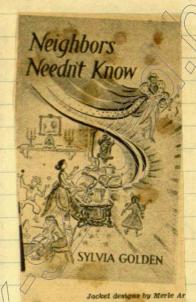
All for Papa

NEIGHBORS NEEDN'T KNOW. By Sylvia Golden. 249 pp. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$3.

DAPA was handsome and charming; he was also an impractical dreamer. Papa was no good as a business man bearistocratic cause from his Hungarian background he had inherited the feeling that grubbing for mere money was beneath any real gentleman. a consequence Mama, the two girls and their brother all went without a lot of things so Papa could have the best. Whenever he returned from his trips on the road (where he tried to sell jewelry and antiques) there was an abundance of food and celebrating. Instead of bringing back the little money he'd made, Papa spent a good part of it on impractical, expensive gifts like an ancient Chinese backscratcher or an old ivory skull.

The struggle of this Hungarian family living in the Yorkville section of New York City in the early Nineteen Hundreds is told with an easy, warm style. Miss Golden knows and understands her people well, and when Papa finally finds his rightful niche the happy ending seems only proper and fitting for this nostalgie little tale. Her people are always too completely alive to waste time on self-pity. And while Papa will exasperate the reader at times, he is just as hard to resist as his patient family.

ANNE RICHARDS.



Kitchen Map

scrubbed kitchen floor, being extra careful not to chip off any more linoleum around the three big bare patches Ning had which Africa, Asia and North America. She had invented a game which Mama didn't like. It was called "Around the World on One Leg," the idea being to hop from bare spot to bare spot without touching the linoleum. No one dared play it when Papa was home —and anyway it was getting too easy to do.—"Neighbors Needn't Know."

