

BROADWAY AND MAIN STREET

How Church Chimes Rang For the Benefit of Brooklyn

By BILLY ROSE

This week I'd like to spin a little story—a very, very little story. It's of no great importance, and I won't get mad if the editor decides to file it in the wastebasket, and in its place print some big story about Marshal Tito or Rita Hayworth's baby.

To begin with, this story concerns itself with a church, and a lot of bright people will tell you a church is no longer of any importance in this test-tube and Bunsen-burner age. To make matters worse, the church is in Brooklyn, and—well, I guess you've heard plenty of jokes about how unimportant Brooklyn is. . . .

One day last summer while driving past a church on St. Felix street in Brooklyn, I heard a set of chimes that did nice things to my ears. They were unusually good chimes, and figured to have cost a lot of money. Naturally, I wondered how they happened to be in the belfry of a modest church in a modest neighborhood.

"What's the church with the chimes?" I asked a newsstand proprietor.

"Hanson Place Central Church," he said. "It's Methodist."

"Have they had those chimes long?"

"No," said the newsie. "I think they put them in about a year ago."

The next day I did some telephoning, and I liked what I found out.

WHEN REV. John Emerson Zeiter, pastor of the church, heard about a new type of electrically controlled chimes called Carillon bells, he told his congregation about them and said it would be a nice thing for the neighborhood if people going to work in the morning and coming home at night could hear those beautiful chimes. He told his flock the bells cost a lot of money, and suggested they contribute a little something from time to time.

Maybe in a year or so, the church could afford the bells.

Next day a member of his parish phoned. "I've been discussing the bells with my business partner," said the parishioner, "and we'd each like to donate a third of the cost. But there's a hitch."

"What is it?" asked the Reverend.

"Well, my partner is Jewish," said the businessman, "and we were wondering if that would make any difference."

Reverend Zeiter said he didn't think it would make any difference at all.

"We think," continued the businessman, "that it would be a good idea to find a Catholic to put up the other third. After all, people of all faiths are going to enjoy these bells."

THE NEXT DAY a Catholic in the neighborhood offered to put up the remaining third, and the Carillon bells were ordered. At the dedication ceremony a couple of months later, a plaque was put up on the wall of this Methodist church, and inscribed on it were the names of the Catholic, the Protestant and the Jew. . . .

And that's all there is to this story—this very, very little story. Do I think this one set of electrically-controlled bells is going to eliminate religious bigotry in Brooklyn? Of course not. Do I think the people in Flatbush who hear the chimes

are going to be kinder and more tolerant? Again, of course not.

Why, then, am I writing this piece? Well, I guess it's because I'm fool enough to think that even one drop of clean water falling on a dusty street is important. Who knows? It may clean up an inch of ground and give somebody else an idea.

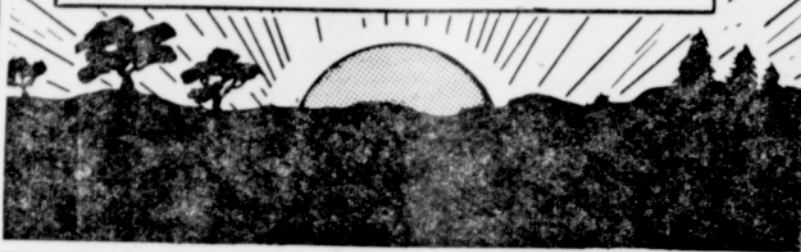
One of these days—and I don't expect to be around to see it—a lot of drops of clean water may fall and a lot of dust may be washed away.

DAWN

OUT of the dark, the light! O Hearts, remember
The eternal truth God gives us as a sign
That after the dark, as glowing as an ember,
Deep at the core of life, a light will shine;
The light of hope, after the bitter weeping;
The light of peace, after the lengthened pain.
The Christian heart held close within God's keeping
Will find the dark skies brightening again.

The risen Christ is proof of light's returning;
The risen Christ is symbol of the dawn.
O you who have been striving, longing, yearning
To catch the light ahead, move out, move on.
You will find him there among the springtime flowers,
Among the clean winds of a new-born day.
He is the lamp for all our future hours;
He is the light to guide us on our way.

GRACE NOLL CROWELL



Star Dust

STAGE SCREEN RADIO

BY INEZ GERHARD

IT IS QUITE POSSIBLE that "The Heiress" will bring Paramount another Academy Award; if it does, most of the credit should go to William Wyler, who directed and produced it. Olivia de Havilland and Ralph Richardson, seen as an awkward, shy, unattractive daughter and her bully of a father, give



superb performance. As a suitor anxious to marry the girl for her money, Montgomery Clift is less satisfactory. Miriam Hopkins is excellent as the girl's aunt; in fact, the entire supporting cast deserves praise. "The Heiress" is even better as a picture than it was as a successful play—and William Wyler is largely responsible.

The Farfa concentration camp sequences of "Stromboli," which Producer-Director Rossellini had been holding personally, have finally been turned over to the Technostampa Laboratory in Rome. This makes the entire footage of the film available to RKO—so it won't be too long now till we see Ingrid Bergman in what she says will be her last picture.

After playing golf left-handed for 10 years and reaching a two handicap, Ken Carson, of the Garry Moore show, has turned right-handed, on the advice of Pro Harry Cooper. Cooper says Ben Hogan did it—why not Carson?

Wearing a black wig, Bette Davis sneers and snarls her way through "Beyond the Forest," the rather tiresome story of a small-town girl who was willing to commit murder to get to Chicago. Miss Davis likes to play wicked women, but she should not have chosen this one. Joseph Cotton and David Brian do what they can to improve matters, but the picture is not good.

Rudd Weatherwax, owner and trainer of Lassie, has had to hire a new secretary just to handle the fan mail sent to the collie by fans of her NBC Saturday radio series. Much of it comes from children, and it comes by the bushel.

Ed "Archie" Gardner is a disappointment to his son, Ed, Jr. The five-year-old, who has the handsomest cowboy outfit in New York's Central Park, wishes his father had become somebody dashing, like the Lone Ranger.

Both Mike Romanoff and his famous Beverly Hills restaurant have been signed for top roles in "A Lovely Place," which Humphrey Bogart will make for Columbia. This is the first time the well known tavern has been shown in a picture in great detail. Since much of the film's action takes place there it was decided to use the restaurant itself rather than build a replica.

Accidents Among Leading Causes of Death in U. S.

CHICAGO.—Are accidents now the leading cause of death in America?

In a sense—yes. Accidents take a greater toll of productive years than any one natural cause of death, according to a study by the American Medical Association.

More actual deaths still are caused by heart disease, cancer and cerebral hemorrhage. But the report points out that such deaths usually befall older persons after their working lifetimes are ended.

In the usual working age span of 20 to 65, accidents claimed 1.75 million work years; heart disease, 1.5 million; pneumonia, one million; and cancer, one million, forty thousand.

What to give? What to give? If that question has you running around in circles this Christmas here's a smart suggestion. Make a list of your friends who enjoy smoking. Then take the list into your neighborhood dealer. He has a well-stocked array of gay gift cartons of Camel cigarettes—yes, mild flavorful Camels that bring pleasure with every puff. And for the pipe smoker or the man who likes to roll his own, your dealer will show you pound tins of Prince Albert Smoking Tobacco—the National Joy Smoke. Both these popular gifts come all dressed up in special, colorful Christmas wrappings. You don't even have to fuss with a personal greeting card—it's built right into the package for your easy-writing convenience. You'll be good to your friends and kind to your budget if you send them Camels and Prince Albert!

—Adv.

Shoe Hanger

A handy way to hang a shoe bag in the closet is to sew the top of the bag over a wire coat hanger; then simply hang the hanger on a hook or pole in the closet.

Self-service stores that provide no delivery service and no credit usually price their food cheaper than those stores which provide many services.

For Your Future Buy U. S. Savings Bonds

Relieve Chest Colds



At bedtime rub throat, chest and back with Vicks VapoRub. Relief-bringing action starts instantly. . . . 2 ways at once! And it keeps up this special Penetrating-Stimulating action for hours in the night to bring relief.

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The Fiction FORTUNE SMILES

By Richard H. Wilkinson

CALEB WARE was a young man who quarreled with his father, and was turned away from his boyhood home. Caleb always said later that he went away of his own accord.

Fortune smiled on Caleb. Five years later he found himself prominent in the affairs of the small city in which he had chosen to live. Moreover, he was rich.

It was then that Caleb decided to go home. As the train began to climb into the fresh, clean air of the mountain country, the tired look about his eyes vanished. Color appeared in his cheeks.

It thrilled him now to know that he was in a position to provide his father with all the comforts of old age.

He swung from the train at the tiny depot. Everything was the same; the cracker-box station, the general store, the postoffice and the few small dwelling houses.

A man with side whiskers and spectacles peered at him from the doorway of the depot.

"Hello, Banty. Where's your rig?"

The man stepped through the door. "Caleb Ware! Know yuh anywhere! How be yuh, Caleb?"

"Fine, Banty. And you?"

"Tol'able, Caleb. Just tol'able. Figure on goin' out to the farm? Drive you out if you say so."

"Figured you would." He climbed into Banty's ancient rig, glad of this opportunity to pide with the station master and learn the news.

"Looks like you done quite well in the city," Banty suggested cautiously.

"Not bad," Caleb agreed. And he knew that feeling of triumph and victory at his success. He thought

at the farm. The place is plumb run down, and your dad ain't well."

Caleb felt suddenly that Banty was condemning him, that everyone in the village had condemned him.

"Dad isn't really bad, is he, too sick to work?" he asked.

"He is now. A month ago he was took bad. Ain't worked since." Banty spat and glanced at him sideways. "He won't be glad to see you, son, not like that. He's got too much pride."

CALEB UNDERSTOOD. He knew that his father would never take succor from a son who had deserted him, would never admit he needed the help of a traitor. He'd rather die starving than that.

Banty might have said more, but Caleb suddenly leaped from the slow moving buggy.

"You just keep on going, Banty, and forget you ever saw me. Dad need never know but what I come home because I had to."

Caleb plunged into the woods beside the road and discarded his coat and undid his necktie. He walked for some distance through

the heavy growth beside the highway. Branches tore at his fine linen and ripped great gashes. Briars clutched at his trousers and tore holes in them.

Thus Caleb came home. Sight of the farm gave him a pang. The house and grounds were run down and in need of repair. A cot had been placed on the rear porch and on this cot Caleb saw the thin, gaunt figure of his father. He came and stood over the figure and looked down at it and smiled.

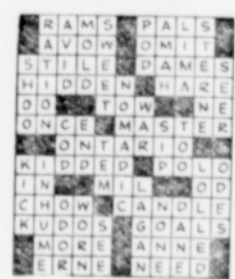
"Hello, Father," he said. "It's Caleb. I've come home to ask your forgiveness and to be taken in." His voice was humble.

Old man Ware opened his eyes and looked up at his son, and there was a quick happiness in his expression. His dimming vision saw the tousel, ragged farm boy who had stalked so proudly away five years before.

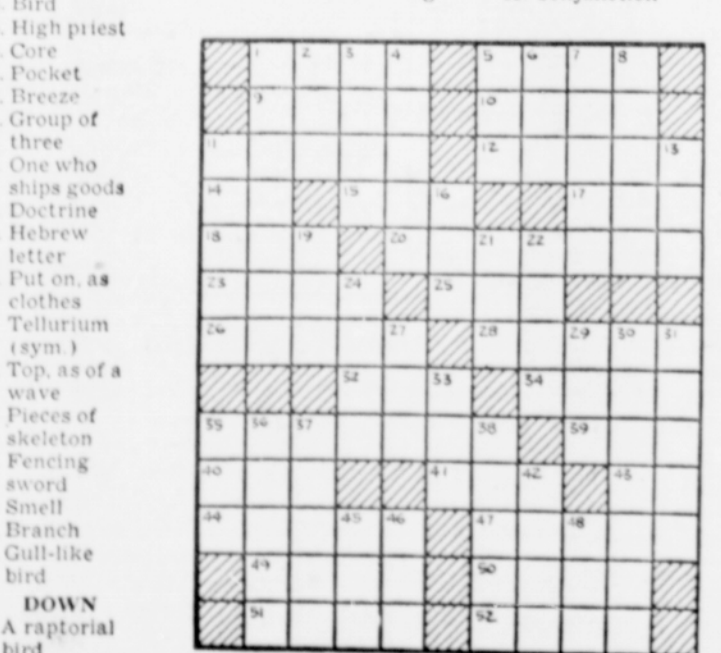
"I knew you'd come back, Caleb. I knew you'd come to your old father for help sooner or later. And—and I'm glad."

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

LAST WEEK'S ANSWER



- | | | |
|------------------|------------------|------------------|
| ACROSS | 2. Keel-billed | 22. Tumult |
| 1. Futile | cuckoo | 24. To infold |
| 5. Bulb | 3. Notion | 27. Apex |
| 9. Wavy | 4. Bird's homes | 29. Canton |
| (Her.) | 5. Mother | (Switz.) |
| 10. Verbal | 6. Constellation | 30. Artificial |
| 11. Travels | 7. City | reservoir |
| back | (Mass.) | 31. Dwellings |
| and | 8. Bondsman | 33. A color |
| forth | 11. Scorch | 35. American |
| 12. Of the cheek | 13. Free | Indian |
| 14. Close to | 15. Devoured | 36. Employs |
| 17. Biblical | sheep | 37. Out of place |
| name | 19. Snake | 38. Mechanical |
| 18. Polish | 21. Lofty | man |
| 20. Crowded | mountain | 42. Swelling |
| 23. Bird | | |
| 25. High priest | | |
| 26. Core | | |
| 28. Pocket | | |
| 32. Breeze | | |
| 34. Group of | | |
| three | | |
| 35. One who | | |
| ships goods | | |
| 39. Doctrine | | |
| 40. Hebrew | | |
| letter | | |
| 41. Put on as | | |
| clothes | | |
| 43. Tellurium | | |
| (sym.) | | |
| 44. Top, as of a | | |
| wave | | |
| 47. Pieces of | | |
| skeleton | | |
| 49. Fencing | | |
| sword | | |
| 50. Snell | | |
| 51. Branch | | |
| 52. Gull-like | | |
| bird | | |



PUZZLE NO. 24



"Caleb Ware! Know yuh anywhere! How be yuh, Caleb?"

of his father's surprise and disappointment. It would be a bitter pill for old man Ware to swallow.

"How are things at the farm, Banty? How's dad?"

"Your dad's ailin'," said Banty. "He ain't been right since you left five years ago."

"Me left him? Why he turned me out!"

"Don't make no difference. You shouldn't a done it. He needed you

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