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THE

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Chronicle

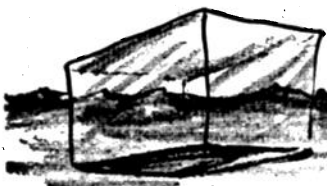
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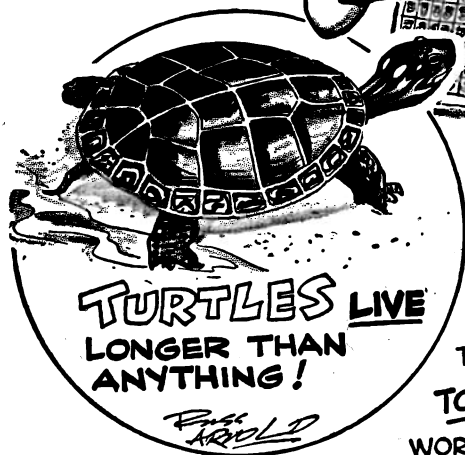
JANUARY 7, 1962
VOL. XXXIV, No. 2

NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH

by Russ Arnold



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Your most attractive hairdo would be short and head-hugging. It will look tidier, less meager and will be easier to maintain.



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THE POWELLS IN TV DRAMA — Dick Powell, his wife June Allyson and their eight-year-old son Ricky will appear together in "A Time to Die," a fantasy about a dying gangster who gets a chance to save his own life if he will choose a substitute victim. "A Time to Die," which marks Ricky's TV debut, will be presented on NBC-TV's "Dick Powell Show," Tuesday, Jan. 9. The Powells' daughter, Pamela (not in photo) has a small part in the same show.



TALE OF COURAGE — Rony Zeander plays Hans Brinker, a boy who puts devotion to his family before personal glory, in a two-part color broadcast of "Hans Brinker or the Silver Skates," on "Walt Disney's Wonderful World of Color" Sundays, Jan. 7 and 14 on NBC-TV. Carin Rossby plays his sister Gretel.



NIGHT OUT

Jim Topley considered the matter as he watched his shapely blonde secretary close up her typewriter for the day. Miss Springer was as bright and bubbly as they came. She would provide just the right atmosphere of gaiety and light romance required for the occasion. But if he asked her, she might say No — which might in turn strain their daily business relations. Or she might feel obligated to say Yes, and any sense of obligation would spoil the whole thing. No, he told himself, it better not be her.

In fact, it probably better not be anybody, he decided, as he looked at himself carefully in a mirror a few minutes later. Who would want to get romantic with him at this late date? Not that he was an old man — far from it. But the streaks of gray were beginning to show plainly.

The lips on the image in the mirror moved to frame some words, and Jim dubbed in the dialogue: "You're being adolescent, Old Boy."

"I agree," he agreed. Yet there didn't seem to be much he could do about the feeling. He wanted romance, and was determined to have it — tonight.

I won't even call Madge, he decided. I'll let her expect me home for supper. Tonight I am reckless. I may be a month making it up to her, but this one evening I'm not spending at home.

Not that Jim and Madge were stay-at-homes, exactly. They did their share of going out. But it was always in fulfillment of an obligation to visit someone. Or, if it was a show, they had to get there in a hurry and then rush home to relieve the baby-sitter. It was never just an evening out, free from care or responsibility.

It wasn't Madge's fault, of course, Jim realized. With that big house and two kids to look after, with her own outside interests and her community activities to think about — how could he expect her, after eleven years, to act like a moonstruck young bride? "Leaving a little late tonight, aren't you

Mr. Topley" the elevator girl asked, her face crinkling up into a smile under her red-brown hair.

Her? She did always seem more cordial to him than her job obliged her to be.

Might she—? No, no. She was a sweet little thing, and pretty, too — but no spice. No spice at all. And this evening called for spice, definitely. Like Madge used to home, for example.

Last night had been their eleventh anniversary. And Jim had brought home candy and flowers, and Madge had kissed him and said he was a dear to remember. And she had not forgotten either. She had invited friends to help celebrate, and they had had a gay old time. At least everybody said it was a gay old time. But Jim had gone to bed feeling disappointed.

Madge had sensed that something was wrong. She had tried to be very understanding — as she always tried to be. But how could he tell her what was wrong? How could he admit that he was afflicted with a schoolboyish frustration because he wanted to recapture something that could never be recaptured again?

"Ground floor," the girl said. And he couldn't tell Madge he was discontented with their marriage — because he wasn't really.

"Oh!" He quickly got off the elevator and said good night in an apologetic voice. Maybe I should have stayed on the elevator and gone up with her again, he thought, as the door closed behind him. Automatically, he stopped at the cigarette counter for his evening newspaper, and automatically the girl handed it to him without being asked as he placed a coin on the counter.

Out of habit, but without interest, he opened his evening paper and looked over the headlines as he headed for the main door.

"Look out where you're going!" He had run right into a woman who was trying to light a cigarette.

"I—I'm terribly sorry," he said lamely. She couldn't help smiling at his embarrass-

ment.

What a beauty she was! "Er — haven't we — uh — met somewhere before?" He felt as awkwardly idiotic as any grade school boy, it had been so long since he'd tried his hand at this sort of thing.

"Talk about corny approaches!" she said. But she amused, not angry. "All right, so we've met somewhere before. Now let's see, what comes next? Shouldn't we go somewhere and have a drink so we can — uh — talk it over to see if we — uh — can't remember where we've met before? O.K., Mister, you talked me into it."

Jim had never run across such an easy pickup, even in his very young, wild-oats-sowing days. Yet, there was not a trace of cheapness about the girl. He didn't remember when he had seen such sparkling black eyes, such gorgeous blue-black hair, such well-filled dress.

"I know what you're thinking," she said, noting his look of astonishment. "It was too easy — right? You don't trust it. Well, as a matter of fact, I meant it to be easy. I made you run into me. I've been watching you for a long time, Mister — oh, a long time. And I liked your looks."

"But — I — I'm a married man," he said, stupidly.

"Well, I'm a married woman, too," she said, holding up her ring in evidence. "So what?"

"So — so let's go have that drink." He seized her arm, feeling very daring. He had recovered from his original shock, and was now quite sure of himself. As they went out of the building through the revolving door, he slipped his arm around her and hauled her into his own section of the door so that the two of them fitted snugly. Stopping for a moment, he kissed her on the tip of the ear. She squealed delightfully.

"Hey, Honey—what's your name anyway?"

"You just said it: 'Honey'."

"Oh? I'm 'Darling'. Pleased to meet you."

They stepped out into the street.

"Honey, do you think you ought to go home to fix supper for your unappreciative husband?"

"Well, I should, I suppose. But it will do him good to go out to eat for a change— And your wife, what about her?"

"What about her? Let's forget about wives and husbands tonight, shall we? Let's dance."

"Well — I don't dance very well."

"Step on my toes all you want. Just so I have an excuse to get arms around you." Jim put his arm in hers and felt a tingle of romantic excitement run through him. What a gay, glorious evening it was going to be! "What a lucky man your husband is," he whispered.

"Darling," she said, snuggling closer.

It had ended too soon, much too soon. They had cocktailed and rhumbaed their way through a dozen night clubs. They had zoomed dizzily down the roller-coaster run at the amusement park. They had necked shamelessly on a bench in the dark. It had been a wonderful evening.

But now, as the taxi driver applied his brakes, it would soon be over. Meanwhile the enchantment still lingered.

"May I see you to the door?"

"All right," she said. "But quietly."

"You're — you're not paying the taxi driver now?" She looked shocked, but not displeased.

"That's right," he said.

"But —" Without even waiting for the taxi to pull away, Jim grabbed her and kissed her full on the mouth. She pulled away and ran breathlessly up the stairs. He caught her at the door. This time the kiss was a long, long one.

"That husband of yours," Jim said admiringly. "What a lucky guy he is. He's got the most understanding wife in the world."

"Thank you, Darling," Madge said, kissing him lightly on the cheek. "but we really better go in now. The baby-sitter will be worried."

YOUR HOME

by LEWIS & ELEANOR BOWMAN

The Entrance To A House In Maine

NEW England is filled with fine old houses, some built in the early 17th Century. There would be many more of these, except that they were pulled down in the years when they were not appreciated for their true worth. They were built mainly of white pine, without stinting on lumber or labor.

Such houses are protected now by various organizations which have purchased them, and by the Department of the Interior, which gives a helping hand to save worthy examples from destruction.

The photograph shows the main entrance porch of a famous house in Wiscasset, Maine. This village, incorporated in 1760, is on the St. George river. The advantages of Wiscasset Harbor for trading vessels brought wealth to its sailing masters, who were responsible for building many of the fine houses there.

This house was built by Silas Lee, a native of Concord, Massachusetts, who graduated from Harvard College in 1784. He established himself at Wiscasset and made it his home. His law



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Her Love of Animals Led to a Part-Time Job

By ANNE HEYWOOD

"I USED to think you were crazy," a forthright young mother told me the other day, "harping on that one theme that everybody should love her job. It seemed to me that you got any job you could find, did it the best you could, got paid for it and that was that."

"But now, wait until I tell you what happened to me!"

Seeking a Part-Time Job

"When the kids went to school, I wanted to get a part-time job, from ten to two. My experience was nil, but I like people and so I decided to try for a sales job. I went around to a lot of stores, but they had no job for me."

"Then one day I decided to consider what really interested me the most. I realized that maybe my halfhearted approach had been somewhat of a liability. After all, I honestly didn't consider the world well lost for a department store sales job. Maybe that was why they didn't hire me."

"Next to people, I like animals more than anything in the world, all animals. We always have a house and yard full of dogs and cats and rabbits and canaries and all kinds of animals."

Touring Local Pet Shops

"So I approached a few pet shops, to see if they needed part-time help. The third one I approached hired me. The owner wanted someone to take over

mornings. He offered me a flat salary, not very big, and a commission on the pets I sold.

"Believe it or not," she concluded, "I am making a small fortune. I love all the pets we



Enthusiasm Persuades Her
Customers to Buy Pets.

have, and when people ask to see a puppy, I get such a kick out of showing them the lovable creature, that it's almost contagious, and they always end up by buying him."

"My boss is delighted, and says I have a real gift for it. But it isn't really a gift. It's just so much fun and so interesting, that I feel downright crooked taking money for doing it!"

THAT'S A FACT



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DURING FIRE PREVENTION WEEK (OCT. 8-14) MORE THAN 4,000,000 JUNIOR FIRE MARSHALS ALL OVER THE U.S. WILL BE BUSY WITH FIRE-PREVENTION ACTIVITIES WHICH INCLUDE CHECKING THEIR OWN HOMES FOR FIRE HAZARDS!

OUTLAW



Red Buttes stood up like pillars on his left. Ahead, beyond the Butte Ranch turnoff, the highway curled again with the cotton-bordered river. In the rear-vision mirror of the patapulting gray sedan Whitey Cass saw the road for more than a mile behind. The sheriff's car wasn't in sight.

He braked, whirled through the dry autumn grass that sloped to the river, cut the motor and coasted into the refuge of willowing cottonwoods. He calculated neatly, as always. Little dust rose! The sheriff's car went by above.

Whitey sneered. This was his first job in the sticks — ridiculously easy. He was hiding out, after his last city coup, in a well-stocked mountain camp back of the Buttes when he heard of the railroad's payroll, a fat plum dropped into the Silver Lake First National. It was too good to miss.

The hicks were dumbfounded. Even that young teller, just wonder in his eyes when the bullet smashed through his jaw. Dead before he hit the floor! Whitey wanted them to know this was no small crook they were dealing with.

Whitey's eyes lit, bending to the plump wicker and leather creel on the seat beside him. Who would suspect a creel and fishing tackle.

He hadn't counted on the sheriff having a car that could keep up with his. When the posse struck a straighter stretch they'd know he'd turned off somewhere, and be back for him. But there was nothing but sharp curves for miles ahead.

In the meantime Whitey would pick up his horse at Butte Ranch where he left it that morning. He'd pass the Buttes and enter the maze of canyons back of them. Months from now he'd come out the opposite side of the rim-rock, the same bearded prospector that went in with mule and horse last spring.

As the car starter growled a small herd of wild horses plunged from the grove across the river, hooves ringing on the rock. Whitey's automatic was in his hand before he realized what they were. He swore, feeling a fool, and backed the car in a wide arc.

He bore up the ranch lane in a cloud of dust. No way to avoid it! The eddy would be visible for miles over the upland of juniper and sage. It announced his arrival at the

ranch.

Old man Long opened the gate and wazed. Whitey drove through the huddle of buildings and around behind the barn where the sedan was hidden. The circuit showed him that no one was around, but the old rancher.

"Well," called Long, "get what you went after?"

Whitey almost laughed again, lifting the creel.

"Yeah, everything. Where's my horse! I'd like to make camp by dark." He mustn't act hurried. He led the way to the corral, sauntering as he strapped the creel over one shoulder.

The view from the corral was surprising. Here and there he made out the highway. The posse's car was not in sight.

Old Long was explaining that he'd turned Whitey's horse out to graze, not expecting him back so soon. But it would take more than an hour to round up the animal.

"Too long," Whitey fumed.

"Maw can put you up for the night."

Whitey didn't waste time in argument. He looked over the corral bunch with shrewd eyes. He knew horses, hadn't been raised on a race-track for nothing—though the short-backed sturdy range stock was not quite the thoroughbred he liked. But horses were horses.

Pintos and grays were too easily seen in a chase. The cream-colored was out for the same reason. Only a couple of sorrels left! Whitey swore.

"Must be a dark horse," he said.

"Plenty on the range," said Long, beginning the deliberate making of a cigarette.

"One of the sorrel then. Now!"

The rancher spread the tobacco with maddening care. "Sorry. Them's my top hand's string. Don't rightly belong to me. Better let me rustle your bay."

"The sorrel," said Whitey.

"What's your hurry, mister?"

Whitey's lips twisted to see the old man's eyes bulge out at the leveled automatic.

"Hmmm! Wondered why you hid from the sheriff in the cottonwoods. What you done?" asked Long.

tey. He couldn't afford to leave the old fool "Move." This complicated things for Whitey behind to squeal.

"All right. You got the drop, said Long. He took the riata from its peg and fiddled with the loop. "The sorrel with the blazed face? Mike'll be pretty mad."

Whitey followed him along the high fence. In an angle formed with a small enclosure, the bars could be dropped. Then Whitey saw the bay in the little corral — a small animal, but with endurance and power in his lines. In spite of the fact that he drooped now, half asleep in the sun, his ugly lower lip pendulous, he was a good-looking horse.

"That bay," said Whitey. "Wait."

"Can't have him. That's Sleepin' Sammy. I'll get the sorrel."

The name rang familiarly in Whitey's head, but he could not place the association. "Wait," he snapped again.

There must be no mistake. A swift horse might be the difference between escape or the hot seat. The rancher's reluctance goaded his curiosity. "Looks worn out."

"That's where he gets his handle, mister. He always fools greenhorns. Sometimes he don't wake up till he's through the gate."

"Fast?"

"Lightnin'."

"Ever run first?"

The old man laughed. "Nothin' but. Always runs first and that's God's truth. You don't have to take my word. I got his record up to the house."

"Saddle him."

"But the sorrel . . ." Whitey moved the nose of the automatic and the rancher shrugged in resignation.

A black bead was sliding up the string of Valley Road. "Get going," said Whitey. With the posse close by he might not be able to shoot. He might have to trust a quick head blow . . . when he was up on the horse. That was the right time.

Long took a pail of oats and went into the corral, crooning. "Gentle as a kitten. Just a pet when it comes to handlin', yes, sir. There, there, easy, Sammy. See mister. You won't need your spurs with Sammy."

The bay quivered, head flung up, eyes rolling. He permitted Long to run his hand down his shoulder for a pat. The rancher set the oats on the ground and slipped on a crude rope bridle.

Three times the bay wheeled from the saddle. "Ain't used to strangers," apologized Long. "Or it may be your fish basket. Ponies is funny critters. Guess I better blindfold him till you're on." He caught his neckerchief around the horse's eyes, then went on with the saddling.

As the sheriff's car neared the ranch turn-off, Sleeping Sammy was ready. The black car slowed but went on by the gate. Whitey breathed again. He didn't relish a runnin' battle with the sheriff.

"Hold its head," he ordered, and swung up on the bay. The black sedan was turning around. "Get that rag off," said Whitey. The old man was not close enough as he jerked the blindfold. He jumped back out of range again.

Sleeping Sammy broke into a jolting amble, quickening to a rough trot. Through the gate, across the yard toward the Butte trail in a straight line. Not a second too soon, for the posse was nosing into the ranch road.

Whitey dug his spurs home and felt the horse smooth out in a run. Now! He turned steadied the automatic against his arms, squinted back at the old man. Then Sleeping Sammy exploded under him . . . going up, down, changing ends.

Things were not rocking and jarring any more when Whitey came back from wherever he'd been.

"Take it easy," said a young man with a badge on his shirt.

Whitey was on the ground, and through a fence of men's legs he could see a sleepy bay horse, wearily sampling geraniums by the house. Old man Long was speaking:

"Reckoned as how an outlaw ought to be able to catch an outlaw."



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EYE-OPENER — Pretty Robbin Bain, the new "Today Girl," provides an eye-opening treat for early-rising viewers of NBC-TV's "Today" show. Robbin, a tall, willowy model and actress, participates with host John Chancellor and Frank Blair in interviews and special features on the Monday-through-Friday show.

THE DRIVER'S SEAT



Drivers who expect highways to be kept in the best possible shape sometimes seem to be doing their best to kill off the workmen whose job is to keep roads in repair.

The situation has grown so serious that many states are taking unusual precautions to protect highway workers from careless drivers.

In Pennsylvania, where as many as six highway workers have been killed in a month, the Turnpike Commission ordered red vests to be worn by workers to enable motorists to see them better. In addition, the state has ordered 2,400 large red warning flags and more than 12,000 smaller warning flags.

Signs play a major role in the campaign by the commission to protect its highway maintenance crews. It has ordered warning signs extended a full mile on each side of sites where men are working.

The warning signs will be larger, so that motorists can't miss seeing them. The largest will measure six by four feet.

For added visibility during hours, warning signs will have reflective faces which glow brightly in headlight beams and can be seen thousands of feet away. The state has also ordered additional yellow plastic cones to divert traffic from lanes on which work is being done.

Finally, the state has instituted a program of stiff punishments for motorists who disregard the new warning devices and kill or injure highway workers. In a recent four-week period, a half-dozen manslaughter charges were filed against drivers who had killed maintenance workers.

You should start long journeys well rested and stop frequently to stretch, never driving when sleepy. The monotony of some modern unmarked highways tends to lull some drivers into semi-consciousness — so keep alert. It is also advisable not to overeat before a long drive.

"What time do you get up in the summer?"

"As soon as the first ray of the sun comes in my window."

"Isn't that rather early?"

"No. My room faces west."

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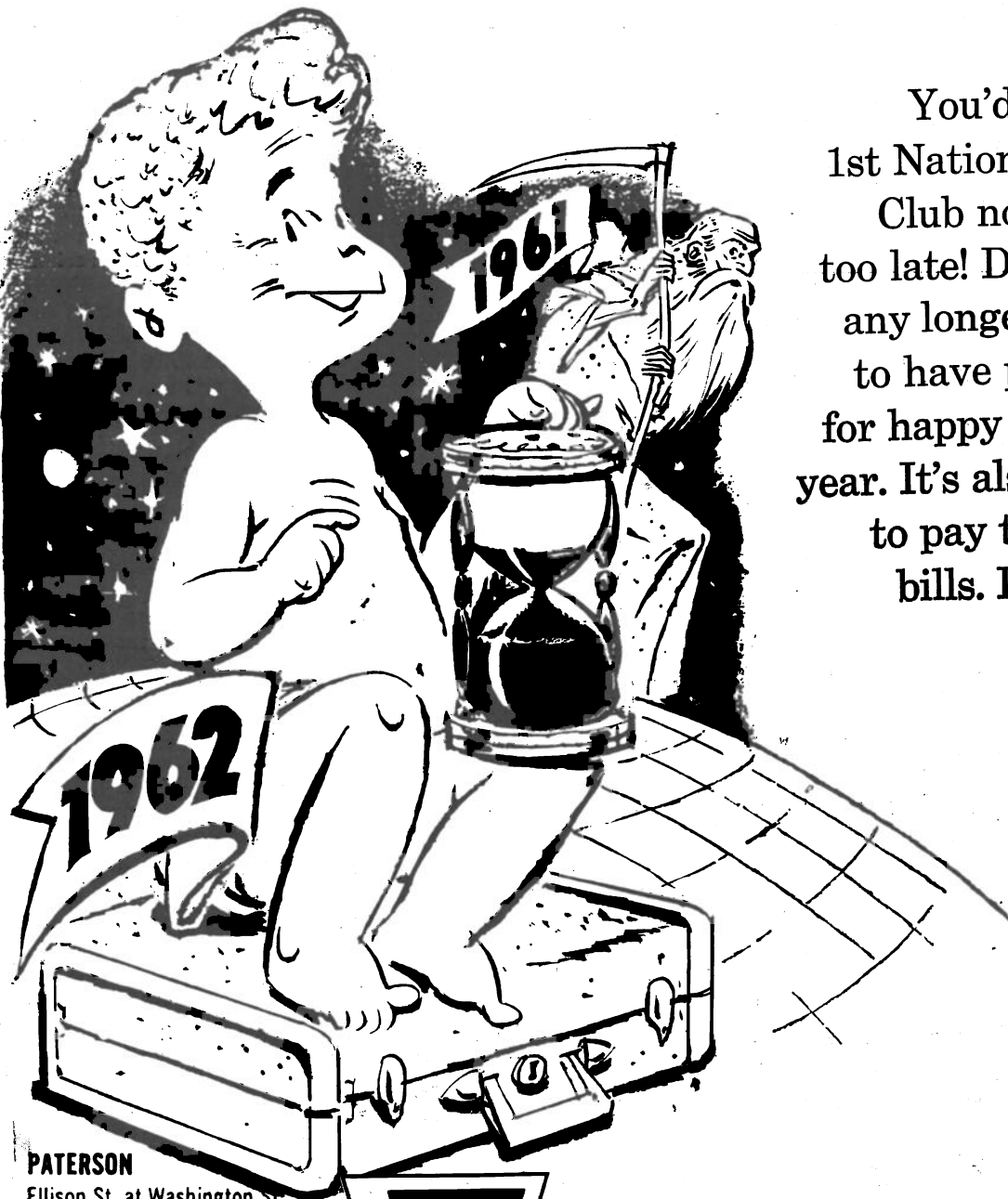
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