

Chili with
flavor a fella
can taste!



Made with rich, red
Armour meat...the
meat of good eating

Famous Armour meat, lean
and luscious and lots of it!
Plump red beans. Tangy-
smooth real western sauce.
A chili for chili lovers.



Experimentally, Marcy
tested their tightness again.
They would snap
so easily!



A Moment of Strength

by Miriam F. Lander
Art by Vincent Guise

IT WAS RAINING and the schoolroom smelled of chalk and wet wool and books. The new pupil was standing very still before the class. That was the first thing you noticed about her—that she stood so straight and proud. The second thing was that she was such a little girl. Her raincoat was faded and sizes too big for her. On her first day in a new fourth grade she must have been both scared and excited, but the only evidence was the way her bright brown eyes moved about, examining everything.

The teacher was at her desk talking to the principal. Their voices were low, but occasionally a phrase could be heard: "... not exactly what they're used to ... try our best ... nice family, in spite of ..."

Looking at all those rows of neatly dressed girls and handsome boys, the girl realized suddenly she did not look like them. She knew her hair was not curly nor shining like the other girls', but mousy brown and straight. Her blouse had a patch near the collar and one of the buttons didn't match. Her skirt was cut down from one of her sister Lily's.

A girl in a front seat wore a locket

on a gold chain. The light struck it and made it burn with yellow fire. The girl was wearing a pale-blue, fuzzy sweater. Lily had pointed out sweaters like that to her. "That's angora," Lily had said. "It's very expensive, and it feels soft as a kitten's fur."

The teacher came over to her. "I'm Miss Kirsten, your new teacher," she said. "I hope you like our fourth grade." The girl pulled her eyes away from the angora sweater and smiled shyly at the teacher and the principal.

"I'm sure you'll be happy here," the principal said. When she left, the door clattered loudly behind her.

Miss Kirsten turned to the class and said, "Class, this is Marcy Graham, our new pupil. Say 'Hello' to Marcy, class."

"Hello, Marcy," the class chorused.

"Would you like to hang up your coat, Marcy?" Miss Kirsten asked.

"Yes," she answered. A few giggles rippled the quiet and Marcy flushed.

They stopped when Miss Kirsten said, "Leona, would you show Marcy where to hang her coat?"

The girl with the locket stood up. "Yes, Miss Kirsten," she said. She was taller than Marcy and her yellow hair curled around her face. "It's out here," she said, leading the way.

Marcy followed eagerly. Maybe this will be my friend, she thought, my first friend in this school!

THE cloakroom was dark. There was one window high in the wall. Gray light showed the black iron coat hooks stuck out like crooked fingers. Marcy took off her raincoat.

"That's an ugly raincoat," Leona said. And then, when Marcy didn't answer, "What's the matter with you, are you deaf? What do you say when I say that's an ugly raincoat?"

"I say it isn't," Marcy answered in a low voice, turning to face her. The aching hurt grew into a slow anger. Lily had given this coat to her. It was the

first real raincoat she had ever had. "It is, too. And you're an ugly girl." Leona stood with her hands on her hips, legs planted far apart. "You can't hang your coat here." She pointed to a hook away from the others. "Hang it over there."

Marcy felt tears coming, but she held back, not wanting to cry before this girl whose eyes were narrowed threateningly, head thrown up, lips parted. One tear spilled over, but she wiped it quickly away.

"Cry-baby, cry-baby," Leona taunted. "Don't call me names," Marcy said in a tense low tone, holding the other youngster with her eyes.

Marcy turned once more to hang her coat on the hook. She had to stand on the shelf meant to hold rubbers and books. Her foot kicked against something hard.

"That's my violin! Don't you touch my violin case!" Leona said. She grabbed the case and held it tightly.

Marcy's eyes burned. "I didn't see it," she said, clenching her teeth.

For a moment they looked steadily at each other, measuring. I won't let you make me angry, Marcy was thinking, I won't, I won't, I won't. Her eyes were bright, her cheeks flushed, but she didn't move until Leona put down the case and turned away. Marcy followed her back to the classroom.

Miss Kirsten looked up as they entered. "You may sit there, Marcy," she said, pointing to a seat near the windows. "Thank you, Leona."

As Marcy went to her seat, she saw Leona whisper something to the girl beside her and laugh.

"Class," Miss Kirsten was saying, "remember what I told you about the recital this afternoon." She looked at Marcy. "We have recitals every month at Brookwood. This afternoon our class is presenting it. You'll enjoy hearing your new classmates." Miss Kirsten smiled. "Leona plays the violin very well." Marcy saw Leona lower her eyes and smile proudly. "And Mack is going to recite 'The Charge of the Light Brigade.' Perhaps next time you'll be able to take part, too, Marcy."

THE BELL rang for lunch and Marcy stood up to file out with the others. Miss Kirsten called her to the desk. "I want to give you your books now," she said, taking some from the cabinet. "These are yours until June. You may put them in your desk for the time being."

By the time Marcy came through the line with her lunch tray, there was only one seat vacant at her class's table.

Leona was on the same bench, but there were two girls between them and Marcy didn't look her way.

"Hello," said the boy across from her. He had a lot of freckles and a wide-toothed smile.

"Hello," she said. She remembered he sat in front of her.

"Where did you go before you came here?" he asked.

"We lived in Albany," Marcy answered. "I went to James Monroe."

He sipped noisily at his milk. "They used to have strawberry milk last year," he said. "Do you like strawberry or chocolate?"

"I like plain," she answered. "I never

tasted strawberry." She felt her anger melting away. Maybe this boy could be her friend!

Then she heard Leona call derisively, "Look who's talking to Marcy Graham!"

"What's wrong?" Mack inquired.

"Nothing. If you want to talk to her," Leona laughed.

"What's the matter with her?" Mack said, sliding along the bench until he was across from Leona.

Leona whispered behind her hand across the table and Mack laughed. He reached his hand back in front of Marcy and pulled his tray over and then whispered back to Leona and they both laughed out loud.

Marcy's face burned. She concentrated on eating her lunch, but she kept thinking, "I hate you, I hate you, I hate you."

When the bell rang she was first in line and when they lined up behind her, laughing and pushing each other but not talking to her, she felt the tears start. She reached in her pocket for her handkerchief, then remembered she had left it in her coat. As they marched along the corridor she bit her lip to keep from crying and when they got to the classroom she went into the cloakroom first to get her handkerchief.

The hook where Marcy had hung her coat was bare. She saw it in a small heap on the floor. The coat was dusty and wrinkled as if someone had walked on it. "It was Leona," she whispered in the darkness. "I know it was her."

Absently, she brushed off her coat and hung it carefully. When she stepped up on the shelf her foot touched the violin case again. She sat down on the shelf beside it and ran her hands over the dark leather. The gold lock glinted in the dim light. It felt cold and hard under her fingers. When it snapped open, the click startled her.

The violin was a rich, shiny brown and lay in dark red velvet. The wood was smooth and warm. The strings

stretched taut under her finger. They would snap with a ping, she thought. The strings made a thin humming noise as she stroked them.

Experimentally, Marcy tested their tightness. They would snap so easily!

But the violin was beautiful even if it was Leona's. She stroked the wood once more. The feel of it, the richness of the velvet against the gleaming wood, the way the lovely curves of the instrument fitted into the matching curves of the leather case touched and softened the hard thing inside Marcy.

She sighed and closed the case. The lock made a loud click in the quiet cloakroom. Marcy didn't care.



Better than aspirin
even with buffering for
**TENSE NERVOUS
HEADACHES**



Nervous tension headaches need the special relief Anacin® gives. Here's why Anacin is better than aspirin, even with buffering added. Anacin is like a doctor's prescription. That is, Anacin contains not just one but a combination of medically proven ingredients. Anacin acts to (1) relieve pain, (2) calm nerves—leave you relaxed, (3) fight depression...and Anacin Tablets do not upset the stomach.

3 out of 4 doctors recommend the ingredients of ANACIN

**YOU CAN HELP END
HIGHWAY
TRAGEDIES**

**SUPPORT YOUR LOCAL
SAFETY ORGANIZATIONS**

**Where the public supports
a safety program,
deaths go DOWN!**



Read
the
daily
editions of this
newspaper for news
and price
announcements by
the local merchants
who feature
products
advertised in



**STOP PAIN
INSTANTLY**

**COMBAT INFECTION
PROMOTE HEALING**

WITH SOOTHING
**Campho-
Phenique**
LIQUID

USE IT FOR
**FEVER BLISTERS
COLD SORES,
GUM BOILS**

Not only do fever blisters heal faster, but the same thing happens when Campho-Phenique is used on cold sores, gum boils. Wonderfully soothing too, for minor burns, poison ivy, itching of insect bites. And Campho-Phenique is a highly effective, pain-relieving antiseptic for minor cuts and scratches from paring knives, can openers, tin cans, etc. Used on pimples, Campho-Phenique helps prevent their spread and re-infection.

FOR ATHLETES' FOOT USE
**CAMPHO-PHENIQUE
POWDER**

In The Yellow Shaker Can
1. Checks Fungus Growth.
2. Prevents Its Spread.
3. Stops Itching.
4. Promotes Rapid Healing.

Kellogg's
**ALL-
BRAN**

**Overcomes
Constipation**
(due to lack of bulk)

**Gypsy Bait Oil
MAKES FISH BITE
OR NO COST**

Mysterious aroma of Gypsy Bait Oil Compound makes small feeding fish wild through thousands of small organs covering their bodies. One potent drop on artificial or live bait draws in fresh or salt water whether you still fish with pole, cast, spin or troll. Really works. Only \$1.98 (3 for \$1.98). Cash orders postpaid. If C.O.D., postage extra. Please fish to your bait or money back. FREE. Handy large water resistant pouch with every bottle (other from).
WALKING KEITH CHEMICALS, INC.
Dept. 814-B Birmingham 1, Alabama

ACTION
American Council To Improve Our Neighborhoods