

Sue Brown transforms bedroom

...wins citation from Navy Lieutenant

JEOPERS! JIM'LL BE HOME FRIDAY, AND THIS BEDROOM LOOKS A FRINK. THE WALLS ARE SO DINGY. THERE ISNT TIME TO DO MUCH, THOUGH.



YES THERE IS. JUST GO TO MILL'S STORE AND ASK ABOUT THAT NEW SOY BEAN PAINT - SPRED.



Salesman: SPRED is entirely different. It's actually an oil emulsion paint that thins with water. And it's so durable it will stand repeated washing. Look at these 11 unusually beautiful colors.

Sue: And you say it costs only \$2.98 for an average room?

Sue: It's so easy! This SPRED goes on smooth as silk. And it is covering the wallpaper beautifully. Won't Jim be proud of me!

Jim: Darling, it's swell—a beautiful job. I'm lucky to have such a capable shipmate.

Sue: I couldn't have done it without SPRED. And it's so easy I'm going to do the living room next.

SPRED is Extra Durable

Will Stand Repeated Washing

SPRED is not to be confused with other water-mix paints. It is actually a new paint invention, made possible by a patented soy bean ingredient developed by Glidden. It is a new oil emulsion paint with important advantages.

7 SPRED Advantages:

- One coat covers most surfaces
- One gallon does average room
- Dries in 30 minutes
- No "painty" odor
- Durable. Will stand repeated washing
- Mixes with water
- 11 Beautiful colors

An Oil Paint that really mixes with water



FREE

SPRED colors are gorgeous. See them with your own eyes. Send for free set of eleven large color sample swatches. These swatches are not just approximate SPRED colors. They are actual samples of SPRED.

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THE GLIDDEN COMPANY, DEPT. C-9
CLEVELAND, OHIO

Please send me the eleven SPRED color swatches FREE.

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Slightly Higher in Rocky Mountain Area

A Soy Bean Paint Invented by THE GLIDDEN COMPANY

What had gone on? Wordlessly he started the car again; and as they jerked forward she saw a face, then another, and another, pressed against glass. There was something stealthy and threatening about it. Like a mute massing of mysterious forces. The Valley wasn't just scattered houses, she saw, and fields and hills and a river between. Everything was compact, correlated, mobilized. The very trees arching the dim dirt road were ominously leagued against her, an alien. Wordlessly he drove, while she sat there stiffly; and after a while he forked to the left up a narrower road; and seeing a house, she knew they'd arrived.

It was a plain white house, like the others they'd left in the village below, with an elm branched over it and barns grouped near, and behind it pastures that sloped into woods. The car jerked to a stop, and still without speaking, he stacked her luggage on the path.

Carefully Liz opened her monogrammed bag; carefully she brought out a five-dollar bill. "Here," she said, and then roughly, "Keep the change."

Producing without haste a wallet of his own, he counted out deliberately four dollars and a quarter. He put the money on the nearest suitcase, then turned, climbed into the car, and drove off.

Liz stood there alone.

And suddenly the aloneness was obliterating fact. Suddenly it was as if the very air were shrinking, receding, leaving her stranded in nowhere at all, pitched in pure void, possessionless and unpossessed as a ghost. Suddenly it was as if, were she to cry out: "It's me! Liz Gunnerson!" nobody would hear, nobody would know. Nobody on the whole of earth would care.

She stood, a mere pinpoint of being, in emptiness.

Then light struck her. A broad swathe of light. Coming through a pane in the closed front door, cutting across the porch and straight down the path. She was caught in light. She was pinned by it pitilessly. If she were to run now, she'd be seen. She, Liz Gunnerson, running away! Her hands seemed to move of their own accord, smoothing bright rayon; her jaw belligerently thrust itself out.

Okay, this was it! Okay, get going!

THERE didn't seem to be any bell, so she pounded on the door. Almost instantly, through the lighted hall a figure moved forward. The door opened. Here they were. It was done.

The woman stood tall and erect before her, stood looking straight at Liz, and queerly the woman's hand went up to her throat as if in shock. But her voice, when she spoke, was steady as steel. "Yes?" she said. Like steel. Like ice.

Liz faced her. This was the way it would be, of course. Everywhere and always this was the way. Nobody was going to hand out a thing, all pretty and easy, like candy for a kid. Whatever you got, you got fighting. Inch by rough inch.

The words were so learned that they stated themselves. "I heard you needed some help, and I'm looking for a job."

Tallness, erectness, there was nothing more to be made of the woman, standing as she was with her back to the light. Nothing, except what might have been a heightened guardedness. "You have worked on a farm?"

"No," Liz said. She'd meant to lie; she'd meant to say, "Sure, I've worked on a farm," to say anything that she had to.



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