

My Favorite Spot

ELIZABETH HYATT

About an hour and a half from nowhere in a western woodland, a tiny cabin nestles among the trees. Nearby, a small brook runs clear and cold, babbling softly over the stones. Flowers flaunt their colors in a gay parade around the cabin.

Inside, the odor of clean, bare pine is strong and refreshing. The furniture is simple and sturdy. Its unpainted finish matches the walls and floor perfectly. In one corner, a double-decked bunk bed stands invitingly. The stone-hewn fire-

place at the far side of the one room cabin leads a double life; it warms the occupants and cooks their meals.

In the evening, after the sun has gone down in all its radiant glory, comes my favorite time of day. When I am well toasted on both sides from reading before the open fire, it is wonderful to creep in between sheets whipped sweet and clean by the wind, pull up the warm wooly blanket, and settle down to dream of the pleasant monotony of another day.

A Dime Novel ?

ARLINE HYDE

Spying a red cover on a magazine at a newstand, a customer may pick it up and upon casual examination notice the title LOVE blare in large print across the page. "A ten-story issue" the cover reads, with two featured articles entitled "Revenge Honeymoon" and "Hotel-Lobby Flirt." A blond cover-girl peers over her almost bare shoulder. "Hmm, looks interesting," thinks the customer and so another typical pulp magazine is sold for the small sum of one dime.

After turning the cover, the owner observes five pages of advertisements of little real value. How to get a wedding ring set for the sum of one dollar plus postage, an order blank for false teeth and one for eye glasses, how to acquire "Charm Drops," an enchanting perfume of irresistible charm, a coupon for lessons in avoiding embarrassing mistakes in English grammar, plus a free trial offer for a complete asthma cure are only a few of the goods and opportunities offered.

At last appears the first story, and a

fascinating novelette it is, according to the sub-title. After reading page after page, printed on dull newspaper, the reader can not help noticing that the main characters all follow the same monotonous pattern. The heroine always has larkspur-blue eyes with yellow satin hair or a red-gold pompadour and gray eyes that are faintly shadowed; a luscious red mouth, and long, silky eyelashes to dust her gardenia-petaled complexion. The hero generally possesses the physique of Charles Atlas, the handsome features of a movie favorite, the clothes from *Esquire*, and the ability of Superman to accomplish things.

As the last page is read, it is perfectly normal to peddle through to the end of the magazine and observe more advertisements for false teeth, how to become a detective, and the method of acquiring the tough-muscles of Charles Atlas. As the final leaf is turned, the owner concludes, "Another magazine I should and will contribute to the paper salvage campaign."