

WEEK'S COMPLETE TELEVISION PROGRAMS

THE
SUNDAY

Chronicle

10¢

NORTH JERSEY'S ONLY WEEKLY PICTORIAL MAGAZINE

News Highlights of

- Clifton**
- East Paterson**
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- Lodi**
- Little Falls**
- Mountain View**
- North Haledon**
- Paterson**
- Passaic**
- Pompton Lakes**
- Prospect Park**
- Singac**
- Totowa**
- Wayne**
- West Paterson**



AUGUST 21, 1960
VOL. XXXII, No. 34



TURMOIL ON THE TRAIL — Tommy Sands and Cindy Robbins appear as two young passengers in "The Larry Hanify Story," repeat drama on NBC-TV Network's full-hour "Wagon Train" series Wednesday, Aug. 24. The episode concerns the effect upon the wagon train when Larry Hanify (portrayed by Sands) proves to be a liar and a cheat.



PLAYER TURNED SPORTSCASTER marked an easy transition for former N. Y. Yankee Star Shortstop Phil Rizzuto. "Scooter" Rizzuto can now be seen over WPIX-11 covering his former teammates in action. In addition to helping out Mel Allen on the games' play-by-play, "A Short Stop with Phil Rizzuto" follows all N. Y. Yankee road games.

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HANDLE WITH CARE— Jay Lawrence (left), as Sheik Romero, and Larry Blyden, as Sammy Glick, reason with John Forsythe (seated) as a recalcitrant Al Manheim, while Barbara Rush, as Manheim's wife, tries to calm him in a scene from "What Makes Sammy Run?" — a repeat colorcast of the highly-acclaimed drama on the NBC-TV Network Mondays, Aug. 15 and 22. The four, assembled to honor Glick on his 25th anniversary in showbusiness, portray major figures in the two-part drama by Budd and Stuart Schulberg.

THAT'S A FACT



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The telegram and the girl with the dark blue eyes, although not even remotely related, arrived at about the same time.

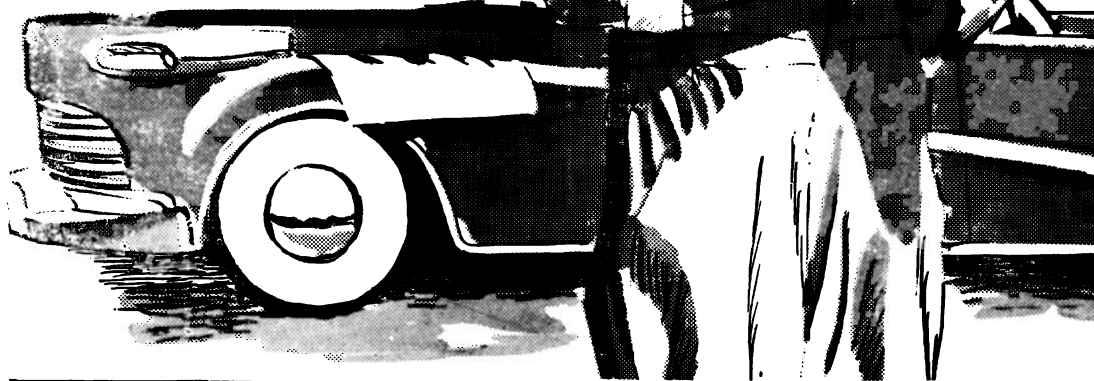
The wire came while Bart Brown, in borrowed overalls, was investigating the vitals of his Ajax "8" convertible at the rear of the Lakeview Filling Station. The car had developed a slight knock, something Bart did not think an Ajax should do even after one hundred and ninety thousand miles. He glanced at the message, thrust it into a pocket and was about to resume work on the car when he saw the girl.

She was standing at the corner of the station looking at him questionably. Bart remembered then that El Ellis, who operated the station, had gone for cigarettes.

He faced her, wiping his hands. "Something?" he asked in Ellis' friendliest manner.

The girl smiled. Bart became aware of softly curved lips under the blue eyes, plus a small, firm chin. "Just information," she said. "Does the bus for North Lake stop here?"

"Yes," Bart glanced at his watch, "and



"You might call it my one extravagance."

"Exactly. And it will always be just that. Your family will be threadbare and hungry, but they'll ride in a 4,000 car.

"But they'll be happy," Bart said. "It just so happens that my wife will love me—"

"Love!" She turned on him, her face tense with emotion. "Listen. I'll tell you a story. My mother married for love and nothing else. My father was a bookkeeper. There were five of us. He earned enough to keep us in comfort with careful management. But he had a hobby.

"With him it was hunting. Oh, I'm not saying he did not deserve some fun. But his hobby rode him. He could never see a new gun but he must buy it. A rifle that cost a hundred and seventy-five dollars, an automatic shotgun that cost over two hundred. Items like that, all through the years, while mother scrimped and slaved trying to keep her children clothes and fed."

"And yet," Bart said, "she may have been happy."

The girl said nothing. With a sigh Bart slowly increased the speed.

The train was standing at the station. With her suitcase stowed aboard, Grace stood on the step of the coach. "Goodbye," she said.

Bart turned away. "Goodbye," he said.

The train was pulling out as Bart Brown turned the corner. The convertible stood waiting on the drive. Wearily he swung himself up under the wheel. His foot touched the throttle.

"Bart!"

Grace was running toward him.

"Grace!" Bart leaped from the car.

She was panting when she reached him. "I made them stop the train, I pulled the cord."

"Then you're going to stay?"

She nodded. "I'm going to stay — with you."

"In spite of all that George can offer?"

"In spite of anything. I'll save and patch and darn just as my mother did—." Her eyes grew moist. "And he happily in love, just as she was."

Bart did not answer; their lips left nothing to say.

It was later as they sat in the car that Bart suddenly remembered the telegram.

"Darling," he exclaimed. "I've got to send a wire. I'll be right back."

As he hurried into the station he pulled the message from his pocket and read it through again. It was addressed to Barton B. Brown, President, Ajax Motors, and read: "What is your final word on the West Coast manager? I would suggest either Underwood or Hall. Signed, E. M. Carson, Gen. Mgr.

Bart Brown fingered the message, smiling. It might be fun to tell Grace now but it would be more fun to let her discover it later. In the meantime poor old George certainly did deserve something. He took a blank, addressed it, and then wrote across it tersely: "Give Underwood the job."

The Big Blue Convertible

it's about due." He noticed the small suitcase she was carrying. "Vacationing?"

She smiled again. "For ten days."

"Good," said Bart. "So am I." Then, as her eyes took in his coveralls, "Sort of a busman's holiday — work on my own car." He paused, then added: "If you'll wait until I get this valve cover on you can ride over with me."

The girl was looking at the big convertible with open disapproval in her gaze. "No, thanks, I think that's the bus now."

Bart watched her disappear around the station, then looked at the Ajax. What was there about the car that she or anyone else could possibly disapprove of?

He turned back to his work on the motor, but his mind remained on the girl. A really fine looking kid. Dark blue eyes, cream-and-pink complexion, the softly curved lips and the small determined chin—

That evening he drove over to North Lake. The lack of a decent suit was regrettable—he'd come with fishing only in mind—but he trusted to the lure of an open car on a moonlit road to overcome this disadvantage. He returned late that night in a happy mood. An acquaintance had been firmly established.

Her name, he'd learned, was Grace Ansley. She was born in a small town in Ohio, but now lived in Chicago where she worked. He had made his own story equally brief. At sixteen he'd left his home on an Iowa farm to work in a garage because he loved motors. When the Ajax company had been launched he'd gone to work for them and was still on the job.

They spent the next afternoon together. It was then he noticed the small diamond on her finger. From a certain George Underwood, she told him, who worked for Ajax Motors in the Chicago branch.

The real shock came two days later. "I've decided to go home," she said, "tomorrow."

"Tomorrow! But you still have six days!"

"I'm cutting my vacation short."

"But why?"

"As long as I've decided," Grace's chin firmed, "it doesn't matter why."

"I suppose not," Bart said slowly. "Well, at least let me drive you to the train."

It was a short five miles to the station. Bart slowed the Ajax to a crawl: "Look," he said. "Stay a few more days—"

Grace shook her head. "I don't dare stay."

"Why? Is it because you like me a little?"

"I like you," she said simply, "a lot."

Bart Brown considered this a moment in silence. "Tell me about George," he said.

The girl drew a deep breath. "There's not much to tell. George is fortyish. He's sales manager for the Ajax Motors in the Chicago area, and he's dependable; he saves his money and he works hard. He's getting places. When they open up the West Coast division he hopes to be put in charge."

"Tell me about me," Bart said.

Grace looked at him. "You're young, strong and alive," she said. "You're handsome. You'd be wonderful to live with because you enjoy life. But you're impractical."

"Why do you say that?"

"For one thing, this car," Grace said. "Tell me can you honestly afford a car like this?"

Frankie Keeps Talking

It's A Long Lane

That Has No Opinion

One of the most colorful figures in Baseball—perhaps the most colorful and certainly the most publicity-conscious executive in the major leagues, not bowing even to Bill Veeck—is Frank Lane, boss-man of the Cleveland Indians. As heap big chief of the Tribe, Trader Lane as he is labelled (among many other names of varied structure) chiefs grinding out the unusual.

You always can count on Lane to make with the unpredictable and small wonder that the most usual feature of this colorful character is the unusual. He delights in making trades with a big element of gamble involved and although they sometimes backfire, he has more than his percentage of success.

Certainly, he has done might well in the fiscal department, being an exceedingly well-paid front-office official. As a man who draws a salary, minus any interest in the teams for which he works, he has to be good to keep raking in those big stipends, and the point is that he keeps doing just that. Small wonder that Frankie-boy is in a class by himself in that department and also small wonder that he flashes a ready smile.

Not that he doesn't have more than his share of woe. His Indians have been bothered by many difficulties this season, including an abnormal amount of injuries and a series of turbulent moments involving their volatile outfielder Jimmy Piersall. This gifted young man can be extremely wearing on his employers and teammates as well as the opposition. Lane indicated not too long ago that he's annoyed period.

Ready to express himself at the drop of a typewriter, Lane has been known to discuss any variety of subjects and he is usually worth listening to, no matter what the subject. The other evening, for example, he moved easily from the perils of the pivot man in a double play to his opinion that a game halted by rain for one hour, should be summarily postponed, from a powerful

argument against the bonus rule to the assurance that he did not invent the helmet worn by the aforementioned Piersall one afternoon.

Explained Lane, in rapid commentary: "If a runner throws out his hand—even accidentally—and thus interferes with the pivot man's throw to first base on an attempted double play, both runners are out. But let him crash into some little shortsop or second baseman and deliberately break up the play, and he's just doing his job. It doesn't make sense."

Frank believes that the rulemakers should remove the plate umpire from the spot he occupies so uncomfortably when he must decide whether to call off a game or keep the customers waiting for the rain to stop. Lane adds: "I'd like to see a rule under which the umpire, once he stopped play, not only would have to wait a minimum of one half-hour before calling the game, but also would be compelled to call it if rain still were falling at the end of one hour."

The Indians' chief pointed out that many fans, convinced there's no chance for play to be resumed, leave the park, then complain when they learn later that they finished out on an unfinished contest. "Suppose," suggested a listener, "that rain was falling when the hour ended, but there were signs the storm soon would be over?"

Lane answered: "If it's raining at the end of an hour, it will take 20 or 30 minutes to patch up the field. That's too long to keep the fans waiting. They should know definitely, that the game will be called after an hour's delay."

How would he feel about it if the game were called after 80,000 people were in the park and the sun came out brightly 15 minutes later? "A rule's a rule. I might not be happy, but I wouldn't complain."

Lane's opposition to the bonus rule which was rescinded a couple of years ago, is well known. He thinks the first-year draft of free agents, now in effect, is a satisfactory and self-enforcing way



FRANK LANE, Indians' Chief

to meet the problem. "The fellow who is hurt the most by the bonus rule, is the fellow who honestly abides by it. Tom Yawkey once told Ford Frick he had observed the rule faithfully, but during the next year he planned to cheat just like some of the other clubs. Frick said he was surprised Yawkey had waited that long. No bonus rule can be forced."

When Piersall became nauseated during the Memorial Day double-header with Detroit and left the second game, Lane rushed to the clubhouse where he turned back a couple of reporters who wanted to talk to the outfielder. He subsequently read in one of three dozen newspapers he reads daily that he had played a major role in the afternoon's events and that he had invented the special helmet Jim wore to the plate.

That was the helmet with the ear protectors, that brought considerable publicity as well as indignation from the Tigers. Lane explained that the helmet had been around the dugout for at least ten days, having been sent to the club by a company trying to market the item.

There are no helmets worn by Lane, of course. He disdains any protection as he walks proudly through any showers of abuse from fans and press. He believes in himself and his trades and will continue to operate the same way in the future, as before through many troublesome moments. Lane doesn't care if he is given the boo treatment. He laughs it off.

In fact, he laughs all the way to the bank.

SOME TAKE RISKS

Some have taken daring chances for fun, others for profit, still others for the love of man. But regardless of the reasons, the chances taken — and their results — have thrilled, chilled, and changed the world.

The professional daredevil — he who puts his life on the line for a living — dates back at least as far as the bull-dancers of ancient Crete who 3,500 years ago performed their fancy footwork on the backs of short-tempered **toros** for the amusement of a paying audience. The famous Roman gladiators, who dueled to the death before circus-goers, were not always slaves or prisoners of war who had no choice of occupation. Often the combatants were poor boys seeking quick fame or even bored aristocrats who wanted the thrill of part-time danger!

Other types of daredeviltry, though less apt to attract do-it-yourselfers, have crowded the record books with examples of spectacular gambles. One notable pace-setter was "Captain" Alfred Schneider, who in 1925 mastered and fed 40 lions in one cage with no help from anyone, thank you. The crowd roared. In 1953 another whipper-snapper — a reckless but well-balanced young fellow named Willi Pischler — set another world's record by remaining 113 hours on a tightrope!

Even more precarious was the life led by some of the "fast guns" of the old frontier. Among those who contributed to its insecurity was Wild Bill Hickok, Indian scout, Civil War soldier, and marshal of Abilene, Kansas, and other wild frontier towns. It's said he could drill a lawbreaker by looking into a mirror and firing over his shoulder. Normally more cautious, Bill never entered an Abilene building without first

kicking the door back against the wall to make sure no one was hiding there. He also had an ingrained prejudice against sitting with his back to the door, and only the teasing of some poker partners made him accept this foolhardy seating arrangement in a Deadwood, Dakota, saloon. Bill's misgivings were soon dramatically justified by one Jack McCall, who sneaked up behind him and plugged him with a Colt 45. Though every chamber of the six-shooter was loaded, the cartridge that ended "fast gun" Hickok's career was the only one of the six that could fire — a perilous and unintentional "long shot" on the part of the drunken McCall!

But it wasn't only professional gunmen who found life chancy on the old frontier. Because libel laws were sketchy and tempers touchy, newspaper editors often had to shoot it out with indignant readers. One San Francisco editor finally posted a sign: "Subscriptions received daily from 9 to 4; challenges from 11 to 12 only." A Nevada reporter became a journalistic martyr when challenged by a quick-tempered and equally fast-drawing citizen who accused him of mentioning his wife's legs disparagingly in print!

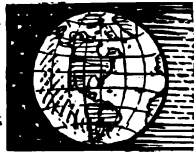
Of all who made a career out of taking chances, perhaps the best known is financier John "Bet a Million" Gates. To show his contempt for racetrack officials who tried to limit the size of his wagers, Gates offered to bet anybody at the track one million dollars on the outcome of any race. He found no takers, but did earn his famous nickname. In his professional life, he took even bigger risks, carrying as much as \$75,000,000 worth of stocks on margin when playing the market!

Historically, one of the riskiest professions has been that of scientist. Galileo was thrown into prison during the Inquisition for daring to contradict accepted theories of astronomy by suggestion that the earth moved around the sun. In 1900 Dr. Walter Reed and a team of scientists proved that certain mosquitoes transmit yellow fever—but several of the scientists in the group lost their lives to the disease.

Today's research gambles, though less drastic, are still dramatically impressive. It took millions of dollars and years of work by scientists of one pharmaceutical company to produce a broad-spectrum antibiotic effective against almost 100 human diseases and scores of livestock ailments. Over a million dollars was spent to make available new drugs which can be taken by mouth to control the symptoms of many cases of diabetes.

But the calculated risks of science pale before the enormous wagers made on the fortunes of war. Napoleon gambled the lives of 500,000 men — the biggest army Europe had ever seen — on his ability to conquer Russia. His failure cost him 4/5 of his army — and marked the downhill slope of his career. Some three years later, he staked his last hopes of rebuilding a shattered empire on a single battle — and met his famous Waterloo.

A gamble made by another tyrant proved initially more successful. Risking the armed wrath of the most powerful nations in the world, he bluffed them into seeking peace on his terms, although they could have probably crushed him easily. The future course of the world was incalculably changed because one man, Adolph Hitler, won what was probably history's most fateful gamble at Munich in 1938.



By PAT PATTY

Six top notch New Jersey drum and bugle corps will compete at the Morris County Fair Saturday night, Aug. 20.

This is the first time at the 26 year old fair that a drum and bugle corps competition has been held.

The units are judged on the basis of cleanliness and neatness, the tone and musical accents of the bugling, their marching and maneuvering, drumming and general effect.

Judges in the stands will determine audience reactions of the units as they march and play and also decide the smoothness of the drill and the action of the drum major and color guard.

The competition at the Morris County Fair will be held in the grandstand area starting at 8 p.m. Saturday night, August 20.

* * *

The combined societies of St. Bonaventure's R. C. Church will hold their annual family outing on Sunday, Sept. 18, at the Westside Grove, West Paterson. Refreshments of all kinds will be served from noon on. Games and pony rides will be provided for the enjoyment of the children.

The Rev. Joseph Kennedy is honorary chairman with Anthony Gole serving as general chairman.

* * *

Plans for the annual Bus Ride to Point Pleasant were completed by the Wally's Association Group for Aug. 14. Buses will leave headquarters, 317 - 21st Ave. at 9:30 a.m. and will return at 7 p.m.

* * *

Registrations for the summer recreation program under the direction of the Board of Recreation of West Paterson are opened now. Children will register at the playground nearest their homes.

* * *

The annual outing of St. Ann's Syrian R. C. Church, Paterson will be held on Aug. 14 at Willowbrook Grove, Passaic Ave., Caldwell. Proceeds will benefit the parochial school building fund.

* * *

ABOUT PEOPLE YOU KNOW—

A bridal shower luncheon was held for Miss Ann Hauger by her attendants recently in the Country Garden Town House in Ridgewood. Miss Hauger will become the bride of John E. Neuhs of Ridgewood on Sept. 3 at St. Anthony's R. C. Church, Hawthorne.

* * *

Off on a 12 day cruise to Curacao, NWI, Venezuela, Jamaica, Nassau and the Bahamas are Mr. and Mrs. Frederick J. Shepard of 120 Auburn St., Paterson. The couple sailed on the Grace's Line New Santa Rosa from New York.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Jacobs of Paterson were honored guests at a lawn party held recently at the home of their son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Jacobs on the occasion of the 50th wedding anniversary.

* * *

Announcement of the birth of their first child, Robert Charles, was made by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Warner of 6-3 East 43rd St., Paterson.

* * *

A farewell party was held for Mr. and Mrs. Gerald P. Cogan and family at Nick and Charlie's Restaurant, Totowa. The family will reside in Maryland where Mr. Cogan is affiliated with the Maryland Shipbuilding and Dry Dock Co.



MRS. CURTIS ROBINSON

Miss Romona Cetrano, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Cetrano of 53 Laurel St. was married to Curtis Robinson son of West Broadway in St. James R. C. Church recently. A reception was held at the Riverside Veterans Hall.



MRS. STEPHEN PROCTOR

In an afternoon ceremony in St. Michael's R. C. Church, Miss Theresa Seminerio, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Seminerio of 277 Mill St., became the bride of Stephen Proctor, son of Mrs. Earl Butterworth, 31 Twelfth Ave., and the late Mr. Proctor. A reception followed at the Haledon Fire House.



MRS. WILLIAM NAUTA

Wedding vows were exchanged between Miss Helen Ann Vander Werf of North Haledon and William Nauta of Midland Park in The North Haledon Reformed Church. The evening ceremony was followed by a reception in the social rooms.



MRS. MICHAEL NAPINSKI

At a Nuptial Mass in St. James R. C. Church, Mrs. Josephine Lagos Baron of 100 Green Ave., was married to Michael Napinski of 31 Knollwood Dr., Totowa Boro. The double ring ceremony was followed by a dinner party at the Casino de Charlz.



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EDITORIALS

OUR FOREIGN BASES

This country's defense system, along with its power of retaliation in the event of war, is based in large part upon foreign bases. These bases, which were built at an enormous cost in money and effort, amount to a ring around the Communist empire. From them American military power could be thrown against any Communist center.

Most of us have assumed that these bases are secure, and that the government agreements which made them possible are permanent in nature. But the picture is not bright today. All around the world, the military bases upon which the U. S. and its allies depend for defense against Soviet Russia and Red China are in danger.

In part, the danger comes from Communist stratagems—but only in part. There are strong forces within allied governments which are opposed to having U. S. military installations within their territories, and which are pressing hard, and sometimes successfully, for U. S. withdrawal.

Our Far Eastern position, for example, depends on our outposts in Japan and Okinawa. The use of U. S. forces based upon Japan now is to be subject to possible veto by a Japanese Government. To defense officials, violent outbursts in Japan against these bases raises a question about their future, despite any new rights in the treaty just ratified.

Some of our biggest and most important air bases are in Morocco. Here, too, pressure has become so strong that we have agreed to completely evacuate them.

We have already withdrawn all our remaining ground forces from Iceland, at the request of the Icelandic Government.

All our nuclear bombers have been withdrawn from France, and some bases closed in that country. This followed the French Government's demand that it have the right to veto the use of nuclear weapons, which the U. S. Government could not agree to.

Even in England there is dissension. Our bases are becoming the center of more and more political controversy, one argument being that they needlessly bring Britain into the firing line and subject her to tremendous dangers. This has not reached the point where there is any immediate question of U. S. withdrawal, but the criticisms are widely quoted in and out of the British press.

So it goes, throughout the world. Difficulties of one kind or another and with varying degrees of intensity are appearing in Libya, Turkey, Norway, Korea, Pakistan and the Philippines. Trouble thus seems to be cropping up all around for this country's world-wide network of military bases — at a time when Russia's missile threat is growing fast and America's defenses still are geared in large measure to retaliation from bases abroad. What solution will be reached remains to be seen. But it is one more big problem to be added to all the other problems with which the next Administration and the next Congress will have to deal.

THAT'S A FACT



WHAT-NO INCOME TAX?
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The Editor Speaks

The other day one of my readers wrote me a letter that he wants to be a newspaperman, particularly a columnist.

It seems that the writer of the letter has been a plumber's helper for fourteen years and now he wants to make a change for something that is easier. This fellow felt that the SIMPLEST thing he could do was to become a newspaperman.

Now I will partially admit that writing a column is pretty easy. All you have to do is to get an idea. It's not hard at all, except that sometimes you just can't get any. After you find out what you want to write about you have to put words together that people will want to read. It's as simple as that although many, many times, even though you have all the facts on hand, you can't seem to think of the words to put down on paper.

Now that we have gotten over the basic requirements, where do you get the ideas to write about?

You'd be surprised to find where they come from. An inspiration may come to you at dinner. Or, you may be standing on a street corner talking to friends when the glimmer of an idea will sock you between the eyes. It may be while you're in bed trying desperately to fall asleep. I can recall many times jumping out of the sack in the middle of the night to jot down a few notes lest I forget them by morning.

Now the ideas have to be put into words, sentences and paragraphs. It doesn't require much except that words have to be spelled correctly, be in proper sequence and make some sort of sense. Following that you need to guard against repetition and make certain that your selection of words are not of the type that the average fellow has to scratch around for an hour looking them up in the dictionary.

Please bear in mind that there is always the danger of plagiarism, otherwise known as literary theft. Believe me, it's simple.

Far be it from me to discourage anyone from attempting to join the ranks of the members of the fourth estate. But please don't come into my office and tell me there's nothing to it. It's not that I mind that so much, however you have no way of knowing whether or not I am in the middle of a deep meditation, preparing to come up with an idea which will become next week's masterpiece.



There's always TOMORROW

By STUART MARCH

Tony Lawrence leaned back in his chair and studied Karen with the eyes of a stranger.

"Then money, or rather the lack of it, seems to be the main objection, is that it?" His voice was cool, impersonal.

Karen reached out, touching his hand with her own. "Now don't be that way, darling. It isn't money but —" Tony broke in.

"No, but it does make a difference, doesn't it?" His voice was still cool.

Karen shrugged. "Well, if you want to put it that way, all right." She looked at him steadily. "When I marry I want security. Real security," she added. "Fifty dollars a week is all well and good, but what if you lost your job? We'd be broke in no time." She lit a cigarette. "Besides, darling," she continued, "we can wait a while and see how things turn out. There isn't any hurry."

Tony stood up. "If we're going to make that cocktail party we'd better step on it." He looked at his watch. "It's after five-thirty now," he added.

Karen stood beside him, her eyes smiling. "I know you're angry, darling, but I know what's best. Honestly I do." She reached up and kissed him lightly.

He turned away. "I'll get your coat."

She watched his broad back and his tall body, so lithe in his well-fitting clothes. Something tugged at her heart.

Why am I so hard? she thought. I love him, yet not enough to take a chance. But I can't help it, she reasoned. He doesn't know

how I grew up. I've seen too much. She shuddered. Whenever she thought of those things there didn't seem to be enough money in the world, even if she had all of it.

"Ready?" He was back, his eyes inscrutable his mouth curved in a sardonic smile.

She turned while he helped her on with her coat.

"Tony?" She turned to face him.

"Yes?"

She studied his face a moment. "Never mind. Come on." She linked her arm in his and they went out the door.

The cocktail party was too noisy. Tony thought. Too much smoke, too. It hurt his eyes. He smiled to himself. Maybe I'm getting old, he thought.

He made his way to the bar and began to mix himself a drink. He glanced around the room. Karen was well taken care of, he saw.

Karen. Funny how her refusal had affected him. Oddly he felt relieved. He had half suspected she was out for all she could get. His friends warned him. They didn't like her.

He sipped his drink. She had something, though. He knew now he didn't love her but for a while he had thought he did. She certainly had a way with her. At first he had tried to break away completely, but without success. Finally in desperation he had decided it must be love. He lit a cigarette and blew out smoke through his nostrils. Oh, well, no post mortems. It was all over now

and he was lucky he had found out in time. He couldn't stand a mercenary woman.

Timmy Holman grabbed his arm and put her face next to his.

"Why so thoughtful, Socrates? You look bored."

He watched her retreating form as she continued on. A swell girl, Timmy. The best. She liked him, too. It wasn't conceit. He knew.

He stirred impatiently. What was the matter with him, anyway? A swell girl like Timmy around on the loose and here he had been giving all his time to Karen. It didn't make sense. No use kidding himself. Up till now Karen had been the only girl that had interested him in a long time.

"I must be in a rut," he said aloud. The voice at his elbow startled him.

"I beg your pardon!" He turned swiftly. Two very blue eyes were looking into his and a well-shaped mouth was parted in a lovely smile. Somewhere a radio was playing and a girl's voice was singing: "Say it over and over again . . ."

He must have been staring. The girl blushed and began to move away.

"I thought you were speaking to me," she explained. "I'm sorry."

Tony found his voice. "No," he said. "I mean don't go away. Here," he led her to a couple of vacant chairs. "You see, he said seriously, as they sat down. "I'm really crazy. That's why I talk to myself just as I was doing then." He grinned suddenly. "Do you see?"

The girl laughed softly. "I think you must be. There I was minding my own business and then you popped out with that remark. Are you in a rut?" she asked.

Tony shook his head. "Not now," he said, and he realized he meant it.

He reached out and took her hand. Her answering pressure was warm and thrilling. Something electric had passed between them.

"Look," he began. It was funny about his heart. He had just met this girl and it was racing at top speed. He hesitated. "Look," he began again. "Do you, this is . . ."

"Yes," she said softly. "I did from the very first, Tony." She held his hand tightly. "I knew it would be like this."

Karen stood by the doorway and watched Tony make his way toward her. Something's happened to him, she thought. She caught sight of the girl following him. Her heart stopped. Both of them, she thought.

Tony was beside her. She smiled at him.

"This is June, Karen," he was saying. "June Barrie."

She smiled mechanically.

"I'm taking her home, Karen. I'll be back for you in a little while, Okay?"

"Why, of course, Tony," she said.

"I'm going to get my coat. I'll be right back." It was June.

"Tony," said Karen. "Don't come back. You really don't need to. Don't just ask me for a date tonight."

Maybe he'll ask me to stay, she thought. Then her heart sank.

"That's swell of you, Karen." Tony was looking at her — kindly. Oh, not that. She forced herself to smile.

"Good luck, Tony." She held out her hand.

"Thanks, Karen." He took it. "I'm sorry. Very sorry."

"Sorry? Sorry for what?" She laughed. "It's been fun, Tony." She began to move away. "Good luck, Tony." She called over her shoulder. How tall and straight he was.

She made her way to the women's dressing room. Her eyes looked strange in the mirror. She rubbed a little rouge on her cheeks and dabbed her eyes carefully. She looked in the mirror again. That was better.

She paused at the door a moment. She'll be better for him anyway, she thought. Two people that care like that must be made for each other. She straightened her shoulders. Besides she knew what she wanted, or did she? She left the room, her lips smiling. No matter. There was always tomorrow. Who knew what tomorrow would bring?

Crossword Puzzle

By LARS MORRIS

ACROSS

- 1—Mark left by injury
- 5—Pointed weapon
- 10—Admirer of wealth
- 14—Hindustani
- 15—Flying machine
- 16—Carry (col.)
- 17—Margins
- 18—Prices
- 19—Tiny particle
- 20—Friendship (plif)
- 22—Scholarly
- 24—Allow
- 25—Those who catch rats
- 27—Seniors (abbr.)
- 28—Round-up
- 29—Large tub
- 31—Refuge
- 34—Impolite
- 36—Pulled, as anchor
- 40—Name given to understanding between Italy and Germany
- 41—Moderately warm
- 42—Unit of track
- 43—Man (col.)
- 44—March the fifteenth
- 45—Resembling wall
- 46—Salt
- 48—Kind of salt
- 50—Marry
- 53—Small rooms for holding clothes
- 55—Spoil
- 58—Leather attached to heel
- 60—Give back
- 62—Musical composition
- 63—Aquatic birds

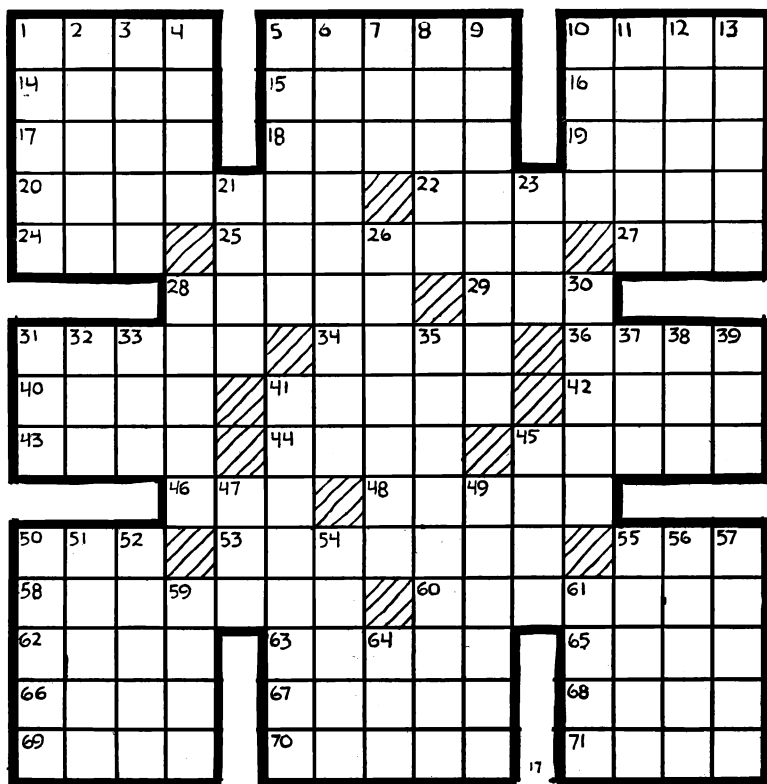
Answer to Cross Word Puzzle on Page 15

- 65—Conception
- 66—Equips
- 67—Sinned
- 68—Ward off
- 69—Marshes
- 70—Small pieces of silica
- 71—Strip of skin from

DOWN

- 1—Pertaining of calf of leg
- 2—Iniquity

- 2—Grant entrance to
- 4—Oxidized iron
- 5—Distribute about
- 6—Smear with adhering substance
- 7—Devour
- 8—Anoint (archaic)
- 9—Undemonstrative
- 10—Mix
- 11—Middle of day (pl.)
- 12—Aquatic mammal
- 13—Small knobs used as front sights of gun
- 21—Constituent of steel
- 23—Man's name
- 26—Small wigs
- 28—Remains
- 30—Tap monotonously on
- 31—Ugly crone
- 32—Chopping tool
- 33—Wine (French)
- 35—Spread abroad
- 37—Propelling device
- 38—By way of
- 39—Addition to house
- 41—Cultivation (pl.)
- 45—Delicate plant
- 47—Unit of drama
- 49—Spirited horses
- 50—Pier
- 51—Weird
- 52—Vouchsafe
- 54—Musical drama
- 55—Pattern
- 56—Circus ring
- 57—Prepared in mind
- 59—Young girl
- 61—Slight altercation
- 64—Sea-eagle



WHERE A NAME'S IMPORTANT

"What's in a name?" asked Shakespear. "A whale of a lot!" answers President William B. Johnson of the Railway Express Agency, some 340 years later.

The management of this railroad-owned, \$400 million-revenue enterprise is looking for a new name. It seeks one that really fits the modern-day express business and its diversified and far-flung domestic and international services by air, highway and sea as well as by rail.

Actually as Mr. Johnson puts it, "'Express' is the one word in our present name that is fully descriptive." That word was used in the first expedited package transportation business in America, established in 1839. It was used by a host of companies that followed, and from which the Railway Express Agency is the direct descendant. The present company name was adopted in 1929.

A special name change committee has been at work for months. A nationwide contest among employees has been launched in the effort to find a suitable new name. The wanted name must be adaptable to a long and varied list of functions. The company, for instance, not only is a domestic surface express common carrier, but operates as a domestic air express carrier, foreign freight forwarder, customs broker, international surface carrier and international air cargo sales agent. In addition to a 425 thousand mile domestic transport network linking offices in all 11,000 cities and towns, which serve some 23,000 communities in the U. S. and Canada, the company offers two-way single-carrier international services through agents serving points throughout 41 other free world countries.

Change is the order of the day in all successful American enterprises, and express is no exception. Even a name can be mighty important.

A LOOK BACK

We pride ourselves on being a forward-looking people. We foresee a time in which life will be happier, healthier, richer, and more productive. We all hope that the world in which our children will live out their lives will be a better one than ours.

At the same time, it is the part of wisdom to look back— if only to recall some of the words that were said long ago by men who helped make this nation. For instance, there is this: "I place economy among the first and most important virtues, and the public debt as the greatest of dangers to be feared. To preserve our independence, we must not let our rulers load us with perpetual debt."



But
*
NOW-
*
WOW!



TV Shows This Week

WCBS-TV-2
WABC-TV-7

WNBC-TV-4
WOR-TV-9
WNTA-13

WNEW-TV-5
WPIX-11

These TV Morning and Afternoon Programs Are Repeated
Monday Through Friday from 6:00 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.

6:30
2—Summer Semester
7:00
2—News
4—Today
7:30
7—Cartoons
8:00
2—News
5—Ding Dong School
7—Little Rascals
8:15
2—Captain Kangaroo
8:30
5—Sandy Becker
7—Time for Fun
13—Physical Culture
9:00
2—Peoples Choice
4—Hi Mom
7—Beulah
13—Day Watch
9:30
2—My Little Margie
5—Topper
7—Of Life and Love
10:00
2—December Bride
4—Dough Re Mi
5—Movie
7—Memory Lane
11—Math
10:30
2—Video Village
4—Play Your Hunch
11:00
2—I Love Lucy
4—The Price Is Right
7—Summer Playhouse

11:30
2—Clear Horizon
4—Concentration
5—Romper Room
7—I Married Joan
11—World of Numbers
13—Day Watch
12:00
2—Love of Life
4—Truth or Consequences
7—Restless Gun
11—Foreign Language
12:30
2—Search For Tomorrow
4—It Could Be You
5—Cartoons
7—Love That Bob
12:45
2—The Guiding Light
1:00
2—News
4—Dr. Joyce Brothers
5—Cartoons
7—About Faces
11—Fun At One
13—Day Watch
1:30
2—As The World Turns
4—Dial 4
5—Movie
7—Ray Milland
9—Playhouse 60
2:00
2—Full Circle
4—Queen For A Day
7—Day In Court
13—Richard Willis

2:30
2—House Party
4—Loretta Young Show
7—Gale Storm
9—Love Story
3:00
2—Millionaire
4—Young Doctor Malone
5—TV Readers Digest
7—Beat The Clock
9—Strange Stories
11—Movie
3:30
2—The Verdict Is Yours
4—From These Roots
5—Doorway to Destiny
7—Who Do You Trust
13—Beauty and Figure
4:00
2—The Brighter Day
4—Comedy Playhouse
5—Douglas Fairbanks
7—American Bandstand
4:15
2—The Secret Storm
4:30
2—The Edge of Night
4—Adventure Time
5—Mr. District Attorney
5:00
2—The Life of Riley
4—Movie
5—Dateline Europe
9—Rocky Jones
11—Bozo The Clown

9—Foreign Film Festival
13—Dance Party
9:30
2—Have Gun Will Travel
4—World Wide 60
10:00
2—Gunsmoke
5—Speedway International
7—Marry A Millionaire
10:30
2—Sea Hunt
4—Man From Interpol
5—African Patrol
7—Jubilee USA
9—Bowling
11—Capt. Grief
13—Play of the Week
11:00
2—News
4—Sat. Night News
5—Movie
7—The Night Show
11—A.I. Star Movie
11:15
2—The Late Show
4—Movie Four
11:30
4—Midnight Movie
9—Pro Football
13—Wendy Barrie Show
1:00
2—Late, Late Show

1:30
4—Frontiers of Faith
7—Sunday Playhouse
9—Zacherley
11—Religious Program
2:00
4—Sunday Matinee
11—Sports
13—Movie
2:30
2—Movie
11—Baseball
13—Three Musketeers
3:00
5—Movie
7—Open Hearing
9—Million Dollar Movie
3:30
4—Sunday Matinee
7—Comedy Playhouse
13—Movie
4:00
2—Way to Go
7—Hopalong Cassidy
4:30
9—Million Dollar Movie
5:00
2—N. Y. Forum
4—Recital
5—Sherlock Holmes
7—Funday Funnies
11—Baseball
13—Picture of the Week
5:30
2—Face The Nation
4—The Silent Voice
5—Mr. District Attorney
7—The Lone Ranger
11—Baseball
6:00
2—Amer. Musical Theatre
4—Meet The Press
5—Sun. Playhouse
7—Men of Annapolis
9—Movie
11—Baseball
6:30
2—Twentieth Century
4—Edwin Newman
7—The Vikings
11—Baseball
7:00
2—Lassie
4—Overland Trail
7—Broken Arrow
11—Baseball
13—Between The Lines
7:30
2—Dennis The Menace
5—Metro. Probe
7—Maverick
9—The Big Movie
11—Victory At Sea
13—Summer Theatre
8:00
2—Ed Sullivan Show
4—Music on Ice
5—Treasure
11—Dangerous Assignment
8:30
5—Crusade in the Pacific
7—Lawman
11—Whirlpool
9:00
2—GE Theatre
4—The Chevy Show
5—I Led Three Lives
7—Rebel
9—Schaefer Theater
11—City Detective
13—Oscar Levant
9:30
2—Alfred Hitchcock
5—Medic
7—Alaskans
11—Public Defender
10:00
2—Lucy in Conn.
4—Loretta Young Show
5—Hy Gardener
9—Nightmare
11—Mike Hammer
13—Open End
10:30
2—What's My Line

4—Movie 4
7—Johnny Saccato
9—The Big Movie
11—International Det.
11:00
2—Sun. News Special
4—News
5—Starlight Theatre
7—The Night Show
11—All Star Movie
11:10
4—Movie 4
11:15
2—The Late Show
12:30
4—Midnight Movie
1:30
2—Late, Late Show

MONDAY

AUGUST 22

5:30
2—Early Show
5—Big Beat
7—Capt. Gallant
9—Movie of the Week
11—Three Stooges
6:00
5—Cartoons
7—Little Rascals
11—Popeye
13—O'Henry Playhouse
6:30
4—News, Gabe Pressman
5—Sandy Becker
7—Newsreels
11—Woody Woodpecker
13—Clay Cole
6:45
4—Huntley, Brinkley
7—John Daly
7:00
2—News
4—Shotgun Slade
5—Charlie Chan
7—Rescue 8
9—Terrytoon Circus
11—News
7:15
2—News
11—News
7:30
2—Charles Farrell
4—Riverboat
5—Man Hunt
7—Cheyenne
9—Million Dollar Movie
11—Home Run Derby
13—Highway Patrol
8:00
2—The Texan
5—Dial 999
11—Baseball
13—Picture of the Week
8:30
2—Father Knows Best
4—Tales of Wells Fargo
5—Divorce Hearing
7—Bourbon St. Beat
11—You Are There
13—Play of the Week
9:00
2—Talent Scouts
4—Peter Gunn
5—Theatre Five
9—Science Fiction Theatre
11—Silent Service
9:30
2—Spike Jones
4—Goodyear Theatre
7—Adventure in Paradise
9—Strange Stories
11—This Man Dawson
10:00
2—Comedy
4—What Makes Sam Run?
5—Walter Winchell
9—Martin Kane
11—Mr. Adams and Eve
13—Playback
10:30
2—June Allyson Show
5—Big Story
7—Original Amateur Hour

SUNDAY

AUGUST 21

7:00
4—Modern Farmer
8:00
2—Susie
4—Library Lions
7—Cartoons
8:30
2—My Little Margie
4—Let's Talk About God
5—Cartoons
9:00
2—Peoples Choice
4—Library Lions
5—Wonderama
9:30
2—Our Miss Brooks
4—Summer School
7—Rocky and His Friends
10:00
2—Look Up and Live
7—The School Story
13—New Horizons
10:30
2—Look Up and Live
4—Direct Line
7—Focus
13—Report to the People
11:00
2—Montage
4—Searchlight
7—Faith For Today
13—Movie
11:30
2—Camera Three
4—Laughter
7—This Is the Answer
11—Christophers
12:00
2—The Early Matinee
4—Sunday Gallery
5—Five Star Movie
7—John Hopkins File
9—Oral Roberts
11—Lab 30
12:30
7—Americans at Work
9—The Evangel Hour
11—United Steel Workers
1:00
2—Movie
4—Open Mind
7—Coll. News Conf.
9—Christian Science
11—Continental Mina

SATURDAY

AUGUST 20

7:00
4—Modern Farmer
7:30
2—Summer Semester
8:00
2—Capt. Kangaroo
4—Andy's Gang
5—Ding Dong School
7—Cartoon Festival
8:30
4—Children's Theatre
5—Cartoons
13—Insight
9:00
2—Talent Scouts
5—Just For Fun
13—Day Watch
9:30
2—Spike Jones
4—Roy Rogers
10:00
2—Comedy
4—Howdy Doody
10:30
2—Mighty Mouse
4—Ruff and Reddy
11:00
2—The Lone Ranger
4—Fury
5—Mystery Is My Business
7—Rocky and His Friends
9—Continental Cookery
13—Day Watch
11:30
2—I Love Lucy
4—Circus Boy
5—Big Adventure
7—Animaland
12:00
2—Sky King
4—True Story

7—Mickey Rooney
11—Herald of Truth
12:30
2—Saturday News
4—Detective's Diary
9—Playhouse 60
11—This Is The Life
1:00
2—Eye on New York
4—Watch Mr. Wizard
5—Movie
7—Saturday Playhouse
11—The Big Picture
1:30
2—Why Is It So?
4—Briefing Session
9—Zacherley
11—Sports Show
13—Day Watch
2:00
2—Caucus
4—Saturday Matinee
11—Baseball
2:30
2—Rebuttal
5—Action Playhouse
7—Saturday Playhouse
3:00
2—The Late Matinee
9—Million Dollar Movie
3:30
4—Saturday Matinee
4:00
2—The Late Matinee
5—East Side Kids
7—Mystery Matinee
13—Day Watch
4:30
9—Race of the Week
5:00
4—Movie Four
5—Charlie Chan Movie
9—Million Dollar Movie
11—Laurel and Hardy

5:30
7—I Married Joan
6:00
7—Hawkeye
11—Fast Guns of the West
13—Record Wagon
6:30
4—News and Weather
5—Cartoons
9—Movie
11—Sergeant Preston
6:45
4—International News
7:00
4—Lock Up
5—Judge Roy Bean
7—Union Pacific
11—Cisco Kid
13—Highway Patrol
7:30
2—Perry Mason
4—Bonanza
5—White Hunter
7—Dick Clark Show
11—Fabulous Fraud
13—Action Theatre
8:00
5—Big Beat
7—High Road
9—Champ. Bowling
11—Inner Sanctum
8:30
2—Wanted Dead or Alive
4—Man and Challenge
7—Leave It To Beaver
11—Pro Soccer
9:00
2—Mr. Lucky
4—The Deputy
5—Roller Derby
7—Lawrence Welk Show

9—Million Dollar Movie
11—Code 3

11:00
2—The Late News
5—Movie
7—News
11—News Report
13—Mike Wallace

11:10
4—Weather
11:15
2—The Late Show
4—Jack Paar Show
7—The Night Show
11—Sports and Weather
11:20
11—All Star Movie
12:00
9—Mystery Movie
13—Curtain Time
1:00
4—Consult Dr. Brothers
1:30
2—The Late, Late Show

TUESDAY

AUGUST 23

5:30
2—The Early Show
5—Big Beat
7—Rocky and his Friends
9—Movie of the Week
11—Three Stooges

6:00
5—Felix and Friends
7—Little Rascals
11—Popeye
12—Crunch & Des

6:30
4—News
5—Sandy Becker
7—Newsreel
11—Quick Draw McGraw
13—Clay Cole

6:45
4—News
7—News

7:00
2—World News
4—Phil Silvers
5—Jim Bowie
7—Behind Closed Doors
9—Terrytoon Circus
11—Kevin Kennedy
7:15

2—News
11—John Tillman
7:30
2—Grand Jury
4—Laramie
5—Scotland Yard
7—Sugarfoot
9—Million Dollar Movie
11—Little League
13—Highway Patrol
8:00

2—Peck's Bad Girl
5—Sherlock Holmes
13—Picture of the Week
8:30

2—Loves of Dobie Gillis
4—Movie
5—City Assignment
7—Life of Wyatt Earp
9:00

2—Tightrope!
4—Richard Diamond
5—Wrestling
7—Rifleman
9—Sneak Preview
9:30

2—The Comedy Spot
4—Arthur Murray
7—Colt 45

10:00
2—Diagnosis, Unknown
4—M Squad
7—Alcoa Presents

10:30
4—Johnny Midnight
9—Million Dollar Movie
7—Rescue 8
13—Wrap-Up

11:00
2—The Late News
4—J. M. McCaffrey
5—Movie
7—News
11—News Report
13—Mike Wallace

11:10
4—Weather
7—Weather Time
11:15
2—The Late Show
4—Jack Paar Show
7—The Night Show
11—Movie

12:00
9—Mystery Movie
13—Curtain Time
12:30
13—Quality Theatre
1:00
2—Late, Late Show
4—Consult Dr. Brothers

WEDNESDAY

AUGUST 24

5:30
2—The Early Show
5—Big Beat
7—My Friend Flicka
9—Movie of the Week
11—Three Stooges
6:00

5—Cartoons
7—Little Rascals
11—Popeye
13—Citizen Soldier
6:30

4—News
5—Cartoons
7—Newsreels
11—Casey Jones
13—Clay Cole
6:45

4—News
7—News
7:00
2—World News
4—Death Valley Days
5—Tombstone Territory
7—Ray Milland Show
9—Terrytoon Circus
11—News
7:15

2—News
11—John Tillman—News
7:30

2—Reckoning
4—Wagon Train
5—Racket Squad
7—Music, Summer Night
9—Million Dollar Movie
11—Sports
13—Highway Patrol
8:00

5—Follow That Man
11—The Honeymooners
13—Picture of the Week
8:30

2—Men Into Space
4—The Price Is Right
5—Award Theatre
7—Ozzie and Harriet
11—San Francisco Beat
9:00

2—The Millionaire
4—Happy
5—Wrestling
7—Hawaiian Eye
9—Long John Nebel
11—Trackdown
9:30

2—I've Got A Secret
4—Tate
9—Harness Racing
11—Californians

10:00
2—Armstrong Theatre
4—This Is Your Life
7—Boxing
11—Decoy
13—Dance Party
10:30

4—People Are Funny
9—Million Dollar Movie
11—Bold Venture
11:00

2—The Late News
4—John McCaffrey
5—Movie
7—News
11—News
13—Mike Wallace
11:10
4—Weather
7—Weather Time

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

12:00
9—Mystery Movie
13—Curtain Time
1:00
2—Late Show
4—Consult Dr. Brothers

THURSDAY

AUGUST 25

5:30
2—The Early Show
5—Big Beat
7—Rocky and his Friends
9—Movie of the Week
11—Three Stooges
6:00

5—Felix and Friends
7—Little Rascals
11—Popeye
13—The Michaels in Africa
6:30

4—News
5—Cartoons
7—Newsreels
11—Huckleberry Hound
13—Clay Cole
6:45

4—News
7—News
7:00

2—News
4—State Trooper
5—Sheriff of Cochise
7—Tugboat Annie
9—Cartoons
11—Kevin Kennedy
7:15

2—News
11—News
7:30

2—George Burns
4—Law of Plainsman
5—Rough Riders
7—Steve Canyon
9—Million Dollar Movie
11—Flight
13—Highway Patrol
8:00

4—Bat Masterson
5—City Reporter
7—Donna Reed Show
11—Deadline
13—Picture of the Week
8:30

2—Johnny Ringo
4—Producers' Choice
11—I Search for Adv.
7—The Real McCoys
11—Deadline
9:00

2—Zane Grey Theatre
4—Bachelor Father
5—Wrestling
7—Jeannie Canon
9—Variety Fiesta
11—This Man Dawson



YOUNG IDEAS

from
Polly Ponds



Q: I'm tall and big-boned and think I look like a horse. Is there anything I can do to seem smaller and more feminine?



A: If your bones are large, you'll always be a big girl, but you can turn this into an asset.

Learn to carry yourself well and to move gracefully. Choose simple, well-cut clothes and concentrate on glorious off-beat colors—muddy greens, saffrons, smoky shades of lavender or brilliant amber browns.

Keep your hair attractively styled and always clean and well-groomed. Ditto your hands and nails. Never wear scuffed, run-down shoes—and don't depend heavily on flats to make you seem smaller. They'll only leave you looking clumsy and low-slung.

Cultivate a quiet sense of style... be proud of your height, your strong sturdy frame, and you'll be very close to becoming a beauty

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SALUTE — Dr. Tom Dooley (right) accepts a gift from Madam V. V. Thi Ngai of South Viet Nam, as host Ralph Edwards looks on, during the Aug. 24 repeat showing of the NBC-TV "This Is Your Life" program saluting the noted physician for his humanitarian work.

9:30
 2—Markham
 4—Wrangler
 7—The Untouchables
 9—Pro Golf
 11—Love Story
 10:00
 2—Adv. Theatre
 4—The Best of Groucho
 11—Man of the West
 13—Dance Party
 10:30
 2—To Tell The Truth
 4—Rheingold Theatre
 7—Premiere
 9—Movie
 11—Shotgun Slade
 11:00
 2—The Late News
 4—J. M. McCaffrey
 5—Five Star Movie
 7—Report to New York
 11—News
 11:10
 4—Weather
 7—Weather Time
 13—Mike Wallace
 11:15
 2—The Late Show
 4—Jack Paar
 7—The Night Show
 11—Sports and Weather
 11:20
 11—All Star Movie
 12:00
 9—Mystery Movie
 13—Curtain Time
 12:45
 2—Late, Late Show
 1:00
 4—Consult Dr. Brothers

FRIDAY

9:30
 2—The Early Show
 5—Big Beat
 7—Rin Tin Tin

9—Movie
 11—Three Stooges
 6:00
 5—Cartoons
 7—Little Rascals
 11—Popeye
 13—Danger is my Business
 6:30
 4—News
 5—Cartoons
 7—Newsreels
 11—Sky King
 6:45
 4—News
 7—News
 7:00
 2—World News
 4—The Four Just Men
 5—I Led Three Lives
 7—U. S. Marshal
 9—Terrytoon Circus
 11—Kevin Kennedy
 7:15
 2—News
 11—News
 7:30
 2—Rawhide
 4—Cimarron City
 5—Cannon Ball
 7—Walt Disney
 9—Movie
 11—Sports Show
 13—Highway Patrol
 8:00
 5—Night Court
 11—Movie
 13—Clay Cole
 8:30
 2—Hotel de Paree
 5—Tombstone Territory
 7—Man From Blackhawk
 13—Picture of the Week
 9:00
 4—Play Your Hunch

5—Divorce Hearing
 7—77 Sunset Strip
 9—Movie
 9:30
 2—December Bride
 4—Masquerade Party
 5—Mackenzie's Raiders
 10:00
 2—The Twilight Zone
 4—Moment of Fear
 5—Not For Hire
 7—Detectives
 9—Favorite Story
 13—Dance Party
 10:30
 2—Person to Person
 5—Official Detective
 7—Black Saddle
 9—Movie
 11:00
 2—The News
 4—John M. McCaffrey
 5—Movie
 7—News
 11—News
 13—Mike Wallace
 11:10
 4—Weather
 7—Weather Time
 11:15
 2—The Late Show
 4—Jack Paar
 7—The Night Show
 11—Sports
 11:20
 11—All Star Movie
 12:00
 9—Mystery Movie
 13—Curtain Time
 12:45
 2—The Late, Late Show
 1:00
 4—Consu't Dr. Brothers



STARS IN DIAMOND MYSTERY — Rex Harrison and Tammy Grimes play an engaged couple who accidentally become involved in the theft of \$1,000,000 worth of gems in "The Datchet Diamonds." This play will be telecast Friday, Sept. 9, the first of nine special programs on "The Dow Hour of Great Mysteries" over the NBC-TV Network.



WOMEN'S TRAVEL DIRECTOR
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BUILD FIRE BETWEEN PARALLEL LOGS
 OR IN U-SHAPED STONE ENCLOSURE. KEEP
 THE FIRE SMALL. SUSPEND BUCKET FOR
 HOT WATER. TO GET KINDLING AFTER
 RAIN, SPLIT LOG, CUT DRY WOOD
 FROM INSIDE.

RUB SOAP ON OUTSIDE OF POTS
 AND PANS BEFORE USING. SOOT
 WILL WASH OFF EASIER.

WRAP POTATOES, CORN IN
 ALUMINUM FOIL FOR ROASTING.

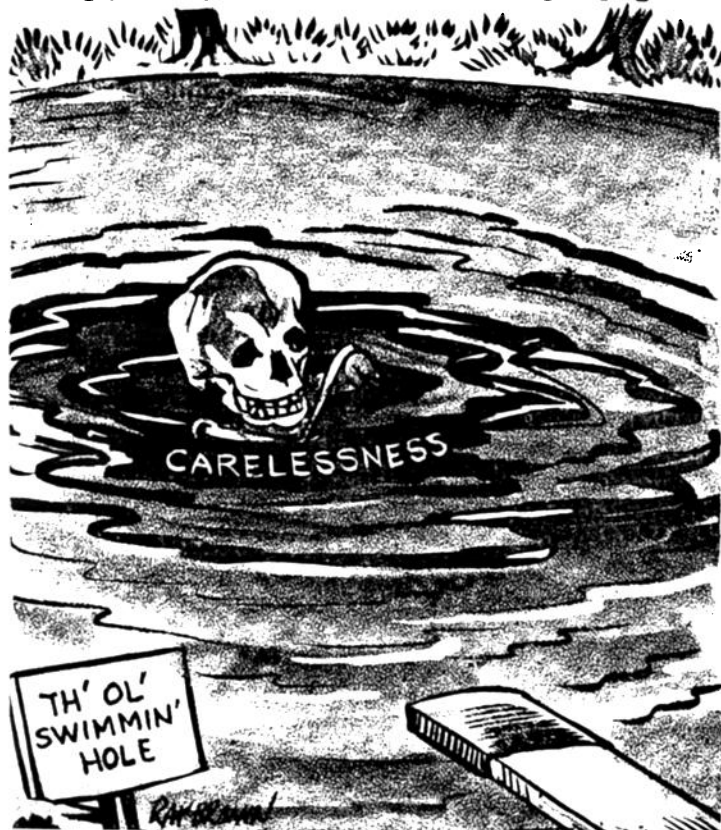
TO PROTECT FOOD
 FROM ANIMALS, HANG IT HIGH,
 WELL WRAPPED, DON'T LEAVE OPENED
 FOOD CONTAINERS IN THE CAR; BEARS,
 RACCOONS CAN SCRATCH IT
 TRYING TO GET IN.

WHEN BREAKING CAMP,
 BE SURE FIRE IS OUT-DEAD OUT.
 SOAK THE ASHES THOROUGHLY.

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FM

"Come On In The Water Is Fine"





"Ted spoke quietly. 'You were saying something about some guy named Lloyd?'"

ILLUSTRATION BY
DON BENDER.

Judy kept her eyes on the Jersey shore line all the while she was talking.

"I . . . I don't know what to do," she said. "He asked me to let him know tonight."

She had tried to tell Ted about Lloyd Richards earlier that evening — first, when they met, and then when they were having dinner — but each time she had made the mistake of looking at him. And then they were in the narrow park by the river, and she couldn't put it off any more.

"He says we could be married tomorrow," she went on. "He's staying another day."

And there it was! She sat back and pressed her hands in her lap. She didn't want Ted to see how they were trembling.

But Ted wasn't watching. His arms were hooked over the back of the bench and he stared out on the Hudson. His dark, brooding face stood out sharply against the cluster of lights from the Palisades. She reached out to touch him — to clear that face, even for a moment — then she fought back the impulse . . .

"Oh, I'm going to kill him," she thought. "If he just sits there and takes it like that!"

"I think you should do it," Ted said.

Judy went limp. She dug her nails into her flesh and felt nothing. "I promised I'd call him," she said weakly. "He'll be waiting."

Imagine? Making a crack like that! She'd fix him good!

"Why shouldn't you?" Ted said. "This Richards can give you all the things you should have. What can I give you?"

Nothing Ted. Nothing at all, you big lug. Only everything a girl . . .

"What could I give you?" Ted went on. You'd have some life with me. Dinners in cafeterias. Evenings in parks. On our honeymoon, for variety, we'd go to a museum. You'd have some sweet life!"

It sounded sweet enough to Judy, but she didn't say as much. This was the beginning of a familiar routine. There was nothing that could be done until it ran itself out.

"A lawyer!" Ted said. He addressed the single star above. "Twenty-five thousand lawyers in New York weren't enough. I had to starve, too."

It didn't do any good to tell him that things were bad all over; that after all, he was only out of law school a short time. It didn't do any good when he was like this, to tell him anything.

"Let me tell you," he said. "You've got to be somebody to starve to death in this town. Do you think they'll let anyone starve? No! You've got to have a background. You've got to have a college diploma and a law certificate and an office to hang them up in, and then you can go ahead and starve."

Judy stood up. "Let's walk a bit," she suggested. She slipped an arm through his and walked lightly beside him, a slim girl in a

simple dark dress. Her eyes were troubled as Ted hurried her along. He couldn't stay depressed long — not when she was with him. When they were together, he was soon the real Ted. And that couldn't help but make a success.

Ted freed his arm and tried to drop it around her. Judy stepped aside. Ted looked surprised and drew her into the shadow.

"Hi ya Judy!" He was smiling at her now. "It's getting late," she said. "I have to call Lloyd."

"Lloyd? Who's Lloyd?"

She looked at him furiously. "We've only been talking about him for the last . . ."

"Gosh, honey, you're so swell."

"Ted, now pl . . .!" Judy wrenched her mouth to one side and then closed it. When he let go of her she hung on to his lapels.

Ted spoke through her hair. "You were saying something about a guy called Lloyd?"

Judy waited until she could feel solid ground beneath her. "Don't joke about it. The man wants to marry me."

"He does? You don't say so?"

This was more like it. This was Ted. Judy sighed. If she could only keep him like that.

"I don't suppose I want to marry you?" Ted said. "I suppose my intentions aren't honorable?"

He was smiling, but it was very much on the surface. "I suppose, if there weren't a darn good reason, we wouldn't have married long ago?"

Two years to be exact. Two years that could have been the happiest in their lives.

"Tell me," Judy said. She tried to keep her tone light. "Just for the record. What was that wonderful reason again?"

Ted turned away wearily. "Let's skip that for once," he said.

She was as tired of the subject as he was. They had been over and over it without getting any place . . . Yes, Ted said, he knew all about it. Two could live as cheaply as one, sure. And Judy could keep her job. Sure. Okay, he said, he didn't think she could support him in the manner in which he had become accustomed. And so until the time he could handle that end of it himself . . .

Judy knew it was useless, but still she persisted. She had used the same phrases so often, she knew them by heart . . .

"Let's not discuss it," Ted said. "We'll just have to wait."

"Why should we wait?" She clenched her hands angrily. "We don't know how long it'll be. I want to settle it — right now!"

He turned back to her slowly. "I see. Before you speak to your Mr. Richards?"

She had forgotten about that, but now she met his gaze slowly. "Yes, before I speak to him."

"It's always good to have a guy in reserve, isn't it?" Ted said.

She gulped in some air. All right! O.K.! She waved at him angrily. "So nice to have known you," she said and walked away.

"What was so nice about it?" Ted called after her.

Oh, it was pretty nice, Theodore, don't kid yourself. But Judy didn't glance back.

Back in the park, she knew, he was miserable. And that made her miserable, too.

Besides, it wouldn't last long. She knew his moods. Let's see now. She looked at her watch. Two minutes for despair, then the next two for thought . . . and then, in about two or three minutes . . .

She slowed down. She wasn't so sure now. They'd fought before and sometimes hadn't made up for days. But then he didn't have much to worry about. He could just let it slide. He could let everything slide.

She was near panic when she reached the corner — and then she heard heavy footsteps behind her. She caught a glimpse of Ted as she rounded the building. The only thing that troubled her now was where they would live — uptown or out in the suburbs.

As for her conscience, that didn't trouble her at all. Consciences, sometimes, were pretty much of a bore. And as for Lloyd Richards — well, she wouldn't even have to call him. Lloyd knew her answer. She had given it to him this afternoon.

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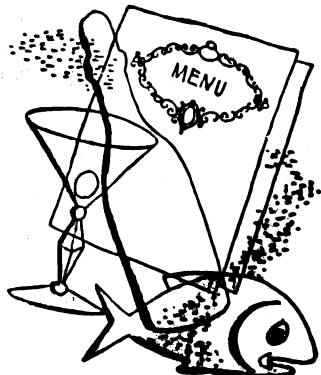
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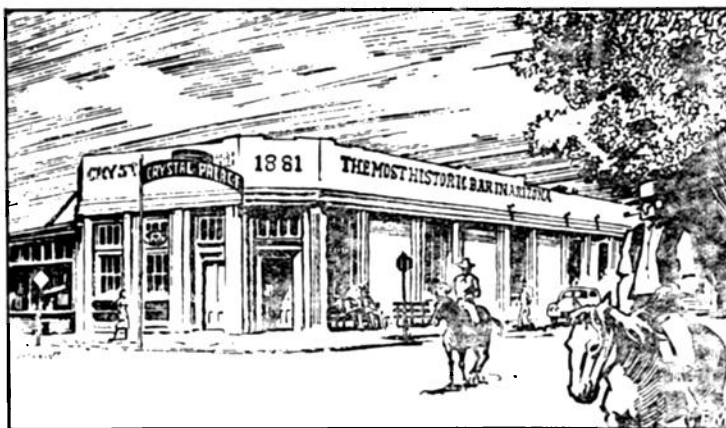
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FAMOUS AMERICAN TAVERNS

The Crystal Palace in Tombstone, Arizona



Still Serves Public in "Town too Tough to Die"

In its ruggedest days in the late 1870's Tombstone, Arizona, made two claims to fame. It had the biggest hill of silver—"Loma de Piata"—in the world and the most luxurious bars and taverns in the West with the possible exception of San Francisco.

The names of the mines around Tombstone—"the town too tough to die"—have long been forgotten, but the names of the taverns survive, tracing a history of the rough society of that day. Listen to the roll call: the Occidental, the Grand, the Oriental, the Can-Can, the Cosmopolitan, the Alhambra and the Crystal Palace.

Built of lumber sawed out in the Chirachahua Mountains, the interior walls of these resorts were hidden with muslin and then papered with handsome patterns. Some of the bars were carved mahogany, chandeliers dripped crystal prisms from the ceiling and the *Tombstone Epitaph* called such rooms "the apartments... suitably furnished after the style of a great clubroom, complete even to stationery for the use of the guests."

Only one of these taverns, the Crystal Palace, survives to serve the public today. In contrast to the splendor of the other resorts, and despite its elaborate name, the

Crystal Palace was built of adobe with almost classic simplicity. Its refreshment was equally classic. The *Tombstone Epitaph* once advised its readers:

"If you want ice cold St. Louis beer out of a genuine beer pump, call on Julius Caesar at the Crystal Palace."

There were many famous—and some infamous—callers on Julius Caesar in the days when the law of the border was both challenged and maintained with six-guns—the Earps, Clantons, McLowrys, Johnny Ringo and Doc Holliday. Today, U.S. 80 passes the front door of the Crystal Palace, which opens on Allen and Fifth Streets, and thousands of tourists who have crossed one desert to reach Tombstone and must cross another to leave it, stop to refresh themselves as their forefathers did nearly a hundred years ago.



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