

LUBRICATES
HARD-TO-REACH
PLACES

NEW
PUSH BUTTON
3-IN-ONE
OIL SPRAY

Gives pin-point oil
coverage for hard to
reach places: locks,
springs, lawn mow-
ers, bicycles, hinges.
So easy to use—just
spray on.



3-IN-ONE OIL

Always use REGULAR or OIL SPRAY for general jobs.
ELECTRIC MOTOR OIL for heavy duty. BUY ALL THREE!

HINGE



FIX IT QUICK!

Fill holes with depend-
able Plastic Wood.
Won't chip or
crumble. Ask for
it by name.

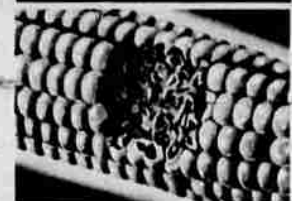


For surest results always use GENUINE

PLASTIC WOOD
Handles like putty hardens into wood!

DENTURE WEARERS

EAT
ANYTHING!



ORA-FIX®

Holds dentures fast... all day!



Use Ora Denture Cleanser, too!

ARTHRITIS
RHEUMATISM
PAINS

Rush out pain... rush in relief. That's
what happens if you take DOLCIN for
nagging, moderate Arthritis, Rheuma-
tism or Muscle Pains... whenever they
occur. Nothing else is faster, safer,
better for such pains than DOLCIN
tablets. And you can try them without
risking a single cent. Here's what to do:
Get a bottle of DOLCIN® today. Take
them... all of them... according to
directions. You must get fast, wonder-
ful relief or get your money back.

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ILLUSTRATION BY RICHARD HERDEGEN

I WAS GETTING my husband's
dinner while he waited on
some customers in our grocery
in front of the building. It was
a brisk Friday, March 3, in Reno,
Nev., and just another day to
Jack and me. Then I heard Jack
say in a matter-of-fact tone of
voice: "You wouldn't do that."

I heard scuffling sounds next,
but before I could react Jack
came running into the kitchen.
He didn't say anything. His eyes
were widened in terror, and his
breath came in gasps.

Everything went hazy. I found
myself running out the kitchen
door, calling for help. Two
neighbors, Larry and Lee Works,
grabbed me. "It's Jack!" I shout-
ed. "Jack's been shot!"

Hurriedly, I followed them
back to the store. It was
strangely quiet now. I looked to-
ward the back of the store near
the counter. "Don't, Belva,"
Larry said. "Stay here!"

I rushed past him, but he
caught me before I could get to
Jack. All I saw was a glimpse
of Jack lying on the floor with
blood coming from his mouth
and spreading in a pool beside
him. I went limp and kept mum-
bling, "Jack, Jack."

The police came and there
were questions. Some people say
I was hysterical; I was just
numb. I only vaguely heard the
questions and don't remember
what I answered. One of the offi-
cers suddenly became interested
in my shoes. "Take them off, Mrs.
Griffis," he said. I thought he
was being considerate. Actually,
the shoes, splattered with blood,
would bring more tragedy.

Police drove me to the hospi-
tal where Jack had been taken.
I thought I was going to see
him at last. Instead, our family
doctor met me in the corridor.
"Your husband is dead," he said
softly. "He was shot twice." I
asked to see his body, but the
police shook their heads.

"We're going to the station,
Mrs. Griffis," an officer said.
"We've got a lot of questions to
ask you." He was polite, but his
voice was so cold that I turned
and looked at him for the first
time. His expression was hard, and his eyes seemed to bore
into me. I looked at the other officer. He flanked me as if
expecting me to run. And then, finally, I realized what was
happening. I was being held as a suspect. They believed I
had murdered my own Jack!

At the police station, I was questioned until 2:30 Sat-
urday morning. The questions were all the same: were
you near your husband's body? ... did you touch him? ...
did you see anybody in the grocery? ... why did you run
from the kitchen?

I told them that all I could remember was Jack coming in
with such anguish on his face that I instinctively ran to get



They Said I Murdered My Husband

*A happy marriage ends
in blood and violence, and
evidence points to this woman
— can a lie test clear her?*

By MRS. BELVA GRIFFIS
as told to Nick Ellena

I was sure, though, I could vindicate myself. "I'll take it,"
I said to them.

A polygraph operator strapped a rubber coil around my
chest and arm and put something in my right hand. "Now
relax, Mrs. Griffis," he said. He asked many questions, some
having nothing to do with the crime. And then, startlingly
quick, he demanded: "Did you murder your husband?"

"No!" I answered vehemently.

And the test bore me out—on this point. But in other areas
the machine indicated I was holding back the truth. My
answers seemed suspicious. I couldn't understand this and,
bitterly disappointed, returned to my cell. I lay down and

*I turned around and there was
Jack—gasping for breath,
his eyes widened in terror.*

help and that I hadn't gone any-
where near him.

"If that's the case," a detective
snapped, "why was there blood
on your shoes?"

So this was what made them
suspect me! I couldn't explain
this, and the police said my an-
swers didn't make sense.

"We're going to have to hold
you on suspicion of murder," a
detective said. "You can call
your lawyer or family. Then
we'll lock you up."

I called my son Lester in Den-
ver and then was led to a tiny
cell with a cot, a dirty mattress,
and a thin blanket. I fell on the
cot and wept uncontrollably.
Slowly an awareness of my pre-
dicament came over me. Not
fear or resentment, just wonder
about how this terrible thing
would affect others. There was
Lester, for instance. His mother
called a murderess! And my
parents, particularly my father
who at 77 was just recovering
from pneumonia. And my friends
— would they stand by me when
I needed them most?

I got my answer that weekend.
Two friends, Louis Bowman and
Harry O'Neil, were my first
visitors. They arranged for at-
torneys to protect my rights.
My son arrived within 24 hours
and, shortly after, my brother,
his wife, and my parents. "Don't
worry, Belva," my father said,
just as he had many times when
I was a child. It's amazing how
the strength of a family can re-
store you. I had many bad
months ahead, but I never felt
that I was alone.

Monday morning, an officer
came to my cell and asked if I
wanted to take a lie-detector
test. Before I could answer, my
attorneys said no. "But why?"
I asked. "I'm innocent."

They explained that because
I was still emotionally upset I
might react poorly to the test.