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JUNE 4, 1961

VOL. XXXIII, No. 23





## No Answer For Tomorrow

I could see my brother Bob through the fine-mesh wire of the visiting cage as I walked toward the barred, screened barrier that separated us. A prison guard was standing at his right shoulder. It hurt to see Bob here, hurt most because I was responsible.

He recognized me through the screen. "Chet," he called, "Chet, I'm over here."

"Hello, Kid," I said, and walked as close to the screened bars as I could. I saw the dark hollow under his eyes.

"Chet, the Warden gave permission for us to visit again this afternoon. I was afraid they didn't notify you. I wanted you to know ahead of time." His voice was strained, anxious. I could see what the pressure of time, the nearness of the execution hour was doing to him.

"They notified me at noon, Bob," I said. "Look, Kid, take it easy. Relax a little. There is still plenty of time—anything can happen." I watched for a lifting of his tension, but I should have known my few words wouldn't do it.

"Have you heard if the Governor's made a decision yet, Chet?" The urgency, the hope in his voice sickened me.

"No, not a thing, Kid," I lied.

I had heard just an hour ago. Governor Knowles refused to intervene. The death penalty upheld by the Supreme Court would be carried out tonight.

Bob's eyes never left my face. I was afraid my deceit showed, but the answer seemed to satisfy my brother. As long as there was even a faint hope I knew he would cling to it.

Standing there, helpless to aid him, I wanted to tear the barrier down. I wanted to reach and take him by the shoulders, reassure him. I hated the rules that kept a doomed man from physical contact with his loved ones. Looking at the two guards present for our visit, I marveled at their impassiveness.

"Chet, did the lawyer give the Governor all the evidence about Norma's private life? Does he know she was nothing but a tramp, the same as a common streetwalker?"

"Yes, Kid. The Governor's got everything he needs. It's all there — the affidavits, the investigator's report, everything. Look, Kid, you've got to relax. You're tearing yourself to pieces. I'm telling you — believe me — it's not going to happen!"

My words sounded unconvincing to my own ears. I was miserable feeling my failure where Bob was concerned. I'd been so wrapped up in my own selfish desires that I'd neglected the promise I'd made to Mom.

I was seventeen and Bob was thirteen when Mom and Dad were in an automobile wreck. Dad was killed instantly, but Mom lived for several days. It was in the hospital, kneeling by her bed, that I had promised to look after Bob, see that he finished school.

"You're older, tougher, Chet," Mom had said. "You can take whatever comes, and bounce back for more. Bob needs help. If you don't give it to him, he won't ever get it. Promise me, Son."

I had promised faithfully, but somewhere I had slipped. Looking through the bars at Bob now, I realized it was one thing to tell a kid brother something — but another to get him to do it. I hadn't set the good example he needed to pattern his life after. We'd always been close for brothers, but the last couple of years I had spent less time with Bob evenings. Instead, I'd done the things the older crowd I ran around with enjoyed.

I had failed, all right. Failed Mom, failed Bob, failed myself. That knowledge had been with me for months now, making it harder all the time for me to live with myself.

\* \* \*

"Can't you talk more, Chet? Can't you say something? Don't just stand there and look at me!" Bob's voice was almost on the verge of hysteria.

"Look, Kid, you're taking all this too hard." I knew I had to say something to snap him out of it. "Any minute now the Warden will walk in with a commutation. After that, we'll have plenty of time to dig up more evidence, plenty of time to get a

new trial. Why, a year from now this will all seem like a bad dream to you. Hones Kid." I thought Bob's face eased a little.

Lord, forgive me for lying, I prayed. So he'll know I lied — will he forgive me then? What's best at a time like this? The truth — or a lie, even when the lie chokes you?

"Chet, suppose — suppose the Governor don't do anything?"

"You're borrowing trouble, Kid. I told you a commutation would come through any minute now."

"Sure, Chet, but — but what if it didn't?"

"Look at it this way, Kid. You come into this world by accident. Who you are — what you are — it's all a big question mark. You don't decide the color of your skin, your hair, or what's under your hair. A man's got to do the best he can with what's handed him."

Bob was watching me intently.

"It's just like the peas in a pod, Kid. Some are good, some — well, some turn out a little different. Who can say the why or wherefore of it all. You're dealt a hand, Kid — you play it the best you can."

\* \* \*

I hoped my words meant something to him. It was what I really felt and thought. It was the way I had lived my life. It was all I could give him now.

"Time's up, Martin. Cut it short." It was one of the guards talking. "Sorry," he added. "But that's orders from the Warden."

"Goodbye, Chet." Bob's face was pale, lips quivering.

"Bye, Kid. I'll see you tomorrow. Don't begin to think anything different."

The guard led Bob out of the visiting room. I watched the big steel door close behind my kid brother, and knew it was the last time I would ever see him.

I walked out of the visiting room and across the green grass of the prison yard with a guard. The warm sun felt good on my face, and there was the sweet smell of moist earth where some prisoners were making a rose bed. We kept on walking until I was back in my cell on Death Row.

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## CONTENTS

### FEATURES

The New American Basketball League .....	5
Home Plans Feature Page .....	6
New Facts About Safe Driving .....	9
The Teardrop A Complete Short Story .....	14
Famous American Taverns .....	15

### DEPARTMENTS

Editorials .....	9
Television Programs For The Week .....	11, 12, 13

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# The Walk Home

BY BARBARA GRANTMYRE



The 6:27, lighter by seventeen commuters, puffed and plumed from the depot. Clive Mason, in the vanguard of the passengers, reached the sidewalk as the line of cars began to disintegrate and nose from the parking space and, to his annoyance, the Ware's station wagon came alongside. Sid called, "Care for a lift?"

"No, thanks. I need to stretch my legs a bit." Clive's easy smile masked his flash of irritation. He wished they wouldn't keep offering rides. He had to walk home these days . . . with Elizabeth.

Clive looked at her dancing beside him on the pavement, her footfall lost in his own heavier tread. Tonight her red-gold hair was bound in two thick braids that, halfway, changed their minds and become shining ringlets. Elizabeth, his daughter . . . his darling.

"What did you do today, Elizaeth?" Always the walk home began with that question, always she cocked her head, considering.

"I went marketing with Mother this morning. And Mr. Simmons, the fishman, said, 'Your little girl's the spitting image of you, Mrs. Mason'."

"Mother told him, 'She may resemble me, Mr. Simmons, but inside she's exactly like presidents to play hopscotch on the pavement. Besides, we have to hurry home to

Elizabeth wasn't listening. Hopscotch forgotten, she had spied something at the edge of the Blackmore's lawn. "Look, Daddy! A dinner."

four-leaf clover. Pick it, so the luck will be yours."

Self-consciously Clive stopped and plucked the fragile stem. "Put it in your buttonhole," "Mother took me to the beach. My crawl's getting good . . . for the first two strokes," she added honestly, "then it's mostly splash and sputter."

"I found a perfect hopscotch stone at the beach, Daddy," Elizabeth knew how to get the right shade of wistfulness into her light, childish treble as she dug into the scrap of pocket and produced the treasure. "Can we have one teensy-weensy game?"

"I'm afraid not. It isn't dignified for vice-

her father."

"After lunch," Elizabeth continued,

she commanded, "so it won't get lost."

The wide, tree-bordered street was almost empty as they walked along. From the trim, tidy houses came laughter, fragments of conversation, the tinkle of glass and china. This was the homecoming hour, the good hour, gilded tonight by a westerling sun. But Elizabeth was thinking of the lake again.

"The water's getting cold, Daddy. Soon it'll be autumn."

"Very soon."

"Will you take me on your hunting trip then?"

"Not this year. When you're bigger."

Elizabeth giggled. "What fun. Shall I really, truly come with you some day?"

The gods are tempted when parent's make promises to a child and Clive was defying the pang in his heart as he replied. "Yes. Some day you'll come with me and learn to hunt, and fish, and paddle a canoe." With a furtive finger he touched the clover. For luck.

They had turned the corner and there, three doors down, was their house throwing a long shadow across the green velvet lawn—a Dutch Colonial house around which ran a picket fence.

"I wish some day was now," Elizabeth's voice was so low Clive scarcely heard it.

She left him, as she always did, when they entered the gate. As Clive turned to fasten the latch she was gone, lured by the flash of a wing, or a bird's call, off on some fairy business of her own, and he walked alone up the path.

"Good evening, Mr. Mason."

"Good evening, Mrs. Wagner. An estimable woman, Mrs. Wagner, and a jewel in her profession. Perhaps she was but she made Clive feel like an interloper and a nuisance. "How is . . . er . . . everything?"

"Under the circumstances," and Mrs. Wagner pursed her lips, "we are quite satisfactory." Her eyes flicked over him with a sort of curbed dislike. In her opinion husbands are a sorry lot, thought Clive. He started up the stairs.

"Dinner will be ready in ten minutes, I believe," she told him coldly.

"Call me, please," Clive threw the words over his shoulder as he took the steps two

at a time. In the big sunny room at the head of the staircase Virginia lay on the cherrywood bed.

Clive pressed his face against her hair. "Gosh, it's good to be home, Honey. How have you been? I can never tell from ol' Sour Puss."

"Sssh! She may hear you. Me? I'm a model patient. Doctor Bob was so pleased with me when he called this afternoon."

She caught sight of the clover leaf in his lapel. "A lucky clover! Surely, surely that means we'll be lucky this time."

"Please, God, yes."

"After all, I'm much wiser now." Her lower lip dropped petulantly. "If I'd only been a strapping washwoman, a jolting car or a turned ankle wouldn't have mattered. Why, oh why, couldn't I be the buxom peasant type, Clive, having babies every harvest?"

"I'm glad you're just you, Virginia."

"Two frail little mites who never breathed . . . surely this third child will come to stay." Then, brightly, as if ashamed of showing too much feeling, "But tell me about your day. Did you walk from the station, Clive?"

"Yes. Sid Ware wanted me to drive with them, but I . . . wanted to walk."

Clive studied the pastel flowers on Virginia's bedjacket. I wish I could tell her about Elizabeth, he thought, and how important is the walk home in these weeks of waiting.

It was something one couldn't talk about for women were the ones to have fancy not the men, when a child was expected. How could he explain that in this communion with the dream-child Elizabeth he felt he was reaching the spirit of one not yet born, binding it to earth with threads of welcome and love?

"Never mind, darling," Virginia smiled, "a little more waiting and then we'll be driving to the station to meet you . . . the baby and I." She gave a happy sigh. "A girl? A boy? Which?"

Clive touched the clover leaf. Sentimental? Crazy? Perhaps he was. All the same he knew.

"A girl, of course," he replied promptly. "And her name will be Elizabeth."

## See "MARY MARY"

SATURDAY, JULY 22, 1961

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# Things To Do This Week...

## SATURDAY, MAY 27

An original play, a musical comedy, 'It Could Happen to You', will be presented by School 26 PTA at the school. The play was also scheduled for Friday night.

"A Big and Little Sister Picnic" will be held at Garret Mountain on Saturday by the Class of 1963 of Paterson General Hospital School of Nursing. The affair is for the incoming class.

## SUNDAY, MAY 28

The Passaic - Clifton District CYO will hold buffet supper to honor adult advisors at 6 p.m. at St. Phillips School auditorium.

The North Jersey Suburbanites will present a young adult dance on Sunday at 8:30 p.m. at the Paterson YM-YWHA.

Installation dinner dance of the Westside Democratic Club will take place at the Casino De Charlz with Joseph A. Lazzara, freeholder, as master of ceremonies.

The Paterson Postal employees annual Communion Breakfast will be held at St. George's R. C. Church hall. Edward J. Hancock is general chairman.

A testimonial dinner honoring Rev. Stanley Schinski, assistant pastor of St. Stephen's R. C. Church, on the occasion of his

tenth anniversary in the priesthood.

"Youth Day" at Camp Veritans will be celebrated with Miss Beverly Pezzano as mistress of ceremonies. Registration is set for 2 p.m.; dinner slated for 5 to 6 p.m., and dancing after 7:30 p.m.

## MONDAY, MAY 28

The 29 year football club of Eastside and Central High will hold its annual installation dinner dance at the Brownstone House.

A bazaar and carnival will be held by the Saddle Brook Rochelle Park Jewish Center from 6 p.m. to 1 a.m. today and all day tomorrow, May 30.

## THURSDAY, JUNE 1

The PTA of School 27 will hold its variety show to be presented tonight and tomorrow, June 2, at the school. The production is under the direction of Mr. and Mrs. John Broadbent.

## FRIDAY, JUNE 2

A card party in the Fire Co. 2 headquarters, High Mountain Road, is scheduled for tonight. Mrs. Helen Zysling is chairman.

## SATURDAY, JUNE 3

Eastside High School class of 51 will hold its annual reunion dinner at 8 p.m. in the Alexander Hamilton Hotel.

## Fire Hazards In Your Yard? Rubbish!

Trash fires — which can so easily get out of control — can be kept reasonably safe if you follow these precautions suggested by the National Board of Fire Underwriters:

Never light an outdoor fire on a windy day.

Before burning rubbish or leaves, set out, and attach, your garden hose. Keep it in readiness until the fire is completely out.

Burn trash in a wire mesh basket or a metal container with a cover slightly ajar to prevent embers from scattering. Set it well away from building, fence, tall grass.

Keep children away.

Stay with your fire until it is out and the ashes are cool enough to touch.

And a further word about Spring Clean-up:

Using a blow-torch to remove paint is a dangerous practice, and there is danger, too, in the use indoors and handling of paint removers containing volatile, flammable liquids or solvents.

mable liquids or solvents.

The National Board suggests removing old paint by these safer methods: scraping, sanding, wire brushing, or using non-combustible paint removers or an electric paint remover of a type listed by Underwriters' Laboratories, Inc.

Follow this expert advice, and you'll be able to say "rubbish" to the threat of trash fires.



"It may have been my turtle.  
I brought it in with me."



# ANNIVERSARY

By ZOA SHERBURNE

Mr. Callahan didn't look anything like the third angle of a triangle. He was old and crabby and ugly. None of the neighbors had any use for him and he — in turn — despised all the neighbors. All — that is, except Jill Fentron.

Walt, Jill's husband was fond of speculating that somewhere in Mr. Callahan's younger days there had been a girl like Jill — a long-legged blue-eyed creature with a smile in her voice and dimples in her knees.

"Mr. Callahan," Jill informed him loftily, "doesn't notice vulgar things like that—"

"You want to bet?" Walt retorted. "Look — if I happened to be the jealous type—"

"Which you aren't of course," Jill injected sweetly and the argument — if it could be called an argument — ended in the usual scuffle.

Mr. Callahan, without being the least bit nosey about it, was often witness to these playful tussles. He could hardly avoid it since his small white house was in a direct line with the Fentron's glassed-in back porch.

Although he never said so, Jill was aware that Mr. Callahan didn't like Walt. He regarded the young man's friendly overtures with frank suspicion and though he never really appeared to be rude

"Hell's bells," Walt ejaculated one afternoon when his friendly hail had evoked only the gruffest response from Mr. Callahan. "You'd think I had halitosis or something— what's the matter with the old sorehead?"

Jill dimpled. "He just doesn't think you're good enough for me," she told him demurely. "He's noticed how you shine up to that red-headed widow down the street. And I'm very much afraid that Mr. Callahan's a little old-fashioned about things like that—"

No — there was certainly no love lost between Mr. Callahan and Jill's young husband. Which is probably why Walt was so indignant about the anniversary celebration.

It was their third anniversary but it was especially important because it would mark the first time they had been able to celebrate the momentous day together.

Walt came home early, a pale green florist box tucked under his arm and tickets to a new musical in his pocket — to be met at the door by a tearful wife in a crumpled house dress, her face swollen from copious weeping.

"We won't be able to go, darling," she greeted him. "Mr. Callahan is awfully sick—I think he has pneumonia."

At first Walt thought she was kidding. He was in turn amused, then outraged and finally quite furious.

"I never heard of anything so idiotic," he declared coldly. "We've been planning this date for weeks. Hell — I dreamed about it for two years."

"I did too," she reminded him.

"And now — just because your precious Mr. Callahan has a belly ache—"

Jill's chin came up stubbornly. "I know you don't like him but just the same he's sick. I'm — I'm the only one who cares enough about him to look after him. He loves me—"

"I love you, too," Walt assured her, "but not if I have to play second fiddle to Mr. Callahan—"

Jill's tears started again. "Won't you even come and see him?" she quavered. "If you could just see his eyes, Walt—"

"I don't want to see his eyes," Walt told her dispassionately. "I want to get dressed up and go out to dinner and a show."

Much against his will he allowed himself to be tugged across the back lawn to Mr. Callahan's small white house.



When Jill put her hand on his head and spoke his name softly, Mr. Callahan opened lackluster brown eyes. He regarded Walt almost benignly before he closed them again.

"You see?" Jill's whisper was shaky. "He's even worse than he was this afternoon—"

Walt sighed and flopped down on the

grass. With gentle hands he lifted Mr. Callahan's shaggy head to his lap.

"Some anniversaries!" he grunted. "I spend the first one in a hospital in Germany — the second in a foxhole in Korea — and the third in a doghouse playing vet to a broken-down airdale."

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The Hiawatha Hotel in Hailey, Idaho



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It took three years to build the storied Hiawatha Hotel in the little mining town of Hailey, Idaho, a few miles south of famed Sun Valley. But, unlike most of the other structures thrown up in the boom days of the 1880s, the hotel is still in business. Very much in business, for through the years it has maintained the reputation set for it on opening day by the local newspaper: "It is admitted to be the finest hotel between Denver and the west coast."

It is interesting to note that the three-story stone and brick building cost only \$35,000 to erect. (That was in the days when dollars were dollars and hard to come by.) A comparatively large sum — \$5,000 — was put into the great bar, from which since many a wealthy mine owner, lonely prospector, rugged miner and visiting celebrity have lifted their beers and ales.

When the Hiawatha was opened Hailey was far different from the quiet residential community of today. It was a ripping, roaring, wide open mining town with 18 saloons and 12 gambling houses. "Faro, poker, roulette and other games of chance were plentiful."

But other characteristics put

the Hiawatha ahead of its time for that part of the west. Hailey was the first town in the Idaho Territory to offer electric lights and telephone services. The Hiawatha also has a national reputation as a "spa." The large natatorium maintained in connection with the resort as well as the heating system are fed by water piped from the Hailey Hot Springs some two miles out of town. Mining men, labor leaders, ranchers and politicians from the start made the hotel their headquarters and "took the waters."

Today, with winter sports claiming an increasing number of adherents, the Hiawatha has added a new type of patron — the sportsman. And its fine food and beverages are available in the popular "Sportsmen's Lounge."

## CROSSWORD PUZZLE ANSWER



A five-year old showed up at kindergarten one day dressed in faded blue jeans under a frilly petticoat and a beautiful ruffled party dress. Pinned to the dress was this note from the girls mother: "I hope you don't think this was my idea!"

"Have you ever been troubled by diphtheria?"  
"Only when I tried to spell it."

Mrs. Black: "Yesterday I almost got killed."

Mrs. Blue: "What happened?"

Mrs. Black: "I walked into an antique shop and asked, 'What's new.'"

Laurie: "The people next door must be very poor?"

Mother: "How do you know, dear?"

Laurie: "They made such a fuss when their baby swallowed a dime."



Politician: "There are many ways, my friends, of making money. But there's only one honest way."  
Opponent: "What's that?"  
Politician: "I was pretty sure you wouldn't know!"

Aunt: "Well, Bobby, how do you like school?"  
Bobby: "Closed, of course."

Cut Out and Mail

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