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nifty **NEW RITZ!**"

RICHER... CRISPER!

More shortening is the secret of this finer, "buttery" flavor that beats all other crackers hollow! The crisp-as-possible crispness comes from a new special baking process. And the flakier, melt-in-your-mouth tenderness hits a new high in goodness! Now don't miss out. New Ritz is really something. Just taste and see!



NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

One sure-fire conversational gambit when you're among strangers at a party is to ask your nearest companion, "What's the craziest thing that ever happened to you?" Whether it's President Eisenhower or Miss Mouse, a zebra will come into the eye, a smile to the lips, and "Well, I thought I'd lie!" is apt to begin the account of a ridiculous experience. Here are samples collected from our fellow editors, authors, photographers and theatrical friends. You go right on where we've left off and see how you'll fare.

STRIP TEASE. The department-store doors at A. T. & S. were opening up to the shoppers' room, to be precise, when I saw some model rooms in the shop. The department assembly was normally made of large mannequins, but when I arrived, the mannequins had all stopped in at some point and they had dresses that fastened at the side with their buttons. I had never worn it before. One of the men said, "Won't you take off your coat?" I said, "Thank you!" and started to slip right out of my dress, to the delight of the gentlemen, who thought I must surely have worked in burlesque or even be Gypsy Rose herself.



HENRIETTA MURDOCK



CHEESE IT, THE COPS! Do you have any idea of what it means to be caught with the goods on you, and still be completely innocent? That almost happened to me, and a more ridiculous, frightening predicament I never hope to be in again. Once, riding on a Fifth Avenue bus, I reached up to grab a post while standing, when to my horror and amazement I realized that I had walked out of the Lord and Taylor department store with a handbag on my arm, which I had just been looking at and did not buy. In confusion and embarrassment, I leaped off the bus and rushed back to the store and confessed my error to a salesclerk, who took the bag and examined it in a puzzled way. "But, madam, this is not a Lord and Taylor bag—it's a Bonwit Teller!" All I could do was to creep away with the guilty evidence still on me and go on to the other store. I simply could not face repeating my confession to another salesgirl, so I did the really dangerous thing, which was to slip the bag back on the counter when no one was looking, which would have convicted me of shoplifting had a store detective seen me do it.

INEZ HAYNES IRWIN

PARDON THE OVERSIGHT. I spend about half of my time traveling between my home in St. Louis and points north, south, east and west—not excluding JOURNAL headquarters in Philadelphia where I have to check in with my editors every so often. My husband, a busy St. Louis lawyer, usually counts on meeting me at the airport for week ends and driving out to our farm. One week end last summer we were on our way from the airport to the country and stopped en route at a service station. I left the car and returned a few minutes later to discover that my husband had gone.



"Where's my husband?" I asked the service man. "Oh, he's gone, ma'am. I waited just long enough to give him a chance to get to the farm, where he often drove by himself, and phoned him. Knowing that six receivers go up when the phone rings on the party line, we confined our conversation to 'Hello, Joe?'" his reply "Oh . . . I'll be right over!"

MARGARET HICKER

FAMOUS LAST WORDS. When I was a young reporter on the Des Moines Register, my city editor sent me over to the Associated Charities headquarters for an interview. I was sitting at a table with a typewriter and a microphone.

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