

The Topper

MAGAZINE

"TOPS IN READING ENTERTAINMENT"



A National Family Monthly Magazine

MERRILL VIEW DAIRY

Phone: 819-W

MERRILL, WISCONSIN

"Introducing TOPPER to Merrill"

Buy your Milk and Cream From Merrill View Dairy

Chocolate Milk

Orangeade

Buttermilk

Christmas Time . . . 1946

Our second peace-time Christmas . . . Thank Goodness . . . a Christmas that understandingly is one to which we will all, in our own ways, devoutly bend our heads in an attitude of humility and gratitude for our numberless blessings.

This Christmas, it seems, there is something in the very air we breathe—the snow as it crunches crisply underfoot; the smile of a hurrying stranger bundled down with brightly-tied packages; the look of wonderment in the eyes of a child as he gazes through a

misty window of a toy store; the sharp tinkle of a bell as a street-corner Santa swishes it back and forth; the catch in the voices of people going “back home” to the folks; the last-minute happy rush of shoppers; the welcome flurry of snow; the softly-lighted churches quietly beckoning; an electric feeling that persists in running the gamut of your spine because you’re affected by the awesome mystery and the gloriously-heady sensation that comes to you with the coming of Christmas Time . . . this Christmas . . . 1946.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO YOU!



A STATEMENT BY THE EDITORS

YOUR DAIRY has paid the subscription costs of this magazine for all of its friends and customers. You are invited to read *The Topper* and enjoy its many features.

The *Topper* magazine is dedicated to the American home and the consumers of milk and dairy products.

There is no other magazine which is exclusively published in the interests of milk consumers nationally.

Your Dairy has secured the exclusive distribution rights to *The Topper* in your area. Your Dairy has done this as a sincere gesture of appreciation to you for your valued patronage.

READERS . . . watch *THE TOPPER* grow!

This month over 700,000 people from coast to coast will read and enjoy *THE TOPPER*.

Our family of *Topper* readers continues to grow each month, thanks to your many fine comments.

This is **YOUR** magazine—your comments and contributions are welcomed.

YOUR EDITORS

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R. C. GENNARO

Associate Editor
E. L. GENNARO

Ass't Editor
JEAN L. O'HAZZA

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Features in This Issue . . .

DEPARTMENTS

FICTION	Page
"The Vermin Hunter" By Sandra Macovic	2-4
"The 3 Pigs" Uncle Sid	8-9

FUN:

Color Fun Page	6
Jingles & Memory	11
Topper Cartoons	12
Jest a Minute	17
Do You Know the Answers?	10

HEALTH—BEAUTY:

Child Care	13
Be Smart	15

MUSIC—MOVIES:

Behind The Bandstand	14
Comments on Coming Films	7

GENERAL INTEREST:

Tasty Dairy Dishes	5
No Holiday for the Cow	16
Christmas Time—Inside Front Cover	
Stories in Pictures	3

IT PAYS TO READ THE TOPPER!

CONTESTS RUNNING

Stories in Pictures	Page 3
Tasty Dairy Dishes	" 5
How's Your Memory	" 11
Jingles	" 11

THIS MONTH'S SHORT STORY

"THE VERMIN HUNTER"

By SANDRA MACOVIC



"Yeh, not 'til this morning does doc tell me that there's a city fella dead in the hotel—"

"Didn't 'pear to me like they were killers," said Old Willie as he switched his chew of tobacco from one side of his cheek to the other. Both hands in his pockets, Old Willie looked like a little school boy about to be spanked.

The detective quickly looked at Willie.

"Oh, no? He's dead isn't he?" He answered Willie rather sharply, "And that girl and boy look like the logical candidates for murderers."

"Well, sure he's dead—don't need no

big city detective to tell us that, now, does it?" He obviously ignored the detective's reference to the boy and girl.

"Maybe not, Mister, but what exactly do you know about it? Folks around here told me you saw it all happen."

"Saw it all?" drawled Old Willie. "Not 'actly, stranger. Might say I saw a pretty good bit of it." He kept his left hand in his pocket—which was unusual for him since he loved to make expansive manual gestures to punctuate his speech.

"Well, how much *did* you see?" the detective asked angrily.

"Don't rush me, stranger. You don't think what I saw solves the whole thing, now do you? But I do know you're off the scent by a mile when you accuse those two kids."

"You certainly are holding a brief for 'those two kids'—what's the pitch?"

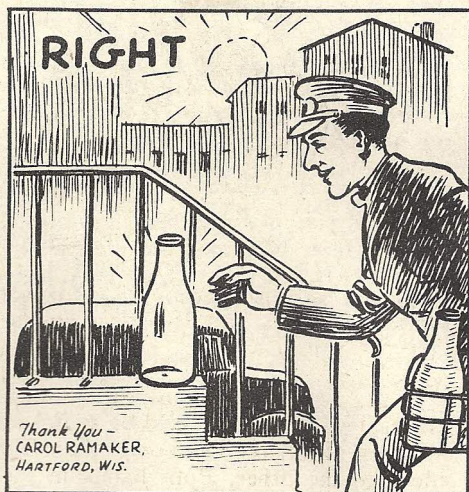
"Well," began Willie, "I guess it goes back quite a bit. You see these two kids are sorta liked around here—he's 'bout twenty-eight and I guess she's a couple of years younger. These two been wantin' to get married—something happened, probably got no bearin' on this thing—but it sorta stopped 'em cold."

"Can the mystery, buddy. What's this thing that stopped them cold?"

"Well, I guess it's sorta funny at that," mumbled Old Willie, "them meetin' like they did—she moved here with her folks some years ago—he walked in this town a year or two later—lonesome kid, he was. Mighty good to me, too. Everybody else in this town treated me pretty bad—not that kid, though."

(Continued on page 4)

STORIES IN PICTURES



IMPORTANT NOTICE —

All entries to "STORIES IN PICTURES" should also include the name of the Dairy from whom milk is purchased.

Submit your ideas — no art work is necessary — your suggestion must pertain to Milk, Milk Products, or care of Milk Bottles. *The Topper* will pay \$5.00 for every idea accepted!

Send your entries to — CONTEST EDITOR, *The Topper*, Hazleton, Pa.

SHORT STORY CONT'D "THE VERMIN HUNTER"

"Look, fella, you'll have me crying in a minute. Alright, so he was good to you—so what does that have to do with him and his girl murdering this guy?"

"You think they did it, eh?" Willie asked, his wrinkled face knotting up.

"Don't act bewildered, guy. Of course, they did it—him and that girl. We know just enough about it to be sure that the boy had a reason for it. I'm trying to get at the motive—you can help. Will you try to give me the facts?"

"Facts?" Willie was startled.

"Yeh, give, buddy."

"Well, like I said, these two kids meet and fall in love and everyone in town knows they're gonna marry—then all of a sudden he's called away. He come back about two weeks ago and they make all their plans again." Willie's right hand came out of his pocket with a pipe and he began to slowly knock it against the porch railing of the old hotel.

"Yeah?"

"Uh, huh," answered Willie, "only this time he's not called away. This dead guy came here. Stopped right here at this hotel, he did. Though it was kinda queer the way the boy kept coming here each night. He'd never tell me nothin' 'bout it—till last night."

"The night this guy was murdered, eh?"

"Well, yeh, it musta been 'cordin' to Doc, White. Doc says he died about 'leven thirty last night. Good man, Doc, I know plenty of people who'd swear by him." Willie began the awkward task of refilling his pipe with his right hand alone.

"What did he tell you?"

"Doc White?"

"Stop acting dumb."

"Well, the boy tells me as how this fella from your city there is keeping after him—I guess he wouldn't tell me 'bout it 'cept because he figured I'd give some advice." Old Willie reminiscently smiled a toothless grin. He had his pipe filled now and reached in his right hand pocket for a match, but couldn't find one.

"What'd he tell you?" asked the detective as he struck a match and held it to Willie's pipe.

He puffed hungrily for a moment before he replied.

"The boy told me that once he was out of work in your city and he goes to this fella, the one that's dead there, and this fella gives him a job—pretty good pay he gave him, but he gave him a pretty dirty job. Hadda go to these meetings and then pass stuff out around them big factories—then once in awhile he's hafta scare guys to join up in this here org'zation—said they used to get orders from this com-com-i-some kind of a place from Europe."

"Comintern?"

"Yeh," answered Willie, "that sounds like it, alright. 'Pears like this dead fella here wanted the boy back—needed him 'cause he's a pretty clean lookin' kid. The boy admitted to me that he was pretty weak to ever start workin' for this fella, but then I guess everyone of us has made a mistake sometime in our lives. The boy refused and then when this fella comes here, the boy keeps going to the hotel to tell him he wants to get married and all." Willie stopped talking to puff on his pipe. Then he continued.

"The boys gets to tellin' me how he'd like to kill this fella and I tell him not to get excited, that I'd go up to see him and try to talk to him—got quite a reputation 'round here as a good talker." Old Willie smiled rather proudly.

"Brother, you can say that again. Now, let's get back to the murder."

"Murder?" said Old Willie. "Don't 'pear like Doc White thinks the fella was murdered—says it looks more like he slipped an' fell."

"Brother, your Sheriff wired us that it *might* have been murder—that's why I'm here. When you went up to his room what did you tell him?"

"Well, first off I tried to convince him that the boy was a good American and wanted to get married and live here

Continued on page 12

TASTY DAIRY DISHES

Thanks to Miss Wilhelmina Bailey, customer of Home Dairy, Parkersburg, W. Va.

FLOATING ISLAND CUSTARD

Ingredients: 1 qt. milk, $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. cinnamon, 3 eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. vanilla extract, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 4 tbs. cornstarch.

Mix It Like This: Mix milk, egg yolks, sugar, cornstarch and cinnamon. Cook in top of double boiler until it thickens. Remove, then add vanilla and pour into serving dish. Cover with stiffly beaten egg whites to which has been added 2 teaspoons of sugar. Cook in slow oven (300°) until the egg whites are set, but not brown. Serve cold, decorated with dots of jelly.

Thanks to Mr. Carl Long, customer of Matuella Dairy, Hazleton, Pa.

SWEET POTATO CUSTARD PIE

Ingredients: 1 pint mashed sweet potatoes, 1 cup sweet milk, 3 eggs, 1 teacup sugar, nutmeg.

Mix It Like This: Take 1 pint of mashed sweet potatoes and a cup of sweet milk. Beat the yolks of three eggs, and cream a teacup of sugar and butter together; mix with the potato. Flavor with nutmeg. Beat the whites to a stiff froth and stir in. Pour in a pan lined with crust and bake quickly.

Thanks to Mrs. Bernice Anderson, customer of Villa Park Milk Company in Trenton, N. J.

BREAD PUDDING

Ingredients: 2 cups milk, dry bread, 2 eggs, $\frac{1}{3}$ cup sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. cinnamon, 1 cup seedless raisins, $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. vanilla.

Mix It This Way: Pour scalded milk over dry bread broken into small pieces. Let stand till soft. Add eggs, sugar, salt, cinnamon, raisins and vanilla. Mix. Pour into greased baking dish, sprinkle with nutmeg. Bake in moderate slow oven (350°) for 1 hour or until silver knife when inserted comes out clean.

Thanks to Mrs. Minnie Hoffman, customer of Buffalo Valley Dairy, Milton, Pa.

SWEET MILK COOKIES

Ingredients: 2 cups of sugar, 3 eggs, 1 cup shortening—butter and lard, 1 cup milk, 1 tsp. soda, 3 tsp. baking powder, vanilla.

Mix It Like This: Add sugar and shortening together. Add eggs. Beat this well. Add milk and vanilla. Mix soda in a tbs. of vinegar. Mix baking powder and flour together and sift. Use enough flour to stiffen for rolling.

Thanks to Miss Bessie Bliss, customer of Brookville Dairy, Brookville, Pa.

SURPRISE SOUP

Ingredients: 2 cups cottage cheese, 1 qt. milk, 4 tbs. butter, 2 tbs. flour, 1 tbs. grated onion, $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. salt, Dash of mace or nutmeg, and chopped celery.

Mix It Like This: Simmer onion in butter. Add flour, blend well, then pour in the milk. Cook slowly. When thick, add salt, mace and cottage cheese which has been strained and mixed with a small quantity of the hot liquid. Simmer a few moments, stirring well. Do not boil. Serve at once, sprinkling each portion with chopped parsley.

Thanks to Miss Leona Tidey, customer of Ravine's Dairy in Benton Harbor, Mich.

CORN SOUP

Ingredients: 1 can corn, 2 tbs. butter, 1 pt. boiling water, 2 tbs. flour, 1 pt. milk, 1 tsp. salt, 1 slice onion, few grains pepper.

Mix It Like This: Chop corn and add water and let cook for about 15 minutes. Rub through sieve. Scald milk with onion, add this to corn pulp and add all of that to the melted fat and flour which have been mixed together. Heat until very hot, season and serve.

All winners are paid one dollar for each dairy recipe accepted. Submit *your* entry today. Mention *your* dairy's name. Write to: Tasty Dairy Dishes, P.O. Box 207, Hazleton, Pennsylvania.

BLUE
RED
YELLOW
GREEN

COLOR-FUN PAGE

COLOR EVERYTHING ON
THIS PAGE WITH YOUR CRAYONS

Drawing By FAY VALENTINE—Rhyme By FLORENCE THAYER

COLOR THE PICTURE BELOW —IT'S FUN!



The Night before Christmas finds old Santa happy
With Butter and Milk, and Cheese that is snappy,
No hungry Kiddies, and no need to fear
When fine Dairy Products are always so near.

Comments on Coming Films

By LEROY SHENEMAN

"THE TIME, THE PLACE AND THE GIRL." Starring Dennis Morgan, Jack Carson, Janis Paige and Martha Vickers. A Warner Bros. Picture. In technicolor.

Its the opening night of a club operated by Dennis Morgan, a singer, and Jack Carson, an orchestra leader. Martin Drew, manager of the Cassels, announces they are not to open because the property is not zoned for night spots. Dennis and Jack talk Martha and her grandfather into attending the opening, since Drew and the grandmother are away. They return and attempt to close the club. Trouble reigns throughout. Lots of color, music, comedy. A fine picture. You can take the kiddies.



"THE PERFECT MARRIAGE." Starring Loretta Young, David Niven, Eddie Albert, Charlie Ruggles and Virginia Field. A Paramount Picture.

After ten years of a "perfect marriage," Loretta Young and David Niven decide that the magic has disappeared from their marriage. Virginia and Eddie are involved in the spat, though not seriously. Loretta and David are reunited by the characteristics they don't like about each other. A good picture, but recommended for adults.



FOR KIDDIES ONLY

MODERN VERSIONS OF OLD FABLES AND TALES

THE THREE LITTLE PIGS

By UNCLE SID

FINAL CHAPTER

(WHAT HAS HAPPENED BEFORE) Last month we left Louie Hogg, the third little pig, successfully beating out the Hollywood agent. You will remember that the Hollywood Agent had already signed his two brothers Sammy and Morris Hogg, but it seems like Louie is giving the agent the biggest battle of them all. He's determined not to sign a Hollywood contract to appear in the little pig cartoons and you'll also remember that we left him, last month, about to admit a Western Union messenger boy into his home. At least Louie *thinks* he's a messenger boy.

NOW BEGIN THE FINAL CHAPTER OF THE MODERNIZED THREE LITTLE PIGS.

Louie opened the door and asked the messenger boy to come in.

"Sign here, Mr. Hogg," said the "messenger" as he offered the paper and pen for Louie's signature.

"My full name?" asked Louie as he took the paper in his hand.

"Yes, please," answered the "boy." There was a funny *glint* in the "boy's" eyes.

Louie signed the paper and accepted the telegram. He turned from a pretty pink to a *violent* purple in a few seconds, after he began reading the telegram.

"What—what—?" Louie spluttered. He was in a proper rage. No fooling.

"Yes?" politely asked the "boy."

"Look what it says here," and Louie read the telegram. "You are a movie actor, Louie Hogg. That paper you just signed was the bottom of your contract to appear in Piggy Cartoons." Louie gasped.

"Don't be so *startled*," said the boy as he took off his hat and removed the putty from his nose.

You guessed it! It was the Hollywood Agent and not a Messenger Boy.

"You thief." You crook! You—you—. Louie ran out of words, and for that to happen to Louie was indeed something unusual.

"Ha! Ho!" laughed the Agent, "won't your brothers be glad to hear that you are going to act in the cartoons."

"You thief! You—you—," Louie was getting in a rut. He had already said that before, but that's how Louie is when he gets angry.

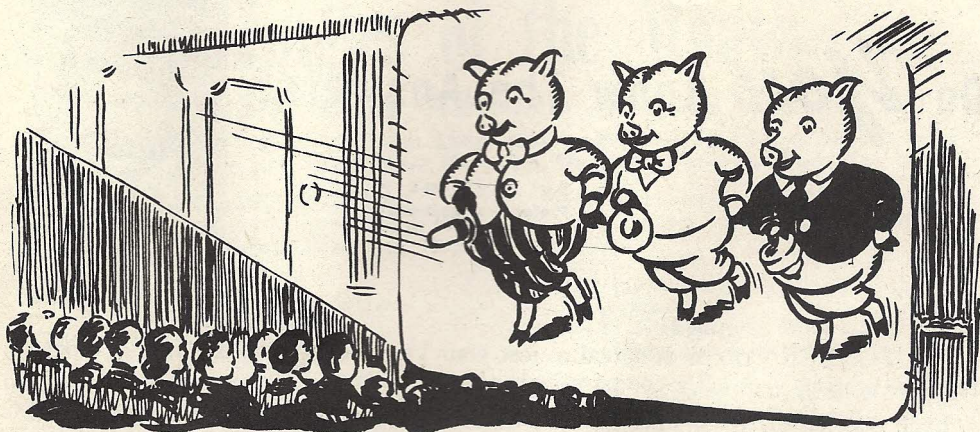
"Now look," coaxed the agent. "This isn't quite so bad. Remember we don't pay off in peanuts in Hollywood."

"Oh, no?" asked Louie, his business sense coming to the front. "What do you pay off in?"

"Well, for the three of you, I believe I can swing a deal for a total of three thousand dollars for each cartoon you make."

"Now that's a pig of a different color," said Louie. "Why didn't you tell us that in the beginning?"

"I guess, Louie," explained the agent, "it's because I like my actors to be fighters."



Well, readers, the three Hogs made their first cartoon. Maybe you even saw it last Saturday, and let me tell you it was a howling success. They live in Hollywood now, and they have a big beautiful home with a fine swimming pool. Oh, yes, the three little pigs are living off the fat of the land—which reminds me, the three of them are happy. Uh-huh, very happy. Except, of course, during this terrible food shortage, because the boys can't help noticing the headlines: "Pork Starved Nation Wants More Pigs," and "Hogs Bring Higher Prices," that, to the boys, was bad enough but the other day Sammy dug out a little piece from the back part of the newspaper that read something like this: "Slaughter more pigs or the gentlemen this season will not wear any pigskin gloves." The Hogg brothers have been in hiding ever since.

Yes, readers, there's a moral to this story. The moral might be "There are any number of ways to bring home the bacon," or "When you run away from things, you, personally, are standing still."

WORDS AND THEIR MEANINGS:

Glint—Gleam

Violent—Fierce, Mad

Startled—Excited

**WATCH FOR A COMPLETELY NEW
AND EXCITING FEATURE NEXT MONTH!**

Do *You* Know The Answers?

By JACK OLIN
Professor of Quizology



The TOPPER Quiz is designed to test your knowledge and skill. It is arranged to make scoring yourself a comparatively simple matter.

Each correct answer counts for 10 points. A perfect score will give you a total of 100 points. If you are able to place between 70 and 100 points in this quiz, you've got an excellent score. 40 to 70 is considered good and below 40 points is poor.

You'll find these names in the book "Who's Who"
To identify them properly is up to you.

1. The character on Fred Allen's program known as Senator Claghorn is in reality:
Hal Wallis ☐ Kenny Delmar ☐ Howie Jones ☐
2. The Harry James' favorite sport is:
Swimming ☐ Horse Races ☐ Polo ☐
3. The female lead in "SISTER KENNY" is played by:
Bette Davis ☐ Rosalind Russell ☐ Laraine Day ☐
4. Blanchard and Davis are backfields for:
Cornell ☐ Texas A & M ☐ Army ☐
5. The 1946 World Series was won by the:
Cardinals ☐ Yankees ☐ Dodgers ☐
6. Ted Williams, baseball star, recently signed a contract to play in:
Radio ☐ Movies ☐ Pro-baseball ☐
7. The "Sultan of Swat" was a name attached to:
Jack Dempsey ☐ Babe Ruth ☐ Clark Gable ☐
8. "Gentleman Jim" was the name given to a heavyweight champion named:
Jim Corbett ☐ Jim Corby ☐ Jim Long ☐
9. Jim Ameche is a star on the:
Screen ☐ Radio ☐ Theatre ☐
10. The youngest man to be president of the American Chamber of Commerce is:
Wm. K. Jackson ☐ Ralph Bradford ☐ Paul J. Johnson ☐

ANSWERS

- | | |
|---------------------|----------------|
| 1. Kenny Delmar | 5. Cardinals |
| 2. Horse Races | 4. Army |
| 3. Rosalind Russell | 3. Babe Ruth |
| 6. Movies | 2. Babe Ruth |
| 7. Jim Corbett | 1. Howie Jones |
| 8. Radio | |
| 9. Wm. K. Jackson | |

Jingles of the Month

\$\$ PRIZE WINNING JINGLES \$\$

Do You Have a Jingle or Poem About Milk or Milk Bottles? If so, Send It in to Contest Editor, c/o *The Topper Magazine*, Hazleton, Pa.—You May Win \$5.00.

SPECIAL AWARD—\$10.00

To—Mrs. Ruth Ward Temple (using Hillsboro Dairy Milk), Hillsboro, N. H., for her poem:

"MILK & MILKMEN!"

Yes, Milk is Tops upon the list,
O' food for Old and Young!
Its praises, every single day,
Should be on Every Tongue!

It's surely a most perfect Food!
(The Doctors will agree)
It simply is a Daily "Must"
For the Millions—"You an' Me!"

And the Folks behind this Daily Food,
Who strive in every way,
For Peak in Service—Quality,
Deserve Much Praise, Each Day!

Do customers appreciate
Their efforts? Yes, they do!
Although the times it's so expressed,
Perhaps are all too few.

If temperatures are Ninety plus—
Or Ten Below—and More—
The Milkman makes the usual rounds!
Your Milk is at the door!

So here's a slogan—BUY MORE MILK!
And just remember, too,
To often pass the DAIRY FOLKS
A GRATEFUL WORD or TWO!

Most folks agree

'Tis cheaper to buy Milk than to keep a cow;

And, as for me,

I'd rather wash BOTTLES than cows anyhow!

By—V. Kirkpatrick, Sellersville, Pa.
(Using Hendrick's Milk)

Among the fancy high-priced foods,
All textured smooth as silk,
There's none for all our bodies' needs
That serves as well as milk!

By—Mr. Ray Romine, Marion, Ohio.
(Using Parrish's Milk)

I'm just a dusty bottle,
Upon your cupboard shelf.
I have no tongue to tell you,
No way to help myself.

If I could talk, I'd tell you,
Just what I wish you'd do.
Just put me out upon your porch,
As soon as you are through.

By—Miss Marcelyn Steininger, Auburn, Ind. (Auburn Milk)

Send me back, friends, to my CART . . .
For I am empty—sad at heart;
But when I'm full, I'm full of glee
Yes! Good sweet milk does that for me!

By—Mr. Roger Warren, Blossburg, Pa.
(Using Krause's Milk)

HOW'S YOUR MEMORY?

OCTOBER WINNERS

FIRST PRIZE . . . \$5.00

Mrs. E. F. Donahue, Altoona, Pa.

WINNERS OF \$1.00

Mrs. Laura E. Everly, Sellersville, Pa.

Miss Hazel Foss, Trenton, N. J.

Geraldine Rowlands, Reading, Pa.

Mrs. Ann Tomaszewski, Middletown, Conn.

Miss Lila Severance, Oneonta, N. Y.

Mrs. Harold McInturf, Auburn, Ind.

Mrs. Kenneth E. Derr, Northumberland, Pa.

Mrs. Harold Smith, East Stroudsburg, Pa.

Mrs. E. H. Wise, Beaver Falls, Pa.

Mrs. Carrie Cannon, Jamesville, N. Y.

Kenneth Stebbins, Alfred, N. Y.

Miss Josephine Waller, Freemansburg, Pa.

Mrs. Mary Bobarsky, Shenandoah, Pa.

Miss Lucy Letterio, Erie, Pa.

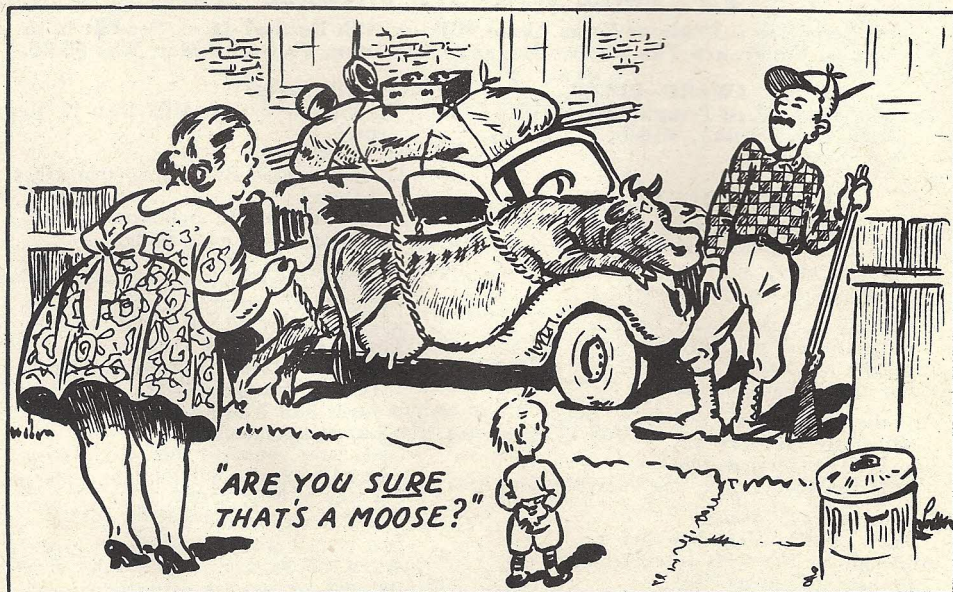
IN WHICH ISSUE OF THE TOPPER DID THIS PHOTO APPEAR?

MAIL ENTRY TO:
THE TOPPER, HAZLETON, PA.



Entries bearing earliest postmarks win First prize of \$5.00. Next 14 entries receive \$1.00 each. Mention your dairy's name

Topper Cartoons of The Month!



SHORT STORY CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

in peace. That don't mean anything to him and so I argue a bit with him about how folks around here don't like vermin dirtying up their boys but no matter what I explained he acts pretty wild—like a wild colt. That's probably how he killed himself, walking around excited like that—folks always doing that—get excited and can't see nothing but red and then trip over something and get killed because they don't keep their tempers."

"You left him there?"

"Yeh, not 'til this morning does Doc tell me that there's a city fella dead in the hotel—'pears he met with a accident, Doc says."

"Doc says?" The detective queried.

"Yeh, he sure is stubborn, too. Never changes his mind, either. Doc's County Coroner, you know, and when he reports something no one ever changes it. No siree, not Doc."

"I'll check that death certificate."

"You'll find it like I say, stranger, I watched Doc make it up."

"Pretty much interested in this, aren't you, buddy?"

"Not so very, stranger." Forgetting himself, Willie took his left hand out of his pocket and began walking away

The detective's eyes lit up.

"Hey, wait a minute, fella. Where'd you get that bandaged hand?"

Willie stopped and came back, a murderer's glint shown in his eyes. He looked at the bandaged hand and smiled, wisely.

"Yesterday, over by Luke Hilton's farm—huntin' vermin, I was. Ask Luke—he'll tell you—'pears like Luke saw it happen. We don't like vermin in these parts, stranger."

He put his bandaged left hand back in his pocket. He strolled away leaving the detective to his own thoughts and uncertainties.—THE END.

CHILD CARE . . .

By ELIZABETH R. WRIGHT



Thanks to Marjorie Harrison Greene of Pittsburgh, for the inspirational poem she sent me for this feature.

This poem, I'm sure, will offer a capsule course on the importance of love and attention to our growing youngsters.

A COOKIE JAR

A house should have a cookie jar,
For when it's half past three
And children all come hurrying home,
As hungry as can be.
There's nothing quite so pleasant
To fill their tummies up;
As fluffy, puffy ginger cakes,
And sweet *MILK* in a cup.

A house should have a Mother,
Waiting with a hug
No matter what her child brings home
Be it a puppy or a bug,
For only children loiter
When the school bell rings "dismiss"
Who do not have a Mother
Waiting with a hug and kiss.

Children are people just like you and me. It is the children of today who make up the world of tomorrow, and therein lies OUR grave responsibility! We parents dream, when these little tots enter the world, that they will grow up to be rather important people, people that we'll be proud of. The fact that a child is lovable and charming, talented or courteous, doesn't always mean that these traits are inherited. Invariably, these desirable traits and characteristics are the result of proper home training.

There are not many of us mothers who will take time out to give our children some extra attention. How

many of us have bridge engagements, hairdresser appointments, and other activities that keep us away from home, leaving the youngsters to look out for themselves? Let's grow up with our children. Let's have fun together, share secrets, treat them as grown-ups, extend courtesies to them!

A complete, never failing love is the most beautiful of human attributes. It will be of no value, however, unless there is sense as well as sentiment, practiced discipline, and standards of quality to which both parents and children adhere. Never focus continued criticism or approval upon your child. Follow a middle course.

Mothers, it's impossible to over-emphasize the importance of treating our children like the "big people" they really are. Don't you agree?

Another reader has contributed a poem which we believe is very appropriate for this month.

ODE TO DAD

Trudging thru snow with plenty of
sleet,
With a cold in your head and ice-
covered feet.
No store too afar, nothing lost to the
cause
To make you renowned as "Dad Santa
Claus."

Behind The Bandstand

WITH MICHAEL KING



DUKE ELLINGTON & COMPANY



Edward Kennedy Ellington was born in Washington, D. C. The name "Duke" was bestowed on him by a friend.

He picked up music by ear and some time later, began to learn to read music. He played at some jobs in D. C., but left for New York with the five piece orchestra he headed. There he increased the size of his band and his knowledge of music. His real beginning started in Harlem, where he wrote his own compositions, and brought forward the "swing era."

In 1933, he toured Europe, where he did a series of concerts. His audience included the Prince of Wales, who owns the finest collection of Ellington Records in Europe.

The "Duke" reads books on Negro history, prehistoric African art and the Bible. He likes playing cards (no poker sessions), man-to-man games like gin rummy or pinochle, for modest stakes. He is fond enough of food to remember in what section of the country the best

is obtained.

To list the parade of the Duke's hits is almost an impossibility because he has been responsible for almost a thousand compositions as well as their brilliantly different arrangements. A hurried survey reveals that a fountain of contributions to popular songdom must be credited to the Duke's high talent. "Solitude," "Mood Indigo," "Sophisticated Lady," "It Don't Mean a Thing If It Ain't Got That Swing," "I Got It Bad and That Ain't Good," "Do Nothin' Till You Hear From Me" are but a few of the jewels in Ellington's diadem of so-called standards.

In addition to the Duke's prowess as a member of Tin Pan Alley's elite, a separate dissertation would be required to put the spotlight on Ellington's more serious compositions for the concert stage. Indeed such works as "Black and Beige" and the more recent "Perfume Suite," and "Bluetopia" are today recognized as symphonic jazz at its best.

At no time in the fabulous history of the Duke's contribution to the world of song, have his records been more in demand. The "standards," first made by the Duke some years ago, are today selling at a premium. His latest hits scarcely have time to reach dealer shelves before they are sold out via advance orders. Thus it has been year in and year out, ever since Ellington launched his first songs and made his bid for the fame which has since rightfully come his way.

Our hats off to Duke Ellington, a national favorite in the music world.

BE SMART

Fashion Hints

By Helen Paul

Thank goodness, shopping this Christmas will not be the ordeal it has been these past few years! Do you remember the frantic searching we indulged in to find those elusive gifts? This year's shopper will find many items again available and surprisingly enough, at fairly reasonable prices, too. You will also find many new items which are making their grand and dramatic debut on the market.

WATCH FOR the new and gay (and saucy!) berets which will be shown. They will look well on everyone with their various tilts hither and yon! The very ultra and bewitching feather hats—or just plain feathers—will be smartly featured . . . and smartly worn, too! **THE FAVORITES** . . . Boys' hats with those warm earmuffs and the sweet, pert, peaked hats for girls . . . will be plentiful.

BE SURE TO SEE the fur or lamb's wool mittens with the intricately added leather and nail head adornments . . . and with leather palms, too!

SWEATERS . . . always popular and warm. The new **JACQUARD** with the animal motif in varied designs, are really a "must" for the teen-agers!

ZIPPERS ARE BACK on boots, at long last, and slippers **ARE** glamorous whether they are the tailored style or the fluffy style that feel so rich.

MAKE IT . . . The above mentioned berets, girls' hats, and skating ensembles, can be made by you. To really dress them up, try some hand embroidery or applique to add to their beauty. The patterns are obtainable.



JEWELRY has made a showing of many startling and glowing new designs. The **CHATELAINE** has scooped first place with its great utility value.

SKATING ENSEMBLES, whether given complete, or just the skirt, def-

NO HOLIDAY FOR THE COW!

Nice thing about cows — they very conveniently work each day, holidays notwithstanding, for which we can be thankful. It's almost reasonable to assume that the cud-chewing cow gives deep and heavy thought to one of America's biggest problems today, the problem of supplying milk to a very hungry country.

An important job the cow has, with plenty of responsibility.

Milk, and products made from milk, always hold a prominent spot in Mrs. Housewife's food menus. Now, during the festive period of Christmas, milk is spot-lighted as not only an *important* food, but also as one of the few foods

that has any REAL dollar value.

Certainly every one realizes that milk is nature's most perfect food, but alas, everyone does not realize that milk is the housewife's most important BUY.

Last month we explained in the TOPPER the actual dollar for dollar value of milk over other foods that find their varied ways to our not-so-groaning boards. You can make comparative figures in your own home. Begin with the startling fact that milk ACTUALLY sells for ten cents per pound. Compare it with other foods which sell on a per pound basis and the results you arrive at will astonish you.

GIVING OUR DAIRY A REAL CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

The gift you can give us, and for which we shall be very grateful, is passing the word around that our dairy needs its milk bottles urgently.

Make it clear to some of these bottle-

hoarders that it isn't at all necessary to use gayly colored paper or bright red ribbons in getting these bottles to us. Honestly, just a reasonably clean bottle will be fine.

THE RETURN OF BOTTLES (Pardon the Pun) WILL NOT BE AN "EMPTY" GESTURE





JUST A MINUTE!

HUMOR...

AMERICA'S SECRET WEAPON

CANDOR

Little Grace was having dinner at a friend's house, and as she finished her dessert, the hostess asked, "Will you have another helping of ice cream, Grace?" "No, thank you," the girl refused politely. "Oh, do have some more," urged the woman. "Well, I don't know," the girl hesitated. "Mummy told me to be polite and say, 'No thank you,' but I don't think she knew how small the first helping would be."

MEMORY TRAINING

"It embarrasses me," the new boarder informed an old-timer, "that I can never remember the landlady's name." "Why, that's a cinch," replied the other. "Her name's Womack, and that rhymes with stomach. Well, here's where you get your stomach filled, so, Womack-stomach. Get it?" "Gee thanks," said the new boarder gratefully. Next morning when he came down to breakfast, he called out confidently, "Good morning, Mrs. Kelly."

OH, SO RIGHT!

A woman was helping her husband pick out a new suit, but the two disagreed over the one to be chosen. "Oh, very well," cried the woman finally, "go ahead and please yourself. After all, I guess you're the one who'll wear the suit." "Well, dear," said the man meekly, "I did figure that I'd probably be wearing the coat and vest anyway."

". . . LEADING THE BLIND!"

A man had helped his friends into a

hotel room, then called the doctor. The doctor asked, "Do you see any pink elephants or white monkeys on the wall?" "Nope," replied the patient. "Do you see any butterflies or birds?" asked the doctor again. "Nope," came the answer again. The friend was a little dubious about the doctor's prediction that the patient would be all right after a good night's sleep. "My friend's in bad shape," he confided to the desk clerk. "Didja hear 'im say there were no animals when I saw with my own eyes that the room was full o' them."

NO CONSOLATION

A minister had been playing golf with one of his flock. This man was much older and played a better game of golf, beating the minister rather badly. They returned to the clubhouse, and the preacher's face held that look of disappointment. "Don't be sad, Reverend, you'll win in the end, for one of these days you'll be burying me." Pondering over these words, the still unhappy minister answered, "Even then it will be your hole."

ADDING INSULT TO INJURY

A dentist had gone out to collect some bills, but returned home very angry. "What's the matter honey," asked his wife, "didn't you get the money?" The irate dentist answered, "No, I didn't, but this one man had the audacity to gnash my own teeth at me."

AN APOLOGY TO TOPPER READERS

The publishers of The Topper Magazine and your dairy wish to apologize for the lateness of deliveries this past few months.

Here's the reasons for this lateness:

1. A peak demand of transportation facilities from paper mill to your front door.
2. A greater demand upon the paper and printing industry for more printed material—a demand that is the greatest in the history of the world.

We ask your indulgence until the situation is permanently cleared up.

THE PUBLISHER

1946 DECEMBER 1946						
SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31				

Note: If You Receive Your Milk E.O.D. You Can Use This
Specially Prepared Calendar As Your Tally Sheet.