

Announcer: Now brought to you by Tide. All over America women have proved to themselves you can't beat Tide for the cleanest clothes. (dramatic piano music) "The Edge of Night." (clothes ripping)

- What's this? You always tear clothes in half before you wash them?

- No, but it's a good way to demonstrate Tide's cleaning power. Come see. We'll save one half of each dirty garment and we'll wash these other halves with Tide. Thank you. In the new AMC washer. AMC packs Tide in every automatic.

- Mmm-hmm.

- A new AMC feature is cycle tron programming. Press one fabric selector button and everything from water temperature to rinsing time is controlled automatically. AMC has nine spray rinses, plus a deep overflow rinsing. Time for our Tide wash results.

- Oh boy! What a difference!

- Yes, when a product gets clothes that were dirty as this clean as this, it belongs in automatic washers.

- Sure, it does. And you know, 25 makers pack Tide in their automatic washers at the factory. Use Tide in your washer. (soft organ music) (phone bell ringing) (rotary dial clicking) (phone ringing)

Mr. Moore: Yes?

- This is Ruth, Mr. Moore.

Mr. Moore: Where are you?

- I'm on my way. I'm calling you from a phone booth so you can speak freely if there's anything you wanna say.

- Are you all set?

Ruth: I certainly am. I'm all dressed up just the way you told me. I couldn't look any more conspicuous unless I was carrying a bass drum. Got my suitcase.

- And those knockout pills?

- Sure. I wouldn't forget those. Those little pills are right in the bottom of my purse. Any change in the plan?

- No, no, you just go over to the La Siesta Motel and register as Mr and Mrs. Jack Lane.

Ruth: Would it seem strange if I do that when there's no Mr. Lane on hand?

- I've already taken care of that. I talked to the manager. I told them I was Jack Lane at that my wife would arrive shortly, but I would be delayed, and so you would register for us both.

- You do think of everything, don't you?

Mr. Moore: Well, I try to, especially when there's so much at stake. There must be no slip up, Ruth.

- I'm on the ball, Mr. Moore. I'll not only enjoy blackmailing Mr. Lane, I have a private score to settle with him.

Mr. Moore: What time do you think Lane will be at his apartment?

- I don't know. He'll probably eat dinner out with his wife away.

- Well, you call 'em as soon as you're ready. Now, do you know what you're gonna say to him that'll persuade him to come to the motel to meet you?

Ruth: I'll think of something.

- No, I'll think of something. Now wait. Ah, you tell him that you have information regarding someone who is trying to steal the motor.

- Mr. Moore, you are clever. I never would've thought of telling him the truth.

- Now, when he joins you, you'll have to stall for awhile until you get a chance to drop one or two of those tablets in his drink. So tell him that you overheard one of the girls talking in the restroom at Grimsley's.

Ruth: Okay. Anything else?

- No. Except for one word of caution. Don't forget that your name at the motel is Mrs. Jack Lane.

- All right, Mr. Moore. If there's any trouble, I'll-

Mr. Moore: There must be no trouble! Goodbye.

- Goodbye. (dramatic organ music)

- What's the use of fooling myself? My family knows they should brush their teeth after every meal, but I know they don't. They can always say...

- But Mommy, I didn't have a chance.

- Look, how can I always brush?

- You see? That's why we've switched to Gleem.

- Gleem, the toothpaste for people who can't brush after every meal. Just one Gleem brushing destroys decay and odor-causing bacteria. You see, Gleem and only Gleem contain GL70 to fight decay and odor. Just watch this scientific comparison. Here are mouth bacteria before brushing. Now see how one Gleem brushing destroys most bacteria. Not only destroys decay bacteria, but also stops mouth odor all day for most people with just one morning brushing. Means a sweeter kiss. So if brushing after meals is your problem, use Gleem. It's for people who can't brush after every meal. (dramatic organ music)

- Come in, Willy, come in.

- Michael.

- Well now, who was it who called upon old Hickam?

- A woman.

- A woman?

- Yeah.

- Oh, why did you consider that to be so important that you called me up and said you had something hot for me?

- I'll tell you, my friend. Mrs. Hickam.

- Her mother?

- Could be.

- Hmm, that's very interesting.

Willy: One of my men followed her and she's moved over in the rough section over on the west side in one of those kind of broken down apartment houses.

- Uh-huh.

Willy: Maybe from out of town, I don't know. But I think we oughta talk to this lady.

- Why?

- After all, who could tell us more about dear little Ruthie, I suppose, than her own mother, huh?

- Willy, it has been reported to me that mothers are notoriously prejudiced in favor of their offspring.

- Not this one.

- Why not?

- A man was outside the door of Ruthie's apartment and these two little ladies were having a conversation that were calling each other, I would call them uncomplimentary names, screaming like a couple of alley cats.

- Hmm, well I see what you mean.

- Yeah, the woman left. It was because our Ruthie said, "Get out!" And practically threw her out into the night.

- Hmm. Yes, I think maybe I would like to talk to this Mrs. Hickam.

- What about supper, buddy?

- Oh, I think that can wait.

- Oh. (chuckling) (dramatic organ music) (switchboard buzzing) (Harvey sighing)

- Yes? Yes, ma'am. Just as soon as I can find the boy. Yes, ma'am.  
(bell ringing)

- I'm Mrs. Jack Lane.

- Oh, yes.

(switchboard buzzing) Excuse me.

(switchboard buzzing) La Siesta Motel. I'll see. I'm sorry, Miss Violet hasn't shown up yet. She's my assistant. She takes care of the switchboard. I'm afraid his room doesn't answer. You're welcome.

- I'm Mrs. Jack Lane.

(switchboard buzzing)

- That's the way it goes sometimes. (chuckling) (switchboard buzzing) Yes? Oh, yes, sir. Yes, I'll have your bill ready for you. I'll send for your luggage just as soon as the boy comes back. Yes, sir. (bell ringing) You know, that thing drives me crazy.

Ruth: I'm Mrs. Jack Lane.

- Oh, single or double?

Ruth: Has my husband registered?

- Oh, what's the name? (switchboard buzzing)

I'll be right back. Yes? Well, I'm very, well, I... Well, I'm very sor... Your... I'm ver... But the boy hasn't come back yet. Yes, ma'am. I sent the boy out to put some luggage in a car and he hasn't come back yet.

Ruth: I was supposed to meet my husband here. Has he registered?

- What's the name?

Ruth: Lane. Jack Lane. I'm Mrs. Jack Lane.

- No, I'm afraid there's nobody by that name here.

- Dear, what am I going to do?

- Well, if you'd like to wait for him, the cocktail lounge in there is more comfortable. You don't have to have a cocktail.

Ruth: Is there a message for me?

- What's the name?

Ruth: Lane.

- Lane. Oh, Lane. Wait a minute, wait a minute. Now, let's see now, Lane. Lane. Lane. Lane. Oh, Jack Lane!

- Yes.

- Yes, of course, I took it myself. It's right here. Yes, Mr. Lane phoned and said that he'd been delayed.

- Oh, not again!

- But that as soon as Mrs. Lane arrives, to get the rooms. He reserved a suite.

- Oh, how nice.

- And to wait for him.

- Oh, thank you so much, mister, uh?

- Zuckerman. Harvey Zuckerman. I'm the manager.

Ruth: Mr. Zuckerman.

- Well, you can register.

- Oh, my husband usually registers for us.

- Well, just sign Mr. and Mrs. Jack Lane and fill out all the little space. (switchboard buzzing)

Excuse me. Yes? Yeah, well I, yeah. Well ju... If the boy isn't back right away, I will bring the ice water myself.

Yes, ma'am. Thank you. Well now. Oh, you, your home is right here in Monticello, Mrs. Lane.

- Yes, my husband's one of the younger executives with Grimsley Corporation.

- Oh, is that so?

- Yes, we're having our apartment redecorated, and you know what it's like living there with that kind of thing going on.

Harvey: Oh, yes, yes, indeed.

- So we thought we'd get away from it all for just one night.

- I don't blame you. I hope you will like it here at La Siesta, Mrs. Lane.

- I'm sure I shall.

- Well now, your husband said that he wanted the very best we have, so I've reserved the, uh, bridal suite.

- That will be very nice.

- Well, if you'll sit down and make yourself comfortable for just a small minute, I'll have the boy get your bags. (bell ringing) And if he isn't back immediately, I'll take it up to your rooms myself.

- Thank you so much, Mr. Zuckerman.

- Not at all. (bell ringing) (dramatic organ music)

Announcer: We'll continue with our story in just a moment.

Announcer: When a dog comes home with dirty paws, his best friend is Mr. Clean, the all-time champ of all kinds of cleaning. Proctor & Gamble's new all-purpose liquid cleaner. On wash day, soap dirty, grimy paw prints with Mr. Clean. They just disappear, 'cause he helps laundry suds do cleaner, fresher smelling wash. Grimy paw prints on painted doors? No trouble at all for Mr. Clean himself! He cleans anything washable, faster and easier. This means I'm hungry. It also means dirty dirt. But Mr. Clean just wipes it away, nothin' to it. Why, he'll even clean the dog himself. No wonder dogs love Mr. Clean. ♪ Mr. Clean gets rid of dirt and grime ♪ ♪ And grease in just a minute ♪ ♪ Mr. Clean will clean your whole house ♪ ♪ And everything that's in it ♪ ♪ Mr. Clean, Mr. Clean, Mr. Clean ♪ (dramatic organ music) (knuckles rapping)

- Well.

- Ah, Mrs. Hickam?

Mrs. Hickam: Yeah.

- May we come in, please?

- What do you want?

- Well, we'd like to talk to you about your daughter. May we come in?

- Talk to me about who?

- Ruth.

- Oh. That one. She isn't my daughter. I wouldn't know her if she was. She's my stepdaughter and she's, um, selfish, ungrateful, no good.

- Well, in that case we do want to talk to you about your daughter. (dramatic organ music)

Announcer: The first half of "The Edge of Night" has been brought to you by Gleem toothpaste. (piano and organ music) We'll continue with our story immediately following station identification. (dramatic piano music) The second portion of "The Edge of Night" is brought to you by Pillsbury's Instant Mashed Potatoes, Pillsbury Chocolate Fudge Cake, and Pillsbury Buttermilk Pancakes. (dramatic organ music)

- What do you wanna know about Ruth?

- Well, Mrs. Hickam, in our business it often becomes necessary for us to obtain certain confidential information.

- Oh. Checkin' up on her credit, huh?

- Yeah. Yes, I guess you'd call it that, yeah.

- Hmm. Wouldn't you know. Livin' in a fancy apartment like that with all them pretty clothes and she'd still be buyin' things on credit.

Willy: Well, some constantly, Mrs. Hickam.

- Just like her old man. Debts, debts, debts, all the time. Bulls and debts. Ah, if you wanna know what I think about Ruth, I'll tell ya. I wouldn't trust her for a plug nickel.

Willy: Well, that's, that's very interesting.

- Well, I receive the impression then that you and your stepdaughter don't get along very well together.

- Hmm.

- See, the important thing here is that we've got to have an opinion that's not prejudiced or biased. Gotta be trustworthy, you know, judgment of her.

- I ain't prejudiced and I ain't biased. I know what I'm talking about. Believe me, I know. Listen, if you trust little Ruthie, you deserve to get rooked.

- Why do you say that, Mrs. Hickam? I mean, do you know of some specific instance in which she's shown herself to be untrustworthy?

- Hmm, you bet I do.

- Well, I assure you that anything you might say here would be strictly confidential.

- I don't care if it's confidential or not. I don't care if you tell it to her face what I say. She knows what I think about her. Listen, I went to see her today to give her a chance to show her gratitude for what I done for her, and you know what?

- She wasn't grateful?



- Hmm, first words out of her, "Get out. Get out, get out or I'll throw you out." Yeah, my own stepdaughter said that to me.

- Oh, Mrs. Hickam. Oh, in all fairness to her, maybe she wasn't feeling well, huh?

- Ah, you wouldn't try to defend her if you knew what I knew.

- Well, um, why don't you tell us, Mrs. Hickam?

- All right, I will. Ruthie was 10 years old when I married her old man. 10 years old. She was an ugly, little, toe-headed brat already runnin' wild.

- She couldn't have been very wild at the age of 10, could she?

- Oh, that one could. I tried to take her in hand, teach her how to be a lady.

Michael: Where was this, Mrs. Hickam? This town, Monticello here?

- No. Denver. I always lived in Denver. Only came here a couple days ago lookin' for Ruth because, well, because I needed some money to live on.

- How long has it been since you heard from her?

Mrs. Hickam: Oh, a long time. She ran away from home when she was 16.

- Well, was this, was it a good home?

- It was the best I could make. My husband, her father, was no good. Drank, never worked steady.

Michael: You took care of her. That would be about, uh, six years then.

- Yeah, I tried to. I sent her to school. I kept after her. Tryin' to make her learn something instead of runnin' around wild, carousin' at night. I nagged her into going to secretary school. Paid for it myself, too, money I earned. Yeah. When she thought she knew enough to hold down a steady job, she left. Just left. Took the money out of my purse. All of it, cleaned me out. And no goodbye, no thank you.

- Did you ever hear from her again?

- No. I saw her two, three years later on a street in Denver, and she was with a guy, all dressed up pretty. Too pretty for her to have earned the money to buy them clothes with a typewriter. But I spoke to her anyway. I spoke to her and I, uh, she pretended she didn't recognize me. Said to the man she was with, "Give the poor thing a dollar. Buy a cup of coffee." Hmm, he handed me a dollar. Like a big shot, I threw it in her face and

she laughed at me.

- Mrs. Hickam, how did you learn that she was here in Monticello?

- Oh, some girl she used to know in Denver saw her here. She was here visitin', and Ruth pretended that she didn't know her. Well, then a couple months ago my husband died and drank himself to death. Didn't leave me anything and I couldn't get steady work, so I thought I'd swallow my pride and come and look up Ruth, forget how much we hated each other. Maybe she'd stake me, help me find a job. Anything else you wanna know?

- No, I, I don't think so, Mrs. Hickam.

- Listen. My best advice to you is don't trust little Ruthie. (dramatic organ music)

- Thank you very much, Mrs. Hickam.

- Thank you, Mrs. Hickam. (dramatic organ music)

- Me? Put me out? (knuckles rapping)

Ruth: Who is it?

Harvey: The manager, Mrs. Lane. Harvey Zuckerman.

- Oh, what is it, Mr. Zuckerman? Oh.

- Flowers.

- Flowers?

- Yes, these came just now and I put them in a vase for you.

- Oh, thank you very much.

- There was a card. It was tied on the box and I put them right there on the flowers.

- Oh. Oh.

- Oh, from your husband.

- Yes.

- Well, how very nice.

- I think so.

- Yes, indeed. (chuckling) Well, it looks like there's going to be a second honeymoon.

- Yes, yes, I guess in a way there is.

- Well, I've gotta get back to my switchboard. Excuse me. (dramatic organ music)

Announcer: Our story continues after this message. (lighthearted music)

- A girl has to have a few secrets from her husband. Here's one of mine. New Pillsbury Instant Mashed Potatoes. He doesn't dream that these are instant because they have all the fluff and flavor of home mashed. And I? I can switch in to dinner unsteamed, serene.

Announcer: Here at last is an instant potato with the fluff and flavor of home mashed. New Pillsbury Instant Mashed Potatoes. You can't tell them from home mashed because Pillsbury has what it takes: flakes! Only flakes whip up into this natural fluffiness, natural fresh flavor. Pillsbury promises you homemade fluff and flavor in new Pillsbury Instant Mashed Potatoes. Try them, and try new Pillsbury Quick Hash Browns, steakhouse-style hash browns, easy to make at home. ♪ Nothin' says lovin' like somethin' from the oven ♪ ♪ And Pillsbury says it best ♪

- Well. What do you think of our sweet Ruthie now?

- Willy, I'm of the opinion that if somebody offered Ruth Hickam an attractive sum of money, she wouldn't hesitate a fraction of a second to sell out Winston Grimsley, Dick Appleton or Jack.

- I guess the worst thing I can think of is a girl who'd sell out her own mother. Even her stepmother. Just.

- Keep a look out, will ya? This girl quits her job at Grimsley's, says she's going to leave town, and then she doesn't. Why?

- She leaves town, we'll know it.

- I'm more interested in case she doesn't leave town. I'm interested to know why. Put two men on this girl, Willy. If she talks to anybody, anybody at all, I don't care who it is, tail them, too.

- Still want to follow Jack?

- Yes. (dramatic organ music) (switchboard buzzing)

- La Siesta Motel. Oh, yes, just a moment. (phone ringing)

- Hello?

- Ruth, darling, this is Jack.

Ruth: As if I didn't know, sweetheart.

- Please forgive me, darling, for not being there when you arrived.

- I miss you, dear. I'm lonely.

Mr. Moore: But not for long, precious.

- How soon can you get here?

Mr. Moore: I'm not sure. I'm tied up with some business. It's very important. Only important business would keep me away.

- Oh, I know. And darling, thank you for the flowers. They're lovely.

- Well, I sent them so you wouldn't forget me.

Ruth: Silly boy.

- I'll be there as soon as I can. Don't be impatient.

- I can hardly wait.

Mr. Moore: Bye now, my sweetheart.

- Bye bye, Jack. (dramatic organ music)

Announcer: We'll be back in just a moment. (lighthearted music)

Announcer: Look good? Want some? It's the new Pillsbury Deluxe Chocolate Fudge Cake, made from a new kind of mix. Pillsbury Deluxe Cake Mix, for cakes so rich, so moist, so quickly gone. The special way Pillsbury puts things together makes it easier for shortening and flavoring to spread richly, evenly all through the cake. A Pillsbury Deluxe Cake keeps it fresh, moist taste longer than any mix cake ever did before. New Pillsbury Deluxe Chocolate Fudge Cake. So rich, so moist, so quickly gone! Get Pillsbury New Deluxe Chocolate Fudge Cake Mix in this new package. Just one of seven deluxe flavors. ♪ Nothin' says lovin' like somethin' from the oven ♪ ♪ And Pillsbury says it best ♪

Announcer: Watch this scene from tomorrow's story.

- Jack? Oh, is he there? May I speak to him, please? Thank you. Jack, this is Ruth. I've got to see you right away. It's about the Appleton motor. (dramatic organ music)

- This is the newest Linkletter, my grandson Mike. Imagine me a grandpa. You know, grandpa's used to look like this, and they used to eat heavy, old-fashioned pancakes about as big as cartwheels, and then they went out to plow the back 40. Nowadays Pillsbury gives you that same old-fashioned flavor in the lighter buttermilk pancakes folks want today. Yes, Pillsbury has created lighter buttermilks for today's modern taste in Pillsbury Buttermilk Pancake Mix. Just look at 'em. Each and every Pillsbury buttermilk pancake's a perfect fluff of flavor. Pour on the syrup, go to it. These are the lighter Pillsbury buttermilks. Light to your fork and light to your taste. Pillsbury Buttermilk Pancake Mix, the leading buttermilk pancake mix by a country mile, the mix that makes those lighter buttermilks for today's modern taste. Get yourself a package, hmm? (piano and organ music)

Announcer: Tune in again tomorrow for "The Edge of Night," created by Irving Vendig. (piano and organ music) "The Edge of Night" has been brought to you by Pillsbury's Instant Mashed Potatoes, Pillsbury Chocolate Fudge Cake, and Pillsbury Buttermilk Pancakes. Pillsbury, who helps you add a loving touch to every meal. Pillsbury. (soft piano and organ music) This is Harry Kramer inviting you to join us each weekday afternoon for "The Edge of Night."