

BROADWAY AND MAIN STREET

If the Brakes Don't Work Just Hit Something Cheap

By BILLY ROSE

A fellow tried to sell me a helicopter the other day. He told me I could hop from the roof of my theatre to my place in Westchester in 20 minutes, and added that it was as easy to drive as a car. I told him I wasn't interested because I couldn't drive a car. How come? Didn't I ever try and learn? Just once. And here's what happened. . . .

One day several summers ago, my wife said, "I wish you'd learn how to drive. Every time you want a paper or a pack of cigarettes, I've got to stop what I'm doing and chauffeur you into the village."

"Okay," I said, "if you'll play teacher."

Next morning I crawled into the car beside Eleanor. "Just turn this jigger over," she began, "push in this dingus, pull out this doohickey, step on this wing-doodle, press down on this thing—a m a b o b, and you're all set to go."

"What's this gizmo?" I asked. "The hand brake," she said. "You throw it on quickly in case of emergency."

"What happens if the brakes don't work?" "Hit something cheap," advised my spouse. . . .

A MOMENT LATER the car went hiccupping down the road. Then for a mile it went smooth as you please. A feeling of confidence came over me, the same feeling all new drivers get just before the lights go out. I pressed down on the gas.

"The pistons seem to be knocking," I said professionally. "Pistons nothing," said Eleanor. "Those are my knees."

Everything went fine until we got to the traffic light in the village. I forgot to press the hickey-maddoodle on the gillooley and the car stalled. The lights changed

from green to red, and from red back to green. A cop came over. "What's the matter?" he asked. "Haven't we got any colors you like?"

After switching the radio on and off, I suddenly pressed the right thing. In the order of the way it happened, I grazed the cop, skidded through the safety zone, clipped the fender on a bus, and came to rest with my bumper against a fire plug. The cop stalked over, took a handkerchief out of his pocket and dropped it in front of the car.

"Lookit, Gene Autry," he said. "I wana see you do that all over again, and this time pick up the handkerchief with your teeth." Eleanor gave him the smile that used to make the front cover of "Life." "He's learning to drive," she said.

"No kidding!" said the cop. "How long is this class going to last? Some other drivers would like to use this road when Sonny Boy gets through with it."

"What did I do wrong?" I asked the officer.

"Didn't you hear my whistle? Didn't you see my signal?" he demanded.

I shook my head. The cop sighed, "I'd better go home," he said. "I don't seem to be doing much good around here."

The Brave of Earth

STRONG with the shining shield of their high purpose, Brave with the silver armor of their prayer, We see them face the day, their unseen crosses Almost too heavy for their hearts to bear. Yet uncomplainingly they live the hours, And patiently they face the lengthening years, With none but God, himself, to know their heart-break, And none but God to mark their unshed tears.

The hurt of earth! How ably they dissemble! They bear with courage grief they never tell: Self-conquerors they go, the strong, the valiant, The brave, who smile and say that all is well. When all awards for courage have been given, Surely the highest will be theirs in Heaven.

GRACE NOLL CROWELL



I THREW THE CAR into reverse and backed away from the fire plug. "If you're going to drive much," yelled the cop, "I'd have the car painted red on one side and blue on the other, so the witnesses will contradict each other."

I had only one more mishap getting home. I scraped a guy's fender. He was pretty nice about it. "It's my fault," he said. "I saw you coming. I should have driven into the fields and avoided you."

There are two stone posts flanking the drive which leads up to our home. I got past them without a scratch—also without the rear bumper. That did it. Since then, I've never been behind a wheel. When Eleanor and I go driving I sit in the back seat and read the Burma Shave signs. The only concession I've made to the Automotive Age is to learn how to fold a road map.

Star Dust
STAGE-SCREEN-RADIO
BY INEZ GERHARD

JAN MINER admits that it is a rather odd distinction — she seems to have received more wedding cakes than anybody else, although she's not married. She has been wed eight times on the air, and each time fans have sent her wedding cakes. Currently starring as "Beth Lambert," alias "Carol



JAN MINER

Brent", in "Road of Life", Jan looks forward to the day when she can retire to her home in New Hampshire. The farm is on a strictly commercial basis, except for a few of her pet animals, one a horse, "Dr. Malone".

Rosalind Russell will be lured to the Broadway stage, if playwright George Kelly can do it. He wrote "Craig's Wife", one of her most successful movies and recently outlined his new play to her on the set of "Tell It to the Judge."

Randolph Scott credits the late William S. Hart with launching him on the road to screen success. Hart visited him when the star of Columbia's "The Nevadan" was working in "Roberta". "Randy," said he, "Why don't you get out of that monkey suit and into a western outfit? There's gold in them thar picture hills." Scott recently said he'll make nothing but Westerns now.

Joe DeBona, winner of the 1949 Bendix air race, has been signed by producer Lindsay Parsons for a leading role in "Smoke Hunters", the story of parachuting fire-fighters. The U. S. Forestry Service will cooperate on it.

Since a pre-view audience stood up and cheered him at a showing of "The Hasty Heart", young Richard Todd is being hailed around Warners' as the screen's newest star. An Englishman, he was one of the first British paratroop officers to jump into Normandy on D-Day. As a boy he was bedridden for three years with rheumatic fever, regained his health by playing football!

Unaccustomed as she is to roles in which she doesn't sing, Doris Day has been given a chance to branch out; Jack Warner has assigned her to a straight dramatic part as Ginger Rogers' married sister in "Storm Center".

The Fiction THANKSGIVING TURKEY

By Richard H. Wilkinson

IMOGENE sat at the kitchen table and listened stargy-eyed while Tony read the letter. "Dear Tony and Imogene: I was sorry to hear about Tony's ill luck down there in Carolina, and know you must be having rather a hard pull. But things are bound to straighten out. Under separate cover I am sending you a turkey for your Thanksgiving dinner. Please don't acknowledge its receipt, as your Aunt Sara might read the letter. She doesn't know I'm doing this, and I doubt

if she'd approve—you know how she felt when you two got married and started out on your wild venture. My love to you both, Uncle Rufus."

Tony pulled off the last wrapper and grinned happily. Within the cardboard box there nestled a handsome, fat turkey; a delicious, palatable turkey. Tony's mouth watered at sight of it.

Accompanying the bird were vegetables galore, nuts and fruit and a real plum pudding ready for heating. It was a complete, old-fashioned Thanksgiving dinner.

At length Imogene stirred. She turned and looked through the window and there was something queer about the expression on her face. Tony saw the look and he came and sat down on the table and took her hand in his.

Imogene looked at him squarely. "I was thinking, Tony, about the Santrells. I can't help it, with this big turkey here in front of us."

Tony's hand tightened its grip. "Precious," he said gently, "you're a dear."

He was silent, then, staring thoughtfully out into the yard. The Santrells, he reflected, had prob-

ably never had a turkey for Thanksgiving. It was doubtful this Thanksgiving if they'd have anything to eat. They were poor, dirt poor, and there were eight children in the family. Mr. Santrell was sick half the time; he couldn't work, even if work were available. Their plight was pitiful. They had been too proud to ask for help; had reached a state

of near destitution, when the town discovered their condition. PRESENTLY TONY turned. He said: "Listen, sweet, as far as I'm concerned, I'd like to live through one Thanksgiving without a turkey. I've had to eat one every Thanksgiving since I can remember to will be a welcome relief. Besides, Thanksgiving down here doesn't seem to call for a turk. And we still have the smoked shoulder we'd planned on."

And Imogene smiled in prodigious happiness and began re-wrapping Uncle Rufus's turkey. "Darling," she said, "I've been trying to figure out one good reason for marrying you since our wedding day. And now I've found it." Whereupon she kissed him and Tony held her tight in his arms.

And so they marched over to the Santrells and undid the package on Mrs. Santrell's kitchen table and watched with a curious tugging at their hearts as the eight Santrell

children and the two grown-ups stared and stared at the great fat bird. They left very soon after that because Mr. and Mrs. Santrell seemed to have difficulty in finding adequate words to express themselves.

They raced up the walk of their little stucco bungalow—and stopped dead still on the veranda. A great package reposed before the front door, and a letter lay atop the package.

Tony picked up the letter, stared at the package curiously and tore open the envelope. "Dear Imogene and Tony," he read. "Your Uncle Rufus wouldn't like it a bit if he knew I was doing this. You know how he disapproved when you two got married and went away down South. However, I know you must be lonesome and rather discouraged, and so, under separate cover, I'm sending you a turkey for your Thanksgiving dinner. Please don't acknowledge its receipt, as your Uncle Rufus might read the letter and I'd never hear the end of it. Love to you both, Aunt Sara."

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

LAST WEEK'S ANSWER

ACROSS

- Bounders
- False
- Melody
- Quiescent stage in insect life
- A short crowbar
- Incites
- Metallic rock
- Gold (Her.)
- Weaken
- Staggered
- Twofold (prefix)
- Fabulous bird
- Metal
- Cart
- Asserts
- Coin (Anc. Gk.)
- Finnish seaport
- Masurium (sym.)
- A bandage
- Lofty mountain
- Sun god
- Female pig
- A slip knot
- Plant of amaryllis family
- Word used to name a person or thing
- Salary
- Sea eagle
- In bed

DOWN

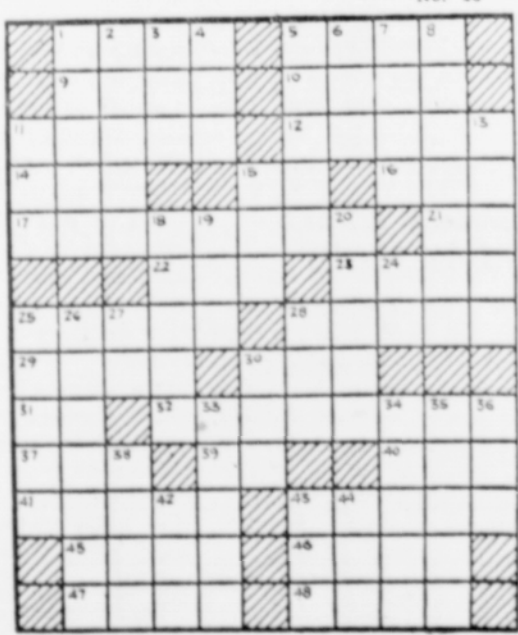
- Captal (Egypt.)
- Kind of medieval helmet

ACROSS

- Obscure
- Speak
- Extra
- Central part of a wheel
- Simians
- Man who kills the bull at bullfights
- Put down
- Whirls
- Grampus
- To fish, by drawing line through water
- Anage

DOWN

- Piece of turf (golf)
- Music note
- Adult, female person
- Kind of mollusk with spiral shell
- Depart
- Sleeveless garment (Arab.)
- Indigent
- Turkish title
- Goddess of peace
- Custom
- Wandered



AROUND THE HOUSE

Place leftover vegetables in layers in a casserole, add cream sauce, sprinkle grated cheese on top and bake. . . .

As a salad for children, use celery stalks filled with peanut butter. Cut the stalks into half-inch pieces and place them on shredded lettuce with banana slices of the same length. Serve with mayonnaise. . . .

Add a different flavor to potato salad by marinating the chopped onions in lemon juice for an hour before mixing with the other ingredients. . . .

A two-faced darning egg is a sight-saver. Paint half the egg black and the other half white for mending dark-colored hose, and the black for light hose. . . .

Two-Piece Frock Has Fine Youthful Air



For year 'Round Wear HERE'S A clever two-piece frock with a decidedly youthful air. Suitable for year 'round wear with short or three quarter sleeve. Note the pretty shaped peplum. . . .

Pattern No. 1823 comes in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20. Size 14, short sleeve, blouse, 2 1/2 yards of 39-inch; skirt, 1 1/2 yards. The Fall and Winter FASHION is filled with ideas for a smart, wearable winter wardrobe. Special features, fabric news—free pattern printed inside the book. 25 cents.

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To retain the greatest amount of flavor in fruits, place them in a covered saucepan and cook them as fast as possible without scorching the fruit. Also do not overcook the fruit. . . .

Before adding the batter, drop a teaspoon of peanut butter in each muffin pan to give muffins a delicious, nutty flavor. . . .

Quintuplets Use 'Musterole' For Chest Colds!

to relieve coughs—achy muscles The Dionne Quints have always had the best care. Ever since they were babies, they've used Musterole to promptly relieve coughs and local congestion of colds. Be sure your kiddies enjoy Musterole's great benefits!

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WNU-13 47-49

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