

shanty to get her shoes and put them on her tiny feet. I remember that, as I came out of the shanty, her face was all aglow and her eyes still sparkled in the moonlight.

We started to her house, her hand so warm in mine. She laughed and talked as we trod through the icy snow. The night was so still. When we reached her house and were standing at her door, her eyes looked into mine and mine into hers. I said, "I'll call you," and then we said good-by. I don't know what else happened that winter night—I just woke up a few hours ago.

As I lie in this hospital and look out upon another beautiful winter eve, such as it was only two nights ago, I realize that I shall never have the chance to call and tell her how I feel about her. Mom and Dad and Doc are afraid to tell me that I have only a few hours to live, but—I know.

Reaction of the Distaff Side to Mr. Wylie's Essay

("Science Has Spoiled My Supper")

Frances Baird

MR. WYLIE, I admire your scientific interest, education and background. You are an integral part of that world of science and knowledge that has made possible those controversial modern foods and their eye-appeal packing. But let's not rationalize, Mr. Wylie: it was not science that spoiled your supper. Science was only the tool in the hands of the real culprit, woman.

As one gourmet to another, your reflections on the foods from the era of our (we are contemporaries) "Momism" reactivated taste buds that had long lain dormant. The mention of jam, particularly, called to my mind the incomparable goodness of real apple butter. Did you, Mr. Wylie, ever have real apple butter? The kind that is short on beautiful, smooth texture and exciting color, but oh, so filled with a wealth of the flavor of freshly picked apples and unrefined spices? The kind that makes it a sacrilege to call the canned stuff on the super-market shelves by the same name? You did? But did you ever have to rise at dawn, gather apples—bushel baskets full of them—sort them, wash them, peel them, quarter them and, added insult, wash them again? Did you ever have to carry arm loads of wood to keep the fire at the correct temperature for constant simmering? (Of course, Mr. Wylie, I don't doubt that you realize that food cooked on a good, old-fashioned wood stove has an immeasurably superior flavor to that cooked with gas or electricity.) And do you remember those delicious little noises made by those millions of tiny bubbles breaking the surface as that wonderful concoction, in those enormous kettles, slowly and aromatically became apple butter, perfect apple butter, the kind you haven't tasted since?

Let me remind you, Mr. Wylie, while you drool, that this was an all-day job, with time taken out only for the small, incidental task of preparing the regular three meals expected, as usual, by the man of the house. The fact that the man of the house was most often a "Life with Father" kind of man merely, I suppose, offered an extra touch of excitement and a greater challenge to the woman in the kitchen.

That woman, Mr. Wylie, is your culprit. The same one whose culinary skills you so ardently extol eventually came to realize that the game wasn't worth the candle. She rebelled. In rebellion she found her strength lay in alliance with science which, as you so ably pointed out, is applied honesty in search of truth. Now the truth is that we can eat with our eyes. Witness, as an example, the still great number of over-weight men and the fast diminishing number of over-weight women. The former still relish food, modern or not, and the latter no longer find it necessary to taste while cooking to assure the indomitable male a palatable meal.

In short, Mr. Wylie, woman has asserted her right to live a little too, and her first step toward that goal had to be out of the kitchen. I'm afraid your call to insurrection is a bit late, thank Heaven.

Another Life

Judie Penny

IF I WERE a Hindu and still believed in reincarnation, I would not be too concerned about terminating this life and beginning anew in a different form. I am not convinced that the life of a *homo sapiens* is the best. In reality we are weak creatures, ill prepared for existence—we are susceptible to disease (the strongest are no longer the ones that survive), have no natural protection from the elements, such as fur or feathers, cannot sleep through cold or adverse months. Our highly developed mind with the ability to reason abstractly supposedly has made up for our frailness, but is this true? Is not a mind often a burden? How many people have committed suicide or have gone insane because they could not bear the weight of their thoughts? Also the origin of much sickness is in the mind. Because we are gregarious and thinking animals, we have set up certain behavior patterns to be followed to the letter (Emily Post incorporated); that these "rules of order" may be unnatural seems to be of no concern. One soon realizes that man is the least free of the warm-blooded creatures here on Earth. If I had my life to live over, I would be born something wild and free, without care or concern.

Because I'm partial, I might choose to be a crow in my next life, although the form of a snake, racoon, mouse, cat, or deer would do as well. With luck, I would be born in a tall oak, safe from other birds of prey, small boys, and hunters. From the time I pecked my