He reminded me of an English bull dog with his square-built shoulders, his indifferently pugnacious manner. For a prize he took me to the "cinema!"

ALLAN VILLIERS, sailor and author, had a heavy voice, His heavy hair looked as if it could stand a good brushing, his tux tie needed straightening, and he needed a shave. He had the habit of making a statement and then following it hastily with the command, "Oh, but you mustn't print that!" (It's probably because the British are afraid of offending Americans, Professor B. S. Pickett said later.)

"But really, Mr. Villiers," I protested when I got him off in a corner by himself, "I won't bite, and I'll try pretty hard to write a good story about you, but you won't give me anything to write about." The poor man shrank further into his suit and a hunted look came into his eye. "I don't like to have lots of strange people around firing questions at me. It scares me." He looked so bewildered about it all, my heart went out to him. I asked him how he happened to take up reporting.

"Well, it was like this," he drawled. "I'd been seriously injured by having a part of the mast fall on my head, skull fracture and all. Going back to the sea being impossible I looked around for work that required no education and little intelligence. I chose journalism." I blushed. At heart, I think, sailors are teasers.

TALL, handsome Captain John Craig stepped out of the elevator and proffered his hand with an apologetic grin, "Sorry to keep you waiting. Can't we find some nice quiet place to eat? I'd like a real dinner date with an Iowa coed." I suppose the easiest of all my interviews was with Captain Craig. He seemed to know the college vernacular and used it freely. Then he had that kind of a twinkle in his eye that said, "Let's be silly and have some fun." We did.

It wasn't long till he pulled a Spanish doubloon from his pocket, "See what I've been doing!" he exclaimed, "looking for pirate gold in the Carribean, and I've found the place. Just as soon as I finish this tour I'm going back and dive for it!" Fueled full of exciting stories he rattled off one after another. Captain Craig is the deep sea diver supreme, who writes for the Readers Digest, Esquire, and National Geographic.

THEN there was Lily Pons. She tripped into the hotel on high heels, with a mink coat wrapped double around her. Close on her trail came her secretary, her accompanist, her maid, and a retinue of bell boys carrying bags—really not so many bags for a genuine opera star, temperament and all. The great "Leelee," the silver voiced woman who commanded thousands of audiences, was here at last.

What the great "Leelee" lacked in size she made up for in graciousness. Ask John Dunning, who played the flute for her. In fact, all those who come into contact with the little opera-Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer starlet on a professional or business basis remarked about the manner she has with all people.

Homemaking
In the Hills
by Carolyn Roller

T'S strenuous work and takes everything you've got, but somehow you can always go on," said Esther Brucklacher, H. Ec. Sr., as she told of her work for one year as Home Demonstration Agent in the southern highlands.

"For the most part, I lived in the Tug River Valley section which is on the border of West Virginia and Kentucky. It is a remote section, and pellagra and malnutrition are extremely prevalent; therefore it was my duty to teach the people how to preserve the foods which they have and improve their dietary habits," Esther stated.

"I held all of my demonstrations outdoors and did the processing in an iron kettle over a big fire. We frequently canned tomatoes and used a modification of the cold pack method, processing them for 18 minutes. The women sat back and smoked their corn cob pipes while I demonstrated, and the men came because they thought it was good entertainment. All of the meetings were started by singing old mountain ballads to liven up the group, then I gave a pep talk on diet and concluded with the canning."

One of their big nutritional problems is that of getting milk and eggs, because most of the people are too poor to keep a cow or some chickens. "They are surprisingly healthy, though, but they must get acclimated to their diet," she stated.

Esther answered the question, "Do you intend to go back after graduation?" with an emphatic, "Oh yes! You can't keep me away now. Once the hills get in your blood you can't help yourself—they pull you back."

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