

Deaf Children Make Best Spellers

By HAL BOYLE
NEW YORK.—The oddity almanac:
An executive looking for a stenographer who can spell might do well to hire a deaf one.
As a matter of fact, many employers now are doing just that. They have found that office workers with hearing impairments have a large vocabulary and know how to spell because they learned to spell properly early in life.

The reason deaf children, undisturbed by distracting noises, develop a good visual memory of words and letters. Those with normal hearing often learn to spell the 46 basic sounds of English speech by ear instead of by sight.

Big crisis in industry note: Australian rabbits aren't multiplying as well as they did — and that may add up to your paying a higher price for your hat, mister.

The faraway bunnies have been ridden by a disease called myxomatosis, and the price of their pelts has risen from \$2 a pound to \$6.

"If this keeps up we'll all be wearing beavers again," says J. Benjamin Parrell, president of Adams Hat Manufacturers Inc., which converts nearly 10 million Australian rabbit pelts a year into felt toppers.

They're Texas Jackrabbits and no good for hats," he said. "Too tough."

Is there a magician in the house?

Almanac editorial: Many of our readers have complained that the 75th anniversary of Thomas A. Edison's invention of the electric light caught them flat-footed, and they didn't have time to get properly lit up in tribute to this important occasion.

Well, our friends in the industry have let us in on another closely held secret — next Aug. 1 is the 25th anniversary of the photoflash bulb in America.

Now is the time to start planning your own celebration of this historic event. Why don't you and your neighbors hold a block party in tribute to the dear old flashbulb?

Incidentally, now that Americans spend almost as much time

in automobiles as they do in their homes, did you know motor cars now use more light bulbs than houses do?

The average motor car had only 3 1/2 bulbs in 1925, now has 22 1/2 (one 1955 model has 33). The typical home contains only about 19. (And if your house is like mine, they all seemed to be turned on all the time!)

Old jobs department: Richard and Edith Barzow, the brother-sister team of choreographers, say the most difficult job of their career was plotting steps for the 50 dancing elephants in the Ringling Brothers Circus . . .

The problem they had to overcome: an elephant's front feet follow a different rhythm than its hind feet.

By the way, there are no

"chorus boys" in the herd of maternally chyderns . . . Most circuses got rid of their male elephants years ago . . . The big boys got too bad-tempered during certain seasons . . . And you can't sell a customer popcorn or pink cotton candy after an elephant uses him for a rug.

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STUNNED FATHER OF quadruplets, Kenneth Barnes, 32, of New Haven, Conn., holds up four fingers in astonishment as he surveys his four new sons. Nurse Jeannette Lund faces the staggered father. (AP Wirephoto)

Hollywood Starlet

BY CHARMIAN CORDAY

CHAPTER THIRTEEN
The house on Hayes Dr. was white stucco with a green trim on the windows and a green door. Rose trees lined the truck walk that went up to the porch. The rooms were not large, the furniture of blond wood, the carpeting silvery gray and the draperies emerald green. The Zaborek servants who had helped with the moving had filled vases with flowers in the living room and dining room and stocked the kitchen with groceries.

"Is that you, Barbee?" Ethel Landa called from the kitchen.

Todd was fiddling with the radio in the breakfast nook when his sister appeared at the door. "For 40 days we have a swimming pool," he said dolefully. "Then we don't. And my village—she was so beautiful!"

"Run along, Todd," Mrs. Landa said. "There's a radio in the living room."

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"I called his fraternity house and his mother this afternoon to leave word where we were."
"I'm not," she said.
"I was my mistake—going up to Paul! I didn't want to go but well—and I certainly didn't want to come here."
"Do you know what rent we're paying for this? The owner was just in and told me. I had to pretend I knew but I nearly died."
"We don't have to worry about the rent. It's to go on what I owe. He's hand sold along the edge of the door overvously."
"Why didn't you tell Nate we'd go back to the court?"
"I tried to but Paul wouldn't have it."
"Paul! It's always what Paul wants!"
"Now Mother, it's just because you don't understand this business. Paul's helping us—"
"Yes, that's all I've heard. I wonder I should have put my foot right down the night he mentioned the guest house. I don't know what I was thinking about."
She looked up sharply from the newspaper she was watching. "Barbee, there was nothing between you and Paul up there, nothing that could be gossiped about. Why don't you only vent to the big house twice and I'll invite you to our pool a few times and then for such short periods. He never even had a meal with us. Cam's going to be wild when he hears this."
"He's not going to hear it. We'll tell him Paul had some guests from out of town. He needed the cottage. Did he call?"

They ate dinner in the breakfast nook in the kitchen. None of them said much. Even Todd was subdued, trying to make up his mind which he would miss the most, the swimming pool or his village.
After the dishes were done, Barbee tried to get Cam again, but he wasn't at home nor at his fraternity house.
"He didn't call me yesterday, she thought as she went in to look at her new room. Nor Saturday. "There he is!" She cried when she heard the front floor bell ring. "Let Cam in, Todd!"
"She flew to the dressing table and fumbled in her purse for her lipstick."
"Todd came to the door. "It isn't Cam. It's Paul. He wants to see you and Mother."
"Barbee, I'm going to get some 'dobe city,' but if it ain't, I'm going to build myself a real village in the back yard."
"That'll be fine," she tried to be enthusiastic. "Just fine."
Zaborek was pacing the floor when she went into the living room. "I didn't expect you," she said as she sat down.
"No. Good evening, Mrs. Landa." For Mrs. Landa appeared at the door. "Sit down, will you? I've got something I want to say to Barbee, and I want you to hear it."
He crushed out the cigar he had been smoking carefully in an ash tray on the coffee table. "First, he didn't sit down, he stood where he was by the table. 'I'm sorry I suggested you go up to my place—it seems I did the wrong thing. I didn't do it intentionally. You must know, both of you, it wouldn't hurt Barbee for the world—any more than I'd hurt Lark."
"I don't like this gossip—I feel we should do something about it right away. That's why I came over tonight, to talk it over with you both. Now there's one way we can scotch it right away, a way that will help Barbee, too, and she does need help. Barbee and I can get married—"
"Married?" Mrs. Landa gasped.
He raised a hand quickly. "Wait a minute, Mrs. Landa. This isn't a proposal in the accepted sense of the word. What I mean is that Barbee and I could go through a marriage of—convenience, shall we say? I know she doesn't love me and I don't love her—I feel for her as I would for a daughter. I want to help her get on with her career. Under the circumstances as they are now I can do more for her if she's married to me." He had been addressing his words to Mrs. Landa, now he turned his eyes to the girl.
"Barbee, when I say a marriage of convenience, that is exactly what I mean. I know you're thinking about Cam, but this all could be explained to him satisfactorily. In a couple of years when you've got what you want, you can divorce me and marry him. But right now we'd concentrate on your careers. I'd be with you constantly to coach you. It seems to me the only way."
Mrs. Landa had always been nervous and ill at ease when Paul was present. She had the same feeling when she was summoned into her boss' office, a fear with in her that she had done something wrong or that she would say something wrong.
Now for the first time she felt an equal to Zaborek, even a little above him if that could be possible. She could watch his face, the fine cut features that formed it, his strong nose and yet his delicate nostrils, his dark eyes on Barbee, not happy eyes but somewhat pleading ones, the way the muscle on his left temple quivered, the slight lift his right brow had. The sprinkle of silver in his hair seemed more than that tonight.

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