

GUARANTEED!

Berkshire stockings are guaranteed not to run from either top or toe into the sheer leg area!

Or you get a new pair free!



AT LAST! Nylon stockings backed with a written guarantee! How does Berkshire do it? An amazing new knitting method* at the top and toe of each stocking acts as an impassable guard. NO RUN CAN GET PAST THIS GUARD INTO THE SHEER LEG AREA!

That's actually *guaranteed* in writing! Now you can buy sheer full-fashioned or seamless Berkshire stockings—and wear them *days and days longer!*

Fashion Note: Berkshire's complete selection of Carnival Colors adds gay excitement to everything you wear!

*NYLACE_® in full-fashioned nylons; NYLOC (Reg. applied for) in seamless.

sheer, sheer **Berkshires**



I WAS JUST THINKING...

... IF THERE HAD been a white-faced steer on the elevator, it would have seemed only natural.

The creaking structure was rich with the aroma of cattle and sweat and saddle leather and folding money. Into it jammed buyers and sellers, commission clerks and cowboys. It rose querulously from floor to floor, each a replica of the last, aging beehives of cubbyholes and offices and faded gilt lettering. And each had been designed for one purpose: the endless parade of livestock and the men who earned their livelihood from it.

At last, groaning and clanking, the doors opened on the top floor. Beyond were the dusty windows which peer forever in amazement at the circus spread for miles below.

Beneath were the hog pens and, to the right, the sheep pens. Beyond were the cattle pens with the swarming, swirling masses of Black Angus and Hereford and shaggy, wide-nostriled wild ones from the plains.

Even high above, behind windows sealed with the grime of years, it was possible to hear the bawling terror, and the cries of the mounted herders and the thunder of the hooves. Visitors and brokers tramped the grayed catwalks over the pens. The trucks roared in, the trains roared out.

This is no place for the greenhorn, unless he comes merely to marvel. The ritual of bidding and buying, established long ago, is a thing of monotone and signal. He will not know, unless he is a veteran member of the fraternity, that a shipment has been bought, sold, or rejected.

Below, in curious contrast, the businessman in black and the rancher in chaps dine on blue-ribbon steaks and ribs. Their bodies are caressed by the rich leather chairs and their spurred boots or cordovans by thick carpets patterned in brands. Above their heads hangs a yoke worn smooth by the necks of oxen that once drew a covered wagon here when the country was young and brutal.

Always, like smoke in the air, is the aura of the cattle pen mingled with the fresh wind of far places.



This is the meeting place between city and country. This is the handshake from survival to sophistication. This is the great brawling artery of a nation's lifeblood.

This is the Kansas City Stockyards, where the West begins.

Patty Johnson