

# This Week

M A G A Z I N E

Democrat & Chronicle

MAGAZINE SECTION • FEBRUARY 8 1953



AT EASE: Turn to "Dog versus Chair"... Page 28



## THE JON LINDBERGH STORY:

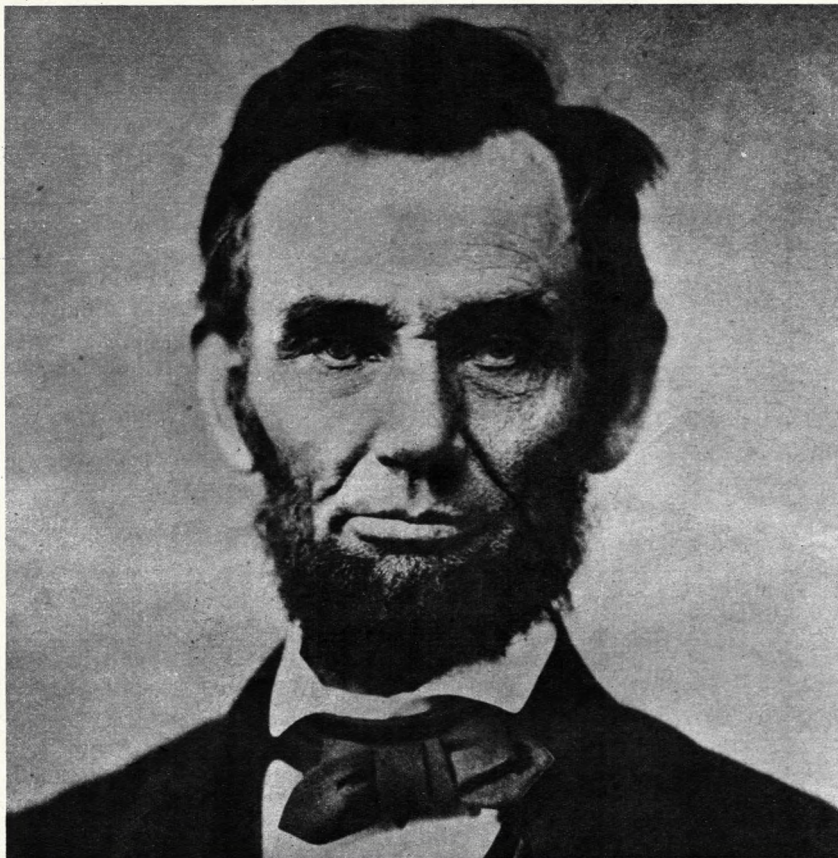
The saga of an American hero's heroic son... Page 14

## MRS. DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER

tells how to be a successful mother-in-law... Page 17







BETTMANN ARCHIVE

*"It is for us the living, rather, to be dedicated here . . . to the great task remaining before us . . ."*

LINCOLN'S GETTYSBURG ADDRESS

# GIVE US YOUR DREAM...

by Joseph Auslander

**B**ecause you knew black nights of unbelief,  
 The sleepless agony, the stark despair,  
 Sustain us when we struggle with our grief,  
 Help us to find the strength you found in prayer.

Because, being human, you could understand,  
 And, being humble, could all faults forgive,  
 O take us like small children by the hand;  
 Teach us in truth and tolerance to live.

Give us your faith to fight for and to treasure;  
 Give us your dream to prove the soul's true worth —  
 The faith for which you gave the last full measure,  
 The dream that shall not perish from the earth.

## Sidelines

**CULTURE NOTE.** February 10th marks the 116th anniversary of the death of Alexander Pushkin, great Russian poet, which reminds us of a true story. Recently Russia's "cultural" leaders announced that a prize would be given to the artist who created the best Pushkin statue. Competition was heavy among Russia's greatest sculptors.

At last the moment arrived when the winning statue would be unveiled. As the shrouds were drawn back, the spectators gasped — then dutifully applauded. Standing before them was not a statue of Pushkin — but of Stalin himself. But the dictator was reading a book — by Pushkin!

**MIG's MENACE.** In a recent issue, Lt. James F. Low, of Sausalito, Calif., told his intimate personal story of achievement as a combat pilot after a dismal civilian life marked by failure and delinquency. Sent to Korea last May, he knocked down six enemy planes by July 4th, was sent back to the U.S. to talk to aircraft engineers. We are pleased to learn that this country's youngest jet ace, back in Korea, is still blasting at Red flyers. At present writing he has shot down his ninth!

**COMING UP.** For years, scientists have sought to solve the mysteries of cancer. Now, some of our most distinguished researchers predict (off the record) that they will reach a solution within 10 years. Next week, in his article, "In Ten Years — A Cure For Cancer," reporter John Pfeiffer gives up-to-date and hopeful news about this battle against one of mankind's most stubborn enemies. It's one of the most cheering articles you'll ever read.

Also next week: Singer Lawrence Tibbett tells about Gen. Jimmy Doolittle's first airplane flight (when he was a schoolboy); Mrs. John Eisenhower tells how to be a successful daughter-in-law; Actor Jean Hersholt tells about the true meaning and value of thrift; plus many other features. — THE EDITORS

## This Week

THE SUNDAY MAGAZINE

WILLIAM I. NICHOLS, Editor

Editorial offices: 420 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, New York

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Cover by Jerry Cooks

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FOR A BETTER AMERICA



You haven't lived if you haven't tried

# Revlon's 'Fire and Ice'

(and it comes in non-smear 'Indelible-Creme' lipstick!)



## Eat!

*your lipstick won't smear off!*



## Drink!

*your lipstick won't smear off!*



## And be merry!

*your lipstick won't smear off!*



## Revlon's 'Fire and Ice'

non-smear

'Indelible-Creme' lipstick

Stays on longer than any lipstick you've ever used! And you can get non-smear "Indelible-Creme" lipstick in "Fire and Ice" and 17 other genius colors. 1.10\*. Matching nail enamel .60\*

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Revlon... world's largest selling lipstick



I dreamed I was  
Queen of Hearts in my  
Maidenform bra



I'm always a winner in this dreamy game of hearts! Deuces are wild, simply wild over my shapely curves... knaves bow at my bidding... kings sigh over such figure-finesses! And the winning trick is Maidenform's Maidenette® bra... it lifts my figure ace-high, rounds it divinely!

Maidenette in broodcloth and lace; also acetate satin, nylon taffeta... from 1.50. Send for free style booklet. Maidenform, N.Y. 16. There is a Maidenform for every type of figure.®

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## WHEN MILLIONAIRES WERE RICH



**CLEVELAND AMORY'S** "The Last Resorts," a book about the decline and fall of one-time society strongholds

like Newport, Bar Harbor, Saratoga and Palm Beach, is a hilarious saga to such as you and me, but to surviving members of the snobbish and outrageously spoiled plutocracy who once held sway there, it is nothing short of a dirge.

One old dragon who read it threatened to sue Amory for attributing a statement to her which she swears she never uttered. "Better keep your mouth shut," counseled a friend. "It's the only clever thing I've heard you say in thirty years."

**AMORY** attributes the decay of the once-glittering resorts to an



When a show-off moves in

offshoot of Gresham's inexorable law: bad millionaires drive good millionaires out of circulation.

The phonies, the *nouveaux riches* and the show-offs move in; the dignified old parties flee for their lives. "These newcomers," mourned one die-hard, "have marked the '400' down to \$3.98." Taxes and the scarcity of servants have taken their toll, too, of the show places that once cluttered the landscape at spas and beaches.

Gone are places like Newport's "Breakers" and "Shadowbrook" in the Berkshires, where a scion at Yale wired his mother, "Arriving this evening with crowd of ninety-six men," to receive in reply, "Many guests already here. Have only room for fifty."

**GONE, TOO**, are houses like Mrs. E. T. Stotesbury's at Bar Harbor,

where she explained that solid gold bathroom fixtures really were very economical: "You don't have to polish them, you know."

"Today we're living on capital," mourned one blue blood, "and that's that. I can't even remember when I wore a white tie last!"

**THE ARROGANCE** not only of the old-time rich, but of their servants, is exemplified by Amory's story of the day at the Newport Casino when Chester A. Arthur was reduced to calling his own carriage.

Mr. Arthur was a rank outsider—merely the President of the United States.

A commuter between Tuxedo and Hot Springs grumbled, "There's no use even going to the theater in New York any more. The audience isn't worth seeing."

**John Jacob Astor had consoling words, however, for mere commoners. "Nowadays," he observed cheerfully, "a man who has a million dollars is as well off as if he were rich."**

**AND OH**, how morals have changed in the once-hidebound domains of Old Society! In the days of Edith Wharton's "The Age of Innocence," the "right people" looked askance at a divorcee. Today one generally accepted man and wife boast 11 ex-spouses between them!

A Mrs. Messmore at East Hampton sighs for the days "when it was considered fast to play net at tennis."

Another dowager recalls a time when society debutantes would hesitate to show their insteps. "Today," she adds grimly, "they usually show their step-ins!"

One of Cleveland Amory's best stories (if you like these samples, "The Last Resorts," published by Harper, is a book you obviously should acquire) concerns the deter-



How debts have changed!

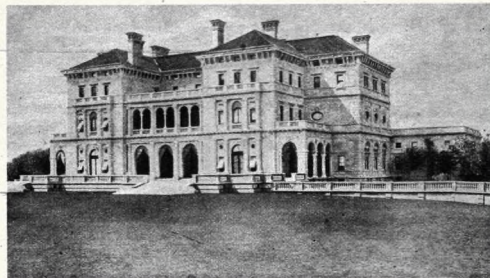
mined social climber who told a Pillar of the Old Guard, "I've had thirty-six of the top-drawer people to dine, and sixty-five of the second drawer. I really don't know who to ask next."

"That's easy," chuckled the Pillar. "Why don't you just have your friends?"

**THE LAST STRAW.** Mrs. Averell Harriman, famed reporter, named a long-haired dachshund after Gary Cooper, and somebody sent a postcard to the pooch as a joke, addressed, "Mr. Gary Cooper, c/o the Harrimans, Hobe Sound, Fla."

An eager beaver real-estate promoter spotted the postal card and ho'dooted it over to the Harriman abode, declaiming, "It's imperative that I see Mr. Cooper immediately."

"He must be around here somewhere," said an obliging maid. "Here, Gary! Here, Gary!" — BENNETT CERF



"THE BREAKERS," Newport: symbol of a fabulous era



*"Captivating"*

is the word for Mona Freeman's beauty. Eyes that almost speak—soft skin that's enchantingly feminine, lusciously young. Easy to see why directors cast Mona for "young love" roles—she's romance itself!

**"Here's my care  
for smoother skin  
... Lux!"**

*says Mona Freeman*

**Do you want this lovelier skin-beauty? Then try this young star's daily Lux Soap care—it has beautifying Skin-Tonic Action!**

Let Mona tell you that lovelier skin *can* be yours. "I find Lux care really makes a difference—just a few seconds for my daily Lux Soap facials keep my skin sparkling."

And the secret of this sparkling look that comes to your skin with Lux?

It's the gentle Skin-Tonic Action of Lux care... a *toning* action that helps your skin retain natural moisture. Even dry skin looks softer, more alive and luminous.

Discover the quick new beauty this Lux Soap care can give your skin. Try it... *see for yourself*. Lux Soap care, with Skin-Tonic Action, is guaranteed to make your skin definitely smoother, fresher—or Lever Brothers Company will refund your money.



Mona Freeman co-starring in RKO Radio's "ANGEL FACE"

**Mona's glamour sparkles—on-screen or off screen. Take her beauty tip: "Fresh skin adds to any girl's charm—that's why daily Lux facials are a must for me!"**



**Mona selects fluffy blue hat. "Feminine colors are flattering... especially if your skin is fresh!" Here's her way to fresh, glowing skin...**



**"Lux facials work wonders! I cream in a rich Lux lather... rinse warm, splash cold... and my skin simply glows!"**



**Nine out of ten screen stars use Lux Toilet Soap—for complexion, for daily beauty baths, too. Try this fragrant white soap that is Hollywood's favorite. You'll discover... life's lovely when you're Lux-lovely!**





Pepsi-Cola  
refreshes

without filling

THE MODERN WOMAN owes a lot to today's good sense in diet. She eats light, drinks light, and keeps her youthful figure longer. She looks better, feels better. Men like her better. And so does her insurance company.

For her, today's Pepsi-Cola is refreshment made to order. For Pepsi has kept in step with sensible changes in modern taste. Dry, never too sweet, reduced in calories, it goes with all the wholesome ways of living that help to make her what she is.

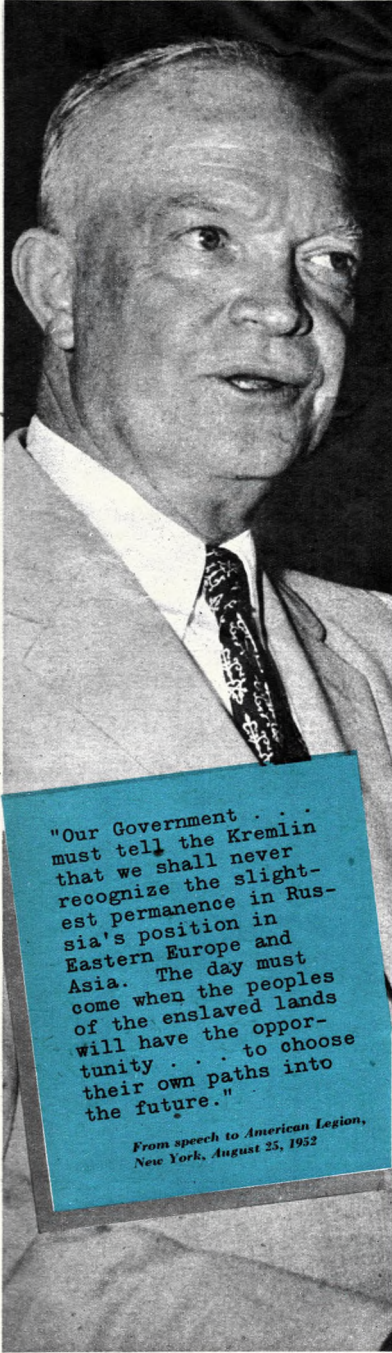
Enjoy Pepsi-Cola whenever you want refreshment—either in the familiar economy bottle that serves *two* people, or the smaller, single-drink size, just right for one. It's the modern, the *light* refreshment—refreshes without filling. That's why today Pepsi-Cola is more popular than ever.



Pepsi-Cola  
The Light  
Refreshment



# CAN AMERICA LIBERATE THE WORLD?



UNITED PRESS

"Our Government . . . must tell the Kremlin that we shall never recognize the slightest permanence in Russia's position in Eastern Europe and Asia. The day must come when the peoples of the enslaved lands will have the opportunity . . . to choose their own paths into the future."

From speech to American Legion, New York, August 25, 1952

**This foreign-policy expert presents a startling argument: why we should junk our policy of "containing" communism. It is now time, he says, to move toward the actual liberation of Red satellites**

**BY JAMES BURNHAM**

**S**INCE 1947, United States foreign policy has been guided by the doctrine of containment, according to which we attempted to block further communist expansion but at the same time renounced any anti-Soviet initiative.

Like all purely negative and defensive strategies, the policy of containment must be considered as at best a temporary expedient. Containment has been a bridge leading away from the misty land of demobilization and illusion toward the shore of national strength and realism.

Both theory and experience show that the bridge of containment is collapsing fast, so that we had better hurry to get to the firm shore if we don't want to end up in the water. The loss of China, the frustrating wars in Korea and Indo-China, the flaming Arab belt, the troubles of NATO are straining the girders beyond patching.

The winning candidates in the election showed their realization of the approaching end of the policy of containment. They called for an advance from containment to a positive and dynamic policy of liberation. See the Eisenhower and Dulles quotations on this page.

### Goal Is Freedom

**T**HERE is nothing mysterious about a policy of liberation, no matter how complex and difficult may be the details of its application. Its goal is freedom for the peoples and nations now enslaved by the Russian-centered Soviet state system — freedom for all the peoples and nations now under communist domination, including the Russian people.

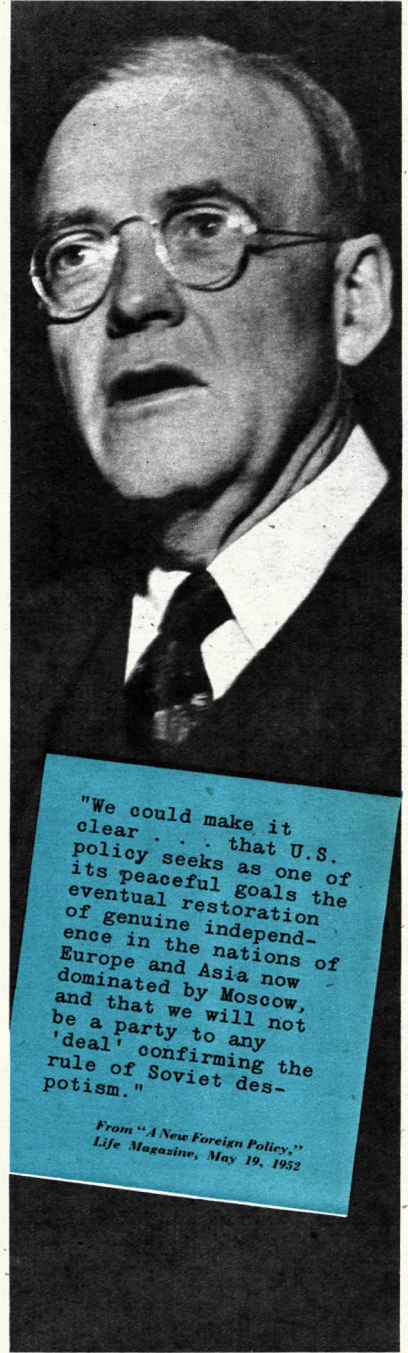
The goal includes individual and social as well as national liberation. Liberation will mean not only that the subjects of Soviet imperialism win national freedom but that they will be free from slave camps and the secret police, free to worship God as they see fit, free (if they so choose) to own and cultivate their own land and to work with their own tools, free to make peace with their fellow men.

To adopt the policy of liberation will mean: to communicate our commitment to this goal to the Soviet subjects and to the entire world; to work toward it by all-sided political warfare and by auxiliary military or paramilitary actions where these are or become necessary (as they have been in Greece, Korea, Malaya, Indo-China and elsewhere); and to prepare adequately for whatever further military steps may be required in the future.

Through such a policy, carried out in action as well as in words, those who believe in liberation are convinced that we can release the energies of all the subject peoples of the Soviet Empire, and thereby weaken and finally shatter its imperial structure.

Three objections to the policy of liberation deserve special notice. It can be argued that (1) the allies of the United States would be unhappy about it; (2) it would involve the United States in a fanatic, and utopian "crusade;" and (3) the liberation of the Soviet Empire, however desirable, is strictly none of America's proper business,

*Continued on page 29*



LEO ROZENTHAL

"We could make it clear . . . that U.S. policy seeks as one of its peaceful goals the eventual restoration of genuine independence in the nations of Europe and Asia now dominated by Moscow, and that we will not be a party to any 'deal' confirming the rule of Soviet despotism."

From "A New Foreign Policy," Life Magazine, May 19, 1952



**JAMES BURNHAM** is known for "The Managerial Revolution" and other books. His next, "Containment or Liberation," will be out this month



**A FREAK OF NATURE SEIZED THE GIANT TRANSPORT.**



With engines dead, the ship rode the upward surge of the wind. In the cockpit, Mimi and Walter watched the earth fall away



PRESSED IT UP, UP, UP . . . TOWARD DEATH!

# They Rode A Ghost Plane

BY ERIC HATCH

Illustrated by Stan Galli

## FICTION

IN THE valley of Frenchman's Flats, miles away from the craggy mountain ridges that bordered it, a man with the life and death power of a lesser god glanced at his watch and reached out toward a telegraph key that stood on the table before him. Then he paused, lifted a telephone and spoke into it. "Is that westbound airliner clear yet?" "Sure. They're over the west ridge at eighteen thousand — but let's give 'em two more minutes for luck, eh?"

"All right." In the instrument-lined cockpit of the big airliner droning and throbbing its way through the night skies on the last leg of a transcontinental flight, the ship's captain, Walter Harmon, sat at the controls. He was a big man, broad-shouldered and blue-eyed, with thinning hair that was graying at the temples.

At the moment his usually amiable face was a hard, expressionless mask. He was looking out and down through the window on his left at the lightning from a thunder storm that was raging among the mountains far beneath the plane. The tongues of lightning were stabbing down out of the sky like the darting tongues of huge serpents, licking at the gray jagged crags of the mountain tops, turning them to silver.

To Walter Harmon it was majestically beautiful. He was watching the lightning and thinking, with a heavy heart, "That's one of the things I won't be seeing again after tonight."

WALTER HARMON was due to take the pilot's periodic physical examination in San Francisco the next afternoon. Today, in New York, he had had a private check-up — had learned that the slight deafness in his right ear had finally reached the point where he could no longer conceal it. He could still fly, of course — light planes — but after tonight he could never captain an airliner again.

In a way, as he watched the lightning, he was saying good-by to the big ship and to the big sky, just as at supper tonight back there in the Kitty Hawk Room at La Guardia, he

had told Mimi Lee, his chief stewardess, about his check-up. He had tried to say good-by to her without letting her guess how much the saying of it hurt.

THE pleasant voice of his co-pilot, Jack Parker, broke into his reverie.

"Say, Skipper, I was just wondering. That new A-Bomb or H-Bomb test or whatever it is down on the Flats that CAA's been warning us about over the radio for the past hour —"

Walter Harmon turned his head toward the navigation desk where Parker and Nelson Kruger, the flight engineer, were having coffee.

"Well, Jack?" he asked. "What were you wondering?"

Parker lifted his cup, swallowed, lowered the cup to the desk top.

"I was just wondering," he said. "Maybe if any tricky air currents from the blast got tangled up with the turbulence of that thunder storm down there, things might get pretty rugged up here. You know the answer?"

Walter too had wondered about that when he first spotted the lightning.

"Nobody knows the answer to that one," he said, "because it's never happened."

Nelson Kruger put down his coffee cup with a rattle, got to his feet, stretched. "Fifty miles from the flats and eighteen thousand feet up in the air, and Junior Space-man here worries about blast!"

Walter Harmon grinned at young Parker, spoke to Kruger.

"The Junior Space-man here always worries," he said. "That's why he's going to make a good captain . . ." He paused and the sadness came back into his face. . . "any day now."

In the valley the man at the table pressed his telegraph key and for a second the valley, and the mountains surrounding it, were afire with a searing white light.

In the plane Walter Harmon, who had been watching for the flash for the past few minutes, grinned and said, "Very impressive." He turned to his flight officers with an eager, boyish look. "Gosh, I hope Mimi saw that!"

Parker and Kruger exchanged glances, then Kruger said, "She didn't. Remember? Because

this was a new kind, orders were to keep the cabin window shades drawn?"

The captain nodded and, for a second looked unreasonably sad that Mimi Lee had not seen the spectacle. Then he leaned to his left and peered down, hoping to see the famous atomic cloud. He could not see it. Nor could he see the sudden man-made hurricane of wind rushing at hundreds of miles an hour across the desert floor, sucking all the air of the valley in its wake.

A few seconds later he felt it — as a hard bump that shook the plane. He grinned again and said, "There's your blast, boys! Quite something, eh?"

Automatically he glanced at his instruments. The grin left his face, for the altimeter needles were literally spinning upward. In his mind he could see the hurricane now — could see it striking the sloping sides of the mountains, joining the storm, sweeping skyward in an incredibly gigantic updraft.

His mouth grew hard. He opened the throttle of all four engines to full power, shoved the wheel forward, throwing the plane

into the position of a steep dive. To his horror in spite of the tremendous power of the engines, the altimeter still spun on upward — spun until it had no more altitude to register, and its needles stuck, and now the cold sweat of fear beaded the captain's forehead.

YEARS of guiding these throbbing, glistening ships through the endless oceans of the sky had taught Walter Harmon to know the air as other men have known the sea. He knew that the sudden great uprush of air that had struck his ship must have created a vast vacuum over the mountain ridge. Now air from a radius of perhaps hundreds of miles, rushing to fill the vacuum, was being sucked skyward, thrusting that first mass of rising air higher and higher.

Because this thing was not caused by any phenomenon of nature, but by a new and untried force, he knew that the height to which it might carry his ship was without limit — and the knowledge filled him with elemental fear. He fought it under control, eased back on the throttles to save the motors.

Continued on page 34



Mimi and the two crew members went back to the cabin

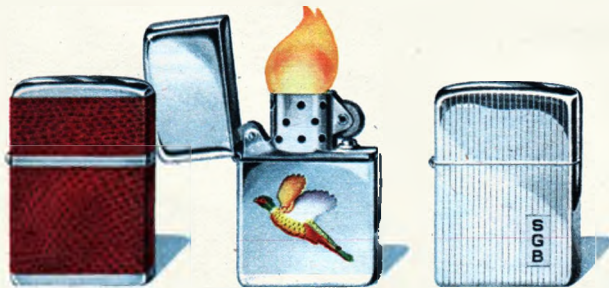




Love can't be totally blind . . . when it sees how clearly a ZIPPO lights the way to the masculine heart!

A man treasures his Zippo because it isn't just a fair-weather friend; it always works in wind or wet with one quick zip. And he likes to know that ZIPPO offers free repair service for life.

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Zippo models are priced from \$3.50 up. Any Zippo with initials, signature or brief message, only \$1 extra. Leathercrafted, \$4.00

Free lifetime repair service! Zippo lighters work best with Zippo Lighter Fuel and sure-fire Zip-A-Flints. Town & Country, \$8.50

Windproof Zippo works as well on golf course as in living room! Prices shown include Federal Excise Tax. Engine Turned, \$3.75

**ZIPPO** The World's Best Loved Lighter

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FAMILY ALBUM



"Of course, you don't have to whitewash the basement today," I said

## MOTHER GOES MODERN

by Dick Ashbaugh

The automatic washer gave her new leisure, till Daddy and the kids found out about it

your family . . . bake a cake . . . visit friends . . . start a hobby. You are living in a new age of leisure."

At breakfast the next Monday I asked my wife, "Which dream are you going to fulfill?"

"I don't know," she said doubtfully. "If I go barging around visiting friends at this hour I'll get tossed out on my ear."

"Bake a cake!" shouted the children in unison. "A great big old three-layer job."

"Why not?" I said. "That shouldn't take more than one carefree hour. You'd have several left to start a hobby."

### Ducky Little List

"How about dyeing my blue sweater?" said Molly. "After that you could start on the new drapes for my room."

"My bride doll needs a new outfit," said Melinda. "I'd like pearls sewed all over this one. About a million pearls."

"I could suggest a wee filler," I said. "It's long been a dream of mine to have monogrammed shirts. Something in Old English, perhaps."

"That's quite a ducky little list," said my wife in a slightly edgy tone. "Suppose you write them down. So I don't forget anything."

"Capital!" I said. "Let's start with the youngest. Michaella, do you have any suggestions for Mother?"

"I want to have kids in and pillow fight," said Michaella.

A few minutes later I handed my wife the list. "Of course," I said, "whitewashing the basement wouldn't have to be done today."

She read the list over and then carefully tore it to bits. "Now," she said, "suppose all of you slope out of here. For what I'm going to do I need peace and quiet."

As we moved en masse toward the door I peeked furtively over a shoulder. She was at the bookcase. "I've always wanted to read 'The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire' in eight volumes," she was murmuring.

BEING a member of the lower middle-class income bracket, I frequently find myself in possession of large sums of money for which I have no use. On one such occasion last year I came home with a three-pound sirloin steak. The two smaller children had never seen sirloin, and we all had a gala evening as I stood across the room and held the cut under a strong light. Naturally I returned the steak early the next morning as I had only rented it from the butcher, but I had provided my family with an evening they will long remember.

Recently, while prowling the bazaars with a small down payment smoldering in my pocket, I encountered a device so devilishly clever that I promptly signed a mortgage and had same delivered to my address. When the smoke cleared the next day I found I had saddled myself with 24 terrifying payments, and my wife owned an automatic washer. Life hasn't been the same.

### A Drawback

THIS device, the result of several thousand years of clear thinking, may well be the turning point in man's progress toward the millennium. Connected to the proper utilities and gorged with luncheon cloths, the instrument whirrs, gurgles, clicks, spins and then halts abruptly, humming to itself. A peek into the interior discloses the linen in a blinding state of cleanliness. However, there is a drawback.

It is the inexorable law of nature that solving one problem creates another. In my haste to sign the mortgage I had neglected the warning on an advertising placard.

"Gone forever," it exulted, "is Blue Monday. Ahead lie washdays filled with happy carefree hours. Extra hours to share with



AUTHOR'S WIFE: What happy, carefree hours!



**"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 the greatest cleaning power the world had ever known... a cleaning power that got clothes cleaner than any other washing product you had ever used! Yes, Ma'am! Till Tide came along, *you never had it so clean!*

**SO MILD! SO SAFE!**

And now Tide combines that terrific cleaning power with amazing *mildness*... the first and *only* product to give you so much cleaning power with so much mildness. Tide is so *safe* for all wash colors! So kind to hands... more so than any other leading detergent—even the kind made especially for *fine fabrics* and *dishwashing!*

**NO BLEACHING! NO BLUEING!**

Except for stubborn stains, no need to bleach! No need to blue! All by itself, Tide gets clothes dazzling **WHITE**. Next washday, rinse out a Tide wash—see for yourself!

**NOTHING ELSE**  
**WILL WASH AS CLEAN**  
**AS Tide**  
**yet is so mild**

*—no heavy-duty soap, no other leading detergent made!*



# TRY THESE TV STUNTS!

by Lester David



**BANG!** Future Fulton and Bob Hacha try to carry a balloon with a pair of ice tongs and drop it intact in a basket



**BOWL GAME.** Jim Holland and Cyprienne Gabel have to put one inside the other without using hands or teeth

Here's how to liven up your next party: just put your guests through some of these crazy paces

Photographs by Leo Choplin

**T**HE strange goings-on pictured on these pages are part of the most unusual audition in television today. These young folks are stunt-testers, and from their exertions has emerged an immensely popular frolic called "Beat The Clock," viewed by millions each week over the CBS-TV network.

These experimenters have established, among other things, that an average person in reasonable control of his faculties should be able to dig three marshmallows from a bowl of gelatin, using only a spoon held between the teeth, in 35 seconds or less.

You are welcome to find out if this is so.

#### A Timer Needed

They have also shown that it is possible to transfer a pencil from between the nose and curled upper lip to the same place on a companion's face in 25 seconds. Using no hands, of course. You may check up on this, too.

In fact, you may take the entire list of their divertissements — the less messy kinds, if you value your friendships — and have some zany fun within the family circle or at your next party. All you need are a few props from around the house, a watch with a second hand and some people in a slightly daffy mood.

The program, now almost three years old and sponsored by Sylvania Electric Products, Inc., is an audience-participation show in which contestants try to perform stunts such as these within a specified time limit for cash or merchandise prizes.

But the producers have to make sure the stunts are workable, particularly since they learned with some surprise that folks watching at home were having a go at the gimmicks themselves. Hence the need for stunt auditions before air time.

#### Tough on Actors

**ACCORDINGLY,** 14 stand-ins are corralled from the CBS casting office each week to help work up a program. These are struggling young actors and actresses — and "struggling" seems to be the right word — who tilt with rebellious balloons, juggle piles of crockery, balance like ballet dancers on upended beer cans, even get spattered with whipped cream and pancake batter. And all for about \$25 a month and the elusive "big chance."

"These youngsters are wonderful guinea pigs," says Bud Collyer, the show's master of ceremonies and co-producer. "They help us iron out the kinks, set the time limits and let us see how the tricks look on the TV screen. If the stand-ins find them too hard, we ease them up; if they are too simple, we roughen them."

The stunts can be divided into two classifications — those you can play at home and ones you'd want to try only on landlords and bill collectors.





**QUICK CHANGE.** They each get into a box and trade clothes

In the first category are games such as trying to blow off a postage stamp, stuck firmly to the nose, in 35 seconds or less. Or blindfolding a victim and letting him try to get into an oversize suit of clothes, consisting of pants, jacket and vest, within 50 seconds.

In the second are exquisite forms of torture such as placing a man on the floor while his wife, standing erect, attempts to drop a scoopful of softly mashed potatoes into an empty ice-cream cone he holds in his teeth. (50-second limit, if you're brave enough to try.)

Stand-ins have come in particularly handy in testing this ugly, or pie-in-the-face, variety of stunt. They have made the following discoveries in the line of duty:

Chocolate syrup stings madly when squirted in the eye. The stuff has consequently been ruled out of all tricks on humane grounds.

**Eggs in the Face**

PANCAKE batter, made the kitchen way, clogs up the mouth and nostrils in a manner that imperils the breathing process. Since this discovery, it has been thinned

down a bit for contest purposes.

The average human being can stand to have at least 16 raw eggs dropped on his face from a distance of four feet without drowning.

Stand-in pay is \$5 an hour, and the young people eke out by playing summer stock, commercial movies and taking bit roles in radio and TV. Says Bob Burland, who has been at it for two years: "It helps pay the rent and you never can tell when someone might have a spot for a tall, skinny kid like me."

**Meaty Explosion**

FIGURE FULTON, Ruth Last and Suzanne Sholes are considered expert stunt girls with little timidity except an unconquerable fear of bursting balloons. They have the full sympathy of Jean Hollander, pretty young co-producer, who found out recently how scary an unexpected balloon explosion could be.

Stand-in Phil Stevenson was assigned to stuff a couple of big ones through the arms of an outsize jacket and did so in 60 seconds. Jean thought it could be done faster and tried. She squeezed too hard and one balloon popped. It was startling enough but she hadn't remembered that the balloons had been filled with whipped cream just to make the stunt more sporting. Her expression, or that part of it visible through the goo, was something for the TV screens.

*Continued on page 22*

"NOW YOU'LL GET  
**WHITER, BRIGHTER WASHES** EVEN WHEN YOU DRY INDOORS!"

• See what an amazing difference Blu-White makes! Pour in **NEW**, thin Blu-White Flakes; they dissolve instantly. Then add enough regular soap or detergent for rich suds. Blu-White blues and washes at the same time!

**Your Guarantee!** No matter what you've heard or read about any soap or detergent, the fact is this: your wash will be *shades whiter . . . shades brighter . . .* when you use Blu-White with any soap or detergent! Prove it. Wash the

Blu-White way. You be the judge. You must have the whitest, brightest wash ever — no matter *what* you've washed with before — or return the package to Manhattan Soap Company, New York, and get *double your money back*.

**For Washbowl Washings,** Blu-White is all you need. Kind to your hands — and so *economical!*

**GET BLU-WHITE TODAY!**

**ASK YOUR DOCTOR!** 187,000 PHYSICIANS NOW HAVE THE FACTS!

**MINUTE MAID FRESH-FROZEN ORANGE JUICE IS BETTER FOR YOUR HEALTH THAN THE SAME ORANGES SQUEEZED AT HOME!**

**Now comes new proof**—reported in a leading medical journal and sent to your doctor—that MINUTE MAID, served the year around, is better for your health *than the same oranges squeezed at home!*

**Better because** this scientific proof again shows that MINUTE MAID contains decidedly more VITAMIN C—needed by everyone for stronger teeth, bones, healthier tissues—more energy and vitality.

**Better because** this scientific proof again shows that MINUTE MAID contains far *less* peel oil, sometimes the cause of allergies and stomach upsets in infants.

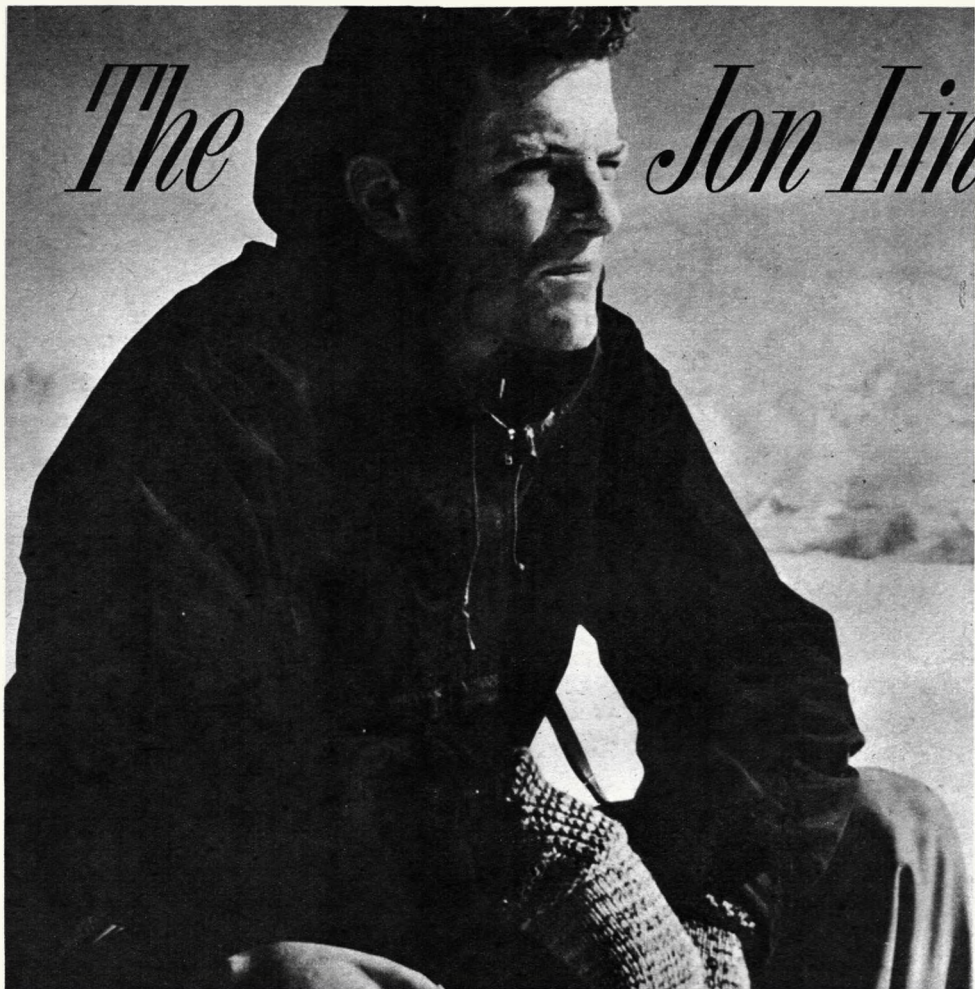
**Better because** this scientific proof again shows that MINUTE MAID's purity standards are *far higher*. So skip the bother and mess of squeezing oranges. Get MINUTE MAID at your grocer's frozen-food cabinet today. Remember—each six-oz. can makes 1½ pts. of the tastiest *real* orange juice you ever tried!

**BING CROSBY says:**  
Take it from me... it's **DEE-LUSCIOUS!**

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping



# The Jon Lindbergh



**LIKE HIS FATHER**, the No. 1 hero of the '20's, Jon is publicity-shy, thoughtful — but adventurous

**Remember America's "most carefully guarded child"? Here for the first time is the story of his adventures**

**T**his is a new Lindbergh story. It is about a youth who has been as carefully and consistently shielded from the public as anyone in the United States.

Twenty-five years have passed since Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh's flight to Paris in 1927 made him the No. 1 hero of the Adventurous '20's. And it's a full 20 years since the tragic kidnaping of his first-born son.

Since then, there have been few reports about the Lindberghs and almost nothing about their five children until October 6, 1952.

On that morning, breakfasters picked up their papers to see a handsome, bearded youth with the magic name of Lindbergh looking out from front pages across the country. The press reports were thin; little more than that 20-year-old Jon Morrow Lindbergh was a member of a crew of oceanographers aboard a tug which had just completed a 12,000-mile Atlantic voyage.

#### **Spectacular Record**

**LIKE** his publicity-shy father, young Jon would not talk to reporters. But I got to know him as a classmate at Stanford University last year and he let me interview him. So this is the story of Lindbergh's oldest son, a youth who is, in many ways, as extraordinary as his extraordinary father.

At 20, in his junior year in college, he already has a spectacular record. **He is an honor student, a promising marine biologist, a licensed pilot, an expert mountain climber and explorer, and has perfected a new method of shooting rapids.**

In almost all his activities, Jon is motivated by a fierce quest for excitement. Asked to compare the thrill of mountain climbing with the challenge of the sea, he replied: "The sea's more dynamic and you can fight it. But, in mountain climbing, if you slip, you can't help yourself. You just fall through space."

#### **Mixed Feelings**

**DESCRIBING** his adventurous spirit is easy. More difficult to explain are his mixed feelings toward his family's name. On the one hand, Jon seems determined to achieve a place in the world on his own merits. Because he spurns the easy road to fame that might be laid out for him simply because he is a Lindbergh, he sometimes feels that his famous name is a handicap. On the other hand, he feels justly proud of his family's achievements.

Ruggedly built, he is stockier, much darker and just a trifle shorter than his six-foot-two Dad. But his wavy hair and quiet blue eyes mark him as another Lindbergh. So do his low voice and shy manner. Several times when I



**ALASKAN CREVASSE** like this almost caused a disaster in the 1951 expedition. Jon went down 90 feet to save equipment



# Story

BY CAROL  
BARNES



questioned him, he would repeat, "Nothing exciting ever happened to me." The facts quickly disproved that.

We had our first long talk about a year and a half ago, shortly after his return from climbing the treacherous and hitherto unexplored St. Elias mountain range in Alaska.

In June of '51, Jon piled into a three-quarter-ton truck with two veteran mountain climbers, Rupert Bud Gates and Alfred Baxter, of the California Sierra Club. They drove from San Francisco to White Horse, where they talked the Air Force into dropping their exploring equipment and food supplies about 200 miles into Alaska at the foot of the Klutlan Glacier.

The next day they shouldered their 70-pound packs and started a 70-mile hike to the drop zone. They planned on a six-day walk. But nine days later they were still beating their way through the bush, gullies, and uncertain footing of deep sticky mud over slick melting ice. Finally they spotted their snow-covered boxes and sacks perched precariously on moving ice.

After setting up camp, they began the ascent of Mt. Bear. Since this climb almost took the life of Jon and one of his companions, here is what happened in his own words:

"Lashed together with safety rope, we came to the third crevasse and Al Baxter started forward, prodding with his ice ax. I was twenty feet behind him and dug my ice ax deep into the snow for good support to belay him across the crevasse.

"Eight feet out he suddenly sank waist-deep into the snow. 'I'm breaking through!' Al yelled. 'Tighten the rope!' Seconds later he vanished and I heard a muffled cry, 'Falling!' My ice ax snapped forward, and I was jerked from my feet and dragged five feet through the soft snow, flat on my face. The deep snow offered enough traction so that I was able to hold Al suspended 20 feet below.

"I lay sprawled for several minutes while Bud Gates, the last in the rope line, got things organized. It was strange up there, a vast snow field with two figures and one small hole, three feet in diameter, with occasional yells coming out of it.

#### Danger Spot

"Bud threw Al a Prusik sling — a loop you can use to climb up a fixed rope — and then changed places with me.

"I wrapped a rope around me and threw the end of it down to him. As he worked his way up with the aid of the sling, I pulled him up with the rope. The hard part came fifteen minutes later when he came to the lip of the crevasse. The ropes had bitten deep into the crevasse's lip, and Al couldn't attach his sling to them. So he chopped steps in the ice with his ax as he fought his way out of the hole. Finally, he was out, wet and exhausted, but out. His pack and one snowshoe still lay at the bottom of the crevasse."

A few days later, the crevasse once again almost became Jon's coffin when he and Bud

*Continued on next page*



INTERNATIONAL  
1936: Four-year-old  
Jon and his mother



GLACIER CLIMBERS: Al Baxter, Jon and Bud Gates just before the take-off



RUGGEDLY BUILT, he is stockier, darker and a little shorter than the "Lone Eagle"



# Garden Goodness by the Glass!



**V-8\*** for the lively flavor  
and nourishing goodness of  
8 garden-fresh vegetable juices



MADE BY  
THE MAKERS OF  
**Campbell's**  
SOUPS

Morning, noon or night... with meals or in between... there's just nothing like V-8!

Nothing like it for lively, exciting flavor. Nothing like it for the nourishing goodness of the juices of 8 garden-fresh vegetables—red-ripe tomatoes, beets, tender carrots, parsley, spinach, tangy watercress, crisp lettuce and celery—all blended into one matchless juice. Get V-8 today... for the youngsters, for yourself.

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

\*V-8 is a trademark owned in the United States by Campbell Soup Company; In Canada by Campbell Soup Company Ltd.

## THE JON LINDBERGH STORY

Continued from preceding page

Gates tried to recover the missing equipment. With Bud handling the ropes, Jon lowered himself 90 feet into the icy canyon where the pack and snowshoe were solidly frozen.

After hacking steadily for 30 minutes with his ice ax, he freed the pack. Then, a huge chunk of ice crashed beside him. Jon looked at the unstable roof of the crevasse. "I gave the snowshoe a couple of whacks and decided, 'To hell with it.' If part of the roof broke off and hit me, it was curtains. The pack was worth the chance, but not the snowshoe."

### Whirlpool Battle

THAT is only one of the exploring hazards the trio faced during the 37 days they climbed the St. Elias Range, taking snow measurements, photographs and mapping the various peaks they discovered. After heavy snowstorms made further climbing too risky, they built a raft, lashed their heavy packs aboard and navigated down the White River. They successfully dodged glaciers and treacherous currents for several days until, as Jon said, "a giant whirlpool whisked us into its grip and clutched our raft. We fought our way out, and after a good struggle with the sucking water, we freed the raft."

Then the explorers bushwhacked to the Alaska Highway and hitchhiked to Edmonton, Alberta, where they boarded a plane for the States. Before returning to college, Jon spent a few weeks with his family at Darien, Conn., the first time he had been home for a year and a half. He has two brothers and two sisters: Land, 15; Scott, 9; Anne, 12; and Reeve, 7.

Young Lindbergh's early years help explain his love for the lonely thrills found in the mountains and on the sea. He was born in New York City on August 16, 1932, and has been on the go ever since. He has lived almost always near water's edge, in New Jersey, Long Island, Michigan, Connecticut, England and on the Breton coast of France. Though Jon remembers little about any one place, he treasures the memory of those homes with spacious, sloping yards where he learned to ski.

During his high-school years at Darien, Conn., the lad with the build of a speedy halfback spent his spare hours fishing on nearby Long Island Sound. Jon reminisced: "I got drenched nearly every day. I used to get a lot of fish though, mainly sea perch and lobster. Mother didn't know what to do. One year she put a hundred and twenty pounds of fish in cold storage."

Jon got lost on the Sound only once, when he was 14 or 15. He rowed several miles out

one foggy night and at 11 o'clock realized he was lost. Since he had no compass, he waited for a break in the fog. "When it came, I just looked for the Big Dipper and the North Star. There was nothing to worry about."

The same year he and his younger brother Land were caught about 15 miles from home in their motorboat when the motor quit. "We were inshore, but it was Sunday, the shops were closed and we couldn't get it fixed," Jon said. "I gave Land money to take the train home and I rowed the motorboat back—a long fifteen miles."

Jon entered Stanford in September, 1950, because he likes the West Coast and thinks the University is the best one in the West. When asked if his brother Land would choose the same college, he quickly answered, "No, he won't because I'm here. All our family is independent that way."

Though popular and respected by his classmates, he is continuing, like his father, to travel his own uncharted path. The way he lives, works and spends his spare time are constant reminders that he is the son of the man whom every school kid knew as "The Lone Eagle" 25 years ago.

Too self-reliant to live in a dormitory or join a fraternity, Jon lives alone in a tent pitched over a 16-by-16-foot oak platform in the woods about six miles from the campus. There are no sheets or blankets inside. The only furniture is a cot, a sleeping bag, a few wooden boxes, crates and a camping stove.

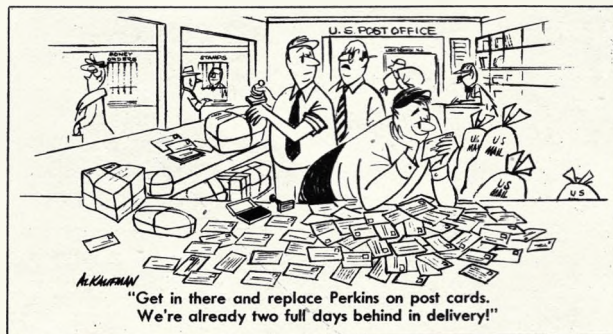
### "I'm Not Domesticated"

WHEN the mercury dropped, several of his neighbors invited him to stay in their luxurious ranch homes. But Jon sticks to his tent with the laughing explanation, "Guess I'm not domesticated." He rarely goes to social functions, hates stiff formality, drinks little and never smokes.

He nurses his '41 Plymouth to the campus, where he majors in marine biology. He is making honor grades even though his return to school last fall was delayed several weeks by a scientific expedition in the South Atlantic.

Lindbergh insists that he's not much of a student and looks forward to week ends of mountain climbing. So do many co-eds of Stanford's suddenly popular Alpine Club. Before Jon joined, the boys outnumbered the girls 10 to one. Now the membership is split about 50-50. The girls like to point out that if Cornel Wilde ever stars in a mountain-climbing movie, Jon could easily double for him in the risky scenes, since he looks so much like a movie star.

Continued on page 32





**IN-LAWS:** First Lady chats with son's wife, Mrs. John Eisenhower



## Mrs. Dwight D. Eisenhower Tells... HOW TO BE A MOTHER-IN-LAW

### Our First Lady gives her own recipe for dealing with an age-old problem

**T**HE relationship between a woman and her son's wife has always been known as a difficult one. Jokes about mothers-in-law are as old as history — or almost. Just how difficult your relationship with your daughter-in-law is going to be depends upon how skillful you are at winning her friendship.

No matter how many qualms you may have about your daughter-in-law's ability to make your son happy, try to conceal them. Make her feel that you have faith in her. Even if she can't shell a pea or she doesn't know the difference between a roasting-pan and a rolling pin, don't despair — look back. You weren't always as sure and efficient as you are now. Yet, somehow, your husband survived and so will your son.

Eventually, your daughter-in-law will learn to be a good wife. In the meantime, the rosy glasses of new love will blind him to her domestic inadequacies.

As a matter of fact, even in the beginning, she may not be as inadequate as you think. If

you try, you ought to be able to find redeeming features. When you do, don't keep the discovery to yourself. Tell her that she has a real knack for hanging pictures or that she makes first-rate wiener schnitzel. Tell your son, too. Your daughter-in-law will bless you for praising her in front of him.

**O**NE thing to remember is that she may not want to do things exactly as you think they should be done. Her background and yours are different. What you emphasize in your home may have been considered unimportant in hers.

You may never have left a dish in the sink overnight in your life. She may always do her dishes in the morning. You may think that no Sunday is complete without a roast-beef dinner at noon, while she feels that Sunday is the day for paper plates and a cold buffet spread. You'll probably be shocked, but don't criticize. If your son disapproves of his wife's habits, he'll tell her so and she'll accept

criticism from him that she'll never accept from you.

And that goes for "subtle" criticisms as well as for direct ones. It may pain you to see the cut-glass set your cousin Ellen gave her covered with dust, or the silver compote you parted with so heroically growing tarnished, but beware of dropping any hints about the new super-detergents that keep things so sparkling clean.

No criticism is too oblique for a daughter-in-law to understand — and resent.

One essential for winning a daughter-in-law's friendship is to avoid making too many demands on her time and energy. There are bound to be occasions, when you're feeling tired and lonely, that it will seem to you she's neglectful. But, before you get on the telephone and appeal to her sympathies, remember that even young people have their own troubles and problems.

Just because your daughter-in-law is married to that admirable man, your son, doesn't necessarily mean that her life is a bed of thornless roses.

Again, look back at your own early married life. It wasn't all love and rapture. The chances are that much of your daughter-in-

law's thought and energy is going into the job of making a good marriage. So don't be hurt if she doesn't come to see you as often as you think she ought.

**A FINAL** word: don't make a practice of dropping in on her. Keep your own life so full of interests and activities that you won't need to depend on her, or on your son, for solace or companionship.

To sum up, remember that good friendly relations with your daughter-in-law will pay off in terms of your own happiness. If she loves and trusts you, she won't make you feel cut off from your son. When her babies come, she'll want you to share her pleasure and delight.

If you can accept your jealous feelings and control them; if you can manage to treat her with confidence, uncritical affection and understanding, then she'll be your friend. Of her own accord she'll turn to you seeking guidance and advice. Then you'll know that you are a successful mother-in-law.

**THE OTHER SIDE** of the story, from a daughter-in-law's point of view, is given next week by Mrs. John Eisenhower.

INTERNATIONAL



# Fiesta Cake

Easy to  
Make with...



and  
**Reddi-wip**



## Reddi-wip

*Glamorizes all your desserts instantly!*

Here's a sure way to put summer sunshine into winter-time desserts.

Luscious, mouth-watering Fiesta Cake—made with Betty Crocker® Yellow Cake Mix, your favorite brand of California Cling Peaches—and topped with mounds of delicious Reddi-wip.

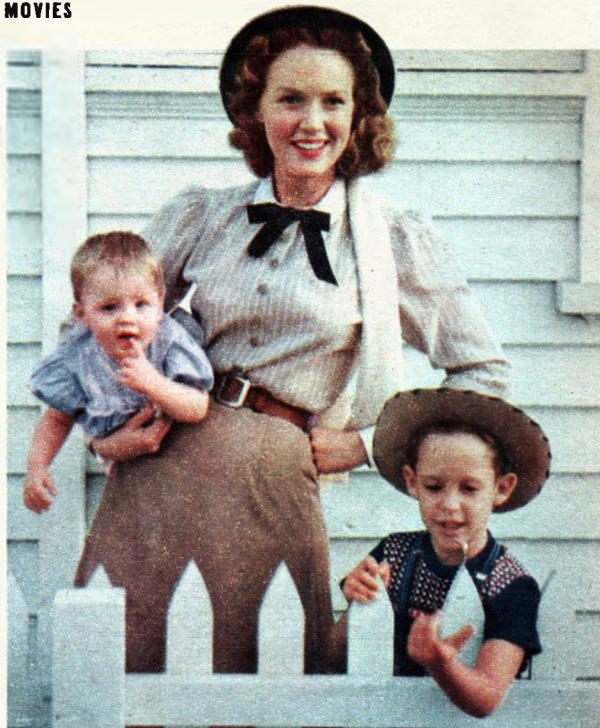
Reddi-wip really adds the crowning glory to this Fiesta dessert sensation. Made with pure, fresh cream, Reddi-wip whips itself instantly at the touch of your finger... gives you rich, dairy-fresh whipped cream quickly, easily and at a cost of less than 2¢ per serving. Get Reddi-wip today!

\*Betty Crocker is a registered trademark of General Mills, Inc.

Reddi-wip® designates the fresh cream product of Reddi-wip, Inc. and its authorized processors throughout the United States and Canada. © R.W. Inc.



## MOVIES



WHILE WAITING, Barbara's found time for other things

## SHE'LL MAKE HISTORY!

by Louis Berg\*

*This Week Movie Editor*

After looking at her for 11 years, Hollywood has suddenly discovered Barbara Britton

BARBARA BRITTON, whom we included in our gallery of the newer starlets, is really an "old pro." She's been in pictures for 11 years, has been married seven of these years (to Dr. Eugene Czukor) and is the mother of two children.

She is on our list because her movie career seemed ended and now has taken a sudden upturn. During her time out for babies, Hollywood forgot about her. She turned to TV for a career and a livelihood, in the feminine lead of the "Mr. and Mrs. North" series.

But neither Hollywood's neglect, nor her TV commitments, prevented her from making movie history—as the screen's first three-dimensional star in "Bwana Devil," which has to be viewed through Polaroid glasses. Audiences have gotten a fresh slant at her, since she projects from the screen until she is all but sitting in their laps.

In the old days, Barbara was tough on press agents. Her candor was engaging but alarming. Her studio released a story that she had been Queen of the Tournament of

Roses. Barbara corrected the misstatement gleefully: "I was in the last float but one." She is still as outspoken as ever, as her agent, Jack Lawrence, has reason to know. When she was in New York last, looking for work on TV, he neglected her in the press of business. She waited two weeks then called him up.

"I'm dying to meet you," she said sweetly. Then added: "I want to tell you face to face what I think of you!"

"I've been in love with her ever since," Lawrence says.

### Mayor of Hollywood

HE IS not alone. Recently Miss Britton won the Kiwanis poll as honorary Mayor of Hollywood, over such favorites as Bob Hope, Bing Crosby, Marie Wilson.

We had lunch with the "Mayor" in a delicatessen shop on Hollywood Boulevard. One illuminating fact emerged from the interview. After 11 years as a pro, she is still taking acting lessons.

We predict a fine future for this promising actress—who, after 11 years in only two dimensions, has become a starlet again.

\*TEXAS TO SAMOA is the story of Roberta Haynes, next on our movie editor's list of promising starlets.



# They gave mankind new hope

*Men of science and industry*

*work together to produce better health*

## RECENT WINNERS OF THE NOBEL PRIZE FOR MEDICINE



1945

**SIR ALEXANDER FLEMING**  
shared award with  
*Ernst Boris Chain and*  
*Sir Howard Florey*  
for discovery of Penicillin.



1950

**PHILIP S. HENCH and**  
**EDWARD C. KENDALL,**  
joint award with  
*Tadeus Reichstein*  
for work on adrenal  
cortex hormones,  
including Cortisone.



1952

**SELMAN A. WAKSMAN,**  
whose work led  
to the discovery  
of Streptomycin.

Winners of the *Nobel Prize for Physiology and Medicine* are richly rewarded by the knowledge that their scientific discoveries have restored millions of people to better health. Close teamwork between science and industry produced these test-tube discoveries in plentiful quantity so that physicians now have more efficient drugs to fight disease.

Penicillin, cortisone, and streptomycin have proved so beneficial to mankind that they have won Nobel Prizes for their discoverers. Cortisone and streptomycin were first developed and manufactured in large quantities by Merck, who made important contributions also in the development of penicillin.

To seek still more effective drugs that will help physicians bring better health to more people at lower cost is the basic objective of the continuing Merck research and production program.

*Research and Production*  
*for the Nation's Health*



**MERCK & CO., INC.**  
*Manufacturing Chemists*  
RAHWAY, NEW JERSEY



# WIN \$20,000 CASH-TELL

## WHY YOU LIKE HER NEW

They're entirely NEW! Fried like doughnuts, sugared like doughnuts, but so easy and quick to make. Simply delicious when made with Gold Medal Flour and Wesson Oil.



Betty Crocker

SUGARED

### GOLDEN PUFFS

Take a FRYRYTE or a deep pan and make some now!

Homemakers who tested this newest Betty Crocker recipe marveled at the ease and speed of making these delicious Golden Puffs. It's an easy recipe that calls for Wesson Oil, the modern liquid shortening, and Gold Medal, the dependable all-purpose flour.

Betty Crocker tailored this recipe to fit the superior baking qualities of Gold Medal—the flour that guarantees you perfect results every time—the flour with baking qualities that never vary, sack after sack, month after month.

Wesson frying is quicker. No digging out solid shortening and waiting for it to melt. More digestible — because Wesson heats higher and browns quicker. And Wesson's delicacy brings out the fine flavor of foods you fry.

*\*If you use Gold Medal Self-Rising Flour (sold in parts of the South), omit baking powder and salt.*

*\*\*Wesson Oil or fat is 375° when a 1-in. bread cube browns in 40 seconds.*

**SUCCESS TIP:** *If too many puffs are cooked at a time, the fat cools and the puffs will become grease-soaked.*

- |                    |                                     |
|--------------------|-------------------------------------|
| Sift together..... | 2 cups sifted GOLD MEDAL Flour      |
|                    | 1/4 cup sugar                       |
|                    | *3 tsp. double-action baking powder |
|                    | *1 tsp. salt                        |
|                    | 1 tsp. nutmeg or mace               |
| Add .....          | 1/4 cup WESSON OIL                  |
|                    | 3/4 cup milk                        |
|                    | 1 egg                               |

Stir with a fork until thoroughly mixed. Drop by teaspoonfuls (too large puffs will not cook through) into deep hot Wesson Oil or fat...375°. Fry until golden brown ... about 3 min. Drain on absorbent paper. Roll warm puffs in cinnamon-sugar or glaze puffs by dipping into a thin confectioners' sugar icing. Makes about 2½ doz.

AMERICA'S FAVORITE ALL-PURPOSE FLOUR

# GOLD MEDAL ENRICHED FLOUR

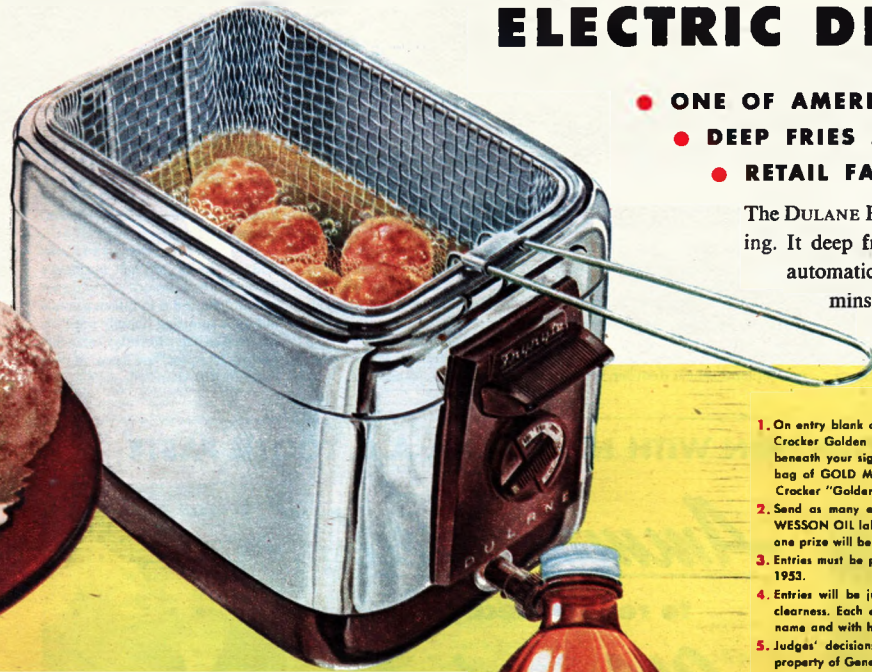
"Kitchen-tested"  
®  
ENRICHED



# BETTY CROCKER "GOLDEN PUFFS"

**\$179,750** IN CASH AND PRIZES  
**FIRST PRIZE \$20,000**  
**SECOND PRIZE \$5,000**  
**5 THIRD PRIZES \$1,000**

5000 DULANE **Fryryte** ORIGINAL **PLUS** AUTOMATIC  
**ELECTRIC DEEP FRYERS**



- ONE OF AMERICA'S MOST WANTED APPLIANCES
- DEEP FRIES A MEAL IN MINUTES
- RETAIL FAIR TRADE PRICE \$29.95

The DULANE FRYRYTE brings new ease and convenience to cooking. It deep fries over a hundred exciting dishes—electrically, automatically, speedily. Brings out food flavors—retains vitamins. FRYRYTE's thermostatic heat control protects oil for repeated use. No messy pots or pans to scour.

### EASY CONTEST RULES

1. On entry blank or sheet of paper, complete in 25 additional words or less: "I like Betty Crocker Golden Puffs because...". Sign your name. Also, print your name and address beneath your signature and enclose the blue General Mills flag cut from the front of a bag of GOLD MEDAL Flour or the label from a bottle of WESSON OIL. Mail to Betty Crocker "Golden Puffs" Contest, Box 200, Minneapolis, Minnesota.
2. Send as many entries as you wish, but each entry must be accompanied by either a WESSON OIL label or the blue flag from the front of a bag of GOLD MEDAL Flour. Only one prize will be awarded to members of a household.
3. Entries must be postmarked on or before February 28, 1953 and received by March 14, 1953.
4. Entries will be judged on the basis of originality, uniqueness, aptness of thought and clearness. Each entry must be the original work of the contestant, submitted in his own name and with his own signature.
5. Judges' decisions are final. Duplicate prizes in case of ties. All entries become the property of General Mills, Inc.
6. Contest open to all residents of the United States, including its territories, except employees of General Mills, Inc., Wesson Oil and Snowdrift Co., Inc., and its subsidiary companies, their advertising agencies, the organization handling and judging the contest and their families.

A list of prize winners will be available approximately six weeks after the close of the contest to all who send in a request accompanied by a 6¢ stamped, self-addressed envelope to: General Mills, Inc., Dept. 80, 823 Marquette Avenue, Minneapolis 2, Minnesota.

## LOOK!

Here's what men, women and children say about Golden Puffs:

- "Golden Puffs are delicious and so easy to make."
- "Awfully good—I serve them with coffee while watching TV."
- "My family liked them so much—the children asked for Golden Puffs in their school lunches."
- "My husband devoured six. So delicious."
- "Served them at coffee party. Everyone copied the recipe."
- "The children would have eaten them all."
- "They raised nicely, browned evenly—crisp outside, tender inside."

Make 'em with Gold Medal Flour and Wesson Oil and your family will give you the words of praise which may help you win one of 5007 prizes!



AMERICA'S FAVORITE LIQUID SHORTENING  
**WESSON OIL**

### ENTRY BLANK BETTY CROCKER "GOLDEN PUFFS" CONTEST (BOX 200, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.)

I like Betty Crocker Golden Puffs because \_\_\_\_\_

(COMPLETE IN 25 ADDITIONAL WORDS OR LESS)

NAME \_\_\_\_\_ (YOUR SIGNATURE)  
 NAME \_\_\_\_\_ (PLEASE PRINT)  
 ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_ (PRINT)  
 CITY \_\_\_\_\_ (PRINT) ZONE \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_



## TRY THESE TV STUNTS!

Continued from page thirteen

The games are dreamed up by Bob Howard and Frank Wayne of the show's staff, who got their come-uppance not long ago in a manner that pleased everybody. Even Howard and Wayne admitted it was simple justice.

The producers, deciding it was time to wreak vengeance on the writers, rigged up a double pillory in the rehearsal hall, locked them in and everyone threw whipped-cream pies at them for five minutes. It was noted that the stand-ins took more careful aim and threw harder than the others.

Want a whack at some of these wacky games? Here are 10 which have been given to contestants on the show. The props you need and the time limits are indicated. Try them at your next party.

### Beer-Can Balance

**Props:** Beer can, pack of cigarettes, matches. Time: 50 seconds.

**The stunt:** Balance on beer can with one foot. Now take a cigarette from the pack beside the can and light it with the matches next to it without touching the floor with the other foot.

### Bouncer

**Props:** Beach ball, two cups, two saucers. Time: 45 seconds.

**The stunt:** Woman holds a cup

and saucer in each hand, man has the ball. He must take the crockery from her and stack each piece atop the other in one hand, while tossing the ball and catching it on one bounce with the other.

### Coats Off

**Props:** Two large jackets. Time: 55 seconds.

**The stunt:** Two persons, wearing the jackets, stand face to face, hands in each other's pockets. Try to remove the coats, keeping hands in the pockets.

### Crash!

**Props:** Soup plate, bed sheet, chair. Time: 45 seconds.

**The stunt:** Man sits in chair, covered completely by the sheet, with the plate balanced on his head. Partner must pull the sheet from him without letting the plate fall.

### 26 Pick-Up

**Props:** Deck of cards, inflated balloon. Time: 50 seconds.

**The stunt:** Half the deck is scattered on the floor. Try picking them up with one hand, but keep the balloon bouncing in the air with the other.

### Clean-Up

**Props:** Feather duster, ping-pong balls, dustpan. Time: 40 seconds.



**The stunt:** Man ties the duster to his belt in the back. He must sweep three ping-pong balls from the floor into the dustpan held by partner, using his tail feathers.

### Look — No Hands

**Props:** Two drinking straws, paper, two tables. Time: 40 seconds.

**The stunt:** Woman picks up an inch-square piece of paper, using just the straw. She must hold it at straw's end with her breath. Her partner must take it from her, using

just his straw, and place it on another table at the far end of the room. No hands at any time.

### Balloon Carry

**Props:** A big balloon and a pair of ice tongs. Time: 20 seconds.

**The stunt:** Man and woman carry the balloon between them with the ice tongs and drop balloon in a basket.

### Pop-Up

**Props:** Tea strainer, several ping-pong balls. Time: 45 seconds.

**The stunt:** Woman bounces balls on the floor and man must catch two within the time span—in the strainer, the handle of which he grips with his teeth.

### Help!

**Props:** Four suitcases. Time: 35 seconds.

**The stunt:** Put two valises under each arm, then transfer those on the left to the right and vice versa without touching any to the floor.

### Anything Goes

**Props:** Two girdles. Time: 35 seconds.

**The stunt:** Man must pull one girdle over his head and down until he steps out of it. Woman simultaneously puts the second girdle on him, starting at his feet and pulling it over his head. Hands, feet, teeth, anything goes in this one.

On the show itself, married couples are generally selected as contestants and here the producers have discovered a curious quirk of human nature. Women married five or more years, reports Miss Hollander, are delighted at stunts in which there is a chance of smearing the old man. Brides, however, are more genteel.

She tells of one woman who was told to knock off her husband's derby with a squirt of whipped cream. "She did it in fifteen seconds but kept squirting happily until his face looked like a birthday cake. She told us later she had been waiting years for the chance." *The End*

## YOU GET TWICE THE PROTECTION WITH NEW IPANA A.C. TOOTH PASTE

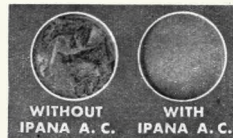


### Lally Twins get "Twin Protection" with IPANA A.C.

Popular Joanne and Janet Lally of Bronx, N. Y. think it's fun to be twins. "We plan everything in twos," says Joanne. "Yes," adds Janet, "we even have a tooth paste that does two wonderful things for us!" Joanne preferred an ammoniated tooth paste—Janet favored a chlorophyll—and they found both protectors in IPANA A.C.!

*Ammoniated*  
to reduce decay—  
*Chlorophyll*  
to keep bad breath away!

"Decay Bacteria" Destroyed!  
Photo (right) shows over 1,000,000 "decay bacteria." The "Lactobacilli" so many dentists believe cause tooth decay. Photo (far right) after adding IPANA A.C. shows "decay bacteria" almost 100% destroyed.



Costs less to try than leading chlorophyll pastes!

LARGE SIZE only 37¢

GIANT SIZE only 59¢

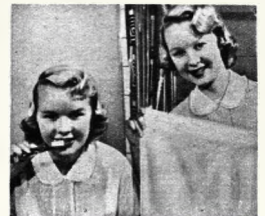


A Product of Bristol-Myers



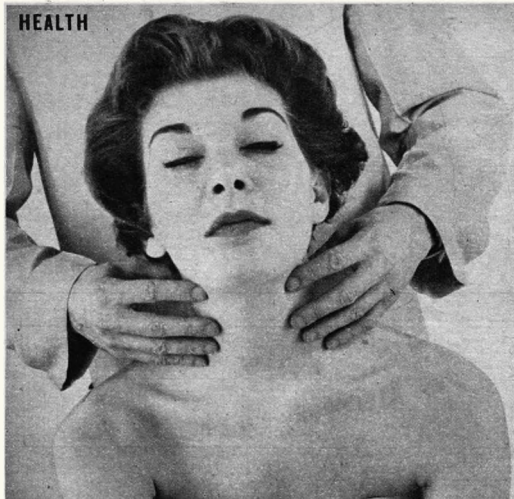
### Mouth Odor Stopped for Hours!

Laboratory tests with an odor-measuring osmometer proved that IPANA A.C. stopped unpleasant mouth odor in every single case—even after 4 hours! Its active chlorophyll leaves your mouth feeling so clean and fresh.



**Guaranteed Not to Stain**—by American Institute of Laundering. Unlike green tooth pastes that leave ugly stains, IPANA A.C. washes completely from towels, washbowl, tooth brush. And its clean, refreshing flavor was chosen by young folks as well as grown-ups in actual taste tests.





HEALTH

**MASSAGE** plus heat may help, if not watch out

## PAIN IN THE NECK

by George H. Waltz, Jr.

**It can result from 43 different causes, medical science reports—and may be a real danger signal**

*Photograph by Serge Balkin*

**P**AINS in the neck aren't all the two-legged variety in the form of borrowing friends, your mate's relatives or the neighbor's children. Doctors now recognize about 100 different disorders that can give you a very real pain in the neck—a pain that is far more crippling and just about as common as the "common headache."

Like a headache, a pain in your neck is a symptom, not a disease. It is a result, not the cause. However, the cause may be trivial or grave, ranging from something as simple as a tired muscle to an ailment as complex as heart trouble or a tumor. Luckily, however, neck pains from the simpler causes far outnumber those from the more dangerous ones.

### What Causes It?

NECK PAIN, says Drs. James Watson, Jr., and Sylvester Thorn, of Houston, Texas, who compiled a catalogue of 43 causes, generally fall into three broad classifications according to age group. Wounds and burns are obvious causes in all age groups. In youngsters, they usually stem from infections of the nose and throat, of the central nervous system, or of the lymph nodes in the neck. In adults, tooth troubles, colds, poor posture, muscular disorders are likely to be behind the pain. In the aged, the causes may be something more serious in the form of heart disease, arthritis or a malignant growth.

Most common of all pains in the neck, of course, is the old-fashioned "crick." This is

the kind that centers on one side of your neck and generally hits you first thing in the morning when you try to get out of bed. It doesn't hurt too much if you hold your head in one position and go around all day looking like a stone statue. This is a muscular ache that usually responds to heat treatment (a hot-water bottle, heating pad or heat lamp) plus gentle massage when the tenderness eases up. Watch out for other symptoms such as fever, since it could be the beginning of a bad cold or influenza.

### The Fur Coat Mystery

**P**ROBABLY the most elusive of the chronic pains in the neck is due to quirks in your posture—the way you sit, stand or hold your head. They make no sudden dramatic appearance like the "crick," but seem to grow in intensity, and recur day after day. Such a pain may be the result of something as remote to your neck as faulty eyesight or hearing. In trying to see or hear better, the sufferer unconsciously cocks his head in such a way as to put an unnatural strain on his neck muscles. Result: poor posture and a pain in the neck.

Even clothing can be the cause. One cold day recently a young woman visited her doctor and complained of a mysterious pain in her neck. She would wake up each morning feeling fine, but by the time she had traveled half way to her place of business the back of her neck would be aching.

The doctor, unable to find anything specific, suggested heat and massage for tense muscles. Relieved, the young lady put on her fur coat and started for the door.

At that moment, the doctor spotted something he hadn't noticed before. "Wait a moment," he called. "Is that a new coat you're wearing?"

"Why yes," the patient answered, led. "I bought it about a month ago. Why?"

*Continued on next page*

## DISCRIMINATING PEOPLE PREFER HERBERT TAREYTON



*MR. BEVERIDGE J. ROCKEFELLER, JR., New York socialite and winter sports fan. Discriminating in his choice of cigarettes, Mr. Rockefeller says: "You can't beat Herbert Tareyton's cork tip and mild tobacco for real smoking pleasure."*

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**

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TO A WIFE—  
WITH NO APOLOGIES!

I've stayed out late too often, dear.  
Of that there is no doubting.  
You've lectured me about my sins;  
I've listened without pouting.  
I'm glad you've had your inning, dear—  
And glad I've had my outing!

— Leonard A. Paris

PAIN IN THE NECK

Continued from preceding page

The doctor beckoned her to a mirror hanging near the office door. "This may be the latest style," he said, pointing to the tall standing collar that nestled close to the girl's neck. "But try wearing it this way for awhile," he added as he carefully folded the stiff fur down to about half of its former height.

A phone call from the girl about a week later bore out the doctor's diagnosis. Since she'd been wearing the collar turned down, she hadn't had the slightest twinge of pain in her neck.

What the doctor, with an eye for posture rather than style, had seen when his patient slipped on her coat was a high, stiff collar that was pushing her head forward unnaturally and putting a strain on her neck muscles. His slight alteration had removed the pressure from the back of her neck and allowed her to hold her head in its normal position.

Although they have nothing to do with posture, tight shirt collars have been found to be the cause of some neck pains that plague men. A collar that is too tight can press against the neck's main artery in such a way that it cuts down the circulation of blood to the head and may cause dizziness. The same goes for a stiff collar that is much too high for a short neck. As you get a bit older, you're likely to find your formerly comfortable size 15 is quietly tightening up on you.

If you are bothered by neck and shoulder pains every time you sit behind the wheel of your car for any length of time, don't necessarily blame the draft from an open car window. Check your driving position. The seat may be too high or too low, too far back or too far forward. The arm rest may not support your elbow at a comfortable height. Or, you may unconsciously tilt your head at an unnatural angle so you can watch the rear-view mirror as well as the road ahead.

Often, a slight seat adjustment or an added cushion is the only "medication" your aching neck needs.

The Warning Sign

UNFORTUNATELY, not all neck pains have such simple origins. They can be the tell-tale warnings of things far more deep-seated and serious than inflamed, tired or twisted muscles. According to the Texas doctors, they also are important symptoms that often point to less common but deadlier ailments such as erysipelas, meningitis, cancer, tuberculosis, and enlarged thyroid, osteomyelitis, abscesses and polio. In these cases, the pain in the neck may save your life by getting you to a doctor in time.

To play it safe, any neck pain that doesn't respond to rest, warmth and gentle massage should be brought to your doctor's attention, particularly if it is accompanied by fever, a husky voice or a feeling of general fatigue

The End

# Pancake Queen tells Mrs. America about her newest Pancake Success

By LESLIE S. MATHER

An intimate glimpse of Mrs. Evelyn Joyce Schenk, recently crowned 1953 "Queen of Homemakers," as she visits with the Pancake Queen and hears about today's lighter, richer-tasting Aunt Jemima pancakes.



Mrs. America (Evelyn Joyce Schenk), who was entered in the contest by her husband, Bob, did not win on beauty alone. She won equally on her home-making ability. An expert cook, she also makes her own clothes. She even made her own Coronation gown!

WHAT do two American Queens chat about when they first meet? Confidentially, these two talked recipes! It was only to be expected, of course. For Mrs. Schenk, an expert cook won her title just as much for her skill with the skillet as for her beauty. And naturally, Aunt Jemima was bursting to show Mrs. Schenk her newest pancake success.

In no time a batch of these lighter pancakes was mixed and breaking into bubbles on the griddle. "See how much creamier and richer the batter is!" enthused Aunt Jemima, while Mrs. Schenk tasted the pancakes and admired the nice golden-browning. Then the Pancake Queen pointed out that her Old South pancakes are actually lighter today, with an even more enticing flavor. "And my newest pancake mix is just in time for Pancake Day!" reminded Aunt Jemima.

## Aunt Jemima Pancakes Make a Happier Pancake Day

The two queens chatted about Pancake Day, which began in England 500 years ago. Recently, the idea of celebrating this popular holiday spread to this country, too. And now America joins the world in celebrating Pancake Day with gay games and races and pancake feasts. This year Pancake Day falls on February 17. And happy families everywhere will enjoy Aunt Jemima's newest and most wonderful pancakes on Pancake Day and all through Lent.



\*\*\*\*\*



This is a close-up of the gay, useful Aunt Jemima-Uncle Mose Cream and Sugar Set. If you'd like one—and who wouldn't—just mail the coupon at right.

AUNT JEMIMA, Box D, Dept. 205  
Chicago 77, Illinois

I would like an Aunt Jemima-Uncle Mose Cream and Sugar Set. I enclose 50c in coin and one Aunt Jemima Pancake Mix box top.

Name

Address

City  Zone  State

Offer limited. Send today.

\*\*\*\*\*





Aunt Jemima gives Mrs. America (bride-of-a-year Evelyn Joyce Schenk) a taste of her newest pancake success. The Pancake Queen proudly pointed out that today's Aunt Jemima pancakes are actually lighter than ever, with an even more enticing flavor.

Aunt Jemima wanted Mrs. Schenk to be the first to hear this special news for a good reason. She feels that Mrs. America's love of cooking and homemaking is truly representative of millions of American homemakers, who are all queens in their own homes.



"Gee, pancakes!" says husband Bob Schenk, tire salesman, as he comes home from work. "Don't just say *pancakes*, say *Aunt Jemimas*," Mrs. Schenk tells him. "Are there any other kind?" asks Bob.



Mrs. America treats her neighbor's children to a luscious sample of today's Aunt Jemimas. Aunt Jemima points out that *her* pancakes are more than a *treat*—they're a *nourishing meal*.



You pour in the milk and stir gently. The richer, creamier batter tells you how much better these pancakes will be.



Use just the right amount of batter for each pancake. See how perfectly this batter spreads . . . how beautifully the pancakes brown!



**PICTURE OF PANCAKE PERFECTION.** You're looking at an actual color photograph of Aunt Jemima's newest pancakes . . . golden brown, fluffy light, melting tender. Only *one* thing is missing. The camera can't picture that richer Old South flavor. That's for you to discover!



# Chlorodent gives you a Cleaner, Fresher, Healthier Mouth!

proved by test... after test... after test!

At a noted university, dental experts made 395 tests with white, ammoniated and chlorophyll toothpastes and tooth powders. They found that Chlorodent's patented cleansing agent kept teeth cleanest.

At a leading laboratory, scientists compared Chlorodent with a nationally known non-chlorophyll toothpaste for controlling bad breath. Chlorodent's special chlorophyll\*

formula gave twice as many people freedom from mouth odors for up to four hours.

At Father Flanagan's famous Boys Town, dentists found Chlorodent twice as effective as a fine white toothpaste for quickly reducing acute gingivitis, a widespread mouth disorder. Boys Town co-operated in this important research wholly in the interest of child health.

Chlorodent combats decay, too. See your dentist if mouth troubles persist. Use Chlorodent regularly!

Lever Brothers Company unconditionally guarantees Chlorodent to do more for you than any other dentifrice to give you a cleaner, fresher, healthier mouth—or your money back.



Ask for CHLORODENT  
World's Largest Selling Chlorophyll Toothpaste

## AMAZING ASPIRIN VALUE

**250**  
for **79¢**

Read this 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 tins of 12.

NO FINER ASPIRIN AT ANY PRICE!

## NORWICH Aspirin



## WHAT'S WRONG WITH

Here's an article made to order for week-end reading. It shows how you can change your life — by doing nothing

by Ruth Kronman

MONDAY, dancing. Tuesday, skating. Wednesday, scouts. Thursday, music lesson. Friday, club meeting. Saturday, museum, shopping, dentist, movies. Sunday, church, Sunday school, tennis. In between, reading and television, family guests, outdoor play, friends for lunch or supper.

How busy are your growing child's days? Is he on the way to becoming the breathless adult so many people are?

Our children's rooms are full of games, photography materials, chemistry sets, puzzles, maps. Our cellars are full of clay and paints and woodworking tools. And, of course, our children are part of group play and group activities in school and in the neighborhood.

"Busy, happy youngsters," runs the cliché. "Learning, growing, developing. Preparing adult interests and skills." Maybe, maybe. But I'd like to put in a word for just plain loafing.

Thirty years ago when I was a child, we lived in a flat over a store in a small town. It was a corner building and our dining-room windows commanded a view of a fascinating area. Nothing much happened there. But if you sat still and watched and watched and

if you had a paper and a pencil, you could check things off.

You made a list: trucks, horse-drawn wagons, baby carriages, coaster wagons, bicycles. Handcart — that would be the grocer's boy. As each went by, you made a check. You could sit for half an hour and get only three checks; and then, suddenly, a reward: brewery wagon, waffle wagon and two bikes, all within minutes.

### "Just Sitting"

It was a wonderful way to watch the winter sky turn red and grow dark, and the street lights come on, and before you knew it it was dark and Mother would call, "Whatever are you doing in the dark?"

"Just sitting."

There is much refreshment in just sitting. Or in just lying on your belly on a rug and tracing

the pattern. Or in lying on your back and watching shadows on the ceiling. Mark Twain knew about that kind of loafing, and so did Thoreau. And childhood knows it, but in these hustling days children have taken on from their elders the feeling that one must always be busy, preferably among other people, and they have lost the delicious ease of just loafing.

He can't sit still, he just doesn't know how, I can hear the mothers saying.

Has he the atmosphere for stillness? We make such a virtue of constant activity that doing nothing has about it a tinge of sinfulness. We talk of "sneaking in a rest." We ask the children: "What are you going to do now?" We assume that one must be constantly up and doing.

I don't. I like to see the children busy with nothing. I have watched our daughter lying on her bed,





**TIME OUT:** The secret of longer, happier living

## LOAFING?

with a tiny little rubber doll and some string. She is not making anything. She is just dithering. I can almost see her growing; in her thoughts, in her contemplation of the tiny things about her.

I have watched our oldest boy lying on his back in the yard, watching the patterns the elm leaves make. Maybe he wasn't watching them. Maybe he was seeing something deep inside. Or maybe his thoughts were floating as idly as the leaves.

### Be, for a Tired Mind

If you believe that there is a time for idling; that there is a value in being alone, in loafing and inviting your soul; that just plain loafing can refurbish a tired mind and revitalize a tired body; that people will live longer and more happily if they take some time out for loafing; then the chances are that your children will acquire your taste. Or at least you can give them the atmosphere conducive to that taste.

It's easy, in the country, where trees standing close together suggest a hammock and low branches suggest a tree house. We have in our album an unposed shot of our youngest child, then aged about three, lying completely at ease in a hammock under the pines; a lazier picture you can't imagine — and so inspiring!

It's easy, too, in large houses, where a child can close his door, and lie contemplating a spider's web, if you're that kind of housekeeper. Or stand at his window tracing carefully with his finger the frost pictures. But in cities and closely-lived-in apartments, it's more difficult.

For one thing, parents themselves can set an example. Sunday morning is the usual time, with newspapers spread about, and the breakfast dishes left standing on the table, and the family still in their pajamas and robes.

It looks sinful, and if company drops in it's a mess, but it gives lift enough to clear it all up in a hurry and get out for a walk.

### Take Ambling Walks

There are other times. Times when you sit over a cup of coffee. Ask the children to sit with you, to join in. Talk is idle, wandering. Sometimes it is serious, generally rewarding. The children will catch a relaxed atmosphere.

Another thing for city dwellers: the outdoors offers inducement to loafing. In our family, we take walks, alone or together. Not brisk walks. Looking at window shades and curtains in house windows; at colors and plantings, foliage and the slope of a sidewalk, at anything an errant fancy finds.

There is no system in our comments; we don't have a destination. And even a small child falls in with this easy, ambling kind of walk.

When we're in the country we really amble. We don't know the Latin names for all the things we see; the woods surround us with their still noises, their color and shadows, and we just walk.

At gift-giving times, we try to give, not only social toys that need several participants, or active, outdoor things; not only creative things, craft materials and hobby stimulants; but just doodlers. Silly Putty, Elastic Plastic are good; so is the wire contraption called a Doodler that anyone can relax with.

When the children are ill, I like to give them a thick piece of cord, to knot into a hundred knots, and then calmly and slowly to unknot again.

It sounds silly, but it's fun for a child. It saw me through a girlhood session of measles, and helped me grow up to be an accomplished idler.

### The Braided String

I FELT reassured that our daughter has some of her mother's feeling about time when I went in to see her after a morning she spent sick in bed.

She had tied some string to the metal support of one of those swing-around bedside tables, and leaving her assortment of paper dolls and crayons, she had spent a calm hour or so braiding and unbraiding pieces of string.

I hope our children will grow up to be the kind of people who can wait calmly in railroad stations when they've missed a train or when somebody else is late for an appointment.

That way, I think they'll be less likely to develop the illnesses affecting stomach, heart and blood pressure that are so common in our hurried times. And whether they get to be tinkers, tailors or merchants, I think they will develop some of the poet's response to the natural world about them, and some of the artist's keen observation of the little things about people and places that enhance living and lift it out of boredom.

The End



**GAS**  
After Breakfast...

**HEARTBURN**  
After Lunch...



**SOUR STOMACH**  
After Dinner...

## Too Bad They Don't Know About TUMS!

Lots of people have digestive upsets after eating because favorite foods cause their stomachs to churn up too much acid. But Tums neutralize excess acid almost before it starts—and make short work of nagging heartburn and gassy pressure pains.

Tums are different. They contain no baking soda or other water-soluble alkali. This means that Tums can't over-alkalize your stomach — can't cause acid rebound!

That's why millions always carry Tums in pocket or purse. Tums require no water, no mixing, no waiting. Just eat 1 or 2 Tums after meals or whenever acid distress occurs and presto—you get top-speed relief. Tums are still only 10c. Get a handy roll today.

On Top of Counters Everywhere  
Still Only 10c—3-roll  
Economy Box 25c



for the Tummy



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Kentile colors shown: Genoa Green and Gardenia with Yellow Feature Strip and Bronco ThemeTile



Compare for price...for beauty...for easy cleaning and long wear...and you'll choose Kentile. The 25 lovely, "new-as-tomorrow" colors transform any room. Scuffing, chair scraping—the hardest kind of use—can't dull this floor. Colors go right through the material which is all tough, durable tile. Just mop and wax Kentile occasionally—you'll see it sparkle like new. Because Kentile gives more value, it's preferred by more people than any other resilient tile.

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



\*Price quoted is for a floor approximately 14' x 7' installed by you. Your Kentile Floor may cost less or slightly more depending on size, color and freight rates. See your local Kentile Dealer for FREE estimate. He's listed in your classified directory under FLOORS.

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

## KENTILE

The Asphalt Tile of  
Enduring Beauty

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**DO NOT DISTURB.** He's so relaxed he's never awake

## DOGS VERSUS CHAIR

(See Front Cover)

Schmoolie was the only one who got along with it — he fell asleep . . .



**PERFECT MODEL**, set to collapse



**TOY POODLE** about to take off



**DINMONT**, just before crack-up





## "Bought three for my home!"

"Have tried many makes of television," writes Mr. Joseph L. Wells of Atlanta, Georgia, "and I know that Sylvania TV with HALOLIGHT is best. I bought three for my home and one for my office." Owners from Coast to Coast agree that Sylvania TV with HALOLIGHT is the clearest, most powerful and most beautiful television ever built. Make sure you buy the finest for your home. Visit your nearest Sylvania TV Dealer today. Sylvania Electric Products Inc., Radio and Television Division, Buffalo, New York.



## Fishing for Compliments?

serve fish with



the dash that makes the dish

Ask for A.1 when dining out, too.



## JOIN THE WOMEN IN THE SERVICES

## STOP PAYING FANCY PRICES

for Floor Wax



## CAN AMERICA LIBERATE THE WORLD?

Continued from page seven

which is restricted to the defense of its own security.

### 1. What About Our Allies?

It is a fact that many persons within the non-communist nations are uneasy about a shift to a policy of liberation. We have noted some of the reasons for this, and have also seen how the policy of containment bolsters the attitude of neutralism. Containment, if successful, simply means a stalemate between Moscow and Washington. To the non-communist nations other than the United States, a stalemate seems to promise protection from all-out world war and at the same time, because of the balancing off of the two major powers, an easier life for independent nations.

There is another reason why the non-communist nations cling to the stalemate, incline toward neutralism and drag their feet in the job of building anti-Soviet power. They do not yet believe in the seriousness of American purpose. Is the United States determined to weaken, and if necessary eliminate, the Soviet system? Or does it really want some sort of compromise?

### The Motive

UNLESS these questions are answered convincingly, in American behavior as well as by words, there is no motive for strenuous anti-Soviet action. Outside or inside the Soviet Empire, there will be no firm resistance without a reasonable chance of winning. If Washington hasn't made up its mind, why stick one's neck out? Better to keep both anchors down, avoid final choice, and hope that somehow the storm won't strike.

Under the procedures of containment, the United States has often subordinated its policy and military preparations to the fears, prejudices and weaknesses of its allies. That is what gives such influence to the debilitating demagoguery of Aneurin Bevan, Jawaharlal Nehru and some German socialists. The State Department has hoped that by not going too fast with allies, "not alarming" them, they would become convinced of American "good intentions," and ready to accept a sterner course.

It doesn't work that way. The other nations are aware of their weakness. They know that on their own they are not able to meet the Soviet challenge. When they observe that Washington tempers its course to their bidding, the effect is to make them lose confidence in Washington.

The first problem for the United States is to make up its mind, to select and pursue its own objectives. In this pursuit, the United States would be wise to rely, so far as this is possible, on its own resources and on a

strategy that grows naturally out of its own geopolitical situation. To depend on someone else is to be at his mercy.

Surely Americans are not opposed to communism and the Soviet system only on condition that West Europeans and Indians and Arabs are also opposed. We are opposed even without and even against all the rest of the world, even if alone. The leader of a coalition should be ready to welcome every ally but should depend on none.

### 2. Why Not a Crusade?

It is the intellectual fashion to be scornful of "crusades." Crusades, it is said, are as dangerous as they are futile. They arouse a fanatic spirit that hardens on both sides, and leads to insistence on the unconditional surrender of the enemy. The conflict becomes "a holy war." The crusaders' passions rule out any chance for negotiation and reasonable compromise. To adopt the policy of liberation, critics warn, would be to set out on a crusade and this, they say, we should wish all urgency avoid.

I feel some sympathy for this distrust of crusades, especially because of the contemporary habit of turning everything from an election campaign to a vice cleanup into an ardent crusade for something or other. But I cannot help feeling that a struggle against the infamy of communist despotism and for the freedom of 800 million enslaved humans deserves to become a crusade.

A campaign of liberation, properly carried out, will have many of the elements of a crusade, and will not succeed without them. Let us remark that we are not altogether free to accept or reject the idea of a crusade. There arise at times objective historical conditions that can be met only in terms of a crusade, and that make irrelevant any paler form of struggle. This occurs when circumstances place in opposition to each other two ways of life, two conceptions of the destiny of man, which are in ultimate contradiction.

### Clear to Them

THE heart of this matter has always been clear to the communist leaders, who have known themselves to be separated from what they call "the bourgeois world" by an absolute chasm. They sometimes express this by saying that with the victory of communism pre-history will be concluded and history will begin. They give further witness by their insistence that the transition from "bourgeois society" to communism can be accomplished only by total revolution, never by gradual evolution.

The communist enterprise pro-

Continued on next page

## At the First Sign of a

# COLD



## Take 2 Bayer Aspirin Tablets with a full glass of water...



## and feel better FAST!

HERE'S ADVICE about colds that we think your own doctor will tell you is sound and effective.

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## FASHION FIND

### *Pedtime Ballerina*

**A**LL manner of outfits are going to be worn to bed this spring, but the most original we've come across are these shortie pajamas made like a ballerina's dance costume.

They are made of nylon tricot in two pieces—a princess-style slip-over reaching just to the top of the legs, and short panties frilled front and back with three rows of ruffles. The top is fitted, with a scoop neckline trimmed with fluting piped in red; the skirt flares out from the hips like a ballerina's tutu. Made by Colura.

—JOAN SHORT



CARL PERUTZ

## CAN AMERICA LIBERATE THE WORLD?

*Continued from preceding page*

poses to replace society, God and man by a wholly new system of society, a new kind of man with a new “nature,” and the new gods of material and historical necessity. The communists realize that with their proposal there cannot be compromise or negotiation. What is there to compromise? You do not compromise with birth or death. There are some questions which must be answered just Yes or No.

The communist stand forces us to decide, painful as is the process to liberal sensibilities, whether we really believe that our way is better than theirs. Do we as Americans proclaim that political freedom and representative government are better than political tyranny and the sovereignty of the secret police, better for all men — Poles and Chinese and Russians as well as French and English and Americans? If we do not think that our way is better than the Kremlin's then what are we disputing? Let us apply for acceptance as another of the Federated Socialist Soviet Republics. We can be sure of the warmth of our welcome.

### 3. Is It Our Business?

THE third objection is related to the second. It is argued that liberation, though in itself good and to be wished for, is none of our business. Suffering, despotism and famine have always been rather widely distributed in the world. We are saddened that this is so, and we rejoice when these plagues are anywhere lightened or removed. But we cannot be every man's keeper. Our task is to strengthen the liberty and well-being of our own land and people. So far as international conflict goes, our problem is our own national defense.

Let us agree that national security and

defense are the proper objective of a government's general strategy, and that any action which injures national security is wrong. Let us further grant that no action is justified unless it contributes positively to national defense. The case for a policy of liberation will remain as strong as ever.

### A Present Danger

THE security of the United States, and of all nations that are still independent, is in the gravest peril. The danger, a mortal danger, is a reality of the present, not a possibility of the future. Its exact nature, and the reason why it is so deadly and so immediate, are often misconstrued by Americans, and I think, also by many Europeans.

Americans are likely to measure the gravity of the Soviet threat by the degree of probability that bombs are about to start falling. Europeans add in imagination Red Army tanks and cannon moving west across the North European plain. If both bombs and tanks seem far away, there seems to be no ground for acute alarm.

During the years since 1945 I have never believed that general open war was imminent. I have been convinced that it was possible to undertake large-scale anti-Soviet actions, including offensive and what are usually considered “provocative” actions, without any appreciable risk of general war. Looking back, I don't think that anyone can now think that general war would have begun if, for example, land convoys instead of an airlift had been used to break the Berlin blockade, if Nationalist Chinese troops had been encouraged to operate in South China, if the British had asserted their rights to the Abadan refinery by force, if the Greek army had pursued guerrillas on to

*Continued on next page*



## CAN AMERICA LIBERATE THE WORLD?

Continued from preceding page

Bulgarian or Albanian territory, or if bombing raids had been carried beyond the Yalu. Because they do not understand the nature of communism, Western leaders have been needlessly cautious.

Granted that contemporary history is too unsettled to permit the dating of predictions very far into the future, I believe that Moscow will not deliberately start a general war in the next period. However that may be, it is still more important to realize that the peril to the United States (and to all other independent nations) does not depend exclusively or even primarily upon the probability and timing of general war.

This peril can be summed up in a single sentence. If the communists succeed in consolidating what they have already conquered, then their complete world victory is certain. The simple, terrible fact is that if things go on as they now are, if they merely stabilize, then we have already lost. That is why the policy of containment, even if 100 per cent successful, is a formula for Soviet victory.

These statements are so extreme that before accepting them a sober reader may be inclined to increase his usual rate of discount. As a cross-check, I urge an evening with an atlas, a world map (preferably a globe) and a good book on geography. In the meaning that leaps unblinkingly to the eye from the map's surface, we shall find a convincing proof that the Soviet Empire, if it is able to consolidate within its present limits, will be certain to conquer the earth.

### Only Defense

WHAT this means is that liberation is the only defense against a Soviet world victory. Americans, Frenchmen, Germans, Indians and Japanese should not imagine that liberation is charity, a gift for them to bestow at leisure on captive Poles, Chinese and Russians. Our own necks are at stake. At least a considerable breakup of the Soviet imperial system, a breakup which in practice would be equivalent to the process of liberation, is a mini-

mum condition for our survival.

The communist leaders know where they stand. They know that they can win if for the present they do no more than hold and develop what they have, and they also know that they will lose if a full-scale campaign of liberation is launched against them. Their present tactic is to divert the outside world from the policy of liberation by means of political warfare and psychological terror, while they destroy what might be called the internal premises of liberation. By purges, indoctrination of the young, Russification, controlled starvation, falsification of culture and history, group shipment to slave-labor camps and mass interchanges of populations, they carry out a systematic genocide.

### Their Goals

THE aim of their genocide program is to wipe out the diverse nations and ethnic groups, to dissolve them into the Soviet monolith.

At the same time, the communists seek to eliminate the basis for the existence of all other social groups that might give structure to a campaign for liberation. The slave-labor camps become an essential institution of the economy, and help to pulverize the working class. The collective farms become vast agricultural factories serviced by cities of proletarianized laborers with no special relation to the land. The goal is a managed totalitarian society populated by an undifferentiated Russo-soviet Mass Man. With that goal achieved or approximated, the very meaning of freedom would have vanished.

This, then, is the measure of our peril and its urgency. We are lost if our opponent so much as holds his own. There remains only a limited time during which it will continue to be possible to move against him. Americans will not even be granted much longer the desperate comfort that as a last resort there are always the bombs to turn to. If the political offensive is long delayed, it will be too late for bombs. *The End*



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## THE JON LINDBERGH STORY

Continued from page sixteen

In my senior year at college, I saw Jon lead the Stanford Alpine Club on a practice climb. I soon found out why the club members have a slogan. "If it can be done, Lindbergh can do it."

He skillfully lifted his 164 pounds from one shallow finger hold to the next up 40 feet to the top of a smooth perpendicular rock. He made the climb on clumsy hiking boots and without a safety rope: "Once you get the know-how, it isn't really dangerous."

### Motorcycle Jaunt

THREE summers ago, Jon traveled through several European countries on a motorcycle. In Germany, he got an urge to cross the Russian border. He said: "I made sure no one saw me and just ducked around the boundary marker. The Russians have warned my father that if they ever catch him in Russian territory, they will shoot him. It's hard telling what they would do to me."

[Colonel Lindbergh occasionally serves as special consultant to the chief of staff of the USAF. He gave invaluable engineering aid to the Air Force during World War II and unofficially flew 50 combat missions in the Pacific theater. He angered the Soviets in the late '30's by accepting a medal from Goering. His acceptance was, and still is, widely misunderstood in America. Many do not know that he was sent to Berlin to assess Germany's aviation program and that he accepted the medal with the full approval of our embassy in order to remain on good terms with German officials.—The Editors.]

Except for his European trip, Jon has divided his vacations between the mountains and the sea. Last July, he sailed as a marine biologist on a transatlantic voyage made by the Oceanographical Institute of Woods Hole, Mass. He and seven other scientists made a 12,000-mile trip to the Azores, Dakar and Recife, Brazil. They studied currents, analyzed water from various depths and discovered a mysterious 800-mile-long undersea canyon. It was after this expedition that Jon's picture appeared in many newspapers.

Jon made this journey through his own efforts, independent of the college. The previous spring he earned a semester's credit by join-

ing a Stanford biological expedition to the Gulf of California. Young Lindbergh was one of three ichthyologists (fish experts) who sailed aboard the *Orea*, a research ship on a 61-day voyage.

His shipmates say whenever there was a difficult or dangerous job, Lindbergh was ready to do it. One night during a storm, he volunteered to secure a larger line to a swamped launch. After several attempts, he succeeded in replacing the 3/4-inch painter and thus saved the launch and the two skiffs tied to it.

When the fathometer, an instrument which measures the water's depth, failed to work, Jon dove under the ship to repair it.

They caught many of the fish with spears or in a large seining net. When they came upon a large school of beautiful fish too small to be caught in the net, Jon sat up till midnight making a special net of hardware cloth. Once he couldn't resist spearing a moray. The huge eel turned on him and he barely got back aboard.

After a 5,000-mile voyage, the expedition returned to Stanford with two almost identical collections of fish, plants, reptiles and insects; one for the University and the other for the Natural History Museum in Mexico City.

During the three summers before entering college, Jon worked at a camp in Mancos, Col. He became friendly with Bill Dickenson, who graduated from Stanford in my class.

### "Rapid Running"

DICKENSON told me that potatoes and rattlesnakes are Jon's favorite foods. On a hike through Dark Canyon, Bill said: "Jon caught a rattlesnake, stuck it in his mess kit and then forgot all about it while he cooked dinner. When he opened his mess kit, the rattler slithered out on his lap. Everybody jumped up, but Jon recaptured it."

Like mountain climbing, the challenge and thrills of shooting the rapids fascinate Lindbergh. He says: "River running is a scientific art. You ride your boat until you come to a rapids. Then you stop and study the churning water to decide the best way to go through it. If you have judged correctly, and if you handle your boat properly, you are all right."

In "rapid jumping" as it is sometimes called, the carsmen had always steered from the middle of the boat. But, using a Navy assault boat, Jon and Bill Dickenson devised a new method of river running by learning to navigate from the stern. The experts now recognize this method because, for those who have the skill to handle it, the boat is easier to maneuver from the stern.

Bill has a high regard for Lindbergh's ability on the water. He said: "Jon has a natural feel for the sea. He seems to know instinctively just what the water is going to do. He loves a battle, and if nature doesn't give him one, he looks till he finds one."

### "Hell's Half Mile"

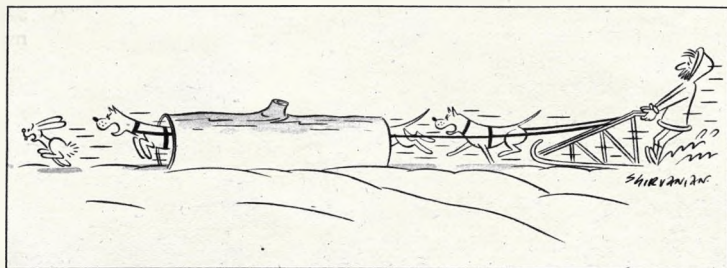
IN THE summer of 1949, after becoming accomplished "rapid jumpers," the two lads looked for just such a battle. Along with another camper, Kenny Ross, they decided to challenge Cataract Canyon, a river with "a twenty-percent mortality rate."

Jon told the story this way: "We ran sixty-seven rapids that day. The worst ones were on 'Hell's Half Mile,' a section of the river so-called because it's more than a half-mile and that's the hell of it. Rapid No. 20 was typical. It has a big ledge at the top with water pouring over about three or four feet. From the ledge to the bottom of the rapid, the water is a churning boiling mass.

"We paddled hard at the top of the fall and managed to avoid getting stuck in the hole. Then we just kept her bow on through the rest of the foaming waves, some close to six feet high. The toughest stunt is to go over the ledge in the right place.

"It took us more than four hours to run Hell's Half Mile. We all agreed that it gave us more sheer adventure and thrills than we had yet experienced in our lives. It is certain that we were all more than a little afraid as we launched our boat above rapid No. 20. We joked that we had better get in the river quick or we wouldn't have the guts to."

When Jon finished, I asked what his mother thought of his risky experiences. He shrugged and answered, "I guess she's used to them by now. Our whole family is pretty adventuresome." *The End*



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INGRID BERGMAN ROSSELLINI gives her twins an airing

## Bergman's TWIN-TOTERS

Photographs by David Seymour



"TOTERS"—an old European custom

AMONG Rome's most distinguished citizens are Ingrid and Isabella Rossellini. Born in June, 1952, the twins have been growing healthily and happily ever since.

One reason for their progress is the daily airing in Roman sunshine which their mother personally supervises. It's done with the aid of the gadget pictured here. A common sight in Europe is a mother carrying one baby around in this type of portable cradle. But Miss Bergman has both hands full.

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If you are 35 or younger, you can keep a lovely fresh complexion with my easy (and not costly) moisturizing treatment. For years I have worked with doctors and scientists to perfect this remarkable treatment which enables dehydrated skin to retain its moisture and youthful freshness. This treatment consists of two scientifically formulated preparations—"Pasteurized" Night Cream and Deep Cleanser. Together, they can work miracles for your complexion.

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My "Pasteurized" Night Cream improves your skin in two wonderful ways. First, rich oils cream away surface dryness and flakiness, leaving your skin supple and velvety. Second, unique moisturizing ingredients penetrate the surface of your skin to replenish moisture in your deeper sub-skin tissue. Overnight your skin will be transformed. It will look smooth and unlined... as fresh as a rose.

I promise you this treatment will give you thrilling results—if you follow this two-step routine:

1. Cleanse thoroughly with Deep Cleanser. This rich and creamy liquid penetrates deeper into your pore openings... removes every trace of make-up and grime.

2. Smooth rich "Pasteurized" Night Cream over your face and throat. With your finger tips, "iron out" forehead lines. Massage as often as you can in circular motions on your throat. Then pat more cream gently around your eyes.

### Beauty Within Your Budget

For just a few cents a day, my two-step moisturizing treatment can help your skin stay smooth and unlined for years to come. "Pasteurized" Night Cream, 1.50. Deep Cleanser in big plastic bottle, 1.50. At leading department and drug stores. Helena Rubinstein, Inc., 655 Fifth Ave., New York 22, N. Y. Prices plus tax.

## THEY RODE A GHOST PLANE

Continued from page nine

"Not that it really matters," he thought. "They'll conk out from lack of oxygen in a few seconds, anyway."

Now a fresh fear came to him—the fear of a good captain solely responsible for many lives. When the motors stopped, the cabin pressurizing would stop, too. The passengers—dozing now, relaxed in their confidence in him and in the ship—one by one would quietly die. Grim-lipped, now, he turned in his seat and sensed the tension in the cockpit. These men, like himself, knew the danger. Kruger's mouth was working with a nervous tic. Jack Parker's face was the color of cigarette ash.

"You, Jack—and Nels," his voice was the calm voice of command. "Get aft fast. These motors are getting ready to quit. I figure you and the girls have maybe four minutes to get the passengers and yourselves into oxygen masks."

"Yes, sir!"  
"And you men stay back there. If any passengers start to panic—well, control them. Give them just enough oxygen to sustain life, not consciousness. They're better off sleeping and they'll breathe less. Whether I can pull us out of this jam or not depends on how long you can make that oxygen last, and—" he hesitated, then in an oddly gentle voice for a captain, added, "and on how God feels about it. That's all, boys. Hop to it."

PARKER and KRUGER left the cockpit. A few seconds later, one after another, the motors stopped and with their stopping the throbbing life went out of the ship, leaving her a dead, drifting thing of utter silence—in a world of silence where there was not even the whistling and swish of wings through wind, for she rode the wind.

"Twenty years—twelve thousand hours of flight without hurting a passenger! Now—on my last flight—this!"  
A sudden feeling of utter weariness came over Walter Harmon. For a few seconds he sat at the controls automatically, instinctively meeting the swirling air currents with aileron and rudder. He was thinking about supper time back there at the Kitty Hawk Room with Mimi—and thinking about all the other meals they'd

had together—at Chicago—at Shanghai—at Shannon; of brief seconds high in the sky sharing a sunset together, an ocean, a rain-bow or just a joke.

Then he began thinking about the two motherless children who lived with his sister in Cincinnati and who were so proud because their daddy was captain of a big airliner.

"Why do I care whether I get out of this or not? I'm all washed up tomorrow anyway!"  
The sound of his voice, startlingly loud in the unearthly stillness brought him to his senses with a shock. He had thought of the safety of the others and forgotten himself. Just in time—just as he was blacking out, he got on his oxygen mask, drew a deep breath of life. Instantly his head cleared and he snapped off the cockpit lights and settled himself to fight with all his strength and skill to bring his ship and its people clear of the invisible force that like a giant's hand was lifting them up and up to the rim of the world...

WHEN Mimi Lee, the chief stewardess, came into the cockpit, Walter Harmon heard the click as she plugged her oxygen line into an outlet and thought it was Jack, and turned to order him back to his post in the cabin. Then in the eerie twilight brightness of the immense altitude, he saw the pert oval of her pretty face, the neat waves of chestnut hair under the jaunty cap, the so long familiar curves of her slim body, and his heart was filled with the sadness of good-by again. He handed her the co-pilot's oxygen mask that, like his own, had a built-in communicator system. She put it on.

"Is everything all right back there?"

"Yes." Even through the microphone inside the mask, her voice sounded soft and sweet. "Walter, I wanted to see if you were all right. Are you?"

"All right—except I feel like the cow that jumped over the moon. Tell me about the passengers."

SHE spoke into her microphone and as she talked he could visualize the long, luxuriously appointed cabin—the dim light from the night lamps, the passengers, most of them unconscious now and

blanket covered against the intense cold that was creeping into the plane, lying in rows—three to a row on one side of the aisle, two to a row on the other.

"Lying in rows," he thought, "like so many corpses."

For a second he pictured the plane as he knew it would be in another hour at this freezing height—a dead ship with a dead crew and a dead cargo drifting on the edge of space—perhaps into space itself where it would drift so forever—a legend—the Flying Dutchman of the skies.

WITH a shudder, he brought himself back to the present. Mimi was saying, "For a while after the motors quit and until they began passing out, it was pretty awful. Men fighting to get out of their seats and women screaming and two little kids who're traveling alone crying, 'Mummy! Mummy!' Jack and Nels were wonderful."

"They would be."  
A sudden minor vortex twisted the ship; Walter Harmon fought it back to the position of an easy forward glide where it rode best. "Damn those currents! They're getting rugged!" He made a laughing sound. "I'm trying to fly this big minus-four-engine sky giant like the little soaring glider I once owned. Crazy, isn't it? But it's all I can do."

"How long do you think the oxygen will last, Walter?" Her voice was quite calm.

"It isn't just the oxygen now, Mimi," he said. "It's the increasing cold up here."

"How high are we?"

"I don't know—take a look and guess for yourself." He banked the plane slightly and pointed to the window. An incredible distance away... so far that it looked round and like another world in space, rather than the world they belonged to, was the earth. Mimi shuddered and drew back from the window.

"I—I'm sorry I looked. It scares me foolish. I'm shaking. Talk to me, Walter, and get my mind off what's happening to us. Please, Walter!"

"Okay, Mimi. What'll I talk about?"

Walter Harmon's voice was steady, almost natural. Intent on

Continued on page 36



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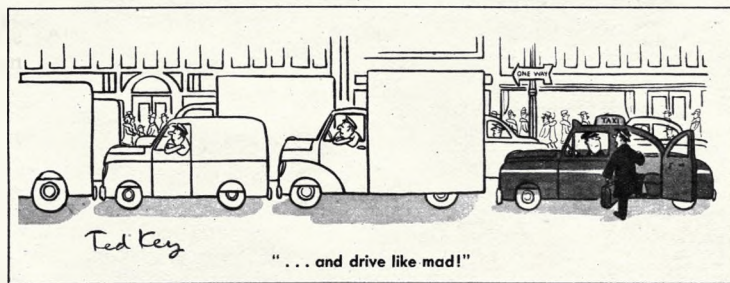
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JOHN J. DUFFY

"FASTNACHTS": Make them the day before Lent

## Pennsylvania Dutch DOUGHNUTS

by Clementine Paddleford

*This Week Food Editor*

IT's "pass the *fastnachts*" for Shrove Tuesday breakfast in the Pennsylvania Dutch country. But the hour doesn't matter — pass these raised doughnuts any time the day long. No one ever will pass a *fastnacht* by. Eating the rich fried cakes on the last day before the beginning of Lent stems from early Christian times of rigid fasting. Then it was customary for cooks to use all leftover fats in the house. In some lands pancakes were made; the Germans made doughnuts. Whatever the origin of the *fastnacht*, in the Pennsylvania Dutch country, it is made purely for pleasure in the eating because the Dutch never fast.

### FASTNACHTS

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| 3 medium potatoes,<br>peeled and quartered | yeast, or 1 cake com-<br>pressed yeast             |
| 2 cups salted water                        | $\frac{1}{4}$ cup warm, not hot,<br>water          |
| $\frac{3}{4}$ cup sugar                    | $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter or margarine,<br>softened |
| 1 teaspoon salt                            | 2 eggs   |
| 7 to 8 cups sifted all-<br>purpose flour   | $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon nutmeg                      |
| 1 package dry granular                     |  |

**B**OIL potatoes in salted water until tender. Drain; reserve 1 cup water and pour into large mixing bowl. Stir in sugar, salt and 1 cup of the flour. Beat until smooth. Sprinkle or crumble yeast into  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup water (95° to 105°F. for dry yeast; 85°F. for compressed yeast); let stand for 5 minutes. Stir, then beat into batter. Cover bowl with a cloth and let rise in a warm place free from draft until bubbly (about 4 hours). Mash hot potatoes, measure 1 cup into a mixing bowl and beat in margarine or butter, eggs and nutmeg. When the batter is full of bubbles, stir in potato mixture and remaining flour, or enough to make a stiff dough.

Turn out on a lightly floured board and knead 8 to 10 minutes or until smooth

and elastic. Place in a greased bowl, brush top with melted shortening, cover and let rise in a warm place free from draft, until double in bulk (about 2 hours). Punch dough down, cover bowl and store in refrigerator until 2 hours before serving time. Remove from refrigerator and cut in half. Roll each half  $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch thick on lightly floured board.

Cut with doughnut cutter or into 2-inch squares with a sharp knife. Place doughnuts on floured board, cover with a cloth and let rise in a warm place until double in bulk. Slip doughnuts into deep hot fat (365°F.) When they rise to the top, turn with a long handled fork to brown other side. Drain on absorbent paper toweling and sprinkle with granulated sugar. Yield: 4 dozen more or less.

*nothing* **easier**  
*nothing* **nicer**

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puts flavor first  
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You provide added health protection by using Clorox in routine cleaning of bathroom and kitchen germ centers. And remember, Clorox is a safe disinfectant... a type recommended by public health authorities! Directions on the label.



# QUIZ 'EM

Questions and answers from current news



ALBINO DEER. What's still rarer?

**TROPHY**... A jet-black deer was shot by a hunter near Elko, Nev., recently. How many times more rare is this color deer than an albino? 15 times.

— R.R., Jennings, Mo.

**PERSISTENCE**... How long did it take Dr. Selman Abraham Waksman, 1952 Nobel Prize winner for medicine, to develop his part in the discovery of streptomycin?

He worked 29 years before he got a non-poisonous form.

— Mrs. W.H.C., Springfield, Ohio

**ELIGIBLES**... The youngest member of the 83rd Congress is a bachelor. So is the oldest. Who are they?

26-year-old William W. Wampler, Representative from Virginia and 85-year-old Senator Theodore Green of Rhode Island.

— Mrs. E.A.E., Milwaukee, Wis.

**SPRAY**... What new use has been found for "spray on" plastic?

It is being tested by the Air Force, for use as surgical dressing for wounds. It forms a transparent,

easily removed "bandage" that can be applied by untrained persons.

— M.C., Medford, Ore.

**GOOD DEAL**... In what way is Russia unwittingly contributing an average of \$150 a day for U.S. charity?

A Russian "Pobeda" auto, smuggled out of that country, is being exhibited throughout the U.S. with proceeds going to charity.

— R.A.D., Los Angeles

**BIG BID**... Ex-president Truman was recently offered \$40,000 for one hour's work. What type of work was it?

Piano playing. A recording company offered him that amount to record four of his piano favorites.

— Mrs. W.P.C., Montgomery, Ala.

**RESCUE**... Where did the Coronation Committee obtain horses for the Coronation Parade in London next June 2 after almost abandoning the idea for lack of horses?

The brewers, distillers and vintners offered their big horses.

— E.G., Pautucket, R.I.

CONDUCTED BY *Tom Henry*

NOTE: We will pay \$2 for a question and answer used in this column. Questions are based on current news and clipping of news source must accompany answer. Address: Tom Henry, THIS WEEK, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. Unaccepted contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned.

## THEY RODE A GHOST PLANE

Continued from page thirty-four

the job he must do, he had forgotten fear.

"Talk to me about anything — about the weather — No, not that! I know. Tell me what you're going to do when you — retire."

IT WAS the one thing he did not want to talk to her about, but he told her, in between brief pauses while he fought the controls, about a little place he'd bought in Lexington, Kentucky, that was part farm and part private airport. He told her he'd live there and run the airport, he guessed.

When he finished she said, "Gee, I don't see why you feel so badly about quitting. I'd like doing that myself, Walter. And you can have those little girls of yours with you, too, at last. Who'll take care of them?"

"A housekeeper."  
"Oh, Wally, that isn't right! You ought to get married again!"  
His voice crackled over the communicator.

"No!"  
"But why not? Isn't there a girl anywhere that you're just a little bit in love with?" He did not answer. Teasingly triumphant, she cried, "There is!... Isn't there?"  
"Yes."

"Oh!" Her voice sounded flat, then it grew gentle again. "Tell me about her, Walter. What's she like? And why don't you want to marry her?"

There was the deathly silence again. Another whirlpool of air banked the ship and the round globe of the earth, faintly, coldly luminescent now where moonlight touched it, came into view again through the window, disappeared as Walter got the ship back under control. He spoke again, his words, slow, measured.

"Mimi, I'm captain of an airliner now. If I get us out of this — and I may — do you know what I'll be after I flunk that physical tomorrow? I'll be a lonely, bitter, middle-aged guy who lives on a farm near a hick town and runs a one-horse airport out in the sticks — a guy who has two little kids to

try and raise and maybe — just maybe — earns just enough money to get by. I'm over forty. This girl's twenty-five. I'd be a heel to let her tie into a set-up like mine."

There was a long silence, then, "Walter," said Mimi. "Up here on the edge of eternity nothing that happens could matter for very long. So it couldn't matter, could it, if you told me who she is?"

"I thought you'd guessed. She's an airline stewardess." Then, harshly, forgetting the ship for a second, "Is that enough? Now, are you satisfied?"

Her voice answering, was breathless, hushed.

"Not yet, Walter — not quite yet."

He felt the big rubber oxygen mask moved from his face, felt her lips, parted, moist, clinging to his. He flipped the automatic control switch. With infinite tenderness his arms went about her, then the emotions chained up in him for so long broke through and he crushed her against him. She lay, quietly, contentedly in his arms.

EVEN after they replaced their masks and he took over manual control again, she still stood leaning against his shoulder with her cheek pressed to his, except for a few seconds when she stepped aft to a locker and got out blankets and wrapped one around him. The

Continued on page 38



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# Tampax is so dainty in tub or shower

Perhaps you didn't know that this form of sanitary protection could be worn in your bath

Compared with a few years ago, more women now take their baths as usual during "those trying days" each month.... Two things have changed. Physical training authorities now approve of it in normal cases. And Tampax has been invented for internal absorption, so it need not be removed in either your shower or tub! You can wear Tampax in swimming, too—no embarrassment, no offense to anyone.... Perfected by a doctor, Tampax is made of surgical cotton compressed in applicators for quick insertion. No belts, pins or external pads. No odor. Easy disposal. Month's supply will fit in your purse. Sold at drug stores and notion counters in 3 absorbency-sizes (Regular, Super, Junior) for varying personal needs. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



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Greatest name in pain-relieving

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with stomach

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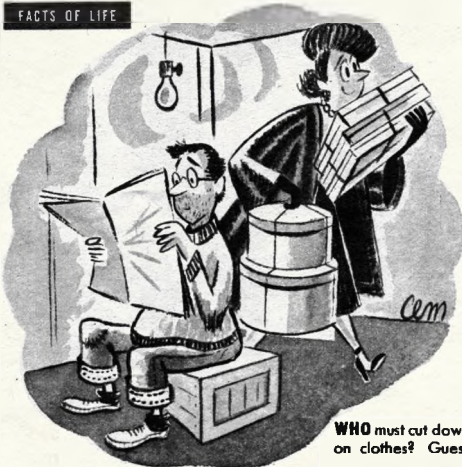
... anywhere ... any time this handy Vicks Inhaler makes clogged stuffed noses feel clearer in seconds. By makers of Vicks VapoRub.

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Use as often as needed!

FACTS OF LIFE



WHO must cut down on clothes? Guess

## HONEYMOON LAW

by José Schorr

**Must a husband eat his bride's dinners? Divorce courts have to settle the darndest questions**

**Gourmet's Sacrifice.** After a bride slaves over a hot stove all day, should her husband come home with sandwiches to eat instead of her dinner? No, a husband should honor his bride's cooking even if it kills him, ruled the Supreme Court of Florida.

**Same Bills.** Should a man complain because his bride continues to spend as much on clothes as before he married her? No, because in our society it is the husband not the wife who is supposed to dress more cheaply after marriage, revealed the Supreme Court of Oklahoma.

**Close Shave.** May a bride refuse to start on her honeymoon until her husband shaves his mustache? No, because decorum requires her to wait at least 24 hours before she starts reforming him, said the Kentucky Court of Appeals.

**Save Time For Kisses.** Should a husband spend all his time making money? No, because "one of the meanest vices is the mere love of money, and a man affected by that vice so far as to lose sight of the duty he owes to his wife and family is held up to public contempt, scorn and shame," declared the New York Supreme Court.

**Husband's Choice.** Does a husband have a right to pick his wife's friends? He may not tell her what girls to see but he certainly can tell her what men not

to see, suggested the New Jersey Superior Court.

**First Things First.** If a wife faints while her husband is drinking his morning coffee, may he finish the cup before picking her up? No, not even if his coffee gets cold, ruled the Kentucky District Court.

**Food For Nagging.** Should a man stop supporting his wife until she stops nagging him? No, because starving does not improve a wife's disposition, said the New Jersey Superior Court.

**Pretty Enough.** Must a wife use cosmetics and go to beauty parlors? No, a wife is not required to make herself pretty, said the Washington Supreme Court.

**Her Fault.** Is a husband always forbidden to yell at his wife? No, because even the best wife in the world may provoke a husband to forget himself once in a while, declared the North Dakota Supreme Court.

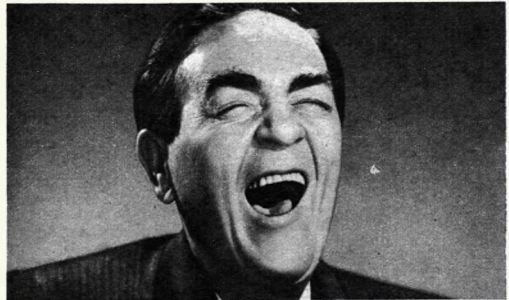
**Secret Weapon.** What will make any woman putty in her husband's hands? "Love," intoned the Washington Supreme Court. "With it she will bear any burden, forgive any wrong and her heart will be light through all misfortune."

**Just Like A Man.** Why don't husbands live up to their promise? "Because, as Shakespeare said: 'All lovers swear more performance than they are able, and yet reserve an ability that they never perform; vowing more than the perfection of ten, and discharging less than the tenth part of one,'" ruled the Montana Supreme Court.

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## EGGS CREOLE WITH RICE

Prepare  $1\frac{1}{4}$  cups Minute Rice as directed on package. Sauté  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup each of chopped onion and green pepper in 3 tablespoons butter until tender. Drain and reserve  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup juice from No. 2 can tomatoes. Add remaining tomatoes and juice, 2 tablespoons brown sugar,  $1\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoons salt, and about 8 drops pepper sauce to onion and green pepper. Cook over medium heat 5 to 7 minutes; stir occasionally. Mix reserved tomato juice with 4 teaspoons cornstarch; add to tomato mixture; stir until thickened. Cook 3 to 5 minutes, stirring occasionally. Scramble 6 eggs. Add 1 tablespoon butter to rice; arrange with eggs on platter; top with Creole sauce—and feast!

**No washing! No rinsing!**  
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# MINUTE BRAND RICE

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Product of General Foods

## THEY RODE A GHOST PLANE

Continued from page thirty-six

other she wrapped around herself.

Minutes later when the air had grown much rougher and the cold was frosting the windows and clutching at skin and bone like icy fingers, and she was shaking with it, she said, "Is this the end, Wally?"

When Wally didn't answer, she went on.

"If it is the end, please take me in your arms again and hold me close."

SHE moved toward him. Her body joggled his arm as it clasped the wheel, the ship tilted so steeply to the right she staggered, fell into the co-pilot's chair. He leveled the plane. She started to get to her feet. His voice stopped her.

"Strap yourself in there! When you joggled the wheel I remembered something I did with that glider once when I got caught in the updraft of a thunder head. I think"—his voice shook with excitement now—"I think I can save this ship!"

"How?"  
"By..." the whirling up-eddy of air he was waiting for, struck. He said, "Pray!"

The ship tilted left and this time instead of righting it he kicked full right rudder and pulled the wheel left with a sudden jerk that threw the ship clear on its side. For the fraction of a second it hung there motionless. Its wings pointed straight up and down, with no more lift than the blade of a knife. Then the silence—the ghastly unreal silence of space—was torn by a high keening wail as the tremendous weight of metal in the fuselage and engines drove the up-ended knife-like wing down and forward in a screaming dive. Walter Harmon's laugh of elation rattled over the communicator.

"Mimi?"  
"Yes?"  
"Just wanted to say—" he broke off, needing all his strength to haul back on the wheel and check a little the headlong earthward rush. "I just wanted to say that for a decrepit old man who's about to be judged incompetent, I think I still fly pretty good—in one in a while, that is."

AT FIFTEEN thousand feet Walter Harmon leveled off, pressed the starter, the motors throbbled and the ship lived and breathed again. He snapped on the lights, took off his oxygen mask, spoke for a few minutes over the radio, turned to Mimi Lee, smiled.

"Why, this is turning out to be practically a routine flight, Mimi," he said. "I've brought her down only about fifty miles off course."

Mimi Lee stood looking down at him out of eyes glowing with pride or love or both—rested a hand on his shoulder.

"Wally—darling—you're—won—derful!"

The door to the flight-cockpit opened. Jack Parker and Nelson

Kruger stepped through it, started forward, but something about the way Mimi Lee was standing and the soft look in her eyes stopped them, made them back to the door. Out of the corner of his eye Walter Harmon saw them and asked the question whose answer he dreaded.

"The passengers, Jack. Are they all right?"

Jack Parker grinned.

"All right! I should hope to tell you!" he laughed. "Funny what altitude and oxygen can do—all of 'em have forgotten the panic when the motors quit. Some of 'em have the illusion this was a nice normal flight. Some of them—" he chuckled now, "the ones who peeked out the windows, I guess, like me—said they'd had a dream that they were flying around and around the moon. None of them are sure if anything unusual really happened or if they just imagined it. Why, I feel almost like that myself, I—"

"Why don't you go back to the galley and get yourself some coffee, Jack?"

It sounded like an order.  
"Yes, sir!"

THE co-pilot backed out of the door, closed it behind him. Walter Harmon turned to Mimi Lee.

"Just before Jack came in you were saying something about me being wonderful. Very nice of you, but—" He paused, stared at her coldly. "Since when do chief stewardesses call their captains 'darling'? Even if they happen to be old friends?"

He saw the sudden astonishment and hurt come into her eyes.

"But Wally!" Her face was falling apart now. "Have you forgotten what happened to us—up there? You said—you said you loved me and wanted to marry me and we..."

He interrupted. "Mimi, I hate to say this, but you heard what Jack said about too much oxygen and altitude giving people illusions. You've just had one of the better illusions, that's all."  
"Have I really?"

He nodded, the tears in her eyes overflowed, coursed down her cheeks, then abruptly stopped and her eyes came into focus. Suddenly she began to laugh. Walter stared at her in amazement.

Mimi Lee got out her make-up kit and held the mirror in front of his face so he could see the bright red, utterly convincing lipstick smears around his mouth. And he knew he no longer had to pretend.

HE HEARD Mimi's sweet laughter rippling over the throb and pulse of the motors and knew, too, that he was no longer a lonely, bitter, middle-aged man waiting to be told he was an ex-pilot. Why he wouldn't even waste time taking that physical. He'd hand in his resignation tonight and tomorrow he and Mimi Lee—he and Mimi...  
The End

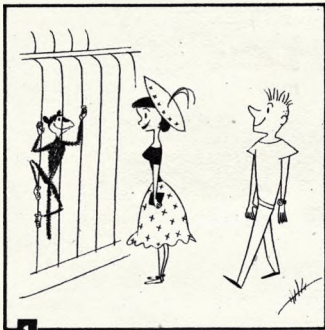


# MALE ANIMAL

by Ton Smits



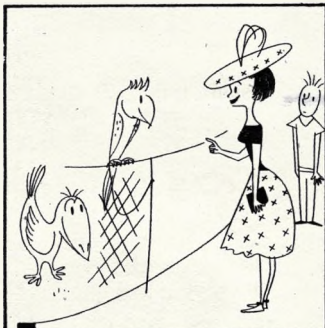
**Y**OUNG Cartoonist Smits lives and draws his cartoons in Eindhoven, Holland. He says he never met another cartoonist and has never been in this country. We asked him how he knew so much about American life, but he refused to answer. Movies is our guess.



1



2



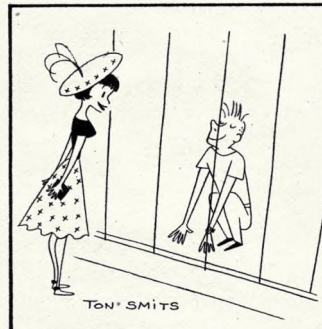
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TON SMITS

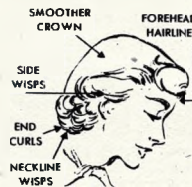
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