

THE
SUNDAY

10¢

Chronicle

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JANUARY 14, 1962

VOL. XXXIV, No. 3



'THE BROADWAY OF LERNER AND LOEWE' — Choreographer Carol Haney (left) leads Stanley Holloway (center) and dancers through their paces for the "Get Me to the Church on Time" number in "The Broadway of Lerner and Loewe." The full-hour color broadcast, a tribute to Broadway by Alan Jay Lerner and Frederick Loewe, will be an NBC-TV special, Sunday, Feb. 11. The noted performers include Julie Andrews, Richard Burton, Maurice Chevalier and Robert Goulet, and, of course, Lerner and Loewe, will appear on this showbusiness salute.

NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH

by Russ Arnold



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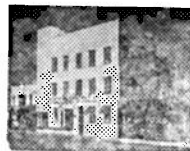


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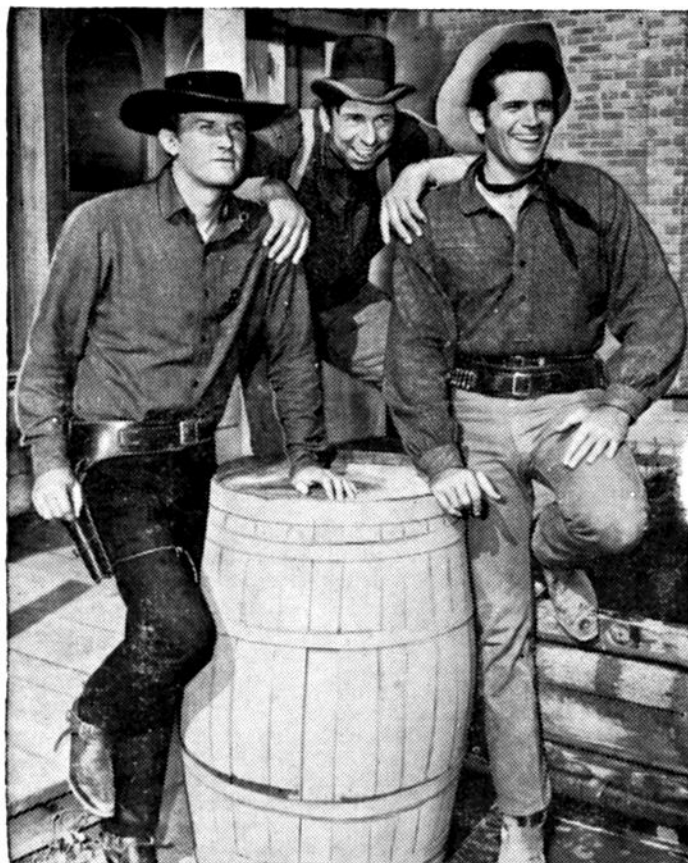
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'OUTLAWS' — This series of one-hour dramas about frontiersmen who lived dangerously stars Don Collier (left) as Marshal Will Foreman and co-stars Bruce Yarnell (right), an NBC talent discovery, as Deputy Marshal Chalk Breeson, and veteran motion picture actor Slim Pickens as Slim. "Outlaws" is presented on the NBC-TV Network on Thursdays.



'LARAMIE' — The full-hour NBC-TV Tuesday night series has become a color broadcast feature in its third season on the network. New to the cast are Spring Byington, who plays a widow stranded in Wyoming, and 10-year-old Dennis Holmes, an orphan befriended by rancher Slim Sherman (John Smith, left) and Jess Harper (Robert Fuller).

Message for THELMA

Tom's note said that he would come at 11 for his things. By 10:30 Anne had packed all of his personal belongings into three pigskin bags and the wardrobe trunk, which she dragged empty into the foyer of the apartment and filled there. Tom was never punctual. He might come half an hour early or half an hour late, and she wanted to have everything ready in time so that she could be out when he came.

She did not linger over the packing, or allow herself to feel anything, even when she put the set of cuff links and studs which had been her wedding gift to him, and the silver-mounted military brushes she had given him on their first — and only — anniversary into the bag.

I wonder if anyone else in New York uses military brushes, she caught herself thinking. I never knew any other man who did. A brief mental picture came to her of Tom before the mirror, making a determined effort with the brushes to force his sandy hair to stay in place. Then as quickly as it had come she banished it.

Surgical operations should be neat and clean. Even if it was something you were cutting out of your heart you mustn't linger over it.

Only when the three bags were standing beside the trunk, in their scuffer sturdiness, strangely reminding her of Tom, did she have to feel the emptiness within her. As if, in emptying the closet and bureau of his things, she had taken something from inside herself and packed it, too.

To escape the curious numbness which gripped her, she turned swiftly and went for her hat and coat. In getting them from the closet beside the front door she saw the large pad which hung there where Thelma, the maid, could not help seeing it both on arriving and leaving. Thelma was a good worker, but forgetful. "Thelma: Please refrost refrigerator," said last Thursday's note, reminding her that this was Saturday, and Thelma would do no marketing for the weekend unless told. But Thelma might be gone before Anne returned, and—

Anne hesitated. Then, do everything just as always, she told herself. If you let go now, it'll just hurt worse, and longer.

She slipped into her coat, forced herself to put on her hat with care. Then she took up the pencil that was tied to the pad by a red string and tried to think what she would need. Tomatoes, lettuce, oranges, bread, milk, coffee, she thought. Soup maybe. I don't know. I don't care what I eat.

Her fingers were curiously stiff as she wrote carefully, in neat capitals: Needed. She underscored the word, drew a line after it, then had just begun to write down the items she wanted Thelma to buy when she heard the elevator begin its humming rise.

Swift panic assailed her. It was early, but it might be Tom. He mustn't find her there. To see him again, not knowing even now what it was that had gone wrong, would be more than she could face. Her carefully maintained self-possession would probably go in a flood of tears, and with it the last remnant of her pride, all that she had left, would be stripped from her. She dropped the pencil, ran out the door and down the fire stairs before the elevator could reach her floor.

It didn't stop, after all. But the fear of being caught there by Tom stayed with her until she was outside and hurrying across to Washington Square. Only when she reached the park did she slow her pace.

She found a bench and sat down. She tried to keep her thoughts turned from what was happening. But it wasn't possible.

Why? The question persisted in asking itself. What went wrong? Why didn't it work?

She knew it wouldn't be easy. A sports writer, Tom often had to be away for several days sometimes weeks. And the time when he was gone was just a series of empty days in which she missed him, it was almost a physical ache.

But she'd known how it would be, and knowing, had accepted the job of making their marriage work.

She had never let him guess the horrible loneliness that stayed with her when he was away, lest it make him feel guilty for leaving her alone so much. And she'd kept her job, writing store copy, not because she liked

ed or needed it but because it helped fill the days of waiting when he was away.

But she hadn't let the job come between her and the home she was trying to make for him. With the help of Thelma, and much forethought, she had kept it running so that the mechanics of housekeeping had never intruded upon the time they did have together. And yet—

She still couldn't analyze it. Why Tom had gradually become dissatisfied and restless. Had taken to making excuses for staying away even when he was not working.

Then had come the blonde girl, Marion something, fresh out of college and trying to be a reporter. And Tom, spending more and more of his time with her until Anne, with her own need for him so strong had, in her disappointment and inability to guess what was wrong between them, provoked a scene which could not be made up. So now he was taking away his things . . .

Anne looked at her watch. In the turmoil of her thoughts, more than an hour went by. She rose and started back toward the apartment. Tom would certainly have come and gone by now. It was over. She could start rebuilding her life somehow. At least, she was thinking, as she unlocked the door, she had kept her emotions in control.

Then she opened the door. And all thought fled. He had not left. His trunk and bags were still there, and he was standing there.

"Anne," Tom said, as she closed the door, holding onto it for support. "Anne".

He took a step toward her. His voice was



rough with urgency. She tried to run away, but his hands caught her.

"Anne, we've been fools. Or at least I have. I need you. I know it. I never stopped knowing it, it was just that — you didn't seem to need me."

"Didn't need you, Tom?" She ceased her efforts to release herself. But I do. I've always needed you. The times when you were away— And then without warning the tears came.

She dried her eyes on Tom's handkerchief and held her lips up for his kiss. And she knew then, somehow, what he meant. She had made their marriage a thing light and gay — and it had been too light, too gay. With her casual goodbyes and her bright welcomes she had hid her emotions too well. Men hate emotion, had been her guiding principle. But a good marriage has depth.

Tom tried, awkwardly, to explain. Tried to tell her about Marion, whose need for his help and advice had almost made him think that he — But he didn't have to explain. She understood all he said, and more.

"If you hadn't let me know, though," Tom said then, his square handsome features twisted in a grin, "if you hadn't put it where I couldn't miss it—"

But she was able to still the question on her lips before it was spoken. For she saw the direction of his look, and followed it to see the message for Thelma which she had begun, directing her to buy tomatoes and other items, but had not stayed to finish. And what the abruptly broken-off message said now, instead was: "eNeded—Tom."



'PLAY YOUR HUNCH' — Merv Griffin emcees NBC-TV's fun-filled "Play Your Hunch" audience-participation color show Monday-through-Friday mornings. Contestants must guess which of three persons or things is authentic, with players using their intuition and perception to guess the right answers.

A Specialty Built Their Antique Business

By ANNE HEYWOOD

AT the New York Antiques Fair, where everybody was "Oohing" and "Aahing" about the lovely furniture and accessories, all I was looking at were the people who had the exhibits—the dealers and their booths. I was on the hunt for good stories for my readers, so many of whom seem to be interested in going into the antique business.

Lager Containers

Mrs. Faber and Mrs. Enslein, of Yonkers, N. Y. are two wonderful examples of an off beat business venture.

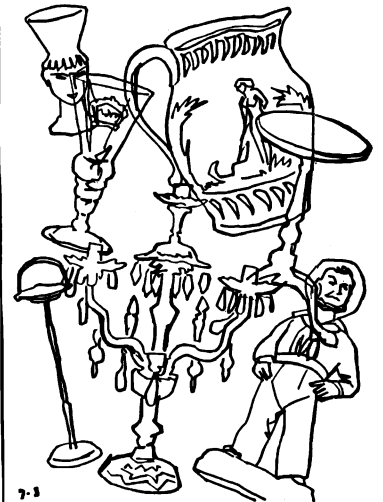
Whereas most women specialize in "feminine" things like glass, china, dolls or delicate furniture, these two specialize in beer steins, Toby jugs and tankards. They have customers as far away as Hawaii and South America, and do a good mail order business.

Mrs. Faber and Mrs. Enslein are sisters, and they've had this interest for a long time.

When they were in the Girl Scouts, years ago, one of them bought a piece of milk glass for ten cents—just liking it, not knowing much about it or its potential value. The other girl found a glass candlestick in a junk shop, also for ten cents. A few years later, she sold it for ten dollars. And that, of course, started it.

Little by little, they became fas-

cinated with beer steins. There are so many different kinds, with so many different shapes and textures and designs. By making this their specialty, they were



With So Many Kinds of Antiques It's Best to Specialize.

able to learn all about it, to devote all their efforts to this one area, and to get all kinds of customers all over the world.

Like most successful ventures, this one was begun with a valid interest which was cultivated with persistence, and grew beyond anything that could have been coldly calculated and planned.



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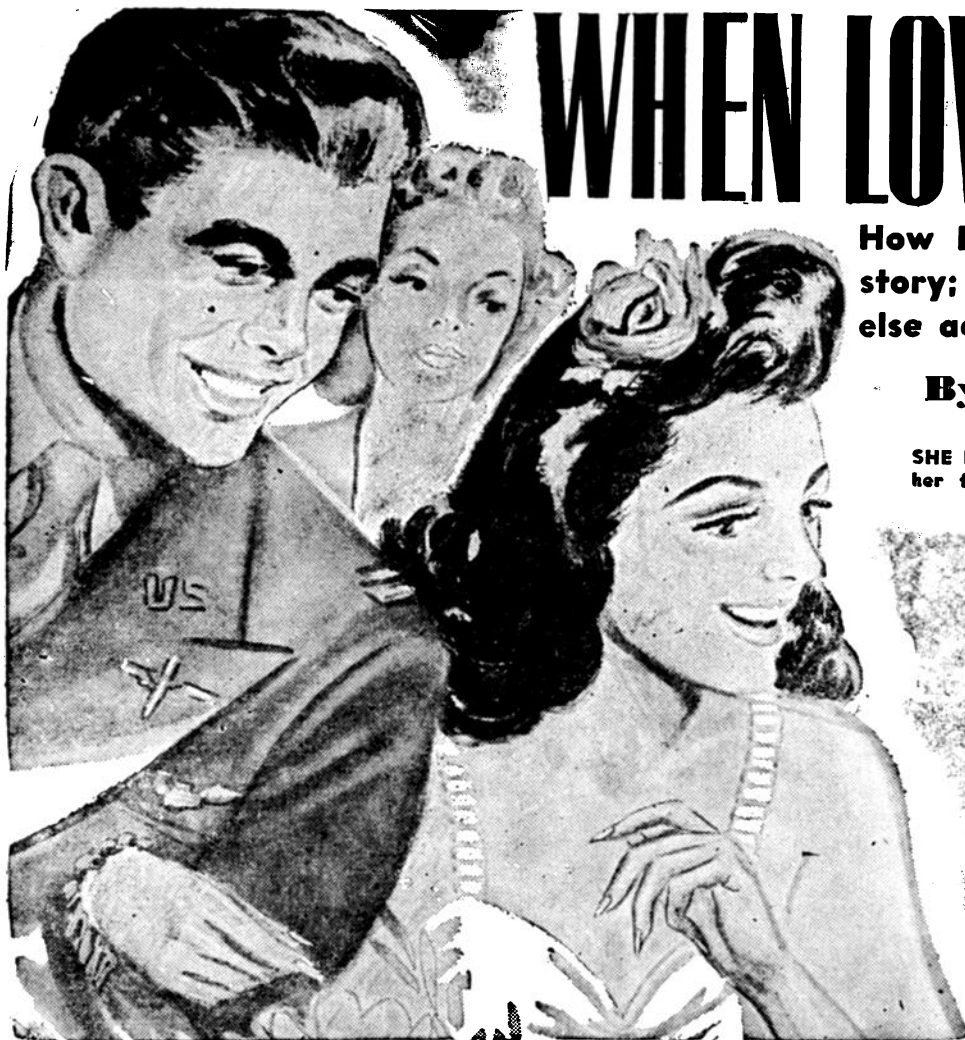
"My Country Tis Of Thee..."

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WHEN LOVE SPEAKS UP

How Babs solved her problem made one story; what happened then was something else again in this appealing, romantic tale

By FLORENCE McINTYRE

SHE FORCED herself to smile, and together she and Jim faced her father. "Dad," she said. "Jim is to be my husband."



Standing before the tall Princess mirror, Babs Conway saw herself a nineteen-year-old vision of streamlined loveliness. The white and silver of her simple gown emphasized the blue-blackness of her slickly rolled hair, into which she had stuck a single crimson rose. Her gray eyes danced merrily. She was radiant with the joy of living because she was in love.

Babs glanced wistfully at the big silver-framed portrait of her father on the dressing table there in her bedroom and heaved a little sigh. How on earth would he take the news of her engagement to a young man whom he had never met? Daddy Bill resented any male who even looked in her direction. She knew it would require a lot of handling, but she was counting on the help of Miss Jennifer Blake.

Five years of nursing experience had taught dark-eyed, copper-crowned Jen many things pertaining to human nature. She had a way with people. She had a particular way with Daddy Bill. And as Jen was eight years older than Babs, she had become, some years before, self-appointed "Big Sister" to the youngster. That was when Bab's mother died.

In playing his role of both father and mother, Bill Conway did not fail his little girl. He imbued her with a sound philosophy of life. He sent her to a good school on the Hudson. They were very close.

How quickly the years had rolled along. Now she was grown up and wildly in love with Lieutenant James Trencher Donovan, U. S. Army Air Corps. They'd met a few weeks before at the Bond dance in a smart mid-Manhattan hotel. It was a case of love at first sight for them both. She had to say "yes" when he asked her to marry him because she would rather die than risk losing him. She hoped almost against hope that Daddy Bill would try to understand, that he would not be hurt thinking perhaps she no longer loved him. She did love him. She adored him.

Gay, debonair, dependable Bill had eye for no woman save his girl child. She was his

all.

Babs trend of thought was shattered by the sound of the doorbell. In a frenzy of anticipation she rushed to answer it and to her consternation beheld not only Jim, whom she was expecting, but Daddy Bill and Jennifer as well, all arriving unexpectedly together. All confused. But Babs was a good little general. Soon she had matters in hand. Gaily, Babs poured cocktails — prepared in advance.

"What's up the sleeve, Babs?" Bill demanded suspiciously, glancing at the cocktails and the young man.

"Well, Bill," Babs began. "I've been wanting you to meet Jim for ever so long because I want you two to be pals. Jim is to be a member of our family soon. He is to be my husband and consequently your son." Now that it was out she felt better. She knew she had tossed a bombshell so she waited nervously.

Her father was speechless because actually he was stunned. When at last he found his speech he said:

"I never heard of such a thing!"

Lieutenant Jim stoop up and looking his prospective father-in-law squarely in the eyes he began quietly: "Come, now, sir, please, surely you must have heard of people falling in love and wanting to marry."

"People, yes," Bill agreed, "but not my little girl. She's just a baby, too young to marry, I . . ."

Bill's self-control was rapidly slipping. His eyes welled with tears. Babs rushed to him. She hung frantically on his neck, declaring her love for him. "We're really never going to leave you, dear," she soothed. "When the war's over we're all going to live together out in the country, in a white house with a black Scotty."

It went on and on but presently Jennifer came to the rescue by suggesting that if Jim and Babs were outward bound for an evening they'd better get going now. Babs and Jim were eager to escape.

Alone with Bill, Jennifer poured the dregs of the cocktail shaker.

"Down the hatch, old boy. This has been a jolt, of course. But you must have known some day you'd have to face it. He looks to me like the real McCoy. 'Tain't nice being an old maid. I am, I know."

suddenly, "I never thought of it before, but "I guess you're right, Jen. Say," he asked why didn't an attractive woman like you ever marry?"

"I was just out of luck, Bill. The only man I ever really loved never could see me. He was blindly infatuated with another woman."

"Must be nuts. A gem like you. But there's no accounting for tastes in this cockeyed old world. What's he like?"

"He's okay, Bill, believe me. Was married once. Proved himself the swellest husband and father. He's not very far along in years and I think he could repeat on that deal again. Want to know what he looks like, too?"

"Sure. Not the movie-hero type, I hope. That kind's too conceited."

"No, he's the he-man kind," Jennifer explained as she delved into her handbag. She brought up a small mirror which she held before Bill Conway's face. "Take a look at him," she ordered commandingly.

In mute amazement Conway stared at his own reflection.

"Jennifer — you — me?" he gasped.

"Yes," she confessed blushing to the roots of her hair. "Or am I being a fool?"

"You're all right, Jen, but you are a fool." Bill leaned over and took her hand and looked deep into her eyes.

"Why the devil didn't you tell me this thing a long time ago? All those years — why the three of us together — we could have been so happy."

"Give it a chance, Bill," Jennifer purred. "We will be happy. All of us together. You know, out in the country — white house, black Scotty dog."

Bill did not kiss her. He just sat there beside her staring blankly into space, murmuring to himself something about a cockeyed world.



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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."

Cut Out and Mail

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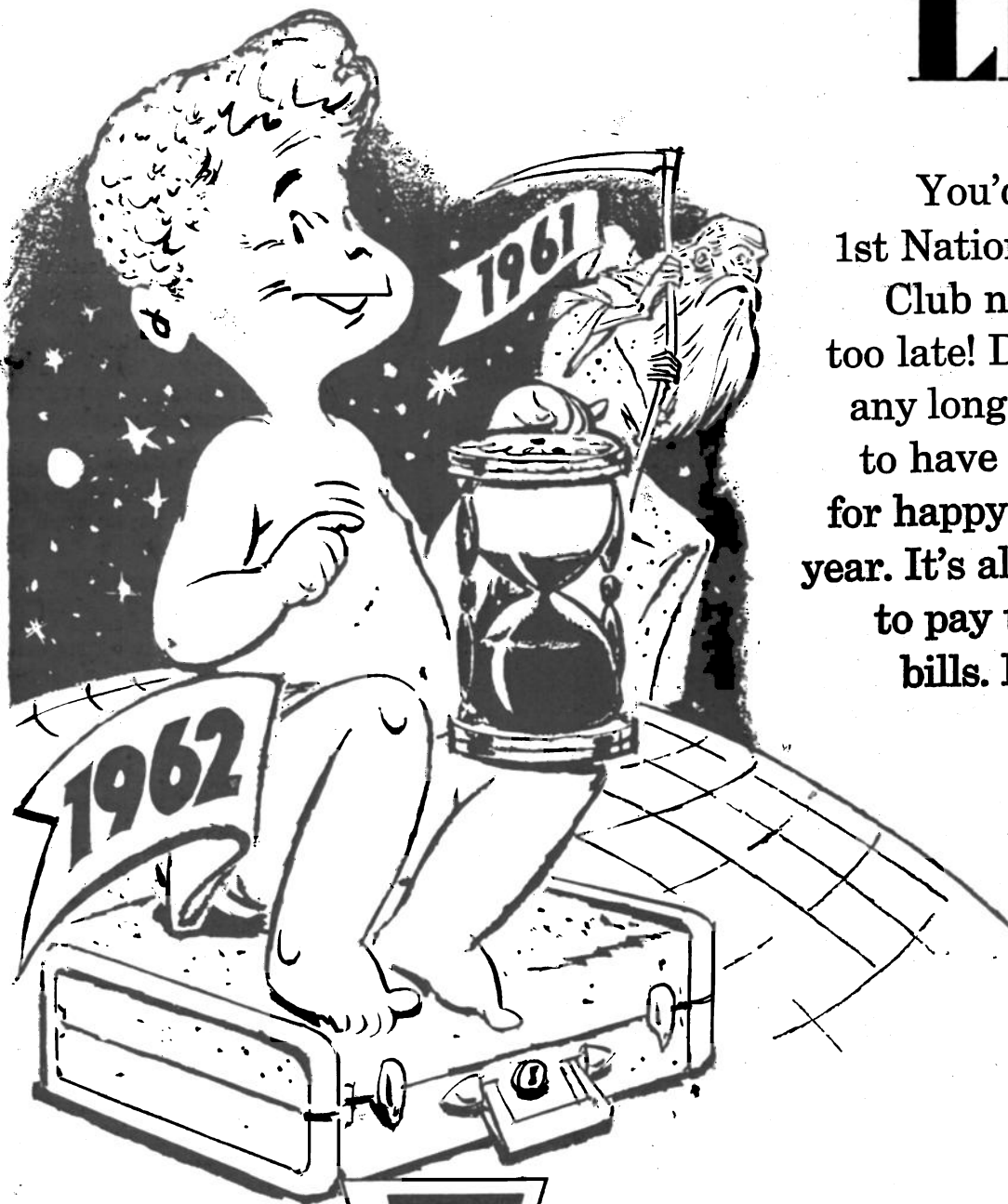
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