

But if elementary school report cards leave school very young, the i olesce the ir "Se feren with spenc Noth "Pi slight to thi plode along Sou who c derst: knew

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at the 't stop he ex- e gets

not her to un- ht she 3ut in- stead of getting comments intended to indicate the unique qualities of the individual"—comments that lead to better understanding of the child—mothers receive a list of subjects and grades with little or no indication that behind those subjects and grades is a human being.

The usual defense of the standardized report card (or strip of paper erupting from a computer) is that secondary school teachers don't know their students well enough to write personal comments. That's true in most cases. But is the solution to accept inadequate secondary school reporting—or to change inadequate teacher-student relationships? (Some schools already have begun this change. Sensitive, individualized evaluations are offered in several high schools, including, among others: the Parkway Program in Philadelphia; the Chicago High School for Metropolitan Studies; Murray Road High School in Newton, Mass.; the Career Studies Program in St. Paul, Minn.; John Adams High School in Portland, Ore.; John F. Kennedy High School in Silver Spring, Md.)

A big, red "F"
As they stand right now, most secondary school report cards are so bad that if I were to resort to the traditional grades high schools like so much, I'd have to give them a big, red "F." Not only is social and emotional development ignored, but academic achievement is also short-changed.

If your son brings home a "C" in English, what does it tell you? True, a "C" suggests that the work being evaluated is neither particularly brilliant nor particularly incompetent—but even that may not be the case. Does your son rate that "C" for example, because his written work is neat, prompt, careful—and mediocre? Or because his writing is talented—but sloppy, late, and careless? Is "C" a penalty for all the times he cut class, or is it a reflection of work that is satisfactory but no more? Does it mean that he didn't read two of the six books assigned (although the four he did read indicated depth of understanding) or that he did his work faithfully but without great insight? You'll never find out from just a "C."

Recognizing that traditional grades are neither constructive nor informative, high schools such as Philadelphia's Parkway reject them in favor of a two-part description. The first half contains the teacher's comments about the course content and the student's work, including "academic, social and emotional growth." The second half con-

tains the student's evaluation of his "personal and learning experiences."
"It's one thing for a teacher to tell me how *he* thinks I've done," a Parkway student told me, "but it's another for me to face myself. If things haven't worked out the way I expected, I've got to figure out why." Incidentally, the "figuring out why" is an education in itself. In fact, the combined teacher evaluation and student self-evaluation are so effective that Southfield, Mich.,

is teaching its *primary* school children to become evaluators of their own work, beginning in the first grade!

But there are so few Parkways or Southfields that your child is probably still being marked with traditional grades, and his self-control is more likely to be commented on than his self-reliance or self-confidence. What can you do about it?

Getting your school to change its approach to reporting requires nothing

short of getting it to change its approach to education, for report cards mirror the school's values. That kind of change can best be accomplished when parents and teachers work together as they do in Shaker Heights, Ohio. But even with joint efforts, change doesn't happen overnight, and you probably want to know more about your child now. So while working on long-range goals, here are some short-range suggestions: (continued on page 146)

at the 't stop he ex- e gets

With Henry Kissinger in China
by Lenore Hershey
Ladies' Home Journal, Feb 72
(Intv with Dianne Matthews and Julie Fineau, Kissinger secretaries.)

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LHJ-3

WITH HENRY KISSINGER IN CHINA

Henry Kissinger at White House with Dianne Matthews, left, and Julie Pineau. Dianne and Julie's dresses were made by the JOURNAL sewing department from fabric they purchased in Peking.



As secretaries to the President's National Security adviser, these two young women spent a fascinating, top-secret week in Peking. Here, they preview the Nixons' state visit to China—and add some spice of their own. **By Lenore Hershey**

The two most indispensable women in the life of 48-year-old Henry Kissinger, President Nixon's National Security Affairs adviser, aren't among the exotic movie stars he likes to be seen with at parties and restaurants. These young women are pretty, yes. They have the leggy curves and radiant faces that draw men across crowded rooms. But more practical assets make them valuable to the owlish, German-born Kissinger, who literally has the whole



Premier Chou greets Julie on receiving line.

world on his mind: they are hard-working, efficient, intelligent, utterly discreet and easily portable.

Julienne ("Julie") Pineau, 24, and Dianne Matthews, 29, are Kissinger's confidential secretaries. Wherever he goes, they go, too—and these days that means to summit meetings all over the world. Their heads are not dizzied by the secrets they know, nor turned by the attention they receive. But they do cherish their memories. And high on the list is the trip to Peking they made with their boss last October, paving the way for the momentous state visit President and Mrs. Nixon will make to the People's Republic of China on February 21.

"It was a working trip for them," says Mr. Kissinger (he prefers "Mr." to "Dr."). "After watching my staff men struggling on the July trip [Kissinger's first journey to China] to take full notes of my twenty hours of conversations with Premier Chou En-lai, I could see we would need my two virtuoso stenographers on the second visit. Between them, Julie and Dianne took a complete record of thirty-five hours of talk. The fact that they are charming and beautiful may also have entered my mind when I was planning who I wanted to accompany me in October."

Washington's most colorful, sought-after bachelor, an ex-Harvard professor who was divorced in 1964, Mr. Kissinger obviously is not totally blind to the personal attributes of his two office handmaidens.

"They were magnificent representatives of young American womanhood on that trip," he says. "I am not sure the Chinese were adequately prepared for them.

I saw a press report that Julie's skirt got admiring glances. The girls conducted themselves with perfect dignity and grace. They tell me China was restful since they worked only twelve hours a day."



Bundled-up Dianne walks on fabled Great Wall.

Julie and Dianne take his flattery with a grain of salt. "He's that way with all women," they say.

When pressed for more details on Kissinger as an eligible bachelor, Julie and Dianne laugh. "We don't see him in the same way he's seen by women he dates. We have a good working relationship, but the only time either of us has had any social contact, outside of official duties, is when he had a staff party at his house."

Julie Pineau, a Bethesda, Md., woman, whose father works in an executive capacity at the Smithsonian Institution, is Mr. Kissinger's private secretary. This sometimes includes everything (continued)

8:05 A.M.

Suzy Warner starts to put down an Armstrong Place 'n Press® Excelon® Tile floor.



the feminine and masculine life forces.

"The acupuncturist twirled the long, fine needle—it looked as if it was made of stainless steel—at a rate described as 400 times a minute. I started to feel queasy—at the antiseptic odor, at the strangeness of it all, and perhaps mostly at the prospect of what I would see next. After all, I'm the kind of person who got upset when I cut my finger on the plane going to China."

But Julie was not to get off that easily. She was moved, along with the group, into the next room, where a man was to have his appendix removed. Once more she observed the insertion of the long acupuncture needles at selected points: this time in the man's legs and near the site of the operation itself. Before the patient was operated on, however, Julie was taken into still a third room, where a 21-year-old woman was to have an ovarian tumor removed. The needles had already been inserted into the woman's back, and now some were being thrust into her feet, using the still unexplained neural pathway systems that even skeptical Western physicians are just beginning to investigate.

"This last case was almost too much," says Julie, "although I was told later that the girl got up from the table after her operation, drank some tea and walked to her room. I felt that if I didn't get out under my own steam, I'd have to be carried out."

With courtesy and sensitivity, the young Chinese woman guide assigned to Julie quietly helped her out of the room. A bed was offered and rejected;

a cup of jasmine tea proffered and accepted. In a few minutes, shaky Julie regained her aplomb.

What does Julie Pineau, a sharp observer but a medically untrained one, think of acupuncture and its power as a real anesthetic? She candidly admits she hasn't a clue about how acupuncture works, but seems to feel that the demonstrations were convincing.

"I think the kind of fear we associate with operations is a luxury the Chinese people don't afford themselves," says Julie. "Probably it has to do with the morale and psychology of the Chinese people. To them, allowing themselves to feel pain is undoubtedly considered a form of self-indulgence."

Elation and disbelief

What were the girls' first impressions as the plane flew into Shanghai and on into Peking?

"That this was a country unmistakably different from any I had ever flown over before," says Julie. "Superbly kept fields. Junks on the Yangtze River, singly and in small fleets. And no private dwellings, perhaps the most startling and convincing evidence that this is a different culture."

Dianne's reactions were stated more personally. "My first feelings were elation and a real disbelief that it was I who was living this experience."

In Peking the secretaries were housed in a large, pleasant room in a guesthouse situated in the compound where President and Mrs. Nixon will also stay.

Here, in this secluded place, surrounded by lawns and near a lake, the

WITH KISSINGER *continued*

from balancing his checkbook to ordering his groceries. She bears a certain resemblance to President Nixon's daughter Julie. Cool, dark-haired Dianne Matthews, from Richmond, Va., is Kissinger's business secretary, and has a Civil Service rating one notch higher than Julie. Dianne will be married in April to an American Foreign Service officer stationed at present in London. Both girls have worked for Henry Kissinger for two years. And both were part of the 13-member U.S. group that, on October 16, 1971, flew to Peking via Hawaii, Guam and Shanghai, returning 10 days later. Dianne was with her boss on his first "mystery" trip to Peking last July, but only got as far as Pakistan, from which he "vanished" into China. Julie didn't go on that trip because she chose to stay home in order to be maid-of-honor at her sister's wedding.

They made the October trip to China on Air Force 86970, one of the President's planes, with the President's pilot, Colonel Ralph Albertazie, at the controls "to get flight experience on this particular run."

"Our trip to Peking was a remarkable experience . . . and a great honor," say both young women, who found time between their official duties to shop for the Chinese brocade that was later made up from American patterns into the dresses they wear in the JOURNAL photograph.

They were invited because of their photographic skill, but now that Mrs.

Nixon is going to China with the President, the girls' experience might have proven useful in testing Peking tourism. And Julie is embarrassed that she may have flunked out on one of her tests: the viewing of three operations in which acupuncture was used as anesthetic. Acupuncture involves the placement of needles strategically in the body as described in 2,000-year-old Chinese medical tests. It is now employed, with modifications, to control pain in major surgical procedures.

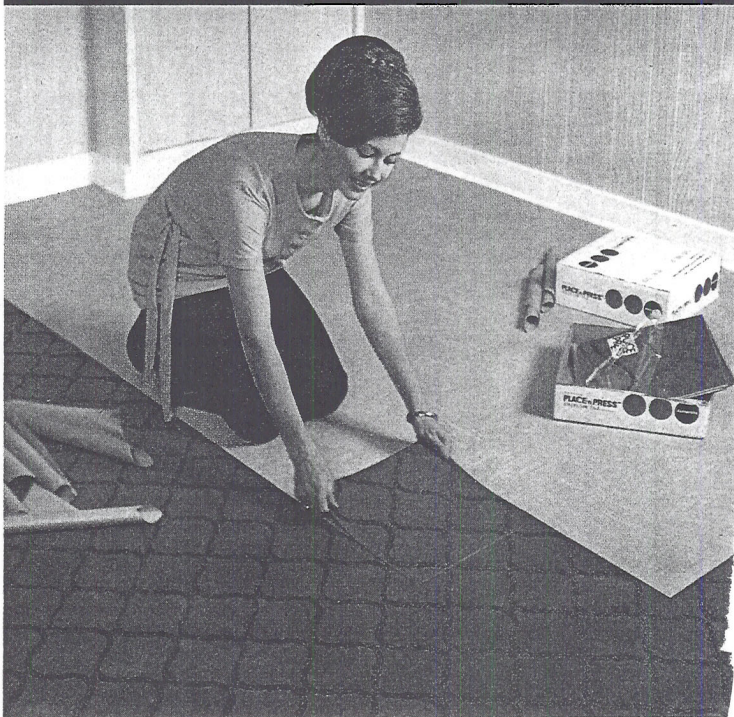
Pandas or acupuncture

"Dianne was working that afternoon," Julie recalls, "and I was given the choice of visiting the Peking zoo to see the pandas, or going to the hospital to witness acupuncture used as an anesthetic for surgery. Frankly, I've never been operated on, except for losing my tonsils as a child. So I had no idea of what to expect. Off we went, about eight of us from the American group, and up to the floor where surgery is done. We were given masks, caps and gowns and were led into the first operating room, where a man was being prepared to have a cyst removed from his lung. His right arm was braced over his head, and an acupuncturist was inserting and hand-manipulating a needle into his right forearm, in a spot that had been selected and identified as the most effective for anesthesia in this case."

There are supposedly 365 points on the skin that are considered to be "gate-keepers" for the affected organs and their ebb and flow of what the Chinese call "Yin" and "Yang,"

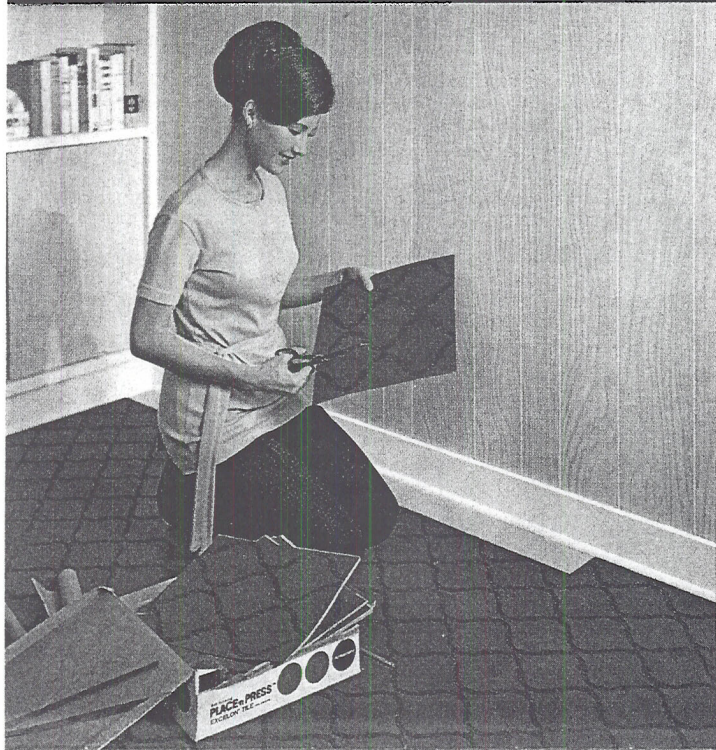
10:02 A.M.

Halfway through. It's easy. Just peel off the paper backing, place, and press.



11:36 A.M.

When Suzy comes to a wall, she cuts the tile to fit, using ordinary scissors.



young women shared the niceties of Chinese hospitality—robe and slippers, Chinese cosmetics in the modern bathroom, a good tub with a European-type hand-held shower, pleasant pink soap in the soap dish, even good-quality white toilet tissue on a roll. The cosmetics were a kind made up for export, with the trade name Fang-Fang, and included hand cream, lipsticks and iridescent nail polish. Dianne and Julie brought some samples home.

The secretaries did not have much time for tourism, since most of their days were filled with work: taking notes at the meetings between Kissinger and China's Premier Chou and other officials, typing memos and

other material for Mr. Kissinger. (Julie takes notes in Speedwriting; Dianne uses the Gregg system.) But they still found time to go on some of the guided tours the Chinese had arranged for the American visitors: a trip to the old Imperial Summer Palace, with tea on a floating picnic boat; a stop at the Ming Tombs; for Julie, a tour of an oil refinery; a new-style Chinese opera, depicting Chinese Communist struggles during World War II; a walk through the Great Hall of the People; and, of course, a journey northwest of Peking to stride up and down the crenellated battlements of China's Great Wall. For this trip, all the Americans

—including the women—were bundled up in special padded greatcoats kept there for VIP visitors as protection against the gusty winds.

Dianne and Julie were both enthusiastic about two things. One was Chinese cleanliness, which is apparent everywhere and which makes it safe to drink water right from the tap (although nobody does so, preferring tea). And the food, which both young women, like other recent visitors to China, have declared an unforgettable, delectable experience.

"Each meal consisted of several courses," reports Dianne. "While I never counted, I would guess there were about seven or eight courses to a regular meal. Breakfast usually started out with yogurt, with side dishes of sliced meat—beef or fowl—and cold vegetables. Afterward, there were generally additional courses. One morning we were served a kind of crepe inside of which was a lemony sauce—delicious! And each breakfast ended with fried eggs and bacon or ham with coffee. This was a courtesy to our American tastes, since the Chinese don't normally eat this for breakfast."

The girls also ate, among other foods, boiled peanuts, sharks' fin (both in soup and as a course), ducks' feet, mushrooms, chestnuts, fish, squid, shrimp and lots of pork. They particularly enjoyed the main course of a Sunday lunch: "a kind of Chinese fondue." It consisted of a steaming pot of broth, a firepot surrounded by pre-cut pieces of meat, fish and vegetables. Each person dipped his food into the boiling broth, and then, when the food was cooked, into a collection of condi-

ments. When everyone had his fill, all the remainders were tossed into the broth and cooked into a hearty soup, which was then served.

For sweets, there were some cookies—one a sesame seed concoction, another a sugar cookie filled with raisins. Dianne and Julie also enjoyed sweet millet with lotus seed and marvelous juicy melons from the south of China. They brought home lots of Chinese candy, which they found delicious.

No curious stares

The clothing worn by the people on the streets is very simple. Baggy pants, for both men and women, are topped with shapeless tunic jackets, and on the head is worn what could be called a fatigue cap. Chinese women wear no cosmetics or adornments, which is why Julie and Dianne chose to take along the most modest of travel wardrobes. Each traveled with only one suitcase and a hanging garment bag. With the exception of their excursion to the Great Wall, for which they wore pants, Julie and Dianne chiefly dressed in informal outfits, with skirts above the knee. Both girls commented on the reported reaction to their short skirts—insisting that, contrary to the press stories cited by Mr. Kissinger, there were no admiring glances.

"We never saw a curious stare, even from men who probably had never seen women's legs in public," said Julie, to which Dianne added: "Whether it was tact or simply lack of interest, we don't know."

(continued on page 148)

11:58 A.M.

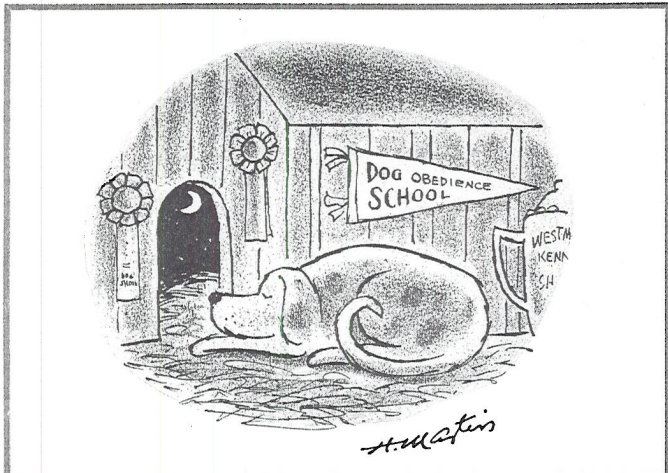
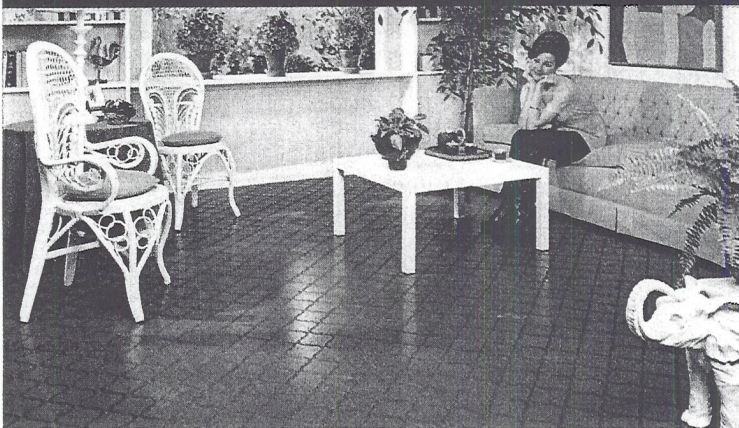
Done. Starting right after breakfast, Suzy is finished by lunch.

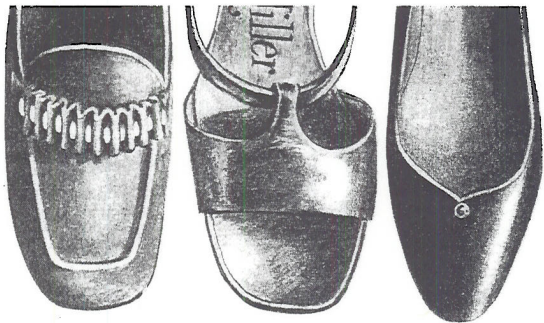
Place 'n Press makes it easy...and fast. Suzy's room is about 10' x 15', so it took her less than four hours. Vinyl-asbestos for durability and Armstrong-styled for beauty, Place 'n Press is perfect for those places you've wanted a new floor but felt it might be too much trouble or expense.

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WITH KISSINGER

continued from page 81

They both spent a fair amount of time in the presence of Premier Chou En-lai, both in the daily business meetings and on several social occasions. The first night in Peking, the girls report, Premier Chou rose to propose a toast to his American visitors. Then he went from table to table. When he came to the girls, the 73-year-old Chou,

spare and dapper, with jet-black brows and hair, gave them a special toast. He was drinking the 80 percent alcoholic *moutai*, a Chinese liqueur.

Both secretaries, while bound to secrecy about what they heard and noted, were obviously impressed by Chou En-lai's knowledge and sensitivity. They also suspected that he has a greater command of English than he admits. But during international conferences, translations provide

a chance to ponder replies, so perhaps there is method to the protocol of speaking one's native language only.

Was there a culture shock for either or both of the girls in their visit to China? Both admit that the country looks and feels different from any place they've ever been before, in both the city and the country.

"It's essentially monotonal," says Julie, "but this makes the specks of color seem even brighter than they are: some red, aqua and orange jackets on very small children; a foot-hill covered with red maples as we approached the Great Wall; persimmon trees growing in the orchards; bright vegetable greens being taken to and from markets in bicycles; and the gathered persimmons themselves on the country roofs."

Dianne spoke of Peking, and of the city's cleanliness. "The wind is harsh, blowing up swirls of dust on the streets and the squares. But there is no litter. And everywhere we went we saw people cleaning the streets."

Despite the heavy workload of transcribing all the meetings, Dianne and Julie made an effort to find out about the status of women in China, both through observation and conversation. They agree that it is difficult for a Western woman to evaluate the lot of China's 400 million females today, because the average visitor would probably be unaware of the serflike social conditions women endured before the Maoist Revolution. The women Dianne and Julie saw displayed little of the adornments Western women enjoy—and any such vanities as lipstick, hairdos or jewelry would probably be considered a mark of political instability.

But on the other hand, the women they met and saw seemed vigorous, happy and healthy. Dianne and Julie learned that arranged marriages have been banned by the Communists and that, when women marry, they keep their maiden names. When a woman gives birth to a baby, she is given 56 days of maternity leave before she must turn the child over to a nursery or day care center. Women have made progress, gaining their legal and educational rights, and there seems to be no outward discrimination against them in the types of jobs assigned, although the retirement age for women is 55, as opposed to 65 for men. (Ed. note: But there are still few women at the upper policy level. Of the 300 leaders of the Chinese Communist

party, for example, only 23 are women, and five of these happen to be married to the most powerful men in China, including Chiang Ch'ing, the wife of Mao Tse-tung, and T'en Hai-ch'ing, the wife of Chou En-lai.)

Impassive cool

Since the Cultural Revolution in 1966 both jobs and university openings are based on correct political thinking, and women who study medicine or engineering must combine their theoretical studies with factory and agricultural work. Perhaps this is why a young Chinese woman with whom Julie and Dianne talked was so interested in the details of their American educations. Dianne, who attended William and Mary College and then secretarial school, and Julie, who studied at both Mt. Vernon Junior College and the University of Maryland—and who'd like to do graduate work some day—were obviously examples of open higher education for women as practiced in the United States. But if the young Chinese woman had any reactions to their explanations, positive or negative, she hid them behind her impassive cool.

Chinese children, on the other hand, were more open, and universally charming. Recalls Julie Pineau, "Our motorcades attracted great attention always, small crowds at intersections and along city streets, or workers taking moments from their jobs in the fields to watch us pass. We always had the feeling they were sort of frozen in place for this moment. But the children would break through, waving, smiling, sometimes applauding. Once we all stood still and applauded back, and it was a beautiful bit of communication."

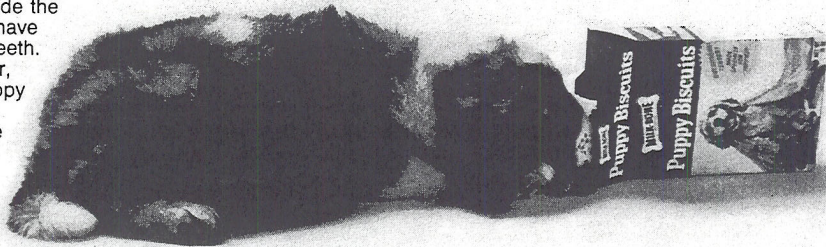
Like Mrs. Nixon, the girls made an effort to learn a few words in Mandarin, the official Chinese language. But their vocabulary is limited: *han-pei*, an Oriental "bottoms up" (more literally, "dry gloss") for drinking, *suei-pien*, "a sip, if you please" (more literally, "anything that pleases you"), and the all-purpose *hsieh-hsieh*, "thank you." Between expert translators and English-speaking officials, however, they managed to have many conversations. "The Chinese were without exception helpful and courteous. Some were more willing than others to talk to us about ourselves, and to a lesser degree, themselves. They laugh easily and are not at all a sulky people. If you ask a question

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that they would prefer not to answer, they are not embarrassed. They simply do not answer."

Julie was particularly interested in the whole concept of shared effort and how it works. "I could understand shared effort in a circumscribed area, one that might be compared to a farm in the United States. But it was harder to grasp the complete lack of private ownership, even down to the horses Chinese farmers use to carry their produce to market," she says thoughtfully. "Perhaps I am an extreme sentimentalist, needing a personal relationship between me and my surroundings at work and in my home, and with my animals. Maybe that's because I am a Westerner. The Eastern way is different."

"Reaching out and understanding is important," states Dianne. "When we first arrived in Peking, we rode through the streets without drawing back the curtains on our car. Soon, we had them open wide. We'd start waving and smiling—and some of the people, particularly the children and the women, would wave back."

Can East and West meet? Will the Nixons' visit to China open new windows and doors? Will other secretaries, and American women of all kinds, be allowed to share Dianne's and Julie's experiences in China?

Julie Pineau and Dianne Matthews, the first American women ever to visit the People's Republic of China as official visitors, rate their visit so high they can't wait to go again. Will they get a second chance? An old Chinese proverb says, "The journey of a thousand miles begins with one step." **END**

WHAT'S HAPPENING

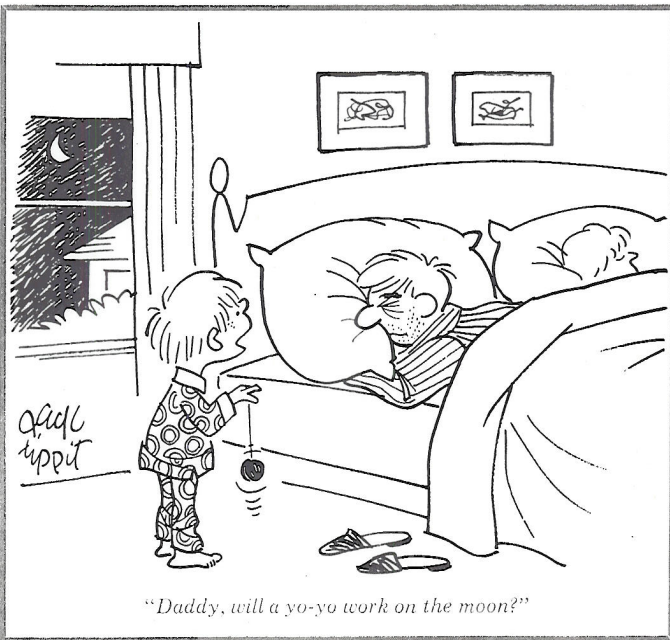
continued from page 2

home town, Humboldt, Iowa. This time, their feat will be on the ground. . . . Ed Sullivan shows up with a Special called *Clown Alley* (CBS-TV, March 26). Round up the kids. . . . This month's program in the Appointment with Destiny series is an historical recreation of *The Crucifixion of Jesus*. The search for

a cast took the program to the Holy Land, where they came upon just the right man to portray Jesus—Ronald Greenblatt, a student at the Hebrew University in Jerusalem. For this they had to go all the way to Israel? He lives in Teaneck, New Jersey. The narrator is Orson Welles (CBS-TV, March 31). . . . Susan Hayward is back (her TV debut, says CBS) in a movie made especially for the small screen. Title: *Fitzgerald*

and *Pride*, and her co-star is Lee J. Cobb.

The Right Steer. If I told you about something that could save your life, or your child's life, would you check into it? Okay then, check into a little book called *Belts On, Buttons Down: What Every Mother Should Know About Car Safety* by Edward Fales, Jr., and members of the staff of the Boston Children's Medical Center (Delacorte). This book is appealingly written, with stories, case histories and gulpable facts. The illustrations by Marc Simont are clear and bright. I want to flip through this book and holler highlights to you as I pass the pages: How to handle the unruly child of a neighbor when he's in your car. How to park at a shopping center. The most dangerous moment in driving—when trucks scream past you in bad weather—and what to do about it. When to leave your kids in the car alone while you just run into the store for a minute. Tips for pregnant drivers. How to "package" children into a car, and how many is too many. The ins and outs of driving children to school. . . . I tell you, this is a crash course in how not to crash, how to drive happily and without worry. I hope I don't sound too extravagant; it's just that for women with children and cars, for women whose family's activities turn them into "taxi drivers," this is one of the most useful books I've seen. **END**

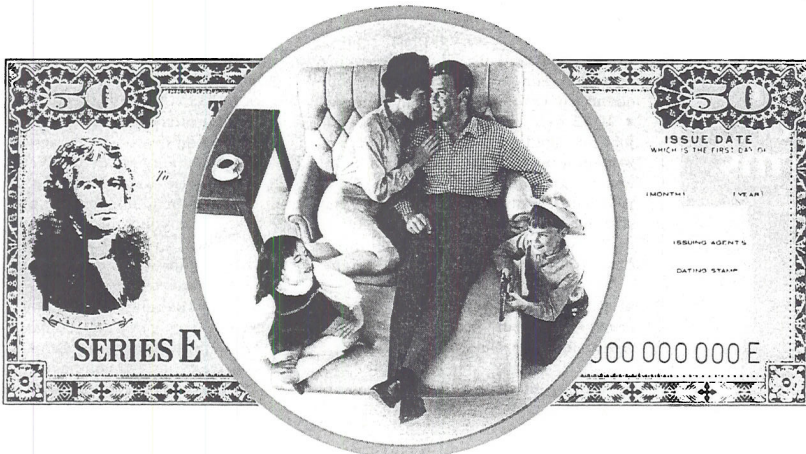


"Daddy, will a yo-yo work on the moon?"

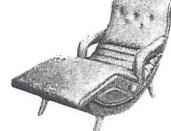
We have just enough religion to make us hate, but not enough to make us love, one another.
—Jonathan Swift

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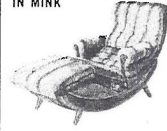
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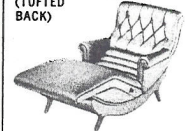
The Original!



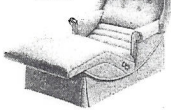
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The best gift you can give for Mother's Day or Father's Day is comfort — the kind that gives extra rest and relaxation. As an extra bonus after your purchase and delivery of a new Contour® Cuddler® or Contour® Power Slide® Push-Button Positioner when installed on purchase of any Contour® Chair shown, you will receive a \$50.00 U.S. Savings Bond — payable to yourself or any person you name.

Contour's® 23 patents and exclusive Cradle Comfort® gives you scientifically designed, custom-fitted head-to-foot body support. Available with Power Slide® automatic body positioner, Vivation® and Thermonic® Heat.

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Offer Void after June 18, 1972.

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