

If an Aviator Should Fall for You

SWING!

By Penrose Lyly

EVERY year more and more young fellows are taking to the air. That means more and more girls will become the wives of aviators. What kind of married life will the air-bride have? Will she be restless, in constant state of worry, unable to go about her housework like the wives of other men whose jobs don't take them into the clouds?

Lattie Dawson can give some answers. Her husband is a transport captain for one of the big airplane companies.

"No, I never worry," she says. "When Bob leaves the house for a flight, I know pretty well in advance just what his flight plan is—the airport people have mapped it out, altitude to be flown, the course, and all that. And while he is in flight, I keep track of him over the short-wave radio."

"You know they broadcast something like this—Captain Robert F. Dawson on trip from Newark to Chicago,—then give the names of the crew, number of passengers, how much mail aboard, what altitude they are traveling at, the weather, where they have last cleared from and what towns ahead are open. You remember a few Sundays ago it was so very foggy here. Well, I knew that both Buffalo and Pittsburgh were open, so I didn't worry."

YOUNG, gracious, smartly dressed (transport captains must make good money), she adds, "I don't think many wives know so much about their husbands' whereabouts as we air-wives do about ours."

The young Dawsons hail from Oklahoma, went to college together at Stillwater, were married after Captain Dawson graduated, tried to settle down and run his father's wedding present, a nice, prosperous grocery store. But young Dawson spent most of his time out back in the yard tinkering with a bit of junk that had once been an airplane.

He got the junk to fly, Lattie flew with him, then they chucked the vegetables and coffee and packages of food and took to the air for a livelihood. They hauled Indians by weight.

"I SPENT my early married life darning—not my husband's socks, but airplane wings. Sometimes we thought longingly of the nice clinking cash register back in the grocery store we had passed up. But our luck changed when our daughter was born. Since then everything seems to have been on the up and up."

Captain Dawson quit barnstorming after the birth of his daughter. He took a job delivering planes to eastern airports, worked in various airplane factories, landed with Ford in Detroit.

Six years ago he went with United Airlines. Now he's a captain, flying passenger transports.

So there you are, girls—if you wonder what it would be like to marry an aviator. Takes courage and common sense, pluck and loyalty, charm and a way with darning needles—AND of course an aviator!



Mrs. Robert F. Dawson and her daughter, Lattie Lee, ready to board one of the transport planes Daddy flies.

A Sunday Dinner to Be Relished

HOW does this sound? Liver Canape, smoked shoulder of pork, boiled and baked, baked sweet potatoes, shredded turnip, mixed mustard, celery hotel style, Viennese torte?

That's Alice Bradley's idea of a proper Sunday dinner. Miss Bradley is principal of Miss Farmer's School of Cookery in Boston and the author of a series of four books on menu planning which are now being issued in gay kitchen-proof covers. This menu comes from the "January, February and March" series of the Alice Bradley Menu-Cook Book (MacMillan \$1.50), the second of the series to be published. And here are the recipes for 4 to 6 servings to accompany that menu.

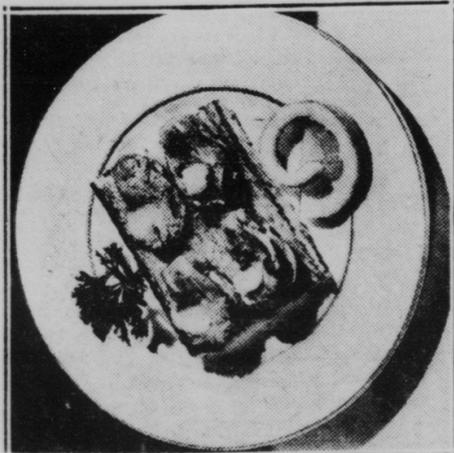
Smoked Shoulder of Pork, boiled and baked. Get 5 to 6 pounds pork. Put smoked shoulder in large kettle, cover with cold water, bring to boiling point and cook slowly until pork is tender, allowing 25 minutes to the pound. Remove skin and

some fat from the pork while still hot. Put in baking pan and sprinkle with brown sugar. Surround with water and bake in slow oven (300 degrees F.) for 1 hour. Slice and serve hot.

Shredded Turnip. Pare 1½ lb. turnips and cut in shreds using knife or grater. Melt 2 tablespoons butter, add turnip and cook slowly 10 minutes or until soft, stirring frequently. Season to taste.

Celery, Hotel Style. Remove green leaves and cut celery in quarters through the root. Wash and chill.

Liver Canapes. Put through food chopper twice, using fine knife, ½ cup cooked liver and 1 thin slice onion. Add 1 tablespoon butter, ¼ teaspoon salt and a few grains cayenne and mix until a smooth paste, adding stock or water if needed. Add 1 ripe or stuffed olive chopped, and spread on strips of toast or small crackers. This recipe should be used also for that next cocktail party.



If you don't care for the liver canapes described in the accompanying article, how about the panned oysters shown above? Billy the Oyster Man, gives this recipe: Use one pint oysters, four tablespoons butter, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, salt, pepper and lemon. Drain oysters, place in heavy frying pan and cook over low fire until the edges curl. Add butter, lemon juice and salt and pepper to taste—and, if you wish, a dash of Worcestershire sauce. Bring to a boil. Serve on hot toast and garnish with hot lemon.

ROOM GLOWS WITH COLOR WHEN FITTED TO A PAINTING

BEAUTIFUL paintings are no longer confined to museums. In either originals or in the remarkably accurate and inexpensive modern reproductions they are being used in livable American rooms.

The photograph above shows an outstanding example at the Decorators Picture Gallery in New York. It is a dining room keyed to a Matisse still-life of pineapples and peaches in vivid green-yellows, deep pinks and glowing reds. The walls of this oval room are in soft gray, the rug is a golden yellow accentuating the gold and yellow in the painted peaches of the Matisse still-life.

The chairs are in old Venetian red lacquer with antique gold painted design. The seats are upholstered in dull gold. The curtains draped over flat gray Venetian blinds are of heavy striped satin in deeper gray and the red and gold of the painting.

The still-life itself hangs on a wide sheet of mirror placed in a set-back in the wall to break the monotony of the oval of the room. On the shelf beneath it stand two Bristol vases in old ivory.

The room glows with color and light. Indirect lighting from large plaster shells painted the same gray as the walls they hang on reflects itself in the crystal chandelier of modern design.



"NO dress is better than its hip line. If it's good around the hips, it will have the right swing." That's the way Kay Morrison feels about it. This young American designer with a Hollywood beginning and a Fifth Ave. present, has achieved distinction with her draping of the hips and the flattering management of color.

Above, one of her loveliest draped gowns. In two-tone chiffon, lime green over lemon yellow, it ties at the neckline and at the waist in back. It carries a brown orchid corsage trim.