

They need our prayers and our loving sympathy. They are the brave young ships laboring through life's heavy seas, in danger from above and below. Let us give them our loving thought, but let us not waste even a shred of sympathy on the battered old ships, safely anchored in a peaceful haven.

Speaking as one of the old craft, riding at anchor in a safe harbor, I am glad to record that even these hard years bring certain satisfactions. I am proud of the way women have taken their places in many departments of public service, and of how the attitude towards women has changed for the better. Many women have broken new trails and hold their positions with dignity, asking no favors and receiving none, remaining good humored and dignified at all times. These are the women who dress modestly, keep their hair neat and their voices low, and never try to win approval by lowering their standards of conduct, I like to remember the "seniors" among the women workers—Miriam Green Ellis, whose agricultural writing is unsurpassed; Claire Wallace in radio, to mention only two.

We are proud of the young ones too. A few days ago I listened to an interview on the radio with a young entertainer named Peggy Anderson, who had been singing and dancing for the American troops in Italy and elsewhere. She was interviewed by Mrs. Barlow, who asked Peggy how she could do so much travelling and dancing and still remain in perfect health. Peggy replied: "We are all trained well before we start out, you see, and we never drink. The boys would not like us if we did, for they want to respect us, as well as admire us."

I wish every teen-age girl could have heard that!

When I wrote in the Introduction to this book that I was about to "summer fallow" my mind, the figure of speech was more apt than I knew. Surely the whole