

# Du Pont brings you TODAY'S BIG VALUE IN AUTO POLISH

1. You clean off dirt film . . . put on a super-shine at the same time with Du Pont No. 7 Polish. It's the quick, easy way to keep your car beautiful.
2. Much less work, too, when you use Du Pont No. 7, because it contains "stroke-saving" methyl cellulose, found only in the Du Pont patented formula.
3. Safe for *all* cars, No. 7 Polish is made by Du Pont, makers of "Duco" and "Dulux," leading auto finishes.
4. Still only 75¢ for a pint can—and it does the *whole* job. Cleans up, shines up! Get a can today at your service station or auto supply store.

## DU PONT No. 7 POLISH

**CLEANS as it shines . . .  
SHINES as it cleans**

**ONLY 75¢ A PINT AT MOST STORES**



### DU PONT CAR WASH

a new detergent which speeds up car washing and makes manual drying unnecessary. Makes car washing a pleasure.

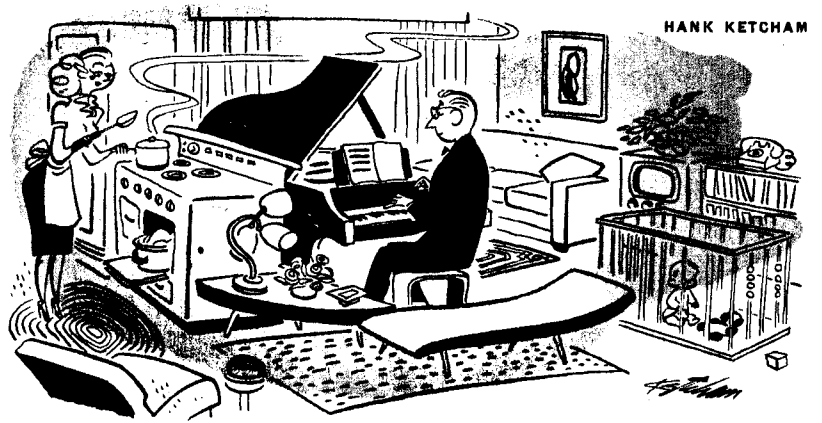


### DU PONT SPEEDY WAX

made especially for new cars—and those fairly new. Cleans and wax-polishes in one easy operation. Gives a brilliant lustre quickly.



BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING  
...THROUGH CHEMISTRY



In modern architecture, a home is simply a matter of . . .

## A Room Is A Room Is A Room

By PARKE CUMMINGS

WHEN I was a lad we lived in a seven-room house. The rooms were separated from one another by fairly thick (and entirely permanent) walls. In certain cases a door led from one room to the next. It was made of wood, swung on hinges, and had knobs on each side of it. When it was shut it made even more distinct the separation between rooms. You were very definitely "inside" a certain room or "outside," and that was it.

Rooms were not only distinct from one another physically but in atmosphere and *décor*. You could tell that the kitchen was the kitchen because it contained a stove, a sink, a refrigerator—and no overstuffed chairs. A dining table identified the dining room, and the presence of comfortable chairs and a sofa made the parlor's function clear.

Our house had stairs. This meant that, even though you might not know the exact whereabouts of a member of the family you could give somebody at least a partial clue by saying: "He's upstairs," or "She's downstairs."

All of this presents a vivid contrast to some of the houses I see nowadays. In them the exact line of demarcation between a certain room and another is at least as nebulous as that between left field and center field when two outfielders are hotfooting it after the same fly ball. The same holds true with many of the drawn plans I see in various publications—coupled with an announcement that the architect responsible for them has pulled down a \$1,500 award for dreaming up a house more "functional" than anything that has been dreamed up before.

The basis of these awards all seem to be the same: no matter what size the house (though most of them are pretty small), it should have as few rooms as possible and each room should have as many different purposes as an active family (or an ingenious architect) can think up. A budding architect drawing a plan with a separate room labeled "dining room" would be thrown out of school as quickly as a basketball player convicted of taking a bribe. In fact, in some modern architectural schools and firms the very mention of that term is cause for immediate dismissal.

There are several new-style houses in my general neighborhood, some of which I had occasion to visit recently when I canvassed for one of the major fund drives. I came to the first one, and knocked on the varicolored plywood

door. The lady of the house opened it, and the first thing that caught my eye was an electric range.

"Pardon me," I apologized. "I'll go around to the front door."

"This is the front door," she said. "Won't you come in?"

I entered a large, rambling, low-studded room and commented: "Lovely kitchen you have."

"Food preparation area," she said. "Won't you come into the living space?"

I followed her for a few steps, at which point she sat down in an easy chair and signaled me to do likewise. I drew out a cigarette, offered her one, and then fumbled unsuccessfully in my pocket for matches. "Never mind," she said. "There are some in the den."

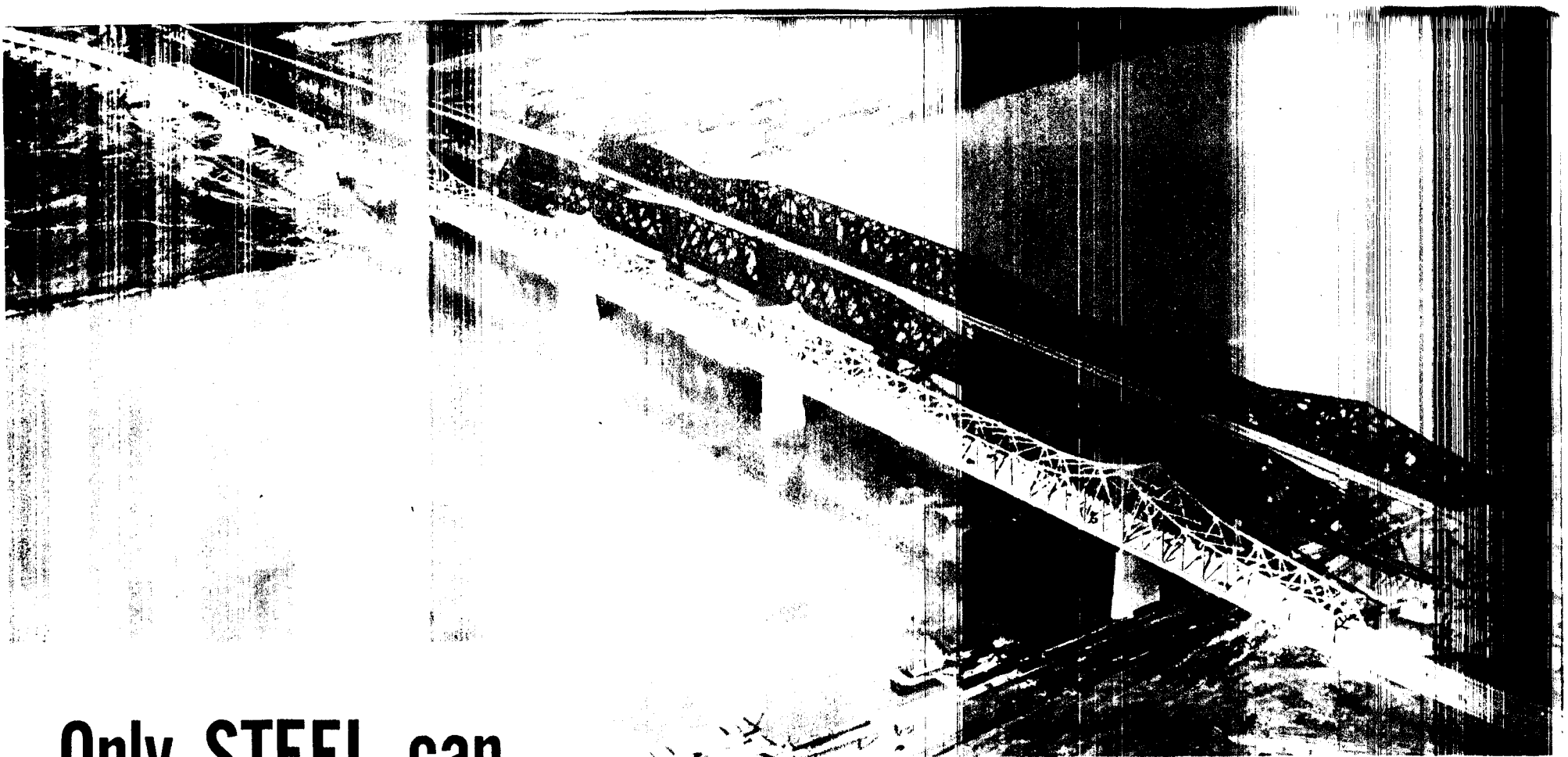
She arose, took six steps in a north-westerly direction, and secured them from a low table. As we smoked, and she gave me her donation, she pointed out several other "rooms." There were, if I recall correctly, a music room (midget piano), a social room (divan), and a library (bookcase). All three of them, I finally came to perceive, were distinctly separated from one another by small scatter rugs.

I did not inquire about the bedrooms although it is possible that I was unconsciously viewing the master one when I gazed at the two settees in one of the far corners of the room. If I am wrong in that assumption (maybe those settees were disguised frozen-food units) there is one thing I can guarantee—if the house boasted more than a single bedroom, these could instantly be converted into one large room (suitable for Ping-pong or doing the laundry) simply by pushing back a sliding partition.

In any event it is an absolute cinch that these bedrooms (or sleeping areas) were on the ground floor. Next to putting permanent interior walls into an up-to-date house, the worst thing an architect can do is to call for—or even consider—stairs. The one-story house seems to be the rule these days—a fact that results in some phenomenally high television masts in low-lying localities.

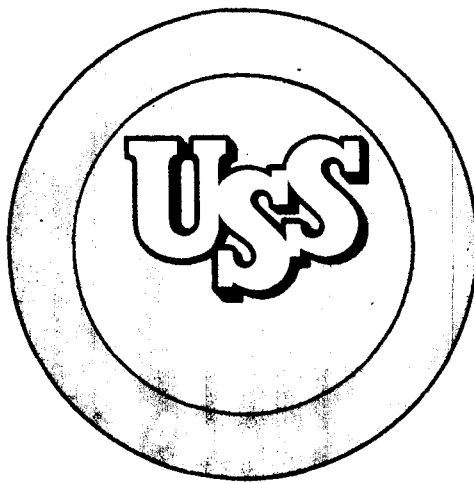
I'm afraid I sound like a reactionary, but don't get me wrong. The kind of house that is becoming more and more prevalent these days has plenty in its favor in convenience and comfort. In fact, as the lady I visited pointed out the myriad advantages of her domicile, I found myself completely converted. It's the best one-room house I ever saw.

Or do I mean 11 rooms? THE END



Only STEEL can  
do so many jobs  
so well . . .

**NEW MEMPHIS-ARKANSAS BRIDGE.** The giant cantilever bridge, nearly a mile long, that now spans the broad Mississippi at Memphis, has two 24-foot roadways of concrete-filled U·S·S I-Beam-Lok Steel Flooring. This type of bridge flooring goes in quickly and easily. It's light in weight, very strong. And it provides a safe, skid-resistant, fireproof, smooth-riding surface. Only steel can do so many jobs so well!



...but the U·S·S logo is  
your guide to quality steel

#### FACTS YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT STEEL

By the end of 1952, the American steel industry will have an annual capacity of more than 117,500,000 tons of steel—over 3 times the capacity of all the communist nations combined.



**55-MILLION-YEAR-OLD JAWBONE.** This fossil jawbone, part of one of the smallest mammals in the history of the world—a 2-inch shrew that lived in Wyoming 55,000,000 years ago—is here being examined by a scientist at The American Museum of Natural History which sponsored the fossil-hunting expedition in conjunction with the University of Wyoming. The tiny bone is mounted for study on a fine steel wire. United States Steel makes all kinds and sizes of steel wire, for unusual uses such as this and thousands of other purposes.

**105 MM. HOWITZER SPEAKS OUT.** Weapons like this, essential to help build America's security, call for steel, steel, steel. It's fortunate that U. S. Steel and other American steel companies can produce huge quantities of this vital metal . . . enough not only for howitzers, but hospitals, for tanks as well as tin cans.



**GOING UP!** Every sidewalk superintendent gets a thrill out of watching a skyscraper go up, seeing the tough steel skeleton of the building take shape, holding his breath as heavy loads are swayed aloft on spidery cables of steel. United States Steel gets an extra thrill out of this one . . . not just because it produced, fabricated and erected the structural steel, and made the U·S·S TIGER BRAND Wire Rope, but because this building will be U. S. Steel's own new home in Pittsburgh.

# UNITED STATES STEEL

*Helping to Build a Better America*

AMERICAN BRIDGE COMPANY • AMERICAN STEEL & WIRE COMPANY and CYCLONE FENCE DIVISION • COLUMBIA STEEL COMPANY • CONSOLIDATED WESTERN STEEL CORPORATION • GERRARD STEEL STRAPPING COMPANY  
GUNNISON HOMES, INC. • NATIONAL TUBE COMPANY • OIL WELL SUPPLY COMPANY • TENNESSEE COAL, IRON & RAILROAD COMPANY • UNION SUPPLY COMPANY • UNITED STATES STEEL COMPANY  
UNITED STATES STEEL EXPORT COMPANY • UNITED STATES STEEL PRODUCTS COMPANY • UNITED STATES STEEL SUPPLY COMPANY • UNIVERSAL ATLAS CEMENT COMPANY • VIRGINIA BRIDGE COMPANY



# "IMAGINE! NO MOVING PARTS TO MONKEY WITH" It's marvelous—it's motorless!

From its wonderful wear-free freezing system to its latest interior convenience, you'll find Servel the world's most modern refrigerator . . . Look at the big Freezer Compartment . . . Try the feather-touch, self-closing Bulldog Latch . . . See how the Quick-Change Shelves flip up to make room for bulky foods . . . How the "Odds and Ends" Basket saves clutter. For lasting silence, choose the motorless Servel. Operates on either Gas, Electricity or Kerosene. Servel, Inc., Evansville 20, Ind. In Canada, Servel (Canada) Ltd., 548 King St., W., Toronto, Ont.

Stays silent—  
Never makes a peep!

Great big separate  
freezer compartment

Servel  
10-YEAR  
GUARANTEE

World's longest  
refrigerator  
guarantee...  
10 Years!

Like magic—  
Bigger inside!  
Smaller outside!

For any size family—  
any size kitchen!

STAYS SILENT — LASTS LONGER  
**Servel**  
The Motorless Refrigerator  
GAS OR ELECTRIC OR KEROSENE

Come see the miracle of ice  
from heat at your dealers!

Running costs stay low!

GAS CAN COOL YOUR HOME AS WELL AS WARM IT — WITH ONE SIMPLE COMPACT UNIT. ENJOY  
PERFECT YEAR-ROUND INDOOR CLIMATE WITH THE AMAZING SERVEL ALL-YEAR AIR CONDITIONER

HOT WATER... FASTER... WITH DEPENDABLE, ECONOMICAL SERVEL WATER HEATERS. ADVANCED  
DESIGN PLUS SPECIAL FEATURES. THERE'S A MODEL TO FIT EVERY NEED AND PURSE



# The Love Man

Twenty years ago, when Thornton Sayre was a romantic movie hero, you might have been in love with him. Now you will find him older, and wiser—and quite a bit more foolish

By JOHN D. WEAVER

I

ALL through breakfast Carol Sayre waited for her father to explain the long-distance phone call, which she felt sure was connected with those mysterious letters he had been getting from New York all week. She sat at the opposite end of the table from him, the polished cherry expanse suggesting the thirty-year span which separated her untidy world of dungarees and lemon Cokes from Thornton Sayre's arch-preserver shoes and digestive pills.

"New York, wasn't it?" Carol finally said, and the Old Boy went on nibbling his Melba toast, apparently not hearing. "Wasn't it New York calling?"

"Yes."

"Business?"

"No." He adjusted his tortoise-shell glasses, then dropped a tiny saccharin pill into his coffee. He was a man of precise movements, seeming to attach importance to even the most trivial gesture, a trait which had become instinctive with him in the almost unremembered years when he had been a professional actor.

"Stella get home?" Carol asked, drawing the tines of her fork across the tablecloth, making lines which always suggested railroad tracks. The Old Boy nodded, and she said, "She have a good time?"

"Yes, I think so. Do you have any idea where my suitcase is? The good one?"

"I lent it to Dick last summer."

"Would you mind getting it back?"

Carol leaned forward, her dark eyes widening. "You wouldn't go to New York without me?"

"Why did you lend him the *good* one?"

"He can't travel around with the ball club looking like a hobo." She smiled across the table. "I've never been to New York."

"A great many people lead long, useful lives without ever visiting New York."

"But I've never been *anywhere*."

"You've been to Kansas City."

"When I was a child."

"You're still a child, and now will you please go get my suitcase?"

Carol, with a pouting frown, pushed away from the table. Never in her life, which seemed much longer to her than to old people her father's age,

Collier's, May 26, 1951

15