

This Week

MAGAZINE

NEW YORK
Herald Tribune
(Founded 1861, New York World 1882)

SECTION 7

AUGUST 23 1953



HE DELIVERED THE FIRST MIG TO THE ALLIES

Last March Lieutenant Frank Jarecki (right) of the Polish Air Force flew the first Soviet MiG jet fighter into Allied hands. In this issue he tells why he did it. Can we induce hundreds of other Red flyers to follow him? Yes, says Lieutenant Jarecki, but right now we're going about it the wrong way. See page 7

REVOLT IN "PARADISE" by Gaston Coblenz
... Page 8



Illustration by Carl

CHEER UP! The worst is yet to come

by William Brandon



The author

THESE phrase above is a homely old saying. I remember my grandmother invoking it against everything from war and pestilence to rain on Sunday. She got it from her father, who cleared 500 acres in Indiana and got so used to spitting on his hands that he customarily did so before saying grace. I've seen it in Civil War letters and read it in the journal of a Rocky Mountain beaver trapper who had been one of Andrew Jackson's "Kentucky Alligators" at the battle of New Orleans.

A psychologist might explain it as a superstitious ritual, placating the fear of evil by giving it recognition. It's also ironic and cynical and probably shouldn't be taught to children. And a propagandist would shudder at its defeatist implication.

I think it's something else. I think it's the voice of a certain young spirit that came to abide in the young

land of America. It said I'll stand up to this, the present, whatever it is, because it could be worse, and probably will be. It nacked at timid fears of tomorrow in a way that is peculiarly youthful. It emphasized a wholehearted concern with the present moment that is peculiarly American.

PERHAPS some ancient nations of Europe live for the past and it is a common apology of pistol-packing police states that they are merely breaking heads for a glorious omelet of the future, but America has always been overwhelmingly interested in the concrete reality of today. No doubt it's both a fault and a virtue.

"Clear up, the worst is yet to come" expresses this preoccupation with the present in a working philosophy that leaves its brightest promise unspoken. For it seems to be a mysterious truth that once you cheer up and do your best today, the worst, behold, seldom comes and after all!

Sidelines

FULL CIRCLE. Writer Mort Weisinger, whose articles appear frequently in THIS WEEK Magazine, walked into a doctor's office in Hollywood, Calif., one morning recently.

"I didn't sleep well last night," he said.

"Would you prescribe a sedative for me?"

"That's not what you need," the doctor answered. "You ought to lose some weight." He disappeared into the waiting room, returned shortly with a copy of THIS WEEK. "Here," he said, "is a good article on how to lose weight."

One quick glance was all Mort needed: The article: "A New Way To Diet" — by Mort Weisinger!

NIGHT FIGHTER. Among the familiar wonders of this modern age is a little metal container loaded with compressed air for squirting various types of products. With the handy gadget the householder can (1) paint; (2) spray insecticide; (3) preserve hairdos; (4) decorate cakes; (5) shave, etc.

Recently a friend of ours awoke in the middle of the night, plagued by the buzzing of a mosquito. Half asleep, he plodded into the kitchen for the "bag bomb," found it without even turning on the light. He returned to the bedroom and pressed the little button on top. The mosquito buzzed on — but our friend, prodded by a furious wife, spent the next half hour removing festoons of frosting from beds, walls and bureaus.

WONDER DRUGS. You've probably heard some confusing "scare" reports about the antibiotics recently — that they're harmful, that they're losing their power, that they cause allergies worse than the disease itself, and so on. In next week's issue, Dr. Selman A. Waksman, 1952 Nobel Prize Winner in medicine and co-discoverer of streptomycin, analyzes these reports and tells candidly what "wonder drugs" mean to your life, what their limitations are and what the future has in store for them. Don't miss this important article.

— THE EDITORS

This Week

THE SUNDAY MAGAZINE

WILLIAM L. NICHOLS, Editor

Editorial offices: 435 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, New York

THE CEREBROID.....	4
HELP THEM ESCAPE.....	7
CASE HISTORY OF A REVOLT.....	8
A "RUIN" RETURNS TO LIFE.....	10
WHAT DO YOU WANT MOST OUT OF LIFE.....	12
THEY MET AT MIDNIGHT.....	14
STAG LINES.....	23
WORLD TRAVELERS...TWEEDES.....	30
THE HOME INSTITUTE.....	32
HOW AMERICA EATS.....	36
PUZZLES.....	41

Cover by Guy Gillette

Names and descriptions of all characters in fiction stories and semi-fiction articles in this magazine are wholly imaginary. Any names which happen to be the same as that of any person, living or dead, is strictly coincidental. The title "This Week" is registered in the U. S. Patent Office.

FOR A BETTER AMERICA

NO BAKING FAILURES

when 76 women baked Betty Crocker's Fresh Fruit Cobbler

54 got excellent results—light, fluffy, golden-brown crusts.
22 reported good results.
Not a single baking failed!

Yes, when 76 women in cities, towns and on farms baked Betty Crocker's Fresh Fruit Cobbler with GOLD MEDAL FLOUR, not one baking failed! And remember, there is the most important ingredient in any baking. Yet each woman used her own baking equipment, had her choice of all other ingredients in the recipe. The uniform success that women got is a conclusive proof of GOLD MEDAL's quality.

This quality is no accident. You see, no other

mill in the world has such facilities, or the same methods for insuring such perfect results with everything you bake. And it's how GOLD MEDAL acts in your kitchen that counts. That's why GOLD MEDAL is constantly tested in home bakings like these in kitchens all over the country.

Look for the "Kitchen-tested" trademark on your sack of GOLD MEDAL Flour. It's your assurance of success with everything you bake, every time.

General Mills, Inc.



Betty Crocker's

FRESH FRUIT COBBLER

This is the recipe women all over the country used with great success. Yours, too! And remember, not one baking failed! So be sure to use GOLD MEDAL—the flour that takes the guesswork out of baking.

Preheat oven to 350° (moderate).

Arrange in square pan, 9x9x1½ in., or 9x11 in. round layer

3 cups cut-up fresh fruit (such as peaches, plums, raspberries, blackberries, etc.)

Sprinkle with a mixture of — 2/3 cup sugar
 3 tbs. GOLD MEDAL Flour
 1/2 tsp. cinnamon

Dot with 2 tbs. butter, if desired

Mix together — 1 cup sifted GOLD MEDAL Flour
 3 tbs. sugar
 1 1/2 tsp. double-action baking powder
 1/2 tsp. salt

Add — 1/2 cup soft shortening or cooking (salad) oil such as Wesson
 3 tbs. milk
 1 egg

Stir with a fork until thoroughly blended. Drop by spoonfuls over the fruit. If desired, dough may be spread with a spatula to cover surface of fruit. Bake 25 to 30 minutes in moderate oven (350°). Serve warm with cream. Serves 9.

NOTE: For a larger recipe, double the ingredients and bake in an oblong pan, 13x9x1½-in. Bake 40 to 50 min. at 350°.

SUGGESTIONS: Use pitted cherries, sliced peeled peaches, quartered plums, whole raspberries, or blueberries, fresh rhubarb cut in ½-in. pieces or seedless green grapes.

*If you use Gold Medal Self-Rising Flour, omit baking powder and salt.



"Flour is the most important ingredient in everything you bake." says Betty Crocker

Gold Medal Flour



JUST ONE BRUSHING WITH
COLGATE
Chlorophyll Toothpaste
DESTROYS BAD BREATH
 Originating in the Mouth
MORE EFFECTIVELY!



Clinical Tests Prove It Works
More Thoroughly, for a Longer Time
Than A Non-Chlorophyll Toothpaste!

(In "Chemotherapy" tests with actual mouth, nose and sinuses of 100 individuals showing bad breath), Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste was proved to act more thoroughly.

(In "Chemotherapy" tests with actual mouth, nose and sinuses of 100 individuals showing bad breath), Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste was proved to give far greater reduction of bad breath!

RIDS MOUTH OF DECAY BACTERIA!

Just one brushing with Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste cleans your mouth of a high percentage of bacteria. Research from America and outside says it should.

of tooth decay. Every time you brush with Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste you reduce these destructive acids!

COMMON GUM TROUBLE REDUCED TWICE AS FAST!

Clinical tests (now published in a dental journal) with 100 children show that chlorophyll toothpaste can reduce gingivitis twice as fast as a white toothpaste! Even severe cases were quickly im-

proved! Here is scientific proof that regular brushing with Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste can help your children have a better chance for sound, healthy gums!

*Contains water-soluble chlorophyllin

YOU CAN PROVE IT YOURSELF!

No Other Toothpaste

HAS MORE ACTIVE CHLOROPHYLL

And You Can Be Sure Colgate's Is in Effective, Soluble Form!



Here is the proof! When equal amounts of Brand "A", Brand "B" and Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste are mixed with water, the solution with Colgate turns a darker, richer green, thus proving it contains more soluble chlorophyll than either brand. And while the chlorophyll in other brands may settle to the bottom, you won't see this happen with Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste. The water remains a clear, dark green, even for days, showing that the chlorophyll is completely dissolved—ready to help you against bad breath and common gum disorders!

Make Sure You Get The Full Benefits of a Chlorophyll Toothpaste...with this New, Exclusive Colgate Formula!



SUNDAY SCHOOL MISCHIEF



Bennett Cerf

LAND'S SAKES, I didn't know what I was starting when I innocently asked in a column some weeks ago whether *Certboard* readers remembered any Biblical conundrums from their youth. Only Noah saw a bigger deluge than the mail that followed! And it was Noah, incidentally, who figured in the riddle recalled by the greatest number:

Q. Why didn't they play cards on the Ark?

A. Noah was sitting on the deck.
Q. Who was the greatest financier in the Bible?

A. Noah. He floated a stock company when the whole world was in liquidation.

Q. Where was Noah when the lights went out?

A. In dark.
I guess it serves me right for bringing the whole thing up!

FROM all the hundreds of other Biblical riddles submitted, my son Christopher, whose taste in these matters I have come to recognize as even cornier than mine, has selected the following:

Q. Where was Solomon's Temple?
A. On the side of his head.

Q. Why didn't the ancients use slates and pencils?
A. Because the Lord told them to multiply on the face of the earth.

Q. Why is Satan always a gentleman?
A. Because, being the imp o'darkness, he never can be imp o'lite.

Q. How did Jonah feel when the whale swallowed him?
A. Down in the mouth.

Finally, 14 correspondents to date contributed the one about the first time walking sticks popped up in the Bible. It was the day, of course, when Eve presented Adam with a little Cain.

And that, I hope, will be enough of that for the time being!

WALTER DOUGHERTY, of Lansing, recalls that the first joke he ever told was

about the lad who exclaimed to his teacher, "See that horse runnin'?" "Don't forget your 'g'," admonished the teacher. "Okay," said the lad. "Gee, see that horse runnin'..." H. S. Percival, of Garden City, awakens a dim memory of my own with "When is a door not a door? When it's ajar," and L. C. Buckley, of Chicago, does the same with "Why is a chicken on a fence like a penny? Head's on one side, tail's on the other."

Elizabeth Anger, of Cincinnati, still chuckles over "Why does a traffic light turn red?", the answer being, "You'd turn red, too, if you had to change in the middle of the street..." And in Shreveport, Mrs. Vance



"WHY does a traffic light turn red?"

Thompson's six-year-old, obviously impeccably reared, came home from a party in fine spirits, to be asked by his mother, "Were you the youngest one there?"

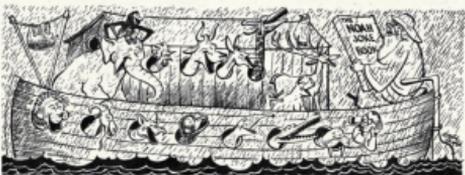
"Not at all," he answered loftily. "There was another gentleman present who was wheeled in in a baby carriage."

THE LAST STRAW. Dr. Frank Littleton was on duty in a state medical bureau in the Blue Ridge Mountains district when a mother entered with a husky, tough-looking son of about three, and promptly proceeded to nurse him, to the consternation of the entire staff.

"My dear lady," sputtered Dr. Littleton, "that boy is too big to be nursed. You should have weaned him long ago."

"I know," admitted the mother sadly. "But every time I try, he throws rocks at me."

— BENNETT CERF



NAVIGATOR NOAH. He inspired a whole raftful of jokes



You're funnier than Berle... better than Pinza!

Make your debut on the new RCA Push-Button Tape Recorder

A push of a button—and you're on!

The new RCA Tape Recorder proves it: yours is the greatest theatrical family of all time. Well, better than the Talbots next door, anyway.

There are countless hours of entertainment and fun built into this electronic wonder—the finest portable tape recorder made. And it has its practical side, too.

You can tape your favorite radio programs and the sound portions of top TV shows. Your children can use the recorder to polish-up on piano lessons—and there's no better way for you to rehearse important business talks and speeches. You can keep your recordings forever—strong and clear. Or erase them on the spot.

But mainly this versatile recorder will be the sound and voice of your family. Birthday parties, holiday gatherings, weddings—captured for a lifetime on tape!

The RCA emblem is your assurance of perfect tonal clarity, top operational care, and *of many, many years of dependable wear.*

Another great RCA achievement. Another mission accomplished in RCA's never-ending program of bringing the very best in sound and the finest entertainment into the home.

First the RCA Victor phonograph, then RCA Victor radio, and RCA Victor television. Today the new RCA Push-Button Tape Recorder. And there are many tomorrows now in the RCA "workshop" too!



RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

World leader in radio — first in television

THIS POLISH FLYER, THE FIRST MIG PILOT TO ESCAPE OVER THE IRON CURTAIN, MAKES AN AMAZING REVELATION: WE ARE ACTUALLY DISCOURAGING MEN LIKE HIM FROM FLEEING TO FREEDOM! HERE HE TELLS WHAT STEPS WE MUST TAKE IMMEDIATELY IN ORDER TO

HELP THEM ESCAPE!

by Lieut. Frank Jarecki

As told to A. E. Hotchner



JARECKI (in dark flying gear) and his undamaged MiG-15 just after landing on Finnish island of Narsholm last March 5



FRANK JARECKI

JET HEROES: Jarecki (rear) compares flying notes with two U.S. Air Force aces of the Korean war: Captain Joseph McConnell, Jr. (left) and Captain Manuel Fernandez

ON THE morning of March 5, 1953, with four Russian jets in hot pursuit, I flew a late-model MIG from behind the Iron Curtain into Allied hands. It was the first Soviet-made jet the West had ever seen — except at combat range in Korea. If I had been caught, I would surely have been put to death. Everywhere I go, people ask me: Why did you do it?

As a jet flyer in the Polish Air Force, and a political officer as well, I had considerable prestige, a salary equivalent to \$800 a month, most of the comforts of life. And yet, against great odds, I fled to an uncertain future. Can other MIG pilots be induced to follow my example? How?

In the few months since my escape, there have been increasing signs of turmoil behind Russia's curtain. Riots in Germany and Czechoslovakia. A second MIG delivered by a buddy of mine who escaped in the same manner I did. The captain of the *Batory*, Poland's pride, leaving his ship in Britain to seek asylum there. Rioting by Polish citizens who are reported to have burned down factories, dynamited railway lines, looted state-owned food stores. I do not know how much my escape, which was highly publicized by the U.S. radio, helped set off these events, but there is no doubt in my mind that the time is now ripe to exploit this widespread unrest in such a way as to undermine the whole structure of Communist rule. I'm going to tell you how, in my opinion, it can be done.

But first, let me make it clear that my flight had nothing to do with General Clark's \$100,000 offer, which came later and was limited to Korea. I certainly didn't fly that MIG out

for a money reward. Nor is there any truth to the claim of a retired American colonel that his world-wide spy network figured in my escape.

The reason for my flight really begins in 1940, when I was eight years old. I lived on the farm of an uncle of mine, and I was quite happy. But the Russians suddenly ordered all farm families in our town to board cattle cars, and we were headed for Siberia. Along the way, my uncle persuaded the Russian NKVD officer in charge to let me return to my mother. Of course, I never saw my uncle or his family again. My hatred for the Russians was formed then, and it never diminished.

Spy on Colleagues

AFTER the war, I went to pilots' training school, and it was there that I realized that if I became a model Communist I had my best chance to escape. I built up a reputation as a political zealot and a reliable hater of Western Democracy. My plan was furthered too when I graduated first in my class. I was assigned to the crack Polish jet unit at Slubsk, an airfield that had been specially built to take the latest type Soviet fighter. I was forced to sign a pledge that I would spy on my colleagues, but the preparation for this job proved very useful in my escape — I quickly learned what not to do. It was my hope that my escape would make Moscow afraid that no one in Poland, no matter how loyal a Communist he appeared,

Continued on page 29

THE PATTERN OF REBELLION

Brandenburg's revolt ran strikingly parallel to 272 other June 17 riots:



WIKI MEDIA COMMONS
STRIKE: Factory workers march on the center of town



WIKI MEDIA COMMONS
RAMPAGE: Angry crowds tear down every Red flag in sight



WIKI MEDIA COMMONS
ATTACK: They assault and set fire to party buildings



WIKI MEDIA COMMONS
INTERVENTION: German Reds are saved by Russian armor



CASE HISTORY OF

The full story of East Germany's anti-Communist eruption is still locked behind the Iron Curtain. But here is an important human chapter — one town's dramatic uprising against its Red overlords

BERLIN

AT the height of East Germany's massive anti-Communist uprising on June 17, violence and chaos rocked some 272 towns and cities. Brandenburg, a medium-sized factory town 30 miles from Berlin, was one of them.

The course of the Brandenburg outbreak followed closely the pattern that marked the revolt all through East Germany: formation of strike committees, an angry crowd, destruction of Red banners, the assault on Communist party buildings — and finally, the intervention of the Russian Army.

No Western eyes witnessed the smoldering and eruption of Brandenburg, but it has been possible to obtain detailed information about what happened from the beginning of the tense period before June 17 until the moment when Soviet armored cars entered Brandenburg's debris-strewn Steinstrasse.

The Brandenburg riot had its own special flavor. It was a workers' uprising in the most dramatic form against a regime that had for eight years promised a "workers' paradise." The town long had a reputation as a left-wing stronghold. Brandenburg was the backbone

of the district that once sent Karl Liebknecht, founder of the German Communist party, to the Reichstag.

Even in the best of times, Brandenburg is never gay or charming. It is crossed by bleak industrial canals. Tourists might be briefly attracted by the quaint old houses and cylindrical towers from its Teutonic past. But its real landscape is grim factory buildings.

Sabotage and Disgust

It's 70,000 people loathed capitalism when many of them toiled in the 1920's and '30s in the steel plant of Friedrich Plick, who bought it cheap in the German inflation after World War I and landed in jail as a war criminal after World War II.

The Reds nationalized the steel plant in 1945, as the workers had once vociferously demanded. That is, the Russians dismantled it down to the last 13 smokestacks, then ordered it rebuilt.

The undissembled parts of the local automobile plant were converted to tractor production. The Wiemann Brothers shipyard, enlarged and renamed the Ernst Thadmann

Works after a Red hero, started making mine-sweeping vessels for the Russian Navy. Last October, workers were already performing sabotage on these boats. One of them slipped down the ways and sank before the eyes of Russian officers.

By April of this year, the workers' disgust with the government was becoming acute. Their diet was being reduced to bread, potatoes and margarine. Meat was unobtainable or too expensive. A pound of butter cost one-third of a week's salary.

Their protests were ignored by the Communist factory bosses. The Red secret police had long since planted informers everywhere.

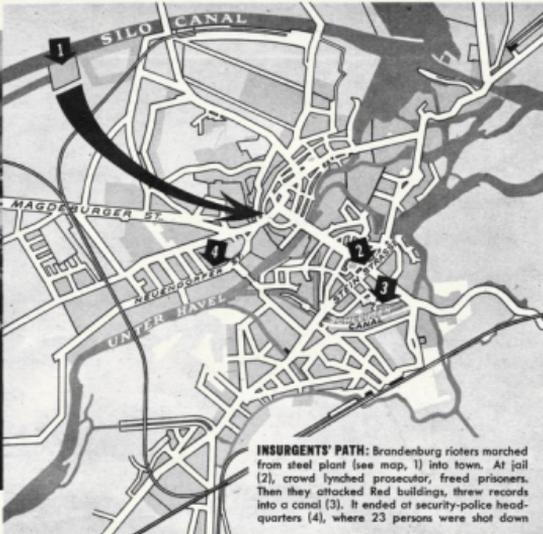
In mid-April, a Communist party agitator denounced two grumbling steel workers. They were arrested. A few nights later he was seized by unidentified men near the entrance of the plant, and thrown in front of a slowly moving train. The wheels crushed his legs.

In 1953, the town was putting up with its fourth Communist mayor. The first one, Max Herm, was too mild for the party chiefs. He was transferred to East Berlin in 1947.

The second, Fritz Tange, was a trusty of



MAP BY RICHARD NIXON



INSURGENTS' PATH: Brandenburg rioters marched from steel plant (see map, 1) into town. At jail (2), crowd lynched prosecutor, freed prisoners. Then they attacked Red buildings, threw records into a canal (3). It ended at security-police headquarters (4), where 23 persons were shot down



INTERNATIONAL

A REVOLT

by Gaston Coblenz

Herald Tribune Foreign Correspondent

the local Soviet commander and launched the Bolshevization of Brandenburg. He demanded steadily increased production from the workers. The secret police spy system was installed in the factories during his tenure.

After him, in 1949, came a surprisingly pleasant mayor named Proeloff, a former official of the Social Democratic Party. After about 18 months he fled to West Berlin.

The incumbent, Otto Kuehn, 60, is one of the Moscow-suspected German Reds who emigrated to France and Mexico rather than to Russia during the Hitler era. The population knows he has little strength.

The real power, they now realize, is in the hands of the local Russian MVD security police unit. The strongest German Communist in town is a man named Fricke, age 30, secretary of the local party organization. He is the prototype of the new generation of young Red hatchet men which has infested Eastern Europe—a machine-tooled dialectician, fanatic, heartless. On June 17, he had himself locked in a cell at the Brandenburg secret-police headquarters for protection.

First Outbreak

This situation in Brandenburg grew steadily worse in May. The workers were even looking back at some of their old capitalist employers with nostalgia. August Taege, 62, who still had the remnants of a truck-transport business, was the last one left. The others were dead, had fled West, or were in prison.

Taege was an irreproachable and kindly man, whom not even the Reds had not dared

to accuse of having been pro-Nazi. But suddenly, the Communists threw him in the Steinstrasse jail. They charged him with a tax violation, and with having imported a case of wine from West Germany in 1950.

Then the Communists ruthlessly laid still another straw across the sagging camel's back. On May 28 they hiked the workers' production quotas another 10 per cent. Bitter muttering spread through the factories.

Abruptly, on June 11, the Communists Pull-buro in East Berlin did an about-face. It decreed a startling series of economic relaxations for all of East Germany—more food for the workers, more consumer goods, lower prices. Minor economic offenders were to be released from jail. Nothing was said about lowering production quotas, however.

The population took this bombshell as a sign of Red weakness. In Brandenburg it touched off a violent demonstration within 24 hours. This affair, unknown to the West at the time, preceded the June 17 revolt by five days.

It began in Steinstrasse, a wide, cobbled main thoroughfare. About 35 of August Taege's employees showed up in front of the courthouse jail with a large wreath of flowers. They pushed their way into the courtyard, past the surprised People's Police. They demanded that Taege be freed immediately.

They threatened one of the local Red prosecutors and pushed him around, but were driven out by the police. They began to chorb in the street. Two thousand men and women joined them in less than 20 minutes.

The local Communist party headquarters rushed a goon-squad of "agit-prop" men into the street. The crowd beat three of them up. The secretary of the Red youth organization tried to address them. He was howled down, attacked, and had to be hospitalized.

The crowd continued to demonstrate. The police concurred Taege in the back of an automobile, drove him from the prison and let him out about five miles west of town.

Word From Berlin

AN HOUR later, about eight p.m., the crowd began to disperse. One section of it, about 500 strong, mainly young men belonging to the banned Evangelical Church youth organization, marched to the Red youth headquarters around the corner. They made a brief attempt to break in. The police arrested five.

That night, the Brandenburg Peoples' Police chief Hoehnke strengthened the *Volkswehr* guards at party buildings and at the factories. The town's Red (and only) paper "Volksstimme" printed a brief account of the Taege incident. It mildly assailed "rowdies" who were troubling "peace-loving" Brandenburg.

But the town was intensely excited. It talked of nothing else but the Taege affair. At the tiny Schur paint company, four employees decided to march to the jail to demand the release of their boss, Heinz Schur. Thirty of them went to the jail. They obtained an audience with the public prosecutor, Bechtel, called "The Hangman of Brandenburg." It was one of Bechtel's last acts in office.

On the night of June 15, the American-run



RIOT SITE: Brandenburg is 30 miles from nearest Western outpost in Berlin

radio station RIAS, in West Berlin, beamed a short but amazing report. It said that construction workers in East Berlin's Stalinallee had staged small-scale protests against the Communist regime. The station repeated this news at 6:30 and 7:30 the next morning.

A few hours later, RIAS announced a sensation. Mass demonstrations were under way in East Berlin, headed by the Stalinallee workers. From 7:30 p.m. Brandenburg heard more and more incredible flashes. RIAS said the East Berliners planned a general strike for the next day. It announced their five-point program. All night, the radio repeated that a great demonstration would start in Berlin at seven in the morning.

The first day shift of 1,200 workers showed up at the Brandenburg steel plant at six a.m. Two hundred members of the *Rote Union*, the local factory construction unit, acted first. They huddled in small groups, appointed a couple of leaders and announced they were going on strike "in solidarity with the Stalinallee building workers."

By seven all work had stopped at the
Continued on page 28



THE LAST SUPPER: First color photograph since restoration reveals Christ's robe changed to vermillion, gold lettering on Judas' sleeve

A "RUIN" RETURNS TO LIFE

"The Last Supper" has been saved from 400 years' dirt and retouching. Here is how it looks in da Vinci's own colors

MORE than a century ago a famous French critic wrote sally of one of the world's greatest paintings, "The Last Supper," by Leonardo da Vinci, "Nothing is left to bear witness of him to posterity." He and countless others who have long regarded da Vinci's masterwork as a beloved but irreparable ruin, were wrong.

This summer the painting survived what scholars consider the most delicate operation in art history, the removal of almost four hundred years of dirt, mold and bungled retouching. The "patient," it will be seen in this first color photograph made upon completion of the project, has not, to be sure, miraculously regained the fresh radiance of youth. But, in the opinion of art experts, "The Last Supper," as seen here, is closer today to the original work as Leonardo left it than it has been in centuries.

Leonardo himself worked three years painting the 30-by-14-foot mural in the refectory of the monastery of Santa Maria della Grazie, in Milan. It took Professor Mauro Pelliccioli, Italy's foremost restorer of paintings and chief of the department of restoration at Milan's famed Brera Museum, five years to bring it back to life.

With infinite care, patience and science he had to scrape

away layer upon layer of accumulated grime and dig it out of a network of innumerable cracks. He had to reinforce the painting to harden the original colors applied by the always experimenting Leonardo, not in the usual fresco technique, but in tempera paint, on a dry wall.

As he worked, Professor Pelliccioli ran into surprises. The robe of Christ, after the removal of repeated "improvements" made by inept and irresponsible retouchers, turned out to be vermillion instead of green. St. Bartholomew's sleeve, instead of being dark green, came up blue. On Judas' tunic appeared gold lettering in Arabic. The tabcloth is lighter; the lines of Jesus' mantle are more flowing.

THAT so great a masterwork has been restored to something approaching its pristine state is itself an event of great magnitude. It is the more important when it is remembered how few complete major works are still extant by the artist-scientist-engineer-musician who has been called the "universal genius." They are the "Mona Lisa" and the "St. Anne with Virgin and Child," both in the Louvre, the "Virgin of the Rocks" in London's National Gallery and "The Last Supper."

— EMILY GENAUER

BERNARD TEBELING ART CATALOG



RESTORER: Professor Pelliccioli, shown at work on painting, spent five years on the delicate operation

THE REALTOR RIDES AT DAWN

Businessman Stewart Forshay is Manhattan's most faithful equestrian. His record: 15,000 times around Central Park

by Mel Grayson

Photographs by Arthur Leipzig

It is practically impossible to startle Arthur Godfrey, an entertainer who has made a career out of being phlegmatic, but one February dawn about six years ago, as he was entering the Columbia Broadcasting System studios on Madison Avenue at 12nd Street for an early-morning radio show, Godfrey saw something that reduced him to mild surprise.

Riding up the avenue's concrete canyon on a bicycle, oblivious to the stares fixed on him by the few persons abroad at that hour, was a distinguished-looking, middle-aged man in leather boots, whipcord breeches and a turtle-neck sweater.

"Now," murmured Godfrey, as agast as he ever gets, "I have seen everything." Minutes later, he was telling his radio audience about the "nut in riding clothes" he had seen.

Although Stewart Forshay, president of Byrne, Bowman & Forshay, midtown realtors, a vice-president of the Excelsior Savings Bank and a trustee of the Title Guarantee & Trust Company, is not accustomed to being called a "nut," in or out of riding clothes, he was more amused than disturbed by Godfrey's description of him. "I suppose it's what a lot of people have thought," he said.

Bicycle Saved \$5,000

FORSHAY, a ruddy-faced, slender man of medium height, now in his 60's, was referring to the thousands of dollars since 1903, the year he began taking daily pre-dawn horseback rides in Central Park. Now rounding out his 90th year of riding, he estimates he has ridden in the park more than 15,000 times over a combined distance of 120,000 miles.

During those 50 years, he has churned up the dust—or mud—of Central Park's bridle paths every day except in parts of July and August, when he does his riding in Greenwich, Conn. He pays about as much attention to the weather as a polar bear would, venturing out even in snow and sleet.

"When it rains," he admitted, "I wear a raincoat." He didn't attract much attention with his hobby until 12 years ago, when he stopped taking taxis to and from the park and began riding a bicycle.

"I did it because I was losing up to fifteen minutes a morning looking for cabs," he explained. "Besides," he added, "it's saved me about five thousand dollars in cab fares."

New York's most faithful horseback rider, Forshay follows an inflexible routine in the pursuit of his pastime. He awakens at six o'clock every weekday morning in his Park Avenue

apartment, dons riding clothes, hops on his bicycle, rides the horse precisely eight miles, pedals back to the apartment, changes clothes, eats breakfast and walks half a mile to his office at Lexington Avenue and 41st Street. On week ends, he does much the same, but an hour later.

The monotony of the mile-and-a-half bicycle trip to the stable is relieved at one point. In the vicinity of 53rd Street and Fifth Avenue, a street cleaner with a flair for the dramatic always stops to attention as Forshay flashes by and throws him a brisk salute. Forshay nods in return.

"Haven't Gained an Ounce"

ON HORSEBACK, too, Forshay follows a set route. He enters Central Park at West 66th Street about 6:30 a.m., turns left on the bridle path and rides north past 97th Street, around North Meadow, south along the eastern side of the reservoir, once around the reservoir, south to Seventh Avenue and Central Park South and north again to the stable.

Before tackling his day's work, he has bicycled three miles, ridden horseback eight miles and walked a half mile. "That's why I still weigh 145 pounds," he said. "Haven't gained an ounce in 30 years."

In 50 years of riding and 12 of cycling, he has worn out 10 horses, his present one being a bay mare named Patsy, and one bicycle. He bought his second—and current—bicycle five years ago from a store clerk who insisted on knowing "how big a boy" the bicycle was for. "I'll just try it out," said Forshay. "If it's big enough for me, it'll be big enough for him."

Born and educated in Brooklyn, Forshay started his business career—in his father's firm, Zimmermann & Forshay, international bankers—the same year he started his daily rides. In 1909, he resigned to form his own construction company and, after World War I, joined the real estate firm of Byrne & Bowman. He became president 15 years ago.

He began riding in Central Park because, in 1903, it was the thing to do. His grandfather rode there, his father rode there; his friends rode there. Today, he meets few friends—or strangers, for that matter—on the paths.

The riding academy in which he now stables his horse is successor to the one at which he stabled his first mount 50 years ago. At that time, Hauer's, then on East 58th Street, was the most popular riding academy in the city—mostly because its owner, Oscar Hauer, disturbed by the knowledge



FORSHAY: In 50 years on horseback, he has outfitted 10 horses and covered a distance of 120,000 miles

that no woman could ride efficiently in the conventional side-saddle position, had designed a split riding skirt. He presented copies to two of his more adventurous female pupils, and took them for a ride—astride—in the park. He was promptly arrested. Charged with inspiring the morals of the two girls, he was fined, caught repeating the offense a week later and fined again. The money was well spent, however, because the publicity quadrupled his clientele.

The gradual emancipation of women riders—from full skirts to split skirts to breeches—is only one of the changes wrought in Central Park. When Forshay took his first horse into the park, for example, all the roads were bridle paths. Almost every morning and late afternoon, the roads came alive as richly-costumed horseback riders competed for space with surrises, landais and other non-automotive vehicles.

The evolution to present fashions in riding dress—running to blue jeans and sloppy-joe sweaters—is a scene change depicted by Forshay, who is a firm believer in proper riding attire.

He Misses the Lions

THE area available for riding in mid-town New York has shrunk markedly since 1903, Forshay observes. Central Park riding was restricted to bridle paths with the advent of the automobile, and a loop of the bridle path skirting the zoo was eliminated about 10 years ago.

"You used to be able to hear the lions roar when you went riding," Forshay said, a little wistfully. "It made some horses skittish, but I miss it."

During his daily rides, Forshay occasionally will join another lone devotee of the sport, but the majority of his excursions are solo. His only human contacts most mornings are with drivers on their way to work and prize fighters in training, who wave to him as they trot around the reservoir.

"I often think about it while I'm riding," he said. "Here is a beautiful park in a city of eight million people, and at six-thirty in the morning I'm the only one riding in it. It's like having my own private park." *The End*



DESERTED AVENUE: Every weekday morning, a few minutes after six o'clock, Forshay pedals up Madison and Fifth (above) to the stable at 66th Street



YOUNG COUPLES have literally millions of desires ranging from a wish for a deeper religious faith to a television

WHAT DO YOU WANT MOST

WHAT are your dreams and aspirations — and how do they compare with those of other people? Would you, for example, like to make a lot of money, or are there other things that appeal to you more? Is getting a better education one of your ambitions? Would you like to live to be 100? Would you like to be able to shuck your responsibilities and lead the carefree "life of Riley"?

To find out what most people want out of life, psychologists and sociologists in leading universities and research foundations have conducted countless studies, polls and wide-scale surveys. Collectively they've probed the attitudes and ambitions of hundreds of thousands of representative Americans. Let's take a look at some of their most interesting and provocative findings.

Questions: *Would you like to lead the "life of Riley" — with the leisure to do exactly as you pleased, be free from cares and responsibilities, and not have to think about working for a living?*

Answer: If this sounds to you like Utopia, then, believe it or not, you differ radically from most people. A leading life-insurance company surveyed a cross section of over 3,000 Americans on this question. The vast majority (three out of four) said the "life of Riley" was not for them. In fact, 76 per cent of them

said they wanted to go on working even after they reached retirement age — or at least to keep on "doing something useful."

Of the 24 per cent who regarded the prospect of a completely leisured and carefree life with pleasure, the majority were younger men — under 40.

Q: *If you're like most of us, one of the main things you want out of life is a happy marriage. What qualities in a mate do you regard as most essential to this?*

A: If you're the average person, your views on this score are somewhat disillusioning — or at least less than idealistic. For the consensus of national surveys and wide-scale studies shows very clearly that most men and women do not consider such qualities as love, faithfulness and devotion as the most important qualities in a husband or wife. Nation-

Is it money? A trip to Europe? A happy marriage? Recent scientific studies have produced some surprising facts about the average American ambitions. See how your own match up

Photograph by Ernst Haas

wide polls have repeatedly shown that the quality most men esteem highest in a wife is that of being a good cook and a good housekeeper. Having a good disposition was rated next in importance. Love and loyalty ranked close to the bottom of the list — along with being a good mother, and having intelligence and common sense.

The quality the majority of U.S. women esteemed highest in a husband was being a good breadwinner. Faithfulness ran a poor second. Love? Only a small minority gave this top priority.

Q: *If you had an Aladdin's Lamp, what would be the first thing you'd wish for?*

A: If you're like a great many people, you'd wish first to "get away from it all" for a while. At the University of California, psychologists made a study of 16,000 wishes expressed by contestants on a leading radio

give-away program. One third of the people wished for some experience that would-relieve the humdrum tedium of their daily existence — such as a trip to the Riviera or the South Seas, a junket to Hollywood and a date with their favorite movie star, etc.

Thirty per cent wished for something more practical, such as a living-room set, a new kitchen stove or refrigerator. A scant 13 per cent wished for luxuries like a maid, a fur coat, a new television set.

Q: *If somebody gave you \$1,000 tomorrow, what would you do with it?*

A: Though your first wish might be for a trip or extended vacation, chances are you wouldn't use it for pleasure at all. The odds are better than even that you'd either keep the money, or invest it in something that would increase your sense of financial security.

A coast-to-coast poll asked this same ques-

EDUCATION



LEISURE



HAPPY MARRIAGE



TRAVEL



"THINGS"



INNER PEACE



set. The eight drawings above show what the ambitions of the average American are, as revealed by surveys

OUT OF LIFE?

by John E. Gibson

tion of men and women in all walks of life throughout the nation. The majority of Americans said they'd either save the money, invest it, use it to help buy a home, or pay off the mortgage. Only 14 per cent would use this cash to buy a car, new household furnishings or clothes. Less than seven per cent would use it for travel. And only three per cent would spend it on "having a good time."

Q: Would you like to live to be 100?

A: Judging from how most people feel, the odds are just slightly better than even that you would. A little over half of the population figure that the longer you live the more you get out of life, and they would like very much to be able to celebrate their hundredth birthdays. But the rest view the prospect with a distinct lack of enthusiasm.

In a recent nationwide survey, the American Institute of Public Opinion interviewed men and women of all ages on this question. Fifty-seven per cent said they would like to live to be 100, 32 per cent said they definitely would not, and 11 per cent couldn't make up their minds. Far more men than women wanted to reach this ripe old age — ironic fact, since the ladies tend to be the longer-lived sex.

The survey also showed that, as a rule, the older a person gets the longer he wants to live. Appreciably more people in their 40's wanted

to live to be 100 than those in their 30's. And the highest percentage of would-be centenarians was found among men and women who had passed their fiftieth birthday.

Why some people didn't want to live as long as 100 years is reflected by their typical comments: "Just sitting around and becoming old and useless would be no fun"; "Nobody loves you when you're old and gray"; "... If you're going to do any good in life, you should be able to do it before you get to be 100"; "... I might be sick and helpless — just a burden on someone."

Those who did want to live to be 100 looked at it differently: "I enjoy living. I want to see what the atomic age is like"; "... Life is a wonderful show and I couldn't stand missing any of the acts"; "... I know I like this world, but I don't know about the after one!"

Why is it that appreciably fewer women than men want to live this long? In summing up their findings, the investigators cite two principal reasons: "One undoubtedly is the fear of fading beauty, another the fear of having no means of support without a man around."

Q: Would you like to have a better education?

A: If the average person were asked to name the things he wants most out of life, evidence indicates that in most cases a better education

would be high on the list. In a nationwide Gallup Poll people from all walks of life were asked the following question: "Everybody makes mistakes now and then. Will you tell me what you consider to be the biggest mistake of your life so far?"

The reply made far more frequently than any other was: "Didn't get enough education. Mistakes relating to marriage ran a poor second, wrong choice of a career a close third."

Studies show that the more education you've had, the more likely you are to wish you had even more. University graduates have an even greater thirst for more education than those who have never attended college.

Q: What do you want most in life?

A: Ask most people this question and they say: happiness. Ask them what happiness means to them and you'll get some very revealing answers. A national public-opinion poll did this, with the following results:

The answer most frequently given was sufficient money. Contentment got the next largest number of votes, running a rather poor second. Family life ranked third; health fourth; friends fifth; and satisfaction from work only got enough votes to rate sixth place.

These findings confirm what leading sociologists have frequently noted, a marked tendency on the part of the average person to

overevaluate money as a factor in personal happiness. Studies show that people who regard money as more important than anything else seldom, if ever, find real happiness.

Q: Do you wish you had a deeper and more satisfying religious faith?

A: If you're like nine out of 10 Americans you do. But surveys show that most of us spend very little time trying to attain it. Findings of leading polls and sociological studies make it crystal clear that (1) though the average man feels a vital need of greater spiritual resources, he is too preoccupied with material matters to do much about it, (2) in most cases going to church gives him a sense of inner peace and spiritual uplift. But more often than not he attends seldom or irregularly — because he's "too busy" or other interferences intervene. (3) He believes in the efficacy of prayer, and in its ability to restore peace of mind and perspective — but he is apt to turn to prayer only in a last resort, in a crisis where all else has failed.

Evidence all up and down the line indicates that the average man fully realizes that he can't "live by bread alone," but he's so busy getting that bread and butter — and jam for it, too — that sustenance for his spirit has to wait, often until the hunger pains become distressingly acute.

The End

They met at

A policeman and a girl, on a bridge! He became a good cop that night, when he realized that sometimes one must follow rules that are not in the Patrolman's Manual

BY ARTHUR GORDON

Illustrated by Al Moore

FEATURE FICTION

FOR five minutes now, he had been watching her from the shadows. She stood very still, but there was a lot of tension about her. He did not like the way her hands gripped the steel parapet, the way she stared down at the black water. He was sure she could not see him; he was outside the circle of light cast by the street lamp, and his blue uniform blended with the night.

He had come off duty at midnight, had left precinct headquarters and had walked slowly down to the river. It was cooler, now, but the pavements still quivered from the blast of August sun.

His feet ached; he really wanted more than anything to go back to his furnished room and fall into bed. But he had promised old Mrs. Cleary to take a look for the little piece of metal that meant so much to her. She'd lost it down by the river, she thought, at the foot of Nineteenth Street.

Funny how, in this country at least, people brought their troubles to a cop. Big troubles, little ones, silly ones, sometimes. Even using his flashlight, he'd told Mrs. Cleary, the chances of finding her medal weren't too good. . .

The girl moved suddenly. She put her handbag on the pavement, then her forearms on the breast-high parapet. She pulled herself up clumsily. He had plenty of time but, even so, he moved fast. He caught her arm just above the elbow. "You can't do that, lady," he said. "It's against the law."

She turned her head wildly and he saw that she was even younger than he was— not more than nineteen or twenty.

She beat at him with her free hand. "Let me go! Let me go!"

"No," he said, and lifted her down.

She said, frantically, "It's my life, isn't it? I can do what I want with it, can't I?"

"Society doesn't think so." He was not supposed, really, to argue with a would-be suicide. He was supposed, as he recalled the Patrolman's Manual, to prevent them from accomplishing their purpose, using force if necessary.

She was not resisting him now; something

her seemed to have collapsed. Her head had fallen forward, her forehead resting against his chest just on a level with his shield. Her hair had a clean, summery smell; in the lamp light it shone like gold.

"What's your name?" If possible, the manual directed, ascertain name and address of any person involved in breach of law or ordinance. "Where do you live?"

She did not answer; she was shivering. "You'd better come along with me." Still holding her arm, he bent to retrieve her bag and saw something wink in the shadow at the base of the wall.

He picked it up, half disbelieving, stared at it and dropped it into his pocket. Old Mrs. Cleary was not going to be disappointed after all.

They walked back up the deserted street past the dreary brownstones, past the tired ashcans. Once an arrest has been made, the manual said, the prisoner should be booked without delay. . . Booked and badgered, fingerprinted and cross-examined, publicized and pressured. This was a decent bit, whatever was haunting her. . .

They came to Barney's diner, brightly lighted as usual. He hesitated, still holding her arm, then pushed open the door. "I'm hungry," he said, "even if you're not." He guided her to the far end. "The usual, Barney. For two."

"Coming up!" said Barney. He looked once at the patrolman and the white-faced girl, but only once. Man runs a diner, he learns to mind his own business. He put coffee and doughnuts in front of them and went away.

The policeman took off his cap and put it on the stool beside him. Without it, he looked absurdly young.

"Funny thing," he said to the girl, "I wasn't looking for trouble down on the river tonight. I was looking for this."

From his pocket he drew the little medal. He put it on the counter. It showed Saint Christopher fording the river with the Christ Child on his shoulder. He touched it with a big finger. "I'm not a very regular churchgoer myself, but they tell me he's a pretty good fellow to know. Helps people over deep rivers, some-



As the officer watched, the girl started to climb up on the parapet

Midnight



They walked up the deserted street
past the dreary brownstones . . .

times, they say—but never into them.”
She said nothing. The rigid look was still
on her face.

“This coffee’s pretty good,” he said. “Three
don’t you tell me what’s bothering you?”

She did not answer. She sat there, motion-
less, unresponsive, and he wondered wearily
if maybe he hadn’t better take her on down
to headquarters and turn her over to the
matron and be done with it. But something
made him try once more.

He touched the insignia on his sleeve. “See
that? It means I’m in the Traffic Division.
And you know, life is sort of like driving a
car in heavy traffic. We all make mistakes
now and then, get tickets for speeding or
other violations, get our fenders dented;
sometimes have a real smash-up when it
isn’t even our fault. But you can’t just quit.”

“No?” she said dully. “Why not?”

“Because you never know how your action
will affect somebody else.”

She brought her left fist slowly up from
her lap. She opened it, and he saw for the
first time the thin gold wedding ring and the
crumpled ball of yellow paper.

He smoothed out the paper and read the
telegram. It was from the War Department
in Washington. It began: *Wish deep regret*
we must inform you . . .

“There’s nobody,” she said. “Not now.”
He took a swallow of his coffee, groping
for an answer, knowing that there was no
answer, really, for anyone at a time like this.
But if, just for a moment, he could break
through that frozen shell of grief, make her
think of something other than herself, it
might help.

“Look,” he said. “Let me tell you a story.
Back in the Mid-Twenties there was a girl.
She wasn’t much older than you. She’d only
been married a few months when her hus-
band died suddenly, like yours. He was a
Revenue Officer; a run-rigger shot him . . .”
He glanced sideways, to see if she was
listening.

“This girl didn’t want to go on living

either,” he went on. “But she did. And in
the end it made quite a difference to some-
one.”

He broke a doughnut carefully. “Three
years later she married again and had a
baby. The baby grew up to be a big flatfoot,
pounding a beat . . .” She was staring at
him now. “Not much of a career so far,” he
said. “But I’ll tell you this: he’s awfully
glad to be alive.”

She kept staring at him. Then, suddenly,
she buried her face in her hands; her shoulders
shook.

He sat quietly, saying nothing, letting her
cry. There were no instructions about this
in the manual, but he knew that a woman
who can soften her grief with tears will
master it in the end.

He gave her his handkerchief. “Why don’t
you go on home and try to sleep?” he said
gently. “It’s going to be tough, awfully
tough. And lonesome. But you’ll make it.
After tomorrow I’ll be on day duty again.
You can find me around here any time in
case you want to return the handkerchief.”
She said uncertainly, “You mean I can go
now?”

“If you’ll go straight home. Will you
promise?”

She nodded. “Thank you,” she said, and
turned away quickly.

HE WATCHED her go, feeling the pity turn
like a knife inside him, wondering whether
he would ever see her again. It was odd, but
he had a distinct feeling that he would.

He put a coin on the counter. By rights,
he knew his conscience should be bothering
him a bit. He had disobeyed the manual
from start to finish. On top of that he had
told a deliberate lie: his mother, bless her,
was still married to her first and only hus-
band, a respectable bricklayer.

Two violations, certainly, to answer for
in the traffic court of life. But he was smiling
as he picked up Mrs. Cleary’s medal. Saint
Christopher would fix those tickets if any-
body could.

The End

Drink to your health

It's a pleasure!



V-8* gives you the
lively taste and nourishment
of 8 garden-fresh juices



This delicious blend of juices, so lively to
taste, so rich with vitamins and minerals,
brings you the pleasure of garden-fresh flavor
. . . whenever and wherever you want it!

For V-8 is a blend of the *choicest* vegeta-
bles from summer gardens—the pure juices
of tomatoes, carrots, beets, spinach, parsley,
celery, watercress, and lettuce. Enjoy this
fresh-tasting, low-calorie drink. Children
love it—grownups drain the glass, too!

*V-8 Vegetable Juices is a delicious
blend of 8 juices in one drink.

*V-8 is a trademark owned by the makers of Campbell's Soup.

The Public Eye



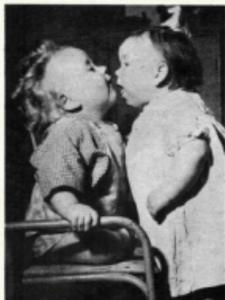
ELSA TAKES A TUMBLE

The best-laid plans of even party-giver Elsa Maxwell can go far astray. In this instance it was somebody else's party — a charity ball in Paris — and Miss Maxwell was giving a parody of Miss West. But the act ended abruptly when a stool wasn't quite where she thought it was, and Elsa landed hard. Her injuries were psychic



HOVERING CAMERA

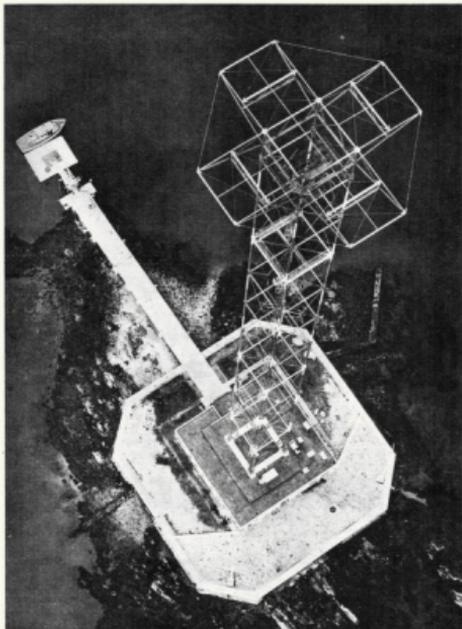
Much-photographed New York has been caught from yet another angle — a helicopter, which photographer Ray Kuhn



IT'S GOOD ANYWHERE

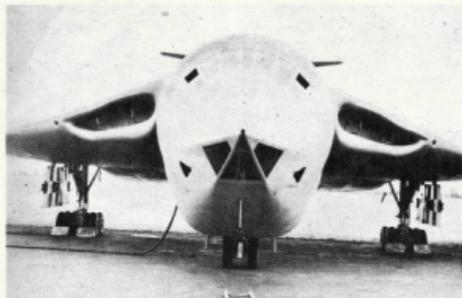
As has been noted in a good many places, romance will flourish under almost any conditions. For example, it appears to be developing at the 15-month-old level (left) in a day nursery in Manchester, England. And in London's Battersea gardens, two carnival celebrants (at right) manage to kiss through a pair of massive masks





found an ideal platform — both mobile and stationary. At left above, he shot the toll gates on the Henry Hudson bridge

at Manhattan's north end; center above, the WCBS tower in Long Island Sound; at right, 34th Street, looking toward Queens



PORTRAIT OF "VICTOR"

This is the mournful full-front view presented by Britain's new four-jet bomber, the Handley Page "Victor." Ear-like cavities on either side of cabin are intakes for jet engines, which can develop power of 25 locomotives. Victor, say its makers, will fly higher and faster with a bigger bomb load than any other plane on earth



The Wreck of THE MAID OF

This Week's Book



"The Wreck of the Maid of Athens" (Macmillan, \$2.75), portions of which are reprinted below, is the journal of a shipwreck. It was reconstructed by Emily Wooldridge from the diary she kept in a lettered account book during an ill-fated voyage she made in 1869-70 with her husband, who was for the first time commanding his own ship. Before she died in the early 1930's she gave the manuscript to her doctor, who kept it until a few years ago and then turned it over to Laurence Irving, a grandson of the famous actor, Henry Irving. Irving edited the manuscript for publication and illustrated it with a number of pen-and-ink drawings, some of which are reproduced on these pages.

In a recently discovered journal, a courageous and resourceful woman who went to sea with her husband movingly records an ill-fated voyage 80 years ago

by Emily Wooldridge

Near the end of November, 1869, the Maid of Athens, a 92-foot brigantine, sailed from London for the Pacific Coast of South America with a cargo of tannin and iron boilers. On board were the owner and captain, Richard Wooldridge; his wife Emily, 29, and a crew of 10, two of whom were washed overboard and drowned in a storm in January of the following year. On February 16, 1870, the Maid of Athens was approaching Cape Horn at the southern tip of South America. The names mentioned in Emily Wooldridge's narrative are those of crew members.

ABOUT nine o'clock in the evening I was dressing, the Captain fully dressed lying down on a locker in the sitting cabin; the lamp was burning under the binnacle, and a candle in my sleeping cabin, when I heard a man tumble downstairs and say, "On deck quick, sir!" I wondered what was amiss now, when down came the Captain again saying, "Steward, a lantern quick!"

I jumped up hearing the Captain speak and to my horror, at my back on my bed was dense smoke. I seized my stockings, two odd boots, in stooping for which I saw the ship's matches under my bed. I caught them up and put them into someone's hands to go on deck, back again, on with one or two petticoats. I thought what shall I save? The ship's papers caught my eye in their tin box, only it was

too full to stuf. Out of my cabin again, saw a piece of string tying a chair to the door handle, took it off, bound the box and sent it on deck, back again into my cabin and put in this woolen jacket, dressing gown, shawl, and something on my head, then began to choke and could not see anything for smoke.

Steward gave up all idea of lanterns, and was busy getting out biscuits, tins of meat, a ham, cheese, half a bag of flour; as the men were downstairs they took up knives, forks and spoons, but in the midst of our bustle came the dreadful cry, "Get the boats ready!" I shuddered, but being unable to bear the smoke any longer, I went up on deck choking.

As I passed the Steward I saw a rug and said, "Bring it up." He followed me immediately for some fresh air, then he went down again and put on more clothes, but was up again very quickly. The men were throwing buckets of water down the after hatchway, the smoke coming up in clouds; soon it was too dense to bear so the hatch was shut over, and small holes made in the deck, but up came flames, and the hold looked like a furnace; then the holes had to be stopped up with canvas, although water was constantly thrown down.

When the Captain saw I was on the poop, he ordered the companion doors to be shut, and no one to go down again, but the Steward and I drove and brought up the Captain's sextant, another compass, a chart, the Epitome and parallel rulers; then the doors were shut.

From the outset the Captain was steering direct for Staten Island off Tierra del Fuego, trusting that there we might land and save the ship and cargo. Once the Captain came and kissed me, telling me what he was doing, and whether there was anything more I should like brought up from the cabin; because he would get it for me. I remembered a small box, in the tray of another box, which contained a five pound note and a little gold; he instantly opened the companion doors and went down, returning almost immediately carrying up the tray.

I anxiously watched for the morning, the moon went down and as the grey dawn broke, we could see the high mountains of Staten Island breaking through the clouds. All these hours the Captain and the men had been basting the longboat over the side, and into her were put the few provisions, charts, and anything else that had been saved. Directly it was daylight the Captain thought I should be more sheltered if I went to sit in the galley,

so I went, but had to walk very tenderly over the main deck, it was beginning to burn so thin; as I walked the Captain and men looked shocked I was so thinly clad.

While I was in the galley I could see the longboat which was hanging over the side by tackle ready for lowering, and what fearful knocks she was having every time the ship pitched or rolled heavily. I thought if we were to escape in her, she will leak. Presently the Captain came to me and said the Steward had again driven down into the cabin and found me a dress.

The Steward had felt about and carried up all he could put his hands upon, bringing up the ship's chronometer, but it was all done very quickly, and every place shut up again in case the air should make the flames worse.

I put on my dress, rolling up some other things in a bundle to put in the boat. We were hourly coming nearer the land, which looked

most forbidding, with very high bleak mountains clad with snow, one nearest the sea being covered with trees, but owing to the wind that usually blows in these parts, we could see little else than the white trunks of the trees. It was getting on in the day, as I supposed about one o'clock, so as I began to think we might have much to contend with on landing, suggested we should all have some food, and open one of the two bottles of gin.

So all the men came on the poop and one of the Steward's nice loaves was cut and each man had a piece; but when my slice was given me I could not swallow it, so took some cold water and gin, and felt thankful. In the box tray my purse came up and also my shopping pencil and a bill, so my dear husband wrote on it: "Feb. 16, 1870, the Maid of Athens on fire, Captain, wife and eight men running for Staten Island, for God's sake come and help us." This he put into the gin bottle which



STATEN ISLAND



"I WAS LIFTED OUT... then followed the Captain, we had a kiss, and with

ATHENS

had a glass slipped, and fell it round with a ring and then threw it overboard. When is that little one, I wonder?

Some a man was sent aloft to look out for a bay with a sandy beach; one or two were reported rocky, so we passed on, until at last an open bay was before us with rocks running out, but inside a sandy beach, and into the bay (Port Parry) we sailed. The highest was lowered, into which the steward, Harris and Lawson jumped, the boat began to lurch, we could see, but when they had rowed a little way, they shouted for the "Mascot" to come. I shook my head and the Captain ordered them to make haste for the land.

In a very short time the material was lowered, and every moment we expected to strike. The boatman was at the wheel; each man gave his advice, not to touch the main lower, to use the mast should go when we struck as they an expected the rock would strike them all then first. I felt a little bewildered, but looked at the Captain, who was standing as usual, so I thought I would do as the same. When the first gentle bump came, I said, "Oh poor little ship!" and I could have cried for her. We only struck three times and then she landed ever slightly, the sea broke with great force over her and caused her to lurch over a little more.

Directly she struck we all left the poop (the wheel was flying round and round) and gave our attention to the small boat, which was just over the side. I looked into the cabin and took out all the necessaries and flying gear, a big boiler, and any of the crew's

clothes that were on deck and threw them into the boat.

At last the boat was said to be ready. The crewmen and all the cutter's tools were in. The log got over the side, Sergeant, Quinn, Fanning and I following, the Captain and Harvard remaining to lower us away; the latter we reached the water, a tremendous sea came over us; the Captain looked ever expecting to see us swamped, but we were all right, only drenched. Harvard warned the Captain to come down, but the Captain ordered him down first.

Just then another sea struck us, and Harvard came three, and the Captain seeing another wave coming directed us to stern off and leave him, but I called out "Come down!" with agony in my voice, and he came down by a rope, which passed round his leg, and the boat was nearly pulled his overboard. However that was cleared, and we were off when a mighty sea came. The Captain, who was at my back, said, "Oh God we are done!" but the boat was lifted right up and sent flying aloft. I feel that my eyes expecting to feel myself stricken in the sea, instead of which, when I recovered, the boat was still afloat, although we were sitting in water up to our necks; why we did not sink, I don't know. The next wave was expected to come; it reached us, and the boat was on shore, the raft three men managed into the surf and helping to drag two up the beach; but an instant no one moved, when one and all awoke as if awed, and I was hit into out and carried up to the dry land.

The water poured from my clothes, they

beatings by Lawson's being



"THE LOBBARD" was taking much time, three men were climbing him, the Captain knew that so to prevent a journey not to leave a watertight boat under us was death"

were as heavy; the "steward" had let me up over some loose stones, and set me on a rock, at the same time landing me a heavy blow, but with such an inclination to cry and shiver, I could not take any. John was the next up then allowed the Captain, we had a ring, and with a thankful heart to God for our wonderful escape, we looked about us.

The day on the beach of Athens soon ended, and the captain and crew were able to retreat and bring ashore some of the ship's provisions. They probably thought me at all, when Emily Finlayson discovered the Mascot and began re-purposing the latter because of its location. In the 1850s only the English part of the ship in the Falkland Islands.

Maudslayi, February 21, 1857

The longboat was taking much time, and three men were caulking her, but after another three men went away for a walk along the beach; so the Captain examined the boat, and to his horror he found instead of caulking her, Harris and Lawson had filled up the seams with oil, and in many places the rivets could be seen through, so the Captain trusted at sea again, but went over each seam himself, and the canvas was dipped in tar and out on, and away this in pieces of rubber called on. The Captain knew no way going on so perilous a journey that was to have a watertight boat under us was death, and it was only through the absence of Lawson and Harris he found out their bad work.

Five men visited the wreck and brought on shore the better anchor, some bits of white lead and a cup of vinegar, some Harvard's instrument and sails had been burnt, and Sergeant used to take 30 pills for me each day and rub in essence of the cinnamon as he still consumed of his cinnamon when any work was to be done, but should a progress of some come on shore, he was one of the most unable to giving shore.

Tuesday, March 1

The men still struggled over the boats, except Harris and Lawson, who went away collecting fuel, so the afternoon the crew were on board the wreck and found a cabin of felt hair, some more white lead, and a grating-iron. Steward was busy pulling off the sheets of paper from under the ship's side. I saw the ruffe fall on to the wet sand; I picked them up, and saw how high my position had fallen. The sheets of paper were brought up to the boats. The poor little ship had fit this time made a hole or had been burnt, the

sea, when the tide was high, being about a foot deep towards the boats but the stern was quite open to the sea. The men had got a better under the lower of which they climbed over into the hull.

Wednesday, 16-2nd

John laid up with rheumatism and cold. The rest of the men still busy over the longboat. The men's clothes were all beginning to look very ragged and worn, their boots quite worn out, and they either went barefooted to sea or in their feet. The seals were scarce, but some were up through urens they were up by their assistance.

The earth would about their feet and feet was quite free from grass, and with the constant walking was quite hard. The men's fire was always kept alight, and some lit it early in the morning. Our fires had more good fuel in the ground, I had some of the large stones or shingles brought up to the Mascot to fill up my hole, and when some the stones were hot, these made the fire keep alight better, and give out much heat.

Friday, the 4th

A rainy day, nobody could work. It was such a miserable life, everything wet and damp, the fire all but going out, giving me constant work keeping it alight. I felt cold and miserable - nowhere to sit out of the rain except in the tent and that was nearly all hot, and I was afraid of making that danger than it already was. To the afternoon after a shower the Captain out on far overcoat and went down on the beach to make sure the boats were safe; he had the longboat pulled still nearer up and made well to the trees.

If we was cold I did not go from my bed, but when the Captain returned he told me that on going along the beach with some of the men, they saw a man on him lying senseless. It proved that it was not dead, it was Lawson, having the sea, was told to strike it on the rear; the Captain only had a weak state, Lawson struck it on the head, when the man arose, saw them, gave a great roar, and began to make for the sea, they following and striking it, which it did not feel. It found three men, when it got to the sea, again roaring, then disappeared. When I heard about this manner, I felt very that I had not seen it, and vowed no weather for the future should I ever see up at the Mascot all day. Besides, this was a real adventure, and I did to see it!

I made it my first duty on leaving the boat in the morning to get out on the provisions for the

Continued on page 26



My thankful heart to God for our wonderful escape, we looked about us"

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

Use the 29¢ bottle and you are not completely satisfied, return the unopened \$1.00 bottle with your name and address, and get your \$1.00 back.

FREE
of extra cost
59¢ Bottle

of this famous

Hair Conditioning Shampoo

when you buy the \$1.00 size



You've seen it advertised...

NOW this special offer to induce you to discover—on your own terms—the magic effect of the unique hair-conditioning shampoo!

Rich, new tones—glaming highlights... shampooed right into your hair! Plus wonderful manageability! Yes, after one shampoo—and even with problem hair.

For Helene Curtis Shampoo Plus Egg is the ONLY shampoo made with homogenized fresh, whole egg. Contains precious cholesterol, albumen, and lecithin. Rich, heavy leather quick styling!



Helene Curtis shampoo plus egg

brings out natural "lilt" and sparkle... conditions even problem hair!

The one and only shampoo made with homogenized fresh whole egg which contains PRECIOUS CHOLESTEROL! BY HELMUT SCHUBERT

Look for this special-offer 2-bottle package at any cosmetic counter!



ENTERTAINMENT
Etiquette

TODAY'S EXPERT: "Go home by yourself and don't play the martyr!"



EXTRA WOMAN

by Elizabeth Scott

SCREEN STAR

The unescorted lady doesn't have to be a nuisance to her married friends. Here are tips

THE extra woman, unlike the extra man, is not always considered a bright and shining asset by her married friends. She may be gay, charming and arrive bearing gifts, but she may also become a worry to her hostess and a burden to her hostess's husband.

As a bachelor girl myself, I know that from the age of 18, a girl starts having married friends. And widows and divorcees invariably remain friends with a few of the couples from the married set they used to travel with.

Certain things which seem like minor details to the single girl may make her married friends shy away from the thought of inviting her to dinner again. I'll never understand why a girl who bristles with independence when it comes to handling her job or living alone, suddenly crumples into a helpless creature when it involves getting to or from her married friends' homes under her own power.

Don't always depend upon the husband to deliver you. He's already put in long hours and there's nothing that will make him more fractious than the prospect of having to put on his coat and drive you home again, no matter how affable he may appear about it. Once in a while a man will enjoy being the gallant, but not always. It's a good idea to handle your

own transportation quietly, without making a martyr of yourself or a heel out of the husband. Of course, if you have your own car there's no problem. If you're going by taxi, phone for one yourself. If it's by bus, treat it lightly so that your friends don't feel called upon to protest out of courtesy.

It's very tempting in this arrangement to accept dinner invitations and put off entertaining in return. Taking the wife to lunch is an easy and pleasant way to play hostess, but there may be times when you'll want to do it up brown by taking both the husband and wife to dinner. You can easily arrange in advance with the restaurant manager to have no check presented at the table so that you can pay later.

But no matter how subtly you do it, your friend's husband will probably squirm like a haddock on a hook if he's seated alone with two women knowing that the treat's on one of them. I've found that it's much easier on everyone if you invite several people, so that it assumes the proportions of a party.

This sort of entertaining may not fit every woman's pocketbook, of course. Don't overlook the cosy dinner you can give in your own apartment.

When you're with your married friends, be careful. Don't give the impression you're pursuing the husband. Pay equal attention to husband and wife. On the other hand, don't start a "we women" campaign with the wife, excluding the husband.

For your own comfort as well as theirs, you'll have to use your dis-

cretion as to which of your married friends' invitations to accept and which to turn down. To avoid that "fifth wheel" look, duck dances as you would crooked stocking seams. That's the time when three will be a crowd. You can go to a party with them and have fun provided you know some of the people and can mix instead of clinging all night to the couple who brought you.

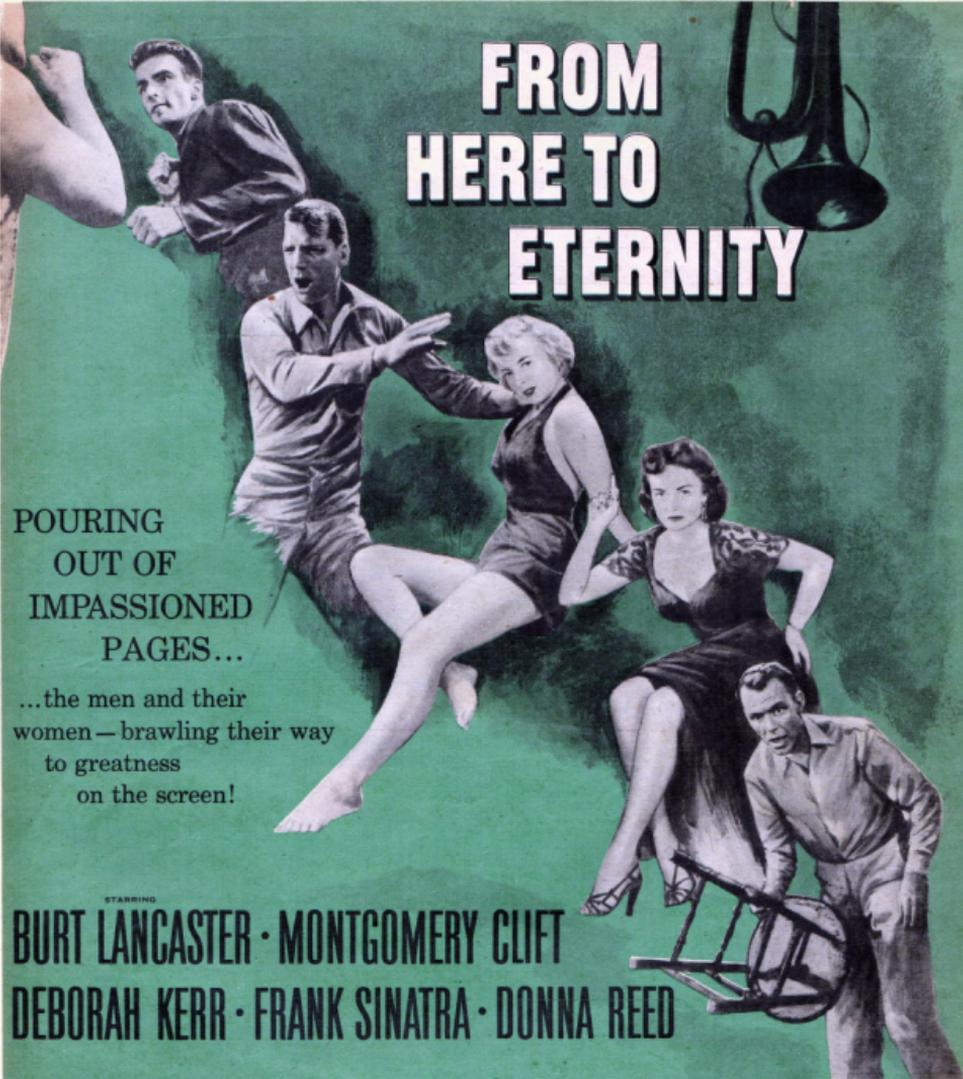
I've found that married friends invariably love to play matchmaker. This is fine, and so girl will deny that married friends are a great way to meet men. Except that some of them get carried away.

The best way to handle these well-meaning couples is not to let them get the impression that you're love-starved. Some unattached women give this impression by asking, every time they see their married friends, "Do you know any exciting new men?"

It's much better if you gently convey the idea that you're interested in meeting men, but you have certain standards, too. However, once the date's arranged and you discover you're with a man you wouldn't want to be found dead with, take it easy. When your friends ask you about him, just say something like, "We didn't have much in common."

I have always felt that every extra woman should have, besides a burglar alarm, a charming, platonic escort who can appear or vanish at will.

But since few of us can have such a convenient arrangement, the next best thing is to know how to have married friends.



FROM HERE TO ETERNITY

POURING
OUT OF
IMPASSIONED
PAGES...

...the men and their
women — brawling their way
to greatness
on the screen!

STARRING

BURT LANCASTER • MONTGOMERY CLIFT
DEBORAH KERR • FRANK SINATRA • DONNA REED

Screen Play by DANIEL TARADASH • Based upon the novel by JAMES JONES • Produced by BUDDY ADLER • Directed by FRED ZINNEMANN • A COLUMBIA PICTURE

See it at your favorite theatre

Here's why Mercury is moving up



CONSISTENTLY HIGHEST TRADE-IN VALUE IN ITS FIELD



YEARS AHEAD STYLING—WITH LIVELIER COLORS, THE MOST DRAMATIC OF NEW FABRICS, AND OUT OF THE FUTURE LINES THAT KEEP MERCURY NEWER-LOOKING LONGER



PROVEN V-8—WITH AN EXCLUSIVELY V-8 HISTORY



FAMOUS ECONOMY—PROVED IN OPEN COMPETITION



EASY, POWERFUL SPORTS CAR ROADABILITY



WIDEST CHOICE OF OPTIONAL POWER FEATURES

We don't have to tell you that Mercury's popularity has skyrocketed in the past three years. You can see the evidence for yourself—on any road.

The reasons are many. But the six most important are listed under the pictures on this page. And they all add up to one fact. Mercury's climbing fast because people know value. They recognize that Mercury gives you more for your money—more beauty, more economy, more performance . . . in short, more car.

But why not find out first hand—on your own road test? Just drop in at, or phone, your nearby Mercury dealer.

Move
ahead
with

MERCURY

Get more
for your
money



Symbolizing the Progress of Ford Motor Company's
50th Anniversary—"50 Years Forward on the American Road"

SEE YOUR NEAREST **MERCURY** DEALER

TIE-RACK FORMULA

by Bert Bacharach

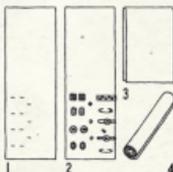


easily... Here's a "Peasant Sandwich" as made in Paris: Put Swiss cheese between slices of pumpernickel, butter the outside of the bread and sauté in a pan.

Home Help: You'll be able to hear your phone ring when you're in the basement if you put a metal pan on the floor and the phone atop it... When you've emptied a tube of toothpaste or shave cream, put the little screw top in your change pocket. It will remind you to buy a new tube... Wax your license plates to keep them as bright as the body of the car.

Hair Liner: Movie star Howard Keel, who has a fine head of hair, is stumping for wider and more tolerant acceptance of toupees for men whose hair is sparse. See no reason why men shouldn't improve their appearance. Women do.

Orderly: An ingenious reader, tired of digging through a cluttered box to find cuff links, tie clasps, etc., offers a solution to the chronic man's jewelry problem. It's simple and it keeps the jewelry from getting marred or scratched. Take a piece of any soft fabric about 18 inches long (see drawing, 1). In the lower half cut a number of small slits (or ask your wife to make buttonholes). Insert cuff links and studs in the slits (2)



and clamp or pin collar pins, tie bars, etc., on the remainder of the lower half of the cloth. Fold the top half over as a protective cover (3). Roll up (4) and it's ready for the bureau drawer or suitcase.

Pass the Cigars: This week to — Comedian Danny Thomas, who'll go any distance in order to aid a charity. One recent evening, he finished a show, then drove 275 miles to entertain at a charity event. And this story came from the recipient — not from Danny,



TV TEAM: Green (left) and Foster watch their contrasts

Do you spend a lot of time in the morning, wondering which one will go with the suit you're going to wear that day? There's a cardinal rule of good grooming that will help you out, and it's demonstrated (above) by Mort Green and George Foster, a top TV writing team. Green wears a light-ground tie with his dark suit while Foster combines a dark-toned tie with a light suit. The rule: choose for contrast and you'll have better-looking outfits.

Handyman Hints: If you do carpentry work on a ladder, tack a small metal jar cover on the top rung, to hold nails and screws... If your shower head doesn't function as it did when new, it may be because of clogged holes. If detachable, take it off and give it a good hot soapy washing... File the contact points of an electric plug occasionally, to prevent oxidation and assure a steady flow of current to the appliance.

Shoe Tip: To lessen squeaks in soles and to keep them pliable, rub them with neat's-foot or linseed oil. But keep oil off the uppers.

Amateur Chef: To keep bacon strips from tearing as you separate them, first roll the package gently. The slices will come apart easily... If you want your frankfurters to be skinless, soak them in cold water. When slit, the skin peels off



How Thomas' Protein Bread helps you reduce—and look younger

Weight-control is mostly a matter of appetite control. That is why so many people eat Thomas' Protein Bread first thing at every meal, every day. Plain or toasted, it is so delicious, so satisfying, that it comforts and quiets the hungriest stomach — and so protects you from that dangerous urge to eat too much. And, remember, 3 slices of this delicious nut-brown loaf (even lightly buttered) contain less calories than your morning cup of peame juice.

Keep slender, look younger! Whether you are on a diet or not, take

this one sensible precaution. Eat Thomas' Protein Bread first thing at every meal, every day!



THIN SLICED
SO DELICIOUS

© S. S. Thomas, Inc.
Baker of
Thomas' Corn Muffins
Thomas' Soda-Roll loaf
Thomas' English Muffins
Thomas' Whole Wheat Bread
and other fine Thomas' products.

Why pay more?

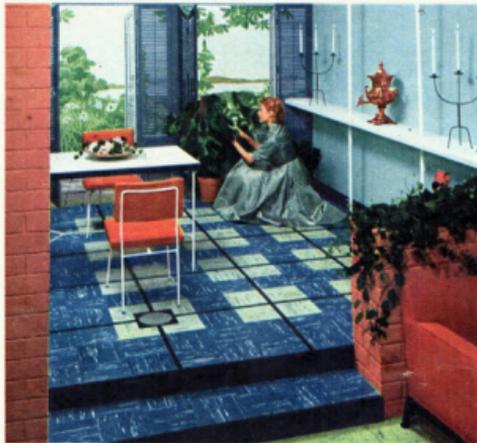
You can install
a guaranteed

KENTILE FLOOR

like this for only \$275⁰⁰



A KENTILE FLOOR LIKE THIS COSTS
\$9 TO \$22 LESS THAN TILE FLOORS
OF MANY OTHER MATERIALS...
YET KENTILE IS GUARANTEED!



Colors shown: Finesse Cerise and Solitaire with Black Flecks Strip, Dot Theme Tile and Black Flecked



You can't imagine how easy it is to install your own Kentile Floor until you've actually done it. Mix or match your choice of the 25 "lovely-to-live-with" colors. And, after parties or just family-fun, soil and stain-resistant Kentile is easy to mop clean... easy to keep glistening like new with an occasional no-rub waxing. Modern colors can't get dull or wear off... they go clear through the rugged, durable tile. Yes, more people buy Kentile because Kentile gives more value.

Only KENTILE DEALERS have these money-saving
buys in GUARANTEED FLOORS



* Price quoted is for a floor approximately 11'0" x 9'3" installed by you. 2nd Kentile (optional) about \$5.00. Your floor may cost less or slightly more depending on size, colors and freight rates. See your Kentile, Inc. Dealer for FREE estimate. He's listed in your classified directory under FLOORS.

KENTILE, INC., 58 2nd Avenue, Brooklyn 15, N.Y.

KENTILE  Copyright 1963
Kentile, Inc.

The Asphalt Tile of
Enduring Beauty



CARD message to "Drop Dead"
has found a million takers



MEET ROBERT REITZ, WHO MADE A SMALL FORT



"DROP DEAD"

This greeting-card industry will probably remember 1962 as the year America blew its psychological gasket.

Up until then, the poet laureates who mass-produce thoughtfulness for all occasions from cradle to Mother's Day figured they knew their customers like a book: Americans were a misty-eyed, sentimental lot who loved their neighbors so much that they annually spent around \$230,000,000 to send three and a half billion satin-bearded and flowered cards to dear ones who were having anniversaries, babies, mumps, milestones and galatunes.

This state of affairs delighted everyone in the industry except Robert Reitz, an abstract painter whose views are perhaps best expressed by his Christmas card showing a cherub giving Santa Claus a hotfoot.

Reitz first got started several years ago. One night, yielding to an irresistible temptation, he slipped seven "joker" cards of his own design into the racks of the Four Seasons Book Shop — his headquarters — in New York's Greenwich Village. They didn't say anything like "Get Well Quick" or "Happy Birthday."

They just said: "Drop Dead!"
Before the shop closed that night, Reitz knew he had hit upon a national need. The seven "Drop Dead" models had been grabbed up within the first hour by delighted customers.

Four years later, 600 dealers were clamoring for Reitz's line of 12 Hate Cards. The "Drop Dead" card leads in popularity with a million sales. "Get Lost" isn't far behind. Another hit is the Reitz brain-child "You Burn Me Up!" with an illustration of a man igniting a fair lady at the stake. Another hit is the anniversary card, showing an unhappy couple bound back-to-back with the message "Still Together?"

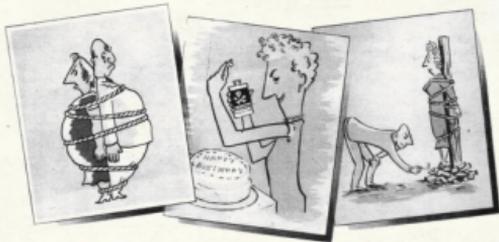
Sales are booming in all urban centers and college towns. One San Francisco book store, limping along the road to bankruptcy, attributes its complete financial recovery to the Hate Card hypo. Other manufacturers are already chagrined by Reitz's monopoly.

He's Dashed

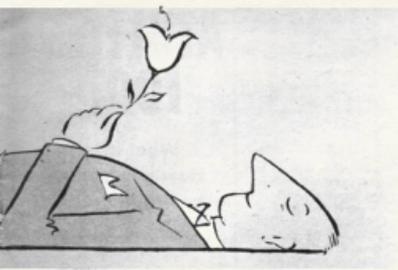
WE FOUND the perpetrator of America's latest mania surrounded by "Drop Dead" samples in his office in Greenwich Village. Reitz is a scholarly looking man who wears tweeds, spectacles and a bow tie. Success seems to have left him dazed and contrite.

"Imagine getting one of these darned cards in the mail," he said, fondling one of his creations. "At first I was ashamed at what I had done. But I'm sort of reconciled to the idea now. This 'Drop Dead' thing alone has made enough money for me to buy a house in the country and a new car."

Reitz evidently doesn't have anything against a villa on the Riviera either: he's



MORE Reitz creations. Birthday card (center) will be dropped: it's "too strong"



UNE OUT OF TELLING PEOPLE TO

AD!"

by Leslie Lieber

toying with the idea of bringing out a "Drop Dead" card in French (*Tombe Raide Mort*).

"It beats me why these burlesques have become such a hot item," Reitz continued. "Of course, there's a limit to our literary may-

hem—one birthday card shows a woman pouring poison in somebody's birthday cake. We really went out of bounds on that one—much too strong. We're going to have to drop it from our line."

Reports from the field indicate

that three out of four Hate Card purchasers are women. According to numbles overheard by salesmen, the fair sex buys them with the intention of sending them to their best friend, their worst enemy, their boss.

"The intent behind these cards," said one psychologist, "is precisely the same as a practical joke. These cards afford a kind of half-serious, half-joking way of letting off steam without having to come face-to-face with our 'target.'"

The Pay-off

REITZ, however, isn't making any generalizations about psychological motives: "The other day a pretty girl came up to me in the store and said, 'Sir, I want to thank you. For the past five years I've been working alongside a handsome bachelor executive. He never paid the slightest attention to me until one day I sent him a Drop Dead card. Now we're going to get married.'"

Reitz admits that part of his inspiration came from William Steig's "I Hate People" cartoons. Also, he has long been an admirer of the gruesome humor of Charles Addams. We asked if he had ever acknowledged his indebtedness to these two celebrated artists.

"No, I haven't," he said, looking up with an eager glint in his eyes. "Come to think of it, I'll send them both 'Drop Dead' cards tomorrow morning." *The End*



When you wash them with Surf
... they smell like sunshine!

Your hands are in water 27 times a day...



that's why you need **TRUSHAY®**
the lotion that's rich in beauty oil



Count the times your busy hands are in and out of water during just one day, and you'll see why you need the help of rich Trushay.



Smoothed on before each washing when fragrant Trushay guards hands right in the hot, soapy water—helps prevent the drying damage.



Trushay's velvety beauty oil soothes water-dried skin, smooths away roughness, is so rich it even offers you "beforehand" protection!



You'll find Trushay is wonderful for softening rough elbows, knees, heels. Inexpensive for body care, flattering as a powder blue.



Buy two bottles of Trushay—one for your kitchen, one for your dressing table. Use it every time your hands are in water—and feel your skin grow smoother!

A PRODUCT OF BECKLEY HYGIENE

FALSE TEETH OFTEN HAVE A CERTAIN ODOR!



That's What Causes
DENTURE BREATH!



Keep Teeth Naturally White and Free from Offensive Odor!

● All too often, false teeth that haven't been properly cleaned give off a tell-tale odor known as Denture Breath.

Don't brush your dental plates. Don't use toothpaste or soap. Clean them the

right way, the safe way, by soaking them in Polident.

Polident is recommended by more dentists than any other denture cleanser in the world.

POLIDENT

World's Largest Selling Denture Cleanser



FALSE TEETH HURTING YOU?

Amazing New Cream Holds Them Comfortable and Seals!

Wipe! No more agonizing rocking, slipping. No more gum sore from loose plates. Hold Gipsy in place tight, don't slip, don't pull. Gipsy keeps a creamy moisture, seals friction so you grieve.

1. Wipe! No more agonizing rocking, slipping. No more gum sore from loose plates. Hold Gipsy in place tight, don't slip, don't pull. Gipsy keeps a creamy moisture, seals friction so you grieve.
2. Wipe! No more agonizing rocking, slipping. No more gum sore from loose plates. Hold Gipsy in place tight, don't slip, don't pull. Gipsy keeps a creamy moisture, seals friction so you grieve.
3. Wipe! No more agonizing rocking, slipping. No more gum sore from loose plates. Hold Gipsy in place tight, don't slip, don't pull. Gipsy keeps a creamy moisture, seals friction so you grieve.
4. Wipe! No more agonizing rocking, slipping. No more gum sore from loose plates. Hold Gipsy in place tight, don't slip, don't pull. Gipsy keeps a creamy moisture, seals friction so you grieve.
5. Wipe! No more agonizing rocking, slipping. No more gum sore from loose plates. Hold Gipsy in place tight, don't slip, don't pull. Gipsy keeps a creamy moisture, seals friction so you grieve.
6. Wipe! No more agonizing rocking, slipping. No more gum sore from loose plates. Hold Gipsy in place tight, don't slip, don't pull. Gipsy keeps a creamy moisture, seals friction so you grieve.

THE MAID OF ATHENS

Continued from page nineteen

day, viz. a piece of beef or pork, rice or flour or preserved potatoes, enough for three meals, and, properly managed, each one would have a little. For our two selves on four days I would take two table-spoonfuls, mix it with water and fry it in pork fat; we were thankful enough for it. On potato days, a very little of the preserved potatoes put into boiling water, and let it stand by the fire until of the proper consistency, then if any was left, fry it in ham fat for tea.

Our tea was sweetened with molasses; for a long time I could not fancy it, and drank cold water, but the Captain, seeing me one morning looking cold and white, insisted upon my trying the tea; when I overcame the disagreeable feeling of drinking hot tea out of a hot pan-nikin, I did not dislike it, although it was mouldy tea and the molasses had a taste of salt. I was thankful I kept so well on such fare, but I was very thin and my skin was tanning with so much exposure.

Toward the end of the month the longshore was ready. A tiny sloop-tug with a cable had been constructed in the base to shelter Emily Woodruff, and a canvas screen put up to protect the men, at least to some degree, from wind and spray.

Three members of the crew refused to risk the long voyage to the Falklands and stayed behind on Staten Island, hoping to be rescued at a later date, as they were.

Monday, March 28th

We were all up early. When everything was put in the boat, she was hauled up to some rocks and all we stopped in most carefully, trying not to either wet our feet or knock down the canvas bulwarks, but John when his turn came made a false spring and into the sea he went, seizing hold of the canvas at the same time to prevent himself from falling. Everyone shouted at him, and he scrambled in wet and miserable. It was most provoking when we all wished to start dry, and keep the boat dry.

The canvas was re-nailed up, then everything was pronounced ready and once more we rowed out of the Bay, and when we felt the breeze, bestowed our sail and commenced our voyage.

About noon we were in a nasty sea, making the boat jump about, and the sea making a strange ripping noise; we were making no way at all, so the Captain ordered out the oars, to pull us

through, and it was some time before we passed through this most disagreeable of tide rips. We opened a tin of preserved meat for dinner.

Sunday, April 3rd

The men most difficult to waken, none caring to move from under the tarpaulin. After repeated calling, Hayward relieved Fielding at the tiller. Fielding had been sleeping, and the boat was out of her course. The Captain had her put right, and when Hayward was steering, we had some bread and cold tea. During the morning, the Captain read us the history of Esther. I thought his voice sounded weak, but I made no remark.

We all brightened up after the Captain had finished reading, and the men asked questions about Eastern life, which my husband answered, giving them descriptions. He told Fielding to look well ahead for land, because he thought we ought to see land during the afternoon, unless we had sailed too far to the East. A most disagreeable sea was fast coming up and the boat jumping about; the sail was hauled close to the wind, but the Captain noticed that the main sheet was chafed where it went through the block, so Hayward spliced it, Oates taking the tiller.

We were cutting through the water, and again the Captain told Fielding to look for land, but he saw nothing and set down looking very miserable. Soon the Captain said, "Hayward, what is that ahead?" And Steward answered "Land!" and land it was, but far away. We sailed on, and before dusk we were close in. I looked out and saw it; all night we sailed along by the land, Beauchene Island on our right.

Soon after noon on Monday, we sighted the light-house; we had said it was, how it stood out with its broad bands of white and black, and as the day drew in, we saw the light. I poked my head out of my hole and declared I saw either a house or a cow, but I felt doubtful. Then, suddenly, I said, "Why there is a man coming down to the beach!" So we stood in and the man hailed us; but his voice was so low it was impossible to make ourselves heard. We heard that we could land there, but I saw surf, and begged the Captain to go up to the Harbour, so we pressed on, the men taking out the oars and pulling, until we were round the

Continued on page 42

ATHLETE'S FOOT

What it is
How you get it
How to get relief



Athlete's Foot is caused by parasitic micro-organisms. Left untreated, it can burrow under skin, attack nerve endings, lead to disability. Severe case shown here requires doctor's care.



Raw cracks between toes invite Athlete's Foot—especially in summer when feet perspire most. When Athlete's Foot fungi infect, skin reddens, itches, and flakes off.



For relief of Athlete's Foot symptoms, use Absorbine Jr. daily. It kills all the Athlete's Foot fungi it can contact, promotes healing of skin. Prevent re-infection: boil socks, don't share towels.

Absorbine Jr. is the original relief for Athlete's Foot. Libras proven successful in relieving Athlete's Foot misery in 3 out of 4 cases tested. At all drug counters.



ABSORBINE JR.

W. F. Young, Inc.
1105 Lovers Ln., Springfield 3, Mass.

Please send us a free sample bottle of Absorbine Jr.—postpaid.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ Zone _____ State _____



Cindi Wood



Adrienne Garrett



Hope Lange



June Tolley



Mary Winnet



Pat Grady

Who will be Miss Rheingold 1954?

IT'S UP TO YOU, SO VOTE NOW—AT RHEINGOLD STORES AND TAVERNS EVERYWHERE!

It's time for New York's favorite tradition—the annual election of Miss Rheingold! And what a tradition! This is America's second-largest election, and growing larger with every year!

New prizes for the winner

The girl you elect Miss Rheingold 1954 wins \$10,000 in cash, a guarantee of several months' modeling fees and a trip to Hollywood. You'll be seeing her in Rheingold advertising—on billboards and our cards, in magazines, newspapers and displays...she'll be the most photographed girl in town!

How the candidates are chosen

More than 700 of New York's loveliest models are invited to compete for a chance to be

a Miss Rheingold candidate. After days of judging, the six finalists are selected by The Miss Rheingold Election Committee, and the rest is up to you!

Help elect your favorite

Vote now, and ask your friends to vote! You'll find ballot boxes in every Rheingold store and tavern, more than 25,000 in the metropolitan area. Remember—every vote counts. Ballots are sealed and tabulated by an independent research organization that automatically guarantees the final result!

Your votes decide

You pick the winner, and the public always does. And for years you've chosen Rheingold Extra Dry as your favorite—the largest-

selling beer in town. It shows that you know it's beer as fine as should taste!

Election closes September 23, 1953. Choose your favorite—and vote!

New York's original Extra Dry beer, brewed by **Lafayette Breweries, Inc.**, made brewers for more than 110 years.

1953 LAFAYETTE BREWERIES, INC., NEW YORK, N. Y.



Enjoy
SUMMER'S COOLEST DRINK

GIN and Quinac

DRY... DELICIOUS ... DIFFERENT!

Make it in seconds, like this:
1½ ounces of gin in a tall glass. Lots of ice. Thin slice of lemon or lime. Fill with Quinac.

P.S. Try Quinac with Rum or Vodka, too. And all by itself as a delicious beverage.

CANADA DRY Quinac
QUININE WATER

HOFFRITZ HAS IT!

MIDGET ELECTRIC IRON 19.95

A tiny 8" and only 3 lbs. in weight, but the "Midget" Electric Iron will do. Heats instantly. Center dial regulates heat for wool, linen, rayon, cotton, silk, etc. ... while a red signal light indicates when proper heat has been reached. Operates on 110 or European 220 voltages AC. Comes with five durable steaming bars. You'll love it!

7 CONVENIENT N. Y. STORES

- 231 9th Avenue at 45th Street
- 221 Madison Ave corner 42nd St.
- Grand Central Terminal
- 20 West 42nd St.—Herald Building
- 232 W.—Midway Grand Passage
- 20 Church St corner Canal St.
- 5th Avenue (41st St. & 49th Ave.)

HOFFRITZ & COMPANY

MAIL ORDERS FILLED:
(Satisfy us 100%)

Dept. H823
49 EAST 34 ST., N.Y.C.

What! Breakfast Without a Good Newspaper?

A newspaper-less breakfast is like cereal without sugar . . . or toast without butter! Learn the full pleasure of breakfast with your favorite paper. In almost any neighborhood you can have your Herald Tribune delivered before your coffee perks. Call Pennsylvania 6-4000. Ask for HOME DELIVERY.



EAST GERMAN MILITIA: Two of their units refused to quell Brandenburg's uprising

CASE HISTORY OF A REVOLT

Continued from page nine

Brandenburg steel plant. The steel men formed a seven- or eight-man strike committee in 10 minutes. They decided to inform all the other factories and the committee drew up a five-point program closely resembling the East Berlin demands they had heard over the radio. These were:

1. Lower the production norms. Kill the latest 10-per-cent increase immediately.
2. Decent food.
3. A 40-per-cent cut in food and consumer goods prices.
4. Resignation of the East German Communist government.
5. Free elections.

March Into Town

The steel men overpowered the works police. They stormed and demolished the plant's Communist administration office. Along with the construction crew, they poured out of the works, almost 1,500 strong. They headed down a road across the fields toward the town. They began chanting their demands. The excitement mounted. They grew silent as they came to the Russian troop barracks on the left side of the road — red stone buildings housing 1,000 Soviet infantrymen. The Russians seemed to ignore them.

The strike leaders dispatched messengers to the nearby Ernst Paul Lehmann toy factory. The 30 toy makers had also heard the radio. They rushed out to join the strikers. A couple of blocks later 80 workers from the Lincolntoy company streamed into the crowd.

The marchers headed south into the center of town. The workers began to rip down every Communist banner, portrait and emblem in sight. Loud cheers went up every time a new piece of Red paraphernalia was destroyed.

Down came the pictures of Stalin, Ulbricht and Grotewohl. The crowd piled them on the street and made bonfires.

Down came Marx, too. In Leipzig and Magdeburg, also cities with past left-wing affiliations, workers at many points are reported to have left the portraits of "Father Marx" untouched. But in Brandenburg, Marx's bearded, venerable visage went up in flames.

The crowd crossed the shabby Thousand Years' Bridge over the Havel Canal. Next to the bridge lie the Thadmann shipyards. A strike committee had already been formed there. The shipworkers joined the main stream. Bicyclists were dispatched to call out the small Elizabeth steel plant and the Kummerle yarns factory. The crowd grew constantly angrier — and larger — as it marched on. At the height of its fury five hours later it was about 18,000 strong.

The next leg was through the Main Street, heading across town in the direction of the tractor works. There the Red works police had acted swiftly and effectively. Warned by Communist headquarters, they had locked the gates and trapped the first shift inside.

Soon the main procession reached the plant. They saw what had happened. They seized long logs from a nearby timber yard, used them as battering rams and forced the gates. The tractor men scrambled out.

Death of "Hangman"

NEXT to the railway station. Forty-five railway employees rubbed over from the freight yards.

Meanwhile in a school in the Gross Muenzstrasse, 15-year-old school boys learned what was happening. They broke up a Russian-language class, beat up two teach-

ers, and raced out in the streets.

The temper of the main crowd was reaching fever pitch. All shops were shutting. The 70 employees of the large government food distribution center joined the procession. The staff of the government-run department store followed suit. Meanwhile, a few men from the factories headed toward the jail.

The main crowd poured after them into Steinstrasse. They called for Bechtel, the hated prosecutor. He emerged from the courthouse brandishing a pistol. The crowd grabbed him before he could fire.

They tied his hands, bound him to a chair and began beating him. "How many innocents have you killed, murderer?" they howled at him. He did not leave the courtyard alive.

The Jail Opens

A DELEGATION from the crowd pushed into the prison offices. The People's Police voluntarily surrendered their weapons. This occurred a scene that perhaps could take place only in a German revolution. The workers' delegation demanded the release of the political prisoners. But it must be done methodically. Bring out your records, they ordered.

They sat down with the jailers at a table. Meticulously they went through the dossiers. We want only the political prisoners, they said, not the common criminals.

It took half an hour. Thirty-nine people were freed. The oldest were Theodor Richter, 75, and his wife Charlotte, 68. The youngest was Willie Untermann, 16.

Then the crowd demanded Bendkowski, the "people's judge." They tied his hands behind his back and marched him to New Town Market Square, as they carried the liberated prisoners along

on their shoulders, cheering loudly.

They pushed him up on to a Communist speaking platform in the square. "How many innocent people have you sentenced?" a strike leader cried.

"I have always been on your side," Benkenдорf replied. "I have always given mild sentences."

That was too much for the crowd. Workers on the platform began to beat him with sticks. They made him shout again and again: "I will never give another sentence." Blood covered his head. He fainted and fell. He survived.

More Assaults

It was about 11:30. Before the riot was over, these other installations were stormed:

The local headquarters of the Communist party secretariat. Several security police at the door were disarmed. The mob demolished the interior, broke the windows and carried away all documents and propaganda into a canal.

The "Philipp Mueller" House of Communist Youth, an installation that was also attacked on June 12. The House for German-Soviet Friendship. Here the Red propaganda library was loaded on a truck and driven off to be dumped into the canal.

The Communist-run workers' clubs at the shipyards and the tractor factory.

The Communist Trade Union House.

The headquarters of the Red-run National Democratic Party, a special group formed of ex-Nazis. It was totally demolished.

During these wild scenes, the People's Police remained inert. They appeared to be receiving no orders from above, and lacked either the courage or the will to act on their own.

Here and there police were seen throwing their weapons into the canal. This spectacle of the Vopos deserting, and even joining the revolt, occurred all over East Germany.

Last Onslaught

BUT now an even more serious defection occurred. Two East German army units, each of slightly more than 1,000 men, stationed three miles north of town, were ordered out to quell the riot. They refused to leave their barracks.

The subsequent fate of these units—and of others that manifested throughout the East Zone—is not yet known.

The Brandenburg Reds now phoned desperately to the next higher headquarters of the East German army at Potsdam, 12 miles east. Potsdam rushed out a special unit of about 150 men. They had already reached Brandenburg when the crowd launched its last major assault—against the headquarters of the SSD, the notorious German Communist security police. The crowd poured into Neuenendorfer Strasse, where the SSD is housed in a barracks-like structure built 223 years ago.

Deep inside the SSD headquarters, on a hidden courtyard, are

the interrogation cells of the Soviet MVD. The crowd was not to get that far, however. A platoon of the emergency army troops from Potsdam was already on guard.

About 1,000 people forced their way into the SSD outer courtyard. A few brown-clad soldiers, and several Volkspolizei, appeared at the second-floor windows. Others ramméd the courtyard gate shut, with the crowd caught inside.

A woman policeman at one of the windows was seen taking aim into the courtyard. Shots rang out—fired by individual People's Police and army troops at the windows. Three persons fell dead, a carpenter, an unidentified woman, and a barber's employee, 17 years old.

About 20 more were wounded. The crowd fought to get out of the



EX-BOSS: War criminal Friedrich Flick once won Brandenburg's steel works

yard. It overpowered the soldiers at the gate. It funnelled through back into the main demonstration in the street, taking the wounded.

Meanwhile, People's Police cars with loudspeakers were circulating wherever they could pass. They announced a state of emergency and martial law in the name of the Russian military commandant at Potsdam. All civilians were to be off the streets from eight p.m. to six a.m. Gatherings of more than three people were forbidden.

The crowd ignored the order for a while longer. The streets were chaotic. It was almost four p.m. when between 200 and 300 heavily-armed Russian soldiers moved slowly into the center of town in reserved cars and trucks. They began firing in the air.

Russians Take Over

MEANWHILE, the strike committee from the steel works and the shipyard was arguing with Mayor Kuehne at the town hall. They were going through their five-point program in detail. Yes, the mayor said, we will do everything to grant your justified demands.

Now the streets began to empty. The Russian armored cars and trucks took up positions at the key road junctions. With the German army troops from Potsdam, they

planted themselves at the post and telegraph offices, the electricity and gas works, the railway station, the jail and Communist party headquarters. Other Russian platoons occupied the factories.

Not sure quite what to do, the thousands of workers in the town streets started heading back to the factories. When the steel men got back to their plant, they stood around in groups discussing their next move. No one was sure. The night shift decided to stay out on strike. Slowly, individual workers began to head home.

Then the arrests began. About 60 men were seized, mainly at their homes, by next morning; in the following 24 hours, about another hundred. This process filled the jails of East Germany with more than 30,000 persons.

"Rowdies and Saboteurs"

SOON the Communist propaganda machine was working at full speed again. The day after the revolt, Communists distributed thousands of handbills:

"Residents of the Town of Brandenburg"

"Provocateurs, rowdies and saboteurs paid by the warmongers tried to cause unrest among our workers and laboring population..."

"These provocateurs and rowdies, who consciously destroyed the peoples' property, worked in the service of the dispossessed warmongers, with the intention of restoring the old capitalist conditions, the exploiters' paradise."

"The Party yourselves and the Rally of the Working Class and the government. They are leading you to happiness and prosperity."

Two days later, the strikers were back at work, but barely going through the motions—a sullen, slow-down pass. The local Red paper "Volkstimme" printed the following report:

"The men at the foundries are striving tirelessly to fulfill their production plan ahead of time, as they are with Walter Ulbricht secretary-general of the East German Communist Party for his 60th birthday."

Next Time?

AS MORE information leaked out from West Berlin in the ensuing days, these facts stood out:

The Brandenburg workers, in common with millions of others all over East Germany, could see that they had been well on the way to smashing the local Communist apparatus when its Russian Ulbricht stepped in. They had been defeated by Russian troops alone. But they knew that the East German Red regime had been hurt.

The Communists had been gripped with indecision, fear and mutiny in their own ranks. The mood of the workers was more defiant than before. In every factory they knew that, when the cards were down, the other factories would act with them. Next time—or the time after that—they would be able to organize things better. Meanwhile, the workers kept their fists in their pockets. *The End*

You haven't seen anything til you've seen South America



And it's cool now South of the Equator! Fly from any major airport in the U.S.A. One ticket takes you down one coast of South America and back the other with Panagra and Pan American.

● You'll be amazed at the difference in every city in South America. You can pack your vacation with every kind of fun. Hotels are modern. Food's delicious. Living costs less.

You fly all the way in deluxe air-conditioned DC-6 type airliners. Pan American Super-6 Clippers* fly the East Coast from New York to Buenos Aires. *El InterAmericano* DC-6's fly from "B.A." to Miami via Panagra's West Coast route. Round-trip fare from New York is \$985 in either direction. Berths available at modest charge. Tourist service with pressurized planes on both coasts saves up to 20%.

*Pan Am-World Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Call your Travel Agent or Stillwell 6-0600

Ticket Office: 600 Fifth Avenue, 80 East 42nd St.;
100 Broadway, 910 E. 162nd St. in Brooklyn, Airlines Terminal.

Fly **PANAGRA** and
PAN AMERICAN-GRACE AIRWAYS
PAN AMERICAN
PAN AMERICAN WORLD AIRWAYS

WORLD



Above, left: Muted Scotch tweed that looks almost iridescent makes a precisely tailored suit, good commuter for town or country. Double-breasted classic jacket has matched collar. Skirt is slim. By Willi. Around one hundred dollars. At Russeks.

Above, right: Coordinated ensemble in Linton tweed. Back-flared coat is warm mixture of rose and plum plaid. One hundred fifty-five. Single-breasted suit picks up coat colors. One hundred nineteen. By Max Milstein. At Saks Fifth Ave.



At left: Brown and green Scotch tweed boxy jacket over dress with coral cashmere knit top, green tweed skirt. Maria Krum. Two hundred twenty-five. DePina.

Above: Jacket of red, green and white nubby tweed (Lesur) over slim sheath in green tweed. Marie Sano & Prazan. Three hundred fifteen. Bergdorf Goodman.

Photographs by Ira Rosenberg at The Lenox Shop, Hewlett, N. Y.
Hats by Sally Victor • Gloves by Kayser • Coro and Trifari Jewelry

TRAVELERS...TWEEDS

TWEEDS are always on the go. Woven in one country, designed and made in another, they look perfectly at home wherever they light. In this fall's fashion picture are Irish, British, French and Italian tweeds as well as America's best.

To suit the season, their texture is softer, their weight lighter. Even their colors have a new, soft elegance. Designers have used tweeds not only for coats and suits but for related jacket and dress costumes. A chiffon weight is specially spun for indoors.

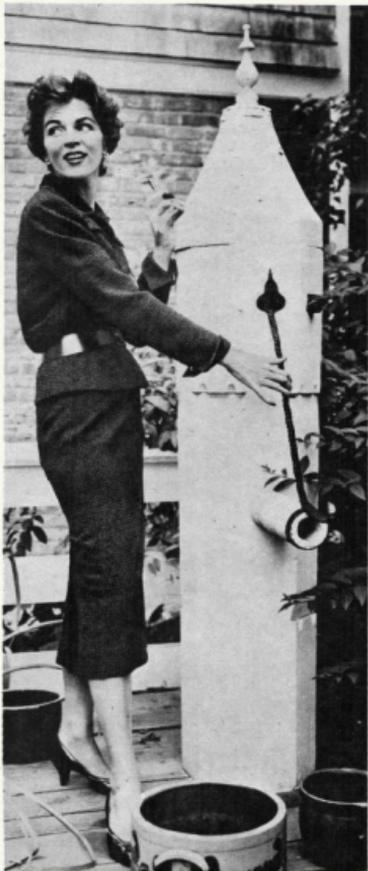
EUGENIA SHEPPARD, Women's Feature Editor



Far left: Brown tweed flecked with beige (Worumbol) for beaver-collared great-coat. Push-up sleeves. By Harry Frechtel. One hundred seventy-five. Gunther Joeckel.

At left: Casual tweed coat in brown and green (John Barr) for beaver-collared great-coat. Push-up sleeves. By Harry Frechtel. One hundred thirty-five dollars. At Bonwit Teller.

Above: Belted shirt-waist jacket, knife-slit skirt in suit of Forstmann's worsted tweed, brown and black. Zelinka Matlick. Under ninety. At Bloomingdale's.





HE'S THE PRINCE

It may be business, but collecting and selling prints is fun, too, for the Harry Shaw Newmans

BY GUIN HALL



NEWMANS relax at home. Picturing over fireplace shows Mr. Newman in clothes of another historic print man, Mr. Carriv

Harry Shaw Newman says his is the happiest career in the world. Starting his twenty-fifth year as an early American print dealer at the Old Print Shop in New York City, he says "There's something new to find every week. It's constant fun. What could be more wonderful than taking a holiday trip to Europe with my wife and encountering in Cannes a collection of love tokens as valuable as their sale price, when we returned, paid for our visit to the Riviera?"

Mr. Newman's reputation for expert knowledge, integrity and business acumen in the world of prints can be learned only from talking to his friends, other dealers and his wife, Helen. "I'm just a stay-at-home," is all quiet, smiling Mr. Newman will say. But John Newman will produce Irving S. Child's book "Time and Place of American History" published in 1911 in which the dedication reads: "To my friend, Harry Shaw Newman with affection and gratitude." He'll also print with pride to a pleasure purchaser, Harry Shaw Newman "honorary collector of prints in the West Point Museum."

Prints are more than just a business for Mr. Newman. Twenty-five years ago, they were a hobby. Then he sold his first Carrier & Ives print, now found in his grandmother's attic, and the rest of the sale went into his business. His shop has always concentrated on



MY BIRTHDAY PRESENT, circa 1845, is a print of the type Helen Newman prints.

OF PRINTS



VALENTINE, hand made in Pennsylvania in 1825 is one of antique love tokens in Mrs. Newman's collection

eighteenth century American prints, paintings and maps with Currier & Ives prints leading in popularity.

Mr. and Mrs. Newman lead an active life what with print-hunting jaunts all over Europe and America and commuting between their homes in Manhattan and Orient Point, L. I. Mrs. Newman spends much of her city time in volunteer work at the New York Foundling Home. She loves children and, if her husband would let her, would keep every print of a child that came in the shop. However, there is one collection to which she does hold exclusive rights—early American handmade valentines. The walls of their city apartment are covered with the dainty and elaborate cut-work designs of 18th century lovers.

Helen Newman is as pretty and dainty as her collection. Her feminine wiles and artifices have caused her conservative husband many a moment of embarrassment such as the luncheon in England when she asked their host, the late Duke of Westminster if he ever had any fun. And the time she kissed an aged male customer happy birthday.

"I was really upset," said Mr. Newman. "But strangely enough, the fellows seemed to like it. The Duke went upstairs to change to a more flamboyant tie and waistkit and told us the Audubon prints I had hoped to get. And the elderly man with the birthday, need-

less to say, is one of our best customers now."

The Old Print Shop has many good customers whose collections it completes like jigsaw-puzzles, filling in the missing pieces. Collectors save prints on endless subjects—autos, coffee, corsets, baseball, sugar, railroads, marine subjects, winter scenes, clipper ships, tennis and, of course, all of the 7500 titles published by Currier & Ives. The home community is also a popular subject Mr. Newman said, adding that his home in Orient Point is furnished with historical prints and paintings of local interest.

"The collector of today is different than ones of the past," Mr. Newman said. "Yesterday's dilettante kept his prized possessions locked away out of sight. Today's collector hangs his favorites where he and everyone else can see and enjoy them." Mr. Newman stresses the importance of acquiring quality if a collection is to be of real value. "The best often costs the most, but a collection made up of only the best is of unmatched value."

Mr. Newman is now a collector himself, having avoided the addiction as long as he could. His subject is the American flag and its pictorial history, which oddly enough, no one else has undertaken. He hopes to acquire the first print showing the flag and believes one will turn up with an earlier date than the 1781 now in his collection. *The End*



AMERICAN Homestead Winter, by Currier & Ives, is "perhaps the most popular" print of all the 7500 titles published by that firm



ST. LOUIS and New Orleans Packet print, made in 1864, is a rarity among the much sought-after prints of paddle steamboats



VIEW of City Hall, dated 1826, is typical of the popular local scenes Mr. Newman sells. He considers it the finest aquatint of that scene



SNOWY Heron, bought from Duke of Westminster, is a favorite Audubon



PIQUANTE Couturiere is one of a group of Philpon lithographs of working girls

DISCRIMINATING PEOPLE PREFER

HERBERT TAREYTON



MRS. DOROTHEA MCGILL SCOTT, attractive young member of Richmond, Virginia, society, at the *Honorable, Discriminating in her choice of cigarettes, Miss Scott says: "Like so many of my friends, I prefer Herbert Tareyton's cork tip, extra length and mild tobacco."*

Discriminating people prefer Herbert Tareyton. They appreciate the kind of smoking that only fine tobacco and a genuine cork tip can give. The cork tip doesn't stick to the lips... it's clean and firm. And discriminating people prefer Herbert Tareyton because their modern size not only means a longer, cooler smoke, but that *extra measure* of fine tobacco makes Herbert Tareyton today's most unusual cigarette value.

THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT THEM YOU'LL LIKE



1 YOUTH can do anything — even put on its own shoes and socks



2 "AFTER ALL, I'm a big boy now..."



3 "SEE! I'm an expert at this stuff!"



4 "WHAT! I am not taking too long!"

No HELP WANTED

Photographs by Ruth Strible

THEY (independent-minded young men) lived here in Flushing Meadows, who is not quite two years old but full of self and defiance. The son of Salvation Army Captain James Shannon, Mark lives at The Salvation Army Officer's Training College in New York; both his parents are on the school's staff and Mark is the school mascot. Photographer Ruth Strible reports that the day she visited the **SHOCK ATTACK** **DAG** every body in the dining room in stitches with a speech he delivered from his high chair on the subject of speech.

However, as you can see from the last picture, Mark isn't really satisfied. After a brief struggle of 45 minutes or so, he gave in and let his mother put the shoes on for him.



5 SURRENDER. "Well, if you insist..."



SUNDAY BRUNCH

Perfect for a weekend, one of these leisurely, happy midmorning meals

The first "Y" month ushers in many firsts—oysters, school, fall fashions and Better Breakfast Month. Everyone—from kindergartners to oldsters—needs a good breakfast for maximum efficiency and health regardless of the season. An adequate one consists of fruit, cereal and milk, bread and butter; a complete breakfast adds eggs or meat.

Branches obligingly provide needed nutrition and eliminate a mid-meal so why not feature them on week-ends. Use the following "mainstays" and fill in according to the better breakfast pattern.

Sunday-Best Brunch

Crisp-fried Bacon: Start with a cold frying pan; fry bacon slowly over low heat, turning strips occasionally and pouring off drippings. Drain on paper towels and keep hot in the oven.

French Toast Sandwiches: Beat 4 eggs slightly; add 1 teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons sugar and ½ cup milk; pour into a shallow pan. Remove crusts from 12 slices of bread; dip in egg mixture so both sides are well soaked. Brown on both sides in hot bacon drippings. Spread 6 slices generously with strawberry preserves and top with remaining slices. Garnish with a berry and a parsley sprig as a "berry-stem."

20-Minute Brunch

Fish Morsels: Place frozen ready-fried cod, ocean perch or haddock pieces in a pan. Broil about 4 inches from the heat for 8 to 10 minutes. Or, bake in a 425°F. oven for 20 minutes.

Savory Scrambled Eggs: For each serving, combine 1 egg, 1 tablespoon milk or cream, 1 tablespoon grated sharp cheese, ¼ teaspoon minced onion, dash of salt and



SMILING pancake with sausage decor is a cheery note

pepper; beat with a fork. Cook in top of double boiler over simmering water, stirring occasionally.

Smiling Pancake Brunch

Bake pancakes allowing 3 to 4 per serving. Cut eyes and mouth out of top pancake on the stack. Use a butter or margarine triangle for a nose, pieces of pork sausage for eyes, and 4 pork sausages for the coffee. To cook the sausages: place links in a cold frying pan and cook slowly over low heat 12 to 14 minutes, turning frequently. Add a tablespoon or two of the drippings to the heated syrup.

Omelet Brunch

Macaroni and Cheese Omelet

- 2 eggs, separated
- 4 ounces cooked macaroni
- 2 tablespoons chopped green pepper
- 2 tablespoons chopped pimiento
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- ¼ cup diced cheese

Beat egg yolks well. Fold in macaroni, green pepper, pimiento, salt and cheese. Beat egg whites stiffly and fold gently into macaroni mixture. Pour into moderately

hot, well-greased skillet. Cook very slowly 20 minutes or until bottom of omelet appears nicely browned. Then put skillet in a 325°F. oven 2 to 5 minutes or until top is dry but not browned. Crease omelet through center and fold over. Turn out on a hot platter and serve immediately. Yield: 4 servings.

Canadian Bacon: Fry or broil bacon slices for about 5 minutes or until well browned.

For partitioned brunches, here are menus which are elaborate:

Satisfying Sandwich Brunch

- Melon Rings with Crushed Pineapple
- Western Sandwiches (eggs, onions, ham bits and green peppers on toast)
- Broiled Tomatoes and Apple Slices
- Sautéed Corn and Pimientos

Hot and Hearty Brunch

- Grapefruit with Berries
- Chicken Livers with Mushrooms
- Scrambled Eggs (in casserole with grated cheese and salted almonds)

Tiny Parsley Biscuits
Coffee with Brandy
— ISABEL AVICE MCGOVERN

TRANSATLANTIC DIVIDEND



SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT

Holland-America Line

29 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 6, N. Y. OFFICES IN PRINCIPAL CITIES

"IT'S GOOD TO BE



ON A WELL-RUN SHIP"

Start your day right with BEECH-NUT Coffee. You can always depend on the same rich coffee satisfaction pound after pound!

Available in Regular, Trip and Extra Fine Grinds



FRENCH toast sandwiches have jam in the middle



FISH morsels and scrambled eggs take 20 minutes

BUNIONS

Doctor's Super-Fast, Soothing Relief!

Away gone pain when you put nothing combining protective Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads on your bunions or enlarged joints. They stop shoe friction, lift pressure. Get a box today!



Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

No other column quite like Alsop's 4-times weekly Herald Tribune reports. Inclusive interpretations of U.S. goings-on match extraordinary foreign affairs grasp.

back to school on

HAPPY FEET!

HAPPY FELLAS!

They're relaxing in style with their gay new Ripons: the *Low Cut*, the *Argyle*, and the *Canada Mix*. Lots of comfort in those all wool tops, glove leather soles and sidewalls. Sizes 10 thru 13 in a wide choice of colors. Low cut for little fellas—sizes 6, 7, 8, 9.

HAPPY GALS!

They're hep to the latest in foot flattery, one in Ripon's *Gay Mates*, the other sporting *Low Cuts*. Many smart colors to choose from. All wool tops, glove leather soles; ladies' sizes 9, 10, 11. Little ladies' 6, 7, 8.



HAPPY LITTLE KIDS!

Home from school and into their Ripons—he wears *Indian Chief*, she's gay in *Peter Pan*. Both styles are all wool with knit-in designs—glove leather soles. Each in four bright colors; children's sizes 5 thru 9.

HAPPY MOTHER!

...Ripons are Hand Washable!

Ask for genuine Ripons at leading department stores, men's, women's, children's and infants' specialty shops, shoe stores and sporting goods stores.

slip-on **Ripons** for happy feet!

Genuine Ripons—Priced at \$1.95 to \$3.50

B. ALTMAN • BLOOMINGDALE'S • CUTLER-OWENS • GIMBEL BROS. • STERN BROS.

ALBANY—Albany Hardware & Iron Co., Cash's, Laura Shoe Co., McManis & Bly, McFadden's, J. Tinkle & Sons, Wadsworth's Shoes • AMHERST—Crosby's, Leland's, Stewart's • CATHART—Brown's • COLLETT—Walters • DEPOUT—Bentley • BILMVEY—Sara's Light Shop, Mother Goods • OLINS FALLS—Bringer's Fashion Shop, Bringer's, C. V. Faires Co., W. J. Shoes • GRANVILLE—William's • HUNTINGTON—Simpson's • KENISTON—Hempes's, Brewer's, Jambler's • MIDDLETOWN—Gessner's, E. F. Van Dine's • MONTICELLO—Al Cohen's Sport Shop • NEWBURGH—Sulzer's, Mossell's, John Schuman's • SUN • NYACK—Hammill Shoe Store, Latta's • OGDON—Brennan's • OSHKOSH—Carter's, W. J. Shoes • PLYMOUTH—Togger's, Wadlow Co. • SARATOGA SPRINGS—E. D. Shook's & Co. • SCHENECTADY—James Swartz, Ripon Co. • SHELTON—Lester's Shoe Store, Wallace Co. • EIGHTY-FIVE—Ripon's Shoes • TROY—Carter's, Wadlow & Company • WHITE PLAINS—Lester's Shoe Store, Stone's • BRIDGEPORT, CONN.—Hendrick's, Ripon's • NEW LONDON, CT.—James Swartz, Ripon's, Stone's • ST. TAMPA—Sulzer's & Farris, Ed's Sports, Greenwald's • NEW BRUNSWICK, NJ.—Hendrick's Shoes • PLAINFIELD—Togger's, D. Tinkler & Sons • BELLEVILLE FALLS, VT.—J. Tinkle Co., Inc. • BRATTLEBORO—Wilson's • RUTLAND—Wilson's Clothing, Wilson's Sports.

RIPON KNITTING WORKS • in Canada: FOREST CITY KNITTING CO., London, Ontario

HOW America EATS



MRS. VAN ZANDT even makes her own tortillas

MEXICAN MEAL

by Clementine Paddelford

This Week Food Editor

Below-the-border dishes are the specialty at Pancho's Patio

PHOENIX, ARIZ.

I was disappointed. Looking for authentic Mexican food in Phoenix, Ariz., I went to eat luncheon at Pancho's Patio. The warm March day was splashed with sunshine, turquoise sky without a cloud. My mood fancied something quite glamorous, to match the smile of the morning. Such a little place it turned out to be, one small room, an open kitchen, in a patio village on the outskirts of town. The restaurant seated only 28 guests, the menu listed but 20 items. Yet the memory of this food is my memory of Phoenix.

Mrs. Elma Van Zandt who operates the cobblyhole took time to sit with me and talk about her specialties. "I learned below-the-border cooking," she told me, "from Pauline Ramirez, a young Mexican woman who used to come in to take care of my children."

One of the dishes that has come to great popularity is the *albondigas* soup, a meal in itself when served with a green salad. And popular is this fascinating dessert, *almondado*, done in the colors of the Mexican flag.

Almondado

- 1 tablespoon unflavored gelatin
- ½ cup cold water
- ½ cup boiling water
- ½ cup sugar
- 4 eggs whites
- ½ teaspoon almond flavoring
- 1 cup finely ground almonds

Dissolve gelatin in cold water; add hot water and sugar, mixing well; let set to a jelly stage. Beat egg whites very stiff; fold into gelatin mixture with almond flavoring. Beat until the mixture resembles whipped cream. Divide into 3 bowls; leave one uncolored, the second, color red, the third green. Line an 8½-inch pan with waxed

paper. Pour in red mixture, sprinkle with ½ cup ground almonds. Pour in white layer and sprinkle with remaining almonds. Add green layer. Chill. Cut into 4½-inch slices. Serve with chilel custard sauce—to stand for the Mexican age. Yield: 12 portions.

Albondigas Soup

Meal Balls:

- 2 pounds ground round steak
- 1 pound ground fresh pork
- 3 eggs
- 1 green chili pepper, finely chopped
- 3 bunches scallions, finely chopped
- 3 sprigs mint, finely chopped
- ½ clove garlic, finely shaved
- 1½ cups corn meal
- ¼ cup chopped parsley
- 1 cup canned tomatoes, drained
- ½ teaspoon sage
- ½ teaspoon clove
- Dash of savory thyme

Grind the ground steak and pork together twice. Add remaining ingredients, mixing well. Form into small balls about size of marbles and drop into hot soup. Cover. Simmer 1 hour or until tender. Keep adding water if necessary.

Soup:

- 6 quarts water
- 3 cans beef bouillon
- 1 cup tomato juice
- Salt and pepper to taste
- Dash of savory thyme
- ¼ cup chopped parsley
- ½ clove garlic, shaved
- 1 green chili pepper, finely chopped

Combine water with beef bouillon and the tomato juice, with salt and pepper to taste. Add remaining ingredients. Bring to a boil. Approximate yield: 20 portions (9 meat balls each; 2 gallons soup).

DINE in a Spanish café with us next week in Ybor City, the Little Spain of Florida.



"You never had it so clean!"

Never before **Tide** was it possible to get your family wash so clean!

NEVER BEFORE SUCH CLEANING POWER!

When science brought you Tide, it gave you a cleaning power that got clothes CLEANER than any other washing product you had ever used! TID Tide came along, you never had it so clean!

SO MILD! SO SAFE!

And new Tide combines its terrific cleaning power with wonderful mildness. Tide is so kind to hands... more so than any other detergent known. And so safe for all wash colors!

DAZZLING WHITE CLOTHES! NO BLEACHING! NO BLUEING!

Except for stubborn stains, we need to bleach! No need to blue! All by itself, Tide gets shirts, towels, sheets so dazzling WHITE, you'll be amazed! Try Tide next washday—see for yourself!



No wonder more women use **TIDE** in their automatic washers—in fact, in all kinds of washing machines—than any other product!



No washday soap—no other detergent known—

NOTHING ELSE
WILL WASH AS CLEAN
AS Tide
 —yet is so mild!

be modern! drink **NO-CAL**

not a drop goes to "waist!"



absolutely
non-fattening!

ginger ale • cola • cream soda
black cherry • root beer

Delicious thirst-quenchers
for folks who watch their weight.
Perfect as an extra-dry mixer!



Big
16 oz.
bottle

2
for
29¢

NO DEPOSIT

all the flavor is in ...
all the sugar is out!

KIRCH BEVERAGES, BROOKLYN 6, N. Y.

Stomach Upset?

Family Favorite



Take
ENO
IT'S GOOD TASTING!

Remember—sparkling, good tasting Eno helps neutralize gastric acidity. Its buffering anacid action gives effective relief over a long period of time! That's why millions prefer Eno!

Mild Antacid—Gentle Laxative

One Smith in a Million

There are, at a guess, a million Smiths... but only one of them is able to make an excellent living by making sport of sports—which would explain why so many non-sports readers break the rule (every day but Monday) and read the one and the one-derful Red Smith's

"Views of Sport"

column in the

New York Herald Tribune

HAS ANYONE TOLD YOU?

Products you may not have heard about indicate new trends for today's living

FEATHERWEIGHT golf bag (under two pounds) with prongs in the bottom, stands upright in the ground. An aluminum frame with a plastic bag in black, brown, green or red, it sells for \$12.95 at Emil A. Schroth, 39 Hyatt Avenue, Newark 5, N. J.

TOWEL racks have been badly in need of some new styling and it's with pleasure we introduce the wall model shown here. Available in a triangular or circular shape in black iron or brass, it's marketed in New York by Mary Pentland Associates, 220 Fifth Avenue. Sold by Lord and Taylor, the iron rack is \$2, brass is \$3.

INDOOR antenna for television sets to replace the ungainly type that sticks up like rabbit ears, is a 14" paper square with printed circuit that lies flat on top of the set. A directional dial handles the control. Price is \$5.95 from Ductcraft Products Co., 626 Broadway, N. Y. C.

PRETTY paste dispenser that can be left unattended out on the nicest of desks is covered in gold-tooled leather. The paste is a special adhesive that bonds paper, cloth or leather in half a minute. The paste is dispensed as you press down on the ball tip. Called Dub-

N-Stik, it's put out by Millard Hansenson, Inc., 153 West 23rd St., N. Y. C. It's \$1.95 with two refills at Saks Fifth Avenue.

KNIFE sharpener to hang on the wall looks and acts like a pencil sharpener. Angled grooves hold the blade at the proper slant against the revolving honing stone. Hone-Rite is the name, \$3.50 from Hobbycraft Studios, Box 352, Highland Park, Ill.

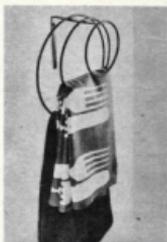
CUTE trick in a laundry bag, for child or adult, is a hanging affair of Everglaze chintz shaped like a duck. Bright yellow with aqua and orange trim, it's \$2.56 from New England House, 367 High Rock St., Needham 92, Mass.

WHEELED cabinet with a built-in hamper and shelves is a convenient accessory for the laundry room. It's low enough to slide under an open counter top. The hamper is wicker and wood and lifts out easily. By Kitchen Maid Corp., 101 Park Avenue, N. Y. C., it's \$68.50. — G. H.

When retail store is not mentioned, write to manufacturer for additional information. Prices are subject to change. They do not include postage unless it is otherwise noted.



Child's laundry bag is ducky



Some new style for towel racks



Paste dispenser is of leather



Knife sharpener hangs on wall



Cabinet has built-in hamper and shelves for laundry supplies

Use new **WHITE RAIN** shampoo tonight—tomorrow your hair will be sunshine bright!



It's like washing your hair in softest rain water! This new gentle lotion shampoo leaves your hair soft as a cloud, bright as sunshine, fresh-smelling as a spring breeze. And it's so easy to care for.

WHITE RAIN



Foebulous New Lotion Shampoo by Toni



PHOTOGRAPH BY BAKA

Competition's Wonderful!

Johnny couldn't tell you whether Mary's friendly smile, or her name on the sign, made him choose her merchandise. But he's glad he did! Because let's face it—over all like to have somebody try extra hard to win our good will.

In fact, when so many brand manufacturers compete for your favor, as they do every day in this land of ours—it makes you feel pretty wonderful, doesn't it?

Their keen competition is the chief reason we can all choose today from the biggest line-up of top-quality brands of merchandise ever offered to a purchaser anywhere in the world! It explains why makers of brand-name products never stop trying to improve their brands to increase our satisfaction. And why they keep us up-to-date about them in magazines like this.

BRAND NAMES FOUNDATION
A Non-Profit Educational Foundation
37 West 57 Street, New York 19, N. Y.

HELP THEM ESCAPE!

Continued from page seven

could be trusted to support the regime.

Will others follow me? My friend Jarzynski has already flown his MIG to the same Danish airfield where I landed mine. He recently told me, "After your flight, an order was given not to approach the seacoast. They issued ammunition to us in order to open fire if another Jarecki tried to escape. Two of your colleagues, one who left the formation and landed after the others, and another who lost radio contact with the base, were taken away for interrogation and were never seen again. So you see, they are in a real frenzy that somebody else may escape."

Always Hungry

POLAND today is like a radish, red outside, white inside. In the event of war, I do not think the Poles will fight for Moscow. Why? Enlisted men in my outfit were fed on a diet of soup and black bread. They were always hungry. Many had contracted TB in the army. Besides, most of them shared my own secret, longstanding hatred of Communism and the Russians. None of us can forget what they did to us in the Warsaw uprisings—after signaling the Polish underground to rise up against the Nazis, the Russians stayed outside the gates while the Polish patriots were slaughtered.

How bad are conditions in the army? For the senior officers, who are almost all Russians, conditions are excellent. But for the rank and file, they are terrible. Shortly before my escape, a warrant officer in my outfit committed suicide because he could not feed his family. His pay was always exhausted by the 15th of the month, because food prices are so high, and he could not bear to watch his wife and children go hungry.

I heard that an entire training squadron stationed in southern Poland near Silesia tried to escape in YAK 9's, which are propeller planes, but the plot was exposed at the last moment.

Continued on next page



dive right in

Don't miss a swim—use Tampax!

Frequently women give up swimming on "those certain days" for no other reason than bathing-suit worries. Please get this fact clear in your mind. Tampax monthly sanitary protection can be trusted even with a wet, form-fitting suit. That's because Tampax (worn internally) discards the harness of belt and bulky outside pad.

Its convenience for swimming (or tub and shower) is only one of the many advantages of Tampax. Odor cannot form with Tampax. Bulging and chafing are impossible; no edge-lines to show under dresses. And so Tampax adds to a woman's poise and self-confidence at the time she needs them most.

A doctor invented Tampax for the special use of every normal woman. Easy to use and dispose of. Comes in 3 absorbency-sizes: Regular, Super and Junior. Sold at drug and notion counters. A truly remarkable improvement. Don't miss it. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association

SAVE MONEY ON QUALITY ASPIRIN

FAMOUS NORWICH ASPIRIN COSTS ABOUT 1/2 THE PRICE MILLIONS PAY!

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

If you have ever bought aspirin anywhere, at any time, at any price that brought you:

1. Faster Relief
2. Longer-lasting relief

... return your purchase to your druggist and get your money back. Also sold in bottles of 100, 36, and 12.



No finer aspirin at any price... why pay more?

NORWICH Aspirin

A PRODUCT OF THE NORWICH PHARMACEUTICAL COMPANY, NORWICH, N. Y.

FALSE TEETH

KLUTCH holds them tighter

KLUTCH forms a comfort cushion; holds dental work much looser and ensures that one can eat and talk with greater comfort and security in water, when alone, as well as with natural teeth. Klutch holds the common type of a denture, rocking, chafing plate, 25c and 50c at drug stores. . . . If your dentures don't fit, don't waste money on substitutes, but send us 10c and we will mail you a genuine trial box.

KLUTCH CO., Box 5243-H, ELMIRA, N.Y.



Dr. Scholl's Chlorophyll FOOT POWDER

1. Relieves Hot, Tender, Itched, Chafed, Sensitive Feet...
2. Eases New or Tight Shoes...
3. Helps Prevent Athlete's Foot...

You'll find the amazingly effective compounded foot powder delightfully soothing, refreshing. Start using Dr. Scholl's Chlorophyll Foot Powder today and make it a daily habit. At Drug, Shoe, Dept., Store and Dr. Scholl's Foot Comfort Shops.



TON SMITS



PEPSODENT gives you a

Clean Mouth Taste for Hours

Thanks to **ORAL DETERGENT** discovery!

Pepsodent's exclusive **ORAL DETERGENT** cleans your teeth cleanest. And the cleaner your teeth, the better you fight bad breath and tooth decay. Your proof that Pepsodent does this best for you is the Clean Mouth Taste you get for hours. Lever Bros. Co. unconditionally guarantees your satisfaction or money refunded.

Pepsodent's **ORAL DETERGENT** Cleans Teeth Cleanest!



Have you tested new Pepsodent Cleanpuff?

HELP THEM ESCAPE!

Continued from preceding page

Sixteen of the leaders were shot.

Conditions among the civilian population are just as bad. For example, in the town I came from, the man who ran the candy store is now in a labor camp. Each month new taxes were imposed on him until he was forced into debt and then the state foreclosed. The blacksmith in my town has gradually been forced to sell his tools to pay his taxes, and now he works in a factory 300 miles from his family. The crippled owner of the newsstand has also been a victim of special taxation, but after foreclosing his stand, the state has re-installed him as its employee at a salary he can scarcely live on.

Disillusionment and resentment are widespread; these people are eager to desert. But you have not offered them the proper inducements. In my opinion, here they are:

1. **Establish free armies for every satellite country.** If there were a Polish army as part of the NATO alliance, then the soldier or civilian who wants to escape would have a specific and desirable goal. As it is, if a company of Polish soldiers were to escape, what would their objective be? Our enslaved peoples want a free army they can join with patriotic pride, not a mercenary, foreign-legion type of army like the one that was proposed in the U.S. Senate.

Would a free army attract these Iron Curtain soldiers? During World War II, General Anders, the Polish commander, went to Field Marshal Wilson in Italy and urged him to designate the 30,000 soldiers under Anders' command as a regular army corps. At first, Marshal Wilson refused. "Fifty thousand is the minimum complement for a corps," he said. "After the first battle, where will you get replacements?"

"My reinforcements," General Anders replied, "are in front of me." The General was right, for the closer the army progressed toward Poland, the larger it became; by the time the Allies

reached northern Italy, the Polish army numbered 120,000.

The Polish army today stands at one million strong. If General Anders were in command of a free Polish army under NATO's aegis, I have no doubt there would be wholesale desertions to his colors. When I escaped, I was under the erroneous impression that such a free army existed under General Anders' command. That was one of the chief reasons I wanted to escape.

2. **Destroy the prestige of the present satellite governments.** These puppet governments, which are Moscow's branch offices, are certainly not true reflections of the political desires of their citizens. If it is not feasible actually to withdraw recognition, then perhaps offer other less stringent but effective means can be devised to lessen the prestige of these governments.

3. **Guarantee freedom to all Communist escapees.** You cannot attract escapees if they fear they will be imprisoned and eventually returned to their Communist oppressors. It is this fear that has caused General Clark's \$100,000 MG offer to boomerang. After it was made, the political officers told Red pilots, "See how great our MIG is—the Americans are desperately offering bribes to get a look at one. But you men know what happens to prisoners—they are held in stockades and eventually returned and you know what fate awaits such a traitor when he comes back here."

In fairness to General Clark, it should be pointed out that he did offer freedom as part of the deal, but this provision has been effectively obscured.

4. **Offer those who desert an attractive political asylum.** Thanks to Russian propaganda, all of Soviet Europe knows about the Mac-Carran Act. In my country, for example, we know that Polish sailors who long ago deserted their ships in New York are still being held on Ellis Island. I am lucky,

Continued on page 47

Research will mean Victory!

GAMMA GLOBULIN—
obtained from human blood—protects for a few weeks. But it is in very short supply.

1953 POLIO FACTS

When **POLIO** is around, follow these **PRECAUTIONS**

- 1 Keep clean
- 2 Don't get fatigued
- 3 Avoid new groups
- 4 Don't get chilled

A VACCINE is not ready for 1953. But there is hope for the future.

THE NATIONAL FOUNDATION FOR INFANTILE PARALYSIS

When **GRE** Strikes...
Banks for **SCIENCE'S "MIDGY MIRACLE"**

PRETO
FIRE EXTINGUISHER
Alcohol Free Mixture Already Sold ONLY \$3.98 - DOUBLE CAPACITY \$5.95

Sexton Quality Foods

Guaranteed by Food Distributors

IT'S A REAL JOY to open a jar of Sexton preserves or jelly and find the secret of their home made goodness is the way we cook the finest fruits: in small batches, and extra slowly. Preserves and jellies are the pride of Sexton Sunshine Kitchens.

John Sexton & Co., Sexton Square, Chicago, Ill.

"While I'm in, Markins, tie knots in my cloth!"

PUZZLES

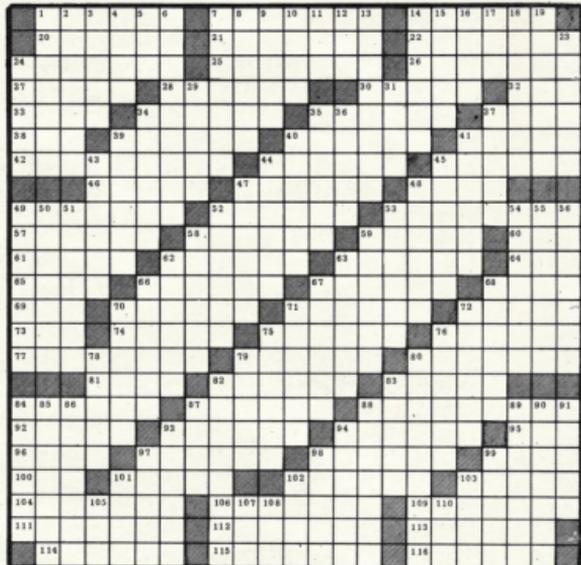
CROSSWORD by Marion Moeser

ACROSS

- 1 Epithet of Artemis.
 13 Gem George Washington.
 20 Spirited horse.
 21 Deductions.
 22 Conames.
 24 — grain.
 25 Parry item.
 26 Athlete's need.
 27 City pirate.
 28 Bartender's portions.
 29 Expect.
 30 Anac. Greek beauty.
 33 Notorious governor of Penn.
 35 General & President.
 37 Approach.
 38 And others.
 39 40 to 50.
 40 Amer. poet.
 41 Youth. See.
- 42 Extreme.
 46 Be contempt.
 45 Sham.
 46 Sharp.
 47 Vindictive.
 48 Harden.
 49 Relinquish.
 50 Squealed.
 53 Off-sung of town.
 57 Elizabeth's domain.
 58 Bartender's portions.
 59 Expect.
 60 City in Nebraska.
 61 Party pests.
 62 Painter Peter.
 64 Boston's ace.
 63 Pierce looks.
 64 Boston's ace.
 65 Maturer.
 66 Tennis. Alice.
 67 Baker St. tenant.
 68 Lous.
- 69 Tamed in 1773.
 70 To wit.
 71 Empty.
 72 Thicker than a lawyer.
 73 Fish.
 74 Late.
 75 Addition.
 76 Basque cap.
 77 Emulsion.
 102 "Pride and Prejudice" was red.
 79 Scooped.
 77 Conductor.
 103 Parrot.
 104 Horon or barnum.
 106 Cart's country.
 83 Foot of 62 Acr.
 84 Advance.
 87 Home bases.
 88 Bull.
 89 Indium.
 90 Any ballet dancer.
 94 Pasta's.
- 95 Devoshire river.
 96 Teers.
 97 Throve Smith's hero.
 98 V.F. death.
 99 Material.
 100 Addition.
 101 Overmaster's worry.
 102 "Pride and Prejudice" was red.
 103 Parrot.
 104 Horon or barnum.
 106 Cart's country.
 109 Light cotton.
 111 Solacing Fr.
 112 Studin.
 113 Most uncommon.
 114 Quarter. Coll.
 115 Digger.
 116 Lagerlof's people.

DOWN

- 1 Dignitary.
 2 Showy actions.
 3 Refreshing goods.
 4 Cupid's counterpart.
 6 London chamber.
 7 Lardier.
 7 G.I.'s "pneumia."
 8 Infinitely tribe.
 9 Rose.
 10 Wine.
 11 Native.
 12 Coloradoan.
 13 Irish sea god.
 14 Attempting.
- 14 Gemini's mortal half.
 15 Entire.
 16 Cable or Peck.
 17 Master.
 18 Healthlike chaser.
 19 Remedy.
 20 Whitened.
 20 Exalt.
 21 Vehicle.
 24 Insect.
 25 Derivates relative.
 26 Concerning.
 27 Washing or drying.
 28 Settings.
- 40 Gay affairs.
 41 Doc's reading matter.
 43 — matches.
 44 Bernhardt's appeal.
 45 Good of 16 clubs.
 46 Four high.
 49 Disputed.
 50 Centaur's partner.
 51 Derivates.
 52 Pave.
 53 Hippo pendants.
 54 J.P.
 55 Garden decoration.
- 56 Scrap.
 56 State of baby's food.
 59 Merles.
 62 Butted.
 63 Carb.
 64 Soder's rule.
 65 Washington & Lincoln.
 66 Button or bow.
 67 Symbols.
 71 Western.
 72 Heavenly.
 73 Outmoded hat.
 76 Disarranges.
 78 Disarranges.
- 80 Select.
 84 Trade.
 85 Song like a bird.
 86 Stuffed.
 87 Tones up.
- 88 Galle saint.
 89 Reasoned.
 90 Limits.
 91 "Closter and Hech" author.
- 93 Tarry.
 94 Skinner.
 97 French suet.
 98 Girl's name.
 99 With cupola.
 101 Travel.
 102 Part title.
 103 Paris station.
 105 — culpa.
- 107 Eor. Comb. form.
 108 Husband name.
 110 Maribie.



DIAGRAMLESS PUZZLES

19 x 19, by James A. Brussel

- ACROSS
 1 Spanish ladies.
 2 Scrutinize.
 9 Wife of Oberon.
 10 Shortening.
 17 Fr. composer.
 14 Cuckooed.
 17 Title of respect.
 20 Female sheep.
 21 Smelly.
 23 Comb. form.
 26 Individual.
 27 Gambling agreement.
 28 Hindu Hagolet.
 30 Including — profound.
 33 Inebriates.
- 34 Backward.
 38 Waxpans.
 37 So. Amer.
 39 Country.
 38 Attempt.
 39 Infant's roskin.
 40 Cuckooed.
 42 Goatside.
 43 Gallanance.
 45 Doops.
 46 Scuffles.
 48 Usefulness.
 49 Transgressions.
 50 Micro knife.
 53 Shad —.
 50 Including — profound.
 54 Wolfraimite.

- 55 The odder crabs.
 56 Hittor vetch.
 57 Curtain.
 58 Jackal: India.
 59 Jap coin.
 60 Common spring.
 61 Dunder away.
 62 Unusual.
 64 Battered.
 67 Advertisements.
 68 Planters.

DOWN

- 1 Place.
 2 Outcasts.
 3 Pertaining to birth.
 4 The tent maker.
 5 Cuckoo more profound.
 7 Water.

37 Actors.

- 38 Terminates.
 39 Accommodated.
 41 Electrified.
 42 Process.
 43 Squaw against it wall.
 44 Check bone.
 47 Author of "Life in London."
 49 Isolated.
 50 Cotton bundle.
 53 Infant food.
 54 Army food.
 58 Sharpener.
 61 Coat.
 62 Among.
 64 Printer's measure.
 65 Digit.
 66 Letter.

21 x 19, by Jarda B. Kitt

- ACROSS
 1 Dress trimmings.
 9 Free trucks.
 11 Bessons.
 13 Vanquish.
 14 Re-examine.
 18 Crystalline sugar.
 19 Bab's tooth.
 20 Tastes.
 22 Table scrap.
 23 Born.
 24 Bark of the paper mulberry.
 28 Herb.
 29 Terminate.
 31 Snappers.
- 32 Soaks.
 33 Gashed: Var.
 37 Sailing.
 38 Apportion.
 39 Sea-bird.
 40 Accumulator.
 42 Vale.
 43 Cry of contempt.
 45 Numerals.
 46 Malevolence.
 48 Opposed to isolationists.
 49 Dagger: Obs.
 52 Dent.
 53 River in Germany.
 54 Tab for food.
 55 Paraglyph.
 56 Fits of temper.
 59 Feminine ancestor.
 60 One's Scot.
 61 Fern name.
 62 Bams.

64 Units of work.

- 65 Sould.
 67 Demanded payment.
 68 Aggregation.
 69 100 villages: Wales (obs.).
 71 Yarn.
 74 Summer: Fr.
 75 Household pet.
 76 Siamese coin.
 78 Italian town.
 79 Legumes.
 81 Depotic.
 83 Therin.
 84 Dagger: Obs.
 84 Eng. town.
 86 Hoards: Fr.

DOWN

- 1 Dormouse.
 2 Maple tree: pt.
 3 Lively of temper.
 4 Centuries of time.
 5 Soap frame bar.
 6 Fern name.
 7 Freularity.

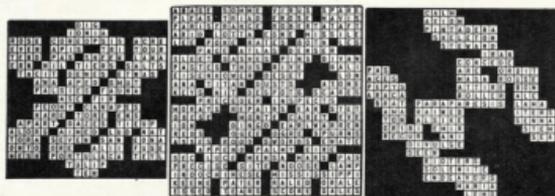
8 A sulfite.

- 9 Artists' stands.
 10 Strength.
 12 Short jacking.
 13 Swarth.
 15 Epic poetry.
 16 Mercurially.
 17 Betrays: obs.
 18 Cuts.
 21 Diaphanous.
 22 Plaster.
 27 Southern constellation.
 28 Slouth.
 30 Imps.
 32 Therin.
 33 Cuttle-fish.
 34 Impressions from type.
 35 Inlains.
 36 American journalist.
 38 Apple acid.
 41 Determined.
 42 Split pot: Hind.
 44 Town in Hungary.
 46 Injured.

47 Colorado park.

- 49 Alcoholic beverage.
 50 Unusual.
 51 Want.
 56 Arrows.
 57 Biblical.
 59 Mountain.
 60 Connect.
 61 Porcupine.
 63 Cal boat: 2 wds.
 64 Consumer.
 65 Sacks.
 66 & major.
 68 Australian opera singer.
 69 Mountains: basins.
 70 Ship's sound.
 72 Firm person.
 73 Mitigate.
 74 Earth.
 77 Fly insect.
 80 Philippine genus.
 82 Compose poet: abbr.

Solutions of Last Week's Puzzles



CRYPTOGRAM

UGH NG SPLIT DLTM STGHKLK SITARDIP:
 BRFA, "NURB HIM NG FTLIN LFTLBB."

By Ruth Barash

Last Sunday's Cryptogram

Southern cooks take to beaten biscuit; northerners roll theirs.

SCHOOL DIRECTORY

BUSINESS AND SECRETARIAL

DAY SCHOOLS

DAY SCHOOLS

BERKELEY SCHOOL

NEW YORK BRANCH SEPT. 21, 1952

1100 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

Established 1902. Accredited by the American Association of Schools and Colleges. Offers a complete business and secretarial course. Includes: Bookkeeping, Typing, Stenography, and Office Management. Graduates are employed by leading firms.

Misses: 9:30-11:30 AM, 2:00-4:00 PM
 Phone: MU 2-1200
 1100 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

Packard JUNIOR COLLEGE

Building Business Careers For Over 75 Years

Classical and Modern Curriculum Approved for Veterans

• MANAGEMENT • ACCOUNTING • SECRETARIAL • SALES • MERCHANDISING

Full Session Begins September 14
 Open for Fall Session

100 E. 21st St.
 2338 Lexington Ave. (56th St.), N. Y. 14

Katharine Gibbs SECRETARIAL

Training of professional level for men and women. Includes: Stenography, Typing, Bookkeeping, and Office Management.

NEW CLASSES • SEPT. 22

College Preparatory Session

233 Park Avenue, New York 17
 911 West 11th St., Chicago, Ill.
 300 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.
 300 Madison Ave., Chicago, Ill.

BEDFORD PARK ACADEMY

One Teacher to Every Ten Pupils

ALL STUDENTS SUPPLEMENTED SPECIAL HELP COURSES

7500 BEDFORD HEIGHT SCHOOL
 7500 BEDFORD HEIGHTS
 BRONX 3, N. Y.

RHODES SCHOOL

A complete Preparation of students for college entrance. Includes: English, Mathematics, Science, and History.

11 West 68th Street, New York 21, N. Y.
 Phone: MU 2-1200

ERON PREPARATORY SCHOOL

14th Year, Regents Examined

Prepares for all subjects: Arts, Science, Languages, Mathematics, and Physical Education.

222 Broadway (at 14th), New York, N. Y. AL 4-4823

Talk with Mrs. Wood

IF YOU PLAN TO BE A SECRETARY

Preserve your health and energy. Learn the secrets of a successful career. Includes: Typing, Stenography, and Office Management.

MOON SECRETARIAL SCHOOL
 825 Fifth Ave., New York 17

Secretarial COLLEGIATE SECRETARIAL

Business Administration, Accounting, and Office Management.

100 E. 21st St., New York 14
 Phone: MU 2-1200

DWIGHT DAY SCHOOL FOR BOYS

225 Park Ave., N. Y. 17, N. Y. 17

Prepares for college entrance. Includes: English, Mathematics, and Science.

225 Park Ave., New York 17, N. Y.
 Phone: MU 2-1200

ST. HILDA'S

Prepares for college entrance. Includes: English, Mathematics, and Science.

100 E. 21st St., New York 14
 Phone: MU 2-1200

Wood Secretarial School

Preserve your health and energy. Learn the secrets of a successful career. Includes: Typing, Stenography, and Office Management.

100 E. 21st St., New York 14
 Phone: MU 2-1200

Latin American Institute

Prepares for college entrance. Includes: Spanish, French, and Italian.

100 E. 21st St., New York 14
 Phone: MU 2-1200

SKYTOP

Prepares for college entrance. Includes: English, Mathematics, and Science.

100 E. 21st St., New York 14
 Phone: MU 2-1200

McBURNIE DAY SCHOOL

Prepares for college entrance. Includes: English, Mathematics, and Science.

100 E. 21st St., New York 14
 Phone: MU 2-1200

NEW YORK SCHOOL OF INTERIOR DESIGN

FOUR MONTHS' PRACTICAL TRAINING COURSE

222 Broadway (at 14th), New York, N. Y. AL 4-4823

TRAPHAGEN SCHOOL OF FASHION

Prepares for college entrance. Includes: English, Mathematics, and Science.

100 E. 21st St., New York 14
 Phone: MU 2-1200

FASHION ACADEMY

Prepares for college entrance. Includes: English, Mathematics, and Science.

100 E. 21st St., New York 14
 Phone: MU 2-1200

RIDER COLLEGE

Prepares for college entrance. Includes: English, Mathematics, and Science.

100 E. 21st St., New York 14
 Phone: MU 2-1200

EASTMAN SCHOOL

Prepares for college entrance. Includes: English, Mathematics, and Science.

100 E. 21st St., New York 14
 Phone: MU 2-1200

Waldorf School

Prepares for college entrance. Includes: English, Mathematics, and Science.

100 E. 21st St., New York 14
 Phone: MU 2-1200

Chic Fashion design

Prepares for college entrance. Includes: English, Mathematics, and Science.

100 E. 21st St., New York 14
 Phone: MU 2-1200

McDOWELL SCHOOL

Prepares for college entrance. Includes: English, Mathematics, and Science.

100 E. 21st St., New York 14
 Phone: MU 2-1200

WASHINGTON SCHOOL FOR SECRETARIES

Prepares for college entrance. Includes: English, Mathematics, and Science.

100 E. 21st St., New York 14
 Phone: MU 2-1200

SCHOOL OF BUSINESS PRACTICE & SPEECH

Prepares for college entrance. Includes: English, Mathematics, and Science.

100 E. 21st St., New York 14
 Phone: MU 2-1200

DELPHI ACADEMY

Prepares for college entrance. Includes: English, Mathematics, and Science.

100 E. 21st St., New York 14
 Phone: MU 2-1200

NEW YORK-PHOENIX SCHOOL OF DESIGN

Prepares for college entrance. Includes: English, Mathematics, and Science.

100 E. 21st St., New York 14
 Phone: MU 2-1200

Rhode Island SCHOOL OF MODERN HOME DESIGN

Prepares for college entrance. Includes: English, Mathematics, and Science.

100 E. 21st St., New York 14
 Phone: MU 2-1200

BALKAID SCHOOL

Prepares for college entrance. Includes: English, Mathematics, and Science.

100 E. 21st St., New York 14
 Phone: MU 2-1200

Information

For more information, contact the school directly.

POLY PREP

Prepares for college entrance. Includes: English, Mathematics, and Science.

100 E. 21st St., New York 14
 Phone: MU 2-1200

BAILEY HALL

Prepares for college entrance. Includes: English, Mathematics, and Science.

100 E. 21st St., New York 14
 Phone: MU 2-1200

CREATIVE PHOTOGRAPHY

Prepares for college entrance. Includes: English, Mathematics, and Science.

100 E. 21st St., New York 14
 Phone: MU 2-1200

SHORTCUT AND TYPING IN 30 DAYS

Prepares for college entrance. Includes: English, Mathematics, and Science.

100 E. 21st St., New York 14
 Phone: MU 2-1200

School and Camp Service

Prepares for college entrance. Includes: English, Mathematics, and Science.

100 E. 21st St., New York 14
 Phone: MU 2-1200

THE CALHOUN SCHOOL

Prepares for college entrance. Includes: English, Mathematics, and Science.

100 E. 21st St., New York 14
 Phone: MU 2-1200

KOLBURNE School

Prepares for college entrance. Includes: English, Mathematics, and Science.

100 E. 21st St., New York 14
 Phone: MU 2-1200

New York School of FASHION DESIGN

Prepares for college entrance. Includes: English, Mathematics, and Science.

100 E. 21st St., New York 14
 Phone: MU 2-1200

MERCHANTS AND BANKERS

Prepares for college entrance. Includes: English, Mathematics, and Science.

100 E. 21st St., New York 14
 Phone: MU 2-1200

NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE

Prepares for college entrance. Includes: English, Mathematics, and Science.

100 E. 21st St., New York 14
 Phone: MU 2-1200

ST. LUKE'S SCHOOL

Prepares for college entrance. Includes: English, Mathematics, and Science.

100 E. 21st St., New York 14
 Phone: MU 2-1200

AVALON SCHOOL

Prepares for college entrance. Includes: English, Mathematics, and Science.

100 E. 21st St., New York 14
 Phone: MU 2-1200

MAISON SAPHO

Prepares for college entrance. Includes: English, Mathematics, and Science.

100 E. 21st St., New York 14
 Phone: MU 2-1200

QUICK AND EASY!

QUICK AND THRIFTY!

QUICK AND DELICIOUS!

Only **Minute Rice** makes meals so fast—so perfect!

No need to slave over a hot stove for hours—when you can fix a fine spread in minutes with Minute Rice!

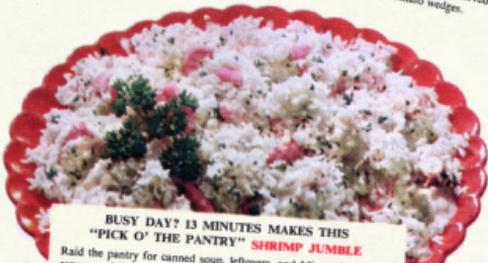
This miracle rice is pre-cooked to do away with hot-and-heavy cooking. Just bring to a boil—and turn off the heat! A mere 10 minutes later, your

Minute Rice is ready—snowy and fluffy, tender and tempting for sure.

You simply can't miss. As a vegetable . . . in one-dish glamour meals . . . Minute Rice always comes out perfect! Luscious, lightning-quick recipes on every package. Treat your family, today!



OLD SOUTH FAVORITE
Old-fashioned Southern hospitality—with a modern time-saving twist! It's fried chicken $\frac{1}{2}$ rice, made the foolproof way with Minute Rice! Just combine $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups Minute Rice, $1\frac{1}{4}$ cups water, and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt in saucepan. Bring quickly to boil over high heat; fluff rice once or twice with fork. (Don't stir.) Cover, remove from heat; let stand 10 minutes. Perfect rice for 4—perfect *à la carte*, served with crisp fried chicken, garnished with broiled tomato wedges.

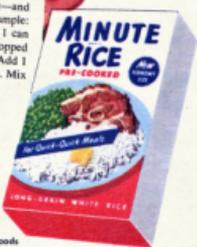


BUSY DAY? 13 MINUTES MAKES THIS "PICK O' THE PANTRY" SHRIMP JUMBLE.

Raid the pantry for canned soup, leftovers, and Minute Rice—and serve up a delicious "Pick o' the Pantry" meal in jiffy time. For example: Prepare $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups Minute Rice as directed on package. Heat 1 can cream of celery soup with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, 1 teaspoon finely chopped parsley, and $\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 teaspoon horse-radish; stir occasionally. Add 1 cup cooked fresh shrimp (or one 7-ounce can); season to taste. Mix and heat thoroughly. Mix lightly with rice. Serves 4 or 5.

**NO WASHING! NO RINSING!
NO DRAINING! NO STEAMING!**

Perfect rice in no time—with no work, no guesswork, no messy pots to scrub! Costs just pennies per serving, and even more economical in the big Family Size. Get a package, today!



Product of General Foods.

For perfect rice every time—pre-cooked **MINUTE RICE**

DANGER... SOFT SHOULDER

by Ton Smits



IRONING'S DONE...
AND SO EASILY!



See how LINIT gives you faster, easier ironing

Amazing Deep-Starching Action of LINIT
Does It! Gives that "Like-New" Look to
Cottons, Restores Beauty-Finish!



MILLIONS SWITCH to Linit for
perfect results with no cooking.



COTTONS LOOK FRESHER,
stay clean and neat longer when
starched with Linit.

Only Linit makes a thin fluid
starch that gets deep down into
fabrics... coats each fibre evenly.
That's the reason ironing is
easier... faster.

What's more, it's so easy to
make Linit Starch. No fuss, no
cooking whatever... Linit is
ready in less than a minute!

The protective finish given by
Linit Starch resists soiling...
helps to keep dresses and blouses
as crisp and pretty as the day
you bought them! Yes, for easier
ironing and perfect results try
Linit Starch.



HELP THEM ESCAPE!

Continued from page five

because Representative O'Konki has been kind enough to personally sponsor me. But until the McCarran Act is revised and realistic haven offered to these oppressed people who would gladly fight Communism, large-scale desertions are not likely.

5. *Radio propaganda must stress details of liberation.* General talk about the wonderful life in the U.S. means little. But specific details, for example, about my escape, how I was received, the lunch I attended with Cardinal Spellman, what I ate — this is the kind of propaganda that really incites desertion. But best of all would be detailed news about the existence of a free Polish army.

6. *Americans should send as many packages to Iron Curtain people as they possibly can.* There is no interference with these bundles, and tins of food and used clothes are the best inducements to seek a better life beyond the Curtain. The Russians are apparently too insensitive to understand that when you lecture soldiers for two hours every day on the glories of Communism, and their bellies are empty and their relatives in labor camps, you get resentment, not belief.

THIS, therefore, is the moment for the U.S. to help our people to desert, and harness the Red oppressors. My people are vigorous and alert. They have great heart. They are not easily conquered. The Russians have destroyed our homes, our jobs and our honor, but they can never destroy our hope — as long as you stand by us. But without your active support, helping us to organize a free army and to otherwise express our drive toward freedom, our hope may burn out and die.

MIG VS. SABRE: In a startling and disturbing article next week, *Lieut. Jarecki*, the only man who has flown both Russia's and America's best jets, tells why the MIG is better — and what we've got to do to catch up with it.



Helene Curtis spray net Ends Summer "Hair-do Droop"!



New magic lanolized mist
keeps hair Softly in place all day
despite humidity and heat!

Now—say goodbye to unsightly hair-do droop and that "wilted look" that has harassed women every summer up to now. Put an end to straggly wisps and stringy limpness—even on hottest, stickiest days. For Helene Curtis SPRAY NET keeps hair softy and perfectly in place, despite humidity and heat.

Simply touch the SPRAY NET button and this magic mist keeps your hair the way you set it—naturally... invisibly... without greasiness or artificial lacquered look. Contains super-stomized lanolin. Won't harm hair—brushes out instantly. Get Helene Curtis SPRAY NET in the pastel green Aerosol dispenser now.



NO MORE WISPY ENDS
and fly-away strands! No
more stringy droopiness
in sticky, humid weather.
Now career girls can
Spray Net their hair in
the morning and know
that unsightly locks won't
ruin their appearance
even on hottest, busiest
days.



THAT ROMANTIC
SMOOTHER LOOK can be
yours all evening long
with SPRAY NET this
summer. You'll find new
confidence and poise
when hair is always lat-
teringly in place. Get
Helene Curtis Spray Net
today.

Regular Size \$1.25
(plus tax)

New! 1oz. Economy Size, \$2
(Over 3 times as much)
(plus tax)

At All Drug Stores, Cosmetic Counters and Beauty Salons.

