

don't you and your father go together in the car? You could go down into the Smokey Mountains in North Carolina."

"Carolina? Isn't that where you want to go, Anna?"

"Well, yes, but I was planning to go by train—"

"Mother, why don't you go with Father, and let me go by myself? I'm certainly old enough."

Mrs. Dean stared absently at Ruth, and slowly began to fold her napkin. "I suppose, Willis, that we could all three go together. It wasn't exactly what I had in mind, but it seems like the only sensible thing to do."

"No, I wasn't thinking of that, either, Anna. But of course it would give us a vacation. We'd get out of town—at least."

"Yes," said Ruth slowly. "We'd better all go together, we couldn't feel right about it any other way."

Angles

By

Martha Rose Scott

Russ was sprawled at his ease—that is, as much ease as he could obtain in a metal chair (with slippery silver arms) which oscillated easily back and forth in the manner of a chicken picking up grains. He had thrown one arm out and his fingers were wrapped around the neck of a glazed silver bird which was reflected in all of its disproportion in the glass top of a triangular-shaped end table. There also, were mirrored two books with bright red covers contrasting with the blue cushions in the chairs. Russ was trying to read a mystery story by the light of a lamp which threw its gleam up to the ceiling instead of onto the pages. It was more effective that way, as if the sun which threw its rays down on the earth was not an excellent example of efficient

illumination. There was a bowl of brittle glass flowers on another table which Russ toppled off as he stretched his legs toward the shining electric wires of the gas log. Above the mantle was a pale still-life picture of several pink apples tumbled on a yellow table cover. Russ reached for a cigarette, realizing suddenly that they had been put back in the silver case which required pushing a button before the mechanism would roll out the desired article. Russ got up to manipulate it, and walked toward the great glass window which stretched the length of the room. The electric eyes of other homes were glaring into his. One of the neighbors had just lowered their Venetian blinds. Very well—he gave the cord a jerk and obtained privacy—the privacy of what?—association with these awkward angular cabinets and oscillating rockers? The green statue of an indefinite sort of figure streaming out towards something made a shadow on the cream-colored blind. Russ's thought reached out to the home of his childhood. There was the deep warmth of his father's armchair and a footstool which he remembered immediately. He could see his father's spectacled eyes appearing over the top of an old volume of law cases which he was studying, his feet comfortably stretched toward the blue and orange tongues of fire springing from an old pine log. He himself had often lain in front of the fireplace for hours imagining castle spires in the yellow flames and great red caves in the underlog. There were brown leather books tossed open on the long library table. A vase of vivid bittersweet which he had cut away from the tough vine himself, stood on the bookcase along with a group of shells from the Gulf of Mexico. Rather a jumble, he recalled. Opposite the fireplace was the picture of his grandfather, a large canvas from which the sturdy old minister frowned piously on the family.

He was disturbed in his reverie.

The glass clock on the mantle which exposed all of its gold internals, chimed a bar of sweet music and then returned to its noiseless duty. There was a heavy old Seth Thomas at home which used to tick a rather melancholy rhythm in the room and bellowed out the hours. Dad used to wind it every night. This thing ran a month without assistance, and had such an impudent face that Russ believed it could run eternally without winding. He turned abruptly toward it. He allowed it a scoff and left the room, running dizzily down the spiral staircase built around the central pillar of his modern "celotexed," "tiletixed," "glasstixed," "glazzetixed" home. Once on the street, he glanced back and there in his second floor window the shadow of the green figure was dimly blurred on the blind.

The Foods of My Childhood

By

Arleen Wilson

Brown bread and huge round cheese remind me of Uncle Bob. Chocolate covered cherries make me think of the twinkle in old Mr. McLean's eye whenever he brought us a box. Toast and gravy, containing every now and then a bit of left-over meat, stand for lunch on washday, while ground meat sandwiches are symbols of Sunday night suppers, eaten chairlessly and untidily in the kitchen.

Hot dogs and Holloway suckers I have long associated with castor oil. Olives and watermelons I remember with displeasure. I did not particularly mind disliking olives, for they were merely a side dish, but I resented deeply the injustice of serving anything so tasteless as watermelon under the name of dessert.

With all food, I believed in saving

the best till the last. I always ate the crust of my pie after the nose, and pushed the fruit to the side of my salad plate in order to finish my lettuce first. I almost made a game with bananas and cake. After the initial bite and the inevitable "Mm, it's good"! uttered somewhat indistinctly from a mouth half full—after these, my interest in the bite being consumed lessened, as I made plans for the last morsel. Half way down the banana I must peel off the skin, to make sure that there was not a bad spot on the tip. I must be careful to save the heel of the cake; the icing was so thick there. As I tasted that last bite, I felt a thrill at its perfection.

Whenever I see Tootsie rolls or candy bananas, I see also the little store where we spent our pennies. Grandma Leash's shelves held ever so many kinds of candy. As an experiment, we invested one cent in each kind, then selected a few favorites to patronize exclusively. We bought little round peppermints to use as pills in playing hospital, licorice sticks to smoke, and red hots to smear daringly upon our lips. And once we bought a chocolate rabbit.

It was Easter morning. We children had come home after Sunday school; the others were at church. Betty and I stood before the buffet in the dining room, admiring the chocolate bunny which was to be the prize for our egg hunt that afternoon. I was sorely tempted to break off the little shreds along the edges. It smelled delicious. We drew closer. And then the tragedy occurred. One of us—we never knew which—jiggled the buffet, and the bunny fell over in a hundred pieces. We were terrified. Suppose the corner store were not open! If we went to the drug store we would run the risk of being discovered, for Dad knew the man who ran it.

Betty called the others and explained, "If each of us gives a cent," she said bravely, concealing her anxiety, "we can divide the pieces into