

JUNE 6, 1954

THE WASHINGTON POST and TIMES HERALD
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The AMERICAN WEEKLY



Beginning: The Prince and I by Thelma, Lady Furness—

ROMANTIC REVELATIONS OF THE DUKE OF WINDSOR'S BACHELOR DAYS

Your happiness is in your hands

... says the veteran radio announcer who worked his way out of alcoholism and paralysis

BY NORMAN BROKENSHIRE

Author of "This Is Norman Brokenshire"

The bandages on his head told of a serious accident. The doctor's report carried such frightening words as "concussion, possible fracture of the skull, nerve injuries to the left arm and shoulder, partial paralysis." He had been put in bed, after an injection to dull the pain. He was an emergency case—moved from a moving Long Island Rail Road train and miraculously missing the thundering wheels. He had been unconscious on arrival, but here he was, a few hours later, wandering along the hall, looking for someone who could tell him where his clothes were. He wanted to go home.

Who was the patient? It was me—after one of the silliest but most nearly fatal accidents I have ever had. It was the climax of one of my last drinking bouts before I found how to live, though an alcoholic.

Recovery from this crippling experience was difficult for mind and body. It was made possible, finally, by a therapy much in vogue today but literally as old as man himself—working with your hands.

After my accident, I was adamant that I would not stay in the hospital for treatment. So, after calling my wife, and signing the paper that put full responsibilities on myself, I was permitted to leave.

My left arm was numb and useless during the two-day rest period I spent in my home at Lake Ronkonkoma on Long Island, but on the third morning I was approached to do a construction alteration job at a nearby restaurant. Immediately I accepted and made arrangements that my little table saw be moved to the scene of operations. After ordering the necessary lumber, I began the project.

Being definitely left-handed, I couldn't use the hammer. I contented myself with clearing away things and finally cutting to length and width the wood I eventually would need. Using the saw with my right hand, I found that, little by little, I could use my left to help the work along. Elbow first, then fist, and soon I threw away the kerchief that held the arm in position. By the time all the material was cut and prepared, I was using the left arm and hand.

The accident was forgotten. The left arm and hand that I use so much in my *Your Handyman* TV films



When Norman Brokenshire got out of the hospital, his left hand and arm were numb but he found that a carpentry job helped him regain the use of them.

and which, for months, wrote my life story hasn't had an ache or pain since.

So many times this has happened to me! The cause might be accident, poor health or heartbreak. Always, working with my hands has brought relief and cure!

At the tender age of 13, when some childish prank had put me in the ill graces of schoolteacher and parent alike, I found surcease in building a staircase that stands and is still used to this day.

My stubbornness and revolt against school discipline when I was at Rindge Technical School in Cambridge, Massachusetts, found vent in trying to out-do the manual training teacher. The result was a fully dowel-jointed, upholstered footstool that still finds use in my mother's home.

When family position was in jeopardy—Dad was a minister and I am a third son—the making of a pass key that would open 27 doors of my father's church reinstated my importance in the household.

Many a housewife or plain Joe will be heard to say, when found making a new dress or painting a new fence, "Just thought I'd do something to keep my mind off my trouble." They, too, have found the answer propounded by the best psychologists and specialists on human behavior, and by myself on my TV show, "Keep busy and you will stay happy."

Just as surely as thousands of service men in hospitals, through physical therapy, are bringing back the normal use of hand, foot and mind through the process of creating things, they also are losing antipathies, hatreds and grudges, and are finding the joy of achievement, progress and success. With an honest, persistent desire to do, and with God's help, there is always a way.

When something confronts you that seems insurmountable, stop worrying—a process that accomplishes nothing—and start making something. In the making, you have checked the habit of useless worry. In the finished product, you have found the confidence to try again. And, in the end, you will find a world full of things to do. Doing one of them will bring happiness to you and yours.



OUR COVER

They don't always live happily ever after. Sometimes, as artist Robert Patterson observes, trouble comes before the honeymoon has really started, when those "wide-open spaces" mentioned in the travel folder turn up every-

where except on the highway. But there's more than a funny foul-up here; there's a lesson, too. This won't be the last time our impatient honeymooners will find the road of life in a snarl, with no end in sight. But they'll discover, as so many others of us have, that a little patience—and time out for a kiss or two—will speed most obstacles, including this train, out of the way.

What's the big hurry, anyway? That golf course will still be there tomorrow.

JUNE 6, 1954

The AMERICAN WEEKLY

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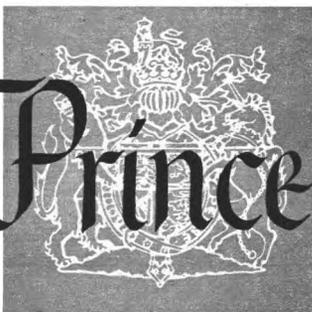


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The Prince and I



BY THELMA, LADY FURNESS

An American woman reveals her romance with the Duke of Windsor in his carefree bachelor days

Sometimes, when I think of all the beauty I have seen in England, my memories turn to Fort Belvedere and a shadow comes over my heart. It was such a lovely place, peering down on the blue surface of Virginia Water at the edge of Windsor Great Park.

But now weeds have taken over the gracious gardens where I used to stroll with the Prince of Wales, and fallen plaster litters the floor of the sumptuous drawing room where my father sometimes read aloud while the Prince and I were plying our needles on petit point patterns.

No one has lived in that charmingly renovated 18th-century palace since my once dear friend abdicated in 1936 after such a short reign as Edward VIII. For a time there was talk of restoring it as a home for Princess Margaret. But that didn't come off.

Now the Crown Commissioners are determined to dispose of it, perhaps to Sir Alexander Korda as an office for his movie enterprises. There was even a report that ex-King Farouk had put in an offer. It all makes me very sad.

But I was anything except sad in 1926 when, in a way, my association with Fort Belvedere began. London was gay in those days and, as the young

American bride of Viscount Furness, the city opened its doors to me.

How well I remember my first invitation—"Lord and Lady Londonderry request the pleasure of the presence of Viscount and Viscountess Furness at..." and, at the bottom of the page, one significant word, "Decorations."

Even I knew what it meant. Royalty would be present. As I dressed for dinner, I wondered who it would be, Princess Mary or the Duke of York and his lovely bride, or could it be the Prince of Wales? And to think that I would be dancing at Londonderry House, where kings and queens have graciously consented to be entertained, where diplomats, lords and M.P.s have made history over a glass of port.

Could this really be I, Thelma Morgan, who was putting on that beautiful gown—*robe de style*, they called it. I remember, as though it were yesterday, it had a very long, wide, full skirt that swept the floor with such graceful folds.

I got up and faced the mirror. My diamond tiara was beside me in its blue velvet box, just begging to be put on. I was a little frightened because I never had worn one. Would I do it justice, I wondered.

Thelma and H. R. H.—They were often seen together before he became King. She did not dream that she would introduce him to another American woman, named Wallis Simpson, for whom he would give up a throne.



With hands that shook a little, I lifted the glistening tiara to my head, and then stepped back to look. What I saw pleased me, and I was even happier when the door opened behind me and I saw the reflection of my husband looking at me with pride and admiration.

Everyone called my husband Duke, an odd nickname for a Viscount whose father, Lord Christopher Furness, had started as a farmhand. It was a contraction of his given name, Marmaduke. He was 43 and I was 20.

He had a son, Christopher, who later died a hero's death in World War II, and a daughter, Averill, who was very nearly my own age. She's gone, too.

I loved them both very much, and I hoped for their sakes as well as mine that my marriage to their father would be successful.

But that was no time for musing. I was going to a ball.

Duke took my hand and said, "You look beautiful, darling," and off we went. Londonderry House was almost overwhelming—footmen in knee breeches and powdered wigs announcing your name as you ascended the famous staircase. Lord and Lady Londonderry greeting their guests with such charm. Music playing. Couples dancing. Famous names and faces on every side.

After a while there was a little hush, then a low murmur. Lord and Lady Londonderry had entered the ballroom—and with them was the Prince of Wales. I was dancing with my husband. "Oh, darling," I whispered, "the Prince of Wales."

I could hardly believe I was in the same room with the man the world called Prince Charming. He looked a little shy and his hands went up often to his white tie. He held his head a bit to one side when spoken to.

All this I saw as in a dream. He seemed so young, so handsome, and somehow so lonely in that great crowd.

The music had stopped. My husband and I were moving toward the supper room when I heard my name called close behind me. I looked around and saw Lady Londonderry with the Prince. "Sir, may I present Lady Furness?"

I thanked God for my long, full dress. My



This snapshot of the Prince and Thelma Furness was taken on the terrace of Fort Belvedere where "the charm of age mingled with the art of good living."

knees just would not stop shaking. I knew he could not see them and I hoped he could not hear them. They trembled even worse when he asked me for the next dance, but fortunately it was my favorite, a Viennese waltz, and away we sailed on little pink clouds.

When the dance was over the Prince thanked me, I curtsied, and I did not see him again to talk to for nearly three years.

They weren't very happy years except for the birth of my son, Tony. Duke was a man with tremendous financial interests—shipbuilding, a vast shipping line, iron foundries, collieries, and Heaven knows what else. He loved to hunt and fish, hobbies which were never mine.

He had the un-American belief that husbands and wives should live their own lives and he thought nothing of accepting invitations for dinners or week ends without me. I was feeling more and more forlorn and neglected.

I'm sure Averill sensed it, for one day she came to my room and asked me if I would like to go with her to Leicester, a town a few miles away from our country home, Burrough Court, at Melton Mowbray. She said she was going to show a favorite hunter of hers. She knew I wasn't interested in horses, but she said she thought the change would do me good.

More to please her than anything else, I went. And my whole world changed.

The Leicester Fair is a big occasion in the Midlands. While Averill went off to see about her hunter, I wandered through the grounds, paying more attention to the people than to the horses, cattle, poultry, produce and flowers that were on exhibit. I saw a large crowd around one of the rings and sauntered there to find out what the attraction was.

Five or six prize cows were in the circle but all eyes were on a young man who was pinning a blue ribbon on one of them.

It was, of course, the Prince. He saw me and when the ceremony was finished he came over to me. "Congratulations on the birth of your son,

Lady Furness," he said. "How old is he now?"

"Six months, sir, and a precious child."

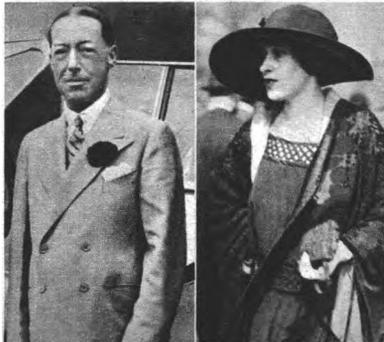
"Six months?" the Prince said. "Then he's old enough to spare you occasionally. Would you like to dine with me in London sometime next week?"

I told him that would be wonderful, but I was stunned. Not a word about my husband joining us. Perhaps Duke was right. Perhaps the English did think nothing of inviting married people separately. I heard the Prince say, "How about eight o'clock Wednesday night at St. James's Palace? We'll have cocktails and then go out for dinner and some dancing."

I never did know whether Averill won a ribbon that day. My mind was on too many things. Duke, for example. Was my pride hurt because he had been growing more and more distant of late? By going out with the Prince, was I trying to get even a bit for my husband's numerous unexplained absences?

Or was I just flattered, as I'm sure most women

Viscount and Lady Furness—He was 23 years older than his American bride and thought nothing of going to dinners and on week-end parties without her.



would have been, to be asked to dine with the most glamorous man in England?

At the moment, I did not know. To this day I do not know. All I knew was that I was going to keep that appointment.

What a wonderful evening it was. I arrived promptly at eight and found, to my surprise, that no one else was there. We drank cocktails and went to the Hotel Splendide, where they had a fine orchestra that played Viennese waltzes.

We talked of everything under the sun, of his many trips, of my twin sister, Gloria, and my older sister, Consuelo, both of whom he had met. We spoke of my first husband, James Vail Converse, Jr., whom I married when I was 17 and divorced two years later; of my brief but fascinating career in the movies.

It all seemed so easy, so natural. We talked and waltzed—and fell in love.

What do you do when a Prince is in love with you and your husband isn't—when you love one but not the other? On the surface, life goes on as usual. You meet at the conventional charity affairs, garden parties, formal balls and so forth. But you long for those cherished moments when you can get away from people and be alone together.

You naturally hear echoes of gossip but you brush them aside with just the right amount of protestation. You spend a wonderfully exciting summer and fall.

Early the next year the Prince went on a trip to East Africa. When he returned he persuaded his father to let him have Fort Belvedere, one of the "grace and favor" residences of the royal family. It had been vacant for a long time and was quite run down. I was a little disappointed when I first saw it, and failed to conceal my feelings.

"You're not very impressed, are you, darling?" the Prince said. "But wait and see what I am going to do with it."

He really transformed it, inside and out. A lot of the outside work he did himself, with the aid of his brothers, his guests and a few gardeners.

The result was (Continued on following page)



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Watch this luxury lather make your hair exciting to behold! Suddenly glowing clean...silky...amazingly manageable! That's the magic touch of fresh whole egg! Conditions any hair! Try it! 29¢, 59¢ and \$1



Thelma, Lady Furness—She was stunned when the Prince invited her for cocktails at St. James's Palace and an evening of dancing.

(Continued from preceding page)

inexpressibly attractive, with the charm of age mingled with the art of good living. There was one problem when it came to furnishings, however—no suitable pictures to hang on the walls.

Windsor Castle was full of beautiful paintings, but Queen Mary would not allow any of them to be removed. Finally Edwina Mountbatten, Countess of Burma, loaned H.R.H. three or four magnificent paintings.

The Prince's bedroom was on the ground floor, with a color scheme of maroon and blue which he selected himself. The guest rooms all had baths attached.

The main guest room was large, right over the drawing room, and done in pale pink satin, with an enormous four-poster bed.

At each corner, on the posts, were pale pink ostrich feathers. Whenever I stayed there I felt like a fairy princess.

This room also had a large terrace that overlooked the beautiful gardens and swimming pool. Since English

weather is not often conducive to outdoor bathing, the pool was not the busiest spot on the place, but I remember one perfect week end when the Prince of Wales, Prince George, the Duke and Duchess of York and General Trotter and I spent most of our time in the water.

The same group went ice skating one winter when Virginia Water, the nearby lake, froze over. I didn't know how to skate and the Duchess of York (who later became Queen Elizabeth, mother of the present queen) confided that she didn't either.

Somebody brought her a chair and, clinging to the back for support, she ventured out on the ice. I did the same. Everybody expected us to fall, but we fooled them and had a wonderful time.

Yes, I was living my life and Duke was living his, just as he had prescribed. It wasn't a recipe for marital happiness and our lives drifted further and further apart. We separated in 1931 and I divorced him in 1933.

Another marriage was not in my scheme of things. Kings and the people who surround them usually are aware that their personal happiness is second to the interest of the crown and the well-being of the state. I knew that England and the British empire expected their future king to marry some day, but not even in my dreams did I imagine that the Prince and I could be husband and wife. There were too many obstacles.

One day, with no crystal ball handy, I introduced the Prince to a woman who certainly was confronted with as many obstacles as I. And yet that introduction changed history.

Next week, Lady Furness tells how she introduced Wallis Simpson to the Prince and helped present her at the Court of St. James's. She gives an intimate picture of life at Fort Belvedere and recalls how, when she made a trip to America, she said good-by to the woman for whom Edward VIII gave up a throne, with the words: "Look after him while I'm away."



TANKER OFFICER Durward Knight uses sextant to "shoot the sun." He started as messman 9 years ago—now is chief mate on tanker. All top men in marine department of Knight's company started out "on the deck."



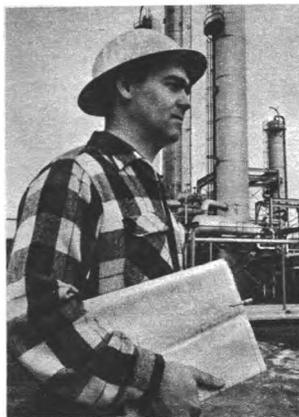
GEOLOGIST Bill Alexander, a Texas A&M graduate, plots subsurface "fault" pattern of oil field on peg model. Now in development section of his company's Geological Department, Bill's work helps guide future drilling operations.



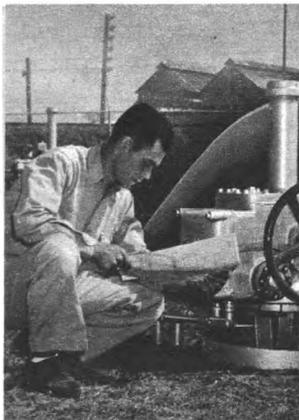
RESEARCHER Betty Meehan is a specialist on oil-based synthetic detergents in East Coast oil company laboratory. Like many young women engaged in oil science, Betty is ideally suited for research on oil products used by housewives.



SALESMAN Jerry Chase, 27, helps another young man get started in the service station business. An ex-GI and Columbia graduate, Jerry began on fuel oil truck 3 years ago—now has own sales territory in New Jersey.



REFINERY ENGINEER Arthur Smith, 30, a Stanford graduate, began as junior technologist in oil company lab. Though Korean Navy duty interrupted career, he now supervises toluene plant in West Coast refinery.



PIPELINE ENGINEER Joe Cortilia, 25, checks pumping station. With engineering degree from S.M.U., Joe went into the field as pipeline worker as draftsman—now is inspector on new pipeline construction.

OPPORTUNITY KNOCKS FOR YOUNG AMERICANS

The young people pictured here have one thing in common: like thousands of other young Americans, they are busy building successful careers with U. S. oil companies.

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DRILLER John B. Farrell "makes hole" 11,000 feet down at an exploratory well in Louisiana. Starting in the oil fields as a "roughneck," Johnny now has full charge of a 5-man drilling crew.



JOBBER James Bellew Jr., an ex-GI, graduated from Lafayette—went to work for Dutchess County, N. Y. oil jobber as fuel oil salesman. Now, only 3½ years later, he is operations manager for the entire company.

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and can wear without feeling conspicuous*



1

1 This beautiful custom-hitched belt offers the kind of fashion news that men appreciate. It is made of black calf with silver trim and is also available with gold trim. \$12.50; by Evans.

2 The new link-and-leather expansion bracelet sets off this fine Helbros watch which is self-winding and water-resistant. It is \$69.75. A red schooner with silver sails is superimposed on black in a striking motif on tie clip and cuff links. The set, \$5 plus tax. By Swank.

3 An interesting all-over mesh pattern heightens the appeal of the yellow Helanca stretch-nylon anklet that fits any foot. \$1.25; by Holeproof. The four-color chevron features one of this season's most important colors for men...pink. Made of cotton, a pair costs \$1. By Interwoven.



2



3

with Love

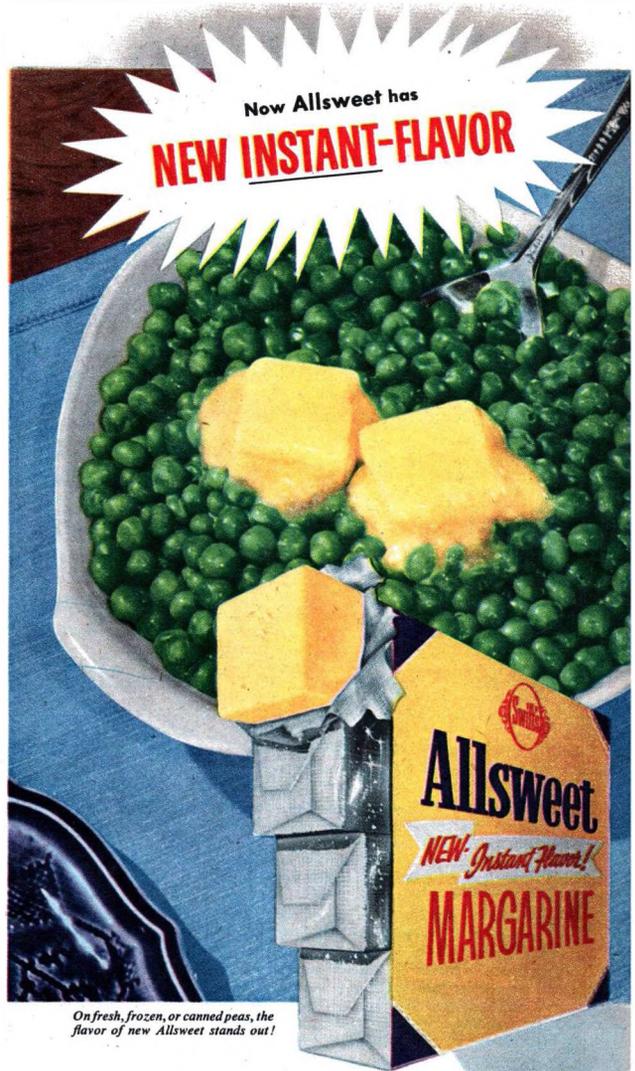
BY JOHN CLARKE



4 There's practical comfort in a blue denim pullover bibbed with navy and white striped jersey. Under \$3, it is made by Wings. The argyle knit polo shirt feels and looks like luxurious cashmere though it is washable brushed cotton. \$3.95; by Arrow.

5 There's a special quality in anything authentic. Here you get the authentic Royal Stuart (dress) plaid in a tie of worsted challis. \$1.50 by Botany. The same plaid is featured in the mercerized cotton belt with pigskin tabs. \$2.50; by Pioneer. A thong tie adapted from a gaucho's lariat. \$2.50; by Hickok.

Photographs by
Howell Conant



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Don McNeill's Breakfast Club
... ON CBS-TV,
The Garry Moore Show

SWIFT... TO SERVE YOUR FAMILY BETTER



Young Louis, in a genuine rage, threw himself upon the body of his dead wife, vowing vengeance.

ILLUSTRATED BY LOUIS GLANZMAN

THE STRANGLED BRIDE

The killer performed the "impossible"—how did he get in or out of the locked cottage?

BY ELLERY QUEEN

Author of "The Origin of Evil," "The King Is Dead" and many other mysteries

Written especially for *The American Weekly*, the cases in this series have been drawn both from official archives and confidential sources. To protect persons involved, Mr. Queen has concealed key identities under fictitious names.—THE EDITORS

"The most unusual crime we of the Oran police have ever investigated? But certainly, Monsieur Queen," the prefect of police told me without hesitation. "It was the case of the young man who fell madly in love with a charming girl, wooed her and won her and who, on the morning after their wedding, awoke to find her by his side in their bridal bed—strangled to death."

We were seated in the prefect's office in Oran's modern quarters on the plateau of Karquenta. Before us simmered the great Algerian port in its piquant sauce of modern France and Islamic North Africa. I was on a "round-the-world junket sleuthing for unusual or exotic crimes of the past, and the prefect's reply conjured up for me a dark picture of Berber savagery or some burnoosed Arab's treachery.

But the sunblackened Frenchman smiled. "No, Monsieur, the unfortunate bride was an Englishwoman, Clara Edgerton, who worked as a—how do you say?—*une caissière*, a cashier, in one of the large Oran hotels; and the groom was a mere Frenchman like myself. His name was Louis Duperie. Duperie was a Lyonnais of honest bourgeois stock who had served bravely at Verdun and the Somme.

"Because of his wounds, the young veteran settled in Algeria after the war, opening a modest souvenir shop for tourists in the Oran hotel where Clara Edgerton was employed. This was immediately after the first World War, when I was also a young war veteran and had just entered the Oran *gendarmérie*. But I remember the case well; and after you have heard the facts, Monsieur Queen, so, I think, will you."

Then the prefect of the Oran police told me the

remarkable story of poor Louis Duperie and his strangled bride of one night.

The wedding had been a feast of joy and love. The guests swore that never had they seen a happier bride or a more enchanted groom. There were many toasts in champagne, cognac, and the potent Algerian wine. Duperie, who usually restricted himself to an *aperitif* or two, drank glass for glass with his friends.

"For such a prize," the rapturous young groom cried to his guests, embracing his radiant bride passionately, "a man would drown himself in wine!"

Louis was to regret his wedding-night indulgence bitterly. The next morning, as he held his throbbing head in his hands, he wept to the police, "If I hadn't swilled like a pig last night, I'd have awakened during the attack and fought off the fiend. As it was, I lay here in a drunken stupor, while my Clara, my beautiful one . . ."

He was inconsolable. He threw himself like a wild man on the young body of his dead wife, vowing that he would tear her murderer to pieces with his own hands when the beast was found. There could be no doubt of the genuineness of his rage and grief. The police had to watch him to avert a suicide.

It was a baffling crime . . . in fact, an apparently impossible one.

The little cottage in the suburb of Saint-Eugene had been newly rented by the young couple; they had not even had time to hire a native servant. On retiring for their first night as man and wife, they had locked all the doors and windows. In the morning these were still locked, and there was no sign that any of them had been tampered with.

The soft flower beds of Algerian violets, Moorish roses, scarlet aloes and narcissus surrounding the cottage were untrodden.

There were no footprints outside, no fingerprints inside, except those of Louis and Clara.

Parbleu!—the work of one of those foul Arabian

spirits, one policeman suggested, half seriously. But no genie had materialized from a bottle to commit this crime; powerful human hands had choked out the young bride's life. But how? How had the strangler entered and left without a trace? It was impossible, an utter mystery.

Motive was another puzzle. Clara Edgerton had been sweet and gentle, a perfect lady, untouched by scandal or intrigue, unadventurous, without an enemy. Thousands of tourists and commercial travelers remembered her with affection. The murderer could not have been a jilted or disappointed lover; before Duperie, Clara had had no lovers, jilted or otherwise.

The theory that she had been murdered as an act of revenge against her husband by a woman who loved him was also abandoned; there simply was no such woman.

No one gained by her death; she left meager savings, no insurance. Murder in the act of robbery? Nothing had been stolen.

A political crime? She had not mixed in politics.

The police followed dozens of false trails, checked on all the couple's friends and acquaintances, on hundreds of recent hotel guests who had come in contact with Clara, roamed the native quarter for information or clues. And in the end they faced the same staggering situation as at the beginning. They had a dead woman on their hands whose death no one had sought, and she had been murdered by someone who could not possibly have entered and left the house.

The Oran police sent a call for help to Paris. And from Paris came one of the crack operatives of the Surete, a little man named Ficiel who looked like a shop clerk.

The Parisian detective listened quietly. He examined the scene of the crime in silence. The heartbroken young war veteran repeated his story. Ficiel read the bulging file of negative reports without comment. Then he sat (Continued on page 12)

Today's **CHESTERFIELD** is the Best Cigarette Ever Made!



"Chesterfields for Me!"

Audrey Dalton

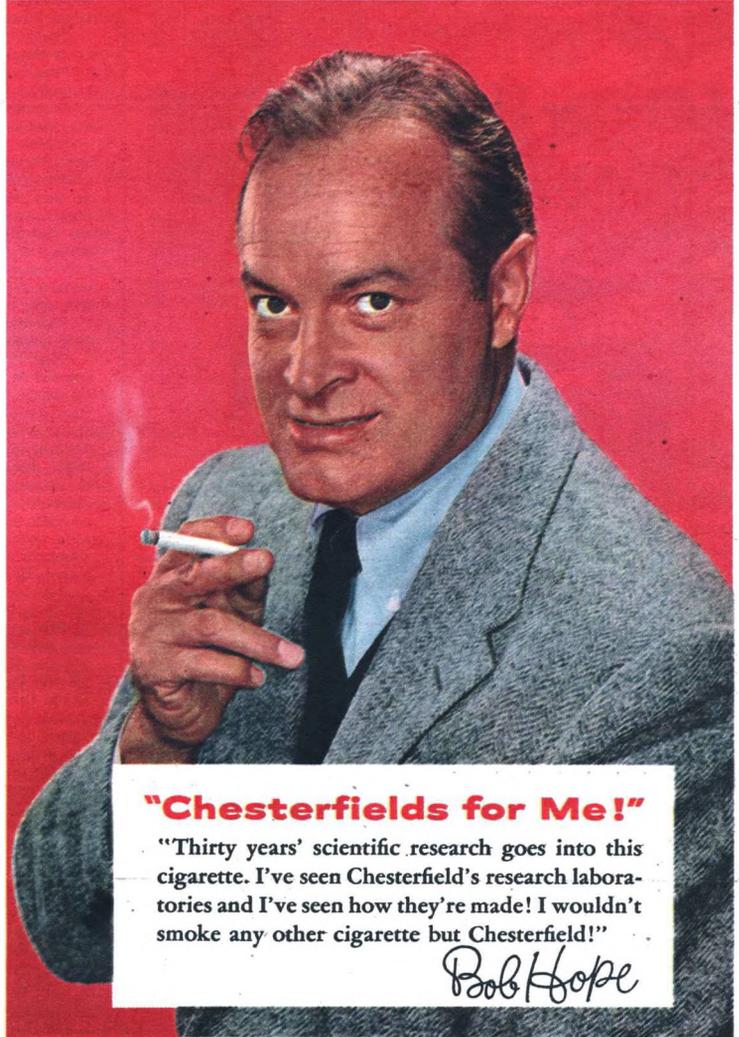
The cigarette that gives you proof of highest quality—low nicotine...the taste you want—the mildness you want.



"Chesterfields for Me!"

Marla English

The cigarette with a proven good record with smokers. Here it is. Bi-monthly examinations of a group of smokers show no adverse effects to nose, throat and sinuses from smoking Chesterfield.



"Chesterfields for Me!"

"Thirty years' scientific research goes into this cigarette. I've seen Chesterfield's research laboratories and I've seen how they're made! I wouldn't smoke any other cigarette but Chesterfield!"

Bob Hope

See Paramount's Technicolor hit "CASANOVA'S BIG NIGHT" starring BOB HOPE, with Audrey Dalton and Marla English—all Chesterfield smokers.



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THE STRANGLED BRIDE

(Continued from page 10)

and thought and, finally, to the astonishment of the Oran officials, he murmured, "But this case is of the utmost simplicity," and he went back to France.

He returned to Oran a week later. "You've found the killer?" cried Louis Duperie.

"Yes," said Ficiel, "but to catch him, Duperie, I must have your help."

"Anything! I will do anything you say, Monsieur Ficiel!"

"Good. We shall set a trap for him. To do so, it will be necessary to arrange affairs in the cottage exactly as they were on the night of the crime. It will be difficult for you," the detective said gently. "Are you willing to sleep in that bed again?"

"I sleep in it every night," whispered Louis, "hoping, praying that he will come back!"

"He will come back, I promise. But only if you do precisely what I say."

That night a strange scene was enacted in the Saint-Eugene cottage. On Ficiel's instructions, Duperie went about locking the doors and windows, shutting himself in the cottage, alone. Then he undressed and sat in his bedroom, drinking steadily from bottles of cognac and wine Ficiel had provided to duplicate conditions of the wedding night. Duperie finished the wine and half the cognac before he staggered to the murder-bed and collapsed. He fell into a drunken sleep.

At once there was the click of a window latch being forced. The Parisian detective, an Oran inspector, and a party of police climbed noiselessly into the bedroom, using shaded flashlights. One of the men was carrying a nude female body. At Ficiel's low-voiced direction, he placed it on the bed beside the sleeping man. It was a department store dummy.

"It may be a long wait," whispered Ficiel. "But it will be worth it."

"But what—?" began the Oran inspector, bewildered.

"Watch!"

The police retreated nervously into the shadows of the bedroom. Some peered out the windows, trying to detect suspicious movements in the dark. Only Ficiel was calm; his gaze never

left the bed. An hour later he suddenly gripped the inspector's arm. "Look!" he whispered.

Louis Duperie had begun to toss in a nightmare. His skin sweated, his teeth ground, his arms thrashed. . . . One hand fell by chance on the dummy beside him. In a moment he had sprung upright in the bed and, glassy-eyed, thrown himself wildly on the dummy, growling like an animal and clutching the dummy's throat!

The muscles of his back and arms slithered like snakes; still uttering inhuman noises of fury, hate and fear, the dreaming man "strangled" the dummy. And while the transfixed police stared, he suddenly relaxed his grip and fell back on the pillow, to fall instantly into an exhausted sleep.

"Poor Duperie was the victim of a case of battle fatigue," the Oran prefect concluded with a shrug. "At Verdun he had engaged in a hand-to-hand struggle with a German soldier, which ended when he succeeded in strangling the Hun to death. The experience had left him a prey to nightmares during which he re-enacted the struggle."

"Once when Duperie was home on leave—Ficiel learned this when he returned to France to question the Duperie family—Louis shared a bed with a brother. During the night he almost succeeded in strangling the brother. In the morning Duperie remembered nothing of the experience, just as he did not remember having strangled his young wife."

"These seizures came only after he had been drinking heavily and, since he usually was abstemious, he had not had a recurrence for years until his wedding night. . . ."

"He was not, of course, charged with murder. The poor boy was sent back to France for psychiatric treatment. But let me explain, Monsieur Queen, how Ficiel knew it was Duperie in the first place—"

"Elementary, *M. le prefet*," I said with a grin. "He remembered his Sherlock Holmes."

"But of course," said the prefect ruefully. "We in Oran did not. How does it go? When you have eliminated the impossible, whatever remains—however improbable—must be the truth. As Ficiel told us, it was of the utmost simplicity, *isn't it?*"

You can see Hugh Marlowe as Ellery Queen on television. Check this newspaper for time and station.



Danny and Sylvia love informal parties like this one with (l. to r.) Michael Kidd, choreographer, and producer-directors Mel Frank and Norman Panama.



Photograph by Sanford H. Roth from Guillemette

LIFE WITH DANNY

It's an unpredictable parade of crazy uncles, midnight meals and jokes with a happy ending

BY MRS. DANNY KAYE (SYLVIA FINE)

AS TOLD TO JANE KESNER ARDMORE

I was recovering from pneumonia, better but still in bed, when our cook came rushing into my room, breathless and armed with a butcher knife. "There's an old man, says he's an uncle of Mr. Kaye's . . . I've tried to tell him you can't . . . now don't be afraid, I'll stand right here . . ." And before she could say another word, in hobbled an old man with matted beard and ragged clothes, muttering rapidly in a thick, half-Russian dialect.

I was terrified! He was obviously a crank or a madman. I couldn't understand most of what he said, nodded politely and gauged the distance to the telephone. For five minutes this crazy monologue went on. He'd been in Europe, hadn't seen Danny since he was a baby, had walked across the continent, he was the uncle . . . I asked him what he wanted and he muttered, "Nothing, nothing, just give me \$30,000 and I'll go away."

That did it. When he said \$30,000, I burst out laughing. It had to be—it was—Danny Kaye, my unpredictable husband.

I learned early in our marriage that I'd never know what will happen tomorrow or even tonight. We were living in New York in a tiny duplex with two rooms downstairs and a room upstairs. Danny was working at the Martinique. We had just retired one night, very late, when he suddenly decided he must have potato pancakes, the kind my Uncle Willie makes. Danny called Uncle Willie on the phone and went over the recipe carefully. Uncle Willie said he sure to call him the next day and let him know how they'd turned out.

We put on robes, went down to the kitchen and discovered that we didn't have a single potato! Danny shrugged his shoulders and went quietly back to bed.

To all intents and purposes, my husband is a

most impatient man. From the beginning of our working together, if he sang with a certain improvised beat and if I didn't get it at once, he could be furious with impatience. But he can have the patience of a saint in ways I'd never expected. Back in the days of our first big break at the Martinique, our salary had jumped from nothing to \$250 a week. We had the check cashed, took our allowances and put the rest in the bank. We didn't take large allowances but enough to cover our daily ex-

Danny is as whimsical in the kitchen as he is on the screen. He is likely to sample everything that's on the stove and wind up at the table with no appetite.



penses. Yet, I'd see Danny sign checks in a restaurant, charge little things. Sometimes he'd ask me for a dollar or a quarter to tip a doorman. I thought that I'd married a man who was irresponsible about money.

One evening as we ate dinner, I told him I'd seen a lovely garnet necklace in a little shop in Greenwich Village and that some day, if we had the money, I might buy it.

"Just a minute," Danny said. He ran upstairs, came down with a pair of summer shoes, took out the shoe trees, and dumped out all the money he'd been saving from his allowance to buy me a present. Next day, he bought me the necklace and a lovely ring to go with it. I was so touched, I cried.

Along with Danny's wonderful zainness goes a strong strand of reality. You can sense this in a ballet sequence from *Knock on Wood*. It's one of the funniest things I've ever seen and I don't think anyone else could have done it.

Danny is supposed to be a non-dancer thrust into the opening night of a ballet performance. He tries earnestly to dance well, but his earnestness and ineptness are heartbreakingly hilarious. Unless Danny had a good sense of the dance, he couldn't have accomplished this. His characterization of someone trying to be good and not knowing the first thing about ballet embodies the very nature of Danny—unpredictable, but with a perfect sense of balance.

A day with Danny starts the night before. If he's working in a movie, he comes home from the studio with make-up caked on his face, goes directly to the kitchen and starts sampling all the foods in all the pots. Right with him go our seven-year-old daughter, Dena. (Continued on page 15)

**“A man can't
call his
Lifebuoy his own
any more!”**

Remember when the ladies used to turn up their noses at Lifebuoy's old medicine smell? Times sure have changed! Lifebuoy sure has changed!

Maybe you've noticed it! How the little ladies in your house love that coral-pink color. How the grown-up lady goes for that new beauty-soap fragrance—and Lifebuoy's new kind of B.O. protection, too.

Today's Lifebuoy actually protects you from one bath to the next—as long as 3 days—longer than most of us need.

PURALIN, Lifebuoy's new deodorizer, is what does it. Puralin actually stays with your skin long after you bathe. You can't see or feel or smell it but it's there—your “invisible bodyguard” against B.O.!

Yet the new Lifebuoy is as mild as any toilet soap. Perfect for the baby, or anyone else with a sensitive skin.

So treat *your* family to New Lifebuoy soon. They'll love the fragrance *and* the protection or Lever Brothers will refund your money.

**Just smell new Lifebuoy—
That's all we ask!**



LIFE WITH DANNY

(Continued from page 13)

and our big boxer, Egon. At this point, Danny may decide that he wants dinner to start with a cold soup that no one has planned.

He'll start with a consomme, add beets, potatoes, sour cream, sample every step of the way, and everyone else in the kitchen must sample with him. By the time he's washed and we sit down to the table, he has little appetite left. If Danny gets really involved in the kitchen, we set the table there to catch him while he's still hungry.

After dinner, he glances at his mail, starts dictating a letter to a friend in Pittsburgh, ends up calling him on the phone. Sometimes he wants to start rehearsing right after dinner. Usually, I play over what I've written for him and sing it once or twice. He sits quietly listening. But if what he hears excites him, he'll get up, start looking over my shoulder, and begin to create.

These are thrilling moments. I love watching something I've written come alive in him, in his face, in every gesture. I know what I've had in my head but what he does is something better. Wonderful as a performance of his is in its final version on the screen, for me it's second to the first moments in our living room. When he's stimulated—anything can happen.

It's this quick creativeness which makes a bond between him and a live audience.

After an evening of rehearsal he falls asleep, as he always does, like a child, the covers loose at the end of the bed, his feet sticking out. We both read in bed. In addition to everything else he likes to read, he's mad for books on golf.

Next morning, he's up by seven to get into make-up at the studio by eight. He and Dena breakfast together, but unless I'm due at the studio early, I bury my head in the pillow and keep on sleeping. While I'm still trying to catch 40 winks, Danny is chasing Nellie around the Paramount make-up department. Nellie is head hair-dresser and Danny knows she likes his teasing.

"Nellie, you're starving me for love!" yells Danny, and Nellie runs. Half of Paramount follows the chase. People who haven't been on time for years get there early to watch Danny and Nellie.

While Danny is working on a set, I may be writing at home or may be cutting a musical number in another part of the studio. We meet for lunch in the commissary. After lunch, we go together to a recording session, probably of the song we've rehearsed the night before.

We go in with high hopes and our fingers crossed. One day we were doing a song with two parts, Danny and a dummy. This is a complicated procedure and the best way to do this two-part song was for the orchestra to play, Danny to sing the part of Danny, and I to fill in the dummy—my voice unrecorded but audible to Victor Young leading the orchestra and to Danny—with the best guess I could make as to Danny's timing.

After this first part was recorded, the music was to be played back and Danny would then sing the part of the dummy for the sound track. The orchestra tested a couple of times and Danny tested, too, changing his interpretation each time.

When the boys in the orchestra took five, Danny leaped up and started playing the drums. When they came back they joined him in a hot jam session. The recording session went on and on. We had invited dinner guests. At 6:30, I phoned the guests and asked them to come at 7:30 instead of seven. At 7:30 I called to tell our cook to start serving drinks.

As the session wore on, Danny kept inviting other people to our house for dinner. Our original guests were four. We wound up with 11 in the dining room, six in the big informal room we call "Danny's Room," and more later.

We love parties of all kinds, giving them and going to them. When we plan one it's like staging a show. No one is ever asked to entertain. But at



In the Paramount picture *Knock on Wood* Danny sings a song with a dummy named Clarence—and he sings for the dummy as well as himself. The recording of this amusing duet turned into a jam session with Danny playing the drums and inviting a lot of unexpected guests to come to his apartment for dinner.



Danny rehearsing with Diana Adams for what his wife calls the "heartbreakingly hilarious" ballet episode in *Knock on Wood*, in which he is skillfully awkward.

any party of any size, you can hope that talented people will light the spark for each other.

The other night Bing Crosby and Danny were singing "Take my hand, I'm a stranger in paradise." It came out, "Hold my nose, I'm a stranger in Benzinhurst"—with a Brooklyn accent.

Danny is impeccably groomed for these occasions, and is a speed artist at dressing. He can come home, disheveled from a day of golf, and 10 minutes later appear in immaculate evening dress, showered, shaved, studs in, hair shining. But essentially he shares the American man's passion for old clothes. He'll have a hole in each sock and we can't get the socks away from him. He has two hats he's devoted to, an old rain hat and an Air Force fatigue cap he got in Korea.

There's just nothing pretentious about Danny. He'll be as fond of a two-dollar turtle-neck sweater he's picked up at the golf club as of a fine cashmere. As a matter of fact, he looks equally at home in the most dilapidated sweat shirt or in the most formal attire, and equally at home at an impressive banquet or perched on the kitchen table. He enters completely into whatever he does.

That's what makes him and Dena so close. When he's with her, he's completely in *her* world. Sundays he takes her to a playground where she rides the ponies. He's very proud of this little girl who so resembles him, not just in looks but in spirit. Dena has his coordination, his ear for sound.

They play checkers together and recently he was flabbergasted when she beat him for the first time. He used to play "easy" with her. Now they play as equals. He's (Continued on page 24)



ARE

A nationally known a

A man needs to feel important and attractive to his wife. If she lets him doubt that, she causes him to lose a great deal of self-respect.

YOU A GOOD WIFE ?

Authority presents a quiz to help women—and their husbands—make marriage a “joint adventure”

BY DR. EMILY HARTSHORNE MUDD

President American Association of Marriage Counselors

AS TOLD TO LLEWELLYN MILLER

A business partnership is described by a striking term, “joint adventure.” It means that partners share alike in responsibilities and profits.

Is your marriage a joint adventure?

If it isn't, you may find the reason by answering the following questions. They cover many of the basic troubles that bring unhappy people to us for aid at the Marriage Council of Philadelphia.

ARE YOU A REAL PARTNER?

1. Do you live within your husband's income?
2. If you have a job, do you contribute some of your earnings to your joint expenses?
3. Are you inclined to forgo something for yourself (such as an expensive coat) in order to save for something you both can share (such as a TV set or a vacation)?
4. If he needs to aid his family financially, do you help in that emergency, either by working or economizing?
5. Do you know his ambition for the future, and are you helping him to realize it?

Money is behind many of the complaints we hear in this office. The wife who spends, or makes demands that are not in relation to what her husband can provide, is not a real partner. Too many working wives think, “What I make is mine—what my husband makes is ours.” The extra funds brought in by a working wife are not of full value unless they also bring a sense of shared effort in getting things for “us” rather than for “me.”

One of the most important things a wife can do is to encourage a man in his ambition. This is not always easy. It may mean leaving a home town where you are happy. It may mean living on a small income while he prepares himself, through study, for a better job. Helping your man prepare for self-realization is part of your share as a joint adventurer. If you answered “Yes” to the questions above, you rate well.

ARE YOU A GOOD FRIEND?

1. Does your husband tell you about his work?
2. Do you try to share some of his enthusiasms, even though you are more interested in other forms of entertainment?
3. Do you stay on good terms with his family, even though they bore or bother you?
4. If you can't agree with him on certain things, are you able to reach a friendly compromise?
5. Are you proud of him, and do you let him know it?

So many of the men who come to us for help say that they have stopped discussing business problems at home because the wives concerned are not interested enough in their work to talk about it intelligently, or are so critical that they are of no help. Informing yourself about your husband's career is one of the best investments you can make. If it is complicated or highly technical, borrow books about it from the library. Even if it bores you, ask questions. You may find it interesting, after all.

If he brings home a tale of trouble, don't say, “Why do you get yourself into all of these

messes?” What he wants is comfort and a lift. Try to help him think out the best solution, and then encourage him to carry it through. Emerson described a friend as “one before whom I may think aloud.” If you answered “Yes” to the questions above, you deserve this description.

ARE YOU CONSIDERATE?

1. Do you send your husband off in good spirits in the morning?
2. Do you look attractive, clean and neat in the morning?
3. When he comes home, do you let him have a nap, or a drink, or early dinner or time with friends—as *he* likes it, not as *you* like it?
4. Do you arrange social activities so that he gets enough sleep on week nights?
5. Do you participate in his hobbies, or let him follow them happily if you can't?

The mood of the house is the wife's job. If she is truly considerate, she designs both the beginning and end of the day to suit her husband. It is important to adjust your own pleasures to his habits, needs and likes. If you did not answer “Yes” to these questions, perhaps you are not doing your share as a homemaker.

ARE YOU A CHILD WIFE?

1. Do you sulk, or nag, when you can't have your own way?
2. Do you fib about your mistakes?
3. Are you jealous of his interests in business, sports or anything that does not concern you directly?
4. If you behaved in an office the way you behave in the care of your home, would you be fired?
5. Do you feel that your husband is outgrowing you?

A person old enough to be happily married does not think of herself alone. That is the sign of the adolescent, not the adult. Unless you answered “No” to these questions, perhaps you are not changing and adapting as every wife must to stay the same desired, admired, satisfactory mate she seemed to be during courtship.

ARE YOU A GOOD HELPMATE SOCIALLY?

1. Do you make his friends welcome at home?
2. Do you take part in some community activity?
3. Are you on good terms with the people who serve you (such as landlord and tradespeople)?
4. Are you learning any new skill (cooking, sewing, a sport)?
5. Do you make friends in your neighborhood?

Taking care of a home usually does not take all of the average wife's time, just as the average job does not take all of a husband's time. Interests outside of working hours broaden and invigorate both family life and position in the community. If you answered “Yes” to these questions, you seem to be doing your part in a healthy widening of your family's contacts.

ARE YOU LOYAL?

1. Do you belittle your husband, under the guise of teasing, for a laugh?
2. Do you discuss him disparagingly behind his back?
3. Do you argue with him in public?
4. Do you keep secrets from him?
5. Do you listen to criticism of him without defending him?

A wife can build, or destroy, a man's self-respect more quickly than anyone else. Difference of opinion is stimulating in a good marriage, but a wise couple agrees to disagree in private, and a loyal couple does not allow criticism to go unanswered. If you answered “No” to these questions, you rate well on loyalty.

ARE YOU A GOOD MOTHER?

1. Do you encourage the children to keep secrets from their father?
2. Do you let them criticize him to you?
3. Do you argue with him before them or take their side against him in their presence?
4. Do you like to feel that you are the favorite parent?

It is important for children to feel that father and mother are together as a unit. This is where their feeling of security comes from. It is devastating to a child to be put in the position of disloyalty to either parent. This fills them with anxiety and doubt. It also builds great problems of discipline. A smart child may try to play one parent against the other. Saving up punishments until father comes home is a great mistake for two reasons. It makes father seem to be an ogre—and it also makes him dread coming home if he has to settle a conflict every evening. “No” to these questions is needed for a good record.

ARE YOU A GOOD MATE?

1. Are you able to discuss sex freely with your husband?
2. Is this relationship happy for you *both*?
3. Do you know that men and women often have different reactions to sex, and do you try to understand how he feels?
4. Are you as affectionate as before marriage?
5. Do you avoid giving other men the impression that you might be interested in a serious flirtation?

There is great variation in sexual needs in both men and women. The important privilege of both is to be alert to the mate's needs, and for each to try to understand and adapt to that of the other. The important duty of the wife is to let her husband know that his emotions, as well as her own joyousness in this relationship, are understood. A man needs to feel important as well as attractive to his wife. If she lets him doubt that, she causes one of the greatest losses of self-respect a man can know. Unless you answered “Yes” to these questions, perhaps you would do well to examine some other aspects of your marriage to see if you are doing your full part in the sharing of trust, affection, loyalty and ambition that make a “joint adventure” successful. ◀◀

TIRED

of getting up dead tired?



New medical findings revealed! You may actually be "starved" for the RIGHT KIND of sleep

AT BEDTIME and especially during the long nighttime hours without food, your body's blood sugar supply may become seriously lowered. As a result, you may feel too nervous to go to sleep, too restless to sleep well. You are literally starved for blood sugar, your vital "sleep food."



How to help your body get needed "sleep food"

Take something before bed that will help maintain your blood sugar supply. Sweet, sugary foods are too quickly burned up . . . but, as your own doctor can tell you, the new POSTUM NIGHTCAP is an ideal bedtime beverage. Made with Instant Postum and hot milk, your Postum Nightcap is good-tasting

and safe—contains no drugs to harm you. And this Postum milk drink helps assure a slow, steady supply of "sleep food" . . . the kind that helps you get refreshing night-through sleep for vigorous, successful days.



Try a Postum Nightcap tonight—it's so easy!

First, get yourself a jar of Instant Postum. Then, dissolve a teaspoon of Instant Postum in a cup of hot milk—and enjoy a delicious Postum Nightcap. See if you don't sleep better nights—get more out of life, days. Get a jar of Instant Postum now! Remember, Postum is a great mealtime beverage, too—no caffeine, no "Coffee Nerves"!

The "SLEEP-FOOD" Nightcap
for sleepless
Millions!

A Product of General Foods



THE WIT PARADE

by E. E. Kenyon
SKETCHES BY HARRY DEVLIN

What makes America laugh? On radio and television, in movies and plays, in books, newspapers and magazines, in night clubs and cabarets, funny things are being said and printed and funny things are happening. Each week this column brings you its selection of laughs—the parade of wit across the nation.

If this story isn't in the projected autobiography of the well-known movie actor, S. Z. Sakall, it ought to be. The pudgy "Cuddles" was once making a picture in Germany, and the script called for a street brawl. Sakall's director thought he had an inexpensive way fig-



ured out for creating such a scene. Following the director's orders, Sakall walked up to a couple on the street. "Is this your wife?" asked the actor.

"Yes," replied the man. "What about it?"

"Well, she's the most horrible-looking creature I've ever seen," said Sakall, bracing himself for the expected fight.

Instead of hitting him, however, the man turned to his wife and said:

"See? Didn't I tell you?"

On trial for murder, a man bribed a member of the jury to oppose the death penalty and hold out for a manslaughter verdict.

Sure enough, although the jury was out for a long time, when it finally filed back in, it was with a verdict of manslaughter.

A few moments later, the defendant found an opportunity to whisper to the jurymen, "Thank you so much—you don't know how grateful I am!"

"Well, it wasn't easy," answered the conspirator. "All the others were determined to acquit you."

Ed (Archie) Gardner, the radio and TV character, was toying with the idea of go-

ing to a psychiatrist. His agent told him it would cost \$30 per hour. "Well," suggested Ed, "can't we find one who will just accept me as a challenge?"

John E. Puerifoy, U. S. Ambassador to Guatemala, has a naturally inquisitive seven-year-old son named Danny, who cornered him recently and asked, "Daddy, how do you become a father?"

Mr. Puerifoy, a shy man, was both surprised and embarrassed. Realizing, however, that the situation had to be faced, he went into an elaborate explanation about birds, bees, pollen, etc.

"Oh, I don't mean that kind of father," interrupted the boy. "I mean the kind who wears his collar turned around backwards."

"Don't worry about rats, madam," the pet store salesman was assuring the customer. "This dog is the best rat catcher in the country." At this moment a rat strolled casually across the floor and the woman screamed in terror.

"Why?" she asked, minutes later, when some of her com-



posure had been restored. "Why didn't the dog go after him? I thought he was supposed to be such a good rat catcher."

"He is!" protested the salesman smugly. "Just let a strange rat try to get in!"

Mother's voice, heard coming from an apartment: "Now, Johnny, be a nice boy and eat your food. It's not so bad—just pretend it's mud."

To a woman who tells a friend about Tampax...

You'll be surprised how long she'll remember it—and how grateful she'll be to you

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THEY'RE KILLING ME!
Why suffer agonies of
CORNS & CALLOUSES
TIED, TENDER, ITCHING, BURNING,
SMARTING, PERSPIRING FEET
QUICK RELIEF!
GET PROMPT RELIEF THE SURE
WAY WITH JOHNSON'S FOOT SOAP
*AT ALL DRUGGISTS AND
TOILET GOODS DEPTS.
JOHNSON'S FOOT SOAP
—MADE IN U.S.A.—

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE:
**EVERY TIME
THE BELL RINGS
I PRAY!**
by
Mrs. Rocky Marciano

The wife of the heavyweight champion tells what it's like to be a "ring widow" before every fight—and then have to "sit there and watch the man you love get hit"

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I GREW UP IN A PERSIAN HAREM

The son of a powerful prince remembers some fatherly advice about women

BY ABOLBASHAR FARMANFARMA



ILLUSTRATED BY HARVEY KIDDER

When one of His Excellency's sons forced a kiss on a strange girl, the lusty old prince was proud of him.

In the first four instalments, the author described his boyhood in the harem of his father, Prince Abdolhosein Farmanfarma, who died in 1939. He told how his father wooed his high-spirited mother, Batool, and how the other wives made her life so miserable that she escaped from the harem and joined His Excellency in a southern province he'd been sent to rule. Shortly afterward, His Excellency retired from public life and devoted himself to running his household, educating his wives and children, and finding husbands for his daughters. At 82, His Excellency married his last wife, a former servant girl.

PART V

The boy growing up in a harem has the memory of an elephant, the stubbornness of a mule and the flexibility of a snake. He has an insatiable appetite, and always looks a bit grubby. He can be mean and cruel, or suddenly gentle as an angel. He usually can lie his way out of anything, but when he's caught at his mischief, he's honestly sorry. He never walks, but runs; never talks, but mutters; never eats, but gulps; has nothing

to do, but always is in a hurry.

This boy, as I have described him, could also be a boy from Middletown, U.S.A. But certain highlights in my youth set it apart completely from the process of growing up anywhere in the world except under His Excellency's wise, and sometimes relentless, supervision. I have space here to touch on only a few of the most outstanding.

One sidelight which affords my American friends much amusement is the old harem practice whereby young sons in the household were nominally wed to bright-eyed little serving maids in order to make these girls "mahram," which means admissible to the harem. Without such a marriage, no young girl could appear in the presence of any male who was over 15, and in many harems an act of concubinage was involved. This was not true in our home where, despite our father's lusty interest in women, we supposedly were reared in puritanical ignorance of sex.

These youthful alliances, which were frowned upon by our parents, were arranged by an older servant or perhaps by one of our tutors, who merely called

a little maid's attention to one of my brothers or me and said, "He will be your husband." They were marriages of convenience for the girl—and for us, too, because a boy naturally could demand much more attention from a "wife" than he could from an ordinary servant.

If she were slow to bring him something he'd asked for, he would cry, "You are my wife, and you must do what I say." If she maintained her slowness it was his privilege to cry, "Divorce, divorce, divorce." And that, according to Moslem law, would be the end of it.

His Excellency had no particular desire to have his sons establish harems of their own, perhaps because he was aware that the day was nearing when such institutions would be unacceptable in Iran.

One of the rare occasions on which he gave us important advice about women grew out of a visit he made to our "andarooni" (the women's quarters), at which time he found me with two of my sister's girl friends. He was amused, but departed without comment. The next day was a Friday, the day when we visited him for our weekly poetry session.

We were all lined up in his presence when he turned to my brother, Alidad, and asked, "Do you want to marry the king's daughter?" (This was the highest honor a youth could hope for.)

My brother, quite shocked, guessed that the answer my father wanted was "No." His Excellency asked each son the same question and we all followed my brother's lead.

"Af-farim, af-farim," our father murmured—a sign of approval.

"What would you want with the daughter of the king?" he continued. "She would only say: 'You son of a burned father (a mild curse), stay home while I go out and do as I please.'"

Later he added that we each should look for a wife who would bring sympathy to our home and take good care of our children. That advice means a great deal to me today.

We always found our father tolerant of our normal male behavior and I especially recall his reactions, one time, when he found out that my brother had forced a girl to kiss him on the street. The girl's parents complained and His Excellency courted their further anger by crying out in delight, "That son of a burned father is a true son of mine."

But another incident which stands out in sharp relief in my memory is quite in contrast to such paternal levity. I was preparing to go to school one morning when the eunuch, Aga Bashi, approached me and said I was to report to my father.

I entered His Excellency's bedroom, stood by the door and bowed while he paced up and down. Suddenly he wheeled and came toward me, his eyes boring through my being like spears. Unleashing a flood of wrath, he said:

"A man who accomplishes something

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deserves respect. Until you, too, have accomplished things, you deserve nothing. Go to your school, then come back and take your lunch with me. Go!"

I puzzled about this unexpected tirade until I realized that my father somehow had learned how I had tried to force an old servant to bow to me every time I passed—just as he bowed to His Excellency. It had been a losing battle for me, a pompous little teen-ager.

At about 12:30 that day I walked into the hall in back of His Excellency's offices. As I appeared, an attendant announced me, and I walked in. His Excellency did not speak to me but turned to his other guests.

"This is Abolbashar, my son," he informed them. "I have told him to take his lunch here so that he may learn from you how to live and conduct himself."

"Abolbashar," one of the guests repeated, trying to put me at ease. "What an interesting name. It means father of human beings, father of us all. Is that what you want to be?"

Father of human beings—the phrase echoed in my soul and I felt buried by it. When I left my father's presence, I knew that I had much to learn.

Soon after this episode, His Excellency invited my two older sisters and me to go for a ride. We had the customary cup of hot milk at a candy store and then drove to a house inside a large park. There was a lot of talk going on in languages I could not understand and, before we left, a tall gentleman with a white goatee came over to me.

Afterward, I learned he was Dr. Samuel M. Jordan, the president of the American College of Teheran, and that my father had arranged for me to attend that college in order to fit myself for a life such as His Excellency had never known.

When my father visited me at the college, later, he said, "This is the life for a boy. It is short of the life of a soldier, but it is sufficient."

I returned home once a week for a visit and, on one of these occasions, I saw His Excellency for the last time. Early in the evening I dropped in on his quarters and turned in my expense accounts as usual. I knew I had cheated on a number of items—as we always did in order to avoid arguments about expenditures which our father wouldn't authorize. Usually he was adroit at spotting these extras, but this time he signed the paper, authorizing me to collect the money, without question. I took the signed slip, somewhat abashed, and he must have noticed how surprised I was.

"Bargaining is for children," he said.

His face suddenly unmasked, it was smiling, kind and fatherly, promising sympathy and love. And so I left him.

The high-pitched voice of the eunuch, Aga Bashir, called me as I arrived at my mother's home. He told me to go to my mother, who was much distressed by a call she had received telling her to visit my father immediately. We returned to his bedroom together and found that he had suffered a stroke.

The Hand which picks up men, one by one, had appeared for His Excellency. He



His Excellency... was careful to divide his fortune fairly among his 32 children.

died at the age of 85, and left behind him six wives, 32 children and an immense fortune. I was the oldest of his sons in Teheran but I still was a minor.

Our father had divided his property among his children in such a minute fashion that there could be no quarrel among them.

It looked as if everything would work smoothly but the Communists had other ideas. While we were still occupied with the month-long, elaborate funeral and mourning, they incited a rebellion among the peasants who occupied His Excellency's lands.

After some deliberation, I was legally declared to have reached my majority and sent to quell the rebellion. It was not difficult. These peasants, who had known and loved my father, were willing to respect his son and heir. For four years I ruled the estates and then, in 1947, I left the lands in other hands so that I might fulfill a great desire.

I came to the United States, where I first attended the Colorado State College of Education, studying political science. Then I moved on to the University of Chicago, where I studied international law, receiving both a Masters and a Ph.D. degree. And the more I studied, the more I realized that the fountains of knowledge never run dry. Now, while I continue my law education at Columbia University in New York, I also am writing the complete story of my life (from which this series has been condensed) and plan to publish it in book form.

Next year, when I finish my work here, I hope to return to my home and my people. I will leave several brothers and sisters here in the United States when I go—and I will find our world in Iran tremendously changed.

But one of His Excellency's great ideals will remain unchanged, I imagine—the one he expressed to me years ago:

"A man who accomplishes something deserves respect."

It will be my job, when I return, to accomplish something—and perhaps to live up to my name, Abolbashar, father of human beings.

THE END



UPSET STOMACH? HEARTBURN? GAS?



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IT DOESN'T PAY to take chances with sour stomach, gas, heartburn, "fullness" or any other symptoms of acid indigestion. So always carry Phillips' Tablets in your pocket or purse—for you never know where or when any of these conditions is liable to cause distress. As delightful to take as candy mints, peppermint-flavored Phillips' Tablets are made from one of the fastest, most effective stomach neutralizers known—and bring almost instant relief. 30 tablets—28¢.

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Now! Kraft Cheese Spreads in charming new glasses

“Early American”

ANTIQUE PATTERN



KRAFT CHEESE SPREADS

A quaint, new pattern. 6 designs
in 6 different colors. Start
collecting your set now.

It's fun to be an "antique collector"—particularly when it doesn't cost a penny! And, now, every time you buy one of the delicious Kraft Cheese Spreads you get it in a charming glass—the Early American pattern of antiques. And at no extra cost.

There's one glass with an old coffee mill like great grandmother used to use. One with a baby's cradle and an old butter churn. An old lamp, a teakettle, a coal scuttle, a spinning wheel, trivets, and bellows—things Early American antique collectors prize most—make up the six quaint designs.

You can collect these glasses in an assorted set, or a *matched* set of just the right color for your breakfast nook or dining room. Start today. Get several varieties of the delicious Kraft Cheese Spreads for quick sandwiches and snacks.

*Trademark

After almost two years of comparative quiet, the scattered Dukhobor settlements of mountainous British Columbia suddenly exploded with familiar violence. Night-riders, tossing bottle-bombs, moved swiftly from farm to farm, setting fire to six houses and as many barns in one evening. Dynamite blasted railroad tracks and power lines.

A month later, 11 more houses and barns were burned, and the massive tomb of Peter (The Lordly) Verigin, late and revered Dukhobor leader, was assaulted with high explosives. The tomb, built of rock and reinforced concrete on a bluff overlooking the Columbia River, is a rugged affair and it still stands, though it shows marks of the strange and durable hate that followed Peter into his grave.

This attack, which took place about a year ago, was the seventh in the 30 years since Peter Verigin's death which was accomplished in a piece of liquidation that has no equal in Canada.

Most Americans know nothing about the Dukhobors except that they are given sporadically to mass parades in the nude—men, women, and children together. These didoes, however, actually apply only to the Sons of Freedom, the radical inner-group of the main body of 15,000 peaceful, hard-working people, mostly farmers, fruit-growers, and loggers. The Sons number less than 2,000 but they are fanatics to a man—or woman—and it is they, not the orthodox main group, who have brought tragedy to the entire sect and given it wide notoriety.

Taking off one's clothes, according to the Sons, leaves one purified and able to understand God's wishes more clearly than otherwise. They disrobe first, then if God wills it, they parade, often in large groups and for long distances. Orthodox Dukhobors consider the nudism senseless. It has been making troublesome headlines for 50 years, but mostly since the death of Peter.

The cult originated in Russia some 200 years ago. Dukhobors recognized no temporal rulers, and thus refused to serve in the Czar's army. In 1899, the great Count Tolstolai persuaded the Russian government to permit the sect to migrate to Canada. More than 7,000 came and settled in the prairie provinces. A bit later their leader, Peter Verigin, long in Siberia, was allowed to join them.

Peter led most of his people into British Columbia, and at Brilliant, high in the Rockies, established headquarters. At the time of his death, in 1924, they were flourishing with orchards, berry fields, fruit canneries, logging camps and sawmills.

Peter seemed to have ruled wisely. For his own personal good, however, he made two grave errors. Against the wishes of a small minority, all of whom probably were members of the then secret Sons of Freedom, he decreed that Dukhobor children should attend the public schools and, of perhaps greater importance, he selected handmaidens, most of whom were young and pretty, to live in his headquarters house and wait upon him.

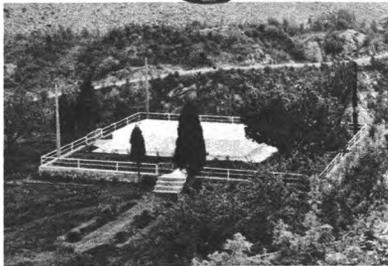
For several years, all was seemingly well with the Dukhobors. Then, in the spring of 1924, fire of unknown origin destroyed three public school buildings in the area, and Peter's great headquarters house. No arrests were made. Quiet resumed and lasted until the night of October 28, 1924.

On that evening a small group of Dukhobors assembled at the railroad station at Brilliant, the headquarters village. They were there to see Peter the Lordly board the train for what he said was a routine business trip. With him was one of the several handmaidens, Mary Strelieva.

Peter and Mary found seats in about the middle of the coach. A Dukhobor man carried Peter's suitcase into the train and put it under his seat.

Peter presented the conductor with two tickets to Castlegar, the very next station, only two miles from Brilliant. But when the train stopped at Castlegar, neither Peter nor the handmaidens made a move. The train pulled out, and when the conductor came through again, Peter purchased two cash fares to Grand Forks, 100 miles farther on.

At the flagstop of Tunnell, 20-odd miles west of Castlegar, three Dukhobor men got aboard, nodded



Peter Verigin (top), who frowned on the parades of nudity which gave his Dukhobors world-wide notoriety, about to preach Sunday services a month before he died. Below him is his tomb after the recent blasts.

to their leader, then settled down in a double seat six windows behind Peter and Mary.

At the town of Farron a cafe-lounge car was added to the train, but no passengers got on. The 20 people now in the car had settled down for the night—it was after one o'clock. Peter the Lordly was dozing, his head a little forward. Beside him Mary, the handmaiden, slept. The conductor was in the baggage car.

Just then came a monstrous roar, and the rear door of the baggage car was hurled off its hinges and blown halfway down the car. The lights went out. The train stopped with a jolt.

The baggage man opened a side door and leaped to the ground. The conductor and trainman, partially stunned, pushed through the splintered wood blocking the day coach where Peter the Lordly had been dozing. The roof was entirely gone and the car reeked with the fumes of dynamite. Most of the north side of the coach, together with many of the seats on that side, had vanished. Conductor

Who Haunts the King's Tomb?

*That's the newest mystery concerning
the man whose death is still unsolved*

BY STEWART HOLBROOK

Well-Known Historian and Author

and trainman found eight passengers, either dead or in a state of shock, and dragged them out of the car. By now, flames were spreading.

Mary the handmaiden, clothes half torn from her body, was dying. She never spoke. A good hundred feet from Mary lay the great king of the Dukhobors, a terrible wound in his side, one leg blown off. He was quite dead. When daylight and medical aid arrived, nine passengers were found to have been killed.

Many more persons were seriously injured. Debris was found scattered for more than 200 feet along the tracks.

Investigators concluded that the blast had come from under or close to (Continued on page 26)

Dukhobors, bared to the waist in a gesture of protest, are rounded up by Canadian authorities during the mysterious burning of a Dukhobor home in 1950.





Danny is proud of his daughter, Dena, who resembles him in spirit as well as looks. He once turned down a big broadcast in order to keep their Sunday date.

LIFE WITH DANNY

(Continued from page 15)

bought her a set of golf clubs and golf will become part of their Sundays together.

Recently the British Broadcasting Company arranged a transatlantic interview with Danny. But they arranged it for a Sunday when he'd promised to take Dena to a school picnic. Danny didn't even consider doing the broadcast.

Danny is a great tease, and as I said before, an ace practical joker. But his joking always has a happy ending. Last year he was at the Mayo Clinic for a check-up. He has a real interest in medicine and Danny might have been a doctor if there'd been money for medical school when he was 18.

One night at a gathering in a doctor's house at the Mayo Clinic, Danny left the room and put in a phone call for the revered Dr. Charles Mayo, whose wife and daughter were in France for the daughter's wedding. In the next room, Dr. Mayo picked up the phone. Danny managed to get a bad connection and, making the appropriate noises, introduced himself as "Docteur." Somebody-or-other, a friend of his future son-in-law. He had promised the son-in-law that on this visit to the United States he would call Dr. Mayo.

Dr. Mayo insisted that the "Docteur" must also visit him. "When you get to Chicago," he said, "do not take the train. The train goes to Minneapolis. Take a plane and I will meet you."

"But I weesh not to go to Minneapolis," said

the "Docteur" in impeccable broken English.

"That's what I'm saying. Take a plane so you won't go to Minneapolis."

"But I weesh *not* to go to Minneapollis!"

This went on for 20 minutes until Dr. Mayo was beside himself.

"Eef you will kindly hold the phone, I will try to explain," the "Docteur" said finally. With this, he put down the phone, tiptoed into the next room, came up in back of Dr. Mayo and in his phony French accent continued, "Now, allow me to explain why I weesh *not* to go to Minneapolis!"

In the middle of an evening, Danny may insist that his guests listen to records of Toscanini conducting *La Traviata*. But if he has an early call the next morning, curfew is at 11. We whisk coffee cups out to the kitchen, pick up ash trays and trail upstairs to bed. Danny makes one of his quick changes and is in bed before me. He has a new electric blanket and the switch won't stay on, but he's not going to sleep without that blanket.

When I came back from washing my teeth, one night, here's what I saw: Next to Danny's bed on the night table was the thermostat, propped up by a golf tee held by the mouthpiece of the phone. Danny who a few moments before had been brilliantly improvising as the baritone of *La Traviata*, was now sound asleep. His feet were sticking out at the bottom of the long bed. I didn't know whether he'd sleep through or suddenly wake up craving potato pancakes or a trip to Florida. This is my unpredictable husband, Danny Kaye. ◀ ◀

Deliciously yours!



P.S. Don't those franks look wonderful? Serve them to your family and friends. And use paper plates — like we did — to save dish washing. But please, please give them that nice-and-spicy touch with **Hunt's Catsup**.





Eagle-eyed Nat Winthrop examines one of his multi-bulbed "babies." None of his signs ever has gone black.



Nat checks complicated electrical relays in sign's control hut. If something breaks down he will keep lights going until day crew makes lasting repairs.



On a pleasant night Nat likes to look down on the reveling throng, feeling like a hit-show producer. Here the bulb he's changing gives him a green face.

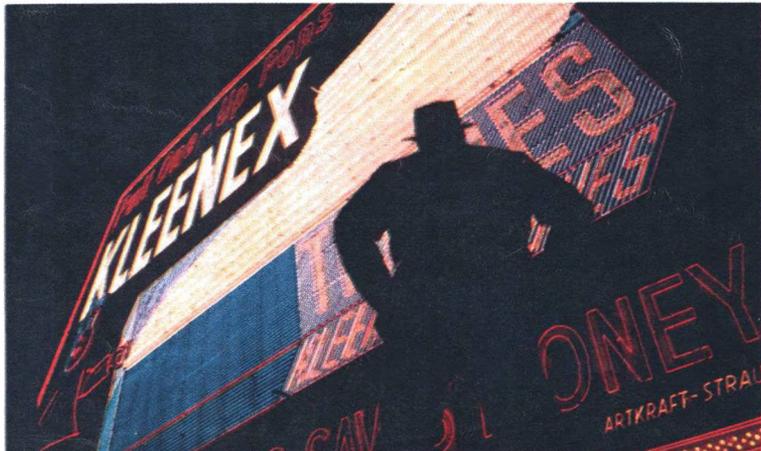
The Man in the Sign

Photographs by John Lewis Stagg

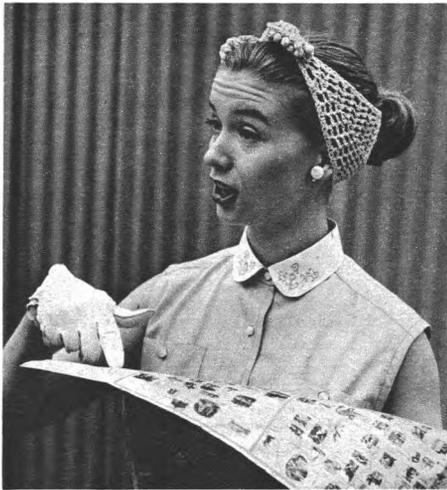
The weathered, overall-clad man, who nightly squints at first one, then another of the brilliant advertising signs atop buildings along New York City's famous Times Square, is not a gawking tourist. He is 51-year-old Nat Winthrop, whose job with the company which builds and maintains the big signs makes him baby-sitter to many of the "spectaculars," as they are

called. When the curtain goes up on Nat's own Broadway show at dusk, he roams the streets and then the superstructures, scaffolds and control huts of his illuminated charges, making sure that their messages flash without a break. And whether it's winter, when ice-coated steel-work rips his hands, or summer, when hot sheet metal burns them, the show always goes on.

Street crowds see only flashing "spectacular," are unaware of watchdog Nat. Signs sway in high wind.



Nat must be electrician, showman and steeplejack rolled into one. Here he climbs lofty sign to fix imperfection he's spotted from street below. Signs go off at one a.m.



It's smart and easy to
Wear a Hat
That's Not a Hat

by Kay Wister

If you ride in automobiles, if you participate in active sports, if you take long walks, if you do anything at all out-of-doors, you know how hard it is to keep your hair in order without wearing a hat. And who wants to wear a hat all the time? This, after all, is summer—the season for casual living. So—it's the time for a hat that's not a hat, like the one shown in these pictures. Called Glamorama, it's a crocheted strip shaped so it will flatter any hair style. It can be tied together at the back, side or top of your head, wherever the bead-studded ends look best. You can get this hat in black, white and pastels—and be a well-groomed woman. By Veumont; about \$2.

Photographs by Inesberg de Bonassar

Dresses by Judy Bend



WHO HAUNTS THE KING'S TOMB?

(Continued from page 23)

the seat in which Peter and Mary had been dozing. In the debris were found a dry battery and pieces of an alarm clock, both indicative of an infernal machine, set to go off at a selected moment.

A coroner's jury said that the victims "came to their death through powerful explosives placed in the coach through ignorance or deliberately." The "ignorance" had reference to the quaint practice of local ranchers and prospectors, who used dynamite to clear land and shatter ledges. But that dry battery and those bits of alarm clock in the debris would appear to demolish the rancher-pro prospector theory.

A more likely theory is that whoever packed the suitcase which the Dukhobor man placed under the seat taken by Peter and Mary was preparing for something other than the clearing of land or the digging of a mine.

Yet, even if this theory be accepted, it does nothing to explain Peter's change in destination. Was Peter trying to fool his people at Brilliant? Did the assassin suspect that Peter and Mary were bound elsewhere than for Castlegar?

It was baffling then, and it is baffling today. Neither rewards nor further investigation have solved the mystery, and it is probable that no affair in British Columbia ever caused more speculation. Now, nearly 30 years after the explosion one can find adherents to a number of theories.

Some still believe the murder to have been the work of the fanatical Sons of Freedom who objected to Peter's policy in regard to public schools. A few profess to believe Peter's removal was accomplished by Bolshevik agents on orders from the Soviet high command. They point to the fact that Peter refused to accept Communism for his people.

But many others hold the murder to have stemmed from common everyday "woman trouble." They recall that, long before the train was bombed, rumors were in circulation that a Dukhobor woman was dangerously jealous of Peter the Lordly's attentions to others. And J. F. C. Wright, Dukhobor historian, suggests in his fascinating *Slava Bohu*, published in 1940, that some young Dukhobor was madly in love with one of the pretty girls Peter



This photograph, snapped in a Vancouver, B. C., police court, shows a Dukhobor woman disrobing to protest the arrest of several other "nudists."

selected for his handmaiden staff.

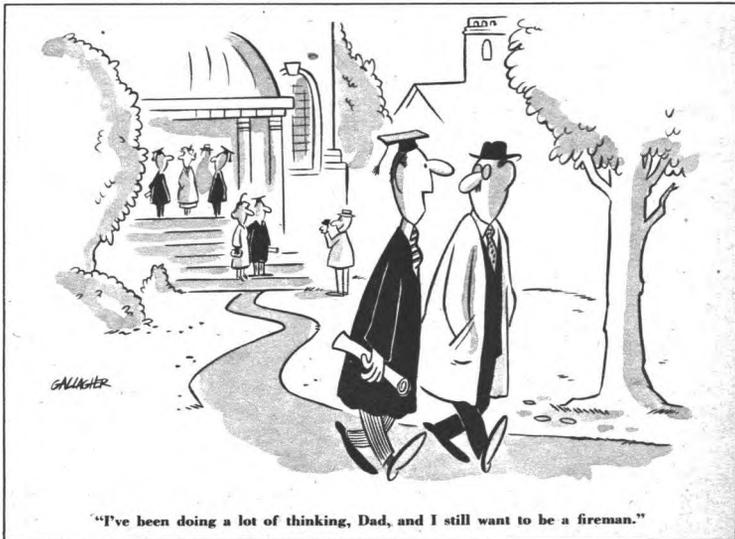
Certain events since Peter's death have tended to strengthen the theory that woman trouble was behind his violent end.

During the past 30 years, some seven attacks have been made on Peter's tomb with dynamite. Two occurred during the uprisings of the Sons of Freedom. But the others came when the Sons had been quiet for long periods.

Not long ago a spokesman for the Sons formally charged that the recent barn and house burnings, as well as the sabotage of railroad tracks and power lines, were committed by non-Dukhobors who want to rid the region of all the Sons of Freedom.

The spokesman does not appear to have even mentioned the simultaneous attack on Peter's tomb. Oversight or not, there are Canadians who think it significant.

A former officer of the Provincial Police put it this way to a reporter. "The attacks on the tomb," said he, "have no connection with the other violence. They were done for a deeply personal reason. There is no other way to explain a hate so lasting, so bitter, and so senseless. I and many others think that handmaiden trouble of 30 years ago was at the bottom of Peter's murder and the continued animosity toward his memory." ◀ ◀





Berto's dog Trigger wasn't satisfied until he'd put his nose right up against the owl's beak. The owl took it in stride, but Trigger shook for a half hour.

THE OWL THAT CAME TO DINNER

Story and photographs by
BARRETT AND TIMMIE GALLAGHER

One day our friend Berto Warren was jumping a ditch near Troy, New York, when he saw the cold, stiff body of a barred owl, whose wing had been broken by a hunter. Berto took the lifeless bird home to show his wife, Iry, and his three kids. They were all inspecting the owl when it turned out he was playing a kind of deep-freeze possum. Thawed out, he opened his eyes, turned his head all the way around and stared arrogantly at his rescuers. Berto figured the bird might as well stay to dinner. He refused bread, cereal, even raw steak, and there were no live mice handy, so Berto opened his beak and forced the steak down. For three days Hooty, as they called him, was mad as all get out. Then he made the best of it, since an owl who can't fly is at a staggering disadvantage and had better swallow his pride. He got real cooperative. He stood for just about everything, including rough treatment from the kids. A veterinarian bound up his wing and said he might fly again, but Iry's ma, who lives with them, said: "Shucks, if he flies back home he won't have any friends. Been with us three months."



When he finally got domesticated, the owl would sit on Berto's hand pretty as you please. Berto even took him to a poker game with the boys. (He lost.)



It was plain to see that the owl enjoyed the kiss he got from Berto's daughter Dana, 2, much more than Trigger's wet smack. He just went soft all over.



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 yards 35-inch fabric;
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9326
 10-20

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3818
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 Use rhinestones, pearls
 in center—have a
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IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE:

ARE YOU A PARTY BORE?

Elsa Maxwell asks an embarrassing social question and tells how to find the answer

HE BUYS BRAINS

Timely tips for educated job hunters by a man who has interviewed thousands of them

BRIGHTER SHINES
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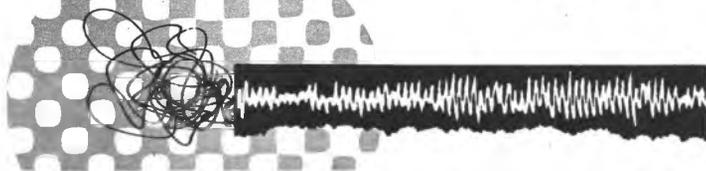
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SURGERY FOR SICK MINDS



A hospital report describes the successful results of a simple operation that can help victims of mental illness

by William Engle

Always there were the voices. On some days, they talked to her all day long. It was strange, she often said, that no one else could hear them.

Sometimes they said to her, "Over there in the corner, a man is waiting with a death ray. Scream and run!" At other times, they whispered, "What's the use of always being afraid? Kill yourself!"

Her name, let's say, was Jennie Brown. It might be almost any name, for there are thousands like her, all over the country, living in that sad and terrifying half-world of the mentally disturbed. She was a patient in the New Jersey State Hospital at Trenton, a facility of the Department of Institutions and Agencies, whose head is Commissioner Sanford Bates. She had been taken there as a young woman and had lived there into middle age, hearing voices, dreading the shadows.

That's the way she was a while ago when the doctors, one day, talked to her family. They said that everything they'd done had failed. Repeated courses of treatment, including electric shock, psychotherapy, occupational therapy, recreational therapy and insulin shock, hadn't helped.

"But we think now," one of them said, "that psychosurgery might help."

"We don't know what that means," Jennie's father said. "Psycho is for the mind, isn't it? Is it surgery for the mind?"

"Something like that," the doctor answered. "It's really a simple operation, but we need your permission to perform it."

The family gave permission and the doctors prepared to operate on a woman who for 16 years had been lost among the terrors and confusions of the mental illness known as schizophrenia.

Reports of earlier cases had shown that the operation, called a transorbital lobotomy, had helped patients whose mental trouble had been brief. The question with Jennie Brown was: Could it change a mental state that had lasted for almost a quarter of a lifetime—change it and keep it changed?

She was taken into a small operating room, off the ward, and given an electric shock treatment. The short period of unconsciousness following the induced convulsion was long enough for the surgery.

One of the doctors took a small, slender, sharp, stainless steel instrument called a leucotome. Drawing up one of Jennie's eyelids, he pressed the point of the instrument inward, parallel with the bridge of the nose,

and through the thin orbital plate.

He swept the point from side to side. Then, withdrawing it, he used another leucotome in the same way on the other side.

That was the operation. In the hands of the skilled surgeon, the leucotome did its work in 10 minutes. The object was to sever the nerve pathways between two parts of the brain, a lobe and the thalamus.

What happened to Jennie Brown's personality when those pathways were cut? No one on earth knows exactly. She was put to bed after the operation, and when she regained consciousness she was confused, as she had been at other times after she'd had electric shock. But gradually, hour by hour, and day by day, the confusion cleared. Jennie began to talk rationally for the first time since she was a young woman.

"How do you feel?" a doctor asked her. "I don't hear any more voices," she said. "I'm not afraid any more."

It's been two years, now, since she came out of the half-world where her family had thought she would stay until she died.

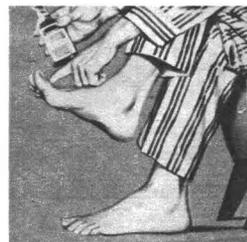
Jennie Brown's story points up the significant work that's being done today for long-standing cases at Trenton. Four hundred of those cases have just been reviewed by several hospital psychiatrists and the results recently published. Some of the patients had been so mentally ill that they'd been confined to their own four walls. Others had been in the hospital half a lifetime. The average duration of illness was 11 years.

More than half of them, after the operation, came all the way out of the shadows. Some went home to their families. Others, though free of the fears and the outbursts, have remained for more treatment. Besides this half, so profoundly improved, a third more also have shown much improvement. Heeding these facts, the doctors urge that this type of operation be considered for all chronically disturbed patients.

Yet the mystery of personality remains. Surgeons suggest that somehow the brain lobe is the seat of human fantasy, where the "voices" originate. Somehow the lobe passes on the fantasy to the thalamus, which orders reactions of fear or rage or grief. Cut the pathways from lobe to thalamus, the doctors say, and the message can't get through.

Whether that's exactly what happens or not isn't of first importance now. The result is the thing and the result is this: Fugitives from reality are coming back—including Jennie Brown.

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Play safe... use Absorbine Jr. daily during the summer months. Absorbine Jr. is on sale at all drug counters. Get a bottle today.

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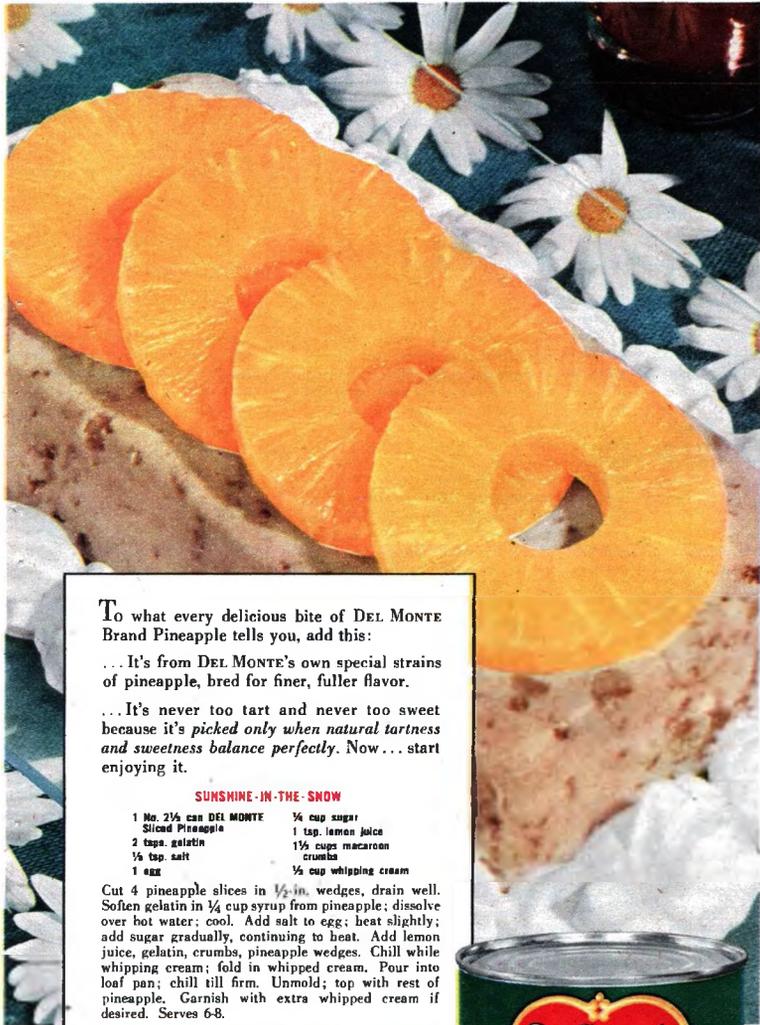
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SUNSHINE-IN-THE-SNOW

- | | |
|--|----------------------------|
| 1 No. 2½ can DEL MONTE
Sliced Pineapple | ¼ cup sugar |
| 2 tps. gelatin | 1 tsp. lemon juice |
| ¼ tsp. salt | 1½ cups macaroon
crumbs |
| 1 egg | ½ cup whipping cream |

Cut 4 pineapple slices in ½ in. wedges, drain well. Soften gelatin in ¼ cup syrup from pineapple; dissolve over hot water; cool. Add salt to egg; beat slightly; add sugar gradually, continuing to beat. Add lemon juice, gelatin, crumbs, pineapple wedges. Chill while whipping cream; fold in whipped cream. Pour into loaf pan; chill till firm. Unmold; top with rest of pineapple. Garnish with extra whipped cream if desired. Serves 6-8.

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THE BRAND YOU KNOW PUTS FLAVOR FIRST

Del Monte BRAND Pineapple

EMILY POST SAYS

Both parents and young people have been asking me questions about school graduation recently. Here are answers to a few general problems.

Regarding the sending of invitations and announcements, it is always proper to send them to friends who have shown any interest in a boy or girl. Close relatives and devoted friends of the family usually send a present because they wish to do so; others are in no way obligated to send a present.

Regarding the wearing of flowers, it probably is best for girls graduating in the daytime to wear them on the shoulder, particularly if their dresses are tailor-made. If they wear long organdy or similar dresses, then they wear the flowers wherever they like, on shoulders or at waist, or carry them as bouquets.

Students wearing gowns may hold flowers in their hands, but they should not pin anything on their gowns, except possibly a sorority or honorary society pin.

Other questions and the answers follow:

Nieces at the Wedding

QUESTION: I wish very much to have my two nieces, aged 11 and 13, in my wedding party. Will you please tell me how they can be included, where they should walk, and how they should be dressed?

ANSWER: They are known as junior bridesmaids and they walk immediately after the ushers, and ahead of the grown bridesmaids. Their clothes are modified copies of those worn by the other bridesmaids.

Rising for His Fiancee

QUESTION: When I mentioned to a young woman friend the other day that her husband-to-be didn't show her proper respect by rising when she came into a room, she laughed at me. "That's old fashioned and stupid," was her comment. Will you please tell me what you think?

ANSWER: If it was the young man's greeting for that day, you would be right. But if his fiancee was going out of the room, and returning, a number of times, and if he was perhaps occupied with something, he would not be required to spring to his feet each time.

Usher and Best Man

QUESTION: My son has two close friends and he would like to ask both to serve as his best men at his wedding. He thinks perhaps this is permissible because brides often have two honor attendants. Could he do this correctly?

ANSWER: Properly the bride does not have two honor attendants. She has one maid or matron of honor and any number of bridesmaids. The bridegroom has a best man and generally a head usher. Therefore, the second friend would be head usher, which is a position almost equal to that of best man.



"Will you please go home, dear? I'll be all right!"



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to keep even
play-shoes
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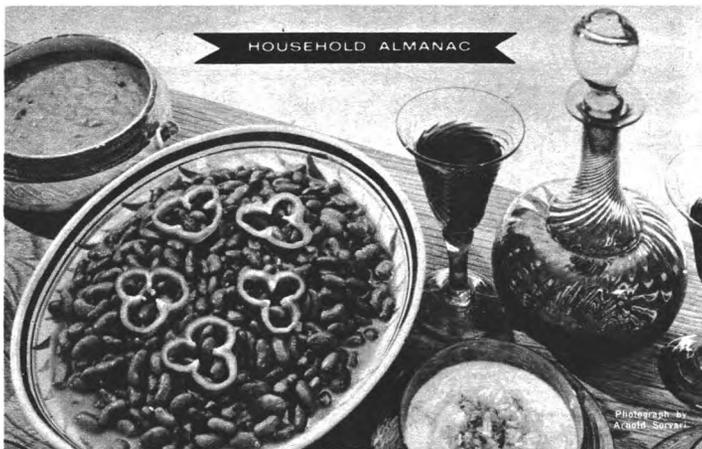
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OIL MIST SPRAY!
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Left to right: Salsa (bean sauce), Frijoles (beans), and Arroz de Leche (rice pudding).

if you like Mexican Food

Try these simple recipes to add new zest to dinner menus

BY AMY ALDEN

GALLINA EN SALSA DE ACEITUNAS (Chicken With Olive Sauce) 8 to 10 servings

- 4-lb. fricassee chicken, cut in serving pieces
- 1 qt. water
- 1½ tsp. salt
- 1 clove garlic, ground
- ¼ cup ground onion
- ¼ cup ground green pepper
- 1 doz. green olives, ground
- 2 thin slices bread
- 1" stick whole cinnamon
- 1 tsp. whole oregano leaves
- 1 tsp. whole coriander seeds
- ½ tsp. ground black pepper
- 5 cups chicken broth
- ¼ cup tomato puree
- ¼ cup sifted all-purpose flour
- ¼ cup olive or salad oil
- 2 doz. green olives, sliced
- ¼ cup seedless raisins
- 1/16 tsp. whole cumin seed
- 1 tsp. vinegar

Cook first 3 ingredients together, in covered saucepan, until tender. Put garlic, onion, green pepper and green olives (cut from stones) through food chopper, using fine blade; mix with the next 5 ingredients. Cover and cook 10 min. Strain, pushing as much of the mixture through the sieve as possible; add to the chicken.

Mix chicken broth and tomato puree with flour; add to chicken mixture. Add remaining ingredients. Cover and cook 15 min., stirring occasionally to prevent the mixture from sticking to pan.

ARROZ DE LECHE (Mexican Rice Pudding) 5 or 6 servings

- ¼ cup pre-cooked rice
- 2 cups milk, scalded
- 1 stick whole cinnamon, 3"
- ¼ cup sugar
- ¼ tsp. salt
- 2 egg yolks
- 2 tbsps. cold milk
- ¼ tsp. grated lemon rind, optional
- Ground cinnamon for garnish

Cook rice according to pkg. directions. Add to hot milk. Add cinnamon, sugar and ¼ tsp. salt. Mix egg yolks with the cold milk; add and cook slowly about 5 min.

Remove cinnamon stick. Add grated lemon rind. Serve in dessert dishes and garnish each with a dash of ground cinnamon.

FRIJOLES (Mexican Beans) 4 to 6 servings

- 4 cups Mexican or red kidney beans
- 6 cups lukewarm water
- 4 tsp. salt

Wash beans; add to lukewarm water. Cover. Cook slowly until beans are tender—about 2 hrs. Add salt 30 min. before beans are done. Drain off 2 cups bean liquid and spoon out 1 cup beans (save for making sauce). Just before serving, turn beans onto hot serving dish over which pour the following sauce:

- Salsa de Frijoles
- ¼ cup bacon drippings or cooking oil
- 1 clove garlic, chopped
- ¼ cup chopped onion
- ¼ cup chopped green peppers
- 1 cup cooked beans
- 2 cups bean liquid
- 1½ tps. chili powder
- ¼ tsp. ground black pepper

Heat bacon drippings or cooking oil in skillet. Add garlic, onion, and green peppers; cook until limp. Add ¼ cup beans; mash thoroughly, and add 1 cup bean liquid. Repeat until all beans and all liquid have been used. (This thickens the sauce.) Cook until mixture is of desired thickness. Add seasonings. Pour over the Frijoles.

CARNE MACHACADA (Pounded Beefsteak, Mexican Style) 4 servings

- ¼ cup flour
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. chili powder
- ¼ tsp. ground black pepper
- 1½ lbs. top round steak
- ¼ cup hot oil
- Chili sauce (optional)

Combine flour with seasonings and pound into steak. Brown on both sides in hot oil. Pour water or beef stock over meat to cover. Cook slowly, covered, 20 min., or until tender. If desired, serve with chili sauce.



EYES TIRED?
Just two drops of Murine in each eye seems to bathe and soothe away that tired feeling in a matter of mere seconds. Gently as a tear, Murine's seven tested ingredients wash the delicate tissues beneath the lids and leave your eyes with a feeling of delightful refreshment. Murine makes your eyes feel good!

MURINE
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Pepsi-Cola refreshes without filling



LIGHT are the burdens that countless grooms will carry over thresholds this June. Lighter and lovelier, slenderer and more shapely than ever before.

For the modern girl knows how to care for her figure. She knows, too, how much of her future health and happiness both depend on keeping that youthful waistline.

Her sensible modern taste has therefore turned increasingly to lighter and less filling foods and drink. And that is the taste with which Pepsi-Cola has steadily kept pace.

Today's Pepsi is light, dry (not too sweet), reduced in calories. It is the modern, the light refreshment. It refreshes without filling.

And note for brides and grooms: You can buy Pepsi in the familiar economy bottle that serves two people. It also comes in the smaller, single-drink size, just right for one.

Refresh without filling. Have a Pepsi.

Pepsi-Cola

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