of fitness. It is really what my whole book, my whole life, is about. Come along now; I'll show you my studio because that's the room you'll know the best. We can sit down there awhile and talk. Better for us to get acquainted a little today and start real work tomorrow."

She followed him, feeling small and humble in the wake of his towering personality.

The studio was paneled in a blond wood and lined on three sides with bookshelves. Between the books, at random intervals, were objects—bronzes, pottery, ivories. At home bookshelves were for books only—and mostly glassed in to keep out the dust.

She stood in the center of the room before the table-desk, letting her eyes dwell upon these wonders.

"Sit down . . . over there where I can look at you." Pierre waved her toward a chair made of woven rawhide strips; then grabbed her arm. "Wait. Good heavens!" he said. He took a fold of her skirt between his fingers. "Drab brown," he said. "Drab brown watered silk!"

Humbly she said she knew it was dirty but it had been a long trip, she'd be glad to change into one of her new summer dresses.

He said sarcastically, "A summer dress? A small flower print?"

She beamed and said, why yes, how did he know? Her mother had made her two cottons

[*continued on page* 116]

—one with rosebuds and the other with daisies.

Pierre groaned. There was no justice. God gave a girl a face like a Da Vinci and a body like Persephone and her mother made her prints with rosebuds, with daisies.

She felt her face grow red. "Never mind," he said, "the joke's on me. It happens in one way or another with every new secretary. Only ordinarily I let it ride. But you, looking the way you do . . . if that shaft of sunlight hadn't happened to focus on you I might have delivered my entire speech on the concept of fitness without noticing. You, dressed like something home-grown, in that magnificent chair from New Mexico. Now don't get emotional about it. I don't mean to insult either you or your mother by objecting to your clothes. You can save them all for Michigan."

"Minnesota."

"I'll wager," said Pierre, "you have a playsuit in your trunk with a sailor collar that has red, white and blue stars embroidered on it."

She nodded.

"And another of striped seersucker."

She nodded again.

"Never mind," he cheered her as though forgiving a major sin, "Berta can dig up something for you to wear this summer. How about a swim?"

A swim. That would be heavenly. Where should she change into her bathing suit?

He indicated a room and she locked herself in gratefully.

THE black one-piece swim suit had her team insigne across the front in blue. She had won the state interscholastic backstroke championship two years in a row and was glad; now she would be able to show off her swimming form for Mr. Mazerac's—Pierre's—benefit. How would she be able to explain to Mother why certain of her things hadn't been worn? Mother would never understand Mazerac's concept of fitness . . . though for that matter she didn't understand it very well herself, yet.

She put her striped terry-cloth beach cape round her shoulders and finally found Pierre at the foot of the wooden steps that arched over the masonry sea wall. His voice as he called was lost in the sound of the waves. Slowly she walked down the steps, conscious that Pierre was watching her descent. At the bottom the cliffs cut off the wind. It was sheltered, warm. He stood on a dune and watched her as she let the robe slip to the sand. She wished he would stop staring. He didn't care for her bathing suit, perhaps?

She said she would rip off the insigne if he didn't like it. It *did* seem silly here.

He apparently hadn't heard. "Turn around," he commanded. "That's right. Slowly. Perfect, perfect. Wait till I tell Farrand—he'll be up on the next boat. No, better let it go till we get some work done. Time enough in a month or so. All right, my dear, if you want to take your swim now."

The wind reached her by the water's edge, the tide was icy on her feet. And the waves seemed enormous, too strong.

"It's not exactly warm," Pierre said. "But a few more sunny days and I'll be going in too. I have to be a little careful—my chest, you know. Go ahead, I'll watch you."

He would think her a fool but she couldn't help blurting out that she was frightened of the ocean, she had never swum in surf before.

His strong fingers felt of the muscles in her arms. He squeezed appraisingly, almost like Miss Daly, the swimming coach in school. Then he patted her shoulder and spoke words of reassurance: that this wasn't real surf, only ripples actually. "Wait," he said, "till we get a southeast storm. Then you'll see waves as high as the sea wall. There's a technique in taking the waves, I'll have to give you lessons." He looked at her in a peculiar way, she nodded seriously, and with a little shrugging gesture he went on: "It's too cold to swim much today. Just jump in, off that rock. It's deep enough. You'll love it. Easier all in one piece. I'll hold your cape to wrap you in. Go on."

She wanted to say that if it was as cold as all that she'd rather wait too. But if she suggested it now Pierre would think her a coward—and she had made a bad enough impression already.

She climbed up on the rock, smiled a scared little smile at him, closed her eyes, prayed and jumped.

Her teeth were still chattering when she reached the house although she had run all the way. She rubbed and rubbed herself with a rough towel, and as quickly as she could, put on the wide brown wool slacks and thick rust-colored sweater Pierre thrust in at the bathroom door.

THE sweater and slacks were marked EH. Who, she wondered, was EH and wouldn't she mind lending her clothes to a perfect stranger? Mr. Mazerac—Pierre—couldn't—have known how cold it was or he never would have urged her to go in. Trouble with his chest? Mother had not said anything about that. . . . She hoped he really would remember to teach her how to swim in breakers. She unbraided her hair and began to rub it dry.

There was a knock and a hand, leathery but small and finely made, held a small glass of amber liquid through the opening. A voice, high-pitched and sweet, told her it was rum and she should drink it all in one gulp.

"I am Berta," said the voice.

Margaret threw open the door. Here was someone not much higher than her own shoulder, her finely chiseled features in contrast to ill-kept sunburned skin and wild gray hair. The almond-shaped eyes were as blue as the sea, the irises curiously black-rimmed.

"I'm so glad to meet you," Margaret said through her chattering teeth.

"Pierre was insane to let you go in today," said Berta. "But I know how young people are—probably insisted nothing was too cold for you. Go ahead, drink it down."

It burned all the way. She could feel the heat spread through her.

Berta said, "Come into the living-room, I'll make a fire. And then we'll have lunch. It's cold at this season away from the sun."

Pierre had said something, Margaret remonstrated, about going over some ideas before lunch but Berta dramatically pointed to the closed door of the studio. That meant, she said, he was not to be disturbed. Rule number one. No exceptions. . . . Berta's smile was disarming, a little-girl grin in which her eyes disappeared. "That's the hardest rule," she said, "for his secretaries to learn. He's not an easy person. It takes tact and intelligence to handle him." She was serious all at once. "The book *must* get written," she said. "For everybody's sake."

Margaret, humble, pledged her best. That was all, really, she cared about. She had such respect for, such a high opinion of Pierre's work. It would give her such pleasure to feel that she had been a small factor in setting down his life, his ideas. . . . "Here, let me help you," she cried as Berta lifted a great log from the copper kettle that served as a wood basket.

But Berta waved her away. "You must get used to letting me do the household things," she said. "You belong to Pierre, not to me. Besides I get a kick out of building a fire like this. Out of running this whole place. I've got four saddle horses, two of them I broke and trained myself, and I give riding lessons. I've got chickens and sell the eggs. The cooking—well, there's nothing to that. . . . Before I married Pierre I balked at the idea of exertion. Well . . . I'd better get lunch started." She tipped Margaret's chin up in her hand. "I had no idea," she said in a strange and almost troubled voice, "you would be . . . like this. So young."

Then she went clattering off in her riding boots to the kitchen.

WEARINESS and the rum made her feel dull and sleepy during the light meal that was lunch. Pierre led her to the studio afterward and gave her a piece of his manuscript to read, but she fell asleep over it and never felt herself being lifted onto the big built-in couch.

It was late afternoon when she woke and she was alone. She lay for a few minutes, drowsy and warm; then sprang up, furious for having wasted so much of her first day.

No one was in the living-room. From the terrace she could see Berta giving a riding lesson to some child down in the paddock. Neither Pierre nor her suitcase was to be seen.

Her baggage was not in any of the bedrooms. The studio door was closed. The kitchen was quiet, orderly. She stood upon the back doorstep. There was a small shingled cabin a few yards behind the house, its door open. And sure enough there were her things. She wondered why, with all the space in the house, they had chosen to put her there. Not that it mattered. Here was privacy, a bed, a marvelous view from each of the small windows. And despite the rough-finished interior, here too was Pierre's concept of fitness. Upon one wall hung a strange and beautiful cotton cloth tapestry of deep brown with figures in ivory and blue. The old spool bed and Empire bureau had been refinished and rubbed to a satiny sheen. Braided rugs of blue, tan, and brown were on the painted floor. Ah, she would be happy here in her little house. It would be a fine place for reading and thinking.

She sang as she put away her things, leaving, in deference to Pierre, the flowered prints in the bag. In the cabin's closet were a number of garments, all marked EH—apparently for her to use. There were more slacks, several dirndl dresses of odd design and interesting fabrics. EH, whoever she was, had an artistic eye. What fun to step into a wardrobe. It made her feel like somebody else, not like herself at all.

Already in the late afternoon the air was chilled and the birds beginning to sound a drowsy note. Alongside her cabin a path ran up to the hilltop and she followed it. The thin far cries of the gulls, the soft whoosh of blowing grasses and beneath all the organ point of the ocean's rumble—it reminded her a little of the sweetness and majesty of a Brahms symphony. She hummed as she made her way up the hill to the rock on top.

There she sat, hands clasped over the knees of EH's brown slacks. The sun, a deep red-orange, was sliding down a miraculously clear sky into the sea. There was no sensation to equal this—of being alone, soaking up beauty through every pore.

"So this is where you are," said Pierre. He stood at the foot of the rock looking up at her: "You were singing."

Maybe she had been but she didn't realize it. "It must have been Brahms," she explained. "It made me think of Brahms—all of this."

"You're a funny mixture, little Margot."

How, she wanted to know.

"Oh, flowered cottons and Brahms."

She knew he was teasing her but she didn't mind. "I'm glad you came up to see the sunset too," she said.

"That's not what I came for." His voice was very soft and deep. "I came to see you enjoy it. You make me feel young again, just watching you. Some day," he said, looking away from her, over the water, "you will know what it is to grow old, to feel your youth slip away, to wish you could live those days again. And you want to keep the little of youth that's left the only way you can."

She asked him what way that was.

He reached up and patted her ankle. "As a gift from youth itself," he said.

The sun slid into the black water. A breeze came up, strong and chill. Pierre shivered and held out his hand. "Let's go in," he said. "The wind's gotten around to the east. I thought today was a weather breeder. Rain tomorrow."

AT DINNER Margaret remarked that her mother had sent her regards to Pierre.

The blankness of his face smote her.

Berta reminded him quickly that Margaret's mother had known him in Maine.

Yes, Margaret nodded. Surely Pierre remembered Louise Binet, the best friend of his sister Celia?

Abruptly Pierre left the table. The door of the studio slammed shut. Almost in tears Margaret asked what she had said, had done.

Berta said, "His sister married an Italian who became one of Mussolini's chief aides. He can't bear to speak of her." She got up and began to stack the dishes. "When you work on the early chapters," she said, peering earnestly at Margaret like a wizened child, "try not to let his hate show through."

Berta moved toward the kitchen with her tray. "Pierre always hurts himself too much,"

she said. "If you see it happening you must stop him in time. A little word from you . . ."

Margaret spoke wonderingly. "But wouldn't that come much better from you?"

Berta stopped in the shadow of the doorway. A hard bitter expression pinched the mask of her face. "Nothing comes well from me—any more," she said. She turned and swiftly carried the dishes into the kitchen, leaving Margaret alone by the fire.

THE little cabin was fine for sleeping. Already the room was familiar. It was only six-thirty when she awoke refreshed and sorry work would not begin till nine. Rain spattered on the roof. Pierre had been right—yesterday was a weather breeder.

She lit the lamp and reverently lifted Pierre's manuscript from the bedside table. Frozen Music it was called. The quotation was given in full on the title page. "Architecture is music in space, as if it were a frozen music." Schelling. Who was Schelling? She would have to ask Pierre.

The autobiography began without introduction: "I do not remember the Canadian village where I was born but I am told it was an ugly place. Every village, every house I lived in as a child was hideously ugly. I accepted ugliness, discomfort, ill temper and suffering as inevitable conditions of life."

He went on to describe the migration of his family to Sudbury, Maine.

As she read she was appalled not only by the starkness of Pierre's childhood setting but also by his retrospective bitterness. There was no alleviating note of love or forgiveness. His father had been a stern man; his mother, a woman too harassed by coping with the weather and the chores to have time for tenderness. For her, at least, Pierre showed flickers of sympathy as the chapter went on.

There was an utter lack of interest between Pierre's older sister Celia and himself—she, dark, pretty, gay, a flirt whenever she had a chance to be; he, big for his age, taciturn, skilled with his hands and geared to one idea only—that of growing up as fast as possible and leaving Sudbury behind.

How fortunate it was, Margaret thought, that Berta had told her about the hate in the manuscript. For she herself could not help feeling, as she read, that the author from the start prejudiced the reader against him. The word "masochist" flashed in her mind. Why should Pierre seem to *try* to hurt himself? Why would he not listen to anything Berta might suggest? Why would any suggestions for changes come better from herself?

In any case, she would follow instructions. Perhaps, she thought, if he would write an introduction hinting at the constructive attitude toward art which was now his . . . Perhaps if he were to be a little humorous, a little tender, toward his own boyhood sufferings . . . She made notes on her scratch pad.

There was only one chapter finished. The rest was notes. And already it was eight o'clock and she must be ready for work by nine.

It was damp and chilly in the shack. EH's woolen clothing felt none too warm. She hugged the manuscript as she crossed the sodden grass to the kitchen door.

Berta had left coffee for her, and a note. Pierre would be sleeping late, she wrote. "Don't wake him. I will be in the barn. Please call me when he wants breakfast. He is not to be disturbed!" There was an explanatory parenthesis. "(Your father telephoned at two A.M. Your wire had not reached them.)"

For the first time in her life she had forgotten something important concerning her home. She felt, guiltily, that it was a symbol of something she must not let happen again. Home must not be forgotten amid the wonders of Windover.

A little after ten Pierre appeared, muffled in sweaters and scarfs. "Tell Berta I want my breakfast," he said without a greeting to Margaret and shuffled to the fireplace. Nervously she tried to poke up the smoldering fire. "Don't flutter," Pierre said crossly. "I wonder why Berta didn't start the furnace."

This morning, she thought, quietly setting the poker against the fireplace, he looked old and sick. Thanks to her own carelessness. It scarcely seemed possible that he was the same man who, dominating and pulsing with health, had stood in the sun yesterday.

Not until Pierre sat morosely over his full breakfast tray did Margaret dare to mention to Berta her feelings of guilt about the telephone call from her family which must have awakened Pierre.

Berta shut the door to the living-room. "Don't think about it any more," she said. "He's probably forgotten what woke him up last night. In this kind of weather he's depressed anyway. He worries about himself. The only way to get him over it is to interest him in his work."

She was assembling the makings of a cake as she talked, efficiently setting out bowls and spoons, lighting the oven. The chief thing to remember, she said, wielding the eggbeater, was not to bring up things for discussion once they were past. To bear in mind—she looked earnestly, imploringly, at Margaret—that Margaret as an individual must be prepared to suffer wounds to her personal pride for the sake of Pierre as an artist. He had ceased to feel, said Berta, beating harder and harder, the great man he was. The depression had hit him hard. And because he refused to compromise on designs and materials he did not receive many commissions. So if she, Margaret, could help him to come back to what he used to be, wasn't that worth suffering for a little? It might be hard on her now but some day she would appreciate the privilege.

"I appreciate it now," said Margaret, eyes shining. "He is a great man."

Berta stopped beating for a moment and nodded. Then she went on with the cake.

THE studio was warm and made more intimate by the sound of rain swishing and swirling outside. They had worked for three hours and it had gone well, better than Margaret had dared to hope.

Pierre dictated in explosive spurts. There would be a sentence blurted out quickly, then silence while he walked up and down gathering steam for the next thought.

This was the chapter devoted to his early adolescence, the time of growing rebelliousness against his environment. The only human being he was close to at that time was a half-breed Indian boy called George, in whose company he learned skill in fishing and hunting and maneuvering a canoe.

He and George were on a trapping expedition up a near-by mountain when a blizzard overtook them. George knew how they could dig themselves into the snow, how to keep each other alive through the mutual warmth of their bodies. Nevertheless, they were almost unconscious by the time the searching party from town stumbled on them. "The next day," dictated Pierre, "I was desperately ill with the pneumonia that changed my life."

He stopped pacing and stood, feet planted wide apart, before Margaret and watched her take down his last words. Her face was flushed, her braids had slipped out of their crown.

"Good girl," he said. His hand rested for an instant upon the top of her head.

It was the accolade, better than having been high school valedictorian.

"Type it up this afternoon," he said. "I'll go over it after dinner this evening. With luck we ought to get enough done for a good solid advance from a publisher by autumn."

He strode to the studio door and flung it open. "Berta. Lunch," he roared. Her heart beat with pride. Thanks to her he was his hearty self again.

Now she understood the reason for having been given the separate cabin. Here she could type out the morning's work without disturbing Pierre from his after-lunch siesta. It was his habit, he told her, to lie down and think about the next day's work, either on the beach or in the house. No more work with her until tomorrow morning unless after dinner, upon reading the typescript, he found some special matter to talk over. At lunch he reported glowingly to Berta on the morning's progress. Margaret could feel Berta's warm approval.

"Don't wear yourself out at the start," said Berta. "If you get through with your typing in time this afternoon maybe you'd like to explore a little." She spoke of the lighthouse.

The rain was still blowing in great sheets

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when Margaret neatly stacked the typed pages—a good day's work. Then she set out cross country. This was not like the rain at home that had a dusty taste, but wilder, with a salt flavor to it. As she sloshed along in her boots, she felt the tingle of adventure.

Therefore she was less startled than she might have been at the sudden emergence of the boy from the bushes. He was Indian and about the age, she judged, of her brother Sammy. His small-featured copper-hued face peered out from under a black rubber southwester.

They stared at each other. Finally he said, "I guess you're the new girl up to Mazeracs'. You better watch out."

"Watch out? For what?"

He took a few steps toward her and solemnly wagged his head. "My sister got all smashed on account of that Mr. Mazerac. The judge said it wasn't his fault, but everybody knows it was. My sister, she hates him. And when we go to church on Sundays she prays against him. She never told me exactly but I know it anyway. And I do it too."

His name, he told her, was Hugh Vanderdam, and his father kept the lighthouse. If she visited the lighthouse she'd better not tell his father she was living up to Mazeracs'. His father hated them even worse than Genevieve did—that was his sister's name. Jenny. She was the one who got smashed up.

Smashed up how? she demanded, afraid to know, afraid not to know.

He told her it was a car accident. Mr. Mazerac and another man, with his sister Jenny and another girl. They'd been to a dance in town. "She won't ever dance no more," Hugh said flatly. "Or walk good, even. She was studying to be a dancer. So you be careful."

He vanished into the bushes.

THE rain seemed danker and the wind wilder. In a panic Margaret battered her way against them back to the house. As she passed the path from the cliffs she saw a girl limping in the direction of the lighthouse. That must be Jenny.

She was lighter-skinned than her brother, of a creamy almost olive color, with delicate features and a cloud of long black hair. These Indians, Margaret recalled having heard, were oftener than not a mixture of Indian, Portuguese and Negro. This girl might have stepped out of a Velasquez portrait of a Spanish gentlewoman. Her dark eyes, set in deep hollows, were lustrous and fringed by thick dark lashes. There was an air of sullen pride and hostility in the gaze she leveled at Margaret.

I would hate to have her pray against me, Margaret thought hurrying on. This was her third warning. First, Bill Stanfield; then, Mr. Burden; and now, Hugh Vanderdam, the lighthouse keeper's son. Pierre, it seemed, had built up a reputation for himself as the local satan. She told herself, determinedly, he probably got blamed out of jealousy and misunderstanding for every questionable happening within twenty miles of Colston. That was because they didn't know the real Pierre. The artist. The teacher. She could feel his hand again on her hair. Hear his voice commending her: "Good girl."

Berta must be aware how people felt, what they said about her husband. That must have been part of what she meant when she said, "Pierre has always hurt himself too much." That was why Berta felt the book was important—to vindicate him for these alleged crimes in the eyes of others. Of course, thought Margaret, it is all clear now. I will help him with every ounce of strength and intelligence I have. I will defend him against the world.

More than ever she felt dedicated.

The routine went on steadily through two more days of rain. Pierre seemed hugely pleased with their progress. Each morning she found herself waking earlier in anticipation of learning more about Pierre's life.

After the almost fatal pneumonia he recovered slowly and lay about for weeks on a couch in the corner of the cramped little kitchen near the heat of the stove. It wore him out to watch his mother's constant toil. Lying there he dreamed of houses which would be easier on the housekeeper—houses where women of thirty-eight would not look old and done for because of inefficient building and planning. His mother waited on him as well as she could, but impersonally and begrudging the time from her duties. Still she took his part when Louis, his father, would mutter that the boy was perfectly able to be up and about, was merely a lazy good-for-nothing.

But when he tried to get up and do small chores he simply had not the strength. His cough grew worse. When his father was away from home one day his mother sent for the doctor, a lean mustached Yankee, who looked more and more grave as he proceeded with his examination.

The boy, he said to Mrs. Mazerac who stood twisting her apron beside the stove, had symptoms of tuberculosis. He should be sent somewhere dry and high . . . the Adirondacks, the southwest. . . . There was his Aunt Belle O'Donnel in New Mexico.

Somehow his mother persuaded his father and in the end he washed his hands of the affair and allowed her to make all the arrangements, including saving money for the boy's board. He would have nothing to do with it.

PIERRE'S health came back quickly in the therapeutic climate. His Aunt Belle, his father's sister, took life lightly. Having no children of her own she mothered the earnest seeking boy and championed him against the teasing of her husband, Jeff, and the ranch hands who considered Pierre a nincompoop and a bookworm. But because of his illness he had begun to grow from a physical into an intellectual human being. He read anything and everything with avidity. He taught himself French and German from books borrowed from the local library, and by the time he was sixteen could read both with fair ease.

"Gradually," he said for Margaret's notation, "out of the hodgepodge of my reading emerged the somewhat dim outlines of the history of men. Their achievements in art began to interest me at that time. I poured over the large illustrated volumes of reproductions in the library. I had begun to have an inkling that beauty, as embodied in art, was the end, the means and the raison d'etre of the human quest."

But the thing which served as the specific impetus for his interest in architectural form was the wild desert and mesa country with their natural structure. The massive shapes, the biting colors against the sky, the asymmetry, the breadth and soaring heights of the southwest landscape left an indelible mark upon the burgeoning fount of his creativeness.

His third year at the ranch he was pronounced well enough to do regular work as a ranch hand and was paid at the regular rate.

He saved his money and the following year entered the University of Colorado at Boulder. There, for the first time in his life, he was surrounded by stimulating people. And all the thoughts, all the conversation bottled up so long inside of the boy, suddenly were uncorked. "My years at the university," he dictated, smiling at the remembrance, "were one lively argumentative conversation, mostly in the middle of the night."

He puffed deeply on his pipe and stroked his beard.

Margaret looked up, pencil poised, waiting. She wished with all her soul that she could expand, like Pierre, under western skies. How could one cease being provincial? How could one become a citizen of the world? Of course knowing Pierre and his life and the island made a beginning. . . .

"That's all for now," Pierre said. "Beach day tomorrow. The wind's backed around to the west. You'll like it better at Windover in good weather."

"I couldn't like it better," she said fervently, gathered up her notes and stepped out of the house into the rain-washed air.

The next morning was golden beyond imagination, rich with new moist scents. It was pleasant to be awakened early by unfamiliar bird songs. Pierre too was up early and they worked without interruption till twelve-thirty before he suggested stopping to go to the beach. They would swim, then eat there.

The grassy beach path was still wet, wild roses were brilliant in the noon-hot sun. As they reached the top of the cliff slope she cried out, stung by the beauty of what lay before

her. Below the ruddy cliffs, darkened by rain, the ocean was green-blue, still storm-roiled. The waves reared up majestically, like lines of cavalry, flinging back manes of wild white spray.

"It's years since I felt like you." Pierre said with the same fond indulgent look she had caught on his face that first evening. "Bless you, Margot."

It was steamy-hot down on the beach. Close to the cliffs the sand was dry enough to lie on. In all that long vista of gleaming sand and jeweled sea she and Pierre were the only people.

As she sat watching the ocean, ready to try her skill in the waves again, Pierre peeled off his shirt, let his faded pink sailcloth trousers fall to the sand, and stood before her clad only in brief trunks of cotton India print. His torso, massive and muscular, was bronzed to the hue of his face.

"So much bathing suit, child," he said disapprovingly, eying the black wool. "Bra and shorts would be plenty. We'll have Berta whip up something else for you."

"But really," she began, not so much because she didn't want the suit as because Pierre's eyes seemed to be X-rays piercing through the black wool. He made her aware of her body in a way she had never known before.

"Look at it this way, child," he went on. "Nothing could be more vulgar or ugly than that form-hugging hideous suit of yours which so suggestively accentuates the very parts of your body you want to hide."

"Well," she said, feeling idiotic, "my mother doesn't approve of two-piece suits."

Pierre regarded her with amusement. And there, providentially, was Berta with their picnic lunch.

The salad bowl and bottle of milk they propped in the bed of the icy little stream running down the cliff. The rest they set in dry clay, safe from blowing sand.

Berta walked down to the water. "It's not so cold as you'd think," she called, up to her ankles in tide. "Aren't you coming?"

Hands joined, all three dashed into the swirling shallow foam.

AFTER lunch the women left—Berta to give a riding lesson, Margaret to type out the morning's work. Besides, she had had sun enough. Already her fair skin was beginning to smart.

Pierre did not raise his head to say good-by. Being disturbed during the after-lunch siesta was likely, Berta said, to anger him. There had been Doris—last year's secretary in fact, a red-haired girl who was an efficient enough stenographer but entirely without tact—who irritated him so that he finally had to let her go. Not only did she insist upon speaking to him after lunch but she would burst into the studio when the door was closed—and in regard to the most trivial matters too. Moreover, she would invite her down-island suburban friends to bathe at the Mazeracs' beach. Pierre resented, and rightly, said Berta with force, broadcasting Windover as a public bathing beach. Anyway, Doris had left after a violent scene that upset Pierre for weeks.

As Berta talked Margaret recalled little Cynthia and her innuendoes. She would rather die than bring Bill Stanfield here to the beach. That was sacred, for the elect, of whom she now, miraculously, was one.

She felt, as she entered her little cabin, inspired anew to do her utmost for Pierre, her master and guide. Never, she vowed, would she wittingly annoy him by word or by deed.

The only time to see the light, Pierre maintained that evening at dinner, was on a dark night. Of course one wasn't allowed up on the platform after it was lit, but to stand down below and see it revolve was an experience, a sight to remember. If Margaret would like a walk . . . He just had an impulse to see the light—it was years since he'd done it—and the evening was perfect, clear.

But Berta, Margaret said . . . the dishes . . . it seemed wrong to leave her. . . . Pierre overrode her weak objection, saying that Berta had to feed the animals. Besides, she actually didn't give a hoot about going along.

"Don't you?" Margaret asked with trumped-up solicitude. It would be more exciting to go alone with Pierre. He talked more freely without the presence of his wife.

"I used to love it," Berta said. "But that was a long time ago. Better take your leather jacket, Pierre. It's usually cold up at the bluff."

The old moon had not risen and there were no lights along the road. Pierre spoke of his love for Tern and Windover, which since the depression had become their permanent home—not just a summer place. No more being classified as summer people, being subjected, in the nature of things, to social contact with the petty bourgeoisie in droves. They were left pretty much to themselves—the house on the cliff being so inaccessible and distant from the yacht club atmosphere of Davidsboro and the cove.

It would be some time, Pierre said, until this end of the island would be invaded by off-islanders wanting to buy. The landscape was too barbaric, there was no store or even a post office within six miles. Moreover, although the Indians were, if anything, more gentle and apathetic than white island natives the name Indian served to scare the conventional people away. At one time, Pierre continued, he had become interested in the Indians as a group; but they were, frankly, a rather dull lot. Most of the native arts had been abandoned and forgotten: they were simply fishermen and farmers with less than average ambition and very little sense of order. A few of the families were better than that and actually saw to it that their children progressed beyond the minimum requirements of education. The Vanderdams, who kept the light, were a distinguished family and written up in history books.

FOR an instant Margaret remembered Jenny glaring at her malevolently.

"In any case," Pierre said, "it's fun to be showing you the light." He drew her hand through the bend of his arm and they walked on without talking.

The stars were thick and bright. It seemed to Margaret that the low arching branches of scrub oaks and beetlebung trees made an enchanted tunnel.

"Stop!" said Pierre and pointed.

There, through the frame of black leaves, beyond the road's wide bend, was the light, proudly wearing its crown of beams. Two whites, a red; two whites, a red—the rhythm, though established in expectation, brought with each recurrence a jolt of pleasure.

Pierre pulled her forward until they stood near enough to see the glittering facets of the light itself turning, turning, with the inevitability of life or death. The white was more than white, the red more than red.

Whiteness caught them for an instant and she saw Pierre's face regarding her with a tenderness, an indulgence and something more too—something deep and urgent, making him seem a stranger.

"Sweet little Margot," he said and raised the palm of her hand to his mouth. It felt hot. Its wetness made her shudder. His beard brushed her wrist like something alive.

Her face burned—or was it the red beam gliding over? She snatched her hand away.

He said mildly, "I won't bite you."

"I'm sorry." She stood passive and felt his hand soft against her cheek. Tears stood hot at the rims of her eyes and slid down. Gently Pierre brushed them away with his fingers, gently bent and kissed her brow as the white light engulfed them again. She wondered if Jenny, in the dark window of the keeper's cottage, were looking out.

She turned and began to move swiftly away from the path of light.

"I've got a letter to write," she said.

The walk home seemed hours long. Once, when Pierre's shoe came untied and he steadied himself against her, she cried out at the pressure of his body against her sunburned shoulder. He would give her some coconut oil, he promised. He would rub her back himself, he was an expert masseur.

Berta met them with a lantern a quarter of a mile from the Windover road. Its feeble ray seemed, somehow, to convey to Margaret more of rescue than the other light with its beams reaching forty-two miles out to sea.

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"I thought you ought to be along soon," Berta said. "I knew neither of you had a flashlight." She raised the lantern so that it shone on their faces.

"You ought to have a brandy flask strapped around your neck," Pierre remarked to Berta unpleasantly.

It was good to be in her cabin. For a while Margaret sat in the dark, watching the ivory-colored old moon. The visit to the light had been thrilling, the sight as remarkable as Pierre had said. Why then should she feel so stirred up inside? He had only kissed her hand, her forehead. He was an artist and emotional, the sight of beauty stirred him. He saw no reason, ever, for holding back demonstrativeness. Surely it was more flattering for him to show affection than to be indifferent. If a boy were to kiss her—someone the age of Bill Stanfield . . . But Pierre was an old man.

Idiot, she scolded herself. Here you sit introspecting in the dark when you ought to be writing a letter home. And where is your fountain pen? In the living-room where you left it last night.

Pierre and Berta were talking in the studio. The sound of their voices came to her through the open door.

"—that I don't interfere. You've been free to do as you please, always." That was Berta. Her voice was cold and level.

"You're interfering now," Pierre said. "And I can't imagine why."

"Really, Pierre! Must I say it?"

"Really, Berta! Since I don't know what you're driving at it might be just as well if you did."

Berta's voice shook but she didn't hesitate: "Our code is all very well. A separate life for each of us. The main current together. It's tough sometimes though it's right for you, I know. But this is different."

"How, different?"

"She is so young, such a child. She is dedicated to you, believes in you. She's doing wonders for your book . . ."

Only then did Margaret realize they were speaking of herself.

"I am fully aware," said Pierre icily, "of her value as a secretary. And since your maternal instinct seems to have been aroused let me assure you that reciprocally she has aroused the paternal instinct in me."

Berta said humbly, "Forgive me. I was only thinking of you, of the book. I didn't know . . . when you suggested the coconut oil . . ."

Pierre said angrily, "All right, you take the blasted oil—and rub the skin off her back, for all I care." He stamped out of the studio.

In the yellow lamplight of her cabin she waited for Berta to come and wondered what in the world they had meant.

THE days grew warmer and of ever-increasing loveliness. Blackberries ripened and often on her afternoon walks Margaret would gather a bucketful for a pie or a dessert. Pierre and Margaret stuck to their schedule, the book grew with satisfying steadiness. Every fair day the three ate lunch on the beach. Margaret's skin turned golden brown, deeper than any color she had acquired in the middle west. She became adept in the surf, no longer did any except the most mammoth breakers hold terror for her—and these even Pierre and Berta would not negotiate. It was pure joy to gauge the wave's peak and dive under, your body cheating the water's thrust.

The routine was always the same: work till twelve-thirty, a long swim, a meal of salad, milk, cheese and fruit. A brief rest and a quick revivifying dip after the drugging drowsiness of the sun, and up by herself through the fragrant humming heat of the early afternoon to the sanctuary of her cabin where she typed out the morning's dictation. This was, she often thought, the greatest pleasure of all—to know the book was growing, due in part to her own efforts.

Pierre couldn't have been more amiable or more fatherly. On the beach if they happened to be alone, in the studio where they were alone hours on end, he was impersonal and agreeable. Sometimes, evenings, after he had read through the typescript and made his notes he would feel conversational and hold forth in his vivid unforgettable fashion.

Although they had no radio and subscribed to no newspaper the Mazeracs did receive a weekly news-digest magazine. Pierre's comments on current events opened a whole new vista of thought to Margaret. At Tonoma, the history teachers gave the impression that the world war had really ended war, that the role of the United States was to be—from 1918 on—the strong man, economically and culturally, of civilization. And here was Pierre, every week after his magazine arrived, prophesying another war, a war more devastating than any the human imagination could conceive. Neither civilians nor cities nor, most tragic of all, the art achievements of mankind would be spared. He deplored the loss of people less than the loss of cathedrals. In the first place people were replaceable, cathedrals were not.

What concern was it of ours, Margaret asked, if Mussolini and Hitler had established dictatorships in Europe? We were safe over here, weren't we? Safe? Pierre mocked. There was no safety anywhere. When his book was finished he was going to design subterranean shelters for the art treasures of mankind.

To think, he would say gesturing widely, that given the beauty of the world and the senses to appreciate it with we head for self-destruction over and over again. It is enough to drive any intelligent man to suicide.

"No, no, Pierre," Berta cried on one such occasion. "Don't say that, even as a joke."

"I am not joking," Pierre said.

But though Margaret was sure he was joking, at least about the suicide—impossible to associate self-destruction with his pink-bearded massive vitality—this war talk made her uncomfortable. She recognized these dissertations as the product of superior wisdom; yet in her letters home she was embarrassed to specify or outline Pierre's international views. Her father would condemn Pierre as a dangerous radical; she might not be allowed to come another summer.

Pierre brought out folders of his own work—photographs, blueprints and sketches. Mazerac's buildings studded the world. As she pored over the portfolios—the great government building in Shanghai, the vast apartment house overlooking the bay at Rio, the automobile factory in Detroit and dozens of other major achievements—she marveled that one person could have accomplished so much in less than a lifetime.

THE summer people began to appear. Margaret would see them on her afternoon walks, many of them boys and girls about her own age. They were always enjoying themselves mightily, without apparently, a care in the world. But she would not, she told herself proudly, change places with any of them.

As she walked along she would mull over the facts of Pierre's life, the forces which had shaped his genius. He had begun his program of foreign travel as early as his Boulder days, had spent his summers traveling—to Hawaii and the Philippines, to Marseilles and North Africa, to South America.

He was graduated from the university with honors. Aunt Belle and Uncle Jeff, puffed with pride, came to commencement and entertained his friends lavishly. They gave him five hundred dollars and the assurance that they would always have a place for him in their home. He went back with them to the ranch, packed up his things and went to visit his family in Maine.

During the seven years of his absence he had grown from a thin ailing seeking boy to a strapping hearty oriented man. And conversely, Sudbury had become to him smaller and uglier. His sister Celia, in her twentieth year, was the belle of the town and naturally proud to produce so handsome and cosmopolitan a brother. The Sudbury girls who were unattached all fell in love with him. It was flattering but unimportant. He was interested only in his career, was marking time at Sudbury until he got word on his application for a fellowship in the School of Architecture at Columbia University in New York. While he waited he amused himself by building efficiency devices in his mother's house and restaurant—a storage closet in the kitchen to save her steps down cellar, a storm door and

insulation system to save heat. At last the Columbia fellowship came through and life in New York began. There he had a love affair of heroic dimensions. (Thus he described it himself.) The object of his affections was a talented tempestuous indescribably untidy violinist five years older than himself, married but separated from her husband. When finally he won a competition for a fellowship at the American academy in Rome she tried to kill herself with phenobarbital, but inefficient in this as in everything she did not take enough.

Although she vowed, when he came to say good-by to her at the hospital, that she would always be true to him she had married soon after—a solid citizen who manufactured some necessity of American life. "Though I have no doubt," Pierre remarked in his autobiography, "that, if an ironic fate should ever cause our paths to cross, she would try to revive the ancient romance. This is not to flatter myself but merely to comment upon the unfortunate tendency of women, as a relentlessly nostalgic breed, to try to raise old moldering ghosts."

Margaret would ponder on these things as she walked along the road or the beach. Pierre was so bitter, so unfeeling about this violinist, as though he had never really cared for her at all. Not in the least tender. It seemed almost as though he resented her having tried to kill herself because it meant his canceling his passage on one boat and having to get less favorable accommodations on a later one. Yet, thought Margaret, he *must* have loved her. Perhaps he was only reticent, in print, about declaring his love.

She wondered whether on Pierre's visit to Sudbury her own mother had been one of the girls who fell in love with him. It was hard to imagine Mother being romantic about anyone. Photographs of Pierre at that period showed him to be of a breathtaking handsomeness. Had Mother, together with the other unattached Sudbury maidens, yearned toward Pierre?

Would she herself ever have a grand passion?

At least, thanks to Pierre and her enlarged horizon, she was not afraid any more. She felt that the cup of her life was full to the brim, of knowledge and of promise.

She wrote home in this vein, though of course nothing about the racier portions of the autobiography or Pierre's war prophecies. No use, she figured, in upsetting them. There was nothing, so far as she herself was concerned, for them to be upset about. As to the autobiography she was an instrument, nothing more; as to the war prophecies, she was incredulous but impressed.

THE Mazeracs had a telephone but used it very little. Pierre loathed talking over it and would do so only if it was unavoidable. For Berta, it was a necessity for ordering meat and groceries from the Davidsboro market for the thrice-weekly delivery, and for making riding lesson appointments. But as an instrument of social life it was not, until the last week in June, a consideration at all. But with the arrival of the summer crowd—those inhabitants who had been coming to the island summer after summer—the Mazeracs' telephone began to ring maddeningly.

Margaret took her cue from Berta. "Thank you so much, Mrs. So-and-so, it is very kind of you but Pierre is working on his book and is accepting no invitations of any kind. Perhaps later on at the end of the summer . . ." Gradually Margaret began to recognize the voices and names—always women. Mrs. Van Zandt. Mary McLenihan Boots Smith. . . .

By the last week in June Pierre was launched on the Rome chapter. This was the toughest yet. Not only did he feel that he must outline in detail his itinerary and self-planned course of study but also that he must include descriptions of all of his love affairs in Italy as well.

Margaret, sitting there in the clean sunlight of midmorning, felt herself blushing.

"Teresita," said Pierre, rubbing his hands together and closing his eyes as he groped for words, "had the biggest blackest eyes of all the big black eyes I encountered in Italy. But however much I would beg her she would always close them when we kissed, even when, if we were taking a walk in the afternoon, I would merely kiss her on the cheek. Perhaps it was because as a young girl she had a religious education in her village in Tuscany and she felt it was more genteel to close her eyes. . . . What's the matter, Margot?"

For Margaret, her face flaming, had put down her pencil.

She said, stumblingly, timidly, that she didn't see what place details of this sort had in his book. What possible connection, she went on, bolder because he failed to interrupt, could there be for the average reader—since she was the average reader and could see none herself—between a common girl called Teresita and his development into the great artist who built the government building in Shanghai? If he wanted her opinion . . .

THE storm broke. Who wanted her opinion, he bellowed, towering over her, pounding on the back of her chair? What right had she to form any conclusion on matters of that sort? "You're emotionally an infant, not even half-baked," he roared. "You've never even suspected that there is a connection between emotional hunger and the creative impulse. Which is understandable because you haven't any idea what either is, taken alone. I hope," he thundered, "that in ten years you'll laugh at yourself for daring to question the value of the facts I am recording here."

Margaret bit her lips to keep them from trembling, blinked her eyes to keep back the tears. She tried to think of herself again as an instrument of Pierre's creativeness, not an individual. But it was hard as Pierre shouted louder than ever, "That's what the public expects in a book by Pierre Mazerac. Why, if—"

Fortunately at that moment the telephone rang, and since Berta was giving a riding lesson, Margaret had to answer.

It was a rather hesitant deep voice asking for Miss Christensen. This was Bill Stanfield. Maybe she remembered him from the boat. He would have called before but he was getting his sloop into the water, and besides the brat Cynthia had been on his neck. She'd just gone off to day camp that morning. So how about a date? A few of their crowd were going upisland this afternoon to swim at Quomissett Beach—should be good surf today—could he pick her up around two?

The invitation was manna in the wilderness. She realized suddenly that she had become stale, was fed up with Pierre and his autocracy. She needed to get away, talk to someone of her own age. Yes, she said, she'd be ready at two. And thanks very much, it would be nice to see him again. She walked back into the studio, insulated against Pierre's wrath.

But his tantrum was over. "All right, let's go. . . . At this time a notorious Belgian-born contessa, whom we will call Olivia, because that was not her name, was beginning to take a more than platonic interest in the young architect from the state of Maine . . ."

But now the unfolding of a more refined and sophisticated amour failed to distress her. This afternoon she would escape. The thought was like a cool wind from the sea.

THE jalopy, an ancient coupé, rattled up right on schedule and sounded its musical horn. Margaret, who had done her typing during the lunch hour instead of eating on the beach with Pierre and Berta, seized her beach bag and ran over the grass, then stopped. It did not seem as though another person could possibly squeeze in. There were two girls, introduced as Nancy and Carol, and two boys besides Bill, whose names Margaret failed to catch. There was also a small Cairn terrier who was barking madly and adding to the confusion. But somehow she managed to insert herself.

Before Bill started the car he gazed long and appreciatively at Windover. "Quite a joint," he said. "I've read descriptions of some of the gadgets inside."

"Do you suppose," queried Nancy earnestly, "Mr. Mazerac would let you show us through sometime?"

"No, he should show us through himself," said Carol brazenly. "Why should we pass up a chance to meet one of the world's great lovers? What!" she said to Margaret. "You work for him and you don't even *know?* He

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was rated number three on a list in one of the fashion magazines. I hear he's divine."

"From what I hear I guess you have to be good at bobbing and weaving to keep out of his clutches," said Nancy.

"Meow," said Bill and started the car.

Quomissett was the town beach, which meant merely that the town of Colston kept open the right of way from state road to shore. There were no lifeguards, no lifelines. Just a few family groups clustered around beach mattresses or picnic baskets.

Nancy and Carol wore similar bathing suits —bras and shorts of flowered cotton print. Margaret was glad hers was the same. She showed off her swimming form a little. It was normal, comfortable to receive compliments on an achievement which, till Pierre had belittled it, she had considered something to take pride in.

They splashed into the surf. It was strong today, but predictable, the breakers made to order for coasting. They raced one another to see who could get farthest, practiced diving off one another's shoulders, exhibited their form in various swimming strokes. Margaret was acknowledged by them all to be the best.

Bill maneuvered her away from the crowd. "Gosh, you're swell," he murmured, his hand cupping the roundness of her shoulder.

She accepted the tribute drowsily, commonplacely, as though boys had been doing this for years. She felt at home with nice awkward homely Bill.

"How about going to the square dance at the tavern Thursday night?"

She would think it over, she said. She'd really have to get permission. After all, today was Tuesday and Pierre might—

"He really must be awful," Bill interrupted, sitting up indignantly. "I'll bet they pay you starvation wages in the bargain."

She realized for the first time that she had not been paid at all in the three weeks of her stay. "Oh, that is all being taken care of," she assured Bill airily. "I am perfectly able to look after myself, thank you."

"You aren't mad at my butting in," Bill said. "I'd feel awful if you were mad. Why, I haven't stopped thinking about you for a second since that day on the boat."

"Hey there, break it up," Carol called. "How about one last dip?"

PIERRE'S humor improved with the completion of the Rome chapter. He had apparently relished reliving the affair with the contessa who, the last night before she sailed for South America with her industrialist husband, had arranged for a final assignation in a small villa outside the city. "Everything," Pierre had dictated earlier in the day, "was strewn with red roses from the garden. The car in which she met me at the station; the sitting-room where we dined on pheasant and vintage wine from the contessa's own vines—the air was overpoweringly fragrant. Since then I have never smelled the strong scent of roses without recalling how, as I held her in my arms, I infuriated Olivia by asking how many servants had spent how many hours removing the thorns from all those roses. The next day she sailed, rather to my relief. The bloom—that's a good one, Margot, if I say so myself—was off the affair. And to tell the truth I was planning a slow cruise with a Greek friend to the Aegean Islands . . ."

"Square dance?" said Pierre, when she brought up the subject that evening. He was leafing through the weekly magazine just left in the mailbox by the evening R. F. D. "I didn't know you cared for such frivolous things. You are always so solemn and correct. Sure, tell your swain it's all right with me. How old is he—twenty? Go as far as you like, my dear," he said with a shrewd appraising look at her, "just so long as you turn up clear-headed and bright-eyed at nine tomorrow morning. If those dances are the way they used to be," he said, "watch out!"

"Don't tease her, Pierre," Berta said. "He only wishes he was going himself, that's all." There was a note in her voice that made Margaret realize the remark had a sting in it.

"We'll make you the belle of the ball," he said, ignoring Berta's words.

EH had gone in for peasant dresses and these, according to Pierre, were what the women wore to tavern affairs. He selected for her a dirndl costume of deep blue calico. It came from the Tyrol, said Pierre, and she wondered how he knew. On her feet she wore red beach sandals, and a red scarf tied loosely over her head. "Nothing like a scarf," Pierre said with mock solemnity, "to tantalize the men. You must practice flaunting it."

"I don't know any tricks," said Margaret humbly.

"Well, maybe you won't need any," said Pierre. From his pocket he drew a heavy silver chain with a locket and silver earrings. "Spanish. Turn around, I'll clasp it." He wouldn't hear of her not borrowing the jewelry. Mazerac's concept of fitness cried for Spanish silver jewelry to complete the costume.

He stood away from her at one end of the long living-room and made her revolve slowly. "Nobody can compete, I'll promise you," he said with satisfaction.

"That's the signature of the master," said Berta. Bill's car tooted.

"Have fun," Berta said and waved from the doorway just as Mother would have done.

FROM the instant she stepped out of the house Bill registered appreciation. Gosh, she looked swell. Gosh, she was the tops. He'd drive slowly so as not to rumple her.

She murmured modestly about clothes making the woman, and borrowed plumage. But deep inside she had to admit that this was an extremely pleasant position to be in. To be admired excessively, to feel a nice young man —for Bill, though so young and shambling, was very nice indeed—falling in love with you.

The tavern was a large barnlike structure with a small side room for serving soft drinks and light refreshments, and benches around the walls for dancers and spectators to rest upon. There was a caller who played the fiddle, just as in Tonoma, and some of the tunes were the same. But there the resemblance ended. Yes, Bill said in answer to her question, people came to these dances from all over Tern. Here too were yacht club boys and girls—Bill kept saying hi to them. Nancy and Carol, in good silk sports dresses and white and brown spectator pumps, little strings of pearls around their necks, were there with Biff and Steve. The six of them pre-empted a table to themselves for between dances. There were artists and writers from Colston, unmistakable in their unconventional clothes. Margaret was sure some of the voices she passed belonged to women she had spoken to on the telephone when she turned down invitations for Pierre. Natives were there too. Dan'l Burden, who nodded pleasantly to her, escorting a hatchet-faced lady in dark silk who must be his wife; the vegetable-truck driver and the fish man, all dressed up in dark suits and stiff collars. There were some Indians too. Jenny Vanderdam, exquisite in a simple white linen dress with a red flower in her hair (red roses, Margaret thought, remembering the Rome chapter), sat on a bench near the music. Her enormous dark eyes were filled, it seemed to Margaret, with envy of the dancers. ("She won't never dance no more," Hugh had said. "She was studyin' to be a dancer.") Margaret could not bear to look at her.

But as the evening went on the tempo of gaiety increased and Margaret forgot about Jenny and the others. Bill became more and more open in his expressions of admiration. And with the normal instinct of the female her own coquetry increased. She flaunted her scarf. Deliberately, she stayed outside under the stars with Biff for one whole Virginia reel, and again, later, with Steve. Bill's anguish gave her a brand-new sense of triumph. This was how world-wise women must feel.

The Tuesday afternoons and Thursday evenings with Bill became an accepted part of Margaret's life. He established the habit of dropping in on other days without a previous appointment, when she usually had finished her typing and had a few free hours. Together one day they found a wild raspberry patch which yielded enough for a supper feast. Although Bill would have enjoyed being asked to stay for dinner Margaret knew there was a reason for Berta's failure to invite him—Pierre would resent the intrusions of an out-

sider, even pleasant and unobtrusive Bill.

Once, after a violent southeast storm, they found miles of beach dotted with rainbow-colored jelly fish. Portuguese men-of-war, Bill said, and those long violet tentacles had a poisonous sting. They were, nevertheless, exquisite to see.

"It's hard to believe," Margaret said, bending over a particularly brilliant specimen, "that anything as beautiful as this can be so full of venom."

"Beauty is good; good, beauty," said Bill. "I've noticed before you seem to go for that idea—if it's good to look at it must be good all through."

"I wonder," said Margaret, and thoughtfully regarded the lovely noxious creature. Had life with the Mazeracs changed her so much? She had always concurred in the belief of her mother and father that goodness was an attribute of the spirit, having little or nothing to do with externals. Had Pierre in this short time altered her entire moral code?

The mornings after these excursions with Bill she took special care to be on her toes with Pierre. Any slipping, she knew, would furnish the excuse to forbid her to see Bill so often. For though she was far from being in love with him she was fond of him and depended upon his companionship.

As July whizzed along the colors of land and sea took on new brilliance and her joy in the island grew. On windy days Bill took her sailing in his sporty little sloop, usually just the two of them, skimming along the riffled water of Davidsboro harbor. Bill on his boat was no longer the lovesick troubadour, but a commander to be obeyed. Her feeling of respect for him carried over to their relationship on land and she began to take him more seriously as a boy who some day would grow up. She became more considerate of his feelings and listened more attentively when he talked of his interests and ambitions.

His family was urging him to study engineering so as to take over the technical part of his father's textile mill; but he wanted to go into pure mathematics, into research. "My family is so blasted rich," said Bill without pride, merely as a statement of fact. "When I'm twenty-one I inherit almost a million dollars from my grandfather. Why should I sweat it out in the mill? It's not that I'm lazy. There's no harder work than mathematical research. Not that I'm so brilliant," he added modestly. "But I keep trying and I won't have to earn a living."

MARGARET sympathized entirely. She thought it unfair of families to try to make their children do something just because *they* wanted it themselves. And money was the least of it anyway. Why, look at Pierre Mazerac, she said. He turned down many commissions because it meant less to him to make money than to stick to his guns, artistically.

"You really go for that guy, don't you?" Bill said. They were walking on the moors and had stopped to rest on a mossy slope.

"I think he is a great artist," she said. Why did she always sound so stuffy when she had to define her attitude toward Pierre?

"Well, I suppose he is at that," admitted Bill.

"I admire anyone who sticks to an ideal and shapes his life to it."

"That's what I hope I've got the guts to do myself. Only our family has been so conventional, always. My sister won't even speak to people who don't belong to the right clubs. My mother is almost as bad—though I'm fond of the old girl, really. You must meet her some day. She asked me to bring you for tea."

Margaret said, not too enthusiastically, that she'd love to.

"Cynthia," Bill said earnestly, "is the one bright spot." Now that kid, said Bill, had brains. When she grew up she was determined to take a job and work, just like Margaret. Naturally nobody took her seriously. But he'd help to keep her out of the rut if he could. And when the time came and he, Bill, was ready to marry outside his own stuffy circle maybe Cynthia would be a real help to him.

It was obvious what he was hinting at but she pretended not to understand. "Time to get back to the treadmill," she said. "See you tomorrow, anyway."

One rainy afternoon when sailing or swimming was out of the question, he took her to have tea with his mother.

The Davidsboro house was a hundred and fifty years old and the date, in polished brass, was set over a doorway which was, according to Mrs. Stanfield, the classic example of its type and used in a number of books on early American architecture as an illustration.

The living-room was square and cluttered with objects. Windover, with its spaciousness and functional decoration, made Margaret resent the overfussiness of chintzes and footstools, china dogs and tip tables. She perched uncomfortably on the edge of a crewelwork chair and tried not to show the claustrophobia produced in her by her surroundings.

Was Margaret's mother interested in gardening? So many of the college towns had such lovely gardens. And William had mentioned that Margaret's father taught somewhere—charming, these old American university towns.

IN HER imagination Margaret saw the straggly unlovely town of Tonoma, where most of the people were too poor to afford help. It was all they could do to find time for planting their vegetable patches and a few hardy annuals near their front porches.

"My mother," said Margaret carefully, "hasn't too much time for gardening."

"Her loss," said Mrs. Stanfield. "Gardening benefits the gardener perhaps as much as it does the garden. You must urge her to take an interest."

Closetraphobia

There is something about a closet that makes a skeleton terribly restless. WILSON MIZNER

The image of her mother, pale and stringy and always tired, sprang up between Margaret and the well-fed reality of Mrs. Stanfield in well-tailored pale blue silk, regally presiding over Georgian silver and Lowestoft ware. "My mother has a lot to do in the house," she said. "She does all her own cooking and housework. They all do at Tonoma."

"Tonoma?" repeated Mrs. Stanfield as though she had discovered a caterpillar under the chair. "I've never heard of it."

Tonoma, as far as she was concerned, was pushed off the map, together with the daughter of the head of its philosophy department whose mother had no time for gardening because she did all the housework.

Bill struggled out of the painful muteness, which till now had seemed to envelop him, in order to say defensively that Margaret was secretary this summer to Pierre Mazerac.

Pierre Mazerac? Now there, said Mrs. Stanfield, was a perfectly fascinating person. Were all the tales one heard true?

Margaret said that she wouldn't know, never having heard any tales herself. Pierre was pleasant to work for and a fine artist. The house itself was magnificent.

Quite a contrast, said Bill's mother, to her own quaint little cottage. Her tone, however, betrayed house-pride.

"Now tell me," Mrs. Stanfield said confidentially, leaning over to pull at the Victorian tapestry bellpull, "can anyone actually feel at home in all those bare empty spaces and peculiar angles?" Wasn't it a mistake, an affectation really, she wanted to know, to pretend one could relax in modernistic décor? Why, she'd never be able to sleep a wink in one of those low beds without head- or footboards. You couldn't tell her it wasn't a pose, people just didn't turn their backs on everything that had gone before.

That was not the point at all, Margaret cried, for Mrs. Stanfield had become all the dowagers with all the tasteless outmoded ideas and misconceptions that Pierre had been trying for years to defeat. She found herself giving a lecture on the concept of fitness. "Why do you imagine that he denies the past?" she demanded dramatically. "Let me tell you, in his studio—the room where we work every day—there are Ming vases and a section of a Tibetan prayer wheel, nobody knows how old. And a fossil of a dinosaur's footprint, and a modern Spanish rug and rawhide chairs from New Mexico. And it all goes together!" she cried in triumph. "Like all that is best in art, nothing is dated. Through the inner integrity of the object, a true blending takes place. That is all that matters, not the country or the period."

"'Atta girl, that's telling 'em!" said Bill proudly.

"Very interesting," said his mother. "You know, here in Davidsboro," Mrs. Stanfield went on, "we have a little art group that meets on alternate Wednesday afternoons—we abound in artists and writers, you know—"

Bill winked at Margaret who avoided his eyes.

"The committee empowered me," Bill's mother continued solemnly, "to ask Mr. Mazerac if he would be willing to give us a little talk some afternoon. He can choose his own subject. And a fee of twenty-five dollars, of course. We call for and deliver our speakers also. When I told the ladies that there was a chance of my getting Pierre Mazerac they were positively thrilled." She beamed at Margaret. "He is hard to get. If I had any success it would be a real feather in my cap. Now do you think it would be a good idea if I were to write him a little note? Or shall I just do it through you, informally?"

"Mother!" Bill said. "If I'd had any notion that's why you asked Margaret here—"

"Don't be ridiculous, William. I've wanted to meet your friend all summer. . . . Now do tell me, dear, what do you think would be the best approach? We could even raise the fee a little in his case . . . that is, unofficially. If that would make any difference."

Incensed at the woman's effrontery and vulgarity, Margaret cried passionately that in this case money didn't matter in the least.

"But such a cultured group!" Mrs. Stanfield was desperate now. Next year's presidency was slipping away from her. "There's Vaslav, the portrait painter. He did *me* two years ago. A splendid likeness, don't you agree, William? And Mr. O'Neill—he has such a fascinating class in Japanese flower arrangement. And we have—"

"Mother," Bill said. "Skip it. Mr. Mazerac just doesn't give a darn. That's what Margaret is trying to say in a nice way."

"Well,"—she was going down fighting—"I must admit it makes me angry to see our fine old American traditions belittled by an iconoclast, an upstart. Without any more sense of morals than a gypsy."

"I just can't let you say that," Margaret said in a voice shaking with anger. "No one could be nicer or kinder to me than Pierre and Berta. I assure you—"

"My dear child," said Mrs. Stanfield rising, "how can such a young girl possibly be the judge of that?" She held out her hand. "So good to meet you. And now if you'll excuse me . . ." She swept from the room.

"Margaret, can you ever forgive me?" Bill said.

"It doesn't matter," Margaret said. "Really."

And really it didn't. Unpleasant though the episode had been it served to confirm her as an effective vocal Mazerac disciple. She had been tried and not found wanting.

ON THE last Saturday in July there was a gala dance scheduled at the tavern. Tickets were sold for the benefit of the seamen's home, and a great crowd was expected. Most of the girls, Bill told Margaret, were wearing summer evening dresses.

Berta and Pierre helped her to assemble a costume for the party—a long full skirt of corn yellow and a transparent white Russian blouse, low-necked and smocked in many colors. Berta contributed necklace, earrings and bracelets of cloudy Baltic amber that felt smooth, like cool creamy butter, against the skin.

As usual, when she was dressed she presented herself in the living-room for inspection. "Will I do?" she asked humbly.

It was Berta who answered that she would do very well indeed.

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"You are Primavera," said Pierre. "Somebody ought to paint you in that. Berta, why did you tell Connie Van Zandt we wouldn't go along to the dance?"

"You wanted me to refuse all invitations until—"

"You might consult me once in a while."

Bill's horn tooted outside. Margaret got into the car to the background sound of their quarreling voices.

It was a clear bright moonlight night. Even the gas pumps outside the tavern were transformed by moonlight into objects mysterious and beautiful.

All evening Bill had appeared more abjectly than ever in love. He had given her a corsage of white roses, with a mute pressure of the hand which both amused and moved her. When they danced he held her reverently away so that he might let his eyes dwell upon her.

The music was a gentle floating rhythm. How extremely pleasant, Margaret thought, to be wafted along by a nice young man who loved you tenderly. Dear Bill. What a difference he had made in this summer, in her whole life, really. For she knew that back in Tonoma she would never be a wallflower again.

A familiar voice rumbled close, "May I cut in?"

Strong arms whirled her away, a beard brushed her cheek.

"Did you think," Pierre demanded, "I was too old to dance? Well, I'll show you." The band leader switched to a hot tune.

Faster and faster he whirled her, in steps she did not even know she knew. Dancing with Bill or Biff or Steve was comradely, a pleasant gentle accord of body and music; but this—this was submitting to a superior force as inevitable as a tidal wave. In the whole world there were only you and Pierre and this force. You were aware, burningly, pressingly, of every motion, every flutter of your own breath, every heartbeat. Aware of him too, his broad chest against which he held her so tight, the heat of his hand through the thin fabric of her blouse, their feet moving, ever faster and faster, in patterns more and more intricate, without a slip or error. There seemed to be only the two of them; she gave herself utterly to his strength.

THE music stopped. She came back from wherever she had been to find Pierre looking at her with that expression in his eyes she had not seen since the night at the lighthouse. Then he bent close to her and whispered, low down in his throat, "That is what it is like to dance with a man."

She nodded. Her heart was pounding. She was almost afraid to begin again as the music started once more. But before they could take more than a step Biff cut in, then Steve, and last of all, Bill—a Bill she had never seen before, angrily muttering he'd like to knock that old goat's block off.

"He's not an old goat," Margaret said furiously, glaring into the boy's angry face.

"A fine exhibition he made of himself, and you too. You don't know how repulsive he looked. Like a centaur."

"I suppose you mean a satyr," said Margaret.

"Listen, Margaret," he pleaded humbly. "Don't dance with him again. Please promise."

"You have no right to ask me such a thing. You don't own me." She wrenched herself out of his loose grasp and marched off the floor, into the ladies' room, where she stood for a while staring at her flaming cheeks.

That's what it's like to dance with a man.

Had people really noticed? Did she look, while they'd been dancing, the way she felt? Pierre might be old, but not too old to dance. It would please him to be told . . .

Bill was waiting with her coat at the entrance. "We're getting out of here," he said.

She protested. He'd never acted so childish, so petty before. She was having a good time. Was he jealous of Pierre, that old man? If so, he was crazy. Pierre had just been showing off his dancing, that was all.

Bill said in tones trembling with fury that if she mentioned that name again, he'd— Besides, he had something special to talk to her about. Let's go. He wouldn't stay under the same roof with—

For heaven's sake, said Margaret. If he was going to make a scene about it, all right, she'd go. But she wanted to say good-by to Pierre first, he'd think it was funny if she just went without saying anything.

She found him with a group of summer people at a big table. Pierre introduced her, "My secretary, Margot. Connie Van Zandt, Boots Smith . . ." She recognized the names of people who had telephoned from time to time.

Connie Van Zandt was plump and brunette, with deep-set eyes of unexpected light blue. "Your secretary? You've certainly kept her dark," she said.

"A fine secretary," Pierre said.

"A fine dancer too," said Connie.

"Shut up, fool." That from Boots Smith, an athletic-looking gray-haired woman in an expensively tailored suit.

"May I have the next?" Pierre leaned close to Connie Van Zandt beside him and stroked the soft olive plumpness of her arm.

ACROSS the table Margaret saw upon the face of the frowsy elderly woman in green the swift pang she herself felt, and for the first time she recognized Berta.

"Hello, Berta."

"Hello." Berta's voice was dead, flat.

"I just wanted to tell you I was leaving, Pierre," she said.

He stared. "Why, the party's just beginning."

"I know. But Bill wants to go."

"All right. Let him leave. You stay. We'll squeeze you in here."

"Let her go if she wants to," Connie Van Zandt said. "Run along. Good-by, dear."

"Maybe she had better go." That was Berta. Comforting, Margaret thought, to hear that high flat everyday voice in this incomprehensible nightmare.

Pierre looked at her hard, then across the floor where Bill, like a deerstalker, was grimly advancing toward them. "I want to talk to you for a minute." Pierre said and drew her through the rear exit.

A boy and girl sprang apart on the bench and fled into the shelter of the grove. Pierre pressed Margaret down on to the bench and stood before her.

"Before that half-baked young man of yours gets you onto the moors to make an honorable or dishonorable proposal—no, don't talk, I can see it coming—I want to ask you a few questions. Do you respect me? Do you value my ideas? Do you feel that your job is important? Are you willing to be guided by me?"

He waited and saw the answers in the devoutness of her uplifted face.

"All right, then. Say good-by to the love-lorn swain."

"Oh, no, Pierre. I couldn't."

"Why not? You know you're not in love with him."

"He's a sweet boy, I'm fond of him. Why, it would kill him— Besides, I'd miss him."

"How," demanded Pierre ferociously, "can you give your best to your work if you are involved in a love affair, even a one-sided affair of the calf-love variety? After all, you are here to do a job, not engage in a series of flirtations. I can't for the life of me understand what you see in that college sophomore. I know the family. Stuffy as they come. I've been trying to avoid that mother of his for twenty years. Don't worry, she'll look after her darling boy when he comes home weeping for the lost Lenore. Don't be too gentle with him. Maybe a few hard knocks will make a man of him. Why, when I was twenty—" Pierre said and reminiscently threw out his chest.

"But if I could just keep on seeing him, afternoons. We have such fun. Really, Pierre, it's nothing to—"

"You'll have to choose. Between him and me. Between the yacht club set and Frozen Music."

There was no question of course.

"All right. I'll send him away," she said. "That's the girl."

"But how shall I tell him?"

Pierre's big hot hands framed her face. His lips were on her brow. "Tell him your work comes first," he said.

[TO BE CONCLUDED]

So Sweet and Fresh

STARTING THE DAY freshly starched and rosy with well-being—how sweet your little ones are! Your heart swells with pride and you catch your breath with the desire to give them the best of everything, always.

Mother dear, *we're playing on your team!* We know that your spread for bread is an important part of a nutritionally ideal diet for children. So there's nothing haphazard about Nucoa's food values. They're as *calculated* as baby's first formula. Every pound of Nucoa Margarine always has the same high food-energy count. Every pound, winter and summer, is *guaranteed* to contain not less than 15,000 U.S.P. units of Vitamin A. And Nucoa is freshly made the year round, on order only, so every pound tastes sweet and fresh—so good "it melts in your mouth."

Nucoa Biscuits!

For extra-flavorful goodness, use Nucoa in your favorite biscuit recipe—then spread the hot biscuits generously with Nucoa. Note: Cook with Nucoa as it comes—pure white. All the fine flavor and food value are in it in this form. For table use, it is easy to tint Nucoa evenly yellow with the pure Color-Wafer inserted in each package.

NUTRITIONALLY RICH! No other churned spread is richer than Nucoa in food energy—or a finer year-round source of precious, protective Vitamin A.

Snack Style!

NUCOA FRIED CHICKEN

(1) Wash, dry and disjoint two 3-lb. fryers. (2) Cut meat from bone in pieces about 1½ to 2 inches long. (3) Combine ½ cup flour, 1 tsp. salt and ⅛ tsp. pepper in clean paper bag. (4) Toss pieces of chicken in flour mixture until well coated. (5) Fry chicken in hot Nucoa ½ inch deep, turning to brown. (6) Cook slowly 15 to 20 min. Yield: 6 servings. *A wonderful dish for buffet serving! A wonderful demonstration of Nucoa's fine flavor at cooking temperatures!*

"NUCOA" REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Serve Nucoa proudly on your table...

IT'S AMERICA'S MOST POPULAR MARGARINE

INTERNATIONAL SKI STAR

Blanche Christian agrees...

"Experience is the best teacher!

in skiing and in choosing a cigarette"

Experience—and perfect coaching—have taught Blanche Christian the finer points of skiing . . . from a speedy "schuss" to a graceful "stem christiana."

CAMELS ARE THE CHOICE OF EXPERIENCE WITH ME!

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

More people are smoking CAMELS than ever before!

AS A SKIER, lovely Blanche Christian is "one in a million"—an expert with wide experience, and a ski instructor in leading resorts. As a smoker, she is one of millions who had a most revealing experience during the wartime cigarette shortage.

"When cigarettes were so hard to get," says Miss Christian, "I smoked many different brands. Naturally, I compared them for quality . . . for smoking pleasure. I learned by experience that Camels suit me best!"

Like Miss Christian, thousands and thousands of smokers tried and compared . . . found Camels the "choice of experience."

Try Camels. Let your own experience . . . your "T-Zone" . . . tell you why more people are smoking Camels than ever before.

According to a Nationwide survey:

MORE DOCTORS SMOKE CAMELS THAN ANY OTHER CIGARETTE

When 113,597 doctors from coast to coast—in every field of medicine—were asked by three independent research organizations to name the cigarette they smoked, more doctors named Camel than any other brand!