SHORT SHORT STORY

Prove Your Love

By
HANK McCALL

Jim Weeks took his spite out on his car and moaned, "With all the girls in this town to pick from, I get engaged to the one with the wildest ideas."

He had dashed out of Jane Blake's house two minutes before without kissing her good-night. They were in love, they were engaged, they wanted to get married, their parents liked the match; in short, everything was perfect except Janie's crazy notions. A doubting, brooding mood had possessed her all evening. His trouble started when he rashly promised to do anything to prove his love.

Janie laughed but said seriously, "Jim, I'm going to give you a chance to prove that promise. We aren't going to get married until you get us an apartment to live in

"Apartment? Why, Janie, you know we can't get an apartment in this town. Besides, we get the third floor of Dad's house."

"No, Jim. No apartment, no wedding."

The next morning Jim came to work a gruff, bitter young man. He ate lunch with Bud Hoven, an old friend in the engineering department. The usually quiet Bud was in high spirits.

"Jim, open your ears and listen to some good news. I'm going to production school in Chicago two weeks from today. The company pays all expenses, even for the wives. Betty and I will lock up our apartment and prepare to enjoy a free four-week vacation."

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"Lock up your apartment? Bud listen to me," pleaded Jim. He explained his predicament while Bud listened sympathetically. Jim easily persuaded him to sign over his apartment.

Those days were a whirlwind of frantic scurry. The attendants' gowns had to be ordered, the arrangements for the reception and dinner had to be made, and all the thousand other things that go with a wedding had to be settled in one short week. The time between the nuptials and Bud's departure was to be spent in honeymoon.

The day of the rehearsal found all details carefully assigned. The practice went smoothly until Bud beckoned Jim aside. "I don't know how to say this, Jim, but the company has changed its mind. I was transferred to next month's class'."

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A squadron of bombers wouldn't have made the roar that Jim's dream boats did as they crashed into the rocks He had one idea to get across. "Don't tell Janie, Bud. We can't call off the wedding now. I'll find a place tomorrow if I have to buy a hotel."

He said goodnight to Janie early and headed home. As he was waiting at a stoplight a paper boy thrust the weekly edition of the newspaper into his window. He had no choice but to buy it.

Remembering that this edition carried the next morning's want ads he turned to the last pages His eye searched for the "Apartments for Rent" section, stopped and then danced. His hands shook so hard that he could hardly discern the print. There is was, a thousand to one chance, but it was there

"Apartment for Rent. Call 7883 after seven a.m. Do not disqualify yourself by calling before seven"

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The morning light had scarcely appeared beore Jim was heading for the apartment address He found the street and the house, parked his car and ran up the steps to the porch.

He was startled when a voice called, "Jim, you're a little late." A girl sat in the corner, quietly waiting for the landlord.

Janie was laughing when she kissed him "Don't be so shocked. Betty tipped me off to your little scheme. You don't think that I'd give up the wedding now, do you? I saw this advertisement in the paper last night, looked up the number and got here first. It's my apartment but you can pay the first month's rent."

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Try Again, Mom

Mother (trying to persuade her children to go to bed): "The chickens, you know, dears, go to bed at sundown.'

Maude (an observant child): "Yes, Mother, but the old hen goes too."

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Goderich Boys' School Patrol is now doing traffic safety duty in front of the town's public schools and at main intersections assisting children across the streets. At his post is Fred D. Vincent. The boys are instructed by the provincial police.

There Never Was Anything Like It

Some Recollections of the Great Days of Radio's Most Famous Team

By Peter Ronald

As most radio listeners know, the half-hour weekly program featuring Amos 'n' Andy is one of the most popular on the air.

Bu. some of the younger generation may be surprised to learn that there was a period, back in the 1930's, when for a quarter of an hour each weekday evening, starting at 7 o'clock

Amos 'N' Andy In Whiteface

(EST) activity of all kinds throughout the Continent practically stopped, in order that folks might listen to the latest doings of the Kingfish, Madam Queen, Lightnin' and all the other characters created by two gentlemen named Gosden and Correll.

Moving picture theatres switched off the film that was running and left their screens blank.

In Hamilton a sponsor bought that quarter-hour on a local station, then left the period silent so that folks could hear, without interference, Amos 'n' Andy from nearby Buffalo.

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Important men like Vincent Astor and Henry Ford gave orders they were on no account to be disturbed until the program was over. And an American Presidential Candidate, warned that it was useless for him to try and compete with Amos 'n' Andy, complained bitterly that his fellow-citizens seemed much more interested in the Fresh Air Taxicab Company than in their country's affairs.

Freeman Fisher Gosden—who always plays the parts of The Kingfish and Lightnin' as well as that of Amos—was born at Richmond, Virginia, in 1899. Charles James Correll—Andy—is nine years older and is a native of Peoria, Illinois, whose piano-playing ability led him into show business.

Meeting first in Durham, N. C. the two took to one another immediately and formed a theatrical team. For some years they toured the Southern States with "tent shows". occasionally doing a vocal duet.

Back in Chicago in 1924 they decided to build up a singing act, and with Correll playing piano, Gosden the ukelele, they were frequently heard by radio listeners of that era.

Two years later they had the idea of switching to comedy; and on January 12, 1926, made their air debut as "Sam 'n' Henry" over Station WGN. They stayed there, as a sustaining program, till December, 1927. When leaving to accept a better-paying offer from another station, WGN refused to allow them to take the title of their act with them. So, after considerable experimenting, they finally hit on the combination under which they were to become world-famous—Amos 'n' Andy. And in March, 1928, they started—again as a sustaining program—over WMAQ.

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Popular from the very first locally, it wasn't long before they attracted the attention of advertisers; and in August 1929, under the sponsorship of Pepsodent, they first went on the air nationally over a network.

From then onward their popularity grew by leaps and bounds until, at one point, surveys revealed that nine out of ten radio sets tuned in regularly to their program, and their theme music, "The Perfect Song" was as well known as "God Save the King" or "The Starspangled Banner."

Expressions such as "I'se regusted" —"Ain't that sumpn?" and "Hold de phone" became part of our everyday speech; and when listeners were asked to send in suggested names for the baby born to Amos and the former Ruby Parker so many letters came in—2,400,000—that a special branch Post Office had to be set up in the building where Gosden and Carroll worked.

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Madam Queen's breach of promise suit against Andy—Ruby Taylor's almost fatal illness—and Amo's trial on a charge of murder were other high lights of their almost 14 years of quarter-hour programs, which came to an end on February 19, 1943. And radio listeners of today can hardly imagine the intensity of interest—especially when it seemed as if nothing could possibly save Amos from a verdict of guilty.

One of the most amazing things about Gosden and Carroll was that they never started writing their 15-minute show until an hour before it went on the air. Sometimes, indeed, the last page of the script would still be in the typewriter while the first strains of "The Perfect Song" were sounding over the air waves. And then, as often happened, people would ask them what was going to happen next, they had to answer—honestly—that they didn't know, and wouldn't know till they got busy on the following script.

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Today both Gosden and Correll live in Beverley Hills, where Amos 'n' Andy programs now originate. The wealth they have amassed hasn't spoiled them, and the friendship which began so many years ago, down in North Carolina has never been even threatened. If you were to ask them, right now, what memories they most cherished, it probably wouldn't be the days when nine out of ten of the Continent's radios were tuned in to them—but of the times they were trouping together, with tent shows, down in the South.

Some Notes From The Farm Front

By John Russell

Although tractors and trucks have done a lot to lighten the burden of farm labor, they also increase the possibility of fire. Officials point out that with the increase in gasoline-driven vehicles in rural areas, extra care is needed to reduce the fire hazard.

Main sources of such fires are said to be imperfect fuel storage, poor maintenance, accumulations of oil, dust and other combustible material, improper methods of refueling and careless selection of a place in which to adjust, service and repair the equipment. In most cases it's not the machine that's at fault, but the man who operates it.

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A real bidding battle was seen at recent Aberdeen-Angus sales in Perth, Scotland. This was when the reserve champion bull, Emor of Derculich, was sold for 7,100 guineas —only 400 guineas short of the all-time world record price set up at the same sales in 1946.

Successful bidder was Tom Tweedle, on behalf of the McRobert Farms of Douneside. Principal opponent was an Argentine representative, anxious that the bull should go to that country. Bidding started at 1000 guineas. When it reached 7000 there was a pause—applause—and everybody thought the Argentine had won. But Tweedle bid another 100, and the South American finally gave in.

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Just like cashing in on a 20 to 1 shot were the results of recent experiments in hog feeding, when it was found that a saving of $20 in feed costs was effected for each one dollar's worth of salt used. Salt-fed pigs made a gain of 1.46 pounds daily as compared with 1.26 pounds gained each day by hogs fed exactly the same ration minus the salt.

In this particular experiment each pound of salt saved 9.4 pounds of feed; and the ration fed consisted of corn, soybean, oilmeal, alfalfa meal and a simple mineral mixture.

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A University research crew has discovered that a heavy shower, falling on hay after it has been cut, may reduce the food value of the crop by fully one-third. This is because the rain washes away large amounts of sugars, minerals and proteins from the hay.

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Canada's turnip crop in 1947 had a value of almost twenty million dollars with Ontario and the Maritimes accounting for three quarters of this immense production. But both these Provinces are plagued, to some extent, by an insufficient supply of boron at critical periods in the turnips' growth.

This deficiency can be recognized by a water-soaked appearance of the root, sometimes called "water core" or "brown heart".

In the Maritimes, farmers combat this deficiency by using a fertilizer containing 2 per cent of boron, this being applied to the soil at seeding time. But this method is not successful in Ontario, where it is necessary to apply the boron to the turnip tops. For this purpose special dusts containing 50% of borax are available, and spray applications can also be made according to standard specifications. In using such applications farmers should stick closely to the advice of their local agricultural authority, as an overdose of boron may be harmful to turnips and also upset the balance of the soil.

With grain feeds so expensive, more and more swine raisers are adopting the cost-cutting practise of putting their pigs on pasture during the summer. In most cases the pasturage is some variety of legume—either straight alfalfa or clover, or a mixture of the two.

One recommended method is to keep spring pigs on pasture until they weigh around 150 pounds apiece, then change to full feed for finishing. Leaving them still longer on pasture takes more time to get them up to market weight and finish—although if time is not a prime factor, doing so cuts feeding costs still further

Shore Birds Trek Northward in May

May is the month when the majority of shore birds migrate northward. Many of them will be seen along water-edges and in marshes in Ontario. The Plover, Snipe, and Sandpiper are popular names for those most common in Canada. The Piping Plover, sometimes called Beach Plover, is a bird of the sandy shore. It winters on the Atlantic and Gulf coasts from South Carolina to Texas and northern Mexico.

The Killdeer, another of the shore birds that breeds in Ontario, is a friend of mankind. Sometimes it nests about the edges of the salt marsh but seems to prefer to rear its young about cultivated land and gardens, probably because the insects on which it feeds are abundant there. Killdeer are fond of newly-plowed land and follow the plow and cultivator in search of grubs and worms. They winter as far south as Peru and Venezuela in South America.

The American Woodcock, another shore bird that breeds here, has been studied by ornithologists for more than a century, and still its periodical mysterious appearances and disappearances and its lines of migration are not fully understood. If it is not adequately protected, its extirpation is only a question of time.

Of all the shore birds the Sandpipers make the longest trek of all. Most of them breed along the Arctic Coast and many winter in South America.

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From The Back Seat

A motorcycle cop stopped a car and pulled out his book. "I clocked you at 45, mister," he said. The lady in the back seat cackled gleefully. "Just you give him a ticket, officer," she said. "Serves him right. He's a reckless, inconsiderate, dangerous driver."

"Your wife?" asked the cop, and when the driver nodded glumly, the officer snapped shut his book, and added, "Drive on, brother."

★

Makes Courageous Dash Into Flaming Trailer

WINS DOW AWARD

JACK SOMERSBY
OF VANCOUVER, B.C.
risks life in gallant attempt to save aged owner

All was quiet in the little auto camp just outside Vancouver. Suddenly, from her cabin window, a woman saw a glare in the distance. Then, as she peered into the darkness, the glare became more brilliant. A trailer belonging to 74-year-old Thomas Whittaker had burst into flames.

RUNS FOR HELP

Running to Jack Somersby's cottage, the woman told him of the fire. "You get an ambulance", he said, "and I'll try to save the old gentleman". Sprinting the 50 yards to the blazing trailer, Somersby wrenched the door open, entered the trailer and in a few seconds had Whittaker out and on the ground. The old man's hair and clothing were afire . . . and Somersby used his own hands and body to extinguish the flames. Minutes later, both Whittaker and Somersby were on their way to hospital. The rescuer was treated for severe burns about the hands and face. The older man failed to recover.

The fact that his rescue attempt was in vain does not detract from the courage and unselfishness of Jack Somersby of Vancouver. We are proud to pay him deserved tribute through the presentation of The Dow Award.

THE DOW AWARD is a citation for outstanding heroism and includes, as a tangible expression of appreciation, a $100 Canada Savings Bond. Winners are selected by the Dow Award Committee, a group of editors of leading Canadian newspapers.

Frantically the woman pointed out the blazing trailer to Somersby. They both knew that 74-year-old Thomas Whittaker was trapped inside. At once Somersby rushed to the rescue.

Later, talking to reporters at the hospital, his hands swathed in bandages, Somersby was modest about his heroic action. "Anyone would have done the same", he said quietly.

The DOW AWARD
DOW BREWERY • MONTREAL

JITTER

By Arthur Pointer