



Suburbia Today

The Magazine of Pleasant Places

The Springfield Sun

SPRINGFIELD, NEW JERSEY

WEEK OF JAN. 5, 1959

JANUARY 1959

Robert Hillyer Revives Gas-Lit Suburbia

WHAT'S AHEAD IN 1959?

Curling—New Craze for Old Scottish Game

Headliners In This Issue

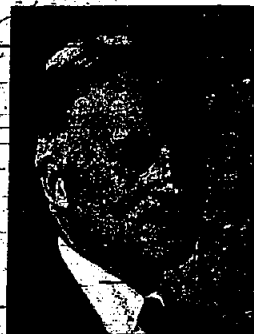


What's Ahead?

This is a wooden, Indian-looking ahead into 1959, and the first week in January you might think he could see just as well as the next man. But we have consulted experts in many lines—business, government, science, radio and television, theater, music and sports—and their findings already add up to a dim exciting preview of the final year of the Fabulous Fifties.

John Brimer

John Brimer is the author of "Designs for Outdoor Living," which Doubleday and Co. will publish this spring. He is also an artist and a lecturer and a traveller. An expert on garden care, Mr. Brimer is a regular contributor to major magazines. He illustrates his articles with his own drawings, as he has done in this issue, where he tells how to build a greenhouse at home.



Robert Hillier

Suburbia today is put into sharp relief by Robert Hillier's tender memories of an easy-going, horse-drawn "Suburbia the Day Before Yesterday." Mr. Hillier is a novelist and a modern poet, but not one of those who deal in beautiful sounds that make no sense. In prose or poetry, his writing is characterized by the clear, lyric expression that has won him a loving public and many awards, including the Pulitzer Prize for poetry.



LIDA MORSE

Curling

A sport as popular with Canadians as baseball is with Americans curling is catching on as a favorite form of exercise in many country clubs along our northern border. The game is played entirely by amateurs—there's no such thing as a "pro" curler—and businessmen are beginning to consider seriously including it in plant-sponsored recreation programs as a supplement to their bowling and softball leagues.



Melanie De Proff

Melanie De Proff, Food Editor of *Suburbia Today*, is director of the Culinary Arts Institute which is composed of 18 college-trained home economists. Miss De Proff and the Institute's staff spend every working day planning meals, marketing, cooking, and testing, and their cookbooks have sold millions of copies. "Kabobs With a California Flourish," and all our food pages to come, will be the product of the Institute's resources and experience.

Laura Jean Allen

"I'm interested in people more than anything," says Laura Jean Allen, our January cover artist. One glance at her delightful rendering of a familiar scene shows you what she means: there are 49 (count them) people in the painting. Born in New Jersey, Miss Allen received her early training at the art school of the Philadelphia Museum. Shortly after, she arrived in New York City, where people have been interesting her ever since.



LIPP

SUBURBIA TODAY

THE MAGAZINE OF PLEASANT PLACES

PAUL HOPFMAN

MARION LOWMEYER

Editors

DELMAR LIPP

Managing Editor

WHAT IS SUBURBIA TODAY?

Suburbia today is a way of life for 50,000,000 people. In another ten years, they say, it will be 70,000,000. Historians see the explosion to the suburbs as part of a revolution that has been going on in mid-century America, tending to enrich life for great numbers of people. Financiers see the suburban boom as a vast outlet for goods and human services, from the bulldozer at the foundation to the flat of petunias and the charcoal grill ninety days later—and that, of course, is only the beginning!

Already, novels and movies have come out of the country-wide migration from the cities, and new expressions have settled firmly into the language—"split-level," "shopping center," "freeway," "town planning."

Suburbia Today—this magazine—is a side effect of the migration. Suburban newspapers, growing with their neighborhoods, wanted a supplement of their own. Here it is, coming to you once a month at first, more often later on. Where your paper brings you the vital home news in the making, Suburbia Today will literally supplement with news of suburbia, country-wide.

What makes a day rewarding, in spite of commuting and the price of eggs? How is it possible to bring the cost of building down? Are the teen-agers finding anything to approve of? How are P.F.s solving the teacher shortage? What are people looking at, listening to, and laughing at? What are the new ideas for living—the sparks of imagination that light up house and home?

We know where to go for the answers: To FOX, in Sewickley and Santa Monica, in Whitefish Bay and Brookline. And we hope you will come to us with your ideas and findings and we're ready for your criticisms. Call us a communications center... an intelligence service... a reporter whose beat is pleasant places. Our aim is to explore suburbia today.

LEONARD S. DAVIDOW

Publisher

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IS THIS YOUR CHILD...THIS IMPORTANT LAWYER-TO-BE...THIS FUTURE



DOCTOR...TEACHER...WRITER...SCIENTIST? THESE CHILDREN ARE READING



THEIR WAY TO KNOWLEDGE AND SUCCESS. IS YOUR CHILD ONE OF THEM?

START YOUR CHILD EARLY—START HIM RIGHT

The road to success begins at birth. The child whose parents take an interest in him, who guide him properly, who answer his questions, is the child who makes good grades in school. He is the youth who learns quickly and easily. He is the man who is happy and successful!

THE TOOLS FOR SUCCESS

Children can be taught the success habit. But parents need help in this most important of all jobs. The mothers and fathers of over 6,000,000 children have found the help they needed... The Book of Knowledge. This celebrated Children's Encyclopedia teaches young people the love of reading, the fascination of finding for themselves the right answers to all their questions.

12,000 PICTURES THAT TEACH

The absorbing articles and stories in The Book of Knowledge are illustrated by more than 12,000 stimulating, exciting pictures that teach... many of them in full, natural color. This is the only Children's Encyclopedia that tells the whole story of man's knowledge in language that children understand!

CURIOSITY STIMULATES LEARNING

Some children are not self-starters. To trigger their young minds, The Book of Knowledge has hundreds of Wonder Questions. "Why doesn't it hurt when my hair is cut?" "Do dogs dream?" Wonder questions like these capture a child's attention... introduce him to the wonderful world of reading, thinking and learning.

READERS ARE LEADERS

The Book of Knowledge is famous as a career-builder. Many distinguished men and women in all walks of life tell us this famous Children's Encyclopedia started them towards success. When you give your child The Book of Knowledge you are giving him the magic key to his big, exciting world. More than that... you are giving him something that can never be taken away... the great gift of knowledge.

GIVE YOUR CHILD A SQUARE DEAL

Give your child every opportunity. He deserves it. His future depends on you! See for yourself how The Book of Knowledge can help you lead him up the path to success. Mail the coupon below for a copy of "Ride the Magic Carpet"... an exciting preview of the delightful Book of Knowledge. It's free!

Answers Your Child's Questions

THE BOOK OF KNOWLEDGE

The Children's Encyclopedia

FREE for your boy or girl...

WANT A CAREER? Additional authorized representatives are needed to meet the growing demand for The Book of Knowledge. This may be the very opportunity you've been looking for! For free booklet write F. G. Vaughan, 515 Lexington Ave., New York 22, N. Y. Dept. 8.

PUBLISHED BY THE GROLLER SOCIETY INC.

MAIL THIS FREE BOOKLET COUPON

THE BOOK OF KNOWLEDGE, Dept. A
515 Lexington Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.

Please send me "Ride the Magic Carpet," the 24-page full-color booklet taken from the newest revision of THE BOOK OF KNOWLEDGE. I understand it's FREE and without obligation.

There are _____ children in my family, ages _____

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

COUNTRY _____

Suburbia Today-1-9-59

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WHAT'S AHEAD IN 1959?

4,000,000 Babies... News From Outer Space
 ... Cooking on Glass... Low-cost Air Transport
 ... Here Are the Previews

WHAT'S ahead in 1959? We have asked the statisticians and the pollsters, who are sometimes wrong; also the astrologers and clairvoyants, whose prophecies are sometimes borne out by events. We have asked engineers and naturalists, astronomers and showmen. They gave us twenty answers—a first rough sketch for the Shape of Things to Come.

Four million babies plus are expected by the Bureau of the Census in 1959. There will be more boys than girls, too. "The excess of boy babies," says the census taker, "is a persistent pattern."

The seventeen-year locusts are due to turn up in Arkansas, Iowa and Nebraska next summer. There are seventeen broods of them in the United States, and nowhere else but the U.S. The entomologists have them numbered and mapped and each year one brood turns up on schedule in the area expected, then goes underground for another seventeen years. Arkansas, et al., will be free after this until 1976.

Winter will be milder than usual, according to the Old Farmer's Almanac. ("We do pretty well predicting," says Editor Robb Sagendorph.) There will be rough storms, however, in the first weeks of January and February. Easter as usual will fall on the first Sunday after the first full moon after the vernal equinox, and this year that will be March 29th. Spring will be close to normal. Summer of '59 will be far more enjoyable than last year. "Don't count on anything very good," the Old Farmer warns, "except the first few weeks of October in the fall of '59." But that is some time off.

Preview of entertainment for the long winter evenings: The concerts of the New York Philharmonic with Barbirolli, Bernstein and Mitropoulos, will continue to be heard; coast to coast, every Saturday night. TV will blaze with spectaculars—Agatha Christie's "Ten Little Indians," "Our Hearts Were Young and Gay," an encore of Hallmark's famous "Green Pastures," a series of Young People's Concerts conducted by Leonard Bernstein. Along with playing Cowboys and Indians again this year, the studios will also be using their great resources for documentaries, new programs of science and education, and more music than ever. Two Metropolitan premieres will be broadcast—Alban Berg's "Wozzeck," and "Macbeth." Also "Boris Godunov" in English and the usual great classical repertoire.

Six hard-fought, stirring lives will be explored in new books coming out between now and spring—Samuel Eliot Morison's "John Paul Jones," Matthew Josephson's "Thomas Edison," The Grand Duchess Anastasia's "Anastasia," James Thurber's "The Years With Ross," about the man who was the first editor of *The New Yorker*; "From Jennie with Love," the reminiscences of Jennie Grossinger who built one of America's famous resorts; Grossinger's in the Catskills; and Helen Traubel's autobiography, "St. Louis Woman." For the inquisitive (and you wouldn't be reading this page unless you were)

Continued on page 6

"We're looking for people who like to draw"

BY JON WHITCOMB

DO YOU LIKE to draw or paint? If you do—America's 12 Most Famous Artists are looking for you. We'd like to help you find out if you have talent worth developing.

Here's why we make this offer. About ten years ago, my colleagues and I realized that too many people were missing wonderful careers in art... either because they hesitated to think they had talent... or because they couldn't get top-drawer professional art training without leaving home or giving up their jobs.

My colleagues and I decided to do something about this. Taking time off from our busy art careers, we pooled the extensive knowledge of art, the professional know-how, and the priceless trade secrets which we ourselves were able to learn only through long, successful experience.

We organized this knowledge into a remarkable series of lessons covering every aspect of drawing and painting. Then, to illustrate these written lessons, we made over 5,000 special drawings... with each of the famous artists graphically demonstrating the particular art techniques for which he is best known.

Finally, we perfected what we sincerely believe is the most personal and effective method ever developed to give art students constructive criticism.

In short, we created a complete practical training course in Commercial Art and Illustration that people everywhere could take right in their own homes and in their spare time. This original course proved so successful that two equally practical professional courses were later created—the Famous Artists' Course in Fine Arts Painting and the Famous Artists' Course in Professional Cartooning.

Our training has helped thousands win the creative fulfillment and financial rewards of part-time or full-time art careers. Here are just a few:

Don Smith lives in New Orleans. Three years ago Don knew nothing about art—even doubted he had talent. Today, he is an illustrator with a leading advertising agency—and has a future as big as he wants to make it. Lillian Ashby of Toronto writes: "I'm losing count but I believe I have painted 57 and sold 41 pictures since beginning your wonderful course."

Father of 3 Wins New Career. Stanley Bowen, a father of three children, was trapped in a dull, low-paying job. By studying with us, he was able to throw over his old job to become an illustrator for a fast-growing art studio... at a fat increase in pay! Gertrude Vander Poel had never



Artist JON WHITCOMB points one of his famous love story illustrations for a top national magazine in his fabulous Dorset, Conn., studio.

drawn a thing until she started studying with us. Now a swank New York gallery exhibits her paintings for sale. A West Virginia salesgirl, studied with us, got a job as an artist, later became advertising manager of the best store in Charleston.

Earns Seven Times as Much. Eric Ericson used to be a clerk in an auto parts department. Thanks to our training, he is now an advertising illustrator at seven times his former salary.

Hannie Kuzniowski was bored with an "ordinary" job when she sent for our talent test. Convinced she had the makings of an artist, she enrolled with us. Soon, she landed a job as a fashion artist. Today, she does high-style illustration in New York.

Profitable Hobby at 72. A great-grandmother in Newark, Ohio, studied painting with us in her spare time. Recently—at her first local "one

man" show—she sold thirty-two of her water colors and five oil paintings.

Typist to Fashion Artist. With our training, Wanda Pickalski gave up her typing job to become fashion artist for a local department store.

When Kathryn Gorsuch found out she was to have a baby—she left her fine job at an aircraft company and studied art at home with us. By the time the baby was seven months old, she went back to work for the same

company... this time as a well-paid commercial artist!

John Whitaker of Memphis, Tenn., was an airline clerk when he began studying with us. Two years later, he won a national cartooning contest; Today he draws a popular comic strip enjoyed by millions.

Mother Boosts Family Income. Elizabeth Merriss—busy New York mother—adds to her family's income, designing greeting cards and illustrating children's books.

Harold L. Hopkinson of Wyoming sold \$1,000 worth of paintings during summer vacation and was commissioned to do a mural for the new Mormon Temple in Los Angeles.

John Busketta was a gas company pipefitter when he enrolled with us. He still works for the same company—but as an artist in the advertising department! At much higher pay.

Donald Kern—a Miles City, Montana cowboy—studied art with us. Now he paints portraits, sells them for \$250 each, and gets all the business he can handle.

Where Are Tomorrow's Artists?

We're not surprised by the success of our students. Opportunities open to trained artists today are endless. We continually get calls from art buyers all over the U.S.—They ask us for practical, well-trained students—not geniuses—who can step into full-time or part-time jobs.

We're convinced that other men and women are missing an exciting career in art simply because they hesitate to think that they have talent. These are the people we want to find and train for success in art.

Free... Famous Artists Talent Test

How about you? Wouldn't you like to find out if you have talent worth training for a full-time or part-time art career? Just send for our remarkably revealing 12-page talent test. Thousands formerly paid \$1 for this test. But now our School offers it free and will grade and analyze it for you free. If you show art talent through this test, you'll be eligible for professional training by our School... in your own home and in your spare time. There's no obligation. Simply mail the coupon today.

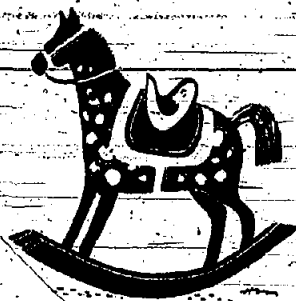
ARTIST'S IN MOST FAMOUS ARTISTS' SCHOOLS
 Studio 957, Washport, Conn.
 Please send me without obligation your Famous Artists Talent Test.

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ADDRESS	...
CITY	...
COUNTRY	...

FAREWELL "THE CHILDREN"

They Go Back To College Now, Leaving Behind Them Opportunity For Quiet Thought

By LEWIS NICHOLS



That other generation has gone back to college now. Silent are the jazz records which played from dawn to dawn, and still—almost still—is the telephone. In some ways this is good, for elderly nerves and blood pressure are not what they used to be, long ago. In at least one other way this is bad. To get at the matter at once, that other generation on departing delivered a lecture. It was long, it perhaps rambled, but what it may have lacked in oratory it made up in earnestness of feeling and intensity of expression. That other generation, in short, asked that it no longer be referred to as "the children" and that the gang be not publicly discussed as "that age group."

Going Away Dinner
The lecture began under circumstances which were amiable enough. It was at dinner of the night before that other generation departed. For one there was a tiny touch of crabmeat, that being the traditional request, and for the other there was fried chicken. The meal seemed to be going along with just the right degree of sentimentality, and nothing was said about how restful the house would be without jazz for breakfast. Suddenly, having finished the crabmeat, that one launched on a diatribe. Certain words and phrases were accented "humiliating," "growing up," and "repeal city." The speaker's eyes seemed mainly to be directed at the cook, the considerate figure at the other end of the table smiled serenely. This sort of thing would be good for her. Then the focus of the attack shifted, and in another di-

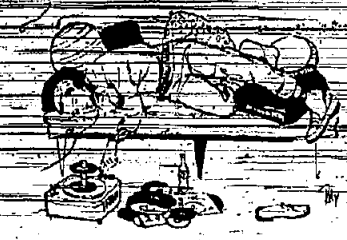
rection came such expressions as "silly rules," "being in by," "allowance," and, again, "you don't realize."

Paul-Lies-Elsewhere

That was several days ago now, but in the silence of the jazzless house there has been ample opportunity for thought. At first this took the line of least resistance, as well as the easiest way. The considerate figure had warned the cook time and again that the people now known as that other generation no longer were in kindergarten, nor first grade. Being of a perceptive nature, he had seen them wince at the thoughtlessly spoken "the children" or "that age group"—especially before boys. Being of the type which remains always young in spirit, and thus able to understand another point of view, he had understood their mild protests. Once he had even gone so far as to discuss the psychological aspects of the matter. Did the cook persist in believing them still "children" only because to do otherwise would make her seem older herself? For this he was rewarded with a stare that would have cut diamonds. He dropped the matter, being hungry at the time.

Sage Bows Out

As noted, there has been opportunity for much quiet thought since that going-away dinner, and the gentle, pacific figure at the far end of the table has decided upon a course of action. Naturally, he never again will speak of "the children," and will always think of them as that other generation. Further, since no family can get along on the dubious principle of divided authority, he will turn over what little he has held. Such matters as allowances and the hour-for-being-home will be discussed henceforth with the cook. She says often that she runs the house, working her fingers to the bone, and this detail, clearly should be a part of running the house. The type which remains always young in spirit does not enjoy being picked upon, being shunted at dinner into an even more advanced age group than he deserves. Hereafter, a child's no, not that, but another generation's best friend will be his mother. Officially,



59?

Continued from page 4



Peter Drucker's "Landmarks of Tomorrow" will be out soon; his publishers call it "an unexpectedly cheerful preview" of the next period in history by the well-known management consultant. Movies of '59 will include Edna Ferber's "Ice Palace," to be shot in Alaska; Han Suyin's "The Mountain is Young," to be filmed in Nepal; and "North From Rome," based on Helen MacInnes' story, which will be made in Italy. An ultrasonic dishwasher is on the way. The dishwasher is vibrated by an electronic source and as the vibration collapses it "rips" all traces of food off the dishes. A painless dental drill has been developed—and not a moment too soon—on the same principle. A glass stove will tour the country. The cooking surface is pyroceram, a ceramic glass originally developed for the nose cones of rockets. Engineered for the tough conditions of outer space, pyroceram neither cracks nor stains, and sheds any sign of cooking use at the touch of a damp cloth.

AT&T will go into production with their Home Intercom, the house telephone system in which you can talk locally or long distance and also switch over, as need arises, to talk to Grandma up in her room, or through a speaker to the Fuller Brush man at the front door. (Still no solution for those times when you are basking in the hot tub and the telephone rings. But perhaps another year...)

Skirts are going up by day, 16 inches, 17 inches, up and up. For some reason which the economists do not understand, this is a sign of good times; after the depression of the early twenties, skirts rose and rose with the stock market, and toward the end of World War II they were going up again. In the evening, however, they're often going to be long and graceful.

Jet airliners will make it possible to have breakfast in London and lunch in New York. Fishermen will get to the trout streams of the Andes as easily as to the woods of Maine. There will be more group vacations, where associates combine to charter a plane to go overseas, cutting their travel expenses by half.

At home in suburbia, planners see more "leapfrog" developments jumping beyond present limits to meet the demand for more houses and more living space around the big cities. And more communities will be getting together to pool their experience and resources for a regional attack on common problems. Builders expect increased acceptance of the idea of prefabrication as a means of cutting down building costs. There will be emphasis on recreation centers for young and old together—skating rinks and bowling alleys and picnic parks, giving a chance for family outings where neighbor can meet neighbor.

Einstein's theory of time and space will be checked by a new satellite which will be launched this year carrying an atomic clock. This is one of a series of seven satellites which will be sent out in 1959 by NASA (National Aeronautics and Space Administration); possibly one of them will carry a man around the earth.

According to the astrologers, Jupiter will be in Scorpio for most of 1959, "favorably aspecting many planets in the chart of the United States." They predict one of the most prosperous years we have seen in a long time, and they find prospects for 1959 especially encouraging for anyone whose birthday falls between November 13th and November 23rd.

Finally, here is the forecast of a noted clairvoyant: "There will be progress and prosperity. Above all, 1959 will bring the world nearer to peace. Strange objects will appear in the skies. They will frighten some people, but their appearance will be in many ways a godsend for they will open up new avenues never heard of or seen before. Severe earthquakes on the Chinese mainland and on the West Coast. Tidal waves to the south. Look for extraordinary developments in the scientific field, especially with regard to a new serum. Winter will be excessively cold and stormy." Note the contrary forecast from the Old Farmer, above. Time will tell. Happy New Year!



Jamestown's Bride of the Year



BEFORE STAUFFER: Janice Peterson weighed 187. All her earlier attempts to reduce had failed. She felt her problem hopeless until she read about Stauffer Home Reducing Plan—and tried it.



AFTER STAUFFER: Janice is a trim 134, size 13. She lost 53 pounds. The Stauffer Home Plan also firming and toned muscle tissue, improved her posture. Janice is still losing to reach 125.

Jamestown, North Dakota, had always known Janice Peterson as a pleasant, good-humored girl. Although she was well liked and had many friends, Janice seldom had a date. The reason: she was far overweight, weighing 187 pounds.

Then one night at a party, Janice met Chuck Kinney. She knew from the start this was the man she wanted to marry. Now she was more determined than ever to slim down. She had tried before—reducing fads, rigid diets and violent exercises. Weight came off—but in the wrong places. And then she would gain it all back again.

Fortunately, Janice read in a magazine how a great many people in Fort Morgan, Colorado trimmed down with the Stauffer Home Reducing Plan. She decided, "If they can do it, I can, too!" So she tried this plan of effortless exercise and caloric reduction. Almost right away she started getting results. Inches and pounds began to melt away. A few months later, Janice unexpectedly met Chuck again. What he saw was a pleasant surprise—a completely new and different Janice, now slender and graceful. For Chuck it was love at second sight.

And so they were married. Jamestown people agree Janice is the happiest bride of the year. And Janice says, "It wouldn't have happened, if it hadn't been for Stauffer."

The Stauffer Home Plan holds the promise of new-found happiness for every woman of every age who is overweight. For more information, look for Stauffer Home Plan in your telephone book, or mail the coupon below.



JANICE KEEPS HER NEW PROPORTIONS by using the "Magic Couch" (Patent Pending)—the heart of the Stauffer Home Plan. You just relax—let your exerciseing for you! Use of the "Magic Couch" together with sensible caloric reduction restores firm, youthful-looking contours. The unit adjusts to many different positions to help you lose where you need to lose—hips, waist, tummy, thighs. It is portable, lightweight, easily stored. Available in deluxe family model, or the new Princess model at lowest price ever. Rent by the month—or buy for pennies a day.

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Dept. 3719
1500 N. Ogden, Chicago 10, Ill.

Please send me complete information about the Stauffer Home Reducing Plan. (No obligation.)

NAME (Please print)

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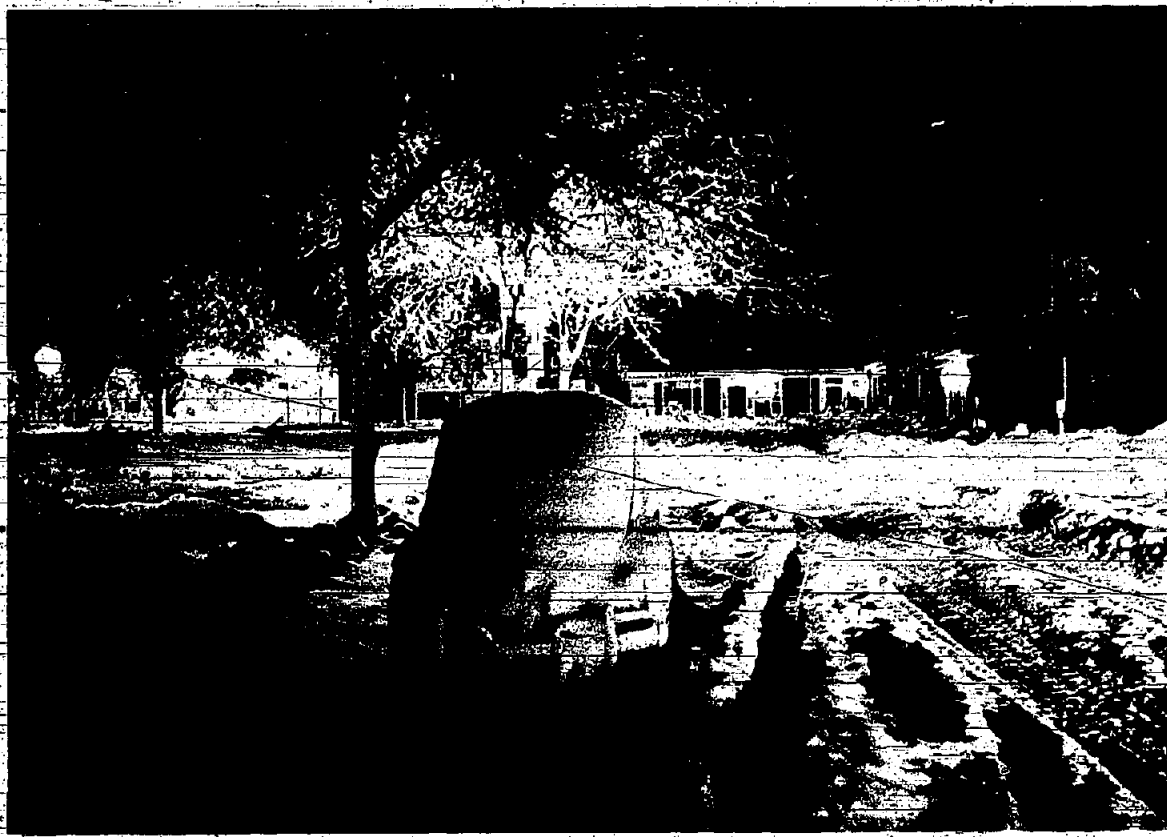
CITY ZONE STATE

PHONE For more space, use margin.

© 1958, Stauffer Laboratories

JANUARY

IN SUBURBIA...



... is all things, but not to all men. In the St. Louis area it is skating at the Steinberg Rink in Forest Park... in the country around Fort Worth they are golfing at Rivercrest Country Club and "shack" fishing in Possum Kingdom Lake... in Hollywood, Florida, this is the month for dog racing... in the Catskills snow bunnies huddle about the fire of a ski lodge, hot toddies in hand... later that afternoon, in Redwood City, California, the home-coming businessman is readying his outboard for a spin on the bay.

Here is a photo report on some of the winter pastimes and adventures that vary the daily routine of suburbia. To be sure, Monday to Friday, there is the 8:05, or the car pool, and the kids must meet the school bus, but January in suburbia still adds up to a lot of fun!

ANYWHERE IN THE NORTHEAST—The head of the house will just have to wait a while before his car is freed from that pile-up of slush. Many a paternal hack will ache from shoveling this month, and tempers may become a bit brittle, but the comforting thought remains that the same snow that stalls the auto is beautiful snow for the children, for sliding and frolicking and building stout black-eyed snowmen.



IN REDWOOD CITY, California, January is usually friendly. Here a far-from-tired businessman enjoys a brisk spin before dinner in family outboard with co-owner.



MONDAY TO FRIDAY—The morning train brings rich men and poor men and middle-income men into the city, where streets are kept clean and electricity never fails and the heat stays on—but their hearts will lift when five o'clock comes round, and it's time to head home to suburbia.



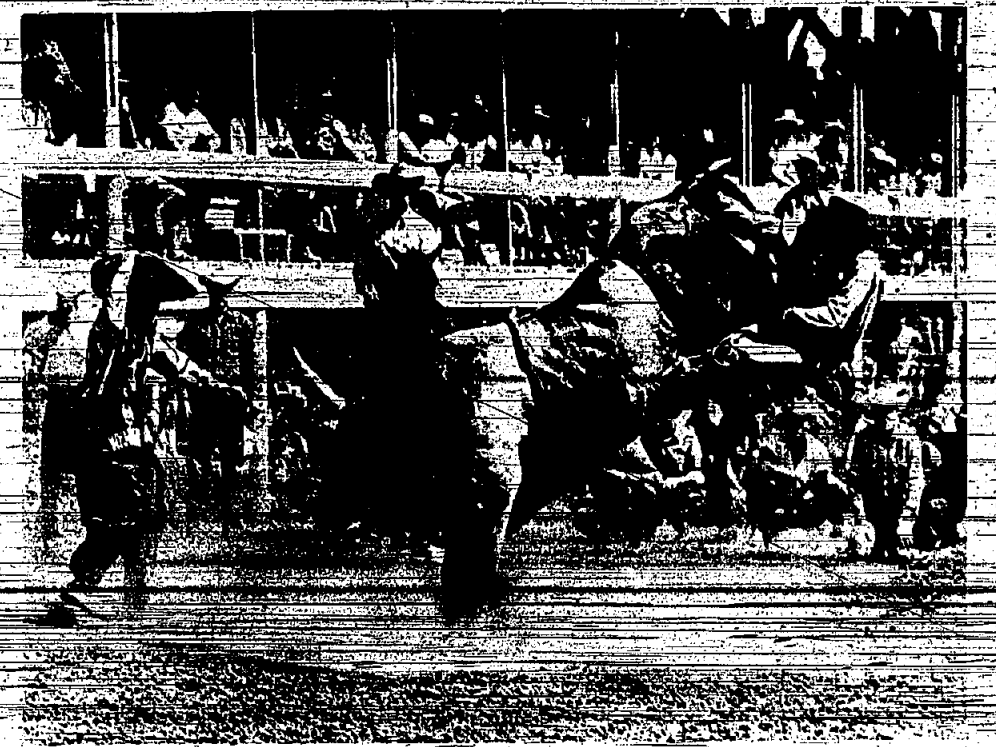
OUTSIDE MILWAUKEE—There's hunting still in January. In Horicon Marsh, about fifty miles from the breweries, they go after white-tailed deer with bow and arrow during a special limited season.



SKIING WEEK-END—Powdered snow and fast slopes—see above!—and the office workers get back Monday with well-worn muscles and a windburn; to wait for the next weekend when they can do it all over.



OUTSIDE LOS ANGELES—Railbirds show up early at Santa Anita race track to watch exercise boys put thoroughbreds through workouts.



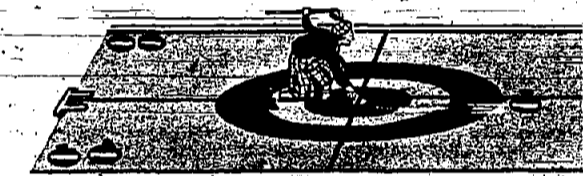
DENVER STOCK SHOW—People from Aurora, Englewood, Arvada and Cherry Hills will flock into Denver this month to see cattle go up and men come down in stock show.

BY ARTURO AND JANEANN GONZALEZ



Curler strikes a classic pose as his stone slides down ice.

"SOOP MON"



About 33 yards of ice separate the shooter from his target—the bull's-eye.

Many a husband who would refuse to wield a broom around the house will sweep himself into exhaustion participating in one of the nation's fastest-growing winter sports—curling. More than likely, however, his wife will forgive this contradiction for she—and the kids as well—are probably curling enthusiasts themselves.

At country clubs outside of Boston, New York, Detroit, Chicago, Milwaukee, Seattle and elsewhere along our Canadian border, thousands of commuters are doffing gray flannel suits and housewives their aprons to don curling tartans whenever free moments allow. At the first U. S. Men's National Curling Championship held in Chicago in 1957, 20,000 fans poured through the turnstiles to see teams from all over the northern U. S. lifting their brooms in the sport's traditional gesture for "good shot!"

Extremely popular in Canada and Europe also, curling has a terminology as distinctive as its rules. It is played on a 138' x 14' sheet (strip) of ice with a house (bull's-eye) at each end. Two rinks (four-man teams) compete for about two hours in ten ends (innings) to compile the best score. Each player,

during each end, slides two stones (45 pounds of highly polished granite resembling a cross between a teakettle and a loaf of French bread) towards the center of the bull's-eye. The skip (team quarterback) stations himself at the bull's-eye instructing each player as to where he wants the shot placed. To speed the shot along and make it curl (curve) properly into place, the remaining two team members, swinging brooms, soop (sweep) along in front of it.

But Why "Soop" Anyway?

There is considerable argument over the reason for sweeping. Some loyally maintain that the motion warms the ice and hastens the stone's progress. Others say it helps form a vacuum which sucks the stone along. Still others claim the brooms sweep aside ice dust which would impede the stone. There are even those bons vivants who say that they don't know why they sweep, but do it for the wild zest it adds to the game.

As in shuffleboard or horseshoes, the object of curling is to nudge your opponents' stones out of the bull's-eye while

keeping yours inside the scoring circle, points being accumulated by stones closest to the center. The highest possible score in an end is 8-0, comparable to a golfer's hole-in-one or baseball's no-hitter. A game of precision, not strength or speed, curling suits any age group. Rinks of 65-year-oldsters can take over the college-age set with little difficulty most of the time.

New Twist: Winner Buys

The close of the match is traditionally the eleventh end—when the winning team stands the losing team a round of drinks at the bar. Stacking the brooms is the term for this. No other betting is allowed or ever practiced.

Sure to be at the bar with plenty of free suggestions are the "plate glass skips," advice-giving kibitzers who watch the matches from the platted-in spectators' section behind each sheet of ice. "I've never met a plate glass skip who's lost a match in his life," one perspiring curler complained not so long ago.

Curling's origin is debatable. It may have started on the frozen canals of the Netherlands, although the Scots (who have been playing the game since the

early 1500's) can take full credit for its development in current form. The Scottish Grand Caledonian Curling Club, formed in 1838, replaced the "Grand" with "Royal" in 1842 after a visit of Queen Victoria and the prince consort to Scotland when they saw the game played on the polished floor of the drawing room in the Palace of Scoon. According to the Encyclopaedia Britannica, "Curlers [of that day at least] claim to be a united brotherhood within which peers and peasant are equal on the ice. To the same end, the laws of the club are framed with due regard to economy, not forgetting conviviality in the matter of beef and greens, the curler's traditional dish, washed down with whiskey. A formal freemasonry exists among curlers, who must be initiated into the mysteries and instructed in the grip, password and ceremony, being liable at any moment to be examined in these mysteries and fined for lapses of memory."

Rules Are Uniform

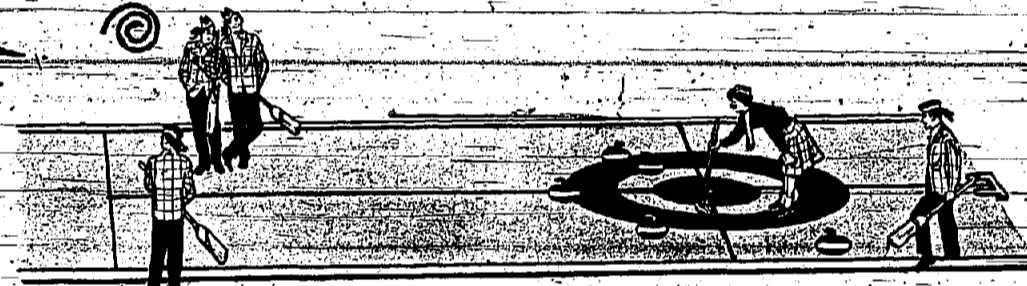
The Royal Caledonian is recognized as the "mother club," responsible for regulating the sport all over the world, chang-



Stone weighs 45 pounds.

"Sweep, Man, Sweep!"—the old Scottish game of curling is a fast, daff sport for young and old.

"SOOP!"



Experts have proffered varied reasons for sweeping, but all agree on one point—the spirit and fun "sooping" adds to the game is immeasurable.

ing rules and granting all qualified curling groups recognized status. The Club recognizes two associations in the U. S.: the Grand National Curling Club of America (14 affiliated clubs) in the East and the Mid-West Curling Association with headquarters in Chicago (43 affiliated groups). [R. W. Keyes, Secretary of the Grand National (146 Proctor Boulevard, Utica, New York) and John F. Bloomer, Secretary of the Mid-West group (P. O. Box 722, Appleton, Wisconsin) are both good sources on how best to bring curling into your own home town. So is Glenn Harris, publisher of the North American Curling News (4425 Tower Avenue, Superior, Wisconsin).]

No Curling Widows Here!

A typically curling-crazy American country club is the St. Andrews Golf Club at Hastings-on-Hudson, New York. Its three sheets of ice are the scene of almost constant curling activity from November through March. Every weekday, housewives by the dozen pour into the club parking lot, out of their station wagons and onto the ice, resplendent in their slacks, kilts, and tartan caps. Comes the evening and they are replaced by their husbands who dash home from the office, shed their business suits for colorful plaids and race over to the club for two-and-a-half hours of deadly concentration, sweeping and good fellowship. Four separate

male groups—St. Andrews, New York Caledonian, Ardley and Mahopac—occupy the ice on successive nights during the week. Over the week-end these various clubs engage one another in intramural competition and on Sunday evening there is "mixed curling" between husbands and wives.

As if this schedule weren't full enough, almost every week-end there are bonspiels (tournaments) hosted by various clubs. The "week-end" for many of these bonspiels actually begins on Wednesday or Thursday and lasts through Sunday night. "I come close to losing my job every curling season," one New York executive confided recently, describing the subterfuges he uses on his boss to mesh business trips with his schedule of bonspiels at Farmington, Connecticut, Boston and Winchester, Massachusetts, Nashua, New Hampshire, and Schenectady, Lake Placid and Utica, New York, on successive week-ends.

The allure of these bonspiels is not solely curling, of course. The host club usually sponsors a lavish round of cocktail parties and buffet suppers which make the week-end gayer for anyone with the income and the constitution to stand both the social and athletic sides of the affair.

Boon To Country Clubs

Several circumstances contribute to curling's growing popularity. Financial

deficits along the country club circuit have been perhaps the biggest factor. Today's club makes money during the summer season, when revenues from the swimming pool, tennis courts and green fees keep it solvent. The budget is strained in winter, however, when club traffic slows to a trickle. The club's alternatives are usually to keep the bar and restaurant open (and lose money) or close down almost entirely (and lose the help who wander off to new jobs). The sport answers these problems by providing a winter activity which attracts traffic and revenue to the club and also pumps new trade into both the bar and the dining room.

Curling has developed as a sport for the whole family, too. One of the most hotly-contested events at the Chicago Curling Club is the annual Family Bonspiel held during the Christmas holidays between rinks composed of a mother, father and two of their children. ("If you don't have two, borrow one," the rule book reads.)

Combining the vigor of wholesome athletics with an extraordinary amount of good fellowship, curling is perhaps the most attractive craze in winter sports to come along. Its partisans are mushrooming and if you live north of the Mason-Dixon line, the chances are pretty good that cries of "Soop, mon, soop!" may well be heard in your neighborhood before too many winters have passed.

Modern version of the sport has changed little since its birth long ago in the Scottish Highlands.



Arturo and Janeann Gonzales, themselves curling aficionados, rolled many a stone toward the bull's-eye before their story was iced.



"She was standing beside a gashlight globe, and every time she nodded, the cock's feather caught fire, flared up, and went out again. I watched."

SUBURBIA THE DAY BEFORE

The suburb where I was born and spent my childhood is today a wilderness of towering apartments. At the beginning of the century it was a leafy Victorian town with big houses surrounded by lawns and wonderful back yards with fruit trees, grape arbors, and shadowy places where the grass grew high. I do not remember many large gardens. It was before the days of garden clubs, and people seemed content with rose-bushes hardy enough to flourish without much care and a flower bed or two. Pests, such as Japanese beetles, were unknown, and the chestnut blight had not yet attacked those magnificent trees. The shade trees were mostly big elms and maples, and those near the curb were protected by wire cages so that the tradesmen's horses would not nibble off the bark.

All the stores delivered purchases, so there was a constant procession of horse-drawn wagons stopping before the house—in the early morning before we were up, the milkman, in the middle of the morning, the iceman, proverbial bear of the servants in the kitchen, then the butcher, the grocer, the fish man, the vegetable man, and the fruit man. While they carried their packages to the back door, they anchored their horses with a heavy iron frustum on a long strap attached to the horse's bit. Then there were, of course, the strays, such as the ragman's cart with a line of cowbells strung between two sticks that jangled his coming. He also gave vent to a melancholy cry, which became the inspiration of a popular song:
*Any rags, any bones, any bottles today?
It's the same old song in the same old way.*

In summer there was the hokey-pokey man, hokey-pokey being a villainous-colored ice cream that sold for a penny. I was never allowed to have any, for I was supposed to be delicate. Perhaps I was, for I had rheumatic fever one winter and asthma the next, but I regarded the many restrictions set on me as a needless tyranny.

Horse-Drawn House Calls

The finest steeds belonged to the livery stable. They pulled the hired victorias in which the ladies rode from house to house of a fine afternoon to pay calls or just "drop a card" on a friend. Few families kept their own carriages. The community seems to have been largely composed of people who had lost money and



fascinated, as inch-by-inch it was consumed."

YESTERDAY...

moved to the suburbs in order to maintain a little state on a meager income. No one was a native; everybody had come from somewhere else. There were expatriates from many seaboard cities, and, strangely enough, there was a sizable contingent of first families of the South who had been dispossessed by the Civil War. I suppose one came at first, then summoned another, and so on until they formed a colony in this town that had a reputation for respectability and good air. There was a flourishing "Southern Society" which met in their different houses with the purpose, I suppose, of recalling more spacious days.

As the grandson of a Union general, I was warned to guard my tongue in these households, but I need not have worried. The Southerners were arrogant folk

BY ROBERT HILLYER

Horse-Drawn, Gas-Lit, Neighborly

Then as now,

"Everyone Had Come From Somewhere Else"

who condescended to their Northern neighbors, though they had no success whatever in trying to impress my Boston grandmother, my belligerent aunt, and my humorous mother. In nearly every front hall of these bery exiles, among the coats of arms and family portraits, there was a framed motto: LEST WE FORGET flanked by Confederate flags. The Civil War was no farther in the past than World War I is today; everybody's grandfather had been in it, and my own father, as a small boy, had been at Grant's headquarters in Holly Springs during the siege of Vicksburg. Apparently the officers took their families with them to the front.

Walnut Street's Señoritas

Walking down Walnut Street of nearly sixty years ago, I can see every house and its inhabitants just as they were. Some things puzzle me. How was it that stately old Mrs. Richardson had two funny little monkey-faced Spanish nieces named Miss Emelita and Miss Mercedesita Savage? They were lively little creatures who chattered to each other in Spanish and addressed the rest of the world in a torrent of broken English. They were always dressed in black. They wore high combs at the back of their heads and veils that suggested, though they were not, mantillas. Spaniards though they were, they attended Grace Episcopal Church with their aunt.

Half the community went to Grace and half to Christ Church. It was a question of Low and High Church. If you were very High, you went two miles north to St. Mark's; if you were even Higher than that, you went in to New York to St. Mary the Virgin's. Everybody seemed to be an Episcopalian except for my father's sister Mary, who was married to a Scotchman, a Presbyterian of almost unbelievable austerity. My mother would say, "I'm going over to pay a call on poor Mammie Clark. It's time she had a whiff of brimstone." For a short time, too, we had some Calvinistic neighbors for whose sake we pulled the curtains when we played cards on Sunday.

On the whole, religion was not the impediment to a happy childhood that so many of my contemporaries seemed to have found it. Dr. Mann, the rector of Grace Church, who later became Bishop of Massachusetts, was a frequent visitor to the Holy Land, and every Sunday morning had something to say about its antiquities. "If it weren't for Mrs. Hathaway's hats," my mother said, "I couldn't sit through the rector's geography of Palestine." When Dr. Mann left Grace Church to become a bishop, the congregation presented a pair of stained glass windows in his honor that were placed in the chancel. One of them had the Greek letter Alpha worked into the design, the other Omega, since Dr. Mann's first name was Alexander, some of the parishioners complained that the committee had gone too far in introducing his initials into the window.

To return to old Mrs. Richardson, I owe her the memory of some high-sounding rhetoric that so impressed me at the age of nine that I can still recall it

verbatim. Only one other phrase from those days rivals it. That was the inscription on an imposing burial vault near our lot in the cemetery. My sister and I used to speak it hollowly into the vaults to hear the echo come back to us: "Author, Scholar, Poet, and Friend." (I wonder who he was?) Mrs. Richardson's phrase also had to do with death. In those days people did not write notes of condolence. They simply sent a calling card with "Sympathy and condolence" written on it—a most sensible custom, in my opinion. But when my grandmother died, Mrs. Richardson went further. On her card she inscribed, in her beautiful pointed writing, "She lies in a sublime peace, gracious in life, but triumphant in death." Heaven! The whole excitement of mortality seemed to sound in those glorious words that tumbled through my head along with the organ music at Grace Church, as, making my first appearance as a choirboy, I paced up the aisle at my grandmother's funeral.

The Southwells

Two houses down from Mrs. Richardson's lived the Southwell family, a widowed mother, two maiden daughters, Julia and Ella, and, across the street, a married daughter with her family. The Southwells were terrified by thunderstorms. Sometimes they moved chairs into closets and shut themselves in for the duration, sometimes they sat under the dining room table and held hands. They were even more terrified by the passage of time and refused to acknowledge it. Miss Ella was my mother's dear friend and often came to Sunday night supper. She dressed like

"Disgusting!" shouted old Mr. Meeker as Miss Amy Brown bicycled down Walnut Street in her bloomers.



Continued from page 13



SUBURBIA THE DAY BEFORE YESTERDAY

a young girl, and I can see her little, wifflered face still above a mist of pink ruffles. "Ella," my mother said to her once, "you dress too young. It is not becoming." Poor Miss Ella burst into tears. All the Southwells considered any mention of age as a breach of etiquette, and if someone said that such-and-such an event must have been ten years ago, "Oh surely not that long, oh my no, don't speak of such a thing!" they would say. Months after the old lady's death, my belligerent aunt asked Miss Julia how old her mother had been at the time. "Why goodness, I haven't the faintest idea!" said Miss Julia. "What a question! She certainly was not old!" I have often wondered if they put dates on their tombstones.

Females outnumbered the males of the town by five to one. They wore long dresses that swept the ground. Widows, of whom there were many, looked like paleons sailing down the street; they wore wholly in black and wore crepe veils descending from jet bonnets to their knees. Once a widow, always a widow. My grandmother wore such a costume on the street for the last twenty years of her life. Women's hats, which rode high on mattresses of hair, provided a note of fantasy, in winter nodding with ostrich plumes and in summer bright with improbable flowers and bows of ribbon. My mother once had a hat with a long, iridescent cock's feather protruding at the back. One evening she was engaged in a lively conversation that involved much nodding of her head for emphasis. She was standing beside a gaslight globe, and every time she nodded, the cock's feather caught fire, flared up, and went out again. I watched, fascinated, as inch by inch it was consumed. There was something, too, called a feather boa—a long and ample scarf made of feathers dyed in various colors. In a high wind, some of the feathers would become detached and swirl in the wake of the wearer like a snowstorm.

My Friend Peyton

The most memorable family to me was the Campbell family. The only child, born when his mother was in her forties, was a son, Peyton Randolph Campbell. He was a year older than I and was my closest friend from the time I was five until eighteen years later when he was killed in France during World War I. His father was twenty years older than his mother. He was a Scotchman who, during the Civil War, had owned and commanded a swift paddle-wheel steamer that ran the Federal blockade to aid the South. He looked exactly like the Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria, whose face was as familiar to us as pictures of Elizabeth II are to the present generation. Mrs. Campbell-Kosalic, her first name was which I thought particularly beautiful, was one of the Virginia aristocrats, and had the usual **LEST WE FORGET** in her hall together with several portraits, one of which was an object of especial adoration: a young woman from about 1850, who was spoken of as "our beloved" and occasionally had a silent toast drunk to her in sherry before dinner. I have never known what her relationship was. Randolph and I were building a tree house in a huge chestnut nearby, and his father had given us a hacksaw to work

with. I once asked the name of the young lady in the portrait and was told, or so I thought, that she was a Miss Hacksaw. I think it must have been Hacksall, or something of the sort, but at the time I accepted Hacksaw, and the word still brings before me a simpering young girl with a rose in her hand, a lovely complexion, and shining black hair parted in the middle—the epitome of the ante-bellum world.

We Had Our Mysteries, Too

Tragedy was not absent from Walnut Street. Three houses down from my grandmother's was a mansion of mystery, a great square house with a mansard roof. It was set far back from the street, among shadowing trees, and surrounded by a wild growth of weeds. Mrs. McCandless lived there. Years before my birth, she had been famous for her hospitality, especially her "musicals." As distinguished from a musical evening, a "musical" was a formal party where the talent was imported rather than domestic. After the concert a light supper was served and people could resume the conversations that had been interrupted by the music. By my time, Mrs. McCandless had become a recluse. One day, some three or four years before I was born, dreadful news stared from headlines of the New York papers. Mrs. McCandless had been arrested in a New York department store for shoplifting. What had actually happened? Mrs. McCandless was a wealthy widow of impeccable background. One theory was that the lace on her sleeve had caught up whatever it was she was supposed to have stolen; another, that she had absent-mindedly walked out of the store with something she had every intention of paying for. No one—or very few—believed that she was a kleptomaniac. "Such a thing," said my grandmother, "shall never be said under my roof." Yet why was she arrested in a store where she was, doubtless, known? Whatever the truth of the matter, the incident crushed Mrs. McCandless. She shut herself up in her great house and was never seen again. People saw the servants come and go, but I doubt that anyone would have been bold enough to question them. Her cousin, who acted as her companion, frequently walked to Main Street but never stopped to talk to anyone. The tall shutters on the front and sides of the house were kept closed; the lawn was abandoned to the weeds. Whenever I passed the place, I felt that I should hold my breath and tiptoe by. Reading *Great Expectations*, I had the thrill of knowing that someone akin to Miss Havisham lived right down the street.

The fish man, ice man, butcher, vegetable man, fruit man—there was a constant procession of horse-drawn wagons stopping before the house.

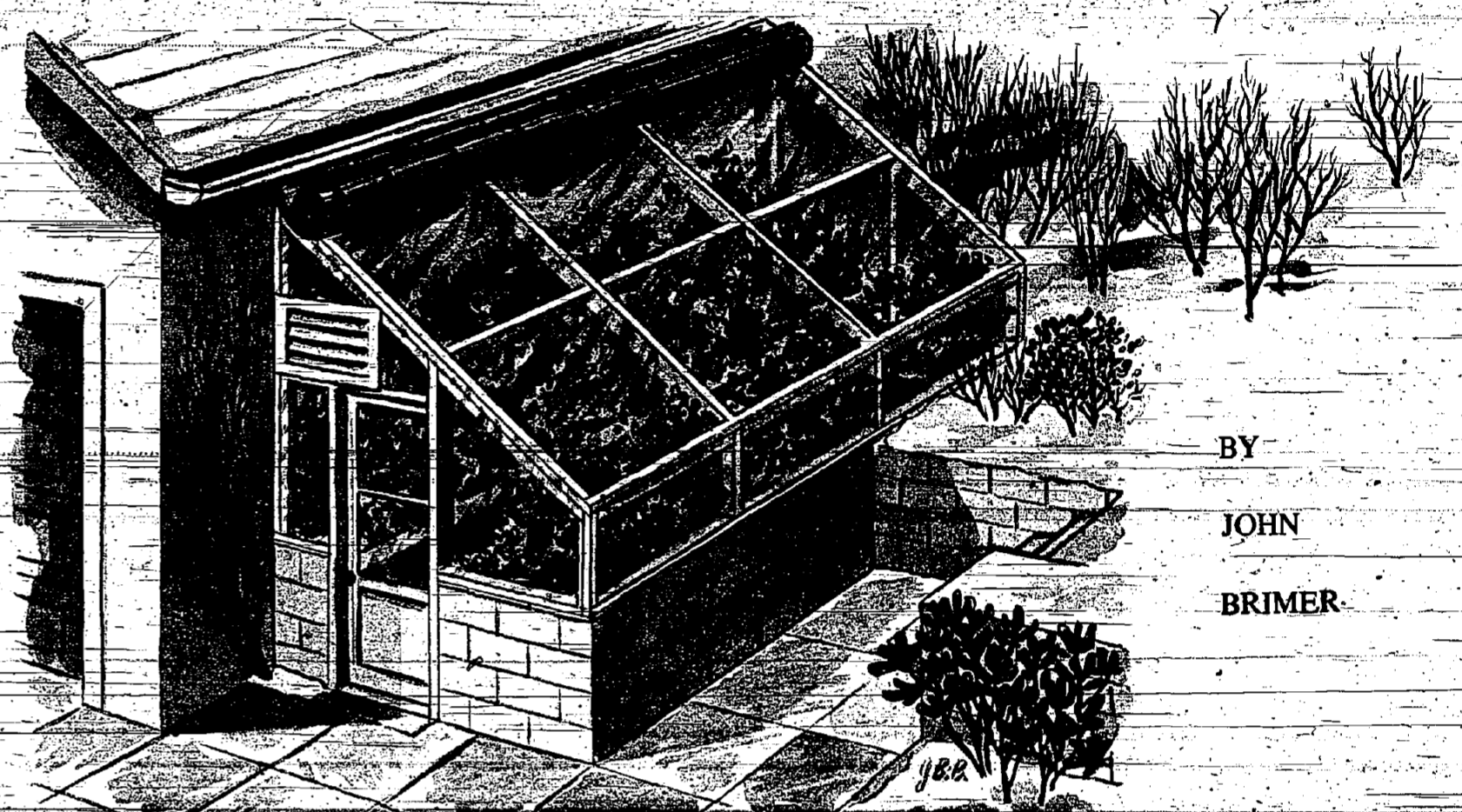
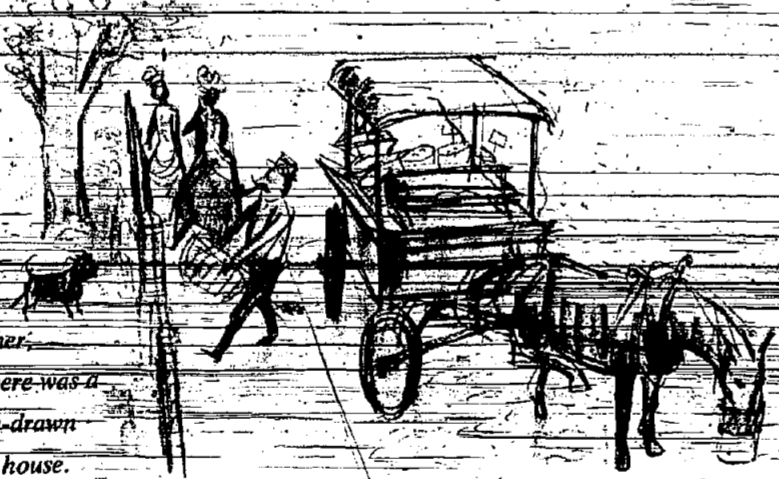


There were a few bolder spirits among the ladies; for example, Miss Amy Brown bicycling down Walnut Street in bloomers and evoking some laughter from passersby and a loud "Disgusting!" from old Mr. Meeker, who stood on the curb shaking his head at her. Then there was Dr. Phelps. The mere thought of a woman being a physician was considered most unwomanly, and she had no patients as far as I know. Although she attended Grace Church regularly, clad in dusty brown velvet, she was thought to be a crank, for she had a notion—again how unseemly—that women should vote. Woman suffrage was an immoral kind of idea, as Miss Ella Southwell declared. My mother laughed and replied that although heaven knows, she certainly had no desire to vote, she had no objection to other women doing it. "It won't make any difference except to double the foolishness."

Slowly, the Era Ended

In 1909, when I went away to school, never to return for any length of time, the customs and conventions of Walnut Street were still intact, defended ever more fiercely against change. But one by one the Victorians died, and their grandchildren married and moved away. By the time of the first World War, the town was sliding belatedly, like a crumbling sand castle, into the twentieth century. Once it started to go, it went quickly, and the air was loud with the groan of old timbers being torn down and the slap of mortar on brick as apartment houses supplanted them. On a block where, half a century ago, fifty individuals lived, a thousand people live today. There is just one house left on Walnut Street that survives from my childhood and is still inhabited by the same family.

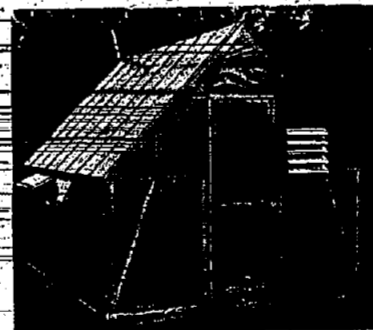
When my grandmother's house was torn down twenty-five years ago, I asked my sister, who lives not far away, to buy for me from the wreckers a wonderful stained-glass window of a phoenix arising from the flames that had cast a spell over my earliest years. But wreckers work faster than she knew, and when she got there, nothing was left but the cellar, which seemed small for so large a house, and so many ghosts.



BY
JOHN
BRIMER

You Can Build Your Own GREENHOUSE

NOW you can build a greenhouse yourself for less than half the cost of a prefabricated one in any shape or form which best harmonizes with the lines of your house (sketches, right). You may attach it to the house, utilizing your present heating equipment, or sink it partly into the soil, thus taking advantage of the earth's warmth and the sun's heat. At night, an insulating reed blanket is rolled down to retain the daytime heat in this "walk-in cold frame." It can also be built freestanding (photo, below), with its own heating system



to enable you to grow orchids and other plants which demand higher temperatures.

Plastic Is The Answer

The advent of a new, practically shatterproof, weatherable plastic has made all of this possible. Professional growers have found that not only does this polyester plastic pare down original building costs due to its light weight only an inexpensive wood frame is required—but that it stands up to wind and weather remarkably well.

No special tools are required to build the greenhouse, although a heavy stapler will speed the application of the plastic to the framework.

The manufacturer advocates the use of 2" x 4"s for all corner posts, door posts and end rafters; 2" x 2" rafters and studs spaced every 28" on center between 2" x 4" every 3' to 10' of length for studs and rafters; and a 2" x 2" crossbar halfway down rafter spans of 8' or more. Two-inch trellis strips secure the

plastic and make it weather tight. Any strong wood, such as pine, redwood or cypress may be used for all supports. These durable woods, if treated with preservatives, will last indefinitely, even in the high humidity of the greenhouse.

Cost Is Low

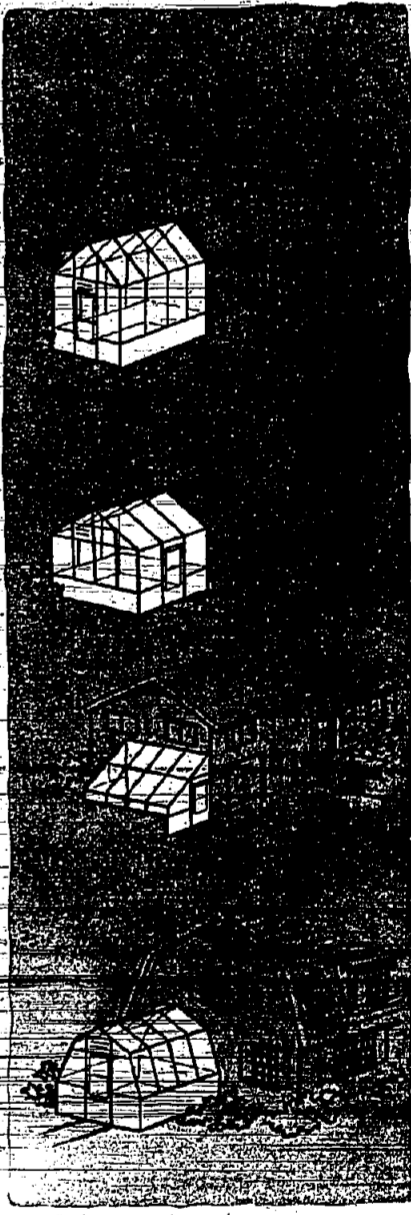
How much would a small greenhouse cost? Price varies, of course, with the size, and with the area in which the house is built. In New York's high-cost area, the 8' x 14' lean-to shown above would cost about \$170, including cinder blocks and aluminum-louvered ventilator.

What size should the house be? Allowing 30" for aisle, with 30" each for plant benches, the minimum width would be about 8' outside measurement. Figure the length in multiples of the 42" width, if possible, to eliminate waste.

Be Sure To Ventilate

It is important to make provisions for the escape of heat and excessive humidity on days of hot sunlight to avoid injury to plants. An aluminum louver with an inside door which is closed in cold weather (one used for house gables is a perfect answer) or a large kitchen exhaust fan attached to a thermostat are ideal.

In snowy areas, be sure the roof pitch is high enough to allow snow to slide off and not pile up, causing the structure to collapse. You may want to apply chicken wire to the frame under the plastic to give added support.

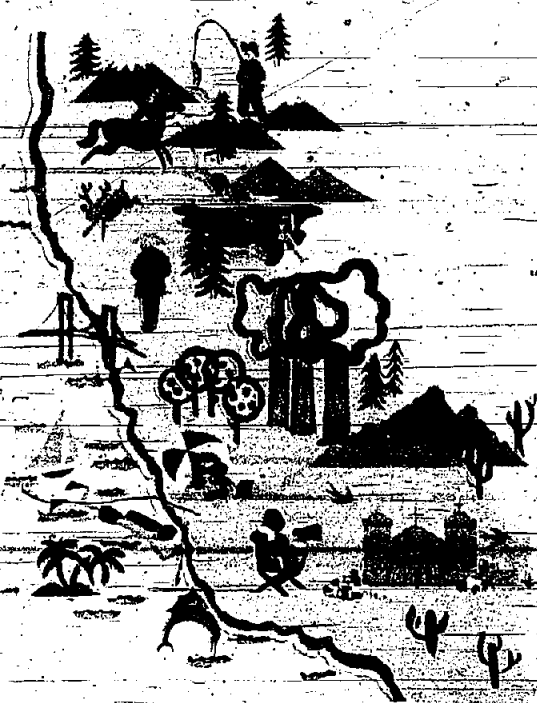


Suburbia Today, January 1959



Kabobs with a California flourish...

MELANIE DE PROFT / Food Editor



Ask anyone up and down the line from Burbank to Burlingame—broiling does wonderful things to canned peaches. They come out hot and sweet and shining, the final touch—literally, on a skewer of tender-browning beef. Kabob with peaches takes ten minutes to cook; with it goes a specially chilled, aromatic tomato-juice cocktail, a casserole heaped with spicy raisin rice, and a loaf of herb-buttered French bread. Here is a welcome change after the high living of the holidays—good broiled beef and rice with the flourish, thanks to those peaches, of a dinner at the Palace.

PERKY TOMATO COCKTAIL

CONVENIENCE FOOD RECIPE

To Prepare: 5 MIN.

- 7 cups (3 No. 2 cans) tomato juice
- 3 tablespoons lemon juice
- 2 tablespoons sugar
- ¼ teaspoon Tabasco
- 2 teaspoons Italian salad-dressing mix

1. Stir all ingredients together to blend thoroughly.

2. Pour 3 cups of the mixture into a 1-qt. refrigerator tray with dividers; freeze until firm. Chill remaining juice.

3. When ready to serve, pour juice over the frozen cubes in chilled glasses. Garnish with a twist of lemon peel. Set each drink onto an individual glass tray lined with a galax leaf. Serve immediately. *About 12 servings*

CREAMY COCONUT FILLING FOR TARTS

CONVENIENCE FOOD RECIPE

To Prepare Filling: 35 MIN.

To Chill: 2-3 HRS.

- 12 Petal Tart Shells
- 1 pkg. lemon-flavored gelatin
- ¼ cup sugar
- 1 cup very hot water
- 1 9-oz. can crushed pineapple, drained (reserve syrup)
- ¼ cup sliced maraschino cherries, well drained
- ½ cup coarsely chopped walnuts
- 1¼ cups (about 3½ oz.) flaked coconut
- 1 cup chilled whipping cream, whipped

1. Prepare Petal Tart Shells. Bake and cool completely.

2. Mix the gelatin and sugar together in a bowl. Add the hot water and stir until gelatin is completely dissolved.

3. Pour the reserved pineapple syrup into a 1-cup measuring cup for liquids; if necessary, add enough water to measure ½ cup liquid. Stir into the gelatin.

4. Chill in refrigerator until mixture is slightly thicker than consistency of thick unbeaten egg white; stir occasionally.

5. When gelatin mixture is of desired consistency, mix in the pineapple, cherries, walnuts, and coconut.

6. Fold whipped cream into gelatin mixture. Spoon into Petal Tart Shells. Chill until firm (2 to 3 hrs.). Decorate with maraschino cherries with stems. *12 servings*

Note: This filling may be turned into a 5-cup mold. Serve with chocolate cake squares.

PETAL TART SHELLS

CONVENIENCE FOOD RECIPE

To Prepare: 30 MIN. To Bake: 10-12 MIN.

Pastry for 2-crust pie (your favorite recipe or a prepared mix, rolled 1/16 in. thick and cut in 36 2½-in. rounds).

1. A muffin pan having 2¼ x 1½-in. wells will be needed.

2. In each well, place one round. Fit 5 rounds around inside of well, overlapping edges. Press overlapping edges together. Prick bottom and sides well with fork. Fill any empty muffin-pan wells half full with water.

3. Bake at 450°F 10 to 12 min., or until golden brown. Cool on cooling rack. Carefully remove from pans. *Six 2½-in. tarts*

Note: For twelve tarts, double recipe.

BEEF KABOBS WITH PEACHES

To Prepare: 35 MIN.

To Marinate: 2 HRS.

To Broil: 7-10 MIN.

- 1½ lbs. boneless sirloin steak, cut in 1½-in. cubes
 - 1 No. 2½ can peach halves, drained (reserve ½ cup syrup)
 - ¼ cup salad oil
 - ¼ cup soy sauce
 - 2 tablespoons lemon juice
 - 2 tablespoons instant minced onion or ¼ cup finely chopped onion
 - 1 teaspoon salt
 - ½ teaspoon ground ginger
 - Few grains black pepper
 - 1 clove garlic, crushed
 - 12 cooked small whole onions
 - 2 green peppers, cut in 2-in. squares
1. Six 8-in. skewers will be needed.
2. Mix together in a large shallow bowl the ½ cup peach syrup and all ingredients except onions and green pepper. Add steak

cubes; turn until pieces are coated. Set in refrigerator for at least 2 hrs., turning pieces several times.

3. Remove meat from marinade with slotted spoon and drain. Arrange meat pieces on the skewers alternately with onions and green pepper. Put kabob pieces close together for rare meat, separate them slightly for well-done meat.

4. Arrange kabobs on broiler rack, brush with marinade, and put in broiler with tops of kabobs about 3 in. from source of heat. Broil 7 to 10 min., turning kabobs several times and brushing frequently with reserved marinade.

5. Test for doneness by cutting a slit in meat, and noting internal color of meat. During last 3 min. of cooking, put a peach half on the end of each skewer, brush with marinade, and finish broiling.

6 servings

SPICY RAISIN RICE

GOOD FOR FREEZING

To Prepare and Cook: 15 MIN.

- ¼ cup butter or margarine
- 1 clove garlic (thin, papery outer skin removed), crushed in a garlic press or minced
- 1½ cups packaged precooked rice
- 2½ cups quick chicken broth (3 thickened bouillon cubes dissolved in 2½ cups hot water)
- ¼ cup instant minced onion, or 2 medium-sized onions, finely chopped
- 1 cup dark or golden seedless raisins
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- ½ teaspoon paprika
- ¼ teaspoon ground ginger
- ¼ teaspoon ground cinnamon
- ¼ teaspoon ground allspice

1. Melt butter in a heavy skillet having a cover. Stir in garlic and rice; cook over low heat until golden, stirring frequently.

2. Meanwhile, add the minced onion and

CONVENIENCE FOOD RECIPE

raisins to the hot chicken broth; cover and set aside for 5 min.

3. Add a mixture of salt, paprika, ginger, cinnamon, and allspice to rice.

4. Pour chicken broth mixture over rice; stir well to blend. Cover skillet and bring mixture to boiling. Remove from heat immediately and let stand, covered, for 5 min. Transfer mixture to a warm serving dish. If rice is not to be served immediately, cover it and set in a warm oven until serving time. *About 6 servings*

SPICY RAISIN RICE WITH MUSHROOMS

Follow recipe for Spicy Raisin Rice. Clean and slice through stems and caps of ½ lb. mushrooms. Heat ¼ cup butter in skillet. Add mushrooms and cook until lightly browned. Remove from heat and set aside to keep warm while preparing rice mixture. Gently blend in mushrooms before serving.

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KRAFT DELUXE MARGARINE

SOMETHING FRESH IN THE AIR

Ever Hear of Pomander Balls? Fussie Musses? Burning Bush?

They're Perfumes for the House.

Made of Cloves and Orange, Verbena and Lavender.

"Sweet perfumes work immediately upon the spirits for their refreshing," herbalist Ralph Austin observed in 1653. He might have gone on to say that sweet perfumes can work on houses too for their refreshing, especially now in the dead of winter when rooms, like their inhabitants, need a pick-me-up.

The best perfumes for the house are homemade, of garden herbs and the simplest materials. The fragrance of natural materials is subtle, and in perfuming a house, subtlety is indicated. A "sultry" atmosphere may be alluring on the person; but it is too much for one hundred and thirty square feet of living space. Another advantage of the herb fragrances is that they stay fresh till they disappear; they never are stale.

Cloves and oranges are two of the simple natural materials that are wonderfully effective for refreshing the spirits of the house. By themselves neither are particularly impressive, but combined they turn into pomander balls and give off a sweet enticing air that enlivens a room like a bunch of fresh flowers. An expert gardener and housewife give this recipe for pomander balls, with comment:

Use A Firm Orange

"You start with a firm orange—preferably a Valencia orange—and a quarter of a pound of good cloves. I like to buy the cloves loose so I can be sure they have the heads on the stems. In addition you need a skewer or any sharp-pointed instrument—an ice pick does nicely—and I

also believe in buying an ounce or two of powdered orris or calamus root at the drugstore and an ounce of some essential oil. This is not strictly necessary, but it adds a flourish as the oils are the true essences of aromatic plant materials. Oil of cloves will do, and oil of orange or oil of lemon is even better. Get the best quality or none at all. You only use a few drops so you can afford to be extravagant. Now . . . pour your orrisroot into some shallow container like a box top or a tray, and pour the cloves out into another where they will be easy to pick up. Rub your orange lightly with the essential oil and roll it in the powdered orrisroot (this acts as a fixative to hold and blend the fragrance). The orange is now ready to be



What is it that smells so good? Valencia orange, spiced with oil of orange, rolled in orrisroot and studded with cloves.

spiced and made into a pomander ball. Make a hole in it with your skewer, sink a clove deep in the hole, so only the little starry head shows on the surface, and continue till the orange is studded with cloves. It is like cloving a ham before you bake it, but when you have finished cloving an orange for a pomander ball the surface should be solid with cloves."

At this point some people put the pomander away to dry for a couple of weeks in a brown paper bag, but it can be put out in the air immediately. The spicy cloves draw out the cool sweetness of the orange; when you walk into a room where there is a bowl of pomanders there is a "top note," as the perfumers say, of surprise and delight.

"Sometimes people come in and say, 'What is it that smells so good?'" says the pomander-maker quoted above. "And there are others who don't consciously notice the fragrance, but they will have an extra sense of well-being anyway, because there is an extra pleasantness in the air."

A Generous Bowlful

"Pomanders are much more effective if you make a generous bowlful, about a dozen of them. They seem to reinforce each other. I have had one big bowl on a side table in my hall

for five years now and they're still delicious. And they're decorative too—clove-brown oranges, arranged with shiny green-brown magnolia leaves around them. As they dry they get hard as rocks, but they're still fragrant.

"It takes about an hour to make one. I like to do them in the evening by the fire, and if it is snowing outside the window, so much the better, while the air in the room becomes faintly spiced."

Potpourri To Order

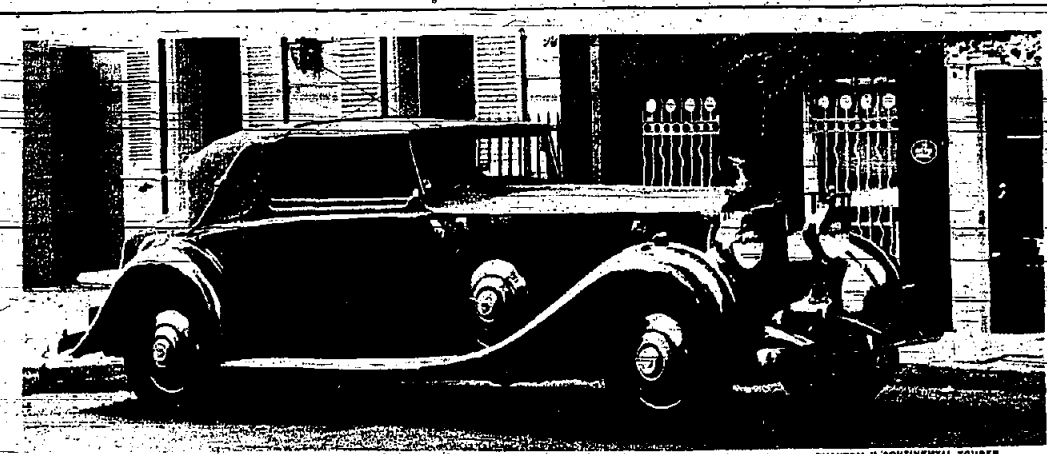
Best known of the herb perfumes for the house is potpourri, also best when it is homemade of the simple materials. Once it was necessary to have a flourishing garden to get these fragrances and the charm they bring with them into the house. You needed well-grown roses and a bed of sweet herbs, and the roses had to be picked the first thing in the morning and dried on screens in a sunny attic (who has one?), and it was a long painstaking process before you could lift the top from a jar of potpourri for a happy reminder of last summer's roses.

"But these so many other operations, making potpourri is easier now than it used to be. If you haven't the garden and the attic and the technique for drying

Continued on page 31

DRAWING BY HENRY MARTIN

18 Suburbia Today, January 1959



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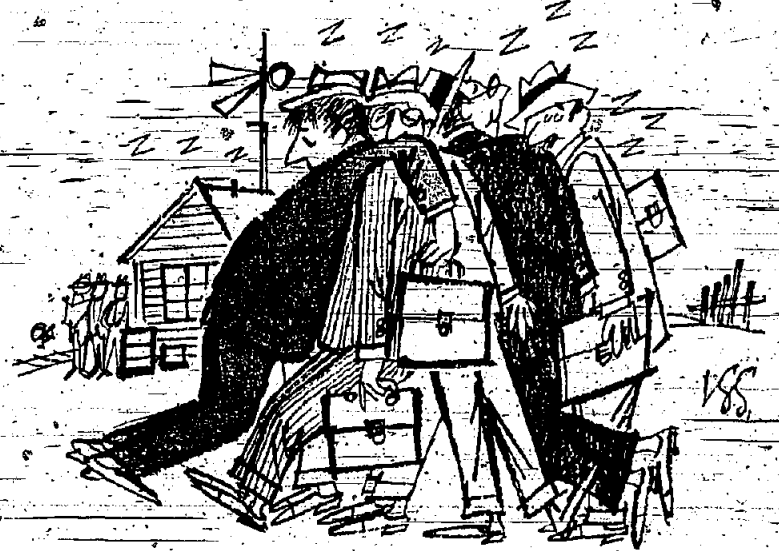


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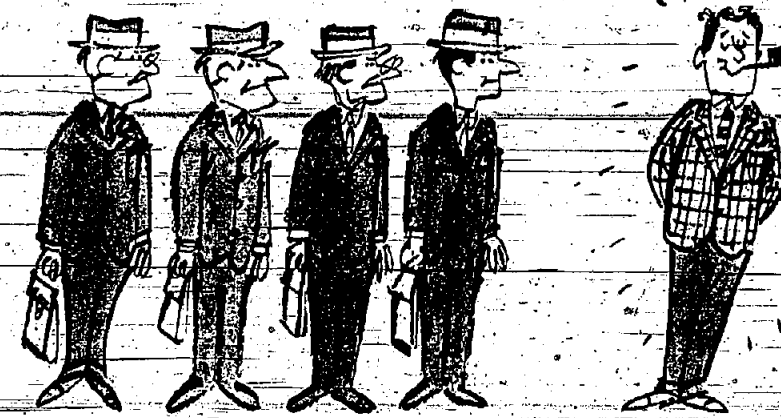
by Lew Sayre Schwartz

The HAZARDS of COMMUTING

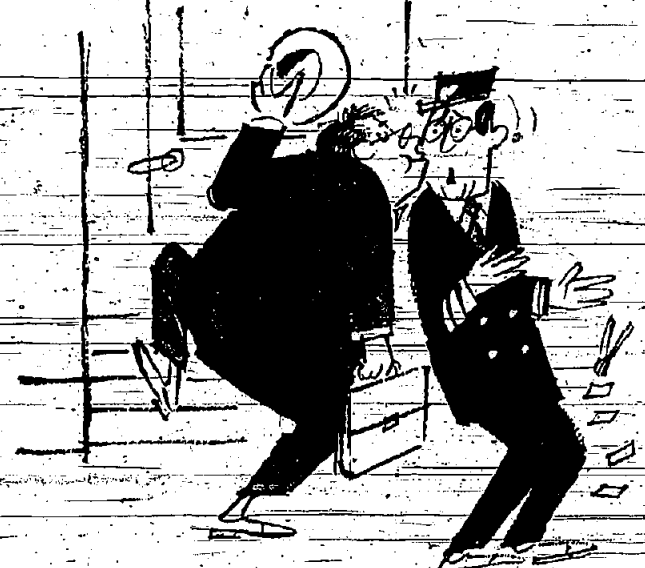
A keen but sympathetic look at the life of the men who take the train each day to the Big City, by a fellow commuter who for ten years has been catching the Early Train from his own suburban town.



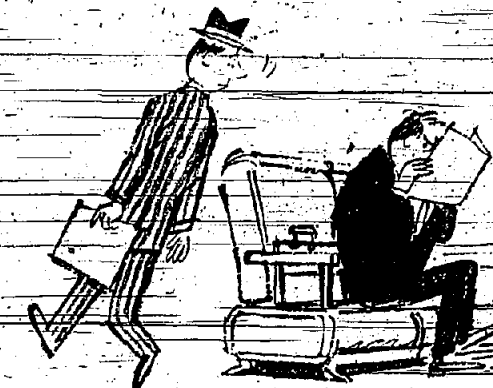
The Early Train



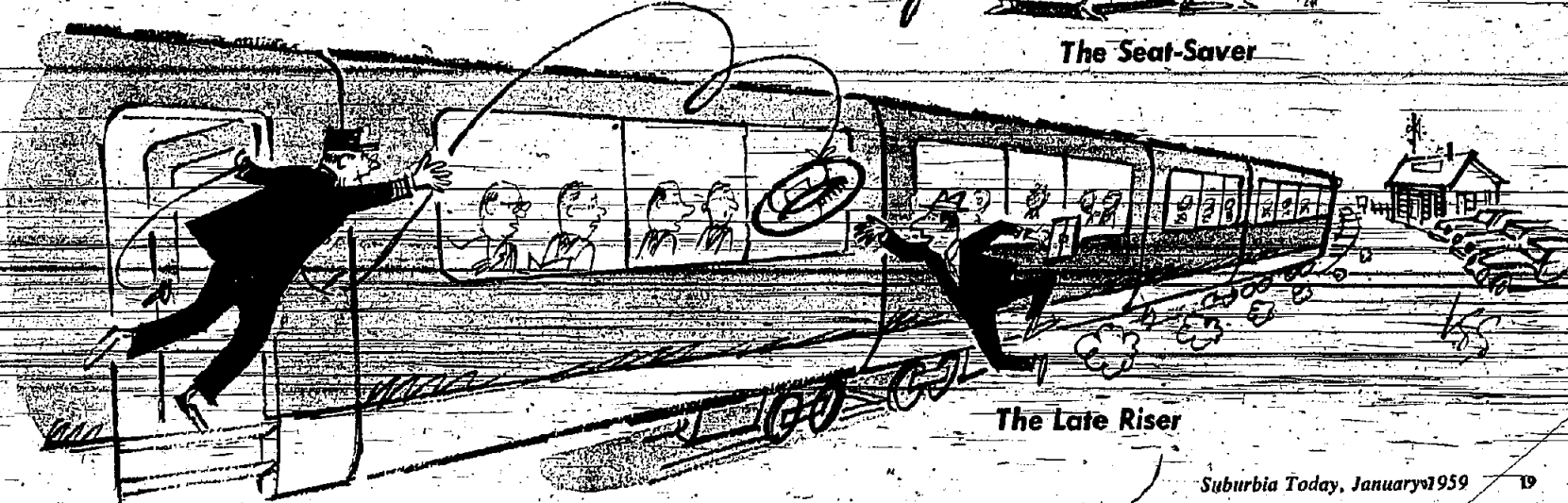
The Non-Commuter



The Absent-Minded Commuter

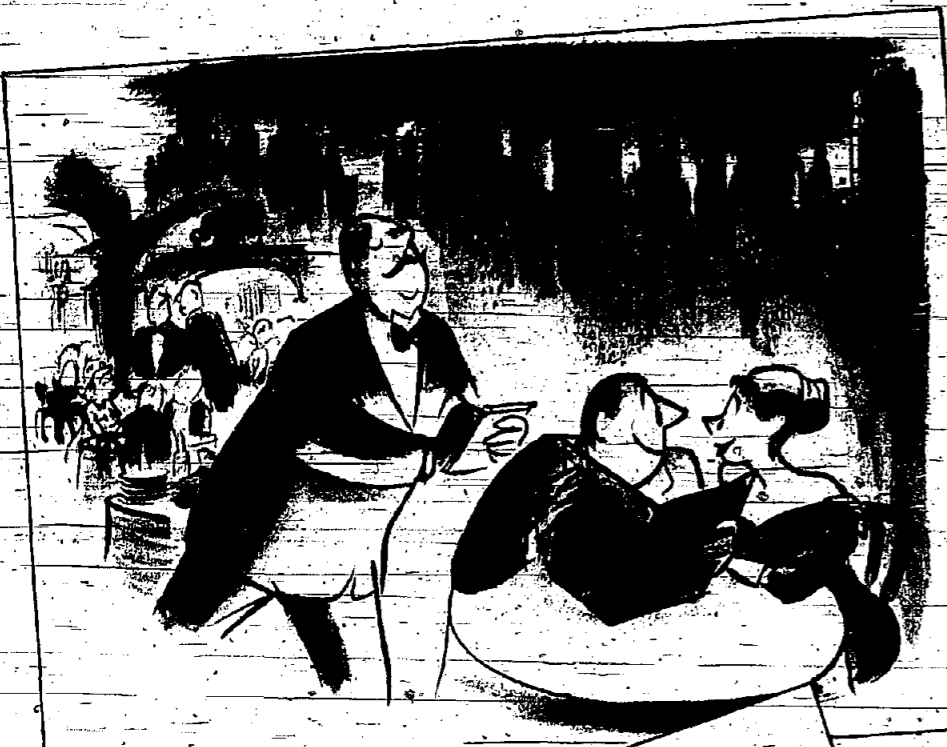


The Seat-Saver



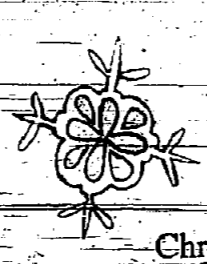
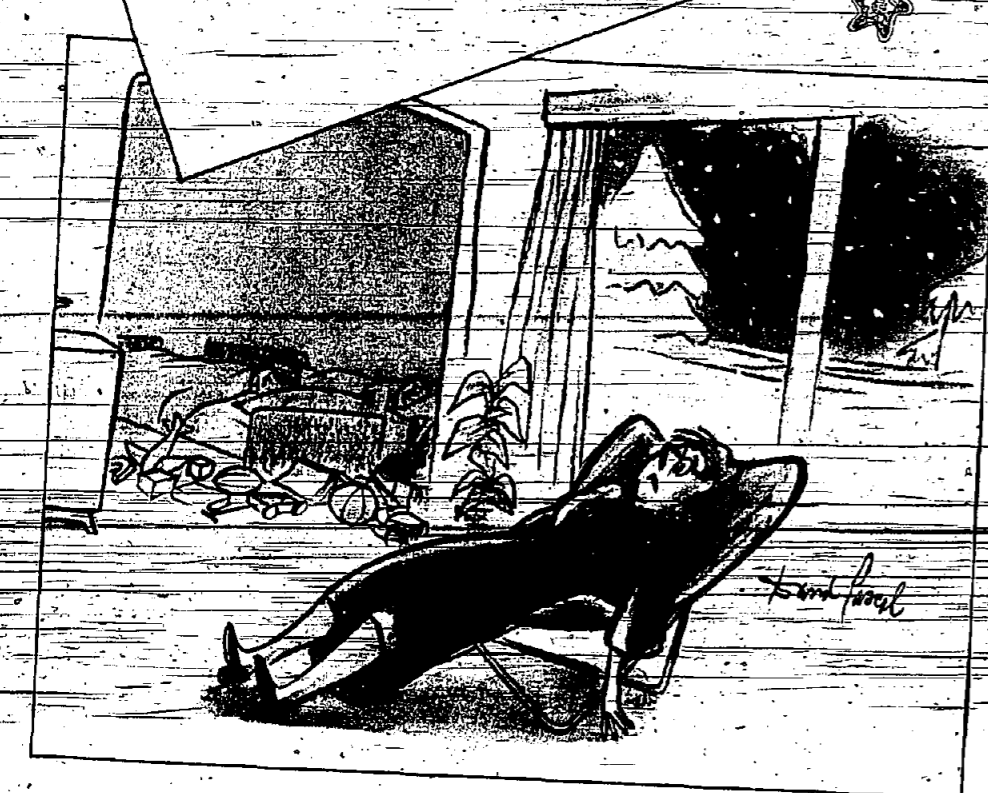
The Late Riser

Suburbia Today, January 1959 19



Winter Holiday 25 Miles From Home

BY EILEEN SHAW



Christmas Was Over... Highland Park Was Dark and Chilly... They Needed to Remove, Relax, Revive... And They Did, 25 Miles From Home

WE have a fine life in Highland Park, twenty-five miles north of Chicago's Loop. Our favorite sons are eight and ten. We enjoy being with our children, and gardening and reading and listening over and over again to Muench and Mitropoulos, and also to Pat Boone, on our Hi-Fi. We take our turn with the local library board and the scouts and the Community Chest, and over the week-ends we often go out to dinner or have people in. We are both miserable bridge players, but otherwise mellowed suburbanites. We manage to keep busy, as they say, and that's the way we like it. But sometimes Bart, my commuter husband, and I need a change of pace. We have noticed, about the time when winter settles down in earnest, how the day-to-day sameness, the perpetual whirligigs begin to get wearing. For many years we rode out our slump, rather grimly, but this year I'm looking forward to it. We know what to do now.

It all started one Monday night last January. Sleet was rattling on the windows, six pairs of galoshes and four-paws had tracked little pools of ice water onto the newly waxed hall floor, and Bart had come home—in pitch-darkness, of course—looking, I can only say, seedy. Seedy, but to my surprise he sounded cheerful. "I made a plan, coming out tonight," he said. "We're going to have a holiday—right away—and it's going to be first-class, de luxe, all the way. A bit of France, England, music, theater, the best hotels—"

"Bart," I broke in, "you can't be thinking of Europe at a time like this."

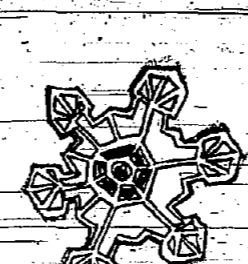
"Not quite Europe, but you know," he said. "I think it will be almost better. Not so much effort, and we can be as extravagant as we like without going broke. I'm thinking of 'doing' Chicago. A week-end in the city—three whole days, and doing anything and everything we want to. Sleeping late and being lazy. And I think Ed and Alice ought to come with us—you remember what good travellers they are."

And with that he was on the telephone talking to the friends we had gone to Mexico with the summer before. Listening from my end I could hear the plans unfolding:

"I'll ask Miss Cole to reserve our suites tomorrow. Two of them, yes. We won't do anything by halves this trip. . . . And you'll tend to the theater tickets, O.K.?" . . . The girls can bring the luggage in when they come to the symphony on Friday, and they can arrange for the social life. Maybe we can promote John and Sally for lunch on Sunday. . . . What made me think of it? The instinct of self-preservation!"

All week the plans grew and grew. We got out evening clothes and our best street clothes for daytime sight-seeing. We arranged a small party at the hotel in our own honor for Saturday afternoon, and John and Sally, once alerted, requested the pleasure of our company for Sunday lunch. The suites were reserved, and Ed got the tickets for Saturday night.

Friday finally came. In the morning I packed the children's things and drove them out to their grandmother's, and because she is a very unusual woman, she also took Rover, our stout spaniel who never stirs



ILLUSTRATED BY DAVID PASCAL

if he can help it. Promptly at quarter to twelve, Alice and I locked our front doors behind us, and drove off in the station wagon comfortably loaded with both families' best luggage. It was a beautiful day, especially as we got off our own quiet, snowy roads and into the sweep of traffic along Lake Shore Drive. We pulled up at the best hotel, turned car and luggage over to a doorman in plum-colored livery, and went to meet Sally and another city friend at Riccardo's, which is a rather arty version of the European indoor-outdoor cafe. In true Italian style we took two hours over vermouth and antipasto and hot cheese pie, and then we went on to Orchestra Hall to hear the famous French pianists, Robert and Gaby Casadesu in a program of Ravel and Poulenc. Afterward, still swept by the cascading final chords of the "Concerto for the Left Hand" we strolled back through the glittering, amethyst twilight to the hotel. As luck would have it, we got there just as our husbands came in, bearing sentimental orchids for each of us. At seven-thirty there was a champagne send-off in the Shaw suite, and bathed, napped, dressed to the nines and befloored, we stepped out on our husbands' arms like a pair of honeymoon queens to the Empire Room at the Palmer House. There, *la gloire de France* blazes in cuisine, décor and elegant service. Edith Piaf yelled out her wonderful songs of the Paris streets, and by the time we got to the coffee and brandy we were in a collective struggle to wrest our own French out of cold storage. Vocabularies were weak, but accents were, as the French themselves say, "all there is of more," and we couldn't have felt better in Paris.

Saturday we slept late, undisturbed by the tramp of tiny feet, but on waking we felt we had been away a long time and after breakfast—rolled into the sitting room on a table covered in white damask—we put in a thirty-cent "long distance" call to Grandma. We spoke to her and the boys—like all stay-at-homes they inquired politely but perfunctorily about our adventures and then went into lengthy detail about their own affairs.

On a trip, time expands deliciously. Our party separated for the afternoon, and Bart and I wandered about window-

shopping. We picked up some Swedish hand-woven towels for Grandma, two dynamo flashlights for the boys, and a small green turtle to keep Rover company and were back at the hotel in time for early tea and hot-buttered scones in our sitting room, white outside the snow started swirling onto the windowpanes.

Our reception for ourselves was a brilliant affair, and as the door closed after the last rare-treat guest, "the staff" appeared to clear up the ash trays and smoked salmon and we proceeded tranquilly to our stage-side box at the Schubert. We were in our seats to hear the orchestra strike up the overture for the most glowing musical ever, "My Fair Lady," and how we rejoiced in Henry Higgins, before his gramophone, and Eliza Doolittle at Ascot. We went out whistling "The Street Where You Live" and proceeded to the Pump Room at the Ambassador East for late dinner and dancing. The place is patterned after the famous restaurant of the same name in Bath, England; you find yourself in a warm, white-satin ballroom where a dance orchestra plays alluringly and scarlet-coated young men in knee breeches wield flaming skewers of fragrant, black, roasting meat. Indeed, we could have danced all night.

I could go on and on about our winter holiday but no trip can last forever. We went to church Sunday morning and walked along in the peaceful noontime crowd to Sally's luncheon party. Good food, good company and relaxation—it was a lovely party. I still remember the anemones and yellow freesias she had in the hall to greet us. In the afternoon we headed for the Art Institute where we concentrated on a new collection, the early Van Gogh brush drawings of Holland.

By four thirty we had started for home. Pulling up at Grandma's we found one snowman, one snow fort and one snow rabbit on the front lawn, and everybody doing much better than might have been expected.

"I feel as if I had been gone three weeks," Bart said that night.

For my part, as I said before, I am looking forward to this winter's slump, and another holiday, de luxe, twenty-five miles from home.



Bright Lights and Dance Music

Orchids and Chefs' Masterpieces

The City Was Wonderful for

a Wonderful Week-end



♥ Kitchen With A Heart ♥

By James McConaughy

Our "Operation Functional" began one night when my wife found me banging cupboard doors in the kitchen and muttering imprecations on the habits of our absent cook, Carrie. Carrie is a wonderful person, but not terribly systematic, to put it kindly.

"No wonder I can never find anything here. There are 16 cupboard doors and 10 drawers for things to be hidden in and behind!"

"You have to put things someplace," she pointed out mildly.

"But you don't have to make a guessing game of it. This kitchen is so unfunctional it had to be designed by an architect who never cooked!"

My wife and I are writers and newspaper publishers, and I'm the cook in the family simply because I like cooking and she doesn't. Naturally, I'm only a part-time cook, on Carrie's nights out and on special occasions.

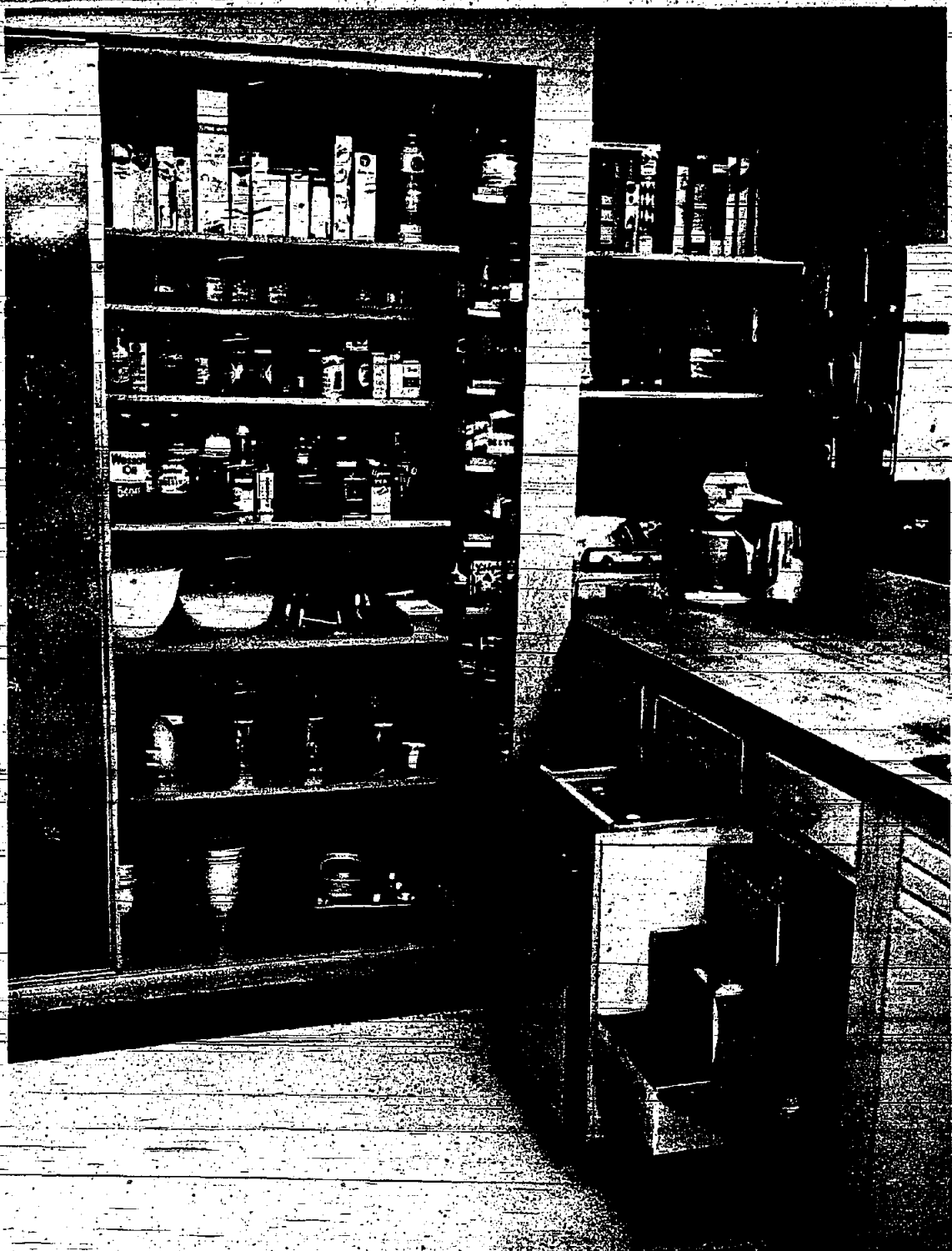
The house was not old, and its kitchen was a standard, 1938 model, by which I mean it had the usual appliances, linoleum-covered counters with cupboards above and below, and a butler's pantry. The refrigerator was in its own alcove, the stove across a doorway from it, and the sink on the opposite side. The table and chairs in the middle of the room had to be skirted on every trip from sink to stove, or refrigerator to sink.

As I looked at it that night, it was an exasperating kitchen.

"Not everybody I realized had the problem of re-orienting themselves in their own kitchens every Thursday and Sunday night. But a valid point seemed to be 'wouldn't a 'Carrie-proof' kitchen (as I was beginning to think of it) be a better and more functional kitchen, regardless of whether it was owner-operated part-time or full time?"

Before anything could be done about the kitchen, the first problem was to determine what was unfunctional about it.

The list was fairly easy to draw up. It included al-



PHOTOGRAPHS BY PAUL HESTON

most everything. The refrigerator, stove and sink were absurdly placed for efficiency, but it would be a simple matter to bring them into better relationship with each other.

That left the rest of the kitchen to deal with. Here, the problem seemed to be that nothing had been engineered to the primary function of a kitchen, which is to provide for the preparation of food.

The storage area was simply so many feet of shelving, above and below counters, stretching around the room. This space was supposed to accommodate such diverse objects as a sack of potatoes, a waffle iron and a box of raisins.

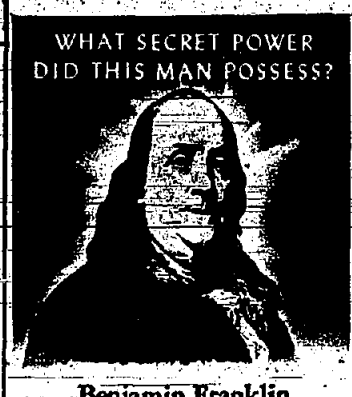
The shelves under the counter, being as deep as the counter, were nothing but a gross misuse of space. How is it in your kitchen? Do you have to stoop, squat and squint to discover what's behind the soup pot in the dark corner on the bottom shelf?

Continued on next page

Here is the heart of the kitchen with staples and pots and pans and utensils and work area in one compact unit of space. Note appliances, bright in their corner, ready to use.



The new storage cupboard runs the full width of the room. Doors are fibre-glass panels made to slide on nylon rollers. Inside lights suffuse the surface with a soft glow.



Benjamin Franklin (A Rosicrucian)

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Continued from preceding page

Why, then, should a kitchen be cursed with inconvenient, under-the-counter cupboards? Why, for that matter, cupboards above the counter? Their projecting edges were no problem if you were making a peanut-butter sandwich, but, sure, at least, always got-in-my-way when I was using one of the taller appliances, such as a food blender or the mixer with the meat grinding attachment.

Looking for new ideas, I went through—immense—model homes, scores of magazines, and a paperback book of the '400 best kitchens of the year. Most of the kitchens were beautiful, some even spectacular. But except in minor details, all of them were essentially 1938 models. By that I mean while tremendous strides had been made in beautifying kitchens over the past 20 years, the engineering of kitchens had progressed very little, to my way of thinking.

Use and Beauty

It was apparent that most people were attracted more to a beautiful kitchen than a functional one.

This is understandable. With the accent on "family living" these days, many new homes attempt to bring the kitchen area into the living area, and an eye-pleasing kitchen is therefore of prime importance. But were beauty and functionality mutually exclusive?

About this time, a basic functional design was beginning to take shape in my mind, suggested by the elimination of cupboards "above" and "below" work surfaces.

Why not use one entire wall for a floor-to-ceiling storage cabinet, with full-length doors, so that all shelves were instantly visible?

That would leave the adjoining wall for an unimpeded, straight-line work-flow surface that would include the sink and extend to the stove. By unimpeded I meant nothing above it and nothing on it, such as canisters, breadboxes, gadgets and the like.

Into the storage wall would go all kitchen—china, mixing bowls, salad bowls, utensils, all canned goods, and all dry, or "cupboard" foods.

Appliance Center

There was one other feature that I deemed essential to a genuinely efficient kitchen; an appliance center where the most frequently used mechanical aids always stood ready to plug in and use. Why should they be brought out from some hidden nook each time they were needed and then have to be put away again?

By casual shopping, I found a kitchen designer I knew I could work with, and explained what I had in mind. The designer, Phillip Robinson, was not only a cook himself, but a man with imagination and vision.

Over many lunches, we tossed ideas back and forth. The shelves in the storage wall, for instance, would have to be adjustable, and of varying depths, so as to minimize the storing of things behind things. The under-the-counter area could be utilized by pull-out bins for flour and sugar, pull-out stainless baskets for apples, potatoes and onions, and a lined breadbox drawer. All of these are standard cabinet units, supplied in many lifetime finishes.

Work-Flow Line

The storage wall would end at the counter, and in this corner would go the appliance center, with a shelf above for the little used appliances, and a shelf above that could be used for cookbooks.

The work-flow line was now shaping up so that the cook, standing at the juncture of the storage wall, and the counter, would have within reach, without moving a step, all major appliances, all non-refrigerated foods, and all utensils except skillets. (These would go in the wide, deep drawer of the electric range.)

We next took up the all-important problems of materials. There were some wonderful new ones since 1938 in the plastics and vinyl fields, and they all deserved a careful appraisal.

For the two surfaces which offered the widest range of choice—the storage wall doors and the work-top—we chose one new material and one old one.

Working Surfaces

I do not happen to like plastic for working surfaces. Plastic is fine for table tops, serving areas and so forth, but not for chopping vegetables, trimming meat or even shaping hamburger patties. Edge-grain maple, to my mind, is more versatile, therefore more functional. But it, too, has its limitations: It is not an ideal surface for receiving hot pans and skillets. Since our counter top was to be one continuous slab of laminated maple, this problem was solved by laying a sheet of stainless steel at the stove end. The maple counter, incidentally, eliminates the need for two accessories: the chopping block and the breadboard.

For the storage wall doors, we chose fibre-glass panels set in gold-anodized aluminum frames (to match the gold-toned maple leaves embedded in the plastic). Sliding on nylon rollers, these were lightweight, maintenance-free, and—usually—attractive. Robbie added a nice touch by lighting them from within, so that a soft glow diffuses this wall of the room at night.

About the time our plans were complete, Robbie went to Pittsburgh to attend a two-week seminar on kitchen design sponsored by Westinghouse. He threw the plan into the discus-



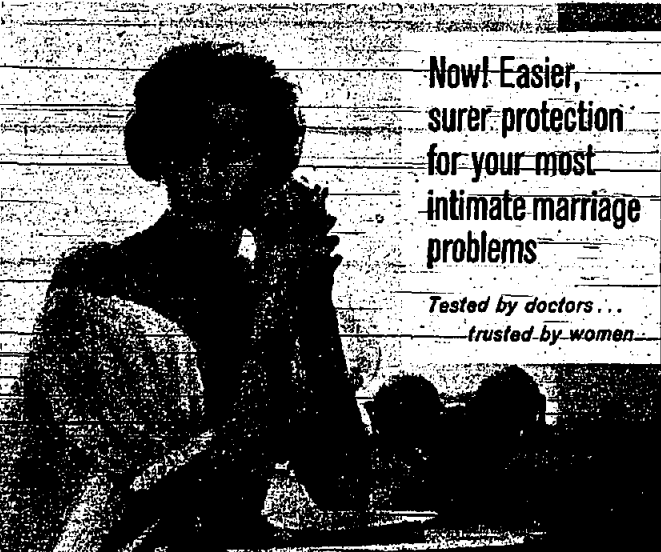
The author, with Carrie, in his "kitchen with a heart." Besides cooking, he and his wife publish the weekly Kettering-Oakwood Times for the south of Dayton area.

tion hopper. The result was enthusiastic approval, and the prediction that this would be the trend of future kitchen engineering.

A couple of weeks after it was finished and in operation I asked Carrie what she thought of the "Carrie-proof" kitchen. "It's the best kitchen I ever worked in," she said in an awed voice.

It isn't the perfect kitchen, and it is not spectacularly beautiful, as kitchens are measured these days. But it works!

And is there anything wrong with a kitchen looking like what it honestly is, a place to prepare food?



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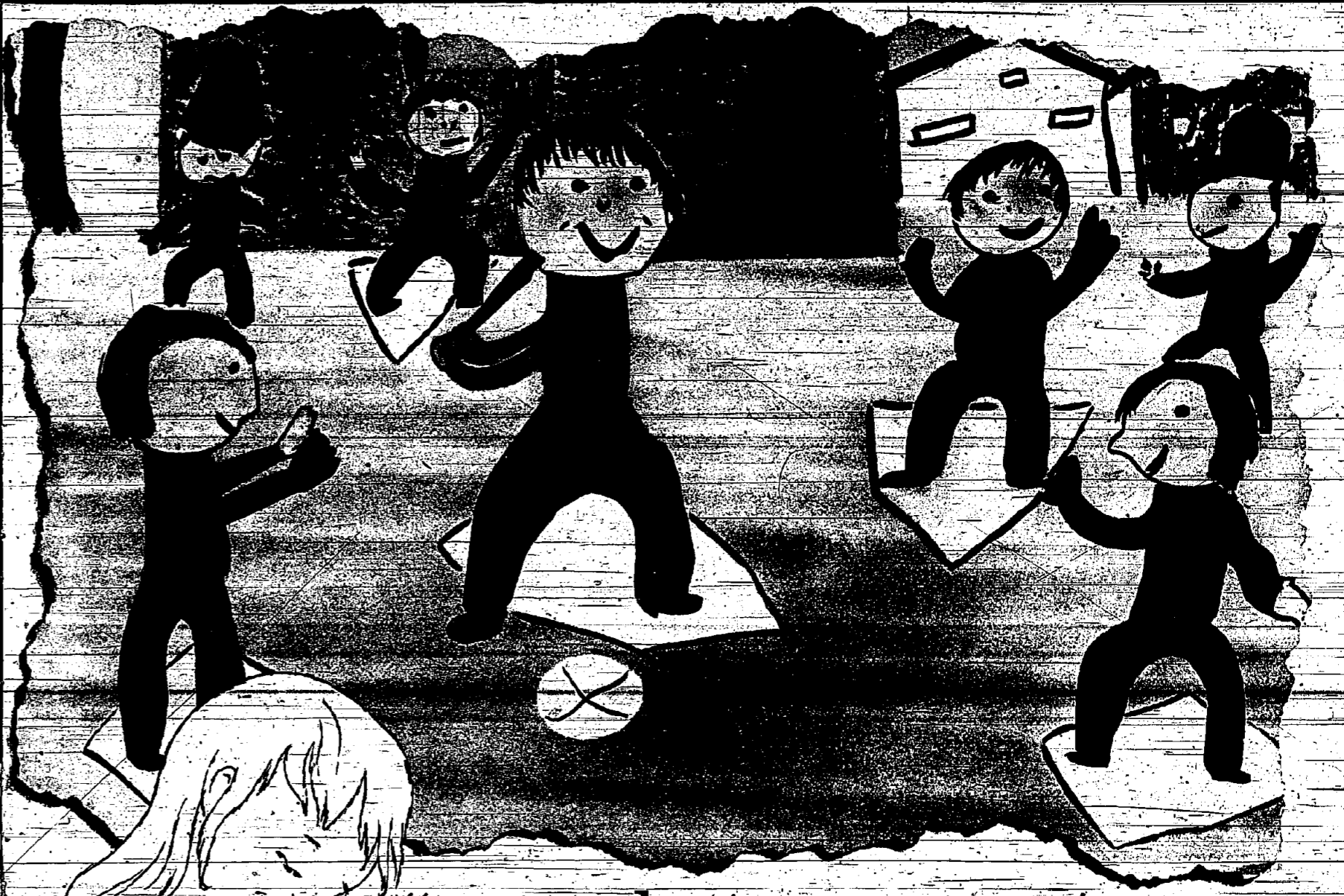


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A New Approach to Children and Their Art
and Five Unusual Views of Everyday-Suburbia



ART is for everybody—not just the experts. And especially art is for children. These are the conclusions of Dr. Charles D. Gaitskell who has taught art for 25 years and watched generations of children wriggling with excitement and breathing hard as they discovered the magic they could make with a sheet of white paper and a box of colored chalk.

In his new book, "Children and Their Art" (Harcourt, Brace and Co.), Dr. Gaitskell has written a practical and imaginative guide for parents and teachers on modern methods of introducing children to art. Whether the children are gifted or not, he says, they enjoy the experience of working with shape and line and color, and they benefit.

"The little child goes about his work in art with a fine free abandon. He tries anything once, often regardless of consequences. To him, practically every experience in art is a new one and he revels in the excitement of working on unfamiliar ground."

He needs guidance in the beginning, as he starts to use his material, but not the old rigid guidance that taught that there was one way, and one way only, to see and draw a cat.

"Today," says Dr. Gaitskell, "the ideals of art education have become almost identical with those of democracy itself, to the extent that each is founded on belief in freedom of thought."

Today, instead of setting up adult choices for children to copy, teachers encourage them to work from life, from their own interest and experience. And here taste begins, as children learn what it means to get an idea on paper, or bring it out of clay. Art experience, Dr. Gaitskell believes, is also one means of developing a good citizen. Why? The whole personality is engaged, he points out, for child or adult, when an idea is expressed by means of art.

"Any activity which engages the individual so deeply may exert a broad and lasting in-

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SHULTON
Fine Chemicals Division



"not what you see,
but what is!"

Continued from page 25



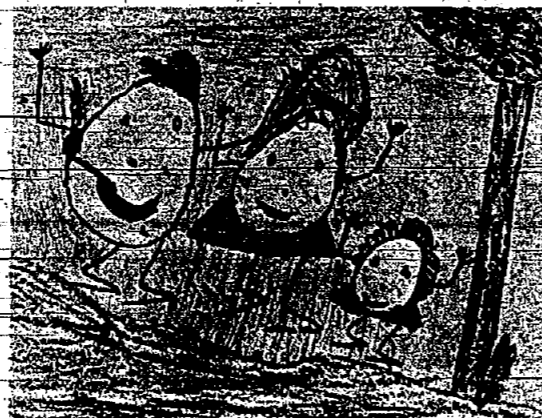
fluence on the whole personality."

The children's paintings shown here reflect the new approach. Their themes are taken straight from five and ten years of busy life—Playing Ball, The Family Pet, Ma and Pa and Susy Under Their Own Tree (and never mind if those three haven't any torsos—they have everything else).

When children are allowed to work their own way, Dr. Gaitskell observes, they often discover devices that resemble the techniques of well-known painters. The flat painting of children, for instance, finds its sophisticated echo in modern painters like Braque who have developed a style of their own by keeping their surfaces flat. Very often children draw a series of legs to show someone is running

fast, using a "space-time" formula that can also be found in the work of cubist they have never heard of. And their sense of tone values has given conviction to many a scene where the sky is purple and the house is orange, to the admiration of older painters.

"Not what you see, but what IS," one critic remarked, as he got the full impact of these works: No, not what you see—no perspective, no light and



shade, not a quail for anatomy; but without these tools Dr. Gaitskell's artists manage to show us clearly what IS—what fun it is to play ball, how important a wise, old family cat is, the inspiration there is in a free, familiar neighborhood for a painter of seven and a half.

The paintings reproduced on these pages are titled, "Playing Ball," "The Tom Cat," "Frees at Christmas," "The Family," and "My New Skating Duffer." The "Tom Cat" and "The Family" come from Picture and Pattern-Making by Children by R. R. Tomlinson; The Studio Publications, London and New York. The others are from Children and Their Art.



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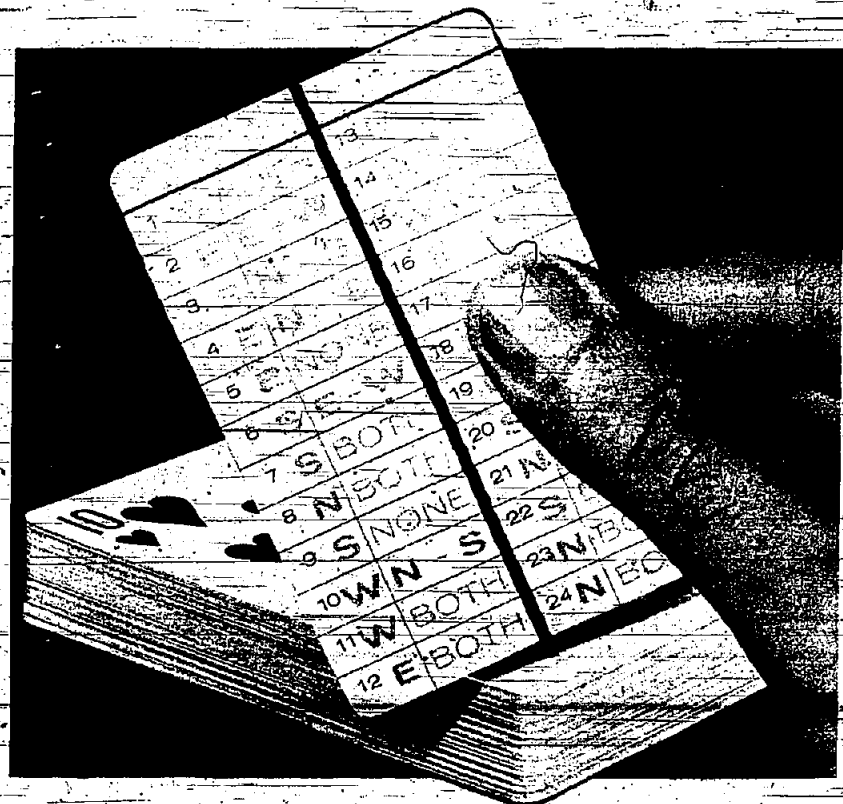
Amazing Bridge Invention!

Charles H. Goren

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now introduces his revolutionary new way to improve your bridge game—automatically!

How would you like to be the best bridge player in your circle of friends... a sought-after partner... the authority others turn to when they need advice? It's easier than you think, with the help of this remarkable new invention—called GOREN'S NEW WAY TO BETTER BRIDGE. It's the greatest innovation in Contract Bridge since its inventor pioneered Point Count Bidding. As you'll see, it's not a book, not a course, but an entirely new METHOD of learning the finer points of both bidding and playing. And it's guaranteed to help you play more skillfully, more confidently, and with higher scores!



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You play each hand with three friends—just as you ordinarily would (or if you prefer, you may even play "solitaire"). The only difference is that you have a bridge expert—in this case the world's No. 1 expert—"looking over your shoulder." Through the advice in the 108-page manual, he explains strategies and rules, the reasons for various plays and bids. He gives you specific advice about specific bids and plays.

You do NOT bother about learning abstract theories or hard-to-remember rules. By actually bidding and playing each hand—and then having it thoroughly reviewed and explained by Goren—you cannot help absorbing a tremendous amount of expert and practical "know-how." Your game will improve automatically.

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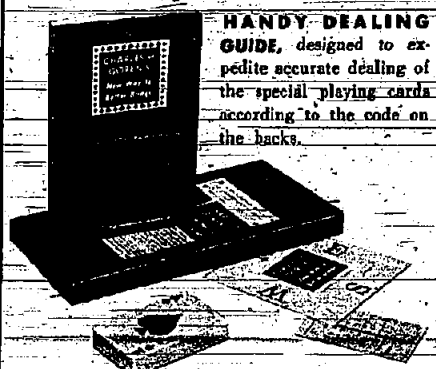
(ONE WARNING THOUGH: Get one fast, before your friends get around to it. It really works, and someone is going to score a sensation at your next bridge session. So clip the coupon now and drop it in the mailbox as soon.)

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Who is the Number One ranking player of the United States (according to the ratings of the American Contract Bridge League)? Only one player in the history of bridge who has won every major U.S. championship. Author of a long-listed, bridge column which appears in 10 newspapers. His recent book, POINT COUNT BIDDING, made contract bridge more scientific and more satisfying for millions of players. Now, with his NEW WAY TO BETTER BRIDGE, he makes it possible for millions more to learn the finer points of Contract Bridge.



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Books

Man's desire to understand himself is the theme of several recent books. Blaine Winter is the central figure in one of these, **THE SECOND CHANCE** by Almet Jenks. He leads a very conventional, successful existence, but is obsessed by the idea that the pattern of his life has been purely accidental. Then he gets a second chance and frees himself of this obsession. Strongly recommended for the serious reader. (Lippincott, \$5.95)

The inmates of a county home for the aged getting ready for their annual fall are the subject of John Updike's first novel, **THE POORHOUSE FAIR**. Marvellous character sketches by a perceptive writer. (Knopf, \$3.50)

DOCTOR ZHIVAGO, the much-publicized Nobel-Prize candidate by Boris Pasternak is a lyrical narrative in the Russian tradition. Dealing with a poetic army doctor in World War I and the Revolution, it probes the capacity of man's mind and spirit to rise above politics and totalitarian government. (Pantheon, \$5)

Marvin L. Kalb's **EASTERN EXPOSURE** recounts his trip to Russia in 1956 during the post-Stalin "thaw." Able to speak the language, Mr. Kalb had wonderful chances to learn the people's political philosophy. Very informative. (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy, \$4.50)

In **MOHAWK MAN AND MYN** Jeanne Modigliani attempts to correct the romantic legends and myths about her father. She presents him as a vigorous, wholesome artist. Remarkable reproductions throughout. (Orion Press, \$7.50)

FROM MUD TO IMMORTALITY is the culmination of 36 years of experience with ceramics by Henry Varnley Poor. Containing complete instructions for the amateur, it also includes useful information for professionals. (Prentice Hall, \$7.50)

WILD TIGERS & TAME FLEAS, written and illustrated by Bill Ballantine, covers animals from pigs to camels, and men who have chosen careers in circus and show business. Recommended for the whole family. (Rinehart, \$5.00)

DOCTOR ON A BICYCLE by George S. King, M.D. is the lively memoir of a general practitioner whose life spans the first half of this century. Damon Runyon-like characters spark the book. (Rinehart, \$3.95)

Among the tops in cartoons: it's **ALL IN THE FAMILY** by Stanley & Janice Berenstein pokes fun at a household run by three small children. Marvelously funny. (Dutton, \$2.95)

P. L. Giovannetti in his **BEWARE OF THE DOG** caricatures "man's best friend" with keen observation and clever captions both in French and English. (Macmillan, \$3.50)

Among the new paperbacks: **THE STRAIGHT AND NARROW PATH** by Honor Tracy depicts life in Ireland among 8000-hundred villagers and a local priest. Compactly told. (Modern Library, 90¢)

THE WOMAN OF ROME by Alberto Moravia. An artist's model has the courage to fight her way out of a sordid life. (Signet, 50¢)

ROMANS by Curtis D. MacDougall. Some of history's well-known frauds and hoaxes are explained and mostly debunked. (Dover, \$1.75)

THE WAPSHOT CHRONICLE by John Cheever—Story of a family whose sons all leave for the big city to become fortune hunters. (Bantam, 50¢)

LAUGHTER IN THE DARK by Vladimir Nabokov—A scheming young girl leads a married man to his doom. Clever ending. (Berkley, 35¢) The author's most recent book is the best-selling **LOLITA**.



Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, shown above holding one of her grandsons, is the subject of three current best-sellers. In her autobiography, **ON MY OWN**, she expresses her views and philosophy with warmth and sincerity. (Harper, \$4) Alfred Steiner's **MRS. R.—THE LIFE OF ELEANOR ROOSEVELT** is filled with vignettes of her lively household. (Putnam, \$4) The third, from which the photo was taken, is a dramatic pictorial life story compiled by Richard Harlow and Ralph G. Martin. **ELEANOR ROOSEVELT: HER LIFE IN PICTURES**. (Duell, Sloan & Pearce, \$4.95)

Records

Van Cliburn's new RCA recording of the **TECHNIKOVSKY CONCERTO NO. 4** continues to be the nation's choice. Also in this vein celebrated Leon Fleischer has recorded the **BRAMMS CONCERTO NO. 1** for Epic. This work exhibits the virtuosity of the young artist combined with the solid musical support of Szell and the Cleveland Orchestra.

Bruno Walter and the New York Philharmonic have at last accomplished the enormous task of recording **MAHLER'S RESURRECTION SYMPHONY**. This gigantic musical and vocal document is treated in a bold, sweeping style yet always with the studied seriousness demanded by the composer. (Columbia)

SHOSTAKOVICH'S SYMPHONY NO. 31 is now accepted by most musicians as an important work. Enough so that Stokowski and his Houston Orchestra have made a cutting with Capitol. This exciting symphonic drama musically describes the battles and courage of the Russian Revolution.

A selection of **FOUR BEETHOVEN OVERTURES**, superbly performed by van Beinum and the London Philharmonic Orchestra is on a new Richmond 198 series. A rich, full-bodied recording.

Brubeck Quartet's exponents of modern jazz were on a good-will tour last year. From their notebook come **JAZZ IMPRESSIONS OF EURASIA**, an improvised work showing that jazz can easily be adapted to anything that takes a beat. (Columbia)

Peggy Lee, darling of the slow and easy set, has a new album, **THINGS ARE SWINGING**. Female counterpart of Sinatra, Peggy is gaining fans hungry for new discs. (Capitol)

THELONIOUS MONK ON ELLINGTON is a jazz classic. The Monk is accompanied by Oscar Pettiford on the bass and Kenny Clark on the drums—which speaks for this sparkling combo. (Riverside)

THE IMMORTAL AL JOHNSON, one of show business' beloved entertainers, returns with previously unissued songs both familiar and new from his Kraft Music program. They are as fresh and vigorous as when first heard over the air. (Decca)

CLAUDE MONTE SINGS THE BLUES—Harry is as usual intimate and compelling. More sophisticated than most blues singers, he also has more polish. (Victor)

In the stampede for the stereo market, all the major companies, as well as the minor ones, are getting into the act. London has recently released several operas which lend themselves beautifully to the 3-D principles. Two G&S: **THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE** and **THE MIKADO** are ably performed by the famous D'Oyly Carte Company. Verdi's **IL TRUFALE** and Puccini's **LA GIOCONDA** are both sung by top casts headed by Del Monaco and Tebaldi. Victor also has released an impressive list. Of interest for the modernist is an excellent recording of **BARTOK'S CONCERTO FOR ORCHESTRA**, conducted by Fritz Reiner. Stereo depth and balance are excellent. The pops world is not neglected either: Columbia has several stereo albums called **NEWPORT 1958** with many top jazz artists, including Duke Ellington, Mahalia Jackson.

Movies

THE INN OF THE SIXTH HAPPINESS casts Ingrid Bergman as a thwarted English servant girl of the 30's determined to get to China. She encounters many stirring adventures—an involvement in the war, a romance with Eurasian officer, (Curt Jurgens), winning the friendship of the Mandarin (Robert Donat) and rescuing a small army of homeless children. Absorbing story, beautifully acted.

THE BUCCANERS is from the story of Jean Lafitte, the famous privateer leader who came to help the Americans in the war of 1812. Charles Boyer, Charlton Heston and Yul Brynner (as Lafitte) together with hundreds of extras make this a thrilling, action-packed film.

AGNIE MARIE is as hilarious as ever with Rosalind Russell duplicating her Broadway success about the madcap adventures of an unpredictable lady and her nephew.

SEPARATE TABLES—An intimate glimpse into the private lives of a group of lonely people gathered in a seaside inn. Excellently acted by Deborah Kerr, David Niven and Rita Hayworth.

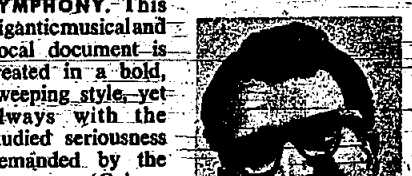
BELL, BOOK AND CANDLE is a charming fantasy about witches and warlocks set against a New England background. Kim Novak and James Stewart contribute much to this entertaining film.

THE HORSE'S MOUTH—Alce Guinness is magnificent as the eccentric, lovable painter Gualty Jimson, who finds huge, blank walls hard to resist. His painting is not appreciated, but undaunted Jimson tackles the walls with paint and brush in the meantime spilling provocative remarks colored with humor.

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BABY PRESENTS

"Scanty Wash" is a hand-washer—a light, smooth, unbreakable plastic bucket fitted with a perforated top which you plunge up and down in luke-warm water to whisk up the suds and lukewarm water to wash up the scanty but continual wash a baby needs—his sweaters and nightgowns and crib sheets and diapers. Pink or blue, 11-qt. size, \$4.95 postpaid. Daily Sales, 3365 Ozark, Houston 21, Texas.

Nursery Decorations: the party with the carrot in his hand. (left) is a cut-out, 20 inches high, which you apply to the nursery wall with wallpaper paste. He is hand-painted in "Tutti-Frutti" color on "Sanitas" fabric; he can be sponged off when necessary. This is one sample from a large collection of hand-painted cutouts. Designs include: Book and Piglet, The Rabbit Family, The Three Kittens and favorite toys like blocks and trains and jacks-in-the-box. An idea of your own can be executed to order. Prices, \$5 for a small group, up to \$18.50 for the largest (Three Pigs and Wolf). Catalogue on request. Dick Nelli, 745 Fifth Avenue, New York 22.

BAKING DISHES

Mexican pottery, handmade and fired to withstand heat in the oven or on top of the stove—you can cook in these shapely dishes and then bring them right onto the table for serving. In brown glazed earthenware, casseroles come in 4", 6", 7", 9" and 11" diameters; priced from \$4 to \$4.50, according to size. Also oval casseroles designed for fish cookery, in a similar range. Express charges collect. Fred Leighton, Inc., 15 E. 8th St., New York 3.

Black Diamond Cheese is a Canadian Cheddar, a cheese for a pie, a cheese to have with fruit instead of dessert, a cheese to serve after a poker game—one of those you are always glad to have round the house. Unusually fine, smooth texture and, unlike some excellent cheddars, very good to cook with. The 5-lb. wheel, \$5. Black Diamond Cheese Ltd., Belleville, Ontario, Canada.

Community Dark Roast Coffee is black as night and has an aroma of Creole romance. It is good to use alone, or mixed with regular roast; those who like their coffee French-style, with hot milk, will enjoy it. Three pounds, \$2.90 postpaid. Community Coffee Co., Lake Charles, La.

BOOK-SAVER

Book-Saver comes in an 8-oz. plastic dispensing bottle and you use it to mend torn pages, set in pages that become loose, and permanently repair tipped bindings; it dries in a short time to a tough transparent film. Full directions come with each bottle. \$1.95 postpaid, from Delkote, Inc., Box 1335, Wilmington, Del. Also Berkeley, California.

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William Payne deals in "Distinctive Builders' Hardware"—doorknobs, drawer pulls, locks and keys, knockers, hinges, and a dozen other kinds of fixtures, mostly in brass. Of special interest—brass switch plates in period and modern styles to cover unsightly outlets for switches and plugs. About \$3. Doorknobs, from baroque to modern, starting at \$4.50 pr. Catalogue on request. Wm. V. Payne, 203 East 60th Street, New York 22, N. Y.

CEDAR HANGERS

gram comes packaged with a box of Eaton's Diamond White paper (20 sheets and 15 informals), a special combination at \$6.75 postpaid. Catalogue on request; showing styles of lettering. Roovers-Lösch Corp., 3611 14th Avenue, Brooklyn 18, New York.

FISH PUDDING

This is a fish pudding made of fresh haddock, butter, sweet milk, potato flour and spices and it comes straight from Norway in its own fluted mold, which is also its can. "Open the mold with the key," the directions say, "and heat can in hot water bath." (This can be done in a roasting pan in the oven or in a deep pan on top of the stove.) When heated, the pudding, which is white and of very fine texture, puffs up like a soufflé, and is then ready to serve with melted butter or white sauce seasoned with capers, lobster, crab meat, shrimps or tomato sauce. Net weight, one pound, thirteen ounces; serves four. \$1.35, plus postage. For orders under \$5 add 30¢ handling charge. Scandinavian Delicatessen, 1028 Third Avenue, New York 21, N. Y.

WEDDING PRESENTS

Two modern trays from Sweden. First, a rectangular tray in highly polished birch plywood is heat and alcohol resistant, and may be used as a tray (usually without a cloth because the wood is so handsome) and also as a serving platter. 23 1/2" x 17", \$6.50 plus postage. Second, a series of round wooden trays, also heat and alcohol resistant, in brilliant red, very gay. 8" diameter, \$2.25; 13 1/2" diameter, \$3.75; 17" diameter, \$6.25; plus postage. Bonnier's, 605 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.

DOG-DUSTER

For drying dogs just out of the rain, for cleaning coat and skin, for deodorizing and relieving itching—the Dog Duster is a chemically treated cloth designed to do a quick clean-up job on long or short coated dogs. Size 15" x 17", 59¢ plus postage, or 6 for \$3.59. Doctor's Pet Products, Inc., 114th and Arch Streets, Philadelphia 7, Penn.

EMBOSSER FOR PAPER

The British for years have followed the elegant practice of using an embosser to stamp their address on their writing paper in letters raised in the sheet-like Braille. Now an American company which makes embossers for Notary Publics has also developed them for personal stationery. You can get your address in block letters, or your monogram, plain or fancy, or your name and address for special purposes such as stamping books or photographic prints. An embosser for an address in three lines costs \$4.85 postpaid and is good for 50,000 impressions. (Maximum is 24 characters per line, including spaces and punctuation.) The embosser, with your mono-

GADGETS

LumiCare is a polish to wipe on anything aluminum—trays, pots, windows, furniture. Wipe it off—and your aluminum shines as if it had been scoured and buffed. LumiCare cleans, polishes and helps prevent corrosion. At hardware, paint and garden supply stores, or direct. By the tube—3/4 pound size, 89¢; 1/2 lb., \$1.50. No. C.O.D. Northbrook Products, 230 East Ohio Street, Chicago, Illinois.

HARDWARE

William Payne deals in "Distinctive Builders' Hardware"—doorknobs, drawer pulls, locks and keys, knockers, hinges, and a dozen other kinds of fixtures, mostly in brass. Of special interest—brass switch plates in period and modern styles to cover unsightly outlets for switches and plugs. About \$3. Doorknobs, from baroque to modern, starting at \$4.50 pr. Catalogue on request. Wm. V. Payne, 203 East 60th Street, New York 22, N. Y.

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Herb teas are made of dried peppermint leaves, Linden, rose hips, saffras and other herbs "to comfort both stomach and heart." Some help you to sleep, some undertake to make you merry and well-loved, some cure chills and—have a tonic effect and sweet fragrance. A drop of honey is recommended in the steaming cup, and a thin slice of lemon. Lion Cross Sampler Package, with five kinds of tea, \$1.25. Kramer's Health Food Store, 15 East Adams St., Chicago, Ill.

WEDDING PRESENTS

Two modern trays from Sweden. First, a rectangular tray in highly polished birch plywood is heat and alcohol resistant, and may be used as a tray (usually without a cloth because the wood is so handsome) and also as a serving platter. 23 1/2" x 17", \$6.50 plus postage. Second, a series of round wooden trays, also heat and alcohol resistant, in brilliant red, very gay. 8" diameter, \$2.25; 13 1/2" diameter, \$3.75; 17" diameter, \$6.25; plus postage. Bonnier's, 605 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.

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PERFECT-FIT FOR YOU—Heavy lengths, 18 1/2" necklines, 18 1/2" Pleats, by League stripes, white, solid-tone. In Sport and Dress styles. New wash-and-wear fabric! Collar 4" longer than ordinary shirts. Not sold in stores—by mail only! Prices are amazingly low! Also dress, sport and work shoes. \$10.00 TO TAKE. See, Booty, Slipper, Jacket, etc. Write today for FREE copy of complete Catalog.

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- SPECIAL DIET FOR FAT STOMACHS AND THICK WAISTLINES.** If you have a double chin you're "thick" in the neck, "fat" on the matter what your health!... 25¢
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- "SECRETS" TO SPEED REDUCING.** If you need to lose a few pounds quickly, this diet will do it! Also recommended for... 25¢
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Name.....
Address.....

SOMETHING FRESH IN THE AIR

Continued from page 18

You can get your materials from the dealers in herbs who do business all over the country. Their chief concern is supplying herbs for medicines, but they carry fragrant herbs, too. They have dried rose leaves and verbenas and lavender, cloves and orris and mint and rose geranium and yarrow, to list the ones most used—and they report an increasing demand for sweet herbs for home use. Your druggist can give you the name of a dealer in herbs; sometimes he can place the order for you.

Dry Potpourri

Here is a good standard formula for potpourri, made of fragrant herbs which could come out of a garden, but are also easily ordered:

- 1 lb. dried lavender flowers
- 1 lb. dried rose leaves
- 1/2 oz. orrisroot or musk, crushed
- 2 oz. each of broken cloves, cinnamon, allspice, salt

Mix well together, then fortify your mixture with the addition of an ounce of essential oil of lavender or lemon or patchouli, as you prefer. The oil should be mixed with an equal quantity of unscented rubbing alcohol and sprayed on with an atomizer for thorough distribution. In drying, herbs lose much of their own essential oil which is the element that gives them their fragrance; when they are sprayed with essential oil the dried leaves and blossoms again become the ideal vehicle for giving off fragrance. The combination of essential oils sell at about two dollars an ounce and up, but an ounce goes a long way and lasts

a long time, and it is easy to see why the price is high when you consider that it takes four thousand pounds of roses to produce one pint of oil of rose. Some druggists stock essential oils; if yours does not he can order it for you.

The sweet spice of potpourri will be most effective if you use it in a variety of ways—tuck a few small bags of it behind cushions and in drawers and closets, and keep a bowl, a pretty one, on the table filled with the mixture. Until it is used the potpourri should be stored in a jar with a tight-fitting cover.

Tussie-Mussies are bouquets of fragrant herbs tied together with ribbon. They are pleasant to have in drawers and then closets; tucked behind the blankets and behind the pillows in a guest room, they leave a fragrance that gives an extra touch of welcome. Especially good for tussie mussies are the velvet roots from Louisiana; they smell like a combination of the bloom on peaches and the woods after a rain.

Burning Bush

Burning Bush is a charm as old as Circe; you start by burning dried herbs in the fire, or you kindle tiny twigs in an old ash tray and throw on crumbled cinnamon sticks or slivers of dried orange peel stuck with cloves. A curl of blue smoke rises and disappears leaving a warm fragrance behind. One more way of releasing the sweet airs preserved in plants to make a room more beautiful.



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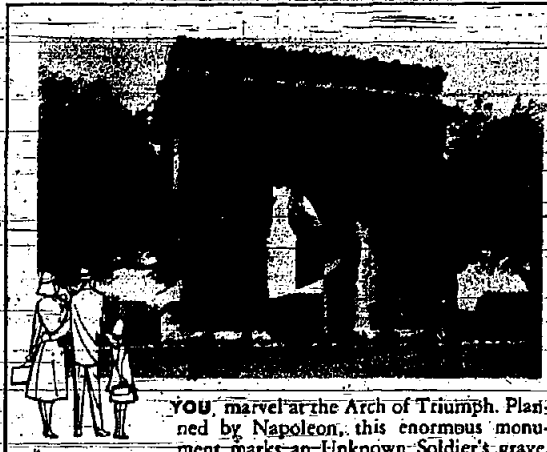
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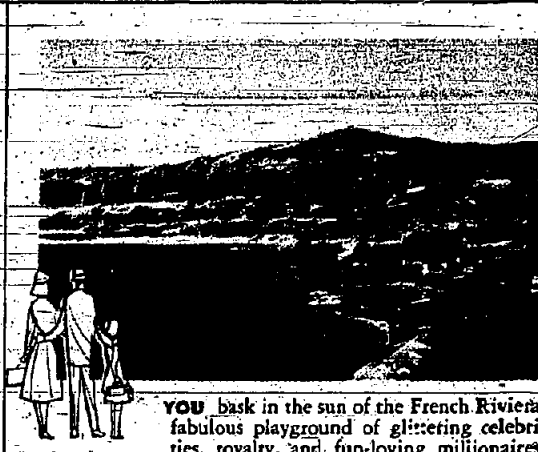
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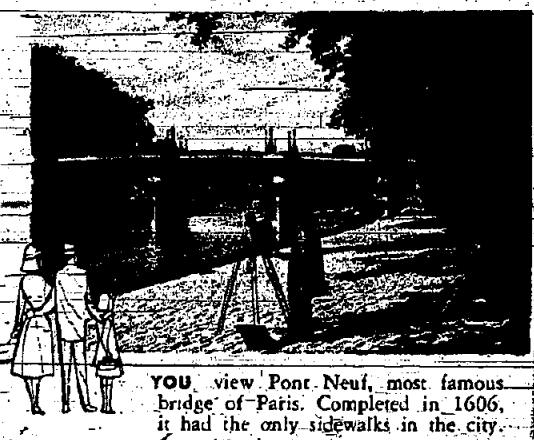
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