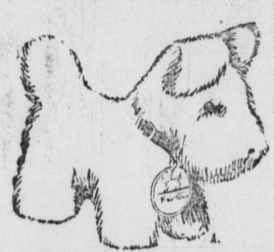


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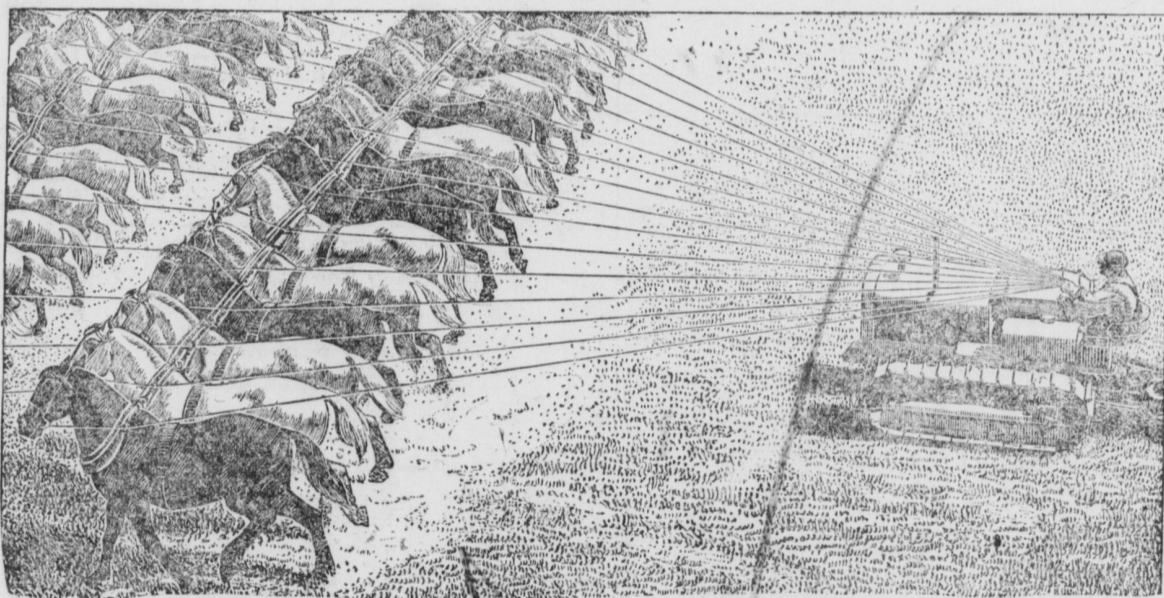
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Funny Man

By **WILLIAM J. MURDOCH**
McClure Syndicate—WNU Features.

WILDERS came right to the point. "You're slipping," he told Jeff. "Your gags don't go over any more. Maybe you do need a studio audience after all."

"No, I don't want one," said Jeff Jackson. "I got tired of seeing people laugh at me in vaudeville."

"They aren't laughing now," Wilders said between nibbles at his cigar. He opened a desk drawer and drew out a thick pad of letters. "Bees—all of them about you," he said. "Jeff, you're a natural, with that backwoods dialect and that corny line of guff. I ought to know—I've been in this business for 30 years. But you're slipping, Jeff. What's eating you?"

Jeff Jackson wanted to lean over and twist his manager's nose right out of other people's business. He didn't mind the backwoods crack, because that's just what he was—backwoods enough to resent a little pipsqueak snooping around property that wasn't his own. But twisting Wilder's nose wouldn't help Rose Edith; and Rose Edith, sick as she was and the best sister any man ever had, needed all the help she could get.

"Maybe I'm just tired," Jackson said through a yawn. "This radio business is new to me."

"It'll be a perfect stranger if you don't come around," Wilders replied dryly. "I don't want to lose you, Jeff. So I've hired some writers for you."

"No!" Jackson said flatly. "I'm no trained seal to catch someone else's fish."

"Bestor's throwing fits, not fish," Wilders snapped. "Says we're not selling enough of his bread and he's threatening to take you off the air."

"My contract—" Jeff said sullenly.

"Paper, just to get you off that rube vaudeville circuit. What's it going to be—writers, or the front door?"

Sanatoriums were expensive. So were doctors and doctors. Rose Edith had him so worried now he couldn't be himself on the radio. And if his income were cut off— "All right," Jeff said. "It's writers."

A week of writing, arguing, hashing, rehashing and rewriting. A week of rehearsing, timing, cutting and padding. A few minutes at the microphone in the empty studio Jeff Jackson insisted on. Another batch of criticism from the letter-writing fans and another session with Wilders. "I don't know what to do with you," he growled at Jeff. "I've hired the best comedy writers in the business and still you flop."

"I'm sick of this 'Laugh Clown Laugh' act. It's my sister. She's more dead than alive, and you expect me to stand up before a microphone and make folks laugh," Jeff said.

Wilders gestured impatiently. "Why didn't you say so before? We'll get the best specialists. Don't worry about the bills, Jeff."

"I can take care of my own," Jeff said with contempt. "It's not money I'm worrying about; it's Rose Edith. You're a city boy, Mr. Wilders. You don't know how close families are down home. Pa's place was 'way back in the hills and we didn't have a chance to know many other kids, so Rose Edith and I just naturally had to play together."

Wilders was silent. "I see how it is," he said finally. "But how can you take care of Rose Edith if Bestor finds someone to take your place, Jeff? Who'll pay the bills?" Wilders closed in fast. Here was a chance to sock money-spending John Q. Public right in the old tear ducts—a perfect sob story if ever there was one. "Instead of going through a comedy routine this week, tell the folks what you've just told me—they'll love it and will beg forgiveness for being so tough on you, Jeff. It's your only chance to hang on to that dough that Rose Edith needs," he warned, seeing the fire in Jackson's eyes.

The next Wednesday evening Jeff stood at the microphone without a script. Simply he told his millions of listeners about Rose Edith, about the childhood they had shared. He told them of the hardships at home and how he determined always to take care of her. He told of her illness, of the almost unbelievable number of doctors and nurses who were now caring for her. He closed with a brief, "That's my story, folks."

The studio telephones were jangling almost before he finished. Letters by the hundreds flooded the station the next day. And the essence of the response was found in a short paragraph taken from a radio column in a newspaper which the next day hit the streets a few hours after the doctors told Jeff that Rose Edith had passed the crisis, that she was on the long, long road to recovery:

"In answer to his many recent critics," the item read, "Jeff Jackson ably vindicated himself at the microphone last night, at the same time re-establishing himself as one of radio's most promising performers. In his familiar homey style, Jackson related the adventures and misadventures of his imaginary sister Rose Edith, one of the most uproarious and delightful characters he has yet created. He was never funnier."

Stimulate your business by advertising in the Bulletin.

**March of Dimes
Director Named**



William L. Batt

William L. Batt, prominent Philadelphia engineer and businessman, has been named Pennsylvania State Chairman of the 1947 March of Dimes which takes place January 15-30. Basil O'Connor, president of the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis, has announced.

The March of Dimes is the annual fund raising appeal of the National Foundation, a non-profit organization founded in 1938 by the late President Roosevelt and supported entirely by voluntary contributions of the American people.

Mr. Batt, formerly vice chairman of the War Production Board, is president of SKF Industries, Philadelphia. He served as U. S. representative to the Combined Raw Materials Board of the United Nations from 1942 to 1945, and was a member of an American trade mission to Moscow in 1941. He is a member of the Business Advisory Council of the U. S. Department of Commerce and the Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Relief. For outstanding wartime services to the Government, he was recently awarded the Medal of Merit by President Truman.

Mr. O'Connor, in making known Mr. Batt's acceptance of the March of Dimes chairmanship, revealed that in coping with the 1946 outbreaks of infantile paralysis the National Foundation sent to its chapters in the field more than four million dollars in epidemic aid funds through the end of October.

"Many of this year's polio patients," Mr. O'Connor said, "will require hospitalization and care for a long period of time. The aftercare of these patients will be more expensive than treatment in the acute stage of the disease. The high cost of epidemics demonstrates the real need for the services of public-spirited men like Mr. Batt. His efforts will prove of great value in the forthcoming appeal." A graduate of Purdue University, with a B.S. degree in mechanical engineering, Mr. Batt holds honorary doctor of engineering degrees from both Purdue and Stevens Institute of Technology, and honorary doctor of science degrees from the University of Pennsylvania and the Drexel Institute of Technology.

PLAN NEW BUILDINGS

Construction and remodeling of dwellings and other farm buildings, when materials become available, can be speeded up by advance planning. So says J. R. Haswell, extension agricultural engineer of the Pennsylvania State College.

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