(Advertisement)

How I Subdued Wild Fiery Itch—

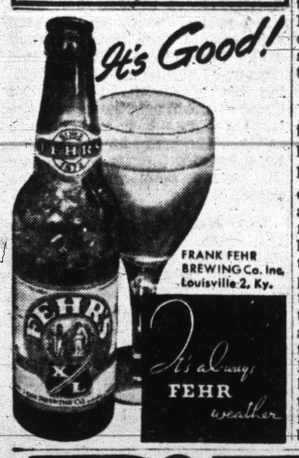
Dr. Dennis' amazingly fast relief — D. D. D. Prescription—did the trick. World popular, this pure, cooling, liquid medication speeds peace and comfort from cruel itching caused by eczema, pimples, scabies, athlete's foot, factory itch and other itch troubles. Greaseless, stainless. Trial bottle, 35c. First application checks even the most intense itch or money back. Ask druggist for D. D. D. Prescription, now.

How To Relieve Bronchitis

Creomulsion relieves promptly because it goes right to the seat of the trouble to help loosen and expel germ laden phlegm and aid nature to soothe and heal raw, tender, inflamed bronchial mucous membranes. Tell your druggist to sell you a bottle of Creomulsion with the understanding you must like the way it quickly allays the cough or you are to have your money back.

CREOMULSION
for Coughs, Chest Colds, Bronchitis

DANCE TONIGHT
And Every Night Except Mon.
AT
THE BEAUTIFUL, NEW
CLUB EMERSON
3300 S. Emerson (Beech Grove)
Featuring fine Food — Mixed Drinks
Our Specialty Until 9 P. M.
COUNTRY FRIED CHICKEN, $1.25
ITALIAN SPAGHETTI, 95c
FOR RESERVATIONS CALL
GA-2697 GA-0000
BUD MILLS, Prop.



The Mudlark . . . . . By Theodore Bonnet

Synopsis: Wheeler (also known as the Mudlark) is a curious, adventuresome East End boy of 7, an orphan who roams London footloose and fancy free. On this foggy November evening in the 39th year of Victoria's not-so-peaceful reign he has managed to slip by the sentries at Windsor Castle, has fallen down an open coal chute, and is fearfully exploring a passage under the castle. Now go on with the story.

CHAPTER FOUR

AS WHEELER was creeping nervously up from the cellars, the royal stag whose head presided over the prodigious vaulted kitchen was looking down upon a sight that would have entranced the boy, could he have beheld it: A regular concourse of beef joints and saddles of mutton turning and crackling on their spits, six rows of them before each of two great roasting ovens; whole fowl sizzling in front of an open fire; multitudes of whacking copper potfuls steaming on four enormous ranges; clouds of white-clad cooks turning and basting, sniffing and tasting, seasoning and stirring, while perspiring stokers fed the roaring flames, and maids and potboys went every which way, and yeomen of the pantry bore in the gleaming platters, tureens, chafing dishes, sauceboats, and trays on which the mighty dinner was to be served, and gusts of heathen incense arose to the timbered dome. Of course, this was only the main kitchen.

In another the potatoes and green were cooking, while in another yet a boy might have gazed upon a vista of cranberry tarts and seen a pastryman thrust a ladle as tall as a trident into an ocean of chocolate that soon would inundate a continent of cake. A stranger might have thought they expected Gog and Magog in to dine; but this was quite the usual dinner in Windsor Castle, and as for guests, there was only Mr. Disraeli.

* * *

MR. DISRAELI, at a royal invitation solicited by himself, had come to stay the night. He had been shown to the customary chambers in the Lancaster Tower, and had not yet finished dressing for dinner when three peremptory knocks from the hall sounded at the door of his sitting room; such peremptory knocks that his secretary, Mr. Darcy Hammond, a tall, fair young man of a usually amiable temper, deliberately kept the knocker waiting a moment. But this only brought three more knocks more peremptory than the last. Hammond opened. He found himself confronted by a burly Highlander in full regalia, who looked him sternly in the eye.

"He's to come alang now," commanded the visitor in a kind of low roar.

In that outlandish costume (for all that Hammond was able to recognize the royal Stuart tartan) and with his red-bearded face and lowering brows, he looked less like a servant sent to conduct the Prime Minister to the Queen than like some outlaw from the craggy wilds come to carry him off to his fate, an impression only heightened by an address as blunt as his fist; and Hammond, being accustomed to more deference towards the Chief of the great Conservative Party, bristled.

Not so the Chief. He, having heard and recognized the roar from the bedroom, emerged at once, and called out, "Come in, Mr. Brown," in a tone that bespoke a certain deference on his own part; but what confused the secretary even more was the fact that the Chief was in his waistcoat. This was not at all like the fastidious Mr. Disraeli, who appeared quite casual about it notwithstanding.

* * *

"AS YOU SEE, I'm behindhand with my toilet as usual," he remarked cheerfully. "A dawdler, Mr. Brown."

The Scot had lumbered into the room without so much as another glance at the secretary. He grinned hairily.

"She'll no' mind bidin' till ye've made yersel' presentable."

The secretary shuddered. She! All Britain shuddered at the insolence of this outrageous hillman—for Hammond knew him now. It was the barbarian John Brown, the Queen's gillie, a preposterous royal favorite who by common knowledge stopped the mouths of peers when it suited him, and spanked the royal grandchildren.

John Brown was notorious. There was a story current that once, in the Queen's presence, and in a roomful of lords and ladies, the presumptuous oaf actually had proposed a toast to her—and by God, she had submitted to it! (By God, they had jolly well drunk it, too!) On another occasion, he had dared criticize Her Majesty's frock—"What are you daeing wi' that auld black dress on ye again? It's green-moldit!"—and if she hadn't gone and changed it to please him!

And this great bullyragging lout from the Balmoral stables had the insupportable effrontery at times, they said, to address the Queen of the United Kingdom as Woman! It was said he drank, too. Whiskey! Worse, that he was sometimes under its influence while attending her. Once he had been so drunk in her presence that he had fallen to the floor. And what had the Queen said? Why, she had remarked to the nearest duke that she believed she had felt a slight earthquake. God only knew why she put up with him. And now here was the Prime Minister treating him with an easy cordiality, even with regard.

* * *

DISRAELI'S secretary, nonetheless, understood more than his valet, who, having followed the great man in from the bedchamber, now was fussing with his collar. Mr. Disraeli appeared delighted to see the old airedale. The usually drooping lids of the Prime Minister had lifted, the graven standstone features had arranged themselves in a smile, and he was saying, "Bear with me, then; I'll only be another moment"—really as if apologizing to the brute.

The valet was a very good valet, the secretary an excellent secretary; and Mr. Disraeli was the Queen's favorite prime minister since Melbourne.

"Ah, now, if I'd just come i' time to hae a look at ye standing up i' yer shanks," chuckled the savage. "I ken it's a blessing they dinna wear kilts in Parliament."

The withered dandy of a vanished London smiled a trifle wanly, conceded the blessing, and changed the subject. "Before we go in to the Queen, Mr. Brown, tell me, how is Her Majesty's health? I don't mean what her doctors say, I want your own opinion."

"And I'll gie it ye," forthrightly answered Mr. Brown, as if prime ministers only naturally asked his opinion every day in the week. "She looks well enough, ye may think, but she wurrks too harrd. Up till past midnight she is, scribbling awa' at her desk and abusing her een at thae bills ye keep firing at the puir wumman, till what wi' the rest of it, it's a wunner she's the strength left to hauld her head up."

* * *

"I KNOW," nodded Disraeli, who knew only too well and would have been better pleased if the Queen would spare her eyes and leave the bills to her ministers. "The Queen will look after her people though it kills her. Oh, the rest of us may potter about at the details, but the main burden she takes on herself and her doctors can't persuade her to lay aside a bit of it. That's where you come in Mr. Brown; it's to you alone that a grateful nation must trust the real care of the Queen."

Mr. Brown nodded, scratching his beard. "Aye," he agreed, Mr. Disraeli being the only minister he ever agreed with. "I do as I think best for ner. But it's a struggle at times. Would ye believe it, 'she can oe as stubborn as Auld Hoofie when she's minded."

The secretary gasped.

"Her Majesty's health," pursued Disraeli, by no means aimlessly, "must never be endangered by overwork. She could not be persuaded to sacrifice her duty to her welfare, of course, but I think there are duties of which she might conscientiously avail herself with benefit to her health." And he approached a little nearer the intelligence which he hoped Mr. Brown would give him: "She needs change, fresh air, relaxation. Don't you think so, Mr. Brown?"

"Aye."

"Does she show any inclination to go about a bit?"

"She gaes ower to Frogmore and maybe tarries in the yard."

"Is that all?"

'Oh, now, we gang walking at Balmoral. She's fond o' that, and will stop to gab wi' the cottagers and tak' a drap wi' 'em maybe."

"Excellent. But—" Mr. Disraeli paused. "A drop, Mr. Brown?"

"A wee whitter, man! It does her good for the plain sociability."

* * *

THE SECRETARY winced.

"Ah," said Disraeli vaguely. He had not yet learned what he wished to know about the Queen's temper, nor, he felt, had he yet primed the honest mind of John Brown quite as it might be primed for valuable assistance later; but he did not return to his line of questioning. To do so might be to court the danger of seeming to insist, and insistence was a gaucherie that Mr. Disraeli would rather have died than be suspected of.

"Well, Her Majesty's in good hands, Mr. Brown—of that I'm sure." He slipped into his tail coat. "And we'll keep her waiting no longer. After you, Mr. Brown."

"Aye."

And the Prime Minister followed the brawny gillie out of the room, leaving secretary and valet wondering what England could be coming to.

Down the corridor in silence strode the Highlander, his sporran swinging ahead of him like a claymore clearing the road, behind him the great Tory, leaning on his stick, his face returned to its settled cast, as of the Masque of the Wisdom of Sorrow, cut into deep lines as if by the winds of centuries. Down the grand exquisitely vulgar corridor that was a gallery of treasure and art, arrogance and mortality, between ranks of great faces and noble heads, a pathway of glory leading to the Queen.

* * *

AND AS he walked, this one-time up-start, drawing-room poseur, and gadfly of office, whose impudence had made Lord Belbourne smile when long ago he had set his sights on Downing Street; this writer of novels and playwright of his own destiny, this cynical old romantic whom England once had scorned for his ridiculous ambition, and once had called a mountebank and now called a wizard—he preened himself upon the consummating touch of a lifelong artistry that he felt to be implicit now in his presence upon this supernal promenade.

His face remained cold, inert, betraying nothing, but that had become part of the role. Behind the mask of the actor, the dramatist smiled, gratified at this scene which to him gave clarity and meaning to the whole tempestuous play. But it was a little sadly that he smiled, mindful of the devoted Mary Anne, his wife, no longer alive to share his triumph, and of the beloved, ever-admiring Sa, his sister, who had not lived to see it. Down the Grand Corridor into the Royal Apartments, and past the Anteroom beyond which his rival, Mr. Gladstone, had never got. Not since Melbourne had the Queen received a minister in her Private Sitting Room, but it was through this door that her gillie now conducted the old Jew Benjamin Disraeli.

To Be Continued

Copyright, 1949, by Theodore Bonnet. By permission of Doubleday & Co., Inc.

Ask Mrs. Manners—

Promises Not to Nag, Succeeds

DEAR MRS. MANNERS:

When we married I promised my husband that I would never nag. I have kept my promise.

My mother was a chronic nagger. I couldn't wait to get away from home. Our whole family stayed away as much as possible because home was so miserable.

That situation gave me the determination to make my own home a haven of peace, security and happiness.

I am writing to the lady who has been nagging for 30 years and still looking for a way to get her husband to do things she asks of him. Maybe I shouldn't try to advise her for I've only been married eight years, but I want to tell her how I solved my problem.

My system has worked out grand with my husband and two children. I ask them to do something just once. I give them plenty of time to do it—hours or weeks, which ever it takes. If they haven't done the job after a reasonable length of time, I do it myself. I do it without a word to them.

That embarrasses them so much they keep on their toes.

I find it awful hard to hold my tongue sometimes when I'm burning with rage inside. But patience always wins.

The best reward in the world is my husband's frequent praise of his wife "who never nags."

ANDERSON READER.

You left us with a sound thought. Our homes reflect ourselves. If home bores the children — and the husband — that usually means the wife is boring her family. Of course she can't make it interesting and complete without their help, but she can direct them in contributing to it.

Home doesn't have to be a three-ring circus to keep the family around. It needs to provide a lot of things—contentment, serenity, recreation, etc.

Home can be sort of a check on each person living in it, don't you think? If it's a poor place to live, that means the people living in it aren't contributing to it.

It's a pretty good idea to wonder what those husbands say—and what they'd like to say.

Boy Friend in Jail

I AM IN LOVE with a boy who is in jail off and on.

He is in jail now and is expecting a sentence of one to five years.

Should I wait for him? I am very much in love with him. He is with me, too. My father doesn't approve of him.

We are to be married when he gets out. Should I go out with other boys and go to school, or should I wait for him?

I am about 16 and he is 20.

I read your column every night and think you can give me some advice. I am worried very much.

HEARTBREAKER,
SOUTH SIDE.

You've heard older girls comment on how their boy friends changed, how fast they matured during the war, haven't you? Often those different rates of maturing—of the girl at home and the boy overseas—ended a romance.

Your case is sort of similar, I think. Here you are, living as always, with a boy friend completely changing his life. He'll change, maybe for the better; maybe not. One thing certain, he'll mature faster than you. He'll be different and you may not like that difference. He'll find you different, too.

I think, then, you should forget those promises and let things ride, don't you? What good could you possibly accomplish by leaving school?

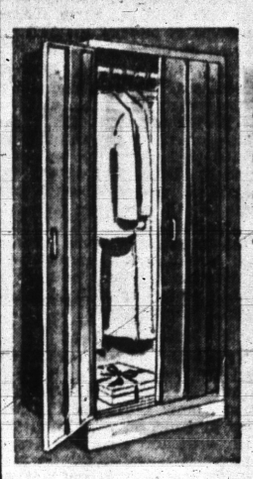
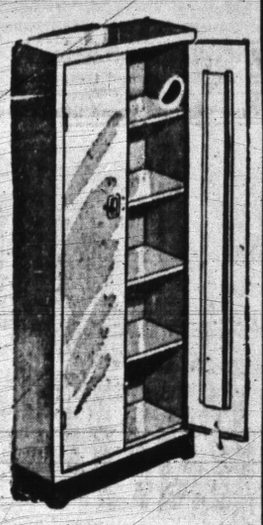
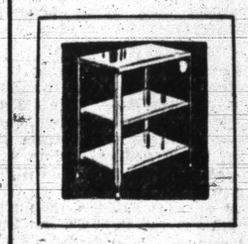
You'd need a lot of education, dating experience and varied friendships to know how to get along with a boy out of jail. You'd need to know how to ignore the embarrassment you'd be bound to feel, that embarrassment that probably accounts for your wanting to leave school.

The boy may turn out fine, but you and your father have the right to expect evidence as real proof of his love.

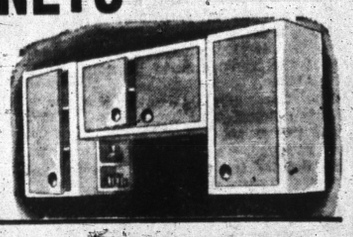
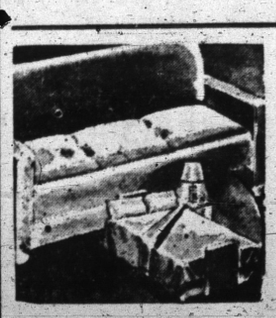
ROBERT E. KIRBY
Kirby WA. 3331
MORTUARY
19TH AND MERIDIAN

Valentine Beauty Special!
Fanned bangs are a delight with Spring hats,
Hair Short . . Close to Head Over the Ears!

Hair Design
Including PERMANENT WAVE, SHAMPOO and SET. All for only . . . $3
No Extras
Satisfaction Guaranteed
● No Appointment Necessary
● Day or Night Service
Special formulas for dry, hard-to-wave, fine, bleached, or dyed hair. Let our experts help you.
Established 20 Years
Open Every Night Till 10 P. M.
Royal Beauty Acad. Pl. Owl
401 Roosevelt Bldg.—RI-0481
Corner Illinois and Washington Sts.
4th Floor Roosevelt Bldg. Turn Left From Elevator

STORE HOURS: Daily 9:30 to 5—Sat. 9:30 to 6
STAR STORE
360 W. WASHINGTON ST
LI. 6471
NO MONEY DOWN!
METAL WARDROBE CABINETS

Double doors; waterfall styles; brown crackle finish; 24" wide, 64" tall. Lots of hanging space with hat shelf. Cash or Credit
$17.95

UTILITY CABINET
$12.85
Double doors; 5 shelves; 24-inch wide; 11-inch deep; 62-inch tall round corners, white enamel.
METAL ROASTER TABLE

$3.49
16x20-Inch with one shelf below, on casters.
64.50 GAS RANGE

$54.50
Kitchenette style; 4-burner top; 16-inch top; 16-inch oven. Rust proof all over white enamel.
IRONING TABLE

$5.95
Size 15x54 inches. 4 black enameled legs; safety locking; can't collapse; rubber tipped to prevent creeping.
OVER SINK CABINETS
3 SEPARATE CABINETS
$14.85
Three hanging pieces, easy to install; 52 inches wide; end cabinets 25½. High enamel finish with black chrome trim handles. Similar to cut. Three-piece set.


$69.95 STUDIO COUCH
Choice corduroy velour or heavy tapestry covers in choice of colors and patterns. A good-looking living room sofa in daytime, easily changes into a double bed.
$49.95
CASH OR CREDIT

IS YOUR CHILD Constipated?
Try The EX-LAX Way
EASY to Take
EASY-Acting
EASY on the System
THAT'S IT — in a few words! But a trial is worth a million words. You'll find Ex-Lax is everything a fine laxative ought to be—*gentle, pleasant* and *effective!* Equally good for grown-ups. *Still 10¢.* When Nature 'forgets'...remember EX-LAX—The Chocolated Laxative

NOW! CHILDREN'S SIZE
Genuine BAYER ASPIRIN
UNFLAVORED
Can't be mistaken for candy!
Same gentle, reliable action that has made Bayer Aspirin famous for half a century. Easy to administer in 1¼ and 2½ grain doses as your doctor orders.
30 TABLETS 25¢

ONE WEEK Special
Any MAN'S or LADY'S COAT BEAUTIFULLY CLEANED AND PRESSED for only 48c
SAVE 31c
SAVE 69c HALF SOLES
Any Man's, Lady's or Child's. Genuine Leather or Black Rubber Composition. $1
Shirts Beautifully Laundered and Finished Cellophane Wrapped 6 for $1
INDIANA'S LARGEST CLEANERS
DAVIS Cleaners
There's A Davis Store Wherever You Are
PHONE WA 4521 For Store Nearest You

BASES PAINFUL DIAPER RASH
Checks burning soreness quickly. Medicinally textured for baby's long-lasting relief. Grand for the family's minor rashes.
MEXSANA MEDICATED POWDER

MORNING COUGHS
Often Due to Bronchial Asthma
Do you cough and cough, especially mornings and at night? Do you choke, gasp for breath, wheeze and often can't sleep? The cause of these devitalizing symptoms may be recurring attacks of Bronchial Asthma. In such cases, the very first dose of MENDACO usually starts right now, working through the blood and thus reaching lungs and bronchial tubes, to help relax that clogged up stuffy feeling in the bronchial tubes, then helps Nature loosen and clean out thick, strangling phlegm. This helps you get good fresh air into your lungs and promotes restful sleep. Ask your druggist for MENDACO now. Satisfaction or money back guaranteed.

MICE IN YOUR HOME? 25¢
MOUSE SEED KILLS MICE
Kill mice the clean, easy way. *Mouse Seed** consists of tiny, chemically treated grain, the kernels of which mice eat—then they die. Just put in saucer and place where mice appear. No baits, traps, muss. Excellent results for over 50 years. Insist on *Mouse Seed**—made only by Reardon. At drug and other dealers. No mail orders. W. G. Reardon Laboratories, Inc., Port Chester, N. Y. **Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.*

Genuine registered Keepsake DIAMOND RINGS
Genuine registered Keepsake Diamond Rings the choice of America's loveliest brides. Priced from $87.50 to $2475.00. Easy Terms Arranged!
Rings Cleaned Free of Charge
KING JEWELERS
108 W. Wash. St.—Claypool Hotel Bldg.

Neighborhood Theater Directory

EAST SIDE

TACOMA 2447 E. Wash. MA-7031
Olivia DeHavilland "SNAKE PIT"
Tom Brown "DUKE OF CHICAGO"

HAMILTON 2116 E. TENTH ST.
Lucille BALL—William HOLDEN
Miss Grant Takes Richmond
George Murphy "BORDER INCIDENT"

IRVING 25¢ 'til 6 PLUS TAX 5600 E. WASHINGTON ST.
BOB HOPE—RHONDA FLEMING
"THE GREAT LOVER"
FREDRIC MARCH—FLOR. ELDRIDGE
"Christopher Columbus"
COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR

EMERSON 4630 E. TENTH • IR 4488
Randolph SCOTT—Color by Technicolor
"FIGHTING MAN OF THE PLAINS"
Lucille BALL—William HOLDEN
"MISS GRANT TAKES RICHMOND"

SHERIDAN 6116 E. WASH. • • IR. 5000
ANOTHER FIRST IRVINGTON SHOWING
Katharine Hepburn Spencer Tracy "ADAM'S RIB"
Robert Cummings "BLACK BOOK"

Biggest Best East Side Theatre
RIVOLI 3159 E. 10TH PARK FREE
Tonite, 5:45 to 6—25c. Plus Tax
Tyrone POWER—Wanda HENDRIX
"PRINCE OF FOXES"
Robert CUMMINGS—Richard BASEHART
"THE BLACK BOOK"
"INSPECTOR GENERAL"
SUN. John Payne 'THE CROOKED WAY'

TUXEDO 4020 E. New York St. IR-6211
Richard CONTE 'Thieves' Highway'
Lee J. COBB
Yvonne DeCarlo—Color by Technicolor
"GAL WHO TOOK THE WEST"

PARAMOUNT E. Wash. St. at New Jersey
Ida Lupino Glenn Ford "LUST FOR GOLD"
"DESIGN FOR DEATH" True Facts Story

NEW MECCA Noble at Mass Ave. IMperial 0044
Shirley Temple "THAT HAGAN GIRL"
East Side Kids "HIT THE ROAD"

WEST SIDE

DAISY 2540 W. Michigan CA-2235
Peter Lawford Walter Pidgeon "RED DANUBE"
James Mason "RECKLESS MOMENT"

SPEEDWAY BE. 5513
Bing Crosby Fred Astaire "HOLIDAY INN"
Barbara Stanwyck "LADY EVE"

HOWARD HOWARD at BLAINE STS. MELROSE
Gary Cooper "Pride of Yankees"
Teresa Wright
Buck Jenkins "LITTLE MR. JIM"

OLD TRAIL 6700 W. Wash. BE-2869
Bing Crosby "HOLIDAY INN"
Fred Astaire
Barbara Stanwyck "LADY EVE"

BELMONT W. Wash. & Belmont OPEN 5:45
Katharine Hepburn "ADAM'S RIB"
Spencer Tracy
Burd Hatfield 'CHINATOWN AT MIDNITE'

BELL 1911 W. Morris CA. 1773
Richard Conte 'Thieves' Highway'
Lee J. Cobb
Eddy Arnold "FEUDIN' RHYTHM"

SOUTH SIDE

AVALON 2119 Prospect MA-1849
Ruth Hussey "I, JANE DOE"
John Carroll
Evelyn Ankers "CAPTIVE WILD WOMAN"
PLUS FLASH NEWS!

LINCOLN 1531 S. East MA-3283
Roddy McDowall "TUNA CLIPPER"
Robt. Paige—Leslie Brooks "BLONDE ICE"

GARFIELD 2203 SHELBY GA. 2842
Katherine Grayson—Mario Lanza
"THAT MIDNIGHT KISS" In Color
Warren Douglas "Post Office Investigator"

NORTH SIDE

OPEN 5:45 RITZ 3430 N. ILL. TR 2232
Claudette COLBERT • Robert YOUNG • George BRENT
"BRIDE FOR SALE"
Yvonne DeCarlo—Scott Brady—Color
"Gal Who Took the West"

ZARING EGYPTIAN OPEN 5:45 FALL CREEK & CENTRAL • TA-3467
Tyrone POWER • Orson WELLES • Wanda HENDRIX
"PRINCE OF FOXES"
"FOOTBALL HIGHLIGHTS OF 1949"

STAR College at 19th WA-5403
"FLAMINGO ROAD" ★ "ALIMONY"

REX 31st and Northwestern WA-1255
Bette Davis "Beyond the Forest"
Joseph Cotten
Ches. Morris as "Boston Blackie"
"BOS. BLACKIE'S CHINESE VENTURE"

CINEMA 16th and Delaware 5:45 to 6—30c
GLENN FORD—JANET LEIGH
"DOCTOR AND THE GIRL"
DOROTHY LAMOUR—DON AMECHE
"SLIGHTLY FRENCH"

VOGUE FAR NORTHSIDE'S MOST MODERN IR. 2525
Claudette Colbert 'Bride for Sale'
Robert Young
Richard CONTE 'THIEVES' HIGHWAY'

UPTOWN 42D ST. at COLLEGE OPEN 6:45
BOB HOPE The Great Lover plus FREDRIC MARCH CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS TECHNICOLOR

ST. CLAIR ST. CLAIR at ALABAMA 5:45 & 6 30¢
TYRONE POWER • ORSON WELLES WANDA HENDRIX PRINCE of FOXES

STRAND 1332 E. WASHINGTON 5:45 & 6 30¢
BOB HOPE The Great Lover plus LEE BOWMAN • RUTH KNOX • GLORIA JEAN • PEGGY RYAN
"THERE'S A GIRL IN MY HEART"
• SEE THE BEAUTIFUL NEWLY REMODELED ST. CLAIR • AMPLE SEATING •
5:45 to 6—30c

Alice FAYE Carmen MIRANDA "The Gang's All Here" IN TECHNICOLOR!
BARBARA STANWYCK ROBERT TAYLOR "THIS IS MY AFFAIR"
ORIENTAL

TONITE 5:45 to 6 • 30c FOUNTAIN SQUARE NOW THRU FRIDAY
ADULTS AFTER 6 P. M., .37+.07—44c
2 WALT DISNEY HITS BOTH IN TECHNICOLOR
"DUMBO" • "SALUDOS AMIGOS"
PLUS • LAUREL AND HARDY "BE BIG"

TONITE 5:45 to 6 • 30c GRANADA 1045 VIRGINIA AVE. NOW THRU TUESDAY
ADULTS AFTER 6 P. M., .37+.07—44c
LAUGH TIME CONTINUES—ON AND ON AND ON!
SPENCER TRACY, "ADAM'S RIB"
PLUS HURT HATFIELD IN "CHINATOWN AT MIDNIGHT"

SANDERS LAST NITE • GARY COOPER "TASK FORCE" • Clifton Webb "Mr. Belvedere Goes to College"