

## ON ENTERING PRIZE CONTESTS

ED McNAMARA

**N**OW GIRLS, Here is all that you have to do to enter this exciting contest. Simply scrape out the inside of a five pound can of Pete's Peanutbutter and mail it together with a short essay of not more than five hundred words telling us 'Why I like Pete's Peanutbutter' to radio station E. A. T. Remember girls, this thrilling contest closes when the company has sold a certain amount of back stock. Act now girls, this may mean a down payment on a fur coat."

Naturally the announcer would use psychology, and fling his sales campaign upon the helpless kitchen female, for he knew that she controls the financial supply line of the house. On the other hand Mother knows that it would be a easy way to purchase that divine mink coat. What has she to lose? Little does she know what drastic effects it will cast upon her innocent children. Why the little tots will have to thrive on Pete's Peanutbutter until Mother achieves victory. Nevertheless Mother has her way and soon all of the available containers are drafted into the service of holding the rare stuff. Immediately the thrilled housewife concocts a multitude of delicious recipes and presents them to her bewildered husband and children. In the minds of the unfortunate human guinea-pigs, it will always be peanutbutter no matter how presented. What can the little

urchins do about their Mother's sudden change of mind and heart? If they revolt, then it means an hour of solitary confinement in a dark closet. They seem to think that Mother is trying to murder them in a nice way, but Mother keeps telling the children that the stuff contains that newly discovered vitamine Z. She explains to her little guinea's in flat scientific terms that vitamine Z removes all freckles. This is certainly news to the kids for they never had any to begin with. The little children firmly obey their dear Mother and continue to eat the peanutbutter. A month lapses and the cans continue to be mailed, but still no news of victory. Mother finally receives word that she has won a fourth prize. The weary eyed children group about her only to receive the bitter news that the fourth prize is a ten pound can of Pete's Peanutbutter. Oh those poor, helpless children. They have already been through 'hell', and their once rosy complexions are now a dull peanutbutter tan. "But who won the first prize of the great contest?" Mother shouts "Read more down," the bewildered children plead. This is done and sure enough at the bottom of the letter in microscopic print stands the name of a one Miss Sally Pete of South Africa. Yes, the sister of Pete, the peanutbutter king.

## AN OPEN LETTER

FRANCES SHEMELSON

Dear Frank:—

You always were a tall girl in comparison with others your age. I remember you when you were eight—rather skinny, ex-

tremely long-legged, and long brown curls, not the warm vibrant brown of an autumn leaf, but a plain ordinary brown which was very common. And you haven't chang-