

# FAREWELL "THE CHILDREN"

They Go Back To College Now, Leaving Behind Them  
Opportunity For Quiet Thought

By LEWIS NICHOLS



That other generation has gone back to college now. Silent are the jazz records which played from dawn to dawn, and still—almost still—is the telephone. In some ways this is good, for elderly nerves and blood pressure are not what they used to be, long ago. In at least one other way this is bad. To get at the matter at once, that other generation on departing delivered a lecture. It was long, it perhaps rambled, but what it may have lacked in oratory it made up in earnestness of feeling and intensity of expression. That other generation, in short, asked that it no longer be referred to as "the children" and that the gang be not publicly discussed as "that age group." So be it. Both expressions are herewith put away, like the ornaments for the Christmas tree—to await some other year, and another generation. They have been used so long that it is a little hard to put them away, but clearly it must be done. It is necessary to say, over and over again, "that other generation," and not even when reminiscing with old people to mention "the children."

## Going-Away Dinner

The lecture began under circumstances which were amiable enough. It was at dinner of the night before that other generation departed. For one there was a tiny touch of crabmeat, that being the traditional request, and for the other there was fried chicken. The meal seemed to be going along with just the right degree of sentimentality, and nothing was said about how restful the house would be without jazz for breakfast. Suddenly, having finished the crabmeat, that one launched on a diatribe. Certain words and phrases were accented—"humiliating," "shaming me before my friends," "grown up," and repeatedly, "you don't realize." Since this seemed mainly to be directed at the cook, the considerate figure at the other end of the table smiled serenely. This sort of thing would be good for her. Then the focus of the attack shifted, and in another di-

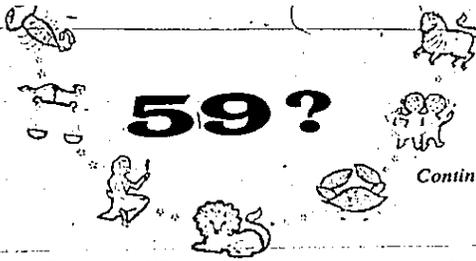
rection came such expressions as "silly rules," "being in by," "allowance," and, again, "you don't realize."

## Fault Lies Elsewhere

That was several days ago now, but in the silence of the jazzless house there has been ample opportunity for thought. At first this took the line of least resistance, as well as the easiest way. The considerate figure had warned the cook time and again that the people now known as that other generation no longer were in kindergarten, nor first grade. Being of a perceptive nature, he had seen them wince at the thoughtlessly spoken "the children" or "that age group"—especially before boys. Being of the type which remains always young in spirit, and thus able to understand another point of view, he had underscored their mild protests. Once he had even gone so far as to discuss the psychological aspects of the matter. Did the cook persist in believing them still "children" only because to do otherwise would make her seem older herself? For this he was rewarded, with a stare that would have cut diamonds. He dropped the matter, being hungry at the time.

## Sage Bows Out

As noted, there has been opportunity for much quiet thought since that going-away dinner, and the gentle, pacific figure at the far end of the table has decided upon a course of action. Naturally, he never again will speak of "the children," and will always think of them as that other generation. Further, since no family can get along on the dubious principle of divided authority, he will turn over what little he has held. Such matters as allowances and the hour for being home will be discussed henceforth with the cook. She says often that she runs the house, working her fingers to the bone, and this detail clearly should be a part of running the house. The type which remains always young in spirit does not enjoy being picked upon, being shunted at dinner into an even more advanced age group than he deserves. Hereafter, a child's—no, not that, but another generation's—best friend will be his mother. Officially.



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Peter Drucker's "Landmarks of Tomorrow" will be out soon; his publishers call it an unexpectedly cheerful preview of the next period in history by the well-known management consultant. Movies of '59 will include Edna Ferber's "Ice Palace," to be shot in Alaska; Han Suyin's "The Mountain Is Young," to be filmed in Nepal; and "North From Rome," based on Helen MacInnes' story, which will be made in Italy.

An ultrasonic dishwasher is on the way. The dishwasher is vibrated by an electronic source and as the vibration collapses it "rips" all traces of food off the dishes. A painless dental drill has been developed—and not a moment too soon—on the same principle. A glass stove will tour the country. The cooking surface is pyroceram, a ceramic glass originally developed for the nose cones of rockets. Engineered for the tough conditions of outer space, pyroceram neither cracks nor stains, and sheds any sign of cooking use at the touch of a damp cloth.

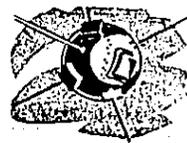
AT&T will go into production with their Home Intercom, the house telephone system in which you can talk locally or long-distance and also switch over, as need arises, to talk to Grandma up in her room, or through a speaker to the Fuller Brush man at the front door. (Still no solution for those times when you are basking in the hot tub and the telephone rings. But perhaps another year...)

Skirts are going up by day, 16 inches, 17 inches, up and up. For some reason which the economists do not understand, this is a sign of good times; after the depression of the early twenties, skirts rose and rose with the stock market, and toward the end of World War II they were going up again. In the evening, however, they're often going to be long and graceful.

Jet airliners will make it possible to have breakfast in London and lunch in New York. Fishermen will get to the trout streams of the Andes as easily as to the woods of Maine. There will be more group vacations, where associates combine to charter a plane to go overseas, cutting their travel expenses by half.

At home in suburbia, planners see more "leapfrog" developments jumping beyond present limits to meet the demand for more houses and more living space around the big cities. And more communities will be getting together to pool their experience and resources for a regional attack on common problems. Builders expect increased acceptance of the idea of prefabrication as a means of cutting down building costs. There will be emphasis on recreation centers for young and old together—skating rinks and bowling alleys and picnic parks, giving a chance for family outings where neighbor can meet neighbor.

Einstein's theory of time and space will be checked by a new satellite which will be launched this year carrying an atomic clock. This is one of a series of seven satellites which will be sent out in 1959 by NASA (National Aeronautics and Space Administration); possibly one of them will carry a man around the earth.



According to the astrologers, Jupiter will be in Scorpio for most of 1959, "favorably aspecting many planets in the chart of the United States." They predict one of the most prosperous years we have seen in a long time, and they find prospects for 1959 especially encouraging for

anyone whose birthday falls between November 13th and November 23rd.

Finally, here is the forecast of a noted clairvoyant:

"There will be progress and prosperity. Above all, 1959 will bring the world nearer to peace. Strange objects will appear in the skies. They will frighten some people, but their appearance will be in many ways a godsend for they will open up new avenues never heard of or seen before. Severe earthquakes on the Chinese mainland and on the West Coast. Tidal waves to the south. Look for extraordinary developments in the scientific field, especially with regard to a new serum. Winter will be excessively cold and stormy." Note the contrary forecast from the Old Farmer, above. Time will tell. Happy New Year!

