

# NEVER AGAIN A RUINED ROAST!



#### ACTUAL PHOTO

shows roast beef still hot, rare, and juicy 6 hours after it was done. Serv-Temp Roast Guard did it all automatically.

New cooking miracle from Westinghouse keeps meat hot, juicy, done to taste, even if dinner's delayed hours! See it during Westinghouse Lucy-Desi Wonderama Days now at dealers.



**THINK OF IT!** Never Again a Ruined Roast. Exclusive new Serv-Temp Roast Guard not only cooks meat and fowl to desired degree of doneness . . . rare, medium or well-done . . . it keeps it that way . . . hot, juicy, flavorful . . . even if left in the oven twice the normal cooking time. This miracle range also frees you of pot-watching, clock-watching on surface cooking, too, with the Westinghouse Automatic Unit. See it at your Westinghouse Dealer's.



**EASIEST CLEANING RANGE.** Plug-Out Units on surface, in oven, come out like lamp cords. Entire top is cleared, oven is empty . . . you can clean inside and out in just minutes!

**YOU CAN BE SURE... IF IT'S**

**Westinghouse**

WATCH "WESTINGHOUSE LUCILLE BALL-DESI ARNAZ SHOWS" CBS-TV-MONDAYS

*Mystery*

## Case of the **Unseen Caller**

by William T. Brannon

In the darkness, the two figures collided. Instinctively, they grappled.

**A**S THE LAST CUSTOMER left the roadside tavern in the quiet little town of Cicero, N. Y., Bob Dinet, the owner, waved good night and bolted the door. After he made sure the windows were securely latched, he switched off the lights and climbed the stairs to his second-floor bedroom.

A couple of hours later, Dinet was awakened by what sounded like the tinkle of breaking glass. He knew it would be easy enough for a prowler to knock a small hole in the tavern window, release the door catch, and let himself in, but burglars were almost unheard of in Cicero. He must have dreamed it!

But Dinet was wide awake now and he wouldn't be able to sleep again until he satisfied himself. So he swung his legs over the side of the bed and groped for his shoes.

Now he detected other noises in the tavern below, magnified because of the complete quiet that had settled over the sleeping community: the stealthy sound of footsteps crossing the floor, the scraping of a chair bumped in the darkness, a whispered curse.

Dinet had never encountered a burglar before, but he didn't hesitate. Moving soundlessly from his bedroom, he slipped through the open door and stopped at the head of the stairs. The muted, almost inaudible footfalls were moving slowly toward the rear of the tavern.

Treading cautiously, Dinet made his way silently down the stairs. At the bottom, he stopped and listened again. Apparently, the prowler hadn't sensed his presence—the darkness would prevent his being seen. The stealthy footsteps were behind the bar now, moving in the direction of the cash box.

Still walking noiselessly, Dinet moved in the same direction. Though he could see nothing, he could hear the intruder's measured breathing. And then suddenly, in the darkness, the two figures collided.