

WEEK'S COMPLETE TELEVISION PROGRAMS

THE

SUNDAY

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Chronicle

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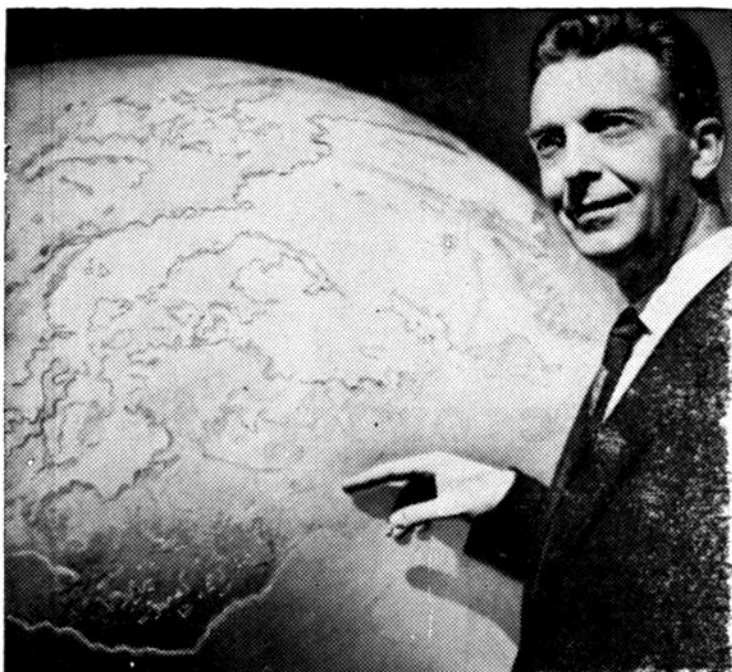
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JULY 26, 1959

VOL. XXXI, No. 30

SECOND BIRTHDAY FOR PAAR SHOW



NEWS SAFARI — NBC News commentator Chet Huntley studies the globe before leaving for Africa to film the first of two full-hour special programs on African nationalism to be telecast in prime evening time on the NBC-TV Network. Huntley will be accompanied by a four-man film crew in his on-the-scene study of nationalist movements in Africa. During the past year, the commentator has traveled about 50,000 miles gathering material in Israel, France, Lebanon, Germany and other countries for the "Texaco Huntley-Brinkley Report" (Mondays through Fridays), "Chet Huntley Reporting" (Sundays) and various news specials — all on NBC-TV



A KING TAKES STEPS — Comedy routines are interspersed with songs and dances when the "Kraft Music Hall Presents the Dave King Show" colorcasts Wednesday nights on the NBC-TV Network. King, top-rated British comedian, has received high praise from American critics and viewers for his comedy, song and dance talents.

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COVER PICTURE:

On our cover we picture the personalities in the Jack Paar Show, with Jack Paar in the center, and left to right Hugh Downs, Jose Melis, Genevieve and Cliff Arquette. The group will observe its second birthday on July 29.



INVESTIGATORS — Dennis Morgan stars as Dennis Chase, a private investigator in the new series, "21 Beacon Street," and Joanna Barnes plays Joanna, his girl Friday. The crime investigation series is telecast Thursday nights on the NBC-TV Network in the time period of the vacationing "Ford Show."



MAN OF THE AGES — This early-day Paar seems a longhair compared to the late-night Paar, but he conveys the old master's touch of whimsy that prevails on the Monday-through-Friday "Jack Paar Show" on the NBC-TV Network. Illustrator Ronald McLeod rendered the conception of how the television headliner may have looked had he lived five centuries ago.

Sneak Preview

By ARTHUR CUNNINGHAM

Meg Tanner's eyes shone like dark stars as she pirouetted in front of the big mirror in the downstairs workroom that opened on the lawn. The wedding gown that sheathed her young curvaceous body was such as to make any girl, however plain, take on the radiance of a queen — and Meg, with her blue-black hair and smooth white skin and pert, freckled nose, was far from plain.

She was alone. The rest of the family were at the other side of the big house watching the television. "Sneak preview," murmured Meg. "The bride, given in marriage by her father, George Myles Tanner, made a dainty figure in a lovely gown of off-white bridal satin made in simple lines with long-waisted bodice, long . . . 'e-e-e-k'."

Meg froze like the fairy princess smitten by a spell and the dark eyes were huge as they stared into the mirror at the tall wild-eyed young soldier who had come bursting through the French doors from the darkness of the lawn.

For a moment she did not move, nor speak, nor breathe. Then: "Mike!" She said in a whisper, low and wondering, "Mike Halloran!"

"Yes." He came slowly into the room, his dark stubbled jaw set, his good-looking Irish face stormy as the western seas. "Faithful old Mike, back from the wars, to find his love. And you — you, why you little cheat—"

The black eyes narrowed. She had a temper matching his. They'd been playing irresistible force and immovable body since school days.

"I'm no cheat, Mike Halloran; and you know it and you'll swallow your ugly lies—"

"No cheat? You're my girl, always were my girl and here I come back from a year of war and hear there's a wedding up at Tanner's and I come here and find you all dressed up for some other man."

"I'm free to do what I wish, Mr. Halloran. You left me that way. The night you went off to China — or wherever you've been— you said, 'I wouldn't ask you to marry me, Meg, and maybe be the Widow Halloran in a month's time. It wouldn't be fair to you, darlin.' Then you told me if someone else came along, that I was free to marry him. 'Why, Lochinvar Halloran—"

ed a hundred miles to find you — the only one in the world I have or want to have. I stop for gas in the village and hear about the big wedding and I tear up here and—"

"You said that before, Michael. The 'guy' is Rowland Bennet—"

"I might have guessed. 'Romeo' Bennet. Loves all the girls. ell now, here is what's to do you — you little devil — you get out of that rig as fast as you can and get into some traveling clothes—"

"I—I what?"

"You follow me." The big man's eyes were fierce and his jaw was grim. "You don't love Bennet. You know it. You're mine and always were and tonight I'm driving you over the state line and we're getting married—"

"Why —," Meg's eyes were shining again. "You did, you big lug — and you know you did—"

"But, dammit all, I didn't think you'd believe me, you little snip — not to this extent. Who's the guy anyway? I just got home this very afternoon and got my car out and roar—"

"Who?" said Mike suspiciously.

AM



H. Rader

"Gosh! How romantic! Don't you even recall the poem we had to learn in Miss Pelly's class in school — about Young Lochinvar who came out of the west and snatched his love from the very steps of the altar?"

"I came east," grunted Mike. "Now hurry up and do as I say."

"So masterful," sighed Meg. "What makes you think I'll jump through a loop for you, Mike Halloran?"

He gave her the dark look again. "You'd better," he said softly. "Or I'll take you as you are. I have only ten days—"

"And I might be the Widow Halloran in a month's time—"

"You might," said Mike somberly, "but for ten days you'll be my love, little Meg. Jump!"

"You — you're serious, Mike?" Her voice was soft. "You really put love ahead of the danger of — of death—?"

"I'll have lived," he said. "Oh, hurry, Meg!"

She ran to him and flung her arms about his neck and kissed him.

In ten minutes she joined him in the car that stood in the roadway under the elms. She snuggled close to him.

"O, Lochinvar," she said, her cheek against the rough cloth of his blouse. "Go fast."

They didn't stop until they were over the state line, and then it was in front of a house with a Justice of the Peace sign and there in a quiet country parlor they were married.

Mike stood by her when she phoned her family. It was her sister Paula who came first and heard the news. "Isn't it wonderful, Paula!" babbled Meg. "I'm sorry about the wedding, but you can easily scare another bridesmaid; and, incidentally, I tried on your wedding dress and I'd suggest you let it out an inch in the — you know. Now speak to Mike. He's right here, beside me, all choked up with emotion—or something!"

4—Bachelor Father
5—Prof. Wrestling
7—Leave It To Beaver
9—Science Fiction Theatre
11—Steve Donovan
13—Movie

9:30
2—Playhouse 90
4—21 Beacon Street
7—Rough Riders
9—Sign of Danger
11—26 Men
13—Movie

10:00
4—Groucho Marx
7—Man Called X
9—Film Drama
11—Boots and Saddle
13—Mike Wallace

10:30
4—Masquerade Party
7—Harbor Command
9—Movie
11—Soldiers of Fortune
13—China Smith

11:00
2—The Late News
4—J. M. McCaffrey
5—Movie
7—Report to New York
11—News

11:15
2—The Late Show
4—Jack Paar
11—Movie

1:15
2—Late, Late Show

FRIDAY

5:30
2—The Early Show

4—Movie
7—Mickey Mouse Club
9—Movie
11—Three Stooges
13—Bowling Queens

6:00
5—Cartoons
7—Little Rascals
11—Popeye
13—Ask the Camera

6:30
4—News
5—Cartoons
7—Newsreels
11—Amos & Andy
13—Newsbeat

6:45
4—News

7:00
2—World News
4—Celebrity Playhouse
5—Sailor of Fortune
7—Men of Annapolis
9—Terrytoon Circus
11—Kevin Kennedy

7:15
2—News
7—News
11—News

7:30
2—Rawhide
4—Pete Kelly Blues
5—Walter Winchell
7—Adv. of Rin Tin Tin
9—Movie
13—Sherwood Forest

8:00
4—Ellery Queen
5—Night Court
7—Walt Disney
1—Civil Defense
13—Henry Morgan

8:30
2—I Love Lucy
5—Racket Squad
11—Olympic Village USA

9:00
2—Phil Silvers
4—M Squad
5—Divorce Hearing
7—Tombstone Territory
9—Wrestling
11—Baseball
13—Jai Alai

9:30
2—Lux Playhouse
4—Western Theatre
5—Theatre 5
7—Sunset Strip
9—Wrestling

10:00
2—The Lineup
4—Boxing
13—Mike Wallace

10:30
2—Amateur Hour
5—Official Detective
7—Rescue 8
9—Movie
13—People's Court

11:00
2—The News
4—John M. McCaffrey
5—Movie
7—Report to New York
9—Movie
11—News
13—Dance Party

11:15
2—The Late Show
4—Jack Paar
7—Movie
11—All Star Movie

12:45
2—The Late, Late Show



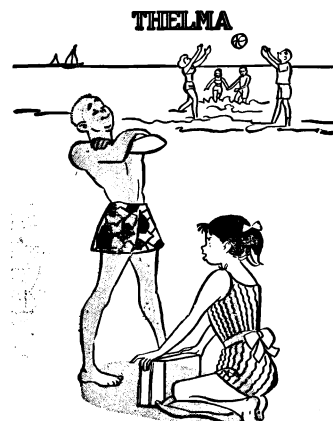
CLOSE HARMONY — Tony Bennett and Teresa Brewer are flanked by the Four Lads as all sing a rousing opening production of a "Perry Presents" show Saturday nights on the NBC-TV Network. The color-cast series, which stars Miss Brewer, Bennett and the Four Lads, is presented in the former time-period of "The Perry Como Show."



GUESS STARS — Panelists (from left to right) Sam Levenson, Audrey Meadows, Lee Bowman and Faye Emerson test their imagination and judgment every Thursday night when they try to establish the identity of masked and costumed guests on the "Masquerade."



STARBOARD — John Compton (who stars as Shannon in "The D. A.'s Man" series on the NBC-TV Network Saturday nights) and actress Rebecca Welles try some nautical hi-jinks on a recent Pacific outing to Santa Catalina Island off California. Compton, a rugged outdoorsman, is a sailing and ocean fishing enthusiast. Miss Welles frequently appears in episodes of "The D. A.'s Man," "The Californians" and other NBC-TV series.



"All Right—I Take It Back, You're NOT All Pudding!"

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Also





Pet Pest

by ROBERT DENNIS

The footstep came down the city room and halted at the door of Clint Lipton's office. Penny Adler felt eyes on her, boring down through the barrage of typewriter keys she was sending up. Something about Clint Lipton put a chip on her shoulder—

"Miss Alder—" the voice was too polite to belong to her pet pest, "—is Clint comin' back today?"

She looked up at the old man who stood in the door of Clint's room, a shiny serge suit bagging around his lean, stooped figure like a piece of wilted lettuce. She nodded. An assistant society editor had troubles enough. Let Clint Lipton take care of the sports department and his own pests. Old Hughey Lawler was his problem—

The old fellow touched the yellowed, sawbrimmed straw hat clamped down over his thin figure of white hair.

"I've got some news about The Kid for Clint to writeup," he said, as he crossed the narrow aisle.

"Oh," Penny replied helplessly. If it was about The Kid old Hughey would stand and gab forever—

"Course I've got to give it to Clint. I've been keepin' Clint right up to date on The Kid—" He swallowed at something.

"So he's told me." With dull fascination she watched the old fellow's Adam's apple climb up and down the stretch of turkey like neck above his over-size collar. Clint also had said—that the next time old Hughey tried to fold his ears back, he was going to—

"Did I ever show you the picture The Kid sent me when he was trainin' out on the Coast?" Hughey pushed a post-card portrait under her nose—a while-you-wait photograph of a young fellow in sailor blues, his hat cocked at a go-to-hell angle over one belligerent eye.

"A fine lookin' boy, Miss Alder."

She'd seen the face before. Her glance strayed in through the open door of Clint's office to where a shaft of late afternoon sunshine spotlighted a photograph tacked on the wall—a bare-torsoed kid in fighting pose. She'd always looked down her short

straight nose at those pictures of Clint's brawn and beef friends—the guys with tin ears and bent noses, the guys heaving forward passes—the tough he-guys.

And Clint Lipton—with his head of wild rusty hair, and that habitual frown wedged between his deep-set gray eyes—was part of his muscle menagerie, as far as she was concerned.

"— My grandson, Mss Alder —" You'd have thought the scrappy kid in the sailor suit was an admiral, from the pride in old Hughey's voice. "You ask Clint if The Kid wasn't on his way of being welterweight champ—before he wanted to enlist—"

"I'll bet he was," Penny's comment dropped like a pebble into the deep pool of Hughey Lawler's pride. He gushed words.

Penny Alder actually was glad to see Clint's rust-colored head appear. She almost welcomed his deep frown when he spotted her caller. Old Hughey turned to Clint.

"I've got something for you to write up, Clint—"

Clint's nod toward his office was about as friendly as an umpire's thumb. "I can only give you a minute—"

"Sure—" The old fellow turned.

Penny found the Lipton frown aimed at her. "You're a pal," he accused, "you know that old guy gets me down."

She looked up at him, and that chip was on her shoulder.

"For holding him," he scowled, "you're going to break down and go out to dinner—and places—with me tonight."

"Is that a pass or a penalty?"

"Take your choice—only get your hat on." He wheeled away.

Penny stared after the back of his sunburned neck. Why could he annoy her more than any other man she'd ever known? His very vitality; the way that shaft of late sun put sparks in his rusty hair—everything about him bothered her.

"Let's have it fast, Hughey," Clint said, "I've got a date—"

That's what he thought. She closed her typewriter desk with a bang. She looked in

again—

Clint's frown was concentrated on that latest picture of The Kid. He reached for a yellow telegram old Hughey held out.

"I come to tell you first, Clint," the old fellow's shoulders slumped, "because The Kid would want it written up on your page—where his friends could see it. He ain't comin' back, Clint."

Penny didn't get it at first—and then her chest went all tight for that old man in there. The way he stood—the tone of his voice—said that everything he'd been living for had been wiped out by a telegram sent to "the next of kin."

Clint kept frowning.

"You know what to say about The Kid, Clint," old Hughey prompted. "Tell 'em about that sweet left of his, and how nobody ever got past it."

The old fellow talked on and on. Clint listened, his face deadpan.

Penny Alder listened, too. She was still at her desk when Clint and Hughey Lawler came out.

"That picture—" the old fellow said anxiously, "—I wouldn't want to lose it—"

"I'll get it back to you," Clint was letting him go without even one word of sympathy.

"Sure—well—thanks. I guess I won't be comin' around anymore, Clint. I mean, there won't be any more news about The Kid—"

Clint glowered as Hughey Lawler slowly started away—then, suddenly, he strode after him.

"You can't just walk out on your friends like that Hughey," He gripped the old fellow's arm hard. "Drop around—anytime—you feel like talking about The Kid—"

Penny doubted her ears, but the smile the old boy gave Clint was real enough. "Sure—I will, Clint."

Clint Lipton turned and came back—to halt at her desk.

"You haven't got your hat on—" his voice was gruff. "I suppose that means it's another 'no date.'"

"I—" she began, her eyes searching his.

"O.K.—go on, say it. So I gave him the brushoff by hanging out the welcome sign."

She'd never tried to look beyond that scowl he always wore. Like The Kid's left.

"You really like old Hughey Lawler," she said abruptly.

"Sure—if I didn't like the old pest, I wouldn't let him bother me, would I? But you wouldn't understand. You never give a guy a chance to see if you can like him—"

For a moment Penny matched frowns with her pet pest. She could feel his puzzled eyes follow her as she stood slowly, and moved toward the coat rack. He was right—she hadn't been able to understand why she'd let him bother her—but it was becoming clear. She must have liked the real Clint Lipton all along—even when she was carrying a chip on her shoulder for a tough guy who didn't exist—

When Penny Alder turned she was smiling—and had her hat on.

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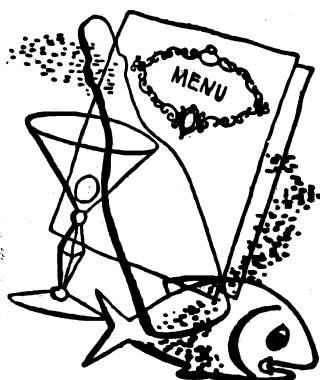
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This Week In **AMERICAN HISTORY**



BY WILLIAM BRODIE

JOHN JACOB ASTOR BORN

On July 17, 1763, twelve years before the American Revolution, John Jacob Astor, who pioneered a new era of capitalism in the United States, was born in the village of Waldorf, near Heidelberg, Germany. He was the son of a poor butcher and he knew hardship and privation in his early years.

At the age of sixteen he ran off to London. He stayed there for several years, working for a musical instrument dealer, until the urge for bigger accomplishments drew him to America. He arrived in New York in 1783, the year the Revolutionary War ended, with one good suit, five pounds in money, and seven flutes which he sold at a profit. Young Astor got a job peddling furs in New York. He was then a sturdy fellow of 20, whose determination was outlined in his tight-lipped face. He learned the fur trade thoroughly and in three years was able to start his own thriving fur business.

Astor established connections in London, selling furs and importing merchandise for resale at a good profit. In 1808 he chartered his American Fur Company. It was to make John Jacob Astor the fur trade "emperor" of the West from the Great Lakes clear out to the Pacific Coast. Astor's American Fur Company fought other fur traders for control of the wilderness resources.

The fur trade was the "Big Business" of that time. Pelts from American forests were sold from Europe to China. The trappers and hunters were the heroic figures who tapped a great land along the rivers and across the Plains to the Rockies, "the biggest clearing on the Almighty's footstool." Fighting and outsmarting the hostile Indians and wild beasts to live and make a living, they gambled their lives to bring back to civilization their

season's catch of furs — otter, fox, mink, marten, buffalo hides, and, most importantly, beaver.

American beaver pelts were a prime commodity in the world markets. The mountain men and plainsmen who brought in their catch were the keen tools with which John Jacob Astor carved out his rich empire.

Astor got ahead of all his competitors. He took over some companies, bought and sold others, and set up branches with division of territory. He sent the first steamboats up the Missouri River. His agents built the first American settlement at the mouth of the Columbia River on the Pacific and named it Astoria. From it went sea otter pelts to the China trade, beaver and other furs to the American and European markets.

Astor treated the Indian and white trappers harshly to squeeze from them every penny of profit. The fur trade made him rich, and the profits from it he invested shrewdly in real estate on the outskirts of the expanding city of New York. He was careful with his investments. He drove a hard bargain, and he pitilessly foreclosed on mortgages.

John Jacob Astor became the richest man of his day. When he died in New York City in 1848, at the age of 85, he left more than \$20,000,000, the biggest private fortune up to that time in America. His name became a symbol of the power of piled-up money. There had been other rich men before him in our country, but none to match his wealth. Most of the rich men before him had died poor. But not John Jacob Astor. He was the first to "get rich" in America in the modern sense, and to hand on a huge fortune to his descendants.



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