

### Those Crazy Bartletts

CHAPTER ONE  
Part One

She was a very pretty girl and she was obviously, though not unpleasantly, aware of the fact. The shining golden hair was loosely waved and hung in a soft shoulder length bob; her skin had the exquisite dewy look that belongs to properly nourished and gently shielded youth; her eyes were large and darkly blue and deep-set beneath thin, airy brows that were like soft wings.

The girl stared out of the window at the flying landscape. There was a breath of panic in her heart, and in her face a faint reflection of that emotion, despite her young, somehow almost touching poise. It was crazy and absurd, of course, but she was frightened; for she was going home to a perfectly strange place and a family made up of strangers; a mother and father whom she scarcely remembered, two sisters and a brother whom she couldn't remember at all. She was leaving behind her all the beloved, familiar things that had made up her busy, happy life. That life had come to an end, so far as her heart and her emotions were concerned, on a crisp, snowy day when Ellen Crawford and Martin Gray had walked into Louise Patterson's crowded New York studio and announced gaily, "Uncork the champagne, people! We're going to be married tomorrow!"

So now she was picking up the pieces. Aunt Judith had gone on to a Mexican vacation and Celia was going home to try to get a new prospective. And this was the train that was taking her.

Across the aisle, a big, red-headed young man in a worn gray suit and shoes that had obviously been mended, though not very neatly polished, looked at her curiously. Then he rose and came to lean above her and say pleasantly, "I wonder if you and I are going to the same place — Lathamtown? I know I have to take the bus from the next station."

Celia's blue eyes looked him over with a remote politeness that brought a touch of color to the young man's face. "I'm going to Lathamtown, yes," she said. "Ever been to Lathamtown?" he asked with interest. "Once a very long time ago."

He grinned at her disarmingly. "That must have been all of fifteen years ago. You can't be more than sixteen!" he said cheerfully. "I haven't been in Lathamtown since I was twelve," she said with an almost icy distinction. "And that was eight years ago."

"I'd never dreamed you were so old!" said the stranger, with his winning smile. "Ever hear of the Bartletts? The Crazy Bartletts, people call 'em. I'm visiting them."

Celia sat very still, her face stiffening with shock and outrage. The Crazy Bartletts! Her own family! Before she could say anything, the stranger went gaily on, "Buzz Bartlett and my father tramped together for twenty years



SEEKING FOR HIMSELF — Francis Cardinal Spellman of New York comforts a wounded UN soldier at a hospital near Seoul, Korea. The Cardinal is on an inspection tour of the Korean battlefield. (Photo by NEA-Acme staff photographer Warren Lee.)

in a show called Hal G. Meadows Greater Minstrels. I've never met Buzz, but from what my old man always said, he was a character — and is, still, I imagine." Celia was scarlet with fury, and her eyes were blazing when at last she found her tongue. "My name," she told the stranger, "is Celia Bartlett."

"Mine's Rusty Randolph, he said pleasantly, before consternation struck him and he gasped and his eyes flew wide open in dismay. "Did you say Bartlett?" "I did," she told him, sweetly venomous, her tone low and trembling. "Buzz Bartlett is my father. I'm one of the 'Crazy Bartletts!'"

The stranger straightened and stood erect. All about him the soldiers and sailors and marines, who had been listening eagerly, chuckled and looked at Rusty Randolph with amusement. "I'm sorry," said Rusty at last, his voice harsh with anger. "You had no right to let me make a fool of myself."

"I let you? You needed no help! You simply rushed in headlong. How dare you gossip and chatter about the people you are going to visit? If the family is so outrageous, I wonder you'd lower yourself to visit them!" flashed Celia coolly. He looked as though he would like very much to strike her; instead, he pulled his battered suitcase down from the rack above his seat and made his way out of the car. Rusty moved off down the station platform as though he knew exactly where he was going. But Celia stood beside her suitcases and looked about her, puzzled and tired and feeling as though she might burst into tears any minute.

To be continued

### That Body Of Yours

Continued from page 2

machine) was released to just above the resting systolic pressure and a 10 cc. sample of blood drawn quickly by a wide-bored needle (15 seconds). Both blood samples were centrifuged and the amount of histamine present estimated.

In all experiments it was found that muscular contraction (work exercise) in man is accompanied by a flow of histamine into the blood. The blood plasma collected after contraction of muscles contained three to four times more histamine than the control plasma sample.

### The Ship Fifty-Two

By Peter A. Reilly  
(Dedicated to Time)

We stand on a shore, that we stood on before  
Watching YEAR SHIPS that pass in the night —  
On life's seven seas, in the calm and the breeze,  
As they ebb and they flow in their flight;  
Over ledges and shoals, sailing on to their goals,  
Crossing currents and sand bars of time —  
With a compass and wheel, and a well balanced keel,  
On a course that is buoyed divine.  
Some snips sailed afar, to a red-bordered bar,  
In the throes of war's fury and strife —  
Where the youth and the prime, on their billows of time,  
Felt the flow and the ebb of their life;  
On a blood-letting field, with a high mortal yield,  
For the Reaper that's fatal and grim —  
From the four-winds of earth, killing pleasure and mirth,  
And the young vigored men of our kin.

So the Year Fifty-One, is a Ship that has gone,  
Out into the mist from our view —  
But the haze clears away, in a new dawning day,  
On the deck of the Ship Fifty Two  
December 31, 1951.

### NORTH PINETTE SCHOOL

Honor roll for the month of December.  
Grade X.—1. Billy Ross.  
Grade IX.—1. Peggy Ross.  
Grade VI.—1. Bruce Singleton.  
Grade V.—1. Grace Dicherty; 2. Auldene Ross; 3. Robert Ross.  
Grade IV.—1. Howard Ross; 2. Caroline Buchanan; 3. Clayton Singleton.  
Grade III.—1. Donna Buchanan; 2. Harold Singleton; 3. Donnie Ross.  
Grade II.—1. Ruth Dicherty; 2. Alvin Singleton; 3. Gerald MacTavish.  
Grade I. Sr.—1. Dianne Ross and Patsy Donovan (equal); 2. Devona MacTavish; 3. Joan Pantton and Janet Buchanan, (equal).  
Teacher—Viola MacDonald.

### OCEAN PIONEER

The Royal William, built at Quebec, in 1833 was the first vessel to cross the Atlantic under steam.

### Dorothy Dix Says—

Continued from page 2

this time my wife and I have always gotten along nicely. Since we purchased our TV set however, we are continually disagreeing over what programs each of us should see. I can't understand why my wife can't meet me halfway. I am very patient and considerate, but she wants her way. After watching her choice of programs for three or four hours, I'd like to see some sporting events, but she gets so mad at the suggestion, she's ready to throw things.

ANSWER: After watching TV for three or four hours anyone will be ready to throw anything! This new and wonderful medium of entertainment is causing similar disruption in most homes. They can only be solved through the give-and-take policy. Each member of the family should be allotted a certain amount of choice, with everyone else abiding by it patiently. If your wife concedes your right to a share in the program selecting, she'll probably discover herself becoming very much interested in sports. Some of the gentlest ladies I know have become rabid wrestling fans after being exposed to the sport for a while.

DEAR MISS DIX: For several months I have gone steady with a boy two years older than I. I am 16. I broke up with him and

have gone out with other boys, but not steady. Now I find that my former boy friend is spreading rumors and stories about me that aren't true. How can I stop him?

B.J.C.

ANSWER: This is a problem in which you could use adult help. Take your father into your confidence and let him handle the situation for you. Someone should see this former boy friend of yours and see that he stops his gossiping. If he keeps it up, your family should have a lawyer see him. This step will undoubtedly curb his lies, but I really don't think you'll have to do more than have dad talk to him. Don't let the situation continue and grow worse. Nothing is more vicious than a person who delights in tearing apart another's character. Drastic measures alone will stop them.

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