



*I was
just
thinking...*

SOMETIMES when Bernie and I are having a second cup of coffee, she talks about The Store.

My grandparents owned it when I was a child. I remember dimly the slanted sunlight across the old wood floors. I remember the tantalizing flavor of the grocery department. I remember the leathery smell of the shoes. And I remember, too, that I ran through The Store, filling my arms with toys and dresses and beads because my generous grandparents would sooner have mortgaged The Store than confess all these weren't really their own to give away.

And Bernie talks about Mr. Hulin, whose kingdom was the cracker barrel and the pickles and the meats, and about her secret crush, Mr. Bunch, whose high collar rose above men's suits.

In those days in a sleepy Southern town, nobody in The Store was ever Orton or Hawkins. The salesladies who clerked were always gentlewomen in reduced circumstances and they were always Miss Viney and Miss Ethel and Miss Laura. Grandmother was Mrs. Mac.

When Mrs. Mac came home from market at St. Louis or New York, she brought with her bombazine and bengaline and soutache braid and great confections called millinery. If a customer



deplored the absence of plumes over a wreath of grapes, Mrs. Mac's milliner trimmed the hat anew.

Bernie, their daughter and only child, was lovingly gowned and slippered in the largesse from The Store long after her marriage and my birth. Then, year by year, Mr. and Mrs. Mac grew older and their feet grew wider and gray came to their hair and to the business.

The Store died long ago in the depression, the same year that my grandparents began to die a little, too. I know the building is still there in the sleepy country town because I saw it again while passing through.

The old name, McClain-Cook, is still visible through the faded paint. And I wish I had never found it.

Patty Johnson

NEW!



Dogs can't resist New Friskies with **PURE MEAT MEAL** plus *exclusive* new flavor flakes!

Say good-bye to dog foods that just claim to look and smell like meat. Here at last is the real thing—everything a dog food should be. No synthetics...no false flavors to try to fool your dog. No artificial coloring to make you think you're really getting meat. Instead, Friskies gives your dog **PURE MEAT MEAL**. With all its natural flavor and aroma. All its natural meat-meal nourishment.

Friskies alone gives you "flavor flakes," too. Made a secret Friskies way, these flakes capture the flavor heart of selected corn, wheat, oats and barley! It all adds up to new mealtime magic dogs go wild for!

Tests proved dogs prefer New Friskies Meal as much as 17 to 1. Scientific feeding tests conducted at Friskies' own laboratories and kennels showed that dogs preferred New Friskies Meal as much as 17 to 1 over other leading dog foods. Tests proved, too, that Friskies Meal alone provides every food value dogs are known to need. Mixes instantly, just add water. *We guarantee your dog will love New Friskies Meal—or your money back!*

FOR VARIETY feed canned Friskies or Friskies Cubes. Both are complete, fully nourishing—quality products from **Carnation**

Keep your dog *frisky* with **Friskies!**

NEW FRISKIES MEAL

Look for the
big new packages!