Page 6

"My friends call me Al, too." He

And so it went until poor Horse

and Candy Hunter retired to their

respective stall and shelf. I was

hoping for Alley to soon find the

back door, but he kept insisting

Two

Moving only on the river evening

An orange obicular frozen

Stood there for its moment

The silence of songless

Just frozen

"Oh!" I gasped disgustedly.

"No-Oo-ooo," he screeched.

"Quite an Al," I thought.

got me that time.

Golden Arm' Review Otto Preminger has scored a which he cultivated during his six

smash hit by unraveling the tale months behind bars. of a hero who gets his heroin and But our hero is a victim of unon his back."

on its own merits, but the Johnson Zosh (Eleanor Parker), who conoffice has added to its attraction by vincingly bluffs the part of an instamping its official "NO" on the valid in order to hold on to the film. According to the Production man she loves. Code, Director Preminger has pro- While waiting for the big day to drug addiction must never be pre- arrive for his audition with a sented".

Code, Director Premigner has pro- the monkey. One fix leads to anduced a sordid, but deeply moving other and before long he is off story of a man plagued by drug again. addiction

Winter

-Janet Whitson

Autumn having stripped it,

leaves bare air.

with pine lute.

Overt: blue sunshine.

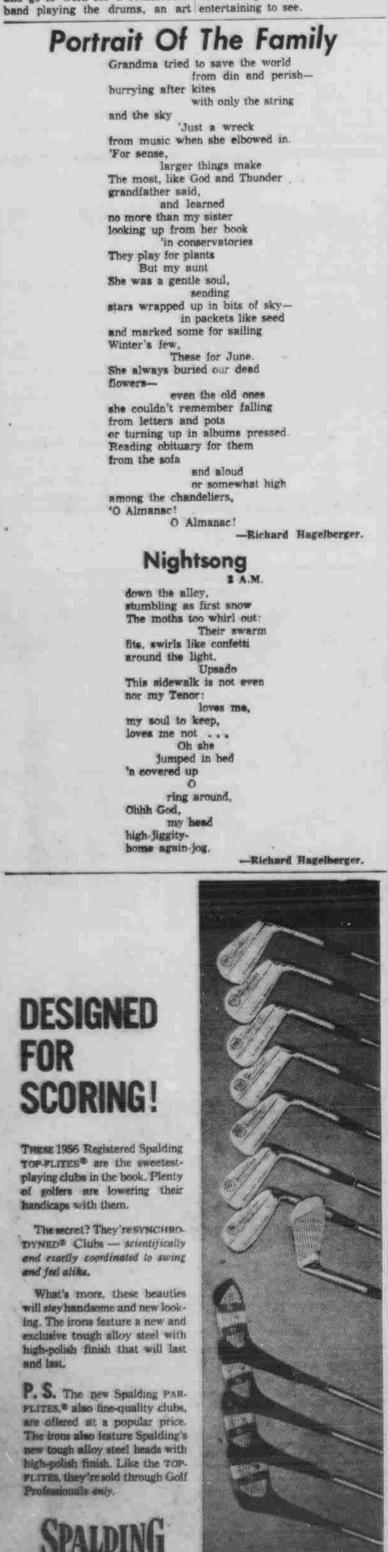
Clos: wet cheek pain.

ends up with "a 40-pound monkey iortunate circumstances. He was not only plagued with the dope This picture could be a success habit but with a neurotic wife,

band he falls by the way side and However, disregarding the takes just one fix to get rid of

Kim Novak, as the blond tramp Frank Sinatra, as Frankie Ma- who loves Frankie, finally comes chine, gives an unforgettable per- to the rescue. And after a grueling 72 hours of fighting the painful battle alone in her apartment, Frankie triumphs over the disease. Victoriously, he returns home to tell his wife he is leaving and to face a phony murder charge. Re-And the west wind is but estample alizing that she has finally lost him, Zosh betrays her own guilt of the murder of the dope peddler, Louie, and then throws herself from their tenement fire escape. For relief from the tortured formance as the dealer with "an fate, Preminger has added a fine arm of pure gold" for a west Side supporting cast headed by Arnold Chicago poker game. As the pic- Stang, as Sparrow, who inject some ture opens, Frankie returns from needed humor and excellent por-

term in prison where, with the trayals of human character. help of doctors and medicine, he Hollywood has turned Nelson Algren's cruel novel into a somehas broken the dope habit. He returns to his slum neigh- what milder, but still powerful borhood bearing many new resolu- movie script. And with the aid of tions to give up the fatal habit a surperb cast has produced an and go to work for a commercial excellent picture, exhausting but







"IF IT'S TOO CROWDED UP HERE FOR YOU -THERE'S MORE ROOM IN BACK."

The Tail Of Two Monkeys

Down in southern Africa two black ring-tailed monkey friends lived in a dense jungle. They both had a pretty easy time of it when they were little, but one monkey lost his tail when he was in the seventh grade.

He got along quite well without it, except that he couldn't swing through the trees as fast as the rest of the monkeys. His friend, however, was very considerate of him. The two monkeys remained good friends until they left home and

went to school in an even deeper part of the jungle. There the monkey with the tail was invited to join MONK, the most exclusive organization on campus, because of his long, beautiful tail. He felt sorry for his tailless friend, but, of course, you had to have a tail to get into the club.

Within two months he was the Number One Man on the tree-track team and was elected the Ugliest Monkey in the Jungle. He decided he'd have more fun devoting his time to extracurricular activities such as annoying boa constrictors than he would have studying.

Meanwhile his tailless friend studied in all his spare time and until 11 p.m. every night. The only social activity he joined was the YMTU, which objected to the use of fermented berry juice.

He ate a balanced diet and got eight hours of sleep every night. At the end of the first semester he had the highest average of all the monkeys in the jungle.

One afternoon the MONK monkey was annoying a boa constrictor which woke up and swallowed him in one gulp. With his appetite only whetted, he moved on through the jungle until he came to the tailless monkey, who was so engrossed in studying that the boa constrictor had swallowed him before he could say, "Eclaircissement!"

MORAL: Trade not the old friends for the new, but strike a happy medium in everything you do.



(a) Jib Jacket

Not shown

Tee Shiris

Spar Punts

Halter

Don Furnas:

A Horse Laugh'

six-story chateau at 181 Peach Street; everyone thought it a pity, too, that it couldn't have been erected at the nation's capitol, but, as I have many times said: "We want." And, so it was-sour must feel. grapes.

I shall never forget the day I we'll hit the hay.' met Mr. (and later Mrs.) Hunter. Mr. Hunter's full name was Hor- like that." Then we galloped into ace Hunter, but was known among the house to meet the family. his friends as just plain 'Horse!. I "This is my wife-Missus Hun-say, "Just plain 'Horse'," but ac-ter," he said. tually he had a lot of sense.

We met one afternoon down at Two young children, a girl of the track. It seemed that 'Horse' approximately 15 years of age and had had a bit of bad luck that 342 pounds of weight and a lad day. I knew that it must have of barely 16 and 86, huddled bebeen a real ordeal, too, for he was hind their mother's back. so worked up that he was foaming at the mouth. "What's the matter?" I asked.

was an odd question, I noted. "Oh, I'm through. I'm through." He very sweet.) but the lad—as they wept bitterly. "I've lost everything say—considered himself to be quite -my money, my watch-I've lost the cat. my ring-I've even lost my car

and don't have a way home." I snickered to myself: "I'd known the more asinine. "Do not feel plain ole dexidrene. badly," I consoled. "I've got my buggy here; I shall drive you home.

"Very well," he sobbed. "I live

atoneeightyonepeachstreet.' "Where?" I interrogated. He was weeping most violently now.

"At-one-eight-one-peach," he corrected.

"Why, you should live at the nation's capitol," I observed. "Yes," he replied, "maybe I'd

have better luck betting on the mules." He paused. "Or is it burrows they run in Washington?" "You never know," I said. Then I began to giggle at what I'd said. "It's not funny," he cried. Then

he let the matter drop, so I knew he wasn't irritated. We drive for hours searching for

the house. It's hard to find a six-story house these days.

"There! There it is!" he exclaimed.

I pulled the buggy to a halt. 'Now you're home," I said. "How does it feel?" I knew that he would say tired.

The Hunters lived in a small "Happy!" he neighed. Horse."

"Out of gas," I replied. Then I it about your bed-time?" don't always get just what we was sorry, because I knew how he

"Well," said he, "come on in and meet the missus-later on "Yes," I said, "I believe I'd

"Joy," she explained.

"And my two children," he continued. "Candy and Allen.

"Can't you see?" he said. It "Alley Hunter!" The girl said nothing (she was

"Alley thinks he's a cat," Candy Hunter said.

found out his name, it seemed all of weight was due to nothing but

"Russian roulette?" he queried.



In little batches, simply planned,

Skillfully executed, wisdom pops up. Out of the tribulations (scores of silly troubles) Authority gongs a chime, mitey stroke of genius. For instance, mid morning; then at noon; Again near five, all worries are forgotten. The chimes, at last; doors slam, labs are empty, Lots forsaken fast. Simply (a shrug) a coffee Break, lunch time, End of Day and Spring Vacation **Optimistic** Richard



Perceive the innocence of a lily pistil. And the broken placents. Know then-

Annunciation.

-Janet Whitson.

Sail into the sun in sailcloth ...



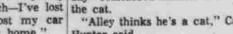
"You think the game's crooked, "Well, I'm glad you're happy, eh?" was his repartee. "With you," I fired back. "I'd hope so." I'd seen his caliber be-

"How do you feel?" he asked. fore. "Besides," I continued, "isn't

upon his silly little games. "O.K," I said finally, "I'll play one game of black jack." "You're a sport after all!" the

voungster cried. Then he ran out of doors to look for one. I waited a long while for him to return-I was beginning to wonder

if I were right baout the dexidrene. "Alley!" the young lad broke in. Finally, Joy said: "Lock the door, Mr. Rodwell, it's time for bed.'



"I see." He wasn't kidding anyguys to lose more. Later, when I one though: I knew that his loss

"No," I shot back," I always



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