

my eyes traveled slowly over its familiar contents. The shelf of thrice read books hanging over the couch in the alcove. Above the couch the ghastly picture of me enlarged from a photograph (a bad photograph at that), which a smooth tongued agent had persuaded my mother to buy at a staggering price. When I first saw it on my return home from a year at college, I said reproachfully, "How could you!" My mother had the grace to blush. "I knew you'd say that," she replied. "He just talked me into it!"

How many of those atrocities adorned walls of Vermontville homes after that agent passed through the town, I hate to think! Grandfathers with long beards, sour expressions, immense gold watch chains across corpulent fronts; grandmothers, thin hair neatly parted, Sunday collars, a granite smile--Grant Wood has paid tribute to such in "American Gothic."

I have digressed from my room. An old-fashioned grass matting covered the floor. When a cat or dog came up to waken me in the morning, the little claws, scratching across the rough texture, was the first sound I heard. The furniture was painted white. The window curtains and canopy over the bed were white organdy tied with blue ribbons. A large white fur rug was placed in front of the couch.

The immense window extending from ceiling to floor framed a succession of beautiful pictures as the season changed. White lilacs growing to the second story were followed by more distant glimpses of pink apple blossoms,