

*People You Know*

BY A. NECK PAIN

Mrs. Ann Cestor

Family pride is an admirable quality, but it is often made a conversational nuisance to Mrs. Ann Cestor's acquaintances.

Mrs. Ann Cestor lives on the hand-me-down distinction of her forebears. She will steer every conversation, no matter what the subject, around to the point that she can tell some story about her kinspeople of another generation. You can show the semblance of polite interest the first time Mrs. Ann Cestor unwinds a yarn about her antecedents. But, after the fourth or fifth, or tenth or twelfth session of ancestor worship her hearers almost wish that she had been brought into the world by the modern process of artificial insemination, reared in an institution and never been told who her parents were.

But, Mrs. Ann Cestor is persistent. You can't avoid her, so you might as well make up your mind to add this burden to your cross with as much resignation as you can muster. She talks about these distinguished forebears because her own life is drab and mediocre. It is her chance to get into the spotlight. Her mania for this kind of boasting grows out of an inferiority complex. Mrs. Ann Cestor is not conscious of this. She would vehemently resent the idea that she was or could be inferior to anyone — not Mrs. Ann Cestor, whose grandfather was a Very Important Person, and whose mother, I'll have you know, left her clothes in the middle of the floor for one of her personal maids to pick up.

"My mother would turn over in her grave if she knew that I cooked breakfast for the family this morning. She never cooked a meal in her life. She did not know how to boil water."

Be tolerant with Mrs. Ann Cestor. She talks about her ancestors because that is her one and only claim to glory.

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