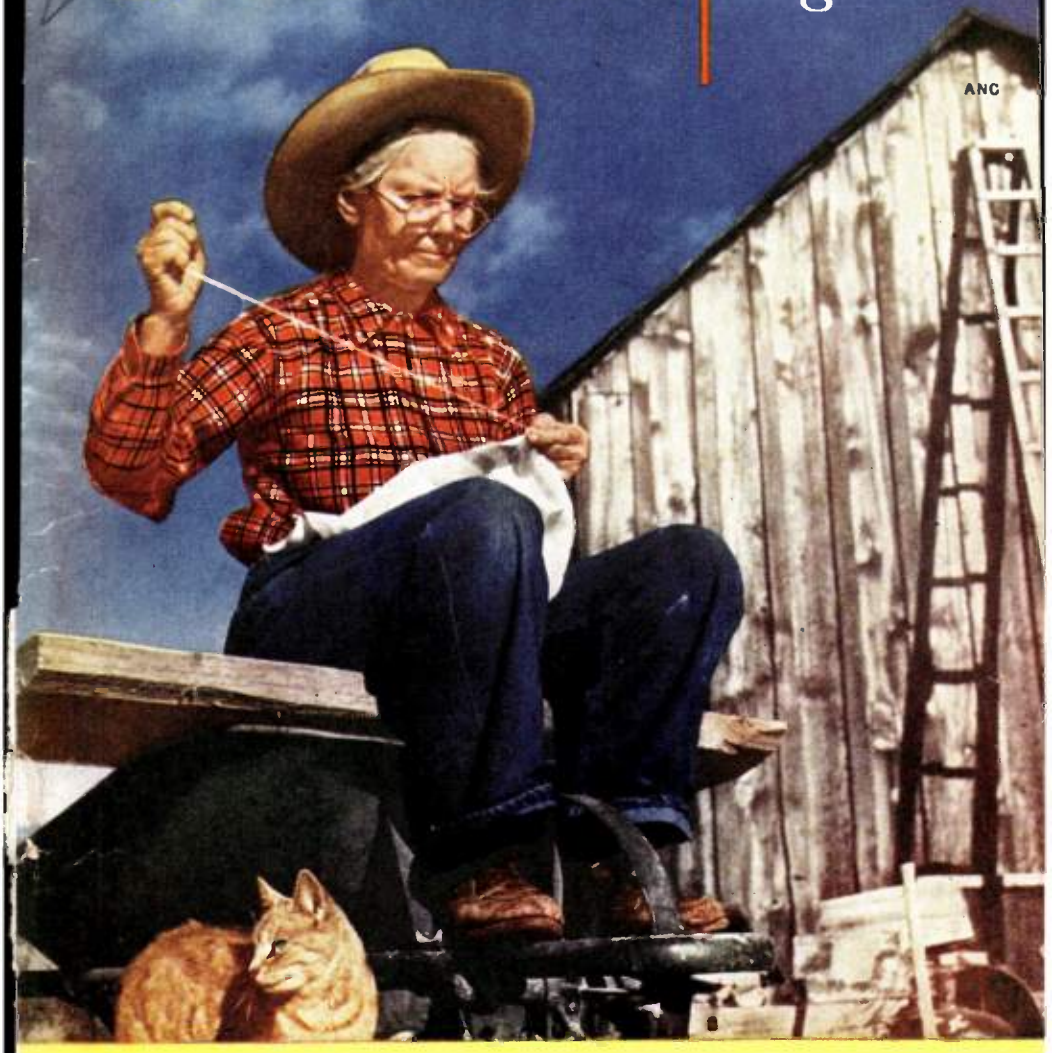
TOM

Breneman's magazine

SEPTEMBER 25c



IN THIS ISSUE

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tom breneman's magazine

contents

VOL. 2 NO. 3 • SEPTEMBER 1948

COVER: Kodachrome by Kosti Ruohomaa from Black Star

TOM BRENEMAN'S MAGAZINE is published monthly by Farrell Radio Magazines, Inc. at 350 East 22nd St., Chicago, Ill. Editorial and general offices at 420 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N.Y. West Coast office: 6331 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Calif. Tom Farrell, president; A. E. Abramson, vice-president; Stevenson H. Evans, treasurer; Edwin J. Harragan, secretary. Entered as second class matter November 24, 1947 at the post office at Chicago, Illinois, under Act of March 3, 1879. This issue is published simultaneously in the Dominion of Canada. Copyright under International Copyright Convention and Pan American Copyright Conventions. All rights reserved, including the right of reproduction, in whole or in part, in any form. Subscriptions, $3.00 a year, in the United States and its possessions and Canada; foreign subscriptions 50 cents extra per year. No responsibility can be assumed for unsolicited manuscripts.

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A Memorandum from The Publisher . . . .

Your magazine and the radio program, "Breakfast in Hollywood," have been closely linked ever since Tom Breneman launched this publication. Your letters to the editor often refer to the program; and letters to "Breakfast in Hollywood" often mention the magazine. This pleased Tom greatly, for he wanted the two to be cordially related parts of his friendship with you.

That was one reason why, in accepting the assignment as Editor of the memorial issues, Mrs. Breneman carried on only in a temporary capacity. For we all knew that the permanent post as Editor belonged naturally to whomever was chosen as the new host of "Breakfast in Hollywood." The many family obligations assumed by Mrs. Breneman upon her husband's death make it difficult for her to take on the arduous duties as editor-in-chief of a national magazine. She will continue to serve, however, as associate editor.

So, with this issue, we are happy to announce that Garry Moore will be your new Editor. You've been listening to him these past few months and you've become familiar with his friendly warmth and humor on "Breakfast in Hollywood." We know he'll do just as grand a job on your magazine. Let's all wish him the best of luck.

Tom Harrell

Publisher

In the spirit of a tradition Garry Moore

Will it be all right if I just sort of perch uncertainly on the edge of this Editor's chair, instead of settling back with the poised self-assurance expected of a man of letters? (Not that I don't have a letter. After all, I was runner-up in the tiddly-wink tournament of P.S. 41.) You see, I have a very healthy respect for the record-breaking success this magazine has had from the first—which means I also have a healthy respect for the job it'll be to help keep it that kind of a magazine.

Fortunately, Tom started out in the first issue with the swell idea of inviting each one of you to be an associate editor. Believe me, that invitation still goes—but double! With an editorial staff numbering more than a half million, we ought to turn out a whale

of a magazine. One thing, the preceding issues prove that it can be done. We can go on to make it even better. Starting right now, I'll be expecting word from you associate editors on how that should be done. Remember, you've been on the staff for months, and this is only my first issue.

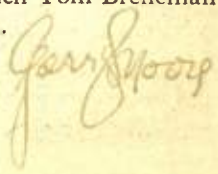
The feeling I have about stepping in as Editor of your magazine is a whole lot like the feeling I had when I started as your host on "Breakfast in Hollywood." There wasn't any question of my "taking Tom Breneman's place." That place belonged to Tom alone. Also, it wouldn't have been natural, and certainly not in good taste, if I had tried to carry on the broadcasts in the exact pattern that Tom had personally developed through the years.

That meant changing "Breakfast in Hollywood"—deleting certain things, adding new things. In many ways it became an entirely different program. But there was one way in which it wasn't changed, and in which we hope it never will be changed. That is in its tradition of being a program filled with human interest and friendly fun.

There may be changes in the magazine, too—some of them changes that had been discussed even before Tom's death. They will not be made just for the sake of change, but will be based upon suggestions and comments from you, the reader. We think they'll be changes that you'll like, and that will make our magazine an even more outstanding success. Way back in the first issue, Tom wrote: ". . . we'll all work together for the best and most human publication in these United States and Canada." Tom really meant that; and I think you'll agree that the magazine has a terrific start towards that goal.

Next month, you know, there'll be a brand-new name on the cover. That's also part of the plan for the magazine to be really *your* magazine—for the new name will be one of the hundreds of thousands sent in by you. That issue should be a natural for the start of a new era and a new spirit for our magazine.

But you'll also find "Tom Breneman, Founder," on the contents page. It will be there for a lot of reasons. First of all, because it stands for the man who started the magazine, and whose personality and beliefs played such a major part in making it an immediate success. But it will be there also as a pledge that, in introducing the new era, we will not forget or change the spirit and tradition which Tom Breneman brought to his program, his magazine, and his life.



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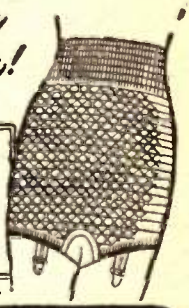

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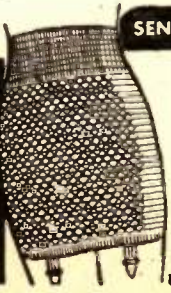

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tom breneman's
MAGAZINE
vol. 2 no. 3
September, 1948

THE HAPPY SECRET OF HEALTH

GREER GARSON

Not long ago, when I was still very shy, I would be eating dinner in a cafe and look up to see women staring at me and whispering. Too far away to hear what they were saying, I would guess. *"She's not as pretty as she is on the screen, do you think? . . . That must be last year's dress . . . Do you think her hair is naturally red?"*

On such occasions, I've told my companions, "I'm sorry. You finish, but I must get out of here. I can't eat any more." Whipping out my dark glasses, I've given the women a straight look, and left. I've thought to myself indignantly, "They should have better manners."

The last time this happened, two women followed me. They walked up to where I stood fuming with annoyance, resentment, high blood pressure and nervous indigestion and smiled. "We couldn't help looking at you, Miss Garson," they said. "We loved your last picture. We saw it over and over again!"

And I thought to myself, "Greer, you idiot!"

For those women were sweet. It

was my mental approach to them that was all wrong. I had made myself too nervous to eat my dinner, just by imagining things. I wonder how many women fully realize that their mental approach to life, and their happiness, actually affects them physically?

Ten years ago, I was told by doctors that I would never walk normally again. They said I was doomed to a life of wheel chairs and canes. Well, in my latest picture, "Julia Misbehaves," I not only walk, I dance, fall into mud puddles and lakes, and get involved in an acrobatic act. The acrobats were darlings. They threw me around expertly, taught me how to stand on their shoulders and balance "three up," how to be top-mounter on a squash pyramid. They even made me an honorary member of the troupe. We rehearsed for a week. It was a short, if strenuous, routine, but with the many repetitions required for camera angles it took three days to shoot. I worked like a dog, fell into bed exhausted every night. And I never felt better in my life.

A star we all admire tells of the potent force that saved her from life in a wheel chair

The secret was that after a period of personal and private miseries, I had emerged again into the sun. Today I am vibrantly, eloquently happy. Because of this, I'm in top physical condition. Call it metaphysics, psychotherapy, or whatever you will, but the truth remains that emotional strain has a great deal to do with a woman's health in every stage of her life.

When you are ill, unhappiness intensifies that illness. Doctors have traced many ailments, such as asthma and rheumatic fever, to emotional shock. Even when you are well, you can destroy your health through worry, domestic or financial troubles. Our physical health is a lot more dependent on our mental happiness than many of us realize.

I never imagined my illness. It was real and painful, the result of a diving accident when I was a university student in the south of France. If I had been home, I would have had x-rays and immediate medical attention. As it was, I was young and wanted to have fun. There was a big dance scheduled for that night, so I just had myself taped up and went to the ball.

About two years later, I began to notice severe pains. I was three months in a London hospital in real physical agony. They couldn't find a cure. The doctors helplessly suggested rest and warmth, which is what they always say when they don't know what to do.

Tales of illnesses and misfortunes

are dull stuff unless there is something in them that can encourage others, and the whole point of my experience is that the damage to my spine didn't particularly bother me until much later when I went through a period of emotional strain. At the time of the accident I was studying at a university. I had an interesting job ahead of me in an international advertising firm.

I was hoping eventually to break into the theatre when I had saved a little money. *I was working and I was happy. And so I had a natural resistance to any negative force such as pain or illness.* Therefore, the injury didn't assert itself until some two years later when I was worried and unhappy over a brief five-week marriage that had been an unfortunate mistake. By that time, too, my stage aspirations seemed doomed, and this was a frustration that hit me harder than anyone knew.

Doctors frowned over the x-ray plates. The injury to the spinal discs was real enough. The pain was excruciating. But they couldn't diagnose and treat the anxiety and the emotional insecurity that made physical recovery puzzlingly slow.

That was a bad year, but gradually the spasms of pain became less severe. I got myself out of bed and into a wheel chair. Finally, I began to walk around and take up my life again. One day, months later, a friend of mine said, "What you need is a good osteopath." She was right. Osteopathy helped me greatly then and since, but it was only part of the cure.

For, from the day that long-awaited opportunity knocked on my door and I was engaged for my first starring part in London, I was too busy and excited even to remember that I had been ill. Lady Luck smiled on me that opening night. I scored a hit. Starring roles in various plays followed with only two weeks rest in three years. Hard work doesn't hurt you. Only grief and fear and anxiety are our real enemies.

I was riding high and in fine fettle when Mr. Mayer, head of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, saw me acting my head off in a showy role in St. James Theater and determined to sign me for pictures. After two weeks of persuasion, my mother, my maid, my three trunks and myself were brought to Hollywood when the play ended.

That should have been the beginning of a wonderfully happy and successful phase, but it didn't turn out as we expected. I had an extremely good contract; the studio was nice to me—but there was nothing for me to do. I was used to being active. Suddenly, I had nothing to *do*. If a singer isn't working, she can practice. A dancer can limber up and exercise. But what can you do as an actress? You can try reading plays, but it's like trying to learn to swim over a bathroom chair. You can't do it. You have to get in the water. You need an audience. You need fellow actors.

It was like being dropped into a bottomless pit. I wasn't very good at

making myself noticed. I'm simply not the type to dress in fancy rigs and wear a monkey on my shoulder. I felt I had proved myself as an actress in London. Now that I was here, I wanted to make pictures. But there was a blankness I couldn't fight. For months on end, nothing happened.

I was frustrated. I was unhappy. The more unhappy I became, the more severe my back aches began to be—sharp, wrenching, deep. They caught my breath. The pain was so severe I would have to excuse myself to guests, go to my bedroom and lie down on the floor. Sometimes, I would be walking across the lot, and the pain would grab me so viciously that I would have to stop. I'd pretend to look in my bag for something until I could set my teeth and walk another few steps.

I realized something had to be done.

At this time, I had also gloomily decided I was too big for the screen. Apparently they liked petite types better. I determined to become as near petite as possible, despite my 5'7" height and my strong Norse-Celtic frame. I didn't eat much. I had no appetite anyway. Soon I was zipping into a size 10 dress. But the pain was increasing, and I slept very little at night.

One day the studio asked me to do a small part in a B picture. I didn't want to do it. Finally, I admitted, "I'm not very well. Perhaps I should have a checkup before I go to work." They sent me to one of the studio doctors who put me in a hospital for a week of tests, x-rays and so on. The diagnosis included an imposing list of complications: arthritis, lumbago, nephritis, sciatica, malnutrition, polyneuritis or beriberi. The doctor looked surprised at my sudden burst of laughter. "Goodbye to glamor!" I quavered. As a topper, perhaps, he added that I also needed an emergency operation.

The studio said, "You'd better have whatever is necessary. We're sorry." They also said, "Off salary." Like that. I didn't blame them. It was fair enough business practice. But it was an extra blow. For, believe it or not, the newcomer has plenty of budget headaches in this town of fairy-tale gross. Illness is particularly expensive in Hollywood.

(*Continued on page 110*)

this month's good neighbor

Margaret Gibbens

GRACE M. POSTON

NEXT time you start to say, "Oh well, one person can't do anything to change the world," catch yourself quickly and remember Margaret Gibbens of Coral Gables, Florida. Mrs. Gibbens may not have changed the globe yet, but she has done a remarkable remodeling job on Dade County, Florida.

In the early thirties, Mrs. Gibbens, wife of veteran John S. Gibbens and mother of three young sons, was confronted by a serious problem. Her second son, Harry, who had been born deaf, was old enough to go to school but no local school could take him in. Dade County lacked any adequate provision for teaching physically handicapped children. Mrs. Gibbens determined to build up a program to give help to all local deaf and hard-of-hearing children.

First, she got together with all the people who felt as she did—most of them, like her, mothers of handicapped boys and girls. They mapped out a campaign—personal calls on members of the state legislature, talks to organized groups, surveys of the physically handicapped in the county.

Out of that effort came legislation that provided a special school of education for exceptional children. When Mrs. Gibbens proved the need for lip-reading classes to the Board of Public Instruction, the Board came through with a full-time staff for children from pre-school age through high school. For adults she organized the Miami Society for the Hard of Hearing with lip reading classes, education, recreation and fellowship.

Now widowed, she lives on a pension, earns pin money by crocheting throw rugs for $7.50 up. And while you would never guess it of a woman who puts in a 16-hour day of activities for others, does her own housework, and lives every moment to the hilt, she herself is almost totally blind.

At Miami Society for Hard of Hearing, which she founded, Mrs. Gibbens and members listen via aids as Dr. R. J. Arange plays.

John Gibbens reads morning paper to his mother who is nearly blind.

Mrs. Arthur Ullring (hard-of-hearing) drives Mrs. Gibbens to her activities.

Hard-of-hearing boys at Riverside School imitate articulation of their teacher, Edna Bond, as Mrs. G. and principal observe.

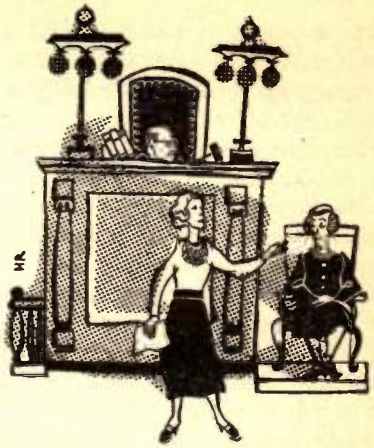
Audiometer test: Mrs. G. gave first of such tests in Dade County schools.

Mrs. Gibbens demonstrates hearing aids to Negro H-o-H program heads.

Newest project of the Miami Society is a shop to sell the products which members create. Left to right: Mrs. F. Chandler, Mrs. Gibbens, and Mrs. Arthur Ullring.

Mrs. Gibbens takes a lesson in Braille from Dolores Gamble. As a result of glaucoma, Mrs. Gibbens has been almost totally blind since she was a little girl of 9.

A Future At 50



Women with ingenuity and imagination can always carve out new careers

ALICE CRAIG GREENE

MIDDLE-AGE is the order of the day. Many movie stars have passed their forty mark; nearly all the finer stage actresses are frankly forty-plus; in newspaper and column work, writing, and world affairs, the familiar names are Dorothy Thompson, Dorothy Dix, Kathleen Norris, and Eleanor Roosevelt, women of mature years.

Most of these women began their careers when they were quite young, and have attained success over a long period of time.

What of the women who have put their energies for the better part of their lives into raising a family, managing a home, and keeping a husband happy? Many of these women, as they near the half-century mark, find a certain emptiness in their lives. They may have been widowed. Their families may be grown and have families of their own. They may simply be feeling the financial pinch. Or they may be remembering some dream or ambition they abandoned long before for the sake of marriage.

What chance have these women to enter the business or professional world? Frankly, the *best* in the world! The country is full of busy, happy, successful women who spent the first half century of their lives building the basic architecture of America—the home. And then, at the age when some people consider it's time to retire, they have begun to attain success in completely new fields. In business, in the arts, in executive positions or in the professions—with or without previous experience,—we have additional proof that there's no age limit for success.

In business, Grace Roberts of Omaha, Nebraska, has proven that a woman past 50 can successfully step into an executive position as the head of her own enterprise. Miss Roberts had worked in the dairy industry as an employee most of her life. She had studied the business from the inside, and knew it thoroughly.

In 1940, she decided she would test her ability by striking out on her own and forming her own company. In November of that year the Graystone Dairy was the result. Currently Miss Roberts employs 40 people. Omaha businessmen acknowledge her business ability and dairymen consider her keen business competition. She feels the dairying business is a good type of business for a woman.

In San Diego, California, two "older" women have started and made a success of two widely divergent enterprises. Alma McKee operates as a one-woman job, the Palms Hotel, a successful hostelry. In the depth of the depression, Mrs. McKee, well past the half-century mark in years, but a beginner in spirit and energy, took over the lease on a broken-down frame edifice which had been an old folks home.

The Palms was dingy, dirty, in need of repairs, and left everything to be desired in the way of appetizing hotel fare. But Mrs. McKee had an idea in mind of what she wanted to do with the place. With little capital, she took over with energy and ingenuity. Using ideas based on her home-making experience and from fixing over houses she had lived in during her long, busy life, Mrs. McKee started with scrub and paint brushes.

Watching pennies, she found people out of work who would trade services for room and keep. "Over-age" people, mostly,—painters, carpenters, electricians who still were skilled. The hotel was repaired, redecorated, rewired, and ready for occupancy just in time.

The rush of people to the Pacific Coast had begun. During the war, the need of housing was so desperate and the Palms so crowded, that Mrs. McKee installed 14 trailers in the lot behind the hotel.

Another enterprising woman of San Diego, Letha Cordray, did what any housekeeper could have done. The average housewife can probably think of many gadgets that could expedite housework. Mrs. Cordray always hated to clean up grease spatters on the stove and walls. And being a woman of action, despite "retirement" age, she decided to do something about it.

Formerly a builder and contractor, she had settled down to a fairly quiet life. But some years before she had improvised for her own use a sort of shield to fit around pots and pans to prevent the spattering of grease on her stove. Her friends urged her to patent it, so they could obtain similar spatter guards. She worked on it in earnest, redesigned it to make it less cumbersome, and had it made up in aluminum.

She patented the 'gadget,' obtained her own dies and stamps, contracted with a manufacturing firm to produce it at the cost she demanded (under $1.00), and planned her own distribution and advertising campaign. Thus, Mrs. Cordray's "Spatter Shield" was born. Currently most large Coast department stores stock it. A big mail order business thrives.

Chicago offers two examples of women who have entered school after 50 to prepare for the professions of doctor and lawyer. In the thirties, Mary Schroeder, at "retirement" age, began to study and prepare for a profession that frequently frightens off younger aspirants because of the long preparatory period. When she received her medical degree, Dr. Mary Schroeder set up practice in Chicago. She competed with younger and more established physicians, and made the grade in a grand manner. She is still practicing medicine.

Anna L. Sheridan had worked as a policewoman in Chicago from 1914 to 1934. While she was still holding her job, and caring for her home and her family, she entered a night law school to begin studying for a legal career. Her mature years and her title of "grandmother" in no way prevented her from taking the bar examination. She left police work in 1934 and hung out her shingle as a practicing lawyer. Today, still active in her work, she can look back on a long and successful career after "retirement" age.

In the field of selling, the older woman often finds success. In 1937, Lucy Francis went west to Glendale California, with her husband, a retired minister, because of his poor health. His pension did not adequately provide for their needs, so at the age of 55, Mrs. Francis—after a sheltered life—answered an ad for saleswomen for Avon Cosmetics.

At first, selling from house-to-house seemed a little strenuous, but it proved healthful. Mrs. Francis studied the company's methods after working hours, familiarized herself with each detail of the company product, and coached herself on salesmanship and selling techniques. She perfected the art of selling to a high degree, and her efforts were rewarded.

In a short time she was advanced over numbers of younger women to the spot of city manager, in charge of offices, sales distribution, and training of all saleswomen. Just retired at 65 with a pension, she can point to

ten successful years as proof that there's plenty of room on top at any age.

Three Dallas women, Mrs. Eugene Locke, Mrs. Louise Sanford, and Mrs. Dorothy Walker, decided to put their combined experiences as hostesses in their own homes to good use. Dallas lacked a lovely, dignified spot for large weddings. When these women learned that one of Dallas's early mansions was to be sold and razed, they got an idea. They took it over, restored it, and preserved it for its wealth of genteel tradition.

Mrs. Locke explains, "This is the age of small houses and apartments. It is impossible to hold a marriage of any elegance in cramped surroundings. The highlight of a young woman's life is her marriage, and few places offer a suitable environment for the wedding of which she dreams. We planned that the old Murphy mansion, 'The Laurels,' should meet this need."

Dorothy Roseborough, at 63, has just finished her first highly successful year of writing and selling stories and articles to magazines. When she was only a girl in her twenties, she sold her first story to Jerome K. Jerome's publication, *The Idler,* her native England. But soon after that she visited America, married, and—after being a city dweller all her life—went to New Mexico in 1908 to homestead with her husband. They lived in a tent, at first. For some time, she believed this the customary American way of life. She'd never done a lick of work in her life, but she learned.

Living in the west and raising children took up Mrs. Roseborough's time. Later she studied music, became a concert violinist, and played for 15 years with one of the Coast symphony orchestras. After her half-century mark had been chalked off, she began to think of her old love, writing. She entered a short story writing class, and sold one of her stories. Now her main output goes—guess where—to a western action pulp magazine. She draws on her years in New Mexico for color, action, and authentic background for her stories.

Examples of this kind are endless. Women all over the country are daily drawing on home experience, or simply on ingenuity to begin their careers after 50. A woman who was handy at repairing things, dreamed up the idea of a one-woman corporation to provide repair services for the busy housewife. Dozens of baby-sitting organizations have been begun by older women, providing reliable, trained baby-sitters. Older women are in the field of entertainment management, bring good plays and music to their towns. Older women have become 'town hostesses.' They have offered interior decoration services for modest priced budgets, have opened courses in knitting instruction and design.

The older woman has many assets with which to sell herself to the public or to an employer. She needs the money. A sudden marriage will not interrupt her career. She has dependability, poise and the experience of a lifetime of dealing with people.

McNotes from McNeill

DON McNEILL

Funny little incidents that actually happened in this funny little world, and philosophical McQuotes by the Toastmaster of The Breakfast Club

The average man is perfectly willing to call a spade a spade until he stumbles over one in the dark.

This ad recently appeared in a Mississippi paper: "Help wanted. Maid to live on *promises.*"

In a food store I know of, there's a sign on a basket of tomatoes that reads: "Squeeze me, but wait until I'm yours."

When a man in Arizona was bitten by two dogs he was understandably worried. He rushed to a doctor who assured him he would be all right. The man got along fine, in fact—but the two dogs died.

A real estate agency in Wisconsin has a slogan which seems very appropriate. It says, "We have lots to be thankful for."

The ways of justice sometimes are odd. A man in North Carolina was found innocent—not guilty—of stealing a ham. But the judge ordered him to give it back anyway.

This sign appears on the village church in a quaint Missouri town: "If absence makes the heart grow fonder, a lot of people must love this church."

Running after women never hurt any man. It's catching them that does the damage.

In a Mexican paper this ad appeared under the classified section. "One hundred dollars reward for apartment. Must be large enough to keep young wife from going home to mother; small enough to keep mother from coming here."

An Englishman who wanted to enlist in the British navy wrote: "My father was a seaman who fell overboard and drowned. I am anxious to follow in his footsteps."

THE WINNERS

of

Tom's Name Contest

In the nationwide $25,000 contest to select a permanent name for Tom Breneman's Magazine, over 315,000 entries poured in from every state in the union before the closing date—April 10, 1948. After many weeks of weighing the merits of the nominations the board of judges unanimously selected, as the most appropriate, meaningful and inspiring title for the magazine founded by Tom Breneman:

BEST YEARS

Look for this title on the cover of next month's issue.

Fifty-three contestants submitted this title or variations of it. On the basis of the statement, in 25 words or less, which each entrant submitted explaining why the title nominated should be selected, the board of judges selected the winner of the Grand Prize. The other 675 prizes for titles and statements were awarded in the order of their merit. The decisions of the judges are *final* and can not be altered.

GRAND PRIZE: $5,000 in CASH

Mrs. Josephine Luevane
1318 West Myrtle
Fort Collins, Colorado

1st PRIZE: Columbia Trailer Worth $2,000

Elsie M. Bates
1406 Locust St.
Cincinnati, O.

2nd PRIZE: 2-Week Vacation at Hotel Jaragua (Dominican Republic) Worth $1,250 Each

Mrs. Henry D. Smith
74 Hudson Ave.
Green Island, N. Y.

Dorothy Smith Burtz
Summit Rd.
Holtwood, Pa.

3rd PRIZES
Servel Refrigerator
Worth $440 Each

Sidney Scott Ross, Bronx, N. Y.
Mrs. J. W. Dandridge, Jr., Virginia
Mrs. M. Reden, Arverne, L. I., N. Y.

4th PRIZE

One-Week Vacation, Del Mar
Turf & Surf Hotel
Worth $350
Mrs. Edna Gabrielse, Lyons, N. Y.

5th PRIZE
One-Week Vacation for Two
Arrowhead Hot Springs Hotel
Worth $350

Mrs. R. J. Pflug, Palo Alto, Cal.

6th PRIZE
One-Week Vacation for Two
El Rancho Vegas Hotel
Worth $350

Mrs. Henry W. Speeth, Cleveland

7th PRIZES
Laundromat Washing Machine
Worth $300 Each

Mrs. E. W. Kaser, San Francisco
Charlotte Mish, Portland, Ore.
B. Williamson, Bridgeport, Conn.
Portia Shy, Noblesville, Ind.
Mabel Henry, Leesville, La.

8th PRIZES
Orley Super 7 Home Freezer
Worth $260 Each

Bernice Jones, Alexandria, Va.
R. W. Bergstrom, Missoula, Mont.
M. M. Ginaine, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Wm. A. Pepper, St. Charles, Ill.
Mabel Ernst, Brookville, Ohio

9th PRIZES
Philco Console Radio
Worth $250 Each

Miss M. K. Libby, Santa Ana, Cal.
Mrs. W. B. Schultz, Aloha, Ore.
Alton A. Lipew, Los Angeles, Cal.
John Bacon, Dallas, Texas
Mrs. Andrew Weber, Rochester, N. Y.
Mrs. Ruth Treat, Stratford, Conn.
Mrs. O. L. Laird, Mansfield, O.
Leela E. Lamb, Tampa, Fla.
Frances Duncan, Bellflower, Cal.
J. E. Guillebeau, Barnsville, Ga.

10th PRIZES
Gruen Watch
Worth $100 Each

Mrs. R. E. Putt, Columbia Sta., O.
Mrs. B. D. Bell, LaGrange, Ind.
Katherine Dowd, Washington, D. C.
Mrs. G. Truman, Bartlesville, Okla.
Mrs. Eugene L. Hoffman, Los Angeles
Marie Bolton, St. Louis, Mo.
Lucile V. Howes, Seattle
Hilda Kleinsorge, St. Louis, Mo.
Edythe E. Schrack, Los Angeles
Dr. Ralph Solomon, New York

11th PRIZES
Art Carved Diamond Ring
Worth $100 Each

Amos H. Brubaker, Ventnor, N. J.
Coy W. Furnas, Long Beach, Cal.
Mrs. John Rhoads, Sayreville, N. J.
Mrs. E. McRorie, Bellflower, Cal.
Anna Rittenhouse, Chester, Ill.
Mrs. R. Fleeman, Clairfield, Tenn.
Mrs. Florence Marks, Spokane
Mrs. E. R. Morrish, Flint, Mich.
Mrs. H. Elliston, Ankeny, Iowa
A. Wiesseman, McMinnville, Ore.

12th PRIZES
Thor Gladiron
Worth $100 Each

Delfin Tabanera, Los Angeles
Mrs. Alice Lovelett, Norman, Okla.
John F. Boyl, La Jolla, Cal.
Mrs. Bert Coons, Vancouver, Wash.
Mrs. Aelred Trombly, Detroit
Mrs. Joe M. Owens, Gibson, N. C.
Mrs. W. D. Pate, Portales, N. M.
Mrs. C. E. Yost, Equality, Ill.
Harry White, Guthrie, Ky.
Ollie Branner, Broadway, Va.

13th PRIZES
Westinghouse Automatic
Vacuum Cleaner
Worth $65 Each

Mrs. Sam Koehn, Limon, Colo.
Mrs. Linda Sonastine, Omaha
Royden E. Wilson, Los Angeles
Mrs. Geraldine Henry, Shafter, Cal.
Mrs. E. C. Dupree, Houston, Texas
Mrs. Donel Stelly, Houston, Texas
Mrs. B. Henderson, Athens, Texas
Wymer Erickson, Biwabik, Minn.
Mrs. Frances Shannon, Fort Worth
Mrs. C. H. Osteen, Port Orange, Fla.

14th PRIZES
8 mm Keystone Motion
Picture Camera
Worth $65 Each
Veda Bryant, Sidney, Tex.
E. Cortner, Farmland, Ind.
Mrs. Guy Hicks, Youngstown, O.
Ella Waldon, Glendive, Mont.
Viola Schafer, Port Byron, Ill.
James L. Boyd, Otisville, N. Y.
Gladys Shorter, Montebello, Cal.
Hilda Worley, Keyser, W. Va.
Esther Frosheiser, Laramie, Wy.
C. Van Arsdale, Lake Milton, O.
Mrs. R. R. Voorhees, Elyria, O.
Jean Griffin, Phoenix, Ariz.
A. Petkus, Muskegon Heights, Mich.
R. Gasper, E. Pepperell, Mass.
Mrs. E. Coleman, Hutchinson, Kan.
Mrs. R. M. Livermore, Colorado Springs, Colo.

15th PRIZES
Westinghouse Electric
Comforter
Worth $50 Each

B. Moskowitz, Springfield, Ill.
Mrs. B. MacDonald, Oakland, Cal.
Mrs. G. Jorgensen, Gridley, Cal.
Mary Axiotis, Oakland, Cal.
Alice DeCamp, La Jolla, Cal.
E. H. Wilson, Emeryville, Cal.
Joseph O. Walker, Detroit
Mrs. C. H. Wells, Texas City
Bertha Polson, Santa Cruz, Cal.
Lucille Hopton, Portland, Ore.
Mrs. Lester Near, Urbana, O.
Mrs. M. L. Stovall, Pinehurst, N. C.
Mrs. W. Lainhart, Albany, Mo.
Mrs. W. D. Pate, Portales, N. M.
Mrs. R. R. Parsons, Ripley, W. Va
Mrs. F. Weaver, St. Joseph, Mo.
Sarah Marston, San Diego, Cal.
Ellen Herman, Aberdeen, Wash.
Mrs. Harry White, Guthrie, Ky.
Mrs. O. L. Van Matre, London, Ohio

16th PRIZES
Westinghouse Electric Roaster
Worth $40 Each

Mrs. G. Richards, Tarentum, Pa.
Eunice Renz, Toledo, O.
Adah Shreve, Big Run, W. Va.
Mrs. E. T. Conrad, Farmington, Mo.
Helen Swiger, Oklahoma City
Mrs. C. C. Patton, Carthage, Mo.
Mrs. L. Clement, Cass Lake, Minn.
Mrs. Samuel English, St. Louis
Fred Knaggs, Lapeer, Mich.
Eva L. Keaton, San Bernadino
E. Berge, W. Hazelton, Pa.

Mrs. D. Campbell, Lombard, Ill.
W. J. Taylor, Long Beach, Cal.
Mabel Travers, Peoria, Ill.
Nathan P. Foster, Newport, Vt.
Mrs. Fred Beaver, Elysburg, Pa.
Mrs. Loyal Bunce, Belding, Mich.
Mrs. J. Reynolds, Huntington, W. Va.
W. Crofts, Knowlesville, N. Y.
Ada M. Carter, Russiaville, Ind.

17th PRIZES
Electresteem Radiator Worth $40 Each

Adele Long, Portsmouth, O.
Mrs. W. E. Jones, McKinney, Tex.
Mrs. A. H. Case, Salt Lake City
Mrs. J. V. McCleish, Houston
Mary Bishir, Ridgefield, Wash.
Mrs. R. J. Pflug, Palo Alto, Cal.
Mrs. W. R. Loomis, E. St. Louis
Emily Miller, Chicago
Mrs. A. Wiess, Royal Oak, Mich.
Mrs. A. Montana, Springfield, Mass.
Mrs. W. P. Bray, Nashville, Tenn.
Helen M. Allen, Cortland, O.
Mrs. D. H. Conway, Uniontown, Pa.
Mrs. Abe Greenspan, Minneapolis
C. L. Werth, San Diego, Cal.
H. Szymanski, Gulfport, Miss.
Forrest P. Rees, Fort Wayne, Ind.
Mrs. H. R. Peterson, Long Beach, Cal.
L. Pelkey, Port Orchard, Wash.
Ethel English, Canonsburg, Pa.
Myrtle Webb, Salina, Kan.
Kurt Teutsch, Cambridge, Mass.
Roy A. Brenner, Greenville, Pa.
Madeleine M. Ginaine, Brooklyn
Mrs. L. L. Whitley, Athens, Ga.
Marie Denst, Denver, Colo.
Mrs. Jessie Reed, Pittsburgh
Mrs. M. M. Bass, Petersburg, Va.
Laura Doetsch, Chicago
Bertha Couzens, Tuckahoe, N. Y.
Emma W. Phelps, Wakefield, Mass.
Mrs. J. Stergas, Sr., Fly Creek, N. Y.
K. E. Schene, Louisville, Ky.
G. M. Frame, St. Petersburg, Fla.
Mary Van Camp, Denver
Edna E. Hewitt, Chicago
Janet Crawford, Masury, O.
E. Anderson, Belle Plain, Kan.
Frank Kinney, Wilkes Barre, Pa.
Anna L. Robertson, Kinston, N. C.
Mrs. Clifford Horsman, Baltimore
Mrs. L. Clement, Cass Lake, Minn.
Mrs. H. F. Machen, Berkeley, Cal.
Rose Skirda, Royal Oak, Mich.
Etta Burberry, Lancaster, O.
Mrs. R. H. Francisco, N. Canton, O.
W. Oncken, Millidgeville, Ill.
Mrs. R. Lehigh, Milwaukee, Wis.
Emilie Reiser, Long Beach, Cal.
Helen Rowland, New York, N. Y.

18th PRIZES
Jumping Jack Shoes

Helen G. Allan, Dowagiac, Mich.
Mrs. J. P. Allen, Gainesville, Fla.
Julia M. Allison, Butler, Pa.
P. M. Anderson, Waterville, Me.
Mrs. John Ayers, Galveston, Tex.
R. L. Bancroft, Brown Mills, N. J.
Mary C. Beggio, Clear Lake, Cal.
Mrs. John Berg, Hartford, Mich.
W. J. Brand, Columbia, Mo.
Mrs. C. R. Brandel, Boise, Ida.
D. Brelsford, Bellefontaine, O.
R. Briscoe, Albuquerque, N. M.
Wm. M. Brown, Pittsburgh
Grace W. Brower, Philadelphia
Mrs. W. F. Buck, Los Angeles
Mrs. M. F. Bullard, Knoxville
A. Burris, Albemarle, N. C.
Adele Byrne, Philadelphia
C. Carniglia, San Antonio, Tex.
Margaret Child, Washington, D.C.
Mrs. J. W. Chapman, Boulder, Colo.
Mrs. V. Cockerham, Anderson, Ind.
Mrs. Carl Collins, Pittsburgh
Ruth Collins, Los Angeles, Cal.
C. R. Cook, West Los Angeles
Mrs. O. L. Corbin, Azusa, Cal.
Mrs. P. Cornelius, Ft. Smith, Ark.
Shirlee Crevar, Hyannis, Mass.
Mrs. W. W. Crews, Nashville
E. Crombie, East Orange, N. J.
Alda Cumings, Elmhurst, N. Y.
Mrs. L. Davidson, Indianola, Neb.
Mrs. L. A. Day, Orient, Wash.
P. Della-Vedova, Walnut Creek, Cal.
Bonnie B. Dixon, Colton, Cal.
Ida Donovetsky, Irvington, N. J.
Katherine Dowd, Washington, D. C.
Olga Ebbersol, Compton, Cal.
H. B. Elliott, Greensboro, N. C.
Mrs. J. B. Evans, Culpeper, Va.
Gertrude Espenan, Baton Rouge
Mrs. D. J. Fergus, Cleveland
M. L. Ferguson, El Dorado, Ark.
Mrs. H. Fernandez, Flint, Mich.
Allen Fial, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Mrs. Chas. Field, Portland, Me.
Mrs. G. R. Finney, Baltimore
Peggy Fish, New York, N. Y.
Mrs. J. J. Fisher, Cleveland, O.
Mrs. C. A. Francis, Elkton, Md.
Mrs. James Frey, Allentown, Pa.
Mrs. Wm. Fruchting, Hudson, N. Y.
M. Garton, Batesville, Miss.
F. W. Gibson, Somerville, N. J.
Betty Glass, Chula Vista, Cal.
Leonore Goehler, Anderson, Ind.
Mrs. Chas. Golden, Havre, Mont.
Mrs. J. Gonsalves, Murray, Utah
Mrs. C. Grenhart, Mt. Royal, N. J.
Mrs. George Evans, San Antonio
Ralph Hapner, Anniston, Ala.
Irene Hartwell, Roxbury, Conn.
Effie Hartwig, Albuquerque, N. M.
Phyllis Haugh, Pensacola, Fla.
Nellie Hawkins, Gustine, Cal.
Mrs. R. Hayes, Trussville, Ala.
Mrs. Wm. Heffner, Baltimore
E. Hendershott, S. Livonia, N. Y.
Mrs. Darell Hill, Minneapolis
Della Hill, New Riegel, O.
Margery Hill, Grass Valley, Cal.
Shirley Hill, N. Quincy, Mass.
Harriet Holt, Inglewood, Cal.
Jane Holcomb, Los Angeles, Cal.
C. L. Huber, Pine Bluff, Ark.
Mrs. R. V. Hughes, Ordway, Colo.
M. Hutchinson, Ft. Lewis, Wash.
I. Hutton, Stinson Beach, Cal.
Kathryn Ihrie, New Orleans, La.
Lilliam Jansen, Rochester, Pa.
Mrs. Lester Jones, Faust, N. Y.
June Junge, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Lawrence Kaelin, Indianapolis
Mrs. Bill Kastning, Ottawa, Kan.
Mrs. Frances Killgore, Dallas
Mrs. R. L. Kohls, Columbia, Ind.
Mrs. Nelby Kopinski, Detroit
Mrs. M. Kornhauser, Bronx, N. Y.
Dorothy Kuehn, Menasha, Wis.
Miriam Kyle, Tuskegee, Ala.
Mrs. R. L. Lea, Zachary, La.
Donna Lee, Battle Creek, Mich.
Rosalind Levor, Cincinnati, O.
Mrs. Howard Lighthill, Detroit
Helen Linnell, Plymouth, Mass.
Phyllis Livingston, Cullman, Ala.
Florence Long, Mass, Mich.
Rosealene Long, Middlebury, Ind.
Gloria Lowdon, Franklin Sq., N. Y.
Jo Ella Mach, Burlington, Ia.
Naomi MacLeod, Detroit, Mich.
Mrs. William Maier, Houston, Tex.
Helen Manahan, New York, N. Y.
Mrs. W. C. Marker, Chicago
Mrs. Claude Martin, Lenoir, N. C.
Mrs. W. Marvel, Langley Field, Va.
M. McCarty, Drexel Hill, Pa.
L. McCurdy, Springfield, Mo.
Anna McKenna, Kenmore, N. Y.
Gorda McKillip, Fort Worth
Gladys McLemore, Los Angeles
Phyllis Mealey, Lowell, Mass.
Helen Mettner, Lawrence, Kan.
Don Mills, Everett, Wash.
Mrs. H. B. Mistrot, Houston, Tex.
Rose Meothart, Palo Alto, Cal.
Mrs. R. D. Morrical, Louisville
Beatrice Moski, Portland, Me.
Paul Muller, Bronx, N. Y.
Mrs. R. C. Mulrow, Marlin, Tex.
Edmith Munsinger, Los Angeles
Mrs. W. Myers, Upper Darby, Pa.
Mrs. H. E. Nelson, Seattle
Priscilla Newton, San Francisco

Mrs. Robert Ochs, Tipp City, O.
Mrs. Paul O'Mara, Cortland, N. Y.
Marie Parsons, Baton Rouge, La.
Mame C. Peck, Paris, Ill.
Mrs. R. J. Pflug, Palo Alto, Cal.
Helen Pichle, Hamilton, N. Y.
Lonnie Pierce, Atlanta, Ga.
Mrs. Sam Pipkin, Broadview, N. M.
A. T. Pitman, Jr., Atlanta, Ga.
B. Popiolek, New London, Conn.
Virginia Pratt, Walkerton, Ind.
Marian Price, Maywood, Ill.
Eleanor Racicot, Lowell, Mass.
Erma Reed, Twin Falls, Idaho
M. Reynolds, Point Pleasant, W. Va.
Anne Reid, New York, N. Y.
Angie Rickel, Manhattan, Kan.
Anna Rittenhouse, Chester, Ill.
Mrs. F. Roberts, El Dorado, Ark.
Marie Robinson, Los Angeles
Dorothy Roeder, Minneapolis
I. J. Rossi, Iowa City, Iowa
Mrs. Andrew Ruckman, Wheeling
Alex Rulin, Chicago, Ill.
Bertie Russell, St. Louis, Mo.
Mrs. Leo Tynders, Abilene, Tex.
Helen Saum, Fostoria, O.
B. Schmidlkofer, Shawnee, Okla.
W. J. Seidel, Flint, Mich.
Ruth Shanley, Indianola, Iowa
Mrs. F. Shock, Columbia, Mo.
Marian Silvi, Elmhurst, N. Y.
Edith Bryant, Charleston, W. Va.
Stella Skiba, Cheshire, Conn.
Alma H. Smith, Philadelphia, Pa.
Francis Smith, Patchogue, N. Y.
Sherley A. Smith
Mrs. Henry W. Speeth, Cleveland
Mrs. J. Speight, Hazel Park, Mich.
Helen L. Spetzer, Pierre, S. D.
Mrs. H. R. Speikermann, Orlando
Soule, Portland, Ore.
Daisy Staples, Chicago
Mrs. R. Stee, Bismarck, N. D.
C. Stewart, Murphysboro, Ill.
Genevieve Stiles, Los Angeles
Henrietta Stiltz, Virden, Ill.
Juliet Stoppel, Westwood, Cal.
Mrs. C. Syth, El Cerrito, Cal.
Priscilla Szego, Bedford, O.
Mrs. Frank Taylor, Baltimore
Mrs. Wm. Thomason, Houston, Tex.
W. Timmermann, Geronimo, Tex.
Irby Todd, Washington, D. C.
Ann Triche, Jackson, Miss.
Maurine Turner, Virdern, Ill.
Betty Tusher
E. Upston, Marblehead, Mass.
Mrs. J. Utt, Charleston, W. Va.
Mrs. A. Van Buren, Willmar, Minn.
Mrs. E. M. Wallingford, Shrevesport,
La.
Mrs. J. Wendt, Pittsfield, Mass.

Mrs. G. Williams, Winfield, Kan.
Lillian Williams, Columbia, S. C.
Imogene Wilson, Dallas, Tex.
Mrs. K. Winterburg, Waverly, N. Y.
Louise Witt, San Francisco
Mrs. Robert Woodard, Toledo, O.
Mrs. A. P. Wold, Los Angeles
Winifred Yoder, Danville, Va.
C. B. Wyatt, Bayward, Cal.
Anne Ziff, Philadelphia
Grace Weaver, Lancaster, Pa.
Lillian Anderson, Minneapolis
Maud Baker, Fredonia, Kan.
Mrs. R. O. Black, Temple, Tex.
Mrs. E. Butterworth, Humboldt, Ia.
Florence Case, Los Angeles
Ruth Cunningham, Harlingen, Tex.
Elsie DeBra, Long Beach, Cal.
Sophie Doern, Chilton, Wis.
M. Duhamel, York Village, Me.
Ralph Dumont, San Francisco
B. Elliott, Breesport, N. Y.
Barbara Holbrook, San Francisco
H. R. Howell, Baton Rouge, La.
F. Hunter, Healdsburg, Cal.
Susie Kee, Gumberry, N. C.
Dorothy Kingshott, Los Angeles
Jos. McFarlaen, Lynbrook, N. Y.
Elisabeth McVey, Sharon, Pa.
Mrs. A. Miller, Blue Island, Ill.
Mrs. O. Moon, Mineral Wells, Tex.
Miss H. Olson, San Francisco
Mrs. W. F. Pace, Moberly, Mo.
Bertha Parsons, Hadley, Mass.
Mrs. A. F. Sanderson, Syracuse
Mrs. W. Smith, Burlington, N. J.
Walter Stone, Arlington, Va.
J. R. Striegel, Los Angeles
Agnes Taylor, Olympic, Wash.
Esther R. Wilks, New York, N. Y.
Mrs. H. Woolum, Boulder, Colo.
Alice Cook, De Witt, Iowa
Mrs. I. Chaffin, Big Lake, Tex.
R. Curren, College Station, Tex.
Lula Crump, Milton, Fla.
M. Clark, Grand Prairie, Tex.
C. Don Cline, Indianapolis
Mrs. A. Curry, Plainview, Tex.
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Francis De Witt, Long Beach, Cal.
Katherine Dowd, Washington, D. C.
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Mrs. H. Dixon, Petersburg, Va.
Elsie Dachroth, Des Moines
Ruth Dean, Chicago, Ill.
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Ruth Ewoldt, Oceanside, Cal.
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Oma Edgerley, Johnson, O.
Tina Fern, N. Hollywood, Cal.
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O. J. Gilbert, Mobile, Ala.
D. E. Gumbel, Glendale, N. Y.
L. Adams, Little Falls, Minn.
V. Andrick, St. Paul, Minn.
Clarence Boyd, San Francisco
Neva Boyce, Auburn, Ind.
Mabelle Biron, Amesbury, Mass.
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T. Burr, Jr., Stoneham, Mass.
Morton Bennett, Napanock, N. Y.
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Alfred Baker, San Francisco
Mrs. L. Burns, Swampscott, Mass.
Betty Beckman, Philadelphia
Rose Bere, Louisville, Ky.
Edith Butz, Hudson Falls, N. Y.
Leona Brown, Seattle, Wash.
Lenora Bair, Akron, O.
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Lottie Covey, Fort Worth, Tex.
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Dess Conrad, Hollywood, Cal.
Elizabeth Cudahy, Auburn, N. Y.
Mrs. W. Creekmore, Tulsa, Okla.
George Gambler, Bethlehem, Pa.
Mrs. J. Gonzales, Albuquerque, N. M.
Irma George, Naugatuck, Conn.
Ruth Hutchison, Columbus, O.
F. L. Homer, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Mae Harland, Mausotn, Wis.
Alice Hudson, Savannah, Ga.
Josephine Hawksett, Minneapolis
Mrs. D. E. Heaton, Olin, Iowa
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Mrs. R. Jacobson, Reading, Pa.
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Lena Jump, Marshfield, Mo.
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C. Kenah, West Orange, N. J.
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Dora Kushner, Stroudsburg, Pa.
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Kay Lucas, Elyria, O.
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Lloyd Miller, Allentown, Pa.
Laura Mackey, New Orleans
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Mrs. A. Moynihan, Yalesville, Conn.
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Grace Morrow, Raton, N. M.
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Evelyn Surprise, Almira, Wash.
John Simmons, Arlington, Tex.
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Mrs. E. Shields, Clarks Fork, Ida.
R. Strange, Mountain Rest, S. C.
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C. Smith, Hyattsville, Md.
Fred Toole, Bethlehem, Pa.
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Mrs. I. Brustman, Victorville, Cal.
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Mrs. A. Burdick, Coudersport, Pa.
Willa Busch, Cincinnati, O.
J. Campbell, Knoxville, Ky.
Margaret Cane, Alameda, Cal.
Ernestyn Charly, Medford, Ore.
Anna Crabtree, Portsmouth, O.
Anna Dearinger, Indianapolis
Mrs. D. DeMuth, Chesterland, O.
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Mrs. A. W. Ellis, Sausalito, Cal.
Mrs. Orville Emry, Firth, Neb.
Jennie Flautt, Nashville, Tenn.
Sara Fortna, Chase, Kan.
Mrs. H. France, St. Paul, Minn.
Mrs. V. Gaddis, Winona Lake, Ind.
Mrs. Phil Geyer, Hamilton, O.
Dorothy Glover, Chico, Cal.
Doris Greene, Peoria, Ill.
Mrs. George Hecox, Columbus, O.
B. Henningson, Alameda, Cal.
F. Hollinger, Harrisburg, Pa.
D. Hickman, Auburndale, Fla.
Miriam Huleatt, Natick, Mass.
F. Jaromin, Lackawanna, N. Y.
Cleo Jones, Midlothian, Ill.
Mrs. John Kane, St. Louis
Celia Kempf, Cleveland
Barney King, Atlanta, Ga.
Louise Knight, Lometa, Tex.
Beatrice Lamb, Chicago, Ill.
Mrs. W. J. Lippert, Toledo, O.
Mrs. J. Liston, Raymond, Ill.
R. Livingston, Salt Lake City
A. Middleton, Wichita, Kan.
D. Miller, Chambersburg, Pa.
Frances Moore, Frankfort, Ky.
Lester Moore, Rondo, Cal.
Mrs. T. M. Morgan, Peekskill, N. Y.
Gertrude Moser, Arlington, Va.
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V. Parrish, W. Frankfort, Ill.
Mrs. H. H. Peck, Kenmore, N. Y.
Mrs. F. W. Peterson, Green Bay, Wis.
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Sina Putnam, Fort Wayne, Ind.
H. Rambow, Battle Creek, Mich.
Mrs. Rothe, Casper, Wy.
Dorothy Roush, Noblesville, Ind.
Mary Savage, Rockland, Me.
Mrs. E. Skidmore, Tuscaloosa, Ala.
Mrs. A. Smith, Sioux City, Ia.
Mrs. G. Smith, Brookhaven, Mass.

Lillian Stafford, Bosworth, Mo.
Claudia Stewart, Chattanooga
Stanley Sutherland, Los Angeles
Otto Swanson, Kingston, Ill.
Stefanie Szklarz, Palmer, Mass.
P. C. Thompson, Medford, Mass.
William Voss, Kiel, Wis.
Katherine Trail, Nebraska City
Mrs. Fred Welther, Erie, Pa.
C. R. Williams, Indianapolis, Va.
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Anne Wilson, Santa Barbara, Cal.
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Mrs. Norm Herendeen, El Paso
B. Springfield, Madisonville, Ky.
Stanley Jacobs, Toledo, O.
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Bonnie Harrison, Versailles
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Mrs. H. Rudine, Gary, Ind.
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Elizabeth Bradley, Berkley, Mich.
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Viola Brune, Bunker Hill, Ill.
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Alice Curtis, Canoga Park, Cal.
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Alice Dodd, Hollis, L. I., N. Y.
Elizabeth Edwards, Suffolk, Va.
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C. C. Jent, Nashville, Tenn.
Emma Ladson, Youngstown, O.
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Anne Maree, Morristown, Pa.
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Mrs. H. Myers, Jacksonville, Fla.
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Mrs. Edw. Rigby, Rochester, N. Y.
Moses Scott, Frankton, Cal.
Florence Shaffer, Kent, O.
Helen Stelz, Reynoldsville, Pa.
Stella Wright, Alameda, Cal.

The adventures of a pioneer driver

BARRETT WILLIAMS

Mother was a demon automobilist

THE conversation took place early in Mother's driving career. We were seated in the new coupe. Its six cylinders were coughing violently, like a man in the last stages of consumption, and its rakish green body shook as if with the ague. Mother's face was grim and her lips compressed. About us lay a thick pall of smoke.

"We should never have bought this car," she said gloomily. "Why on earth does it act like this?"

I pointed to the smoke cloud, which was drifting lazily off on the breeze. "You have used the choke too much," I said.

"But the instructor told me to pull it out if it didn't start quickly."

"I know he did, Mother. Pull it out and let go. But you've been yanking it steadily for ten minutes. As a result, the motor is flooded with gas as a consumptive's lungs are filled with phlegm, and all it can do is cough."

"I only did as I was told," she sulked.

"They didn't tell you to lay down a smoke screen for the Atlantic fleet." I said acidly. Then, since I was getting nowhere, I set off on another tack. "Tell me, Mother, just what do you think it is that makes a motor run?"

She looked at me innocently. "Why, the water, I presume."

"And how about the gasoline?"

"Oh, I suppose that helps."

"Where do you think the motor is located?"

"It's under the seat, isn't it?"

An outsider might have thought that Mother was joking. Actually, she had a sublime indifference to matters mechanical. What went on behind the dashboard and hood was as remote to her as the activities in

interstellar space. These engineering matters were left wholly to the "garage man," a gentleman whom she regarded as a combination of the wizard Edison and the prophet Moses. I doubt if Mother ever deigned to glance under the hood of a car in her life, but if she had, I am sure she would not have been in the least surprised to find a crew of gnomes running on a treadmill, or even a small donkey harnessed to the chassis.

But if her knowledge of engineering was abysmal, it was more than offset by her boundless zest for the thrills of the open road. Mother was born and brought up in the horse and buggy era. When she purchased her first car (it was one of the snappiest models at the auto show) she had already reached an age when most ladies preferred the relative safety of a sedate "Electric."

Not so Mother; the clank of piston rods and the snarl of the exhaust were music to her ears; the smell of exhaust-smoke scent to her nostrils. She was truly a pioneer, and the sight of this dignified lady sitting erect and purposeful behind the wheel, the wind frolicking in her graying hair, as she "fed her the gas" on the open stretches and honked her horn at bewildered chickens, was a sight that caused many a young gallant to yield the road gracefully, and many a policeman to tear up his summons with a regretful sigh.

Her bubbling self-confidence quickly led to her first—and last—accident. It was one of her first solo drives. We were proceeding along a narrow country road when Mother backed into a side lane preparatory to turning back on her path. She had stopped, shifted into first, and was about to let the clutch out when a large black limousine, piloted by a liveried chauffeur, appeared around a bend in the road. Mother and the chauffeur honked and gesticulated in a pleasant interchange of courtesies, and presently the limousine started to pass.

When it was dead across her bow, Mother let out the clutch, and her car, vaulting forward with the deadly accuracy of a torpedo fired at point-blank range, struck with a rending crash. The limousine proceeded for two hundred yards on two wheels before grinding to a halt.

Mother had drawn up at the side of the road by the time the frightened but furious chauffeur walked up for a showdown. But before that injured soul had so much as opened his mouth, Mother launched an attack on his character, morals, background and ability which made Cicero's denunciation of Cataline pale by comparison. Her address was punctuated by frequent appeals to me for confirmation, and as I was moving my head cautiously backwards and forwards to see if any vertebrae were broken, this motion was taken for assent.

When she was finally out of breath, Mother honked her horn by way of signifying that the interview was at

an end, and drove triumphantly off, leaving her dumbfounded opponent scribbling down her license number.

From then on, her driving career was one long procession of hairbreadth escapes that even now make my scalp tingle. Mother was really a good driver, who obeyed all the rules to the letter, but she shared with trapeze artists, high divers and knife throwers the rare art of always seeming to be on the verge of disaster, when in reality all was under control.

One night we were driving along a road in heavy traffic with Mother at the wheel. She always suffered from poor vision at night; the lights of oncoming cars appeared to her in the form of circular rainbows, the beauty of which she would enthusiastically describe. On this occasion a car approached us at great speed, and shot past, a mere blur in the darkness. I thought I felt a slight jar, so we stopped to investigate. Sure enough, one of our outsized hubcaps had been knocked clean off.

"Whew!" I exclaimed. "We certainly had a narrow brush with that car back there!"

Mother looked puzzled. "Car?" she inquired. "What car?"

It was probably in the realm of plain and fancy skids that Mother reached her most spectacular heights. The way to stop the skid, she reasoned, was to apply the brakes, and this she did with all her strength, even yanking at the emergency for good measure. On a slippery road she was often good for half a block, sliding and slithering between autos and pedestrians with the dexterity of a Caucasian egg-dancer.

Mother's trips into the country were complicated by an infinite capacity for getting lost. She would lean upon local Daniel Boones with disastrous results.

"Pardon me, my good fellow," Mother would say, "but could you direct us to the road to Pottsville?"

The village idiot would get his head inside the window, and mutter something that sounded like "Uh?"

Mother would smile encouragingly, and say: "We are lost. We wish to get to Pottsville."

At this, the creature would grunt, and point in the direction from which we had just come.

"Oh, no." Mother would shake her head disapprovingly. "That's not the way. We've already been *there.*"

At this, a smile of triumph would spread over the idiot's features, and he would reel around and point his finger ahead of us.

"Ah," Mother would say with intense relief. "So that's the way to Pottsville!"

The next town, of course, would turn out to be Nugget Hills, or somesuch, and there the process would be repeated.

Mother marched in the ranks of the trail blazers. If she were driving now, it would be a jet-job. I can see her whooshing through the upper skies, scaring the devil out of hawks.

Know Yourself

DO YOU

First, complete each of the 12 statements below by checking the item (a, b or c) which best describes your own reaction. Turn to page 33 for scoring.

1. Business and pleasure mix for relaxation if you:

- a. Successfully do the business, in spite of being under tension.
- b. Really enjoy the "business contacts" as friends, too.
- c. Confine the business talk to only part of the meeting.

2. Relaxation is important because:

- a. You need rest to be healthy.
- b. Play makes better workers and better personalities.
- c. "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy."

3. Competitive games are a form of relaxation because they:

- a. Get you together with others.
- b. Offer acceptable ways of working out aggressions and emotions.
- c. Keep your mind off troubles.

4. Working can be relaxing if you:

- a. Have your eye on the good profit it will bring.
- b. Enjoy it, stop when you wish.
- c. Enjoy the challenge of striving for success.

5. A hobby is relaxing because:

- a. You can really be good at it.
- b. It's educational.
- c. It fills in your spare time.

6. Golfers are most relaxed if they:

- a. Are "in the swing," enjoy making each shot.
- b. Try hard, and get a good score.
- c. Really work for good shots, but joke and kid between holes.

7. Vacations are relaxing if you:

- a. Do what you want to do.
- b. Can cram in lots of sightseeing, sports or whatever.
- c. Have time to improve your skill at things you enjoy.

8. Some people say they "can't relax." Actually they:

- a. Don't really want to relax, or don't know how to.
- b. Don't have enough time or money.
- c. Won't let go of reality at all.

9. A housewife can best relax by:

- a. Trying new recipes or experimentally rearranging furniture.
- b. Sitting down and catching up on the darning.
- c. An outdoor sport she likes.

10. Cooperative group activities are relaxing because:

- a. You make friends.
- b. You get away from home.
- c. Self-consciousness is lost in the interest of the activity.

11. A musician can relax by:

- a. Playing for both pleasure and practice.
- b. Composing original music in hope of glory and money.
- c. Teaching a talented friend just for fun.

12. Best "company" for relaxation is:

- a. Beneath you on the social or professional ladder.
- b. A little ahead of you.
- c. Anyone who makes you feel easy and natural.

KNOW HOW TO RELAX?

DR. ERNEST DICHTER and VIRGINIA FORSYTHE

Lots of people have to learn that relaxation is necessary for a balanced, well-adjusted life

THE other day a friend of mine and I set out to do some strictly duty shopping—tea strainers and scrub brushes, not new hats and bracelets. "Let's walk down by-way of Madison Avenue," she said. "It'll be fun to look in the shop windows."

By that simple phrase she was turning part of a routine job into recreation. Her attitude was one of joy in the moment rather than walking as a means to an end, and she herself had voluntarily decided what she was going to do. The shopping was work that had to be done, but the walk came under the head of recreation and play.

That same friend is one who frequently turns meal preparation (work, because it has to be done) into a backyard picnic (relaxation, because she wants to do it just for fun). She knows how to "let go," strikes a balance between work and play, really practices the art of relaxation. I think it is the main reason why, at 51, with five children ranging in age from 14 to 25, she is very successfully managing a household and an outside career—and looking and acting young and charming.

The nice thing to know about relaxation is that it is necessary to living a productive life and being a well adjusted, well balanced person. You can feel proud, not guilty, about "taking time out."

The right kind of relaxation is a means of relieving monotony. It should be a complementary experience, supplying a complete change from your routine jobs and duties, and sending you back to them with a fresh viewpoint. If you are a housewife, indoors most of the time, then you'll profit by outdoor social activities in your leisure hours. If you work in an office with people around you all the time, you may get some of your best relaxation alone in the hammock with a book you like.

Some kinds of play serve a very useful purpose, too, in releasing pent-up emotions and aggressions, and giving you a socially acceptable outlet for the things you can't ordinarily say and do. Golf gives you good reason to sock the ball as hard as you can; bridge gives you a legitimate

chance to try to outwit your friends. Having got it out of your system, you'll once more feel cooperative—and not nearly so likely to spank your tomboy daughter or argue with your husband.

Most of us can do with a few extra pats on the back, too. If our jobs don't give us the measure of success we'd like, we can turn to leisure time activities for ego-building. It's easy to be the best amateur furniture painter in town, or know all about some obscure period of American history—but it's hard to get to the top in a career. You can really excel at a sport if you pick something within your limits.

Psychologists often recommend play as the best medicine for personality problems. Shyness and self-consciousness, for example, are lost in the interest of a group activity you are good at. Then, it's not so hard to carry some of your new-found assurance into everyday life.

That word "interest," incidentally, is one of the main keys to a relaxed attitude. When you do something voluntarily and because it is interesting, rather than for profit or some other end result, you are relaxing.

If you watch a little child at play, you'll see how he learns at the same time he relaxes. Left to his own devices, a child will go from the bulldozer tactics of strenuous running and jumping and pushing, to the quieter activities of coloring a picture book or sitting down and listening to a nursery rhyme record. He automatically changes from one thing to another, sees that he gets a variety of satisfactions.

Adults have to spend too much of their time doing things under pressure—to earn money, or get the housework done, or entertain important business friends. It is up to them to manage their lives so there is also time for pure relaxation.

But work and play need not always be separated. Sometimes the same activity can be both work and play. One woman I know gives piano lessons to supplement the family income. In the case of most of her pupils, this is 100 per cent work. In the case of one very talented little girl, however, it is play. The teacher is deeply interested in developing the little girl's talent, and enjoys every moment of her lessons. The money comes as a by-product but does not in any way influence her interest and job in teaching the child.

Here, incidentally, is one reason why you're more likely to succeed at work you really enjoy doing: if you feel no tension, no conflicting desire to be doing something else, you wholeheartedly give yourself to your work. The relaxed worker—the cabinet maker who finds real pleasure in polishing old wood to a fine patina, or the cook who wields her egg beater with a real flourish—always does a better job than the tense worker whose only aim is to get it done and get paid for it.

Now, you ask, is all relaxation really a matter of activity? What

about the ten-minute rest periods that raised the production records of workers during the war? What about stretching out and taking a nap? Or sitting and day-dreaming? Or just sitting?

Well, certainly, you need adequate rest. And rest is relaxation if it is what you want to do at the time—as distinguished from forcing yourself to lie down for a half hour simply because you think it's good for you. But we all need a variety of forms of relaxation. We should do some things just because we want to (the mental attitude of play), and ideally these should supply a variety of satisfactions (collecting old glass to satisfy the acquisitive, sewing or knitting for the creative urge, tennis for working out aggressions).

Most people who say they can't relax really don't want to. And they don't want to because they feel guilty about what they consider "wasting time." Actually, modern psychology has completely disproved the old idea of keeping your nose to the grindstone. You are far more productive in the long run if you take time out for recreation.

Another reason may be unwillingness to admit that the world isn't so bad and your life isn't so tough. If you have a "sour grapes" attitude, or are determined to see only what's wrong with the world, you can't relax. If, on the other hand, you make yourself see the hopeful side you are likely to enjoy yourself.

Or, perhaps you've never developed the habit of relaxation. If not you'll have to first understand what it really is, and then give yourself a chance to get the "feel" of it. You can't just roll up your sleeves some morning and doggedly go out to do some playing. That's work.

When you go on vacation, decide what satisfactions you are lacking. Then do what you really want to do to supplement your year-round routine. Really give yourself to relaxation. When you return, you'll find it easier to carry your relaxed attitudes into your everyday life.

Your Score

For numbers 1-4, a counts 1, b counts 3, c counts 2. For numbers 5-8, a counts 3, b counts 1, c counts 2. For numbers 9-12, a counts 2, b counts 1, c counts 3. Add up your points.

If your total score is from 33 to 36, you are an expert relaxer, and you understand how to go at it and why it's important. A score of from 24 to 32 shows that you get some real relaxation and variety, but not as much as you might. A score of from 16 to 23 shows considerable tension, and very little understanding of how to balance it by play. If you scored as low as 12 to 15, you don't relax and don't know how to. You may be in real danger if you don't find some way to release tensions.

Your Chances Against ARTHRITIS

AMY SELWYN

Do your emotions invite this affliction?

IF Mrs. Molly Peters (which is not her name), housewife, is an unhappy woman, she doesn't show it. It has been a year now since Molly stepped off the train from New York, still hearing the harsh words of the Broadway producer: "You aren't an actress. You'll never be an actress. Go back home and raise a family."

Not once, since she returned to Oklahoma City, has she let out a whimper because she, the daughter of a beautiful, successful actress, had failed to get even a small part. When Molly walks down the streets of Oklahoma City, she walks grandly, almost arrogantly, with her head held high.

Molly doesn't know it, but there's a group of men and women—physicians and psychiatrists—who are intensely curious about Molly and what will become of her. Will she, they wonder, soon find herself saddled by a full-blown case of rheumatoid arthritis? Arthritis, medical researchers have lately been discovering, shows a preference for certain types of people, with certain personality patterns. Molly fits this pattern exactly.

Exhaustive study of arthritis patients has prompted Dr. Edward Weiss, Philadelphia psychiatrist, to give the following description of the 'typical' arthritis victim: She is a person of exaggerated pride and secretiveness, with a strong disinclination to relax and express herself freely. She so sharply represses her true feelings—her emotions, hurts or resentments—that she may not be aware of them herself. Beneath her aloof, haughty exterior often lurks a smoldering hostility towards one person, or towards the world in general, such as Molly bears for her illustrious mother.

A recent study, at a Boston arthritis clinic, shows that out of 60 pa-

tients, over 75 per cent were harboring repressed hate or exhibited exaggerated pride. One woman boasted that she had never cried, and never been afraid. One man had for 30 years been intensely jealous of his father, a world-famous surgeon. Another woman reported that her symptoms sprang up the day she was forced to move in with her mother-in-law, whom she despised.

The doctors who report these observations are properly cautious. They do not proclaim that in the history of every arthritic—and there are seven million of them—there is sure to be repressed hostility and smoldering resentment. They don't say either that every arthritic who is crippled or bed-ridden by the disease—and there are at least a million of these—will be running about in perfect health as soon as they submit to psychiatric treatment. But official case histories do prove that for *some* people, psychotherapy has succeeded in spectacularly unstiffening "frozen" joints, and saving them from a life of misery.

For other grateful men and women, relief has come from one of several other types of arthritis therapy. At present, there are three or four treatment measures with which doctors treat arthritis.

None of them works in all cases. Each works in some cases. Among them, they can succeed in curing or alleviating 80 per cent of the cases. This is highly encouraging, too, inasmuch as doctors still don't know too much about arthritis.

It is believed to be the oldest disease in the world. Clear evidence of it has been found in the remains of the first animals to live on the earth. Arthritis was such a major problem in the days of the Roman Empire that the government constructed the famous Roman baths to bring relief to the sufferers. Arthritis and related diseases have been affecting more men and women than either heart disease or arteriosclerosis. It attacks seven times as many people as cancer, ten times as many as diabetes.

But all this time, arthritis has remained pretty much of a mystery, partly because it's a highly complex disease, and partly because no large-scale attempt was made to find out about it. Now, however, a growing number of experimental laboratories, clinics and hospital units, in Boston, New York, Philadelphia and other cities have been launching arthritis research projects. In Hot Springs, Arkansas, there's the new National Foundation for Arthritis Research. Out of all this heightened interest and activity is expected to come a new understanding of what the different forms of arthritis are, and are not. And what you should know about this disease.

First, arthritis is not the same as rheumatism, even though you may have heard the two used interchangeably. Arthritis is primarily a disease of one or more of the joints of the body: wrist, knee, shoulder, knuckles,

ankle, spine, etc. Rheumatism is a term which covers all types of discomfort or disability involving the locomotor system. Arthritis is, then, one form of rheumatism.

According to Dr. Philip S. Hench of the Mayo Clinic, there are at least 100 different types of arthritis. Eighty-five per cent of arthritics, however, suffer from one of three types: Rheumatoid arthritis. Osteoarthritis. Infectious arthritis.

Infectious arthritis is the least common and the simplest of the three. It is caused by a germ and it develops during the course of a severe infection elsewhere in the body. When a woman has pneumonia, for example, some of the pneumonia germs may wander into her wrist joint and bring about pain, stiffness and swelling. Usually, the same treatment which cures the pneumonia will cure the arthritis as well. Since doctors have been using sulfa drugs, penicillin and streptomycin against infectious diseases, the dangers of infectious arthritis are diminished.

Rheumatoid arthritis, however, remains America's No. 1 chronic disease. The American Rheumatism Association describes it as the "most distressing, disabling and painful affliction known." Rheumatoid arthritis may affect Americans of all ages, but it hits some sections of the country harder than others. People in the hotter Southern states are least likely to have it. Doctors don't know why, nor do they know why this form of arthritis usually subsides strikingly when its victim becomes pregnant. At all other times, women are slightly more susceptible than men. Often, when doctors study arthritics' backgrounds they find that relatives or ancestors also were arthritics.

Rheumatoid arthritis is a slow, sneaky disease which creeps up so gradually that the patient dates the onset in months or years. There are cases on record in which arthritis took 14 years to develop.

About a year ago, a woman in Rutland, Vermont, began to feel strangely tired and worn out. Her appetite dropped off; she had headaches; she lost weight. Every few days, she'd notice a numbness or tingling in her fingers or knee. Slowly, her fingers and hands began to swell and stiffen. Sometimes, they pained her sharply, especially if she were tired or emotionally upset.

One morning, after a stormy row with her husband, acute pain shot through her hands and three or four joints stiffened so that she couldn't bend them. She hurriedly consulted a doctor. He knew immediately it was arthritis, but not until he had studied her case carefully could he definitely say "Rheumatoid arthritis."

In checking for rheumatoid arthritis, most doctors will draw a small sample of the patient's blood and examine the red blood corpuscles. The doctor also looks for signs of muscular weakness, or anemia, or elevated body temperature, all possible signs of rheumatoid arthritis. With x-rays

and other laboratory tools, he checks for structural changes in the joints and in the tissues which surround them.

Rheumatoid arthritis is also called atrophic arthritis because it brings about atrophy (shrinking) of tissues and muscles which operate the joint. Eventually, the joint may disintegrate completely, allowing the bones on either side to lock together in frozen immobility. This is called ankylosis. Rheumatoid arthritis can freeze a person's elbow at right angles to the shoulder; it can immobilize a spine. It can congeal the neck.

Fortunately, in every dozen cases of rheumatoid arthritis, ten *do not* end with complete rigidity of the affected joint. Usually, the more slowly and insidiously the disease begins, the more extreme form it may finally assume. Doctors know that arthritis may turn out to be the most unpredictable of diseases. Sometimes, unyielding cases may suddenly ease off even without treatment.

With a woman in New York, it wasn't that easy. A few months ago, she was wheeled into the arthritis clinic at the Columbia College of Physicians and Surgeons. Both her knees were so knotted with arthritis that she had been confined to her wheel chair for 10 months. Today, however, as her doctor's records attest, "This woman is doing her own housework and driving a car." She has two things to thank for her amazing recovery. The first is a medicine called gold salts. The second, a chemical called BAL. Gold salts are not a new medicine for rheumatoid arthritis; they've been in use for 18 years and have been considered the most successful of all arthritis remedies. Nobody has known exactly how they operate, but it has been known that they are highly toxic substances which can sometimes cause serious tissue damage. That's where BAL comes in. BAL is short for British anti-lewisite, and it was originally concocted by British scientists during the war as a means of counteracting enemy war gases. Fortunately, BAL never had a chance to be used during the war. But it has since proven highly valuable to nullify the toxic effects of gold salts.

As this is being written, doctors are talking excitedly about a new treatment for arthritis. This involves, mainly, a blood transfusion of a pregnant woman's blood into the arthritic's blood stream. As we said earlier, it's common medical knowledge that arthritis subsides strikingly during pregnancy. Recently, Dr. Imre Barsi got the idea of injecting some 'pregnant blood' into a few of his arthritis patients, on the chance that this might somehow bring them relief. It worked, he reported, and it has worked in a number of instances since then. But it is too early to tell, cautious authorities warn, what the long range value of this treatment is. While this new procedure is being tried out, on a limited scale, most rheumatologists continue correctly to treat their patients in a generalized

way. They treat the whole person, not just the disease, by prescribing rest, by building up general nutrition, by overcoming anemia. Often they are able to bring about dramatic results with this undramatic approach.

Most arthritis experts recognize, however, that the biggest task ahead of them is to discover the *cause* of rheumatoid arthritis. Many times, doctors thought they had found the cause, but they never really had. Faulty diet, glandular disturbances, poor metabolism, poor blood circulation, infection have all been blamed.

Lately, there has been much talk about the emotional or psychogenic factor in rheumatoid arthritis, and mounting evidence that emotional conflicts may precipitate this disease. One group of researchers proved recently how prolonged emotional strain can produce the same structural changes in muscles as are seen in rheumatoid arthritis. Another group cites case after case in which arthritis set in immediately following a major emotional shock. Still others emphasize emotional maladjustment which appears to predispose to arthritis: proud, repressed, unconsciously resentful. Many authorities have come around to this new view. But not all.

All authorities agree about osteoarthritis, which is as common but not as disabling as rheumatoid arthritis. Osteoarthritis appears equally in all climates, in both sexes, and rarely sets in before middle age. Osteoarthritis is also called 'degenerative' because it results from normal aging or wearing out of joint tissues. It often appears during or after menopause.

Doctors estimate that 97 per cent of people who are middle-aged or older develop the characteristic joint changes of osteoarthritis. Those who develop visible, painful symptoms, though, usually fill one of these additional requirements: they come from a family of arthritics; they're overweight; they have faulty posture. Or they may have suffered a blow or wound of the affected joint. Osteoarthritis often develops in joints which have been severely injured.

Osteoarthritis most often attacks the weight-bearing joints: knees, hips, spine. Often it may be treated principally by cutting down the patient's weight and fixing up bad posture. Osteoarthritis, unlike rheumatoid arthritis, is a disease of the joint only, not of the whole body. It does not involve general fatigue, malnourishment, or anemia. Osteoarthritis, in other ways too, is in some ways the opposite of rheumatoid arthritis. It attacks not the muscles above and below the joint, but the *cartilage* or connective tissue which composes the joint, and causes this tissue to soften and degenerate. Later, it brings about an *overgrowth* of bones on either side of the degenerating cartilage. The result is inflammation, pain and deformity. Osteoarthritis never causes freezing of bones, because it never results in the complete obliteration of the joint cavity.

CREIGHTON PEET *How women influence elections*

They Battle With Ballots

RECENTLY the mayor of one of our smaller cities was overheard to say, "Not even a politician would dare buck a bunch of those women when they are bent on getting something done."

"The trouble is," an adviser added unhappily, "they never give up. They come right back next year."

"Those women" were the local members of the League of Women Voters, a non-partisan group concerned solely with good government. There are only 83,000 League members scattered through 34 states, but every year they help millions of men and women voters make up their minds on vital issues.

The members have developed unorthodox tactics: they dig up facts. They aren't much impressed by free-flowing rhetoric, hillbilly bands or baby-kissing. They get written statements from candidates on big issues, look up records of how they voted in the past, and print all the facts in brief, easy-to-read Voters' Guides. If a candidate won't commit himself, they take note of this, too. They figure that the past performance of a man in public life is just as important as that of a race horse.

Among the biographical items they dig up occasionally are records of jail sentences. One candidate for office who had done time has grown bitter on this point. "My wife has forgiven me," he moans, "my neighbors have forgiven me, and the Lord has forgiven me, but not the League of Women Voters."

Then there was the case in a Southern state of the character who had been on the public payroll for 40 years, with no one ever checking on what he did. The League printed the

facts about him, and this quickly retired him to private life.

These Voters' Guides, usually single sheets or simple leaflets, are left in railroad stations, beauty parlors, schools, doctors' offices, etc. Stacks are given to grocers and laundrymen who stuff them in bundles and packages. Radio stations are usually glad to get League material, and often merchants will reprint it in local newspapers, taking credit of course, for being public-spirited. Others are distributed by members who tramp the streets, ring doorbells, and prod housewives into voting.

Come election time, reminders to vote are hung on doorknobs, windshields and milk bottles. Sometimes League members furnish free taxi service to the polls for women who couldn't get out otherwise. In Rice Lake, Wisconsin, the League advertised that it would furnish baby sitters for mothers on election day.

While the League of Women Voters is not affiliated with any party, it takes strong stands on most major issues, and works tirelessly for specific legislation. On a national level the League has worked for civilian control of atomic energy, a reduction of the tariff, the feeding of Europe, a strong United Nations, and action to control inflation. Previously, the League has been against isolationism, and vigorously opposed the early removal of price controls. It favors continuation of rent controls for the present, and recently came out for admitting 200,000 displaced persons to this country.

Local leagues have sponsored all sorts of projects. In Burlington, Vermont, the League discovered that the beaches were polluted because the city had no proper sewage plant. It went to work on a campaign to educate the people on the problem. As in other campaigns, the League operated on a very modest budget—dues are usually between one and three dollars a year, depending on the size of the community—so twice a week last summer, the members themselves swam out into Lake Champlain to get samples of water which they took to the state laboratory for testing.

When the newspapers and radio stations made the results public, the whole community became concerned —and the city fathers were finally prodded into starting surveys for a $700,000 sewage plant.

Unlike some women's organizations, the League is never content with merely passing nice resolutions. It gets down to fundamentals. Many times the League realizes it is licked at the start unless the state constitution is modernized. Both New Jersey and Missouri now have new constitutions, largely because of League activities. In Missouri the old constitution, adopted in 1875, had 59 amendments. It still prohibited dueling, and provided for the St. Louis World's Fair! To dramatize the antique laws under which Missouri was operating, League members dressed up in costumes of the last century, and staged horse and buggy

parades in the main streets of several cities. As usual, they rang doorbells, talked to people, and made thousands of telephone calls. The League is also concerned with new constitutions for Georgia, Oklahoma and Florida.

Obviously each member can devote only a few hours every week to League activities. Most have families, and a few have jobs. While Mrs. Williams, with older children, can give a full morning each week to answering the office phone, writing radio talks, or helping those looking for information, Mrs. Harris, who has a small baby, can only give an hour or so now and then. From lists prepared by other members, she makes telephone calls, addresses envelopes or licks stamps. On the other hand, Mrs. Scott, who has a maid and grown children, can give several days a week.

All jobs are divided to allow for shopping, a sick child, the laundry, or housework. Most women, the League says, take keen pleasure in escaping from domestic detail. Getting out and taking an active part in the community increases self-respect—and at election time, it can be exciting, too.

Concerned with better housing for low-income families in Denver, some years ago, League members dressed in old clothes and went to real estate agents to see just what kind of treatment—and housing—they would get. After they had visited dingy, vermin-infested tenements they had the information to fight much more effectively.

Teaching women how to vote, and getting them to the polls, is another major League activity. Amazingly enough, many women do not vote because they don't know how. They don't know where polling places are, and are afraid to ask. They don't want to get "mixed up in politics," and unthinkingly assume that everything connected with politics is "dirty and crooked." League members do everything possible to show these women that political affairs are what they themselves make them, and that voting is a privilege. In rural areas some women confess they won't vote because their husbands disapprove. Others say mysteriously it's against their religion.

In many small towns the League of Women Voters is the only group with no party ties. It is neither Democratic nor Republican. It supplies information impartially on all candidates. Incidentally, there are already 400 "affiliate" men members.

In each community different problems arise. In St. Louis, a city civil service law not long ago took top priority, and League members stood on soapboxes on 26 downtown corners. On another occasion the St. Louis League promoted jury schools after women won the right to serve on juries.

In Chicago, the League fought to take the school system out of politics. At first people could not believe this was possible, but a brisk cam-

paign of talking and telephoning convinced Chicago that votes still had power to bring a new school setup—and they did. Voting machines, always viewed with distrust by old-line politicians as too complicated for the average citizen, were also sponsored by the League. Actually, they are about as hard to operate as a telephone.

The League's lack of party affiliation confuses people used to thinking of everything as either Democratic or Republican, and people who disagree with the League have reached down for any brick they could lay a hand on. Some have called the League reactionary and guided by "Wall Street," while others suggest it has Communist leanings. In a Democratic town it is regarded as Republican—and vice versa.

About 20 years ago the League came out for a national child labor amendment only to find this proposal denounced as something "out of red Russia." The fantastic aspect of this battle was that others actively supporting this amendment were Franklin D. Roosevelt—and Herbert Hoover!

Heading the hard-working and conscientious League of Women Voters is Anna Lord Strauss, national president since 1944. The energy and ingenuity this fighting Quaker has displayed in chopping her way through Washington's political underbrush have won her vast respect from Congressmen—and the members of her rapidly-growing League.

Since 1910 the number of women of voting age has grown steadily, so that in this coming election there will be *1,670,000 more women eligible to vote than men.* Indications are that the number of women actually voting will be proportionally higher, too.

In 1919, the year the League was suggested by Carrie Chapman Catt, the situation in Missouri was tense. The vote in the state legislature to swing Missouri over to woman suffrage depended on one senator's vote. At the hour he was to vote in the senate hall, he was also due to defend an innocent boy accused of murder—in another town.

"Save the boy," the women said, "and we'll get you back to vote for the amendment." A special locomotive with one car was waiting in the town where the boy was being tried, while back in Jefferson City the clock on the senate wall was turned back, and the women talked to the senators, delaying the vote. A lookout was stationed where he could see a bend in the track, to watch for the train. At last a plume of smoke was sighted, the roll call on the amendment was allowed to start—and just as his name was called, the senator walked in to vote.

All this was nearly 30 years ago. Today the League of Women Voters, which grew from just such uncertain beginnings, has become one of the most effective and useful groups into which women can turn their spare time and energy.

A passing freight train brought hope and happiness

WESLEY HARTZELL

The girl who loved a railroad

EVERY afternoon, on the way home from school, Mabel Dickson paused to wait for the freight train that rolled by at 3:30 P.M. She waved cheerily and the crew waved back.

This went on for months, and then one day the little girl with the big smile was missing. The train crew watched for her and finally decided she must have moved. But the grin and the wave returned, as unexpectedly as they had vanished. This time they came from a blanket-wrapped bundle lying on a cot on the front porch.

Early one evening an elderly man with an armful of flowers knocked at the front door. He awkwardly handed his flowers to the girl lying in bed and told her that he was the train's engineer and that he and the rest of the crew hoped they would soon see her again when their train went by.

"I'm afraid that will never happen," the grandmother said sadly. "Mabel has had an attack of rheumatic fever and it's weakened her heart. The doctor doesn't think she can ever get around again."

Garry came back again to inform Mabel that the Chicago and Eastern Illinois Railroad had arranged to send her to a sanitarium and provide the finest medical care.

Mabel left the sanitarium in a little less than a year. Doctors told her that if she didn't over-exercise, her heart probably wouldn't bother her again. She went back to the house by the side of the tracks and waved more gaily than ever to the trains.

When her family moved Mabel didn't forget the C. & E. I.

Two and a half years ago she walked into the railroad's office and applied for a job.

Her anonymity remained intact for only two months. Then Mr. Kelch, a vice-president, passed by her desk and stopped and stared.

"Aren't you . . ." he began. "Didn't we . . ."

"Yes," she said. "I'm Mabel Dickson. I just couldn't stay away."

Condensed from THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

Learn to give yourself a flattering coiffure

You've as young as your HAIR-DO

KATE CONWAY and MARY HOOKER

If you want to make people forget your birthdays, the quickest way to do it is to give yourself a brand new hair-style, one that is flattering to the lines of your face, attractive in its simplicity and in keeping with your personality.

Nothing is more of an age give-away than an "old" style which proclaims to the housetops that you have passed the blush of youth. Those silver streaks in your hair or your all-over grey or white hair can prove to be a great asset. And there are hair-dos suited to your facial proportions which will give you that all-important illusion of beauty.

One of the first things to remember in re-arranging your hair is that as you go up in years your hair should go up, too. This does not necessarily mean you should wear an "up-do," but the general effect will be upwards. As you lift the line of your hair, you will be amazed at the difference in your face: the whole contour will seem more youthful. Your eyes will have added sparkle. Your hats will be more becoming and you will be able to buy younger-looking hats with more color and style.

Forget any ideas about lots of tight little curls gathered in helter-skelter fashion around your face. Now your hair is going to be sleek and smooth and the shape of your head will be as obvious as if a sculptor had moulded it in clay.

One of the best things about this newly-acquired knowledge of hair styling is that you can do it all for yourself at home. In time, with patience and with the realization that practice does make perfect, you can achieve a professional touch.

Let's pretend we're back in school again in an art class. Do you remember how much was said about balance and symmetry? These same

principles apply to your hair. While the theory is as old as the Greeks, the application of it to your hair style is something new. Here it is: *the line of your hair-do should balance the planes of your face.* Almost every face has some problem: too wide a forehead, too long a nose, a heavy jaw. But with the knowledge of how to create a hair style which flatters the good parts and minimizes the bad, you can create the illusion of perfect proportion. And, as your facial lines change with age, you can adjust your hair-style accordingly. From now on, your coiffure will flatter you. No longer need you copy or envy anyone. You can create for yourself!

Everything about you from your shoulders up is a "headline"; the length of your neck, the shape of your head, your nose, the width and length of your face—and the relationship of all these contours. To find out what your headlines are, pull your hair up and away from the face. Secure it on top of your head with combs or pins. Look at yourself objectively. Forget that your face may have once been the perfect oval. Forget all those flattering or unflattering things you may have heard or thought about your face. You are

Problem: a high forehead (sketch 1). Solutions: A hairdo with bangs (2) or a center dip (3). To set fluffy bangs (4), curl first and third rows forward, second row back.

Problem: a low forehead (1). Solutions: Wear top hair above hairline in a high pouf of curls (2) or pompadour (3). To set pompadour (4), curl three rows back, comb back.



Problem: face with wide cheekbones. Solution, hairdo to give the illusion of width at temples (2). To set (3) wind curls up and back at sides of head. When dry, fluff out.



Problem: face with wide cheeks (1). Solution: hairdo which gives width at temples (2). To set, same as (3) above. When the hair is dry, comb it loosely and fluff at temples.

going to look at yourself from four sides: full-face, right and left profile, and from the back. Why four sides? Just consider how many times a day you look people straight in the face. They see you from all sides. So, in styling your hair, you must consider all angles and dress your hair accordingly.

Consider the width of your face. Is the widest point at the forehead, cheekbones, cheeks or jaw? The basic style of your hair-do is decided by this part of the analysis. Look at yourself in profile. Using your forefinger and thumb, see if the lengths are equal from hairline to bridge of nose, bridge of nose to tip, top of upper lip to top of chin. If they are equal you are lucky. If not, your hair style can be adjusted to make them seem so. Look at your back view. Is your neck short or long?

If the width of your face is not at the forehead, but is at the cheekbones or jaw, or if you have any other variations, such as too long a nose, too wide a forehead, too small a head, don't despair. You can style your hair to give width to your face where it should be (at the forehead); you can make a long nose look shorter, you can lift a sagging jaw line simply by proportioning your hair to your face. By knowing your "headlines," you

Problem: face with wide jawline (1). Solutions: Give width at forehead to balance wideness at jawline (2). To set hair (3) wind curls up and back at sides of head.

Problem: narrow forehead (1). Solutions: extend front hair out at sides with bangs or side dip (2). To set the side dip, wave hair over one temple (3); comb out softly when dry.

can adapt any current fashion to suit your needs. The hair-do can be varied for dress-up occasions if the same principles are applied to placing combs and hair ornaments. Any ornament you wear should follow the line of the coiffure, and any hat you buy should conform to your "headlines" to create that same illusion of perfect proportion.

The basic headlines are illustrated here. Study your face and decide what type and style of hair-do you should have according to your facial proportions. Follow the directions for setting and combing the hair which accompany each diagram. While most facial variations are considered in the charts, there are a few general principles which it is wise to keep in mind:

- If your forehead is high (too long for the other two planes of your face), bangs or a curled "dip" will shorten it.
- If your forehead is low (too short for the other two planes of your face), wear a pompadour or a pouf of curls off the face to lengthen it.
- If your neck is short or you have a heavy chin line, wear a short bob or upsweep.
- If your neck is long, wear hair in low bun.
- If your nose is unusually short, wear hair forward on top.

it happened at Breakfast

RALPH HUNTER

As the morning audiences file out from the "Breakfast in Hollywood" broadcasts, they find quite a crowd gathered on the sidewalk before the restaurant. The crowd includes people waiting for tickets to future breakfast-broadcasts, but mostly it's made up of curious out-of-town visitors—one of whom recently put his curiosity into words.

"Tell me," he asked one group leaving the restaurant, "what actually happened in there?"

There was silence for a moment, then one of the women giggled. "Well, I can tell you how it started. A skinny young fellow with a funny haircut asked us to hiss him, instead of applauding. He said it helped clear the ham-and-egg smoke out of the restaurant!"

"From then on, everything happened," another one chimed in. "Before you knew it, there was a youngster riding down the aisle on a brand-new bicycle that Garry Moore had just given him. The next minute Garry was interviewing a woman who'd been one of the pioneers in the Oklahoma land-rush, a 700-pound cowboy called Texas Tiny, and a man who made his living hunting lions in South Africa!"

"Then there was the part where Garry got two of us into that dish-balancing contest," reminded her friend. "I was up to eight saucers and seven cups before the crash. And remember when he drafted Helen to help him read that one-act play?"

The play, it turned out, had called for Helen to read such lines as: "So you have a new job as a motor meter mileage reader for the rear-end mender and fender-bender at a certain sharp and shipshape machine shop on a shady shore near Charlottesville called Shallow Shoals, Virginia?"

There had been quick changes to moments of quiet sincerity, too—when Garry had saluted the day's "Good Neighbor," and also when he had awarded the orchid to the eldest woman guest at the broadcast.

Then there'd been Garry's description of his two latest inventions—"Gronch," for putting artificial egg-stains on silverware so that neigh-

"Luck of the Irish, my boy," teased Mrs. Margaret McGinn, far right, when Garry Moore asked her how she happened to land at Breakfast in Hollywood. Mrs. McGinn, mother of 15 living children, flew over from Ireland to get a look at the U. S.

bors would think he could afford eggs even at present high prices; and "Gadzooka," an umbrella with no cloth in it for days when it looked as though it might rain but turned out to be sunny.

"And don't forget Garry's poem to the stork," chuckled another, quoting the epic lines:

'I've seen you once, I've seen you twice;
And each time what you brought was nice.
But with the rising price of butter,
I really can't afford anutter.
The cost of diapers and of talcum—
I'm sorry, Stork, you're just not walcum!'"

Take all the preceding descriptions, add at least a dozen unscheduled surprises per broadcast, mix in the candid-camera pictures of program highlights shown on the following pages—and you have the answer to "What really happens at Breakfast in Hollywood?"

Leslie Hitt, 8, bites lip in delight over watch

Torch singer Marlys Noye, 4, serenades Garry Moore and Ken Carson.

Mrs. Beatrice Tanewitz of Johnson City, Tenn., balances teacup tower.

Garry Moore's hair stood on end all through interview with horror expert Bela Lugosi.

White-hatted cowgirls from Las Vegas, Nev., Emblem Club get Garry's autograph.

She and Mary Baughman, Athens, Ohio, double with laughter as tower falls.

fred

The greatest song-and-dance man of them all has also been an acrobat, a circus clown, a tight-rope walker and a movie actor

BELOVED AMERICANS: 7th in a series

stone

By JULES ARCHER

The Wizard of Laughter

THE anxious stage manager in the wings, watch in hand, blinked the footlights as a signal to Will Rogers to cut his act short. It was opening night, and the musical was running overtime. Rogers ignored the hint. The infuriated stage manager promptly blacked out the stage in the middle of the act.

A gentle-faced little man with small blue eyes jumped up in the audience. "Don't let them do that to Will Rogers!" he cried out indignantly. "Give the man a chance! It's a dirty trick!"

"That's Fred Stone!" another exclaimed. "And he's perfectly right! We want Rogers!" The audience thundered its approval. The manager had already sent out the chorus and principals for the finale. But the music was drowned beneath the roar of protest.

The frantic manager was forced to recall the cast offstage, to apologize to Rogers and beg him to go back and finish his act. Will obliged, but by this time he was so nervous he tangled himself in his rope. "Shucks," he grinned, "Fred Stone should have let well enough alone!"

America is a better place to live in because Fred Stone has never let well enough alone. The theatre of his heyday was thriving—but bawdy. He spent his life proving that clean, wholesome entertainment would win richer rewards at the box office.

"Gee whiz!" was the most profane exclamation he ever uttered from behind the footlights. "I love my profession," he once explained. "I've given 40 years of my life to it. Why shouldn't I want to do all I can to keep it clean?"

Fred Stone never coasted on his reputation. He constantly strove for perfection. At an age when most men begin thinking about their wills, he was risking his neck to learn new skills with which to delight children and their parents.

When he was working out a rope dance, an Indian fancy roper went on tour, and on Stone's payroll. Then he sought out Will Rogers for final instruction. "I believe you can't learn anything without a teacher," he explained. "And it pays to get the best there is."

At the turn of the century the actors of America were doing fairly well, but were at the mercy of producers. Fred Stone's sense of decency and fair play was outraged. He helped organize the first actors' union to give dignity to the profession, and to win a square deal for performers. This so angered the vaudeville magnates that they blacklisted him from every two-a-day house in America. But Fred Stone stuck to his guns, and today's Actors Equity is a memorial to his courage.

Fred Stone never left well enough alone. What he touched he improved, and what he improved was for the benefit of others. When he was 65, the *New York Herald Tribune* paid him a tribute: "There is no one in all of show business quite like Fred Stone," it declared. "He can surely look back on his life with few regrets. There is no hint anywhere that he ever did a small thing, or ever behaved insincerely."

Fred was born in Valmont, Colorado, August 19, 1873. Most of his boyhood was spent swaying in a covered wagon. His father, an itinerant barber, rolled the Stones from boomtown to boomtown, in quest of an ideal spot to settle down. He never found it.

As a consequence, Fred gathered neither moss nor education. His classroom schooling ended at the fourth grade. But he and his younger brother, Ed, schooled themselves in knowledge much dearer to the heart of every boy—the lore of the circus. At the age of nine, Fred told his father he wanted to learn how to walk a tight rope.

Stone, Sr., promptly provided a clothesline and a piece of gas pipe to use as a balancing pole. After several weeks of bruising practice, Fred mastered the art. Then he and Ed rehearsed tumbling tricks, performing at night in front of the corner drugstore, as amused cowboys tossed nickels and dimes.

At a country fair, $5 was offered to the boy who could get an American flag down from the top of a greased pole. When Ed's turn came, he clambered up the pole, taking handsful of sand out of his pocket and flinging it onto the pole as he went. He didn't quite make it—but he hadn't intended to. Fred followed him up the sanded pole to an easy triumph and the $5 reward.

When Fred was ten, his amazing father allowed him to join a traveling circus troupe. Fred was billed as "Mlle. Amy d'Artago, the Human Doll," disguised in a ballet skirt and blonde wig. His father, visiting the troupe a week later to watch his son perform on a tightrope, was so impressed that he bought an interest in the show for $1.80. But Mlle. d'Artago and the troupe separated abruptly when Stone, Sr., began to demand investment dividends.

When Fred was eleven and Ed nine, their father arranged for them to join the De Arley & O'Brien wagon circus at $6 a week for the pair. The boys slept on the ground

under canvas, ate when and where they could, bloodied each other's nose for Mr. O'Brien's entertainment, and received no pay. They were finally rescued by the police.

By the time Ed reached his teens, the Stone brothers had entertained audiences at country fairs, Fourth of July celebrations, dime museums, honkytonks, circuses, medicine shows, minstrel shows and mining camps. To their repertory of acrobatics they added a blackface act.

When vaudeville beckoned, Fred and Ed separated into solo acts. One day in 1894 Fred, performing in Galveston, Texas, stood watching a street parade of Haverly's Minstrels. He spotted a young Scotch dancer named Dave Montgomery he had met years before.

He called out to Dave, who yelled at him to fall into the parade. Fred did, and remained at Montgomery's side for 23 years. As a blackface team, Montgomery and Stone had many moments as dark as their make-up. Typical was the week's engagement in New Orleans at a small variety house run in conjunction with an oyster bar.

The manager confessed he was broke, and offered to pay them off in oysters. "Eating $20 worth of oysters," Fred recalled later, "was one of the toughest jobs I ever undertook. Especially since I hate oysters. But we ate them for breakfast, lunch and dinner. We had to. We were broke, too."

Producer Gus Hill signed them to a season's road contract in 1896, at $80 a week for the team. "It's the cleverest act of its kind I ever saw," he told the delighted youngsters. "And I like your act because it's clean."

In 1899 they accepted a booking at the London Palace. The greatest blackface team of all time, Williams and Walker, had played the Palace two years before, and flopped badly. The outlook seemed equally dismal for Montgomery and Stone when Fred's impersonation of a monkey met with stony silence. The team's bright jokes laid a mammoth egg. Disheartened, they began to dance.

As they bowed off wearily, glad to leave the hostile stage, a storm of applause shook the theatre. The amazed team was forced to take bow after bow. In the wings, the delighted manager hugged them. "Please, you chaps!" he cried. "No more monkeys, no more silly jokes—just dance, dance!"

Back in New York in 1900, while

60 Years, 800 Songs

Irving Berlin wrote the songs you love and his life has been an adventurous American romance. Next month, in TOM BRENEMAN'S MAGAZINE, *Jules Archer tells the story of this words-and-music man in the eighth of the series of Beloved Americans. It's an inspiring tale.*

appearing in their first musical, *The Girl From Up There,* Dave and Fred were angered by the action of the nation's theatre managers in forming a trust. They invited six other actors to Dave's hotel room to consider defense measures. The eight formed an actors' union.

The theatrical trust retaliated by barring Montgomery and Stone from every theatre under its control. Banned from vaudeville, they were forced to return to England for bookings. When they came back, only legitimate theatres, which were not part of the trust, would have them. So Dave and Fred turned to musical comedy.

The team became the nation's biggest stars overnight. The never-to-be forgotten show which did this was *The Wizard of Oz.* Chicago was the first to feel its magic, in 1902. Fred skyrocketed to fame as *The Scarecrow,* Dave as *The Tin Woodsman.*

On opening night Fred suffered one of his greatest physical ordeals. As *The Scarecrow,* he was carried onstage during a singer's number, and hung on two rails, weight on his elbows, ankles turned. He had to remain immobile until the singer was finished. But they brought him onstage too soon. And the singer, carried away by applause that greeted her number, gave encore after encore.

Fred Stone hung in that rigid, tortured position for 18 minutes. When he finally "came to life," the amazed audience, which had taken him for a genuine scarecrow, stopped the show with applause that lasted three minutes. It was fortunate that it did. Because Fred was numb. He needed that precious time to get the blood circulating in his veins so that he could dance. Otherwise he would have fallen flat on his face and, possibly, his career.

The *Wizard* brought Montgomery and Stone a five-year contract, and broke all theatre attendance records. Whole families came to see the show, a tribute to the conviction of Dave and Fred that clean entertainment was the best boxoffice.

The family life of the Stones has become legendary as a shining example. Visitors to the Stone home of later years would usually find Fred twirling a lasso in the living room with the high ceiling (built for lasso-twirling); daughter Carol singing; and daughters Dorothy and Paula dancing.

When his daughter Dorothy was 15, he had no hesitation in letting her appear on stage with him. Any stage on which Fred Stone trod was as pure and wholesome as Grade-A butter. Presented in the musical, *Stepping Stones,* Dorothy scored so great a triumph that she eclipsed her famous father. Fred was overjoyed.

Fred Stone now lives in California. He appears in movies from time to time. You may recall him in *Farmer in the Dell.* He gets his keenest enjoyment these days—at 75—in the smithy he built himself, where he forges wrought iron gifts for his legion of friends.

How Mother solved a big business problem

Our Great Macaroni Crisis

CLARISSA LORENZ

FATHER didn't think much of female brains. He used to say, "God meant women to feel, not think!" Just the same he was always asking Mother's advice on business affairs and then blaming her when things didn't turn out right.

The fact that he owned a macaroni factory in Milwaukee was a perpetual torment to us children. We were known everywhere as Macaroni. "Aw, you're fulla macaroni!" the kids would squeal derisively. And that was no exaggeration. It seemed to me that every other day we had macaroni or vermicelli or spaghetti or egg noodles or A-B-Cs in our soup. Father was forever making Mother try out new recipes on us. We ate macaroni until it came out of our ears. "That stuff!" we called it.

At the same time the factory was a fascinating spot to explore. It stood opposite the car-barn on 12th Street, so that there was always something exciting going on in the neighborhood. To me, at nine, everything in the factory seemed strangely overpowering—the bookkeeper's grille to the left of the entrance, the workers powdered with flour dust and looking like theatrical ghosts, the huge storage and shipping room on the first floor, and particularly the drying room on the second, with its rows of bland-looking produce strung out on racks.

We had the whole place to ourselves on certain Sunday afternoons, when Father allowed us older children to come along while he caught up on some work. The minute we entered the factory the smell of freshly milled flour would go to our heads. We would jump from one pile of flour sacks to another, or cavort

around the smelly stable at the back of the building, where Old Tilly, the patient, long-suffering mare, was bedded. We were especially entranced by the elevator, a belt-driven affair operated by ropes, which went up three stories. There was the Sunday afternoon my brother Richard and I shot up to the top, almost going through the roof, and there stayed caught. Panic-stricken, we yelled for help and had just about decided that we were going to be left to rot, undiscovered, when Papa came to our rescue. He locked us up in the office for the rest of the afternoon.

Father was very proud of being a pioneer in the macaroni business in the Northwest, which indeed he was at the time, if you exclude the Italians. He had inherited the business from his father, who had himself taken it over from somebody in lieu of bad debts. Under Grandfather's regime, the dough was mixed by means of a medieval turntable drawn by Old Tilly. Now Tilly was just a pensioner, although occasionally still peddling macaroni.

Father had installed a steam engine to run his dough-mixer. One day the boiler blew up. Then he began coveting an electric motor. This became an obsession with him. He could talk of nothing else to Mother. "If only I could afford to buy decent machinery," he'd say, "Mr. Nussbaum wouldn't have to use red ink any more!" (Mr. Nussbaum was the bookkeeper.)

One day Mother had an idea. "Why don't you make crackers, Louis?" she said brightly.

Papa levelled a scornful look at Mama, who sat in the bay window, hemstitching an infant garment. "You know very well that Mr. Johnston has a monopoly on crackers in this territory. What chance would I have competing with him?"

"No harm in trying!" Mama shrugged her shoulders. "If the business succeeded, you could perhaps double your profits and then buy your modern machinery. Besides," she added whimsically, "crackers and macaroni somehow go together!"

"Don't forget the cheese, Mary," Father said with heavy humor. Stomping into his library, he lit one of his strong black cigars, which smelled like exploded firecrackers. We always knew how Papa felt, depending on where we smelled his cigar. If the smoke drifted up from the basement or library, we knew he was feeling out of sorts and that business was bad. If it came from the front porch on summer evenings, then business was booming.

For all his lofty attitude, Father did follow Mother's suggestion. One day in August, he started making crackers. But a week later he came home looking apoplectic. His short, stiff blond hair stood straight up like porcupine quills, his waxed handlebar mustaches bristled. Heading for the kitchen, where Mama was baking a lemon pie, he roared, "A fine mess you've got me into now! I'm ruined! I'll lose everything!"

Mama looked up at him, her mild brown eyes troubled. "What are you talking about?"

"I'm talking about your infernal suggestion that I make crackers. Do you know what happened today? Mr. Johnston called on me. Yes, Mr. Johnston himself! And he said that if I start making crackers, he'll start making macaroni!"

"Well, let him! This is a free country, after all!"

"Don't make me angry with such stupid talk!" Father took off his steel-rimmed spectacles and polished them agitatedly. "Johnston's is a big firm. He has the money to buy modern machinery, and he'll be able to make macaroni on such a scale that he'll squeeze me out. Besides, he can afford to advertise. You wait and see, he'll run me out of business!"

With his hands behind his back, Papa paced the floor, his toes turned out at an extreme angle (a feat none of us could ever quite emulate). "Serves me right for listening to a woman," he added gloomily.

From the dining room, where we children cowered at this household crisis, we saw Mama conveying her sympathy by joining him in his walk. Suddenly she stopped and said, "Louis, you must go right on making crackers. Meanwhile, I'll find out at the Ladies' Sewing Circle just what Mr. Johnston intends to do."

Papa paused to blink at her. "What in tarnation has the Ladies' Sewing Circle got to do with my manufacturing crackers?"

"You see, dear, Mrs. Johnston is a member, and she always talks too much." Mama's eyes sparkled. "It'll be easy to draw her out about her husband's business. Now calm yourself, Louis. I have a wonderful plan, and if it works—"

"Your plans!" Papa hooted. "They'll land us all in the poorhouse yet!"

However, Papa went on making crackers. He would show Mr. Johnston that he could be just as stubborn as that famous cracker manufacturer. In fact, it looked as if this might develop into a case of an irresistible force meeting an immovable body.

The following Wednesday, when Mama came home from the Ladies' Sewing Circle, she brought the dread news that Mr. Johnston had purchased some modern macaroni machinery.

Papa groaned. "That's just fine!" He began pacing the floor. "This is the end!"

"On the contrary!" Mama serenely removed the pins from her elegant hat with its bluebird nesting among cherry ribbons and green tulle. "Wait till I tell you a secret. Mrs. Johnston told me that her husband says when you stop making crackers he will stop making macaroni!"

"What?" Papa drew himself up to his full five-foot-nine and began to sputter. "I'm to stop making crackers just because some fool rival threatens me? Nosireebob! I take orders from nobody! I'm not afraid of Mr. Johnston or anybody else! Mary, listen to

reason!" (Papa always said that when he was most illogical.) "If I stop making crackers now, Johnston will have it all over town that he bulldozed me into running my own business. How do you suppose that will make me feel?"

"Louis—" Mama walked up to him and said patiently, "I'm trying to *tell* you something. If Mr. Johnston really means what he says—and I think he does—then he won't have any use for his macaroni machinery. And you can buy it—probably for a song!"

Papa's blue eyes gleamed. "By George, I believe you've got something there!" He looked at Mama with new respect. "I wouldn't have said you had so much practical sense, Mary!"

Mother never changed her expression. "Just be sure and let him know that you've stopped making crackers! And you can get your friend Mr. Gummelhorn to buy the machinery so Mr. Johnston will never know!"

"Yes, of course; just what I intended to do!" Twirling his mustaches, Father marched into the library to phone Mr. Johnston.

The payoff came nine days later. We never saw Papa so elated as he was the afternoon he arrived home from the office and ran up to Mama's room. "Mary, Mary, where are you?"

"In here, Louis," came her voice from the front bedroom.

"Do you know what happened?" His voice fairly croaked with excitement. "Mr. Gummelhorn bought that machinery for me at 10 cents on the dollar! *10 cents on the dollar!* Now I have the best macaroni machinery that money can buy! What do you think of that?"

"I think it's simply wonderful, Louis, and I'm so proud of you!"

Papa chuckled. "I'd give anything to see Johnston's face when he finds out who it was bought that machinery of his!"

For a long time afterward we would hear Papa bragging about how he had the idea of putting one over on Mr. Johnston, how a competitor helped him to expand his own business. Whenever Mama heard him going on like this, she just smiled.

How New Yorkers Behave

■ A New York magazine editor recently visited Hollywood. At his first party there he decided he would be rowdy, act wild, and behave with all the abandon he could.

He was playing this role to the hilt when suddenly the young actress to whom he was devoting his attentions broke down and wept.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"I've been here almost a year now," she sobbed, "and you are the first man that's behaved to me like a gentleman." —*Financial Post*

STATE FAIR

City bumpkin or country slicker
—everybody loves a fair

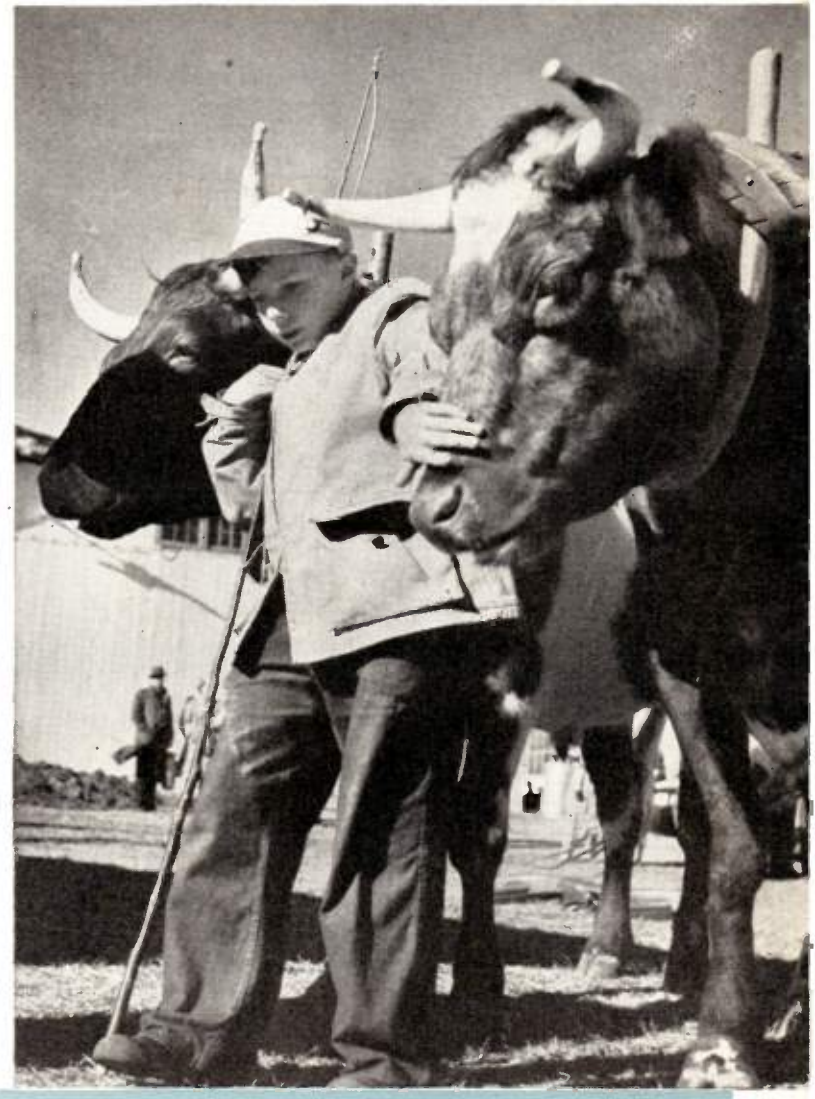
The Great Danbury Fair has been a Connecticut institution since 1869

A 3-year-old clenches his fist in his determination to surmount carousel hazards.

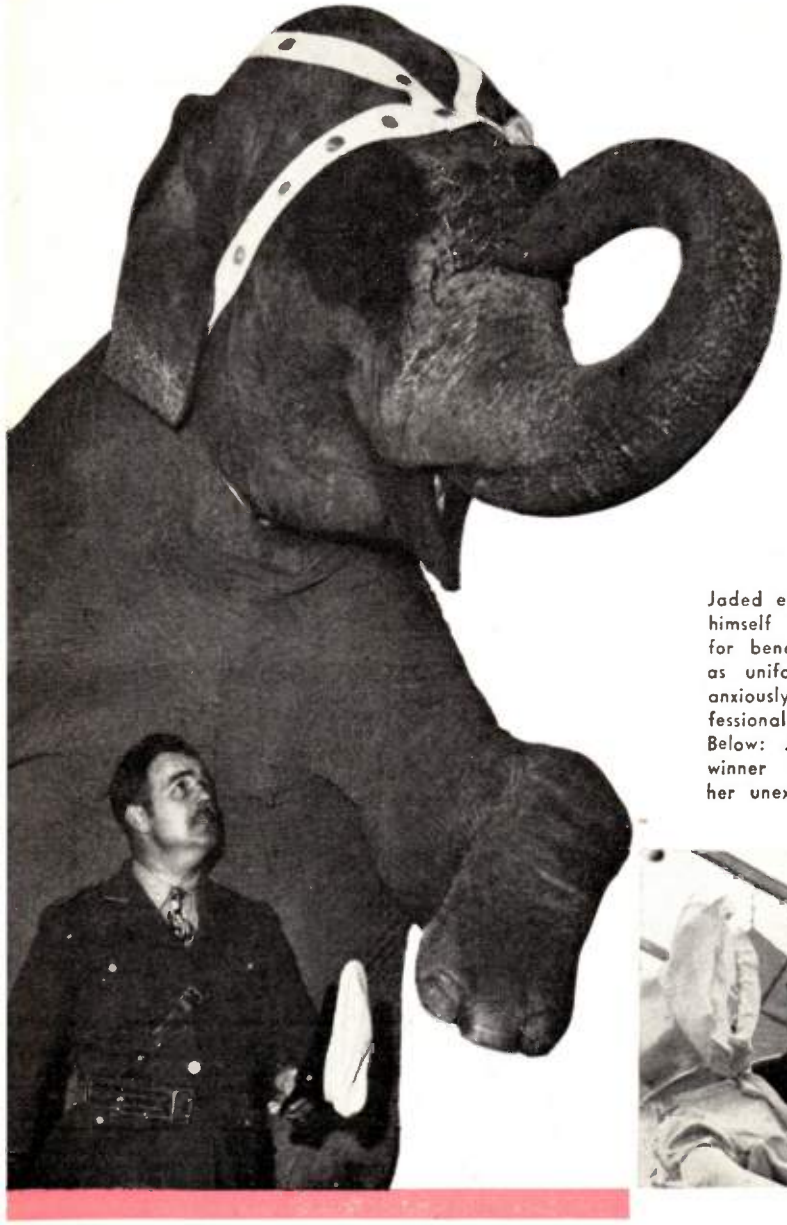
Merry-go-round customers pick winners for next race.

Enterprising junior executive sizes up possibilities of candy-apple industry.

Ecstatic miss greets gadget with incredulous delight.



A young farmer exhibits his oxen in livestock show. These boys are sometimes third generation exhibitors.



Jaded elephant hoists himself into the air for benefit of crowd as uniformed trainer anxiously eyes his professional technique. Below: A baby-doll winner beams over her unexpected prize.

Shuffling by card trick expert brings forth appreciative approval from crowd.

Unadulterated enjoyment lights up faces of spectators watching a sideshow barker.

A plump little spectator discovers the existence of gourds for first time

"Over 21" Fashions

Movie star Jean Peters wears a toast felt topped by a huge metallic taffeta bow.

First Fall Hats

You'll want a Special hat this fall, clothes are so elaborate. Watteau bonnets, berets, profile hats are appearing on the very best of heads. Everything from feathers to frogs is being used for decorations.

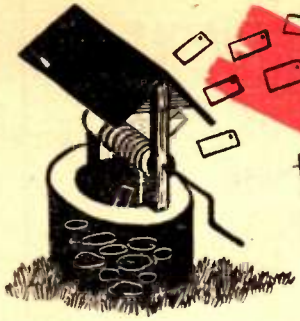
A velvet toque by Harryson in garnet color with pearl and gold pin.

Derby: Tortoise shell amber felt by Brewster trimmed with feather quill.

The Watteau silhouette: Gray felt by Bensam of Boston with felt flowers.

The big hat: Stitched black taffeta by Royal Maid with chou for height, softness.

The sailor: A dressy one by Stately Maid in black velvet banded with mauve feathers.



the wishing well

Wishing can make it so on the Breakfast in Hollywood program where the listener who sends in the worthiest wish of the day receives a silver wishing ring. Here are some of the prize-winning wishes you may like to share.

I wish more people would realize that worry is like a rocking chair. It will give you something to do, but it won't get you anywhere!

Goldie Green
% Lincoln General Hospital
Lincoln, Nebraska

The thing I am wishing today is that we could all see inside each other's hearts; then I'm sure we would be more lenient and kind.

Pat Baker
Box 2525
Hollywood, Calif.

I wish that the heads of our nation as well as the heads of the other countries would realize that the life of one young man is worth all the money in the world. Then we could settle our differences without war.

Mr. Lucien S. Hale
R. R. 1
East Lynn, Mass.

I wish more people would realize that those who dwell on their troubles make a home for misfortune.

Mrs. Roma Griffin
114 N. Haldy Ave.
Columbus, O.

My wish is that prayers be not asking for things but thanking God for the things we have.

Mrs. Coy W. Furnas
644 Chestnut Ave.
Long Beach, Calif.

My thought for the Wishing Well is that a friendly smile, a simple act of kindness, some small show of human interest and understanding are the little things that make daily contacts with each other delightful and happy.

Clara Iwanink
6117 Caplin St.
Detroit, Mich.

I wish that all of us with our troubles and trials would realize that it is not so much what happens to us, as the way we take it.

Mrs. Clara E. Clark
53 High Street
Plymouth, Mass.

I wish everybody would remember that the best thing in the world to hide old clothes behind is a pleasant smile.

Dorothy Pursley
15 Buckles St.
Vallejo, Calif.

I wish for a daily moment of universal prayer for the innocent, born in world strife, babes of everywhere.

Mrs. Bessie R. Dunkin
314 Wallace Av.
Vallejo, Calif.

I wish that all those who have chips on their shoulders would drop them and use them to warm the needy all over the world.

Anna Doetsch
424 Melrose St.
Chicago, Ill.

FONTANA: OUR NEW NATIONAL

Here is an ideal holiday for any season: $50 a week in the Great Smoky Mountains

NOAH SARLAT

AMERICA'S

Fontana Village, North Carolina, is America's best vacation buy, and at the price you actually pay, this newest national playground is a believe-it-or-not miracle.

Fontana stands in what was, a few years ago, an inaccessible wilderness. Where once only hardy mountaineers dared roam, holiday-minded visitors from as far West as the Mississippi, and from Canada to the Gulf of Mexico are flocking in droves. Millions are coming because Fontana has been opened up by air, by rail and by road. They are coming because the warm days and cool nights make it an ideal vacation area long into fall. And they are coming because many are beginning to swear by it as a year-round retreat.

No playground was ever created by a more fantastic series of events than Fontana. A war, a power project and the atom bomb all played their parts. It took 5,000 men three years—working day and night—to erect the huge dam that transformed an unexplored region into an incomparable resort.

But what hoists Fontana above the rest of the country's recreational areas are its rates. For as little as $15 a week you can have complete run of

PLAYGROUND

BEST VACATION BUY

a modern, electrically equipped cottage. This doesn't include food but, whether you cook in or eat out, prices are so reasonable that your seven-day room and board bill will not mount over $40. Add another $10 for incidentals—boat rentals, late-evening snacks, tips, etc.—and your final figure for a Fontana fling (exclusive of transportation) is $50.

Sandwiched between the Great Smoky Mountains National Park and the Nanthala National Forest, Fontana nestles in one of the country's most exciting natural settings. Picture a 30-mile long lake, guarded by mist-swept domes of the East's oldest mountain range. Every foot of the lake's 274-mile shoreline seems to be pinned down by heavy forests of spruce, hemlock and pine. Bridle paths criss-cross the rolling hills, skirting profuse growths of rhododendrons, and the famous Appalachian Trail carries thousands of hiking enthusiasts right past the village.

Focal point for Fontana's fun is the village. Here is a town dedicated entirely to the pursuit of happiness for folks of any age. Your first impression, stepping into the general administration building to register, is that Fontana is like any other top resort. The furnishings are tasteful and give off an air of comfortable living. At the desk, however, all similarity to any other vacation spot disappears. The clerk on duty carefully sizes up your needs and politely suggests what he thinks most suitable. For instance, if you are travelling alone, he will no doubt recommend one of the dormitory buildings where, for about $1.25 a day, you may have a single or double-decker bed.

Should you be on a family vacation, or travelling with a group of friends, you may be offered a trailer cabin—consisting of a living room, bedroom and shower, but no cooking facilities. This will cost approximately $30 a week for two. Or, you may settle for a one-bedroom cottage, complete with living room and shower, with or without cooking facilities. The price for a cottage runs from $30-$36 per week for two.

If you have the children along, there are three-bedroom cottages and two- or three-bedroom houses. Maximum charge for this is $72 a week for four. Towels, blankets and linens are furnished with all accommodations.

Once your living quarters are assigned, you will follow a bell hop, by car, to your rooms. He is prepared to answer your next question. "What about food?"

You may choose to get away from the drudgery of cooking, or you may want your holiday spiced with your favorite dishes. For the first group, there is an excellent low-priced, high-

quality cafeteria in the village. A snack bar is maintained for between-meal nibblers, and arrangements can be made for box lunches to be picked up on days you plan to explore the hiking trails.

From the well-stocked food stores you can fill your cabin's electric refrigerator and pantry shelves. And on the brand-new electric stove you will prepare the results of your fishing trip on Fontana Lake. So remember, if housekeeping is your passion, arrange at the registration desk for whatever cutlery and crockery you require. They can fill any order.

By this time, you are well settled in your quarters—clothes unpacked (sport and playthings—nothing formal) and feeding problems solved.

You can get most of the information you need about Fontana's physical set-up from the administration building's bulletin board. There, all the village's services are listed. Besides the cafeteria, where you will probably take many of your meals, the community boasts a drug store, service station, grocery, bank, crafts shop, library, post office, laundry, medical building, fire and police unit, barber shop and beauty parlor.

If you are interested in supervised activities, stop at the recreation building. You will be taken in hand by one of the staff and briefed about the boating, fishing, hiking and riding groups. You will be asked about your preferences among badminton, tennis, softball, horseshoe pitching and indoor games, so that your name can be added to the roster when competitions are scheduled. And certainly, you will be sounded out about dancing and movies—nightly affairs.

However, Fontana is not the sort of place where you are high-pressured into gregarious recreation. Your inclination for solitude is understood and respected. No one will try "organizing" you unless you first request it. Fontana leaves you free to come and go as you please.

You'll spend at least one day at the dam itself. Fontana Dam is the highest in Eastern America and the fourth highest in the world. You get the impression that it was driven down, like a gargantuan wedge, between towering mountains. From the dam's top-side roadway a magnificent panorama in green, red, brown and yellow, spreads out in all directions. A cable-drawn tram will haul you to and from the power plant for a sight of the dam's busy brain center—its humming generators. But the sight of shimmering Fontana Lake will excite you most.

Should you be looking for pike, trout or bass—here it is. Fontana Lake and Eagle, Hazel and Twenty-Mile Creeks are choked with them. Take a canoe, rowboat or power launch, drop your line and watch them bite. When you tire of pulling them out, slip over the side of your boat for a cooling dip—then climb back in for more easy angling.

What the public didn't know, when Fontana was being built—and what was held back for years—was

that the dam was to provide power to run the top-secret atomic energy plant at Oak Ridge. By the time that information was released, the dam and village had been built, the atom bomb dropped and the war practically won. It was then that the government officials looked to the recreational future of Fontana.

The government was very reluctant to scrap a ready-made village. The solution was found in 1946. With the approval of President Truman, the TVA leased the entire town of Fontana to a non-profit, private organization called Government Services, Inc. Government services had been in the business of feeding, housing and providing recreation for federal employees for a good many years, and was fully prepared to take over and operate Fontana as a public playground. Under terms of its 30-year lease, the company agreed to rehabilitate and expand existing facilities to accommodate what eventually will be the largest invasion of vacationists ever to head for any one part of the United States.

That rehabilitation is now complete. Hundreds of painters, carpenters, plumbers and electricians—many of them original dam workers—scattered through the vacated cottages and restored them in record time. Electric lighting, cooking and refrigeration equipment are installed—with a minimum of cost as all power comes from the nearby dam. Roads and landscaping are all worked out, dock facilities constructed and stables provided. Tennis courts, horseshoe pitching equipment, softball fields (illuminated at night), miniature golf and badminton courts are ready. Fontana glistens under the expert ministrations of its new management.

We need more such resorts, but whether or not we get more Fontanas, the one now in operation is still today's budget-beating bargain.

WHERE IS FONTANA?

Fontana Village is located along the Eastern Seaboard, halfway between New York City and Miami. Best air, rail and bus connections are through Knoxville, Tenn., from which there is direct bus service to the village. Motorists driving in from the north and west head for Knoxville. From Knoxville, take Route 411 to junction of Route 129, five miles south of Maryville, Route 129 to Deals Gap, then a scenic mountain road to Fontana. From the south and east, motorists drive to either Asheville or Topton, N.C., turn north on Route 129 to Deals Gap, then use the mountain road to Fontana.

City	*Miles*
New York	*831*
Chicago	*637*
St. Louis	*595*
New Orleans	*771*

Note: For reservations and last-minute rate changes, write to:
Government Services, Inc.
Fontana Village
North Carolina

Adventures of Abigail

Shopping

by mervyben

"They can't be my size—they don't hurt."

"I can't remember the name, but it's advertised by a singing commercial that goes 'dum da dee da dum dee dum da da dee dum'!"

"I'm sorry, but none of these make my husband laugh."

"Of course my credit's good here! I owe this store hundreds of dollars right now!"

"I shopped too late downtown—and my husband hates late suppers."

Don't discard that 1901 Oldsmobile.
It may be good for another 20,000 miles!

MARION COOKE

On a summer day, when the town of Greenwood Lake, New York, is occupied by nothing more engrossing than warm sunlight and a sleepy summer drone, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph J. Murchio are apt to call up a few friends and whisk them off on a picnic.

When this happens, the motoring public within a radius of 20 miles gets a distinct shock. For the Murchio safari contains no automobile later than a 1912 edition. Mr. Murchio, who owns a motor car museum in Greenwood Lake, just takes a few of the shinier models off the floor for his picnics. And Mrs. Murchio, whose hobby is collecting costumes, hands out linen caps and dusters to the assembled guests.

You would expect that in addition to the cries of "Get a horse!" these country drives would be fraught with breakdowns, flat tires and broken springs. But this is not the case. Mr. Murchio tinkers with his cars himself, spending about three months on each one. When he gets through, they do 35 miles an hour without a knock, and he expects them to go at least 15 miles on every gallon of gas. The Firestone Company turns out custom-made tires to fit old cars, and although they cost more than the white-walled fancy variety, they seldom blow out. Mr. Murchio has driven his old cars as far as Detroit and Florida, thinks nothing of a 250-mile trip in a single day.

Garages on old estates and basements are the most likely spots to find antique automobiles. They usu-

Mr. and Mrs. Murchio, right, lead picnic party in a 1911 Ford. A 1912 Ford follows. Both cars have kerosene lights, use regular gas, are cranked by hand, rattle along efficiently.

ally cost from $100 to $5,000 apiece "as is." The oldest car in the Murchio collection is an 1898 De Dion Buton. Mr. Murchio is also extremely proud of a motorized buggy, a choice item in the early Sears-Roebuck catalogs, and of a 1910 Roush and Long electric which can be run by a back-seat driver

His biggest problem is finding drivers for his cars. The bravest men have been shaken by the ordeal of shifting with their feet and feeding the gas by hand in a 1911 Ford. Even service station attendants become confused when they try to fill these Fords with gas. The gas tank is under the driver's seat.

Gas tanks hold 5 to 25 gallons

Tires must be pumped up by hand

1905 Renault, above, cost inventor Peter Cooper Hewitt $17,000 when new

At picnic, Edison Gramophone, center, plays tunes of '90's on cylinders

Ancient French limousine serves as background for shotgun wedding enacted by party. Car is equipped with luggage rail on roof and net racks for parcels inside.

Home again, home again! Left to right: 1911 Ford, 1901 Oldsmobile, 1902 Pope Tribune. Oldsmobile, with Murchios, center, is guided by tiller instead of a wheel.

The Meaning Of FAITH

REV. ALSON J. SMITH

A disintegrating world cries out for God

"We, whose world continues to disintegrate," says the Rev. Dr. Bernard Iddings Bell, "we cry out for God. Nothing less will suffice."

It is not only the theologian who voices alarm at what an eminent psychologist has called "the neurotic personality of our time," and who calls for a return to an Age of Faith. The doctor, too, knows how a lack of faith may be as disastrous to the human organism as a lack of vitamins or red corpuscles. Dr. Carl Jung, noted psychiatrist, recently stated: "Among all my patients over thirty-five, there has not been one whose problem in the last resort was not that of finding a religious outlook on life." Dr. Jung quotes a conversation with a patient:

Dr. Jung: "You are suffering from a lack of faith in God and immortality."

Patient: "But, doctor, do you believe in those things?"

Dr. Jung: "I am a doctor, not a priest. But I tell you this—if you recover your faith, you will get well; if you don't, you won't."

But it remains for one of the greatest of American novelists, the late Thomas Wolfe, to describe the awful loneliness of modern man, proud of his technical accomplishments but confronted by his spiritual barrenness and lack of vital reserves for living. Says Wolfe in *Of Time and the River:*

"Where shall the weary rest? When shall the lonely of heart come home? What doors are open for the wanderer? And which of us shall find his father, and know his face, and in what time, and in what land? Where? Where the weary of heart can abide forever, where the weary of wandering can find peace, where the tumult, the fever, and the fret shall be forever stilled?"

Later on, Wolfe answers:

"Immortal love, alone and aching in the wilderness, we cried unto you. You were not absent from our loneliness."

"Immortal Love"—that's God.

Theologian, physician, and novelist agree with Aldous Huxley when he says: "It is only by deliberately concentrating on eternal things that we can prevent time from making diabolical foolishness of all we do."

Immortal love. *Eternal* things. Those words have a strange sound to modern ears. But today man, trapped by his own ingenuity in splitting the atom, turns in a dumb and terrible perplexity away from a world which is so easily exploded and seeks not only solace but purpose and meaning and power to live in that inner authority that theologians have called "faith." In the midst of his Superman, Rocket-to-the-Moon, Lena-the-Hyena civilization, he is suddenly brought face to face with the imperative for finding an intelligent, harmonizing, tension-resolving, purposive, power-giving faith.

What is faith?

First, this is what it is not. A small boy in Sunday School, when asked to define faith, promptly replied: "Faith is believin' what you know ain't so." It isn't that. St. Paul gave a better definition: "Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." It is not the mis-called "faith" of the Kentucky mountain snakehandler that if he is bitten he will not die; it is not the "faith" of the old-fashioned Fundamentalist that an axe-head can float on water; it is not the "faith" of the pre-millennialist that the world will come to an end at 8:26 P.M. on June 21, 1947; it is not even the "faith" of the wearer of a St. Christopher medal that he is divinely insured against accident. It is not something that overcomes or outwits or violates or sets aside the laws of nature.

And it is not dogma. It is not the kind of exclusive, intolerant and hate-breeding adherence to a particular set of ideas about God that has made the streets of Jerusalem run red with the blood of Christian, Jew and Mohammedan for almost 1900 years. It is not that mark of difference between men that is implied in the use of such expressions as "the Jewish faith," "the Protestant faith," "the Catholic faith," etc.

Such expressions are misnomers; what we really mean is that one approaches God via the ritual and doctrine of Judaism, Protestantism, Catholicism, etc. It is not the "faith" that differentiates but the method by which the "faith" is given doctrinal expression. The "faith" is the one element that all so-called "Faiths" have in common. It is not a source of difference, but of likeness.

What is faith, then?

It is not so much *belief* as *attitude*. Dr. Ernest Fremont Tittle, in his book *A World That Cannot Be Shaken* tells us that "theism and atheism both are assertions which spring far less from intellectual processes than from those deeper and more controlling life processes which either open or close men's eyes to spiritual realities."

The man of faith is the man who has his eyes open to spiritual (nonmaterial) realities. *What* he believes is not nearly as important as *that* he believes. His intellectual assent is not as important as his emotional assent. "Out of the *heart,*" said Jesus, "are the issues of life." The man of faith views life, in the words of the late Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes Jr., as "a profound and passionate thing." He says "yes" to it. He goes along with it.

He is no Pollyanna, but he recognizes a *purposiveness* to life that transcends the immediate. He may be a short-term pessimist but he is always a long-term optimist. He clings to his sense of meaning in life even though what Mark Twain once called "the damned human race" seems bent on committing suicide. In other words, the man of faith is a man of perspective—he can look back, and he can look ahead, and get a pretty good idea of where he is and where he is going even though the storm rages about him with fearsome intensity.

The man of faith, of course, is a theist, that is, one who believes in the existence of a god. He may not be any more than that—he may not be a Protestant theist, or a Catholic theist, or a Jewish theist, or a Mohammedan theist, but he is a theist. Sensing a purpose in life, he also senses a being who supplies that purpose. He may not, often cannot, give any adequate definition of "Him," or tell whether "He" is primarily Spirit, Force, Value, or what, but he is confident that there is a great, creative, purposive source of power and idealism outside of man himself that, perhaps for want of a better name, he calls "God."

Moreover, the man of faith believes that he can establish a sort of a private wire to this great Source and thus channel its strength through his own life and help him to get the most out of living. From that great cosmic storehouse and generator of creativity, purpose, and power he can obtain creativity, purpose and power, not only to live his own life but to become creator, purposer, and power-giver himself!

This kind of faith is neither "supernatural" nor "unnatural." There is, to be sure, a large element of mystery, of the unknown, about it, but we do know enough about it—not only through theology but through psychology and psychic research—to know that it is as much a part of the "natural" order of things as the law of gravity.

It is the absence of faith that is unnatural, contrary to nature. Jesus spoke of the man of faith as a "whole" man; the modern psychologist speaks of him as an "integrated personality." It is the man who *lacks* faith—the cynic, the pessimist, the materialist, the no-sayer—who lacks wholeness of life, who is at loose ends.

The materialist may define man as "tiny lumps of impure carbon and water, of complicated structure, with somewhat unusual physical and

chemical properties, who crawl about for a few years until they are dissolved again into the elements of which they are compounded." But the man of faith, while he may not throw that definition out as an altogether inaccurate description of one aspect of man's nature, goes far beyond that and echoes the words of a Hebrew psalmist writing 2600 years ago who answered his own question:

"What is man, that Thou art mindful of him,
Or the son of man, that Thou visitest him?"

by affirming:

"Thou hast made him little lower than the angels And crowned him with glory and honor."

And the man of faith might then ask the materialist: "What is there about these tiny lumps of impure carbon and water that impels them to build a Chartres cathedral, to compose a Ninth Symphony, to write a Paradise Lost?"

"We whose world continues to disintegrate"—well, ours does. The inner world of the individual collapses into nervous breakdown, insanity, delinquency. The outer world of the community disintegrates into war and economic upheaval. But such collapse, such disintegration, has been known before in human history. The world into which Christianity was born was a world even more disintegrated than ours. New faith gave it new life. Faith—this positive, power-packed, on-going approach to the problems of living can counteract the centrifugal pressures of modern life and restore the broken unity of a world which has forgotten that it must be brotherly or be damned.

Nothing less than this kind of faith will suffice. Nothing less will arm us against fear, tension, and ill health within, while it arms us for the conquest of adversity and injustice without. In this way, we learn the true meaning of faith.

Nothing less will suffice—but nothing *more* will be needed!

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They Listen to Troubles

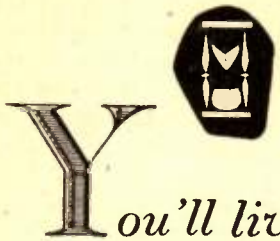
■ Those in Hollywood who know Father McDonald of Notre Dame are exceedingly fond of him.

"You know, Father," a press agent out there said to him recently, "I'm sick of the problems of these $3,000 a week actors. I have ten of them under contract and every day they come in my office to tell me their troubles. I don't know how I stand it."

"Do you think that's tough?" the priest asked. "How'd you like to be one of God's press agents?" —*Swing*

Science and medicine have given you 16 extra years

DR. PAUL H. LANDIS



You'll live longer than you think

"When your time comes, you'll be there," Uncle Benjamin used to say. Uncle Benjamin meant that health and accident precautions were useless and unnecessary—if you were scheduled to meet your Maker, you couldn't postpone the occasion. It proved true for Uncle Benjamin—but that was before sulfa.

As medical knowledge has grown, so has the number of years which the average person can expect to spend between the cradle and the grave. In 1900 this life expectancy was 49 years. Today it is 65—an increase of 16 years in little more than a generation. And with each birthday life expectancy increases slightly. A man who has reached the age of 40 can expect to live to be 70; a woman of 40 should reach 74.

Four hundred years ago in western Europe the average lifetime was 22 years. Three hundred years ago it was less than 30, as it is in India today. The advance in medical science which more than doubled these figures will probably continue, make possible an even longer life.

Anyone, of course, may fall short of the average, or exceed it, depending partly on whether he chose the right grandparents. The natural lifetime of your ancestors is a good indication of your own natural lifetime. Occupation or profession, race, and the climate in which you live are other factors.

Until you find out otherwise, however, you can be fairly sure that you will have at least 16 extra years of life—16 years which wouldn't have been made yours had you been born half a century sooner.

Today those 16 years are having an important impact upon our economic and political life. Makers of false teeth, gold-rimmed spectacles, and hearing aids are in growing indus-

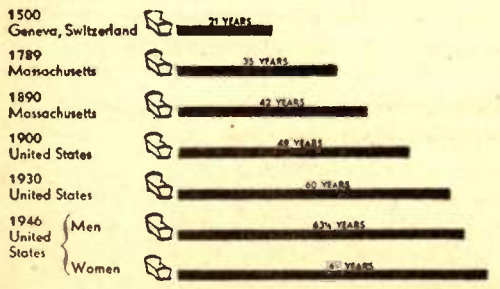
Condensed from BETTER HOMES & GARDENS, published by the Meredith Publishing Co., Des Moines, Iowa

tries. Security for the aged is a political bonanza. The pension bandwagon has carried many a politician into office. Costs of medical care and hospitalization for the aged have grown heavier. Heart disease, cancer, mental illness, and other chronic diseases connected with old age require extensive, wealth-consuming attention. They explain in part the critical shortage of nurses, doctors, hospital facilities.

These extra years are creating social and personal problems, too—problems which most of our forefathers, who left the earth in comparative youth, didn't have to face. Most important of these, stated simply, is this:

"How and where shall I spend my old age? What shall I do with the extra years which are mine?"

It is a question made all the more urgent by the overwhelming multitude of changes which have taken place in our ways of living during the last half century.



A baby born today in the United States will probably live more than three times as long as one born in 1500. Girls may expect five more years than boys

The old have always had a place in the households of their children in most farm families. There they have been useful—grandpa as waterboy, choreboy and general handy man—grandma as baby tender, quilt-maker, and darner of socks. But the old-fashioned farm family has about disappeared from the American scene. Today less than a fifth of American families live on farms.

The city family has seldom had a place for the elders. This is why old age pensions and annuities had to come. The individualistic urban family is forced to place the needs of children above those of the grandparent when housing space is scarce and income not adequate to care for all three generations. Fundamental, also, is that in modern life changes have been so rapid that it is difficult, psychologically, for the three generations to get along when living together.

Part-time employment for those in retirement is one solution. The war years gave thousands a new lease on life, for a war job again gave them a place in the scheme of things. Many shook off boredom or imaginary ills and tasted again the zest of living. The last census showed that persons over 65 made up 11 percent of the voting population. By 1980 that percentage will have increased to 17.

In this large group

there is, and will continue to be, a vast amount of skill and experience which we would be wise to utilize. Most older persons want leisure. They also want to feel needed and useful. Part-time work answers both desires.

Partial retirement before 65 should also be encouraged. The wise man may well begin to lighten his work load at 45, and cultivate his hobbies, recreational and artistic interests. Mention this idea of retirement to anyone and he'll tell you of the men he knew who didn't retire. He will say, "My Uncle John liked to fish, but never found much time for it. He talked about quitting and moving up to Lake Chat, but never got around to it. Was in real estate. Always had some big deal on. Died last year. Heart trouble."

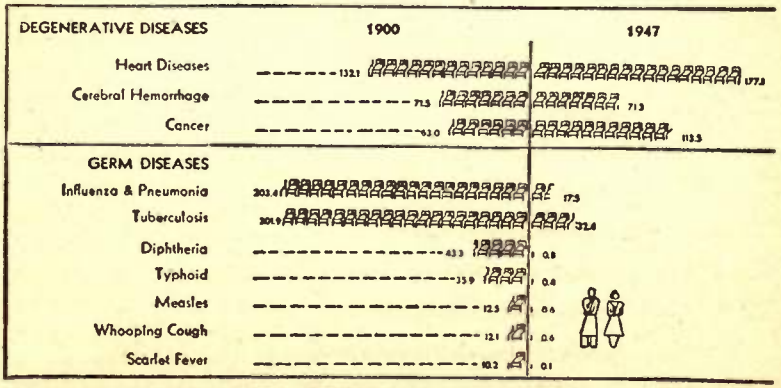
Unfortunately our surviving pioneer philosophy seems to impel a man to drive with full force until he is suddenly forced to retire, or drops dead with cerebral hemorrhage.

Incidentally, it would be ideal if we could see in advance the adjustments which long life will demand and retire early enough to make them. Like the 60-year-old merchant who turned his business over to his son, then visited Florida, a trip he had talked about for 20 years. And he did other things for which he had never had time before.

Now, at 70, he goes to the store and works when he chooses—which, incidentally, is quite often. When he doesn't want to work, he naps on the porch or goes down to the square and sits on the stone wall of the courthouse lawn. There he suns himself and talks with old friends. He enjoys work, and life in general, more than ever.

If retirement could be made as attractive for other businessmen, they too would step aside and give young men their places.

CONQUEST OF DISEASE



Germ diseases, mainly of childhood, have been subdued. Degenerative diseases of age still elude conquest. Deaths from them will increase as more people live to old age. Chart shows deaths and causes per 100,000 persons in the U.S. in 1900 and 1947

My UNCLE JAN

JOSEPH AUSLANDER
AUDREY WURDEMANN

Life with Uncle Jan, as seen through the eyes of his young nephew, was merry, lively and rarely dull. Uncle Jan was always thinking up some new and complicated scheme to spring on his family, who regarded his notions with suspicion. But Jan was not easily discouraged. Inevitably, he became the biggest man in New Bohemia. And just as inevitably he was always getting into trouble. The story of Uncle Jan and his people is part of the larger story of the rejuvenation of America by the new blood from overseas.

WHEN *Uncle Jan wrote to his many relatives back in Czechoslovakia how fine and easy the living was in New Bohemia, Wisconsin, all of his people and half the village besides packed up their belongings and piled into the steerage of a big boat to set off for America. Uncle Jan welcomed us, one and all, loaded down with our feather beds, bags of wool and skillets. And it seemed natural that Mama, so recently widowed, should keep house*

for Uncle Jan since she was his favorite cousin and his mother, Great-aunt Horak, was crippled with rheumatism.

At 34, Uncle Jan owned several thousand acres of land, a lumber mill, the First Bank of New Bohemia, the saloon and the dry goods store. So pretty, but selfish Ludmilla Fencik and her family saw he was a good catch. Uncle Jan had been smitten with Ludmilla, but he got over it. Then Mr. Fencik demanded that he marry Ludmilla because he had courted her. Uncle Jan refused and got sent to jail, but my Mama informed the Judge that Jan had also courted Anna, our housemaid. That wasn't strictly true, but Anna had been in love with Jan all the time and they were quickly, but happily, wed.

We all felt very sad when Uncle Jan didn't take Anna to Chicago for a honeymoon. Everything was all set, and Uncle Jan had managed to arrange the business trip to Chicago that he made, twice a year, to coincide with the honeymoon, so nothing would be wasted. They were to leave on the train Monday evening, right after supper, and they were to be away two whole weeks, at the great Congress Hotel, where Anna would have nothing to do, all day long, just promenade on the lake front, and look in the shop windows, and buy whatever took her fancy, for Uncle Jan promised her that on her return to New Bohemia she would be dressed like a queen.

Monday morning Mama was up especially early, for they planned to roast a chicken, so that Uncle Jan would have a midnight snack on the train. But Anna did not come out of the bedroom. Uncle Jan was ready for breakfast, as usual, and he announced that Anna felt a little ill and feverish from the excitement of getting ready, and so he told her to sleep late. After he had finished his fifth cup of coffee, and eaten half of the big coffeecake in the center of the table, he went to the mill office. And only then did Anna come out, in her wrapper, still with her hair in braids, and she was crying.

"Oh, look at my cheek, Cousin Christine!" she sobbed, to Mama. "It's all swollen up! I can't swallow, and my head feels so queer and hot!"

Mama and Great-aunt Horak both looked. Her face was indeed swollen; one side of it was twice as big as the other and it looked red and shiny.

"Saints!" shrieked Mama. "It's either a bad tooth . . . or the mumps!"

Great-aunt nodded wisely. "Anna . . . do you think you could eat a pickle?"

Anna's face contorted and tears spurted out of her eyes.

"Oh, don't *Maminko*—please! Don't even *say* that word! It hurts so!"

"That settles it; it's the mumps," declared Great-aunt.

Well, when Uncle Jan came back to the house for lunch, he saw at once that Anna could never leave for Chicago that night. There she sat, still in her wrapper, with a flannel cloth wrapped around a hot stone and held against her poor swollen cheek.

"It's what I could expect, for marrying such a baby!" said Uncle Jan from the pinnacle of his thirty-four years. "A wife not yet nineteen . . . of course she gets children's diseases!" But his voice was tender, and he insisted that Anna try a little tea.

"Nevertheless, I must make the trip," said Uncle Jan sorrowfully. "I must go tonight, little Anna, even without you, because tomorrow I have appoint-

ments with the grain merchant, and with the wholesale dealers. I must buy all the stock for the drygoods store. And I have written to the sawmakers for new saws for the mill. All these things must be attended to, and they can be put off no longer!"

We were all very sad that Anna could not go, but of course we understood that Uncle Jan had to make the trip anyway. It was agreed that, as long as he had the extra ticket and the double room reserved at the hotel, he should ask Stefan Jablonka, the Mayor, to go along with him.

"And, my Anna," promised Uncle Jan, "you shall not lack for your new clothes, for I, personally, shall go to the best shops and select for you. And later on, we shall take a honeymoon together that will be the best honeymoon two people ever had. Perhaps, if I can arrange to be away so long, we might even go to New York!"

Mama and I and half of New Bohemia were down at the train to see Uncle Jan and Cousin Stefan off that evening, with a big basket holding two roast chickens, for Cousin Stefan was not averse to a midnight snack either. Uncle Jan looked very handsome in his town clothes, with his well-brushed black hat pulled down over his big shock of black curls. Of course, he would have enjoyed it more if Anna had been going with him, but as long as she couldn't, his best friend, Cousin Stefan Jablonka, was a good companion.

The two weeks Uncle Jan was to be away passed without much happening. Anna's cheek went down, and in a couple of days the other side began to swell, too. She was thoroughly miserable, and sat by the stove all day long with a roaring fire, even though this was just the first of September and the weather was still warm and bright. While Uncle Jan was gone, Mama didn't bother about such wonderful cooking as she usually made when he was there, and so I had to eat women's food—bread and milk, and fruit and things like that. I was looking forward to the day when he would come back and the air would be filled with the good garlicky smells of goulash and veal *papricaz*.

At last the long-waited day came. Mama and Great-aunt and Anna and I were all down at the platform early, and so was fat Aunt Vlasta and a lot of our neighbors and friends. After what seemed a very long time, we saw a plume of smoke, and the engine came puffing around the curve.

We were lucky enough to be standing right by the car where Uncle Jan got off, preceded by the porter, with so many bags and boxes that it looked as though a whole new family were moving to town. The first thing we noticed about Uncle Jan was that he had a new pearl-gray fedora, instead of his black felt hat. And the next thing was that he had a black eye, a big one, and just about the worst I had ever seen. It spread clear across his face, from his nose to his ear, and it was all shades of blue and purple with just a tinge of greenish-yellow on the edge, where it had begun to fade out a little. The third thing we saw, even as he was climbing down, was that he was alone.

First he kissed his mother, Great-aunt Horak, and then Mama, and then me, because the Bohemians are great people for kissing. Then he looked long and silently at little Anna, and took her in his arms, and there was

something so tender and so lonesome in his face that, what with the black eye, I could hardly keep from bursting out in a fit of snickers.

As we stood there, surrounded by the boxes and bundles and bags, Stan Duvisil leaned over Mama's shoulder and yelled, "Mr. Horak! Oh, Mr. Horak! Did you leave the Mayor in Chicago?"

Uncle Jan left off kissing Anna and glared at Stan Duvisil. "How should I know where that Jablonka is? I don't need to watch over fools every minute of my life!"

Just then, the train was starting up, and away down the platform, beside the last car, was Cousin Stefan Jablonka, stalking along very stiff, with his bag in one hand and his coat over his arm. He was too far away for me to see if he had a black eye, too, but even at that distance the light caught a strip of white court plaster on his jaw.

When we came home, Mama and Anna hurried into the kitchen, even before the presents were unloaded, to put on the spice dumplings and to turn the sweet-sour stuffed cabbage that they had set roasting in the oven while they went to the station. But Uncle Jan called them, because he was so eager to show the things he had bought for Anna and the rest of us that he would not even wait for lunch—a thing unknown for Uncle Jan, who let anything and everything slide, usually, until he had eaten.

He divided the presents into four piles. First, there was a huge pile for Anna, because this was to be her trousseau and her wedding present and her honeymoon gifts all rolled into one. Then there was a big flat box for Mama, and a small slender one for Great-aunt Horak, and a medium-sized square one for me.

"We will begin with Mother first, because she is the oldest," said Uncle Jan, beaming with pride, as he bowed from the waist, like a gentleman at a party, and gave Great-aunt the small slender box. She opened it, and there was a beautiful gold chain, set with amethysts along its length, and at the end a watch with a pink and blue enameled case.

For Mama, there was a fine woolen coat, soft blue like her eyes, with a big collar of fur that Uncle Jan told us was lynx. In those days, only the smartest women in the big cities wore coats like that, and it made Mama, short of what was expected to come out of the boxes for Anna, the best-dressed woman in New Bohemia.

My present delighted me more than I can tell. It was one of the new stereoptican sets, with an assortment of views of the Leaning Tower of Pisa and the Acropolis and the Pyramids in Egypt.

And now it was time for Anna to open her parcels. She looked at them, her eyes wide, hardly knowing where to begin, there were so many of them, and they were done up in such fine wrappings. Uncle Jan had a very curious look on his face as she began to undo one of them.

"Wait a minute, Anna," he said as she fumbled with the knots in the string. He spread his hands, apologetically. "I guess I ought to tell you that I had an awful hard time getting those things. I never tried to buy—well, you know, women's underwear . . ." Uncle Jan actually blushed. "I had to have some help . . . and I still don't know if I got the right things. Some of them seemed a little. . . ! Well, I did the best I could . . . with difficulties!"

The first present Anna opened was a box of stockings. But what stockings! There were a dozen pairs of them; three pairs of open-work black lace, three pairs of white ones, each with a long-stemed rose painted in natural colors, the stem starting at the ankle, the green leaves at the calf, and the red rose itself somewhere about the knee. The women gazed in amazement; open-mouthed, Anna lifted the six remaining pairs out of the box and laid them on the table. They were striped, every one of them, one red and white, one pink and black, one blue and yellow, and so on. Every color of the rainbow was represented among those six pairs of stockings, including a strange purple hue that defied nature itself.

"Wh-what are they?" asked Anna.

"Why, they're the latest thing in Chicago!" declared Uncle Jan. "Maybe they *do* look a little bright to you, but that's because you don't know what's in style now!"

"Well, they're beautiful," said Anna bewilderedly, laying them aside on the table and tackling another box, "but I don't see how I can wear them here . . ."

"Of course you can! You have no idea how smart a—leg looks in them! Moonbeam said that a lady can't afford to be without . . ."

"Who said what?" inquired Great-aunt, who was just a trifle deaf, and didn't always catch every word, although I noticed that she always heard everything one didn't want her to hear.

"Moonbeam . . . Oh, just a young woman that I—that we—that Jablonka happened to meet in Chicago. She advised me—I mean him, about what shops to go to." Uncle Jan was as red in the face as a turkey's wattles, and his collar seemed to be definitely too tight.

"Young woman, indeed!" sniffed Great-aunt, but nobody heard her, because we were all so interested in the next package. It was a big one, and from it Anna drew a satin dress, blue as ice, with a looped-up train. There wasn't much top to it at all, but what there was seemed to be only a wreath of silver spangles.

"Oh . . . what a lovely color!" Anna cried. "But where could I wear it, here? It is much too grand . . ."

"The latest style in Chicago, for dancing, Moonbeam said . . ." Uncle Jan beamed, because Anna seemed pleased.

She picked up the next package and began to unwrap it. Suddenly she stood up, heedless of the box and tissue paper falling from her lap to the floor, and held out the next garment at arm's length.

At the time, I didn't know what the garment was. It was a long red velvet

thing, like a dress, trimmed with billow upon billow of curling black ostrich feathers. Somewhere about the waist, there was a single big shiny rhinestone clasp, to hold it together in front. I thought it was beautiful.

Two round spots of red grew on Anna's cheek, red as the negligee that she held. I glanced at Mama and Great-aunt, and they looked as horrified as she.

"I suppose . . . that Moonbeam suggested that you buy this—this—" she searched for a word.

"Yes, she did!" declared Uncle Jan. "I asked her to help me select the newest things . . ."

Then Anna did a surprising thing. She picked up the box and the tissue paper and string. She folded and repacked the beautiful red velvet garment, and then folded and repacked the ice-colored dancing dress, and last of all she laid the rainbow-colored stockings and the black lace ones and the ones with the roses on the knees back into their box and tied it up securely. She turned around and faced Uncle Jan.

"Are you sure you didn't make a mistake, and bring me things that you bought for this . . . this Moonbeam?" she asked gently.

"Why, of course not!" blustered Uncle Jan. "I never—I mean we—I mean that stupid fool Jablonka never bought a single thing for her! Well, hardly anything! How can you think such things!" he looked angry and hurt, and a little scared, the way I did sometimes when I tried to bluff Mama about going in swimming too early in the spring, and she caught me by feeling my hair to see if it was all dry.

"I think," said Anna quietly, "that you made a mistake. Even if you did really buy such things for me, it is a mistake. A bad one. And now . . . if you will just see that these things are returned to the shops where you got them . . . or give them to *her* if you like, and yourself, too!" She stood straight as a tree, and even though she was so little, scarcely as tall as Mama's shoulder, she seemed to grow and grow until her eyes were level with Uncle Jan's and they blazed at him like two lamps. Then she suddenly got little again, and threw her apron over her head and ran up to her room, and Great-aunt and Mama just stood there, even though the smell of burning cabbage and boiled-over dumplings flooded into the room from the kitchen.

About four o'clock Anna came downstairs, stiff as a ramrod. Her eyes were red-rimmed from crying, but her face didn't have any more expression than the wooden Indian's outside the store where Uncle Jan bought his cigars.

"Try not to worry too much," Mama said gently. "Men are so cruel!"

"Unfeeling creatures!" snorted Great-aunt. "And what a name! Moonbeam! No good girl would have a name like that!"

"I wonder how he met her," murmured Mama.

"I'm not going to ask him a single question!" declared Anna, with more spunk than I ever thought she had. "Not a one! I shall ask him nothing about this Moonbeam—person, but I shall certainly ask him why he has quarreled with Cousin Stefan, and, with your permission, *Pani-mamo,* and Cousin Christine, I shall ask him in your presence. This thing that has happened has made me love Jan no less. I thought for a moment that I could almost hate him, but I cannot. Indeed,

I almost love him more, because it shows that he can be guilty of a weakness . . . but *I* must show no weakness before *him,* and in that you must help me, if you are willing."

"Of course, we are willing!" cried Mama and Great-aunt, in the same breath.

"Then—let us ask him now!" said Anna. "Because he has not yet had time to make up a good falsehood to tell us."

At that moment, if I had been as old as I am now, I would have realized that timid, diffident little Anna had at last grown up, and was a match for big, handsome, blustering Uncle Jan, or indeed for anybody at all who might, wittingly, or unwittingly, try to put upon her.

THE women went out of the kitchen and I heard the rustle of the bead portieres as they passed into the parlor. Uncle Jan had risen to his feet, which was an unusual piece of politeness around the house.

"Ah, ladies!" he said. "Wouldn't it be about time for a good, strong cup of tea, and some seed cookies?"

"We only want to ask you, Jan," said Anna, "why you have quarreled with Cousin Stefan. You know the plans you have made, about the elections and the Legislature . . ."

"Women, women!" cried Uncle Jan. "What do you know about men's business? That Jablonka! That hypocrite!"

"Jan," said Anna sternly, growing suddenly tall again, the way she had when she had held the red negligee with the black ostrich feathers under Jan's nose, "you must understand one thing about our marriage. I will forgive things like—like this Moonbeam, but I will not be shouted at! You can talk to me reasonably; I am not stupid, even though I was a kitchenmaid! And I know as much about elections and the Legislature as you do! I had dreams of your being, even, in the Governor's Mansion . . ."

Jan sat down, weakly. "I'm sorry, Anna. You know I have a big voice. I didn't mean to shout. But what a man has to put up with! First Jablonka, and all that fool business in Chicago, then your not wanting the presents, and locking yourself in our room, and now this . . ."

"I think you'd better tell us all about it, and then maybe we can think of some way to get you out!" said Anna quietly.

"I think I'd better," agreed Uncle Jan. "Maybe women could figure it out better than a man could! Anyhow, it all started one night, about three days after we got there. Stefan and I had nothing to do, after dinner. We went out for a walk, along the lake front, until we came to a theatre, a sort of place that I found out afterwards is called a burlesque. There were pictures of girls . . . anyhow, Stefan said he thought it would be a good way to spend an evening, and so we went in. And there was an act, two girls dancing. Their names were Sunray and Moonbeam.

"Right away, Stefan wanted to meet them. And so he went out where they sold tickets, and inquired, and found that one could go to a place called 'Backstage,' so we went. And Stefan asked them to supper, after the show. I couldn't see any harm in it . . . they seemed nice, respectable young ladies . . ."

"Respectable!" snorted Great-aunt.

with a roses-on-the-knees-of-the-stocking look in her eye.

"Well, they were!" maintained Uncle Jan, his voice getting almost to the shouting stage again. "Never once did either of them say the least thing to me . . . They were *perfect* ladies! Of course, I can't answer for that scoundrel Jablonka!"

"Well, we—I mean Jablonka—took them, us, to supper. At the Congress. We had champagne—no, no, Mama, I hardly drank anything! And somehow or other, that stupid Jablonka managed to invite Moonbeam for lunch, and a drive along the lake front, and so of course I had to ask Sunray!"

"Aha!" cried Great-aunt. "I thought it was Moonbeam you were so friendly with!"

"That comes later," said Uncle Jan. "And I wasn't so friendly. I was just being polite!"

"There was a fancy shop with stockings and—and all sorts of things," Uncle Jan resumed uncomfortably. "Both the girls seemed to need things. . . . And just about then, I guess they found out that I had a little more money with me than Stefan did. Anyhow, Moonbeam and I—well, she seemed to know just what was up-to-date in the stores, and I asked her to help me pick out some things for you, Anna."

"And how long did this—picking out—take?" inquired Anna.

"Well, I guess most of the time I was there," said Uncle Jan. Then he got all flustered again. "I mean—it took—several shopping trips. And that's when Jablonka started acting funny."

"You see, the one he liked all the time was Moonbeam. That's how we started out; he'd take Moonbeam, and I was stuck with Sunray, because of course I had to go along and see that he behaved himself!"

"Did you?" asked Anna. "Perhaps you wanted *both* girls for yourself!"

"No!" roared Uncle Jan. "But that was the beginning of my trouble with him. That night we weren't speaking, nor the next morning, when we were to take the girls to the beach . . ."

"Bathing! In mixed company, too!" shrieked Great-aunt, who had as good a voice as her son, when she chose to let it out.

"Now, now, *Maminko,* we never got there. Because there was shopping first . . . and then we came back to the Congress Hotel for lunch." Uncle Jan indicated one of the unopened parcels sadly. "You see, it's all water-stained. That's when Jablonka pushed me into the fountain in the lobby, and ruined my hat, too . . . I had to get a new one.

"Anyhow, we were walking with the girls through the lobby, going into the dining room for lunch. It's a beautiful room, with crystal chandeliers, and the walls are gold. Somehow Moonbeam was on one of my arms, and Sunray on the other, and suddenly Jablonka turned and stepped close up behind me, and gave me a good push from the rear. When I scrambled up, dripping wet, there they were, all three of them, laughing their heads off!"

"And well they might!" remarked Great-aunt.

"And so what could I do? I charged out of that fountain and hit Stefan so hard that he ended up right against one of the marble pillars across the lobby! Then he came at me, and managed to clip me once, but I flattened him! Yes, I flattened him to the floor! It took the manager, and the assistant

manager, and the house detective, and two bellboys to pull me off, and even at that they were yelling out the door for a policeman!"

"What happened to the girls?" inquired Mama.

"Oh, they ran like a couple of scared chickens, and we never saw hide nor hair of them again! Anyhow, the next day we had our tickets back. Of course, Jablonka moved, at once, to the Blackstone Hotel, for the night."

"A fine pair!" remarked Great-aunt sarcastically.

"And — and then we came back, only in different cars on the train, and I brought the presents," concluded Uncle Jan dismally. "And I guess that's all there is to tell about it."

"I guess that's enough," said Anna. "And I guess it's time to forget the whole thing. You have two things to do, Jan. You must see that all these things"—she indicated the heap on the table—"go back to the shops where they came from. To keep them would be extravagant, and I certainly can't use them. Second, you must make up with Cousin Stefan, for that is a lifelong friendship that you cherish, and you will surely regret it if you don't. Fighting like two schoolboys! Besides, there are the elections next year, and maybe the Governor's Palace . . ."

"Make up with that stupid old goat?" yelled Uncle Jan, and calmed his voice instantly. "You are right, Anna, I must. Because, fool that he is, he needs a sensible man like myself to guide him. No telling what mistakes he would make as our Mayor, if it were not for me!"

"You are talking like a wise man, now," said Anna, with just the hint of a smile showing around her mouth. "And the presents?"

"They shall go back . . . all of them," agreed Uncle Jan. "But there is one, just one, that I wish you would look at. If you don't like it, it will go off with the others. It's something I saw in a shop window, Anna, before I met those . . . those . . . those showgirls . . . and it looked like you . . ." He fumbled around in the packages and pulled out one box. "Please open it, for me!"

Anna took it and began at the knots. "Well, if you say so!" Suddenly she gave a cry of delight. "Oh, Jan! And *before* you met them!"

There was a round little hat, made out of mink fur, with a big pink rose right on the side, and a soft fur tippet, also of mink, with a border of bobbing tails around it. Even a ten-year-old boy, who isn't especially interested in women's clothes, could appreciate that present.

And there was Anna, dancing around the room, with the hat already on her head, at exactly the right angle, and the mink tippet over her shoulders, and Great-aunt and Mama exclaiming about how beautiful it was, and Uncle Jan catching Anna up in his arms and

whirling her right off her feet to kiss her!

ABOUT the only time our Bohemian people weren't having festivals, seemed to be during the seasons of heaviest farm work, and even then we took off a day or so once in a while for a saint's day or the Maypole Dance or Whitsuntide, when lovers plant green trees in front of the houses of their sweethearts, and the Whitsun King and Queen with their train of mummers parade up and down the streets.

But from *posviceni* until the snow melted in the spring, there were no farm labors to do, save the feeding of stock, and the exercising of the horses, and, of course, the bringing in of the last of the harvest sheaves. *Obzinky,* or, as it would be in American, Harvest Home, followed hard upon *posviceni,* and that was a great time for fun.

Obzinky, of course, is more or less a movable feast, since no man can predict to the day just when the last sheaf will be ready for the binding, but this year it came right after *posviceni,* and whether it was all the cooking, or the unusually warm weather, or what, I did not know at the time, but brown little Anna seemed to grow paler and paler, until all the glow faded out of her red cheeks, and Mama and Great-aunt Horak commented upon it. But Anna insisted it was nothing, and begged them not to mention it to Uncle Jan, and then I noticed that her cheeks were redder than usual all of a sudden, and one day I came into her room and saw her rubbing some pink stuff on them out of a little box. So she made me promise not to tell about *that* to anybody.

And on the day of the Feast of Saint Wenceslas, Anna was churning butter, when suddenly she gave a little moan and slipped down on the floor, and Mama and all of us ran to her, and Mama and Great-aunt lifted her and put her on the bed, and I was sent as fast as I could run to get Uncle Jan, because we knew that he would be so angry that the walls would shake down if Anna were ill and he was not brought home at once. I found him at the dry-goods store, eating an apple and chatting with Mr. Nusmak, who managed the place for Uncle Jan, and when I told him about Anna, he ran all the way home with his coattails flapping, and I after him as hard as I could pelt. When we got home we found Anna had been pretty sick for a few minutes, but she was all right now, and she wanted to get up and finish the churning. And Mama and Great-aunt took Uncle Jan, one with a grip on each arm, and led him into the parlor, and there was a great deal of soft whispering, which I couldn't hear, and then a mighty yelp from Uncle Jan, who dashed out so fast he almost tore down the bead portieres on his way into the bedroom. And then there was some more soft conversation with Anna, and indeed it was a great pity that I could hear nothing at all with the door closed. But Uncle Jan came out and pulled the door to very gently behind him, and there was a glow on his face such as he never had.

"It's true! It's true!" whooped Uncle Jan, and he whirled Mama around until she squealed, and he whirled Great-aunt Horak around until she gave him a good rap with her cane, and said for heaven's sake would he calm down, it was happening all the time.

"But why didn't she tell me?" sud-

denly wailed Uncle Jan. "After all, I should be the first to know! Why should she keep it from me for weeks like that?"

"Hush," said Mama, "or you'll bring her out here to see what all the fuss is about, and it's best she should rest after fainting like that. Naturally, Jan, she didn't tell you because women want to be sure of such things before they tell even their husbands! However, Aunt and I have noticed certain signs . . ."

Just then Anna came in, looking a little pale, but stepping firm and proud.

"What's all this about?" she said, going to Jan and leaning against his big arm. "Just because I'm going to have a baby? Now you all know it, let's be glad it will be born in the bright spring. And of course it will be a son, and we will name him Jan, and you will see that the son I bear you is a fine, strong one, my husband, because he has been given to us by love. And I shall carry him with love, and bear him for you with love. And now, since that's all settled, let me get on with the churning, for if this cream waits half-made a minute more, not a scrap of butter will we have for the Feast of King Wenceslas!"

And before anyone could stop her, she picked up the dasher and went at the churning again, and both Mama and Great-aunt Horak told Uncle Jan to leave her alone, for all that he wanted to stop her, because if she felt like working, it was better for her, and the time would pass more quickly.

PERHAPS my Uncle Jan got so many new notions in his head because at featherbed-making time he was more or less pushed out of the house and left to his own devices more than usual, or perhaps he was excited about the child to come, or perhaps it was just the right time of year for him to become notional. At any rate, during November he came up with two fancy projects that marked a new high in notionalness, even for him.

The first one must have been coming on him for some time. He brought home twelve carrier pigeons which he said he intended to train himself. The second project gave us even more of a turn. Uncle Jan was the proud owner of a shooting lodge, ten miles inland, which he had secretly bought and furnished himself.

Then he had the job of persuading the family to leave our community Christmas celebrations and spend Christmas at the lodge. But he succeeded.

Great-aunt was up before anybody else on the morning of our departure for the lodge, and she grumbled loud about her old bones being shaken out of bed before it was barely time to turn over and sleep on the other side. After breakfast, it was still pitch dark, but Uncle Jan brought the cutter around at once and began to load it with all the provisions Mama and Great-aunt had stacked in the kitchen and the hall and the parlor, but before half of them were stowed away, he stomped in looking like thunder.

"Didn't I tell you women everything would be waiting for us except just foodstuffs?" he bellowed. "Now you've got half the furnishings of the house out there in the snow! We have yet to load necessary things on the cutter, and already there isn't room for a mouse to sit, even to guide the reins!"

And so that was how it happened

that, instead of all of us riding in the trim, swift-moving cutter, with the goods strapped on behind, my Uncle Jan and I froze our fingers and toes on the slow old hay wagon, with improvised plank runners tied on the axles, and Mama drove the cutter, with Great-aunt and Anna bundled up, with hot bricks at their feet, sitting in the comfortable seat behind her.

After we had gone a little way, Uncle Jan turned to me.

"Just take a look behind there, son, and see how the pigeons are getting on," he remarked, peaceably enough, but as there had been no mention of pigeons before, I knew he hadn't dared bring the matter up until after we were out of earshot of the women.

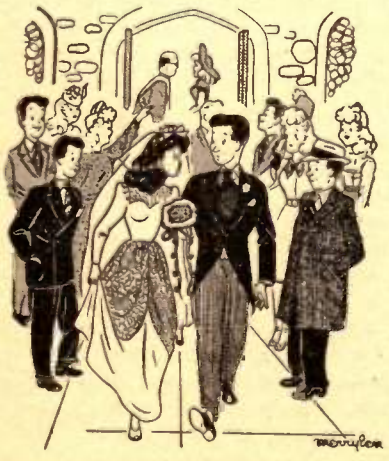
"Well, they have to be fed, don't they?" he muttered, when my astonishment produced only silence. "There's a good dovecote built for them, too, at the lodge . . . you can see now, my boy, that I am serious about these pigeons. What better place to try them out than to free a few of them from there, and let them fly back home? I have already arranged with Dr. Vosmak to watch for their return and to keep a record of the exact time of arrival!"

And so Uncle Jan and I drove over hill and dale, while the darkness faded into dawn, and the looming spruce trees, sheeted with snow, turned back into trees again, instead of tall and fearsome ghosts. We hardly said a word during the whole drive, which took two hours and upwards, considering the awkwardness of the hay-wagon, and by the time Uncle Jan yelled out, "Look sharp, Cousin Christine! It's just around the next rise!" the sky was as crisp as new lettuce, and the winter sun looked shiny as a silver dime.

"Oh, the *dear* little house! It's as sweet as a sugarplum!" cried Anna as we rounded the turn. For there it was, sure enough, a very sugar-cake of a house, and a nice red-brick chimney at one side, and the front door and porch and the railings and the window ledges bright with new green paint.

"Now, you ladies just skip in and look things over," cried Uncle Jan, handing Anna over the doorsill as though she were a princess, "and the boy and I will have things unloaded in short order. I'll put the horses away, and then we'll set down to such a second breakfast as we never enjoyed before, and I warrant you that I, for one, have the appetite for it!"

As I warmed myself in the kitchen Uncle Jan came in, hardly bothering to warm himself at the stove, and with the strangest, most bewildered look that anyone could imagine.



"Still love me?"

"Are the horses pleased with their new stalls?" asked Anna. "They couldn't be as happy as we are with our new lodge, Jan; everything is just perfect, and see, with these fine kerosene stoves, even the parlor and bedrooms are warm as fresh bread just out of the oven!"

"I'm glad you like the lodge, little Anna," said my Uncle Jan in a curious, baffled sort of voice. "Indeed, I'm ever so happy to come in and find you all bustling about, as content as though you had lived here forever. But the horses . . ." He stopped and swallowed and turned as red as his own suit of flannel underwear.

"Yes, the horses?" prompted Anna.

"Er . . ." said Uncle Jan and stopped again.

"The horses?" persisted Anna. "They had a long, cold run, Jan. Did you make them comfortable in their stalls?"

That baffled look came over Uncle Jan again. "That's just it," he said slowly. "I hardly know what to do . . . well, I might just as well come out with it; you've all got to know. There . . . isn't . . . any . . . barn!"

"What?" we all screamed together.

"There isn't any barn," repeated Uncle Jan mournfully. "I don't see how such a thing could happen! I took such pains with everything, the stoves, the green paint on the porch, even the curtains, little as I know of such things. But to forget the barn . . . I just can't understand it!"

"Jan, you blockhead!" yelled Great-aunt. "I knew things were too good to last!"

"Well, there's just one thing to do," decided Mama practically, after her face had relaxed from astonishment enough so that she could talk. "There are three fine bedrooms here, Jan. Your mother and I will share one, and you and Anna another, and the boy will sleep on a shakedown in the parlor, and the third room will shelter the horses!"

"What!" yelped Uncle Jan. "On those fine wood floors, that cost I don't know how much . . ."

"Three new horses will cost something more," reminded Mama, and you know our beasts have ever been accustomed to warm stalls and good treatment. They'll perish outside, in this kind of weather!"

"Come, Jan," said Great-aunt grimly. "You'll have to get the furniture out of the room, of course, and make shift with some kind of a feeding trough. I expected something to happen, right in my very bones, but even *I* never thought it would be as bad as this!"

There was no use pretending that any of us liked having three horses stabled in our beautiful new shooting lodge, and assuredly the horses didn't care much for the idea, either. Great-aunt made Uncle Jan wrap their hooves in burlap, to save the floors in the hall as much as possible, and what with Mama and I yanking at their heads, and Uncle Jan whacking at their flanks, we got them over the threshold and down the hall and into the bedroom, where Great-aunt and Anna had rigged a make-shift manger at one end, out of some sawhorses left by the carpenters and a complicated system of feed and water buckets. Of course, as soon as Uncle Jan got two of them in, he saw that they'd kick each other's sides, even though they were ever so gentle as a rule, because of the excitement and the strangeness of their shelter. And so there was nothing for it but to fasten quilts, the oldest ones we could find,

to be sure, to the rafters, and stretch them to the floor, and nail them top and bottom, making three improvised stalls.

AFTER a few days of such overcrowded conditions, Uncle Jan was just about determined to give up the whole experiment and pack us, bag and baggage, into the cutter and the hay wagon, and drive us back to town. Strangely enough, it was Great-aunt Horak who held out.

"No, Jan, here we are and here we'll stay until after Christmas. Though I admit we might cut our visit a wee bit short and spend New Year's at home . . ."

We had all been talking so loud that even I, who had an ear for interesting noises, had scarcely noticed a crash as of some heavy object falling over and rolling about on the floor, until we smelled smoke and heard the high, shrill screaming of horses in deathly terror. There was a thunder of well-placed kicks, and suddenly the wall of that bedroom burst right through and those three beasts of ours were out the front door, which Mama had prudently snatched open when she saw them rearing and ramping toward us.

"Fire!" we all yelled in unison, and ran for the room they had vacated. Of course, the fire wasn't there, but in the next room to it, the one Mama and Great-aunt had deserted that first night. The women had been in there that day, sorting soiled clothing, and they had lit the kerosene stove, since it was unbearably cold without it. And what with the horses trampling about right next door, somehow the stove had become overturned while no one was in the room, and the fire caught in the bedding and curtains, and now was busily at work eating a hole right through the rafters and the roof.

"Get out! Get out, all of you!" screamed Mama. "Jan, take Anna out and put her in the wagon."

Uncle Jan hustled her right out, wailing as she was, and Mama and Great-aunt and I began frantically dragging everything we could lay our hands on to the door and hurling it into the snow.

We pitched and pulled and dragged with a will, while Great-aunt screamed for Uncle Jan to hitch up the horses and get them out of that madhouse.

"I can't!" howled Uncle Jan. "Do you think they lingered around here to help us? By now, they're halfway back to town!"

Coughing and choking, we dragged out the last chest we dared, for by now the house was so full of smoke that we could not get back in, and the crackling of the flames terrified me as much as it had the horses.

Uncle Jan threw himself in a snowbank to roll off some sparks singeing his mackinaw. Then he looked at us in astonishment. "Where's my mother?" he gasped.

Sure enough, there was Anna, piling loose things into the wagon, and there was Mama, and there I stood, but what on earth had become of Great-aunt Horak?

"She's in there," said Uncle Jan grimly. "Her bad knee must have given way. I'm going in after her!"

"What's the matter with you ninnies down there! Jan, you get away from that door, or I'll tan your britches with this snow shovel, old as you are!"

And there she was, up on the roof, swinging the shovel like a witch's broomstick.

"What in the name of seven thousand little black devils are you doing up there?" yelped Uncle Jan.

"Putting the fire out, of course, you blockhead!" Great-aunt yelped back. "With no water in the house, due to the fact that your fine pump is not yet installed, it came to me that the only way we could put the fire out is with snow! I've shoveled half-a-roomful into this hole in the roof, and if it isn't out by now, it never will be!"

"How did you ever get up there?" called Mama.

"That's for me to know and you to find out!" snapped Great-aunt. "Now, Jan, you're so brilliant, maybe you can figure out a way to get me down!"

And sure enough, what with this added excitement, we had failed to notice that smoke was no longer pouring out the door, but only lazily drifting a little, as it does when one has to air the kitchen if something has been scorched on the stove.

Uncle Jan boosted himself up the porch roof, and made a kind of ladder of himself for Great-aunt to scramble down on. Then she turned on Uncle Jan and stamped her foot hard. "Well, do something, you numbskull! Do you want us all to die of fever and chills?"

It was snowing fiercely, one of those sudden, unpredictable northwest storms that blow down on us out of the plains, and bear with them wet clinging flakes, as big as a man's hand, and so blinding thick that you can't see a tree in front of you until you crack your head on its trunk.

Uncle Jan stayed out in the storm for quite a while, and then he came in all covered with snow from the top of his cap to his boot soles. His big, snow-caked shoulders were drooping, and his snow-powdered eyes never left the floor, and even his snow-matted moustache sagged with misery.

"I love to hear the patter of little flat feet."

"I don't know whether it will work," he muttered unhappily, sitting down without bothering to shake himself, because everything in the house was stained and wet already.

"Whether what will work, Jan?" inquired Anna, out of the depths of her apron.

"Whatever you do, don't all start making fun of me now," begged Uncle Jan. "I put messages into the little containers, and put the bands on the pigeons' legs, and sent three of them off, that's what. The book says they will fly through any kind of a storm to get back home, and surely someone will find them. My luck couldn't be so bad that Dr. Vosmak wouldn't take the trouble to look, this very day, in my dovecote." He sighed deeply.

The women mopped most of the dirty water out of the house, and tried

to rub away some of the soot and smoke, but it wouldn't come off, and Uncle Jan said that the only thing would be a complete paint job, right from scratch, and, as far as he was concerned, he didn't have the heart to think about it. For all of him, the place could rot into the ground, right down to the last rafters.

It must have been about four that afternoon, already dark, when we heard the shouting. We couldn't see anything, because the snow was so thick, but the noise kept getting closer and closer, and finally there they all were upon us, Dr. Vosmak and Cousin Stefan Jablonka, and the Nusmaks, father and son, and the Cermaks, and the Novotnys, and Father Voronek.

And now a curious change came upon us, from Great-aunt to Mama to Uncle Jan to Anna right down to me. The Horak pride rose up in us, and Uncle Jan declared volubly that we had had a little fire, but it was out now, and he'd sent the messages in a spirit of fun and experimentation, just to see if the pigeons would really get through, as he had been informed they would. There was no trouble, oh no, no trouble at all, and we were quite all right, and we looked forward to the happiest Christmas of our lives, right there in his fine new shooting lodge.

"It came to my attention," put in Cousin Stefan Jablonka acidly, "that your horses, Jan, enjoy the country less than your family. You didn't need pigeons to tell us of your troubles. I knew disaster had fallen upon you, the minute they came pounding down the middle of the road, and right this minute they're snug and safe in their own stalls, and looking mighty grateful, too."

"And so had you better be, too," cried Dr. Vosmak, and then he took Uncle Jan aside, and talked to him very seriously, pointing and nodding now and again toward Anna, and that was what decided the matter.

Uncle Jan and I rode with Cousin Stefan Jablonka, and he gave us a blow-by-blow description, as it were, of the arrival of the pigeons in New Bohemia.

"Your dovecote be damned!" he remarked coldly. "Of course the birds didn't go there. Who would go out in this storm to look for a dovecote? The pigeons had more sense than you, Jan, for, seeing the lights in the church—you must know that when the storm came up it was dark as the inside of an oven in town, and Father Voronek had every candle lit, and even the big chandeliers up and down the nave, and the extra lights of this Blessed Season glowing until the altar looked like a sheet of flame—they began beating against the windows. And then, you know that lancet at the top that the Father always leaves open for air?"

Uncle Jan and I nodded mutely.

"Well, it was the strangest thing. The good Father had just finished reading the words' . . . and lo, the heavens were opened unto Him, and he saw the Spirit of God descending like a dove, and lighting upon Him', when, blast me if it isn't the truth, those three ridiculous birds of yours flew straight into the church, and one lit on the altar, and another made for that great feathered hat of Mrs. Nusmak's that looks more like a bird's nest, and a crow's at that, than anything else, and the third perched right on Father Voronek's shoulder. Everybody in church started shouting that a miracle had come upon us. . . .

"Some people were frightened and some started praying, and that drunken bum, old Slezak, started confessing that he beat his wife last night!" continued Cousin Stefan. "Oh, we had a high old time, I assure you, with women fainting and children screaming and the finger of God pointing straight at every one of us! And then Father Voronek roared out that we were to shut up and sit down quietly, because he had some news for us."

"Aha!" Uncle Jan turned round on me severely. "Don't ever let me catch you parroting the women as to how pigeons are foolishness! Didn't I tell you all how useful they were!"

"Father Voronek cried out that these were no messengers from Heaven," continued Cousin Stefan. "Indeed, he remarked that they, symbolically at least, came from the Devil, since *you* sent them, Jan. These messages, which I read myself, I would swear were tear-stained . . ."

"My hands were wet with snow when I put them in the containers," protested Uncle Jan.

"Well, that is no matter. They begged, piteously indeed, for someone to come to save you and your precious wife and your dear mother and your cousin and her child; they wailed miserably of fire and flood and disaster, and I thought surely that the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse had at last caught up with you!"

"No such thing!" yelled Uncle Jan. "I admit I was a trifle excited at the time; who wouldn't be?"

"And so we all poured out of the church, and piled into our cutters to come to your rescue!" finished Cousin Stefan. "Then it was that I found your three horses plunging like wild beasts up and down the road, and I knew, for sure, that you were really in trouble, and that it wasn't just one of your tricks!"

Uncle Jan sighed deeply. "Stefan," he inquired politely, "how many, besides yourself, saw the contents of those messages?"

"Only Father Voronek," replied Cousin Stefan. "Of course, everyone knew that you had a fire, and the horses ran away, but only we two read your pleading words, and saw the tearstains on the paper . . ."

"If I assist you in all ways in your courtship of Elsa Mueller," persisted Uncle Jan, "if we invite Elsa and her fat Uncle every Sunday for dinner, and yourself besides, and if I praise your cleverness as a businessman and drop plenty of hints as to your big bank account, would you forget about the exact wording of those messages?"

"I could, I suppose . . . I might forget the tearstains. . ."

"Snow-stains," said Uncle Jan flatly.

So winter passed into spring with no more excitement except our annual ordering from the Sears Roebuck catalogue. After Uncle Jan had filled in many order blanks, it was time for us all to go to bed, and Mama turned down the big hand-painted lamp, and Great-aunt lit our bedroom candles, and Uncle Jan got up and stretched himself mightily.

Still Anna did not stir from her chair, and when we looked at her in surprise, for she was always sprightly on her feet and quick to the next task, even of late, we saw that there was a white ring around her mouth, and her eyes were two dark cups of pain.

Mama and Great-aunt ran to her and

helped get her on her feet and half-carried her into the bedroom, and Uncle Jan and I trotted after like two worried dogs, until Mama shut the door firmly in our faces.

In a minute she popped her head out. "You, Jan, go for Dr. Vosmak. "It's the little stranger . . . and so much sooner than we expected, too!"

And out we dashed, without even bothering to stop for our jackets. It was a warm, sweet spring night, but if it had been a January blizzard, Uncle Jan would have flung out hatless and coatless.

Dr. Vosmak was just knocking out his last pipeful of the evening, in preparation for going to bed, and Mrs. Vosmak was rolling up her knitting when we burst in. Uncle Jan was making queer noises, and having so much trouble getting out what the trouble was that Dr. Vosmak turned to me.

"What's up, boy? Has your uncle, perhaps, swallowed his own tongue, or got a bone in his throat, or the membraneous diphtheria?" He clapped a hand to Uncle Jan's forehead. "Man, man, you're in a sweating fever!"

"It isn't him, it's the baby!" I gasped, nearly as excited as Uncle Jan.

Dr. Vosmak reached for his coat. "I never knew it to fail . . . these things always begin just when I want to get some rest! When did Anna start having pains?"

"Just . . . just a minute or two ago!" goggled Uncle Jan, still choking on his emotions. "Come quickly . . . hurry up! Vosmak, for the love of God, why are you always so slow?"

"Oh, for heaven's sake!" Vosmak put down his coat again. "If she just started a minute ago, there's no sense in getting excited for some time. Here, Jan, sit you down and have a drink of *slivovice* . . . you look as though you need it."

"To talk of sitting down at such a time!" Uncle Jan was getting his voice back.

"Well, do you want a drink or don't you?" demanded Dr. Vosmak, clinking the bottle on a glass. "Because if you don't, I do . . . I'm going to have to wait around hours and hours, just because you get all upset at the first sign of something happening!"

Uncle Jan isn't one to turn down edibles and drinkables at any time, and so he gulped the *slivovice,* and Dr. Vosmak drained his glass and picked up his little black bag in a leisurely manner, and we started back at a more leisurely pace, because Dr. Vosmak refused to dogtrot, no matter how much my Uncle Jan prodded him.

We rattled into our own kitchen, and Dr. Vosmak went right into the bedroom after taking off his hat and coat. There was a long silence, and then Great-aunt came out, very huffily.

"That man!" she snorted. "I've always like Vosmak until now, but the very idea of his telling me that a sharp knife under the bed to cut the pains is just a superstition!" She picked out the sharpest carving knife and looked critically at the edge. "There, that ought to do the trick. And I'll just take in a handful of garlic, too, to keep off the witches . . . though I suppose that idiot will say garlic is a superstition too, when he knows very well the blessed saints always carried the holy weed to supplement their own goodness in driving the devil away!"

She flounced back in, and pretty soon Dr. Vosmak came out and sat down in his leisurely way.

"Well, well, has it come? Good news . . . or tell me the worst!" groaned Uncle Jan, sweating profusely, both from his emotion and from his pacing up and down.

"We don't hurry these things," smiled Dr. Vosmak, lighting a cigar and stretching expansively. "Anna's a fine healthy girl, and she's doing very well, very well indeed. I would guess that in about an hour you will be a father, and believe me, that's a record short time . . . if you want something to do, boil some water!"

Uncle Jan put the kettle on so fast he spilled half of it over the top of the stove. Nobody said anything for a while, and in a few minutes the kettle began to sing. Vosmak scrubbed his hands with some of it, along with a scoop of soft soap, and threw out the rest. "Boil some more," he ordered, and so Uncle Jan put the kettle on again.

With this kettle Dr. Vosmak scalded out a couple of small pans which he said he'd need later, and threw away the rest. "Put some more on," he told Uncle Jan.

"I suppose you know what you're doing," said Uncle Jan querulously, "but this is the third kettle I've boiled, and poked up the stove and put in wood, since you seemed in a hurry for it. And each time you use only a spoonful or two and throw out the rest. Moreover, I think your place is with Anna, not sitting out here enjoying yourself with a cigar!"

Dr. Vosmak looked at his big round turnip watch. "It's about time to go to her now," he decided, and got up, and went to the closed door. Just as he turned the knob to go in he swung around, "Jan," he said, "you ask why I kept telling you to boil water, and then I threw it out. It's to keep you busy, so you won't bother me . . . or Anna in there. Just one of my prescriptions for new fathers." And he went in the bedroom, and my Uncle Jan gritted his teeth and made a number of remarks for which, if I'd said them, I'd got my mouth washed out with soap.

Then Great-aunt appeared, grinning from ear to ear. "It won't be long now!" she cried. "And Anna isn't even tired! That's a fine woman you have, Jan! The silly fuss some people make!"

Just then there was a new sound from the bedroom, where heretofore we had heard only murmuring voices. This new noise was a gurgling kind of a wail that started softly at first and hiccoughed a couple of times and then let loose in a real fire-engine blast. Mama flung the door open and we crowded around and saw Anna, white and flat in the huge bed, but still smiling, and a strange little squalling bundle beside her, and Dr. Vosmak wiping his hands on a towel and rolling down his sleeves.

"Didn't I tell you, Jan?" he boomed. "Nothing to worry about Anna and I, and these wonderful womenfolk of yours, could do this every night and not turn a hair!"

"He's come!" called Anna, and her voice was sweet and faint and clear. "Your son, Jan, yours and mine!"

My Uncle Jan bent over her and kissed her, high on the forehead where the blue veins were shadowed by her soft damp curls. She smiled up at him and said, "I'm tired now," and went to sleep.

I was peering at the baby in Great-aunt's arms, and, although I couldn't see much of it, only a squalling, sputtering, squinched-up face that looked

like a tiny red witch mask, I must admit that it occurred to me that if the rest of it didn't look any prettier than what I saw, I couldn't see much excuse for all the excitement.

"What a voice! I didn't even have to spank him to get out the first yell!" cried Dr. Vosmak. "Though I doubt not that will be made up for, as time goes on . . ."

Uncle Jan had been sitting with a foolish grin on his face and a glass of *slivovice* in his hand, not saying a word, and hardly looking at the squalling bundle. But now he found his tongue. "Is he going to yell all the time like that?" he asked. "And is he going to stay so red?"

Everybody started to laugh, and Great-aunt got up abruptly and went over to Uncle Jan and put the bundle in his arms. "You'd better get acquainted with your son, Jan," she said, more gently than was usual for her. "You act as if you'd never seen a new baby before!"

I don't know if anybody in our household slept that night, except Anna and myself, and I could sleep only fitfully, because of the whispering and the creaking and the shuffling of wool-stockinged feet flitting in and out of Anna's room to see if she and the baby were in any need, and because of Uncle Jan's restless flopping and bumping about in the spare room, to which he had been exiled for the first few nights, and mostly because that new cousin of mine took occasion to exercise his lungs every time I dropped off. That night I lost all my notions, carefully instilled by overhearing Great-aunt and Mama and Anna chattering all winter and spring to the effect that a baby was a soft, gentle, tender, weak, helpless little visitor from Heaven. Anything that could yell like that was tough enough to lick a crew of angels, and if he was really from Heaven, doubtless he'd worn thin the patience of Saint Peter, and had been put outside the Pearly Gates for disturbing the peace.

Along about dawn I was wide awake and hungry. I pulled on my britches and shirt and took my shoes in my hand and sneaked out to the kitchen.

And there was Uncle Jan, sitting and lacing up his boots, with a steaming hot cup of coffee beside him. I tried to slip back, but he saw me and called me in. After all, I never minded so much if Uncle Jan caught me doing something irregular, of which the women wouldn't approve, like taking a big chunk of apple strudel to bed with me, and eating it under the covers, or sneaking out to go fishing, early in the morning, because he was always doing those things himself. For a minute I thought maybe he was going fishing, to settle down his nerves after that trying night, but then I saw he had his best black Sunday clothes on, and a neatly-folded white handkerchief in his pocket, instead of the usual flowing red one.

"Where are you going, Uncle Jan, and can I go too?" I laced up my own boots very fast, so as to be ready when he was.

"I'm going to church."

"Church?" There was no wonder that I was incredulous, because as a rule my Uncle Jan would go to church only for the Christmas and Easter Masses, and even then he has to be urged and pushed and shoved and scolded at until it was easier to go than to stay at home and be abused.

"Church! And let's hear no remarks about it!" Uncle Jan rumbled. "You

know very well it's Palm Sunday, and the women will want to go to morning Mass, and somebody will have to stay here with Anna. So I'm just going now, and I'll stay home when the women go!"

"But . . . but nobody will be there yet! Father Voronek's still asleep . . ."

"Of course he is!" My Uncle Jan grinned. "That's just it! The doors of the church are never closed, and I'll have a chance for a nice, peaceful, private visit with God, without any interference from anyone, and my mother and your mother won't be nagging me for failing to pay my respects on *Kvetna Nedele,* for I'll have been there far ahead of them!" He looked me up and down. "You can come along, if you'll be quiet and respectful. Get yourself a cup of coffee first!"

I poured out a brimming cup of the boiling mixture of milk and coffee and sugar which is our "first breakfast" drink, and blew vigorously on it to get it cool, for I wanted very much to go along. This spectacle of Uncle Jan going to church under his own power, so to speak, roused my curiosity and, also, the whole mystery of birth was upon me as much as upon the others; our house was full of it, and somehow it seemed to me, too, that it would be good to have a quiet visit with God before anyone else was awake.

And so we went out quietly, in the sparkling dawn, and the sun lay slantwise over the fields, and the sky was pearly pink and pearly blue, and everywhere the dew twinkled from grass-blades and newly uncurled leaves, still yellow-green and sticky from lying so long inside the stiff brown twigs. The wild plum trees stood all white and trembly, and down by the river I knew the skunk cabbages were pushing up their peppery-tasting succulent shoots, and the blue and white hepatica was starry under the willows.

Uncle Jan didn't say anything on the way to church, this strange magical morning when all the world looked newly laundered and starched and clean, and I didn't say anything either. The source of all our conversation lay mewling and kicking, or, I sincerely hoped, sleeping, back in the house, and until we could go in and see him and his mother again, there didn't seem to be anything to talk about.

Uncle Jan crossed himself with holy water at the door of the church, and so did I, although, as a rule, I was either so late going in or in such a hurry to get out that I missed that ceremony. The church was pretty dark, except for the candles that always burned on the altar and in the little red vigil cups before the statue of Our Lady in her blue and golden robes. Uncle Jan bowed to Our Lady, and to the red-robed Christ on the other side, and then we went straight up to the chancel rail and knelt squarely before the altar.

After a while Uncle Jan lifted up his head and started to talk.

"I know I haven't done right by You, God," he said, "and I wouldn't be surprised if You are angry with me. I haven't come to see You as often as I should, and I've committed some sins . . . I've taken Your name in vain, and I've gambled, and I've drunk too much on occasion, and got into fights, and there was the matter of five hundred dollars between Stefan Jablonka and me . . . maybe You could call that cheating, after all."

As he talked, fingers of light began to touch the stained-glass Apostles above

our heads, and the blue robe of John and the amber cloak of James and the purple and green mantle of Matthew glowed with sudden life.

"I'm not very much good at saying book prayers, but I thought if I'd just come in Your house, and talk to You as if You were a man, you'd understand. You know, this morning, my heart is full because my son lies in his mother's arms, naked and helpless after nine long months of safety in the warm dark of the womb.

"I'm helpless, too, God, and so I thought I'd better come around and ask You to do us some favors. Now, I know You're busy, and I wouldn't want to put You out, but if You could just look in at my son, once in a while, God, and take care of him a little bit, and watch me to see if I'm doing right, I'd appreciate it very much. I don't want him to curse and shout like I do, and lose his temper about nothing at all. You have a son, God, and so I guess You understand.

"I want him to be happy, and learn to work and play, and if he has to fight, I don't want him to be afraid. Let him have straight limbs, God, and strong American teeth, and a good Bohemian appetite. I want him to grow up American God; his mother and I come from a far country, and we brought much that is good with us, but this land has been very kind to us, and we have found much good here. My son, you might say, is a sort of gift from us to this land, and from this land to us, and I want him to be worthy of being such a gift.

"But let him have a little Bohemian madness, too, along with American common sense, for, though he is born out of American earth, his blood must race like ours for dark songs and bright songs, and, though his joys be the joys of a brave new land, let his sorrows be the sorrows of a brave old one.

"Well, God, I guess that's about all, and if you can take the time and trouble just to look down, now and then, and see if everything is going all right, and put Your hand against any who would do harm to him, I'll be grateful to You.

"Thank You very much for paying attention to me. I hope You can fix it so I can take my Anna dancing again soon, because You know how much she loves to dance. And thank You for helping her to get through all right. I won't bother You again, but I'll feel better, knowing You have an eye on things."

Then Uncle Jan got up, and bowed to the altar, and to Our lady on one side, and the red-robed Christ on the other, and I bowed too, and we went out, not forgetting to cross ourselves with holy water at the door. We went out into a strange, beautiful, magical morning.

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Women's Rites

■ Take my word for it, the taste of an onion is vastly improved by adding a pound of steak. Which brings me to the thought that a woman doesn't necessarily think her husband is a god just because she places a burnt offering before him at every meal. —*Frank Morgan in N. Y. Post*

The Happy Secret of Health

(*Continued from page 11*)

I went into the hospital the next day. I came out a month later. It didn't help any when I was told that the operation hadn't revealed anything radically wrong. I still had almost unbearable pain in my back. I was in a wheel chair, and I had a nurse.

In desperation, I went back to the surgeon. He referred me to the head of an orthopedic hospital, who said, "Perhaps you need appliances and orthopedic surgery."

I murmured, "What about osteopathy?"

The man smiled.

"But you are wonderful in your special field," I persisted, "why not explore the possibilities of applied osteopathy? It might supplement your treatment very successfully in many cases." (I'm still saying that same thing and getting the same lack of response.)

The orthopedist examined me carefully: more x-rays. Afterwards, he looked at me thoughtfully. "I'm afraid I have bad news for you," he said. "These attacks of violent pain will become more and more frequent until they are constant. You will be an invalid eventually, inevitably. The only remedy I can offer is a recently tried operation. It has been performed on several cases with partial relief. Of course you won't be able to run or engage in active sports, but you will be able to get around. We will immobilize the injured vertebrae with bone-grafting and silver wire, The operation has just been performed successfully on Dr. So-and-so, and he has been able to continue with his profession."

I asked, "Will I be able to continue with mine?"

"I don't know," he said.

I knew. Who would employ an actress with a stiff back—at least until she was old and gray? Actresses have to be mobile, fluid, graceful.

Then he said, "I don't know how long it will take you to recover—ten months to a year. After the operation, you will be in slings and pullies, and it will be pretty bad for about three months."

When a doctor says that, you know it will be living hell.

He went on, "Then we would hope to get you in a cast about five months later. You would be in the hospital about ten months, and about two months in bed at home."

I was listening quite reasonably, but the tears were flowing down my face. I hadn't cried before when they told me about the other operation. I had never cried during an attack of pain, but I thought, "This is the end of me. This is the end of everything."

I went home. I didn't know what to do. I wondered what else could possibly happen to me.

I found out. As I entered the house, the phone rang. It was my manager. In Hollywood, when they don't think you have what it takes and you have an ironclad contract, the gentlemanly

thing to do is to offer to buy you out at a bargain price. I listened to my manager. "The studio wants to buy up your contract," he said.

I don't know what happened to me in that split second. The moment before I had been beaten down to my knees. This should have finished the knockout with a beautiful kayo. But something inside me suddenly rebelled. I said furiously, "I was doing all right on my own. They brought me over here with fine promises. They have broken my heart; they have ruined my health. I will see Mr. Mayer."

My manager said, "Mr. Mayer is in Europe."

"Then I'll wait on the studio manager's doorstep until I see *him!*" I said.

I got up. I put my scrapbook under my arm, and I went to see Mr. X.

"Remember me?" I asked. "I was terrific in London. Look at these headlines." I opened my scrapbook. "I won't take any settlement. I hate the whole business, and I wish I'd never come over here. But now that I'm here, I want the chance that was promised me.

The big executive, bless him, was wonderful. "This is a large studio," he said. "You've been lost in the crowd because our producers don't know your work; after all, the London theater is very far away. But I promise that you will get one or two pictures under your belt. They may not be big budget pictures, but you'll get your chance."

I left, and I was shaking. There was also a kind of fervor inside me. I had hope. I was making plans. The future was unfolding a little, and the way looked clear ahead. I was all the way home before I realized that I hadn't thought of my back for hours. Yet only that afternoon the pain had been so severe I had been told I must have an operation and a year-long hospitalization period. There was no "miracle" cure. It still hurt. But all the time I had been fighting for my future, *all the time I could see the possibility of happiness and fulfillment ahead, I had forgotten pain.*

The next day, the studio called me. "We have a part for you," they said. "It's too small for our big stars, so you may get a chance at it." That picture was "Goodbye, Mr. Chips." It was made in England, and that rare actor, Robert Donat, was the star. My name was completely unknown when the picture was shown. It was the audience, God bless them, who made me. "Goodbye, Mr. Chips" was the beginning.

Happiness can come from a wonderful romance, a child, a life of service, faith, fulfillment in some way or another. For me, at that time, it had to be work.

I never went back to that famous specialist. I never had another operation. A couple of times a year I may get a twinge in my back, but I just go to a good osteopath, and he takes care of it. As long as I am happy, I find that I am well.

Francis X. Bushman

YESTERDAY'S PIN UP BOY

ALINE LAW

FROM 1910 to 1918 Francis X. Bushman was a positive traffic hazard.

"Today's fans are pikers," says the movie idol of that earlier time, now living in California. "These milling little bobby-soxers with their mild squeals aren't in it with their grandmothers. For eight solid years I never knew what it was to have a free minute.

"I couldn't eat a meal in a public restaurant without the crowd pressing so close to the window that the manager would be alarmed for fear the glass would crash. Frequently it did.

"On a shopping trip in Chicago, it took eight bodyguards to run interference for me to get to and from my car."

And what a car that was! A 23-foot, custom-built, bright purple Marmon with gold-plated trimmings and Bushman's name in solid gold letters across the door. The actor would ride around in it smoking 8-inch, monogrammed, mauve cigarettes, and accompanied by two Great Danes valued at $10,000 apiece.

"When I went into a store," he goes on, "it wouldn't be two minutes until even the clerks would be congregated on one floor, and leave a paradise for shoplifters. Reluctantly the retail merchants of Chicago wrote me a collective letter, asking me to stay away and begging me to let them send their merchandise to me. Fans got me barred from the Loop.

"When I was elected King of the Cinema, on Bushman-Bayne Day in San Francisco in 1915, my clothes were practically torn off me by fans who wanted souvenirs. It was the same every time I sailed to Europe."

Condensed from THE BALTIMORE SUNDAY SUN, Baltimore, Md.

During those fabulous years, Mr. Bushman will admit, if pressed, he received more fan mail in a week than Clark Gable does in a month, and employed a whole roomful of secretaries to answer adroitly the bushels of love letters it included.

"You must remember," he says, "that in those days there were only about half a dozen big name motion picture stars, while today there are dozens. Fan worship was concentrated then."

A vigorous, hearty 64, still handsome and still a magnificent actor—in radio now, he appears on three regular shows a week and is guest on dozens more during a season—Bushman is too busy living and acting to dwell nostalgically on the past.

Anyhow, he knows too well the fickleness of fans. Fans made, and at the peak of his popularity fans broke him—when the revelation that he had a wife and family destroyed him as a romantic figure. That he had married at 18 and was the father of five children had been kept hidden from the public by his producers.

"If you remember early movie history," Bushman says, "you know a married man was out as a love interest. Ironically enough, it took a divorce suit to make my marriage public. A week after the news broke, one secretary could answer all the mail I received. The realization that the public could crucify its 'chosen big' overnight sobered me."

Bushman's acting career began in

1897 when as a youngster he began "suping" in Baltimore stock companies.

Only since he began writing his autobiography has Francis Xavier Bushman admitted that he was born in Baltimore. For 25 years he said vaguely he was born in Virginia, because he did not want to embarrass his family and home town by forcing an actor on them. But he really was born in Baltimore, the ninth child in a stern family.

His parents were vehement on the subject of acting and hoped he would become a priest or doctor. He was an altar boy at the Cathedral, and still cherishes memories of the years he spent under Cardinal Gibbons.

Early in his career, Bushman began to develop his physique by boxing, wrestling, weight lifting and distance running.

One night he sneaked away from home to enter a strong-man contest at a burlesque house in East Baltimore. He won the $25 prize money.

At 13 he began to appear with Baltimore stock companies. He also became known as quite a wrestler, posed for sculptors at the Maryland Institute, and ran away on a cattle boat going to Liverpool. That voyage was such a miserable experience that he came home 20 pounds thinner and thoroughly chastened, ready to resume a serious interest in the theater.

From Baltimore he went on the road with stock companies, and eventually found himself with the old Essanay Film Company in Chicago.

In those days films were seven-reelers, and usually made in a week, sometimes in a day. Bushman's acting experience began to pay off.

Then began the eight legendary years that saw him undisputed leader of the screen and when, it is estimated, he made $10,000,000. For the most part his films were made in Chicago and New York, though later he did go to Hollywood.

Making such fabulous sums of money, he spent lavishly. He gave $100 tips, was a style leader (the soft sport shirt was first made to his specifications) and became a collector of amethysts. The ten-room Riverside Drive apartment was a treasure house of *objets d'art.*

Although his contractural agreements forced him to deny the existence of his family, its welfare was first in his mind. Each of his children appeared in pictures with him, using the name Duval.

Bushman continued in pictures intermittently until the year of 1930. His last great film was *Ben Hur.* He refused a double for his part of *Messala,* and himself raced past the camera 40 times in a reeling Roman chariot in the crashing climax of the film.

"Frankly, I found retirement dull," Bushman says with his customary exuberance. "I raised chickens, playing character parts in the movies and continued my boxing, but anyone who has been in harness as long as I have couldn't retire. Besides, broadcasting is so easy."

School

This young man's slip-on sweater matches that worn by his sister.

Directions for knitting this cable-stitched cardigan are on facing page.

day Sweaters

RUTH HATCHER
EDITOR, SMART KNITTING MAGAZINE

THE younger set will be all set for school days this fall if they can start out in these matching brother-and-sister sweaters; cardigan or slip-on. The cardigan can be made for either girl or boy just by reversing the side for the buttonholes. Children will proudly sport these sweater sets, which were designed especially for TOM BRENEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

Child's Pullover: Sizes 8 and 10 Years

Instructions are for size 8 years, changes for size 10 years are in parentheses.

Materials: Fleisher's Petite Knitting Worsted, 4 3-oz. skeins. No. 3 and No. 5 knitting needles. Size 4 Plastic Crochet Hook.

Measurements of Garment. Chest 28 (30)". Length from lower edge to underarm 11 (12)". **Sleeves:** Width at underarm 10½ (11)".

Gauge: 15 sts = 2". 9 rows = 1".

Back: With size 3 needles, cast on 108 (114) sts. Work k 1, p 1 ribbing for 10 rows. (For size 10 only, inc. 1 st at end of last row). Change to size 5 needles; 108 (115) sts.

Pat: Row 1: Right Side: P 3, * k 4, p 3; repeat from * to end. **Row 2:** K 3, * p 4, k 3; repeat from * to end. **Row 3:** P 3, * slip next 2 sts on crochet hook, hold in front of work, k next 2 sts, k 2 sts from hook, p 3; repeat from * to end. **Row 4:** Same as row 2. Repeat rows 1 and 2 once. Repeat these 6 rows for pat. Work until 10 (11)" above ribbing, or desired length to underarm, end on wrong side. **Armholes:** Bind off 7 sts at beg. of each of the next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st each end of needle every 2nd row 6 times; 82 (89) sts. Begin and end rows on right side with p 4. Work even until armholes measure 5½ (6)", from bound off sts. **Shoulders:** Bind off 9 (10) sts at beg. of each of the next 2 rows; 8 (9) sts at beg. of each of the next 4 rows; 32 (33) sts remain. **Neck Ribbing:** With size 3 needles, dec. 1 st at end of first row for size 8 only, work k 1, p 1 ribbing for 6 rows. Bind off loosely in ribbing.

Front: Work same as back to armhole, end with same pat. row as on back. **Armholes and Neck Shaping:** Bind off 7 sts at beg. of next row, work until 47 (50) sts, place on holder for left side of front, (for size 10 only, bind off center st), finish row. Bind off 7 sts at beg. of next row; work right side of front, shaping armhole as on back, dec. 1 st at neck edge every 2nd row 9 (7) times; every 4th row 7 (9) times.

Shape shoulder as for back when armhole is same length as on back. Beginning at center front, finish left side to correspond.

Neck Ribbing: With size 3 needles, from right side, pick up and k 43 (47) sts evenly spaced on left neck edge, 1 st in center front,

Abbreviations

k	knit	**tog**	together
p	purl	**inc.**	increase
"	inches	**dec**	decrease
st(s)	stitch(es)		
pass	pass slip st over the preceding st.		
*(asterisk)	repeat instructions as given following asterisk, as many times as specified.		

mark this st for seam st, pick up and k 43 (47) sts on right neck edge. **Row 1:** K 1, * p 1, k 1; repeat from * to end. **Row 2:** Work p 1, k 1 ribbing to within 2 sts of seam st, slip, k and pass, k seam st, k 2 tog., finish row. **Row 3:** Work to within 1 st of seam st, p 3, finish row. **Row 4:** Work to within 2 sts of seam st, p 2 tog., k seam st, p 2 tog., finish row. Repeat rows 1 and 2 once. Bind off loosely in ribbing.

Sleeves: With size 3 needles, cast on 48 (52) sts. Work k 1, p 1 ribbing for 3". **Inc. Row:** Continuing ribbing, inc. 11 (14) sts evenly spaced across row; 59 (66) sts. With size 5 needles, working pat, inc. 1 st each side for size 8, every 1" 10 times (for size 10, every 1½" 6 times, every 1" 3 times); 79 (84) sts, with care to carry out pat. on added sts, whenever possible. Work even until 11½ (13)" above ribbing or desired length to underarm. Bind off 7 sts at beg. of each of the next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st each end of needle every 2nd row 6 (8) times. Bind off 2 sts at beg. of next 16 rows. Bind off remaining 21 (22) sts.

Finishing: Sew seams. Sew in sleeves with seam at center underarm. Block.

CHILD'S CARDIGAN

Sizes 8 and 10 Years

Instructions are for size 8 years, changes for size 10 years are in parentheses.

Materials: Same as for pullover.

Measurements of Garment: Chest 29 (32)". Other measurements same as pullover.

Gauge: 15 sts=2". 9 rows=1".

Back: Same as for pullover omitting neck ribbing. Bind off remaining 32 (33) sts for back of neck.

Note: Instructions are for girl's cardigan with buttonholes on right front. For boy's cardigan make buttonholes on left front.

Left Front: With size 3 needles, cast on 61 (67) sts. **Row 1:** Right Side: K 1, * p 1, k 1; repeat from * to end.

Row 2: P 1, * k 1, p 1; repeat from * to end. Work ribbing for 8 more rows (for size 10 only inc. 1 st at end of last row, (underarm edge); 61 (68) sts. With size 5 needle, work pat. to within 9 sts of end, with size 3 needle continue ribbing on last 9 sts for front border. **Next Row:** With size 3 needle, work ribbing on first 9 sts; with size 5 needle work pat. to end. Continue pat. with size 5 needles on 52 (59) sts and front border with size 3 needles on 9 sts until same length as back to underarm, end at underarm edge with same pat. row as on back. Shape armhole as on back; 48 (55) sts. Work even until 4 (4½)" above underarm, end at front just before border; place 9 border sts on holder. **Neck Shaping:** Turn, bind off 8 sts at beg. of next row. Dec. 1 st at neck edge every row 6 (10) times. Work even until armhole is same length as on back. Shape shoulder as on back. Mark position of 6 buttons, evenly spaced on front border, with first button about the center of ribbing at lower edge and 6th button about 2" below neck edge.

Right Front: With size 3 needles, cast on 61 (67) sts; work ribbing as for left front until opposite first marker for button, end on wrong side. **Buttonhole Row: Right Side:** K 1, p 1, k 1, bind off 3 sts, finish row. Cast on 3 sts over buttonhole on next row. Continue ribbing until there are 10 rows, (for size 10 only, inc. 1 st at beg. of last row at underarm edge); 61 (68) sts.

Pattern: Row 1: With size 3 needle, work 9 sts of ribbing for front border; with size 5 needle, work pat. to end. Finish right front to correspond to the left, repeating buttonhole opposite each marker. Sew shoulder seams.

Sleeves: Same as Pullover.

Neck Ribbing: With size 3 needle, from right side, take up and work 9 sts ribbing of right front border, pick up and k 20 (22) sts on neck edge, 33 sts on back of neck, 20 (22) sts on other side of neck, work 9 sts ribbing of left front border; 91 (95) sts. Work 3 rows of ribbing. **Next Row: Right Side:** K 1, p 1, k 1, work buttonhole, finish row. Work 3 more rows of ribbing. Bind off in ribbing.

Finishing: Sew seams. Sew in sleeves with seam at center underarm. Finish buttonholes. Block. Sew on buttons.

A WRONG impression is held by many persons regarding the one per cent which their employers withhold from their pay for Social Security contributions. Many persons wonder whether they get back in retirement pensions the amount they contributed during their years of employment.

Let us see what happens to your money. For instance, John Jones has been earning $3,000 a year. His employers deducted one per cent from this salary since 1937 when the Social Security Act went into effect. That means that John's annual contribution of $30 for 10 years (through 1947) totals $300. Of course John's employers contributed a like amount.

Now John is 65. He is ready to retire and so he applies for his benefits at the Social Security office. They figure the amount due him in this way: They take 40 per cent of the first $50 of John's $250 a month salary he had been earning. That makes $20. They then add 10 per cent of the remaining $200—making a total of $40. For every year of employment one per cent is added so that the "primary benefit," as they call it, for John is $44 a month.

In less than 7 *months,* John will have received monthly checks from the government which would have used up the $300 he contributed. But John will continue to get his checks just the same until his death.

If John has a wife, she will get when she reaches 65, half of John's amount—so that together they will receive $66 a month for the rest of their lives. Not a bad return for John's $300 investment!

A HOME care program for the aged —the first of its kind in the nation—has been organized by the Federation of Jewish Philanthropies of New York. The Federation will supply visiting medical, social and housekeeping services for the aged people who apply for such help at the Home for Aged and Infirm Hebrews.

The program serves two purposes. One is aimed at solving the critical

shortage of institutional care for the aged. The other is to develop a long-term program for keeping elderly people in their own homes if institutional care is not absolutely necessary.

This plan is expected to be followed by other agencies. The Jewish Family Service will recruit, train and supervise housekeepers who will be assigned to individual cases. These women will be taught to shop, cook, launder and care for apartments.

I am 38 years old and have two children—aged 12 and 14. My husband died two weeks ago and I am told that I will get social security benefits. Can you tell me how much I will receive? *W.K.*
Chicago, Ill.

A widow with children under 18 will receive three-quarters of her husband's primary monthly benefits. (See the story of John Jones above to figure this out). For each child under 18 who is unmarried, had been supported by his father, and who is not earning more than $14.99 a month, the widow will also receive one-half of her husband's primary benefits. These benefits cease when the widow remarries.

My husband died less than a year ago. Before his death he had been

Miss Hammett will be glad to answer questions from readers reguarding social security and old age pension problems. Write her, care of TOM BRENEMAN'S MAGAZINE, *420 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N.Y.*

employed by the same manufacturer for 15 years. Am I entitled to a widow's pension even though I am now supported by my son?

R.S.J.
Akron, Ohio

Old age and survivors benefits under social security are paid as a right and not on a needs basis. Your husband earned these benefits when he contributed one per cent of his salary into the fund. The widow of a worker who had been insured is entitled to these benefits. Apply at the Social Security office in your city and be sure to bring your husband's social security card with you if possible.

My husband is going to be 65 next month. His employers have been deducting for social security regularly since it started. How can he get his pension and how much will it be?

L.M.
Los Angeles, Cal.

Your husband should apply for his benefits at the Social Security office in your city. He will not get them unless he applies. The amount will depend on how much he earned since 1937 when the Social Security Act went into effect. When you reach 65, *you* will receive, in addition to your husband's check, half the amount of his monthly check.

heart to heart

Promise of Tomorrow

Oft times the day seems wearisome and hard
And gray clouds gather on the evening skies
My mind is burdened and my heart feels scarred
And hopelessness upon my spirit lies.
Somehow I've failed; I know not how or why,
Something I've said or something left undone
Has dimmed the light of joy within my eye,
And cast a darkening shadow o'er the sun.
But when it seems that happiness has fled
And all my efforts have been spent in vain
Hope's radiant light about my way is shed,
Tomorrow will be mine to try again.

—Georgia S. Couch

(Contributed by Florence Munsing, Toledo, O.)

Learning

Civilization is just a slow process of learning to be kind.

—Anonymous

(Contributed by Tallie Ashton, Salt Lake City, Utah)

Time

Dost thou love life? Then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of.

—Poor Richard's Almanac

Memory

My mind lets go a thousand things,
Like dates of wars and deaths of kings,
And yet recalls the very hour—
'Twas noon by yonder village tower,
And on the last blue noon in May—
The wind came briskly up this way,
Crisping the brook beside the road;
Then, pausing here, set down its load
Of pine-scents, and shook listlessly
Two petals from that wild-rose tree.

—Thomas Bailey Aldrich

Doing Good

Do good and leave behind you a monument of virtue that the storm of time can never destroy.

—Dr. Chalmers

(Contributed by Elizabeth Rich, Isle au Haut, Me.)

Steadfastness

Not gold, but only men, can make
A people great and strong.
Men who for truth and honor's sake
Stand fast and suffer long.

Brave men who work while others sleep,
Who dare while others fly,
They build a nation's pillars deep,
And lift them to the sky.

—Ralph Waldo Emerson

(Contributed by Mrs. Edna Fowler, Casper, Wyo.)

Plan for the Years

There are so many, many souls who go
Most gallantly and tall to meet old age:
So many who pin courage over woe,
And such a throng of silent ones who wage,
With heads held high, a war on doubts and fears,
And, oh, so many bearing flags of song,
That, Self, we must, in going down the years,
Refuse to be less brave and gay and strong!

And let us learn to keep an open mind,
A sense of humor, and a reverent soul,
And never be too busy to be kind—
Playing so valiantly this strange new role
That watching ones, who love their youth can say,
"I should not mind so, growing old that way!"

—Elaine V. Emans

(Contributed by Margaret Howell, Rockford, Ill.)

How to Live

Live one day at a time and live that one day well.

—Anonymous

(Contributed by Mrs. Frank Thomas, Syracuse, N.Y.)

LET US READ YOUR HEART LINE

Do you have a favorite poem, quotation or bit of wisdom either by famous or little-known authors, that you'd like to see published here? Send it along to the "Heart to Heart" Department, TOM BRENEMAN'S MAGAZINE, *6331 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood 28, California. Original verse can not be considered.*

What's on your mind? Write to TOM BRENEMAN'S MAGAZINE, *6331 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood 28, Cal.*

Karl David Talks to God

My little grandson—Karl David Presser, Springfield, Ohio, age four-and-a-half—knelt on his little prayer rug one evening, folded his hands reverently and prayed:

"Hello, God, I want to tell you what a good home this is. It's a wonderful home, God. Anything I want, I ask Hi-Dad (name coined from Karl's first impression of saluting his father, "Hi, Dad") and then Mom is so good to me, and I have a baby sister, God. Theresa is her name, sometimes she talks too much but I love her and help Mom take care of her. This is a nice home, God, and then when you take a ride and go out and see scrapers and ditch-diggers and road-rollers, and farming equipment, God, that's wonderful, this is a wonderful world, God. Goodnight, God, this is Karl David."

I am sending this along because it is right out of the heart of a little four-year-old who feels so close to God that at night he can pour out his gratitude and personal affairs.

Mrs. W. L. Eyler
2506 Scottwood Ave.
Toledo, Ohio

Let Us Have Faith

Please have an article in every issue such as "I Saw Him Rise Again," (April issue) to give faith, hope and courage to parents with ill or crippled children.

In reading the article I was so happy for the little boy and the parents. Then looking at my little son who has not walked or talked in nine years, how I wished for him and all the sick and crippled children that God could make more miracles and make them all well. Then surely we would have a heaven on earth.

May you continue to bring happiness, hope and courage to many through your magazine. My son and I will be reading the many articles and from some gather wisdom and strength to carry on and have faith in life itself.

Mrs. Peter Sylchak
427 N. Hazelwood Ave.
Youngstown, Ohio

He Collected Millinery

As I have listened to "Breakfast in Hollywood" off and on for the past seven years

and read the magazine since it started, I thought perhaps you'd enjoy this story which is a favorite in our household.

A widower, looking over the belongings of his departed wife, decided the only thing he would preserve was a hat he had always admired and in which she had always looked "so sweet." It was placed carefully on a shelf and was not disturbed until discovered by his wife number two, who inquired about it and was told it was preserved in memory of his first wife.

After a time his second wife was gathered to her fathers and again the bereaved man selected one of her hats in which she, like the first, had always looked "so sweet." This was placed beside the first hat.

Time healed the second wound and a third wife was introduced to his household. She, too, was inquisitive when she found the millinery and asked questions. The husband explained the hats had belonged to her predecessors and were kept as mementoes. "That's all right," she replied, "but the next hat that goes up there is going to be a derby."

Mrs. W. S. Divine
101 Regent St.
Wilkes Barre, Pa.

We All Need Such Courage

I thank the Lord that my entrance-ticket number was drawn so I could sit on the stage when Tom was in Memphis, Tenn. I couldn't find words to thank him for that grand gold watch and hose and Ivory Flakes he gave me. The watch was a Godsend. I dropped my gold watch two days before on the cement porch and broke it. I have gotten letters and cards from almost every state saying how glad they were I got the things and glad to hear me.

I have done most of the work in a three-story rooming house for over 21 years for 11 families, and have had over 43 broken bones. I don't pity myself because faith has given me courage.

Margaret Isaacs Gross
Memphis, Tenn.

He Appreciates America

You wouldn't think your magazine would come all the way to Japan. Small world, isn't it? My mother gets it and sends it over to me. She is a regular listener to "Breakfast in Hollywood" and the magazine has become our favorite reading. I have been in Japan nineteen months, and it helps me to know a little of what is going on at home.

Right now I would be glad to be in any of the 48 states. You know, most people don't appreciate America and what it stands for. If every American had to live in another country for a year or so, they would realize how good it is to be an American.

T/4 Tommy B. Kittrell
8th Army Trans. Sch.
APO 181, San Francisco, Calif.

Let's Make the Most of Things

I have the cover (the picture of the elderly lady) of your May issue—Mother's Day, 1948—tacked up in a conspicuous place in my kitchen; because, in it, I have found the true formula for beauty. This picture—portraying serenity and peace of mind, patience and humility, intermixed with secret laughter—fires me with a determination to make the most of the things I now possess. The photographer has caught something priceless in this picture, something the whole world is seeking—contentment.

Mrs. R. T. Speaker
132 Grove St.
Nevada City, Calif.

How to Keep the Orchid

Here is a little suggestion on how to keep Tom's orchid, on the cover of the June issue, as a token of remembrance. Cut out the orchid with a sharp razor blade and place it under glass on an occasional table, tray or dressing stand. It does much to brighten the table or tray, just as Tom brightened up our hearts and spirits

so many times when we needed a lift. We all hold memories of Tom, so let us keep and preserve the orchid which Tom loved to give.

Mrs. Obed Hidlay
1201 Orange St.
Berwick, Penna.

She Designed That Hat

I was looking through your magazine dated April, 1948, and there is an error on page 64 under the heading "Pittsburgh Crazy Hat Winners."

That is my picture, but it's not my name. The hat Mr. Poole is wearing is Mrs. C. Cuttler's, but the picture is Mrs. Frank Senko.

I'm the manager here at this bakery, and Mrs. Cuttler was employed here at that time. I designed both her hat and mine. It took weeks of thinking and changing to bring them to the right structure. My brother made the hats here of pure cane sugar. They are as edible as icing on cake.

Mrs. Cuttler's hat is a man's straw hat made of two tiers and topped with a wedding ornament. My hat is a double combination, as shown in the picture, and is tinted. It weighs 8½ pounds and is made from two cans and a lady's hat. The top has a bride and groom with baby bows in pink and baby blue. Around the cake are huge storks carrying the bundles of joy. The stork has big legs all done up in color.

Mrs. Frank Senko
334 Brownsville Road
Pittsburgh, Pa.

"Hunger for Adventure"

I do enjoy your editorial pages—a marvelous opportunity for putting across truths each of us should ponder. In this connection I wish to mention an expression I recently came upon. It was this: "Hunger for the adventure in the road ahead."

I think we should all live in the "today" to the fullest extent of our mental capaci-

ties and ever look forward to the "tomorrow" with the keenest anticipation. And living to the fullest covers so much.

Helene Thompson
Doraville, Ga.

As Maine Goes—

I became acquainted with your magazine a good many miles away from Hollywood. Way down in Maine I wanted something to read on the train, and when I had read your book through, I thought, "This reminds me of Maine—homes and hearthstones and good everyday living." I felt good when my trip was over and I had finished your book.

Ann Foxon
Malden, Mass.

A Good Word: Kwitchurbeliakin

If every one of us would keep in mind that one word which takes in four, kwitchurbeliakin, how much better off we all would be! We would be helping the other fellow, as well as helping ourselves. Faultfinding is so disagreeable and we can get in that rut so easy, if we don't watch ourselves. Our Creator made this world for us to live in, to cherish and to improve it. We sure don't help any by finding fault.

Mrs. Elsie Navarre
1533 Wright St.
Flint, Mich.

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—continued from back cover

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