

50¢

# Benedict Adams

## ALBUM



COMPLIMENTS OF YOUR  
FRIENDLY PURE OIL DEALER

Be sure  with Pure

Celebrating 25 YEARS with radio and newspaper

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Congratulations "Mr. Northwest"...

As we move into the second  
quarter century of broadcasting,  
we cannot help but salute  
you for your contribution to  
the greatest mass medium  
of all time ... radio!



WCCO... The Star's Address... CBS

## FOREWORD

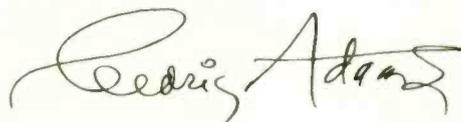
Twenty-five years of toil in any man's experience represents quite a span. The burdens of daily work and its numberless responsibilities provide a sort of pageant no matter what our individual pursuits are. Many things fuse to forge the happy experiences, the pleasant activities, the successful plans of what we loosely refer to as life.

In a full quarter century of newspapering and broadcasting, there have been events, movements, and personalities interwoven to provide what I hope will be a pictorial collection of sufficient interest for a backdrop of the "score and five" which are now being completed.

Surely you have sat in your own living room and thumbed through boxes and collections of old pictures taken of you and yours through the years. That's exactly what I did in compiling the photographs for this album. My own collection was augmented by the files in the library at the Minneapolis Star and in the publicity department at WCCO.

I doubt very much you'll find very many memorable pictures in the collection. They aren't pictures of big events, because I'm like the Uncle Elmer or the Aunt Minnie or the Cousin Alma in your album, mine has been pretty much the simple life. The pictures cover both the personal and the public aspects of 25 years as a newspaper and radio reporter.

You readers and listeners have made this Silver Anniversary a happy occasion. You have provided a responsiveness, an affectionate environment for my work. May I say simply and sincerely thank you.



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I'VE KNOWN THE GUY that's getting out this book for five years, but I'll bet he's never told you how we got acquainted. Two years before I ever laid an eye on him, I was getting telegrams and letters from him at the rate of three or four a week. There was never anything personalized in the telegrams or letters beyond a, "Dear Godfrey". He was sending me quips, anecdotes, and gags. I used a lot of them and credited them to him. In those two years, I never wrote to him either. First time I ever met him was out at Wold Chamberlain airport when I arrived for the first Aquatennial show. Nobody thought to introduce us because they thought we were old friends. And I guess we were, even though we had never met.

After I visited you out there in Minnesota and saw how you were accepting this mailbag friend of mine, I figured he should become a member of our great Columbia family, so I began a campaign. A proud day it was for me when he substituted on the Lipton Talent Scout show, and a prouder day it was for me when I introduced him on his own five-minute Columbia Network show.

He's the most inquisitive guy I've ever known—sixty questions an hour is a slow rate for him. And his appetite tops his curiosity. I had him down at the farm for two days and it took two weeks to replenish the Godfrey cupboard.

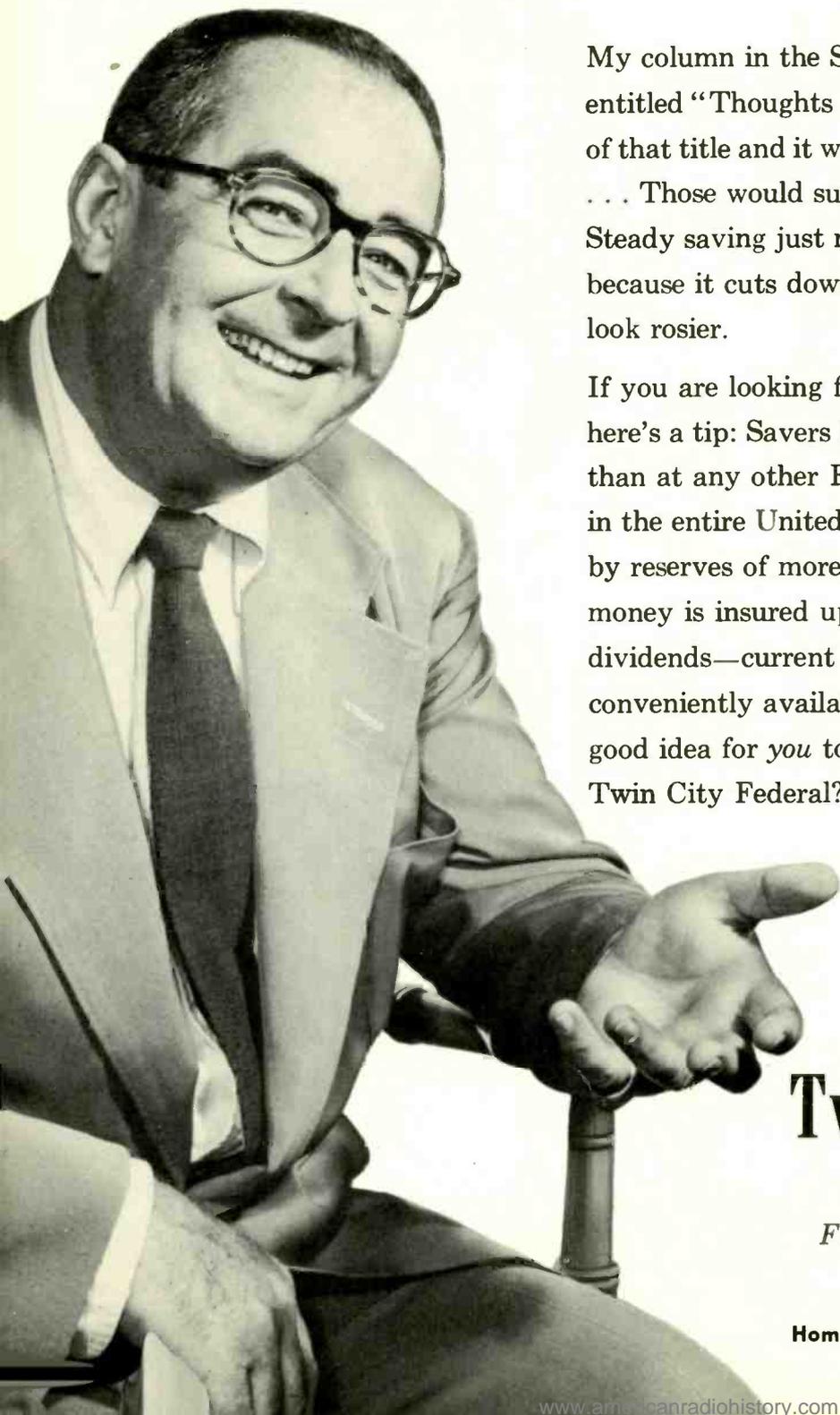
If you don't like his album, ask for your money back. I'm sure he's the kind of guy who'll give it to you. While I have you now, let me thank all of you for listening.

Sincerely yours,



# Here's a cheerful idea, folks!

—Cedric Adams



My column in the Sunday paper usually has a paragraph entitled "Thoughts While Shaving." Drop one letter out of that title and it would become "Thoughts While *Saving*." . . . Those would sure be *cheerful* thoughts, wouldn't they? Steady saving just naturally makes a person feel cheerful, because it cuts down his worries and makes his future look rosier.

If you are looking for a good place to keep your savings, here's a tip: Savers keep more money at Twin City Federal than at any other Federal savings and loan association in the entire United States. Savings there are protected by reserves of more than \$4,000,000, and each saver's money is insured up to \$10,000. Your savings earn liberal dividends—current rate  $2\frac{1}{2}\%$ —and are always conveniently available. Doesn't it seem like a pretty good idea for *you* to have an account at friendly Twin City Federal?



## Twin City Federal SAVINGS & LOAN

*First in Savings among All Federals  
in the U.S.*

Home Office: Eighth and Marquette, Minneapolis  
St. Paul Office: Sixth and Robert



# Family Album



**THE ADAMS ANCESTORS:** Mother and father were married in Adrian, Minnesota at the turn of the century. This is their wedding picture. Note mother's off-the-shoulder dress. Imagine the endurance father must have had to take that collar.

Winters were tough in the early days. This is the storm coat of 1908. That visorless chin-chilla cap pulled down to provide ear laps.



Happy little family group in our living room at Magnolia. A leather rocker, a bamboo end table, and kerosene lamp were typical of homes in the early 1900's. And what cluttered walls we had in those days.

To have a picture taken was a production in Magnolia. We had to hire a team, drive seven miles to Luverne. The sailor suit was what the well-dressed lad of five wore in 1907.

Funny we didn't rock ourselves to death in those comfortable times. This is another view of our living room which shows four rockers in one room. And look at the drape on the curtains in the bay window.

Father was a hunter, always kept bird dogs around the place. How the neighbors loved those dogs, oh yeah! Cement sidewalks were unheard of. Even at the age of 3, I had trouble crossing my legs.





Everybody loves his alma mater. The building at the left is still very dear to me because my first eight grades of formal education occurred here.

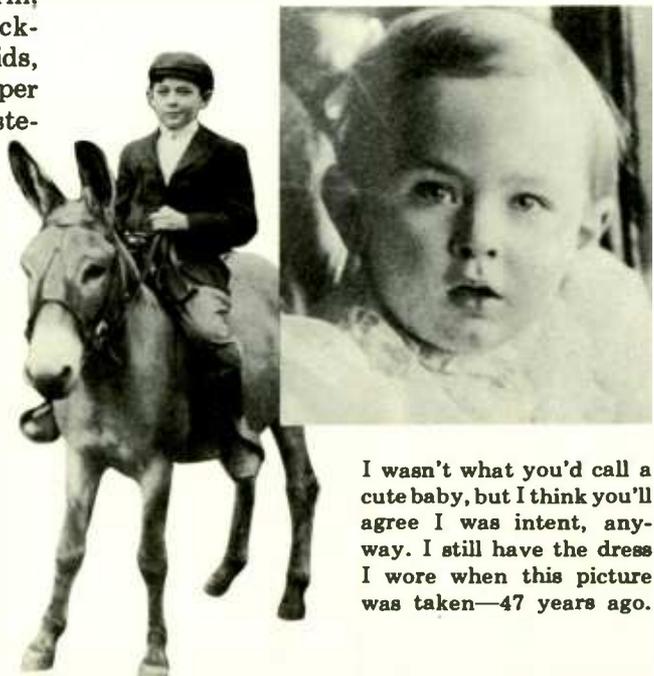
I've kidded a lot about my home town of Magnolia and my birth place, Adrian, eight miles to the east, but, believe me, I wouldn't swap that small town background for all the gold in Ft. Knox. Youngsters who have missed the privilege of playing in a lumber yard, in a Farmer's elevator, a stock yard or along the railroad siding, have suffered a genuine childhood loss.

The two-room schoolhouse with the first four grades on the lower floor and the next four grades on the second floor is a precious memory indeed. An event it was to get out of the fourth grade and upstairs with the big kids. I can still remember the seats we had in the Magnolia school, the big hot air registers, the recitation benches up in front, the teacher's desk on an elevated platform, the noise the chalk made on the blackboards, the paper chains we made as kids, the interwoven mats we made of paper strips, the privilege of passing the waste-

paper basket just before school was out, swapping sandwiches from our lunch pail, the chill of the cloakroom, the ice-crusting overshoes that lined the floor in the winter time—yes, a thousand memories come back from those reading and writing and 'rithmetic days.

Childhood is an esteemed thing for all of us. And have you ever noticed how easy it is to recall events and scenes from childhood? Ask me what happened in 1936 or in 1949 and you've stumped me, but I can remember almost every detail of the schoolhouse above. I can remember climbing on the donkey below when that picture was taken.

Take it easy on your wisecracks. This burro belonged to an itinerant photographer.



I wasn't what you'd call a cute baby, but I think you'll agree I was intent, anyway. I still have the dress I wore when this picture was taken—47 years ago.

# MAGNOLIA TODAY

Everybody likes to return to his hometown. The buildings look squattier, the streets narrower, and the people older. But your love for the place never vanishes. The

bank where my mother and father worked was on the left. The pool hall, the hardware store, and the post office followed. The hitching posts are gone.



Magnolia's Main street hasn't changed much through the years. The old saloon has become a cocktail lounge and steak house; the ice-house has gone; the lumber wagon, the horses and such cars as the Hupmobile, the Rambler, the Carnation, the Velie, the Moon, the Winton Six, and the White Steamer are no longer in evidence. The thoroughfare is still typical, nevertheless.



Curious how the house of your childhood lingers in your memory. I hadn't been in this house for nearly 40 years and yet I could remember every nook and cranny. That base-burner, the Perfection kerosene stove, and stained glass windows in the attic, the dangerously steep cellar steps were very familiar ground. The iron pump was new, ours was a wooden one.

Nearly every small town kid has recited a Christmas piece from the stage of the "old opery house". Magnolia's is still standing. Even the stage curtain is still there. I did my first recitation here, saw my first movie, attended my first Royal Neighbor Supper in this town hall.



The general merchandise store hasn't changed much, either. The potbellied stove still draws town and country folk for daily exchange of gossip. The super market may never hit Magnolia. The general merchandise store is more than just a place to shop. It's the heart of the whole community. (How do you suppose I got alongside those boxes of Dreft?)

A Sunday school reunion after 40 years is an experience. Four of our original Magnolia Sunday school class sit in the same seats we occupied as boys. Mike Helling, Jimmy Dean, and Harry Dean join in a hymn.



The village blacksmith shop always held a fascination for us kids. Harry Dean is Magnolia's second generation blacksmith. Remember the sparks, the smell of burning hoof, the smoke of the forge?





SIMON LEGREE . . . .



WHIP-LASHER . . . .

## *Bosses:*

Four men rule my life. And if you think women are gabby, you should hear these guys yip. Drive, drive, drive! You'll notice they're all smiling. To give you an idea how rare those expressions are, it took us five and a half months to get these shots.

Actually, they're very tolerant gents.

Through the years, they've put up with a lot—tardiness, fluffs, mis-use of the hyphen, running over-time on the air, and bum spelling.

All that I am or ever hope to be I owe to my darling bosses. They have advised, guided, admonished, and understood.

**Identification:** Gideon Seymour, executive editor, Minneapolis Star and Tribune (*upper left*)  
Gene Wilkey, general manager, Radio Station WCCO (*upper right*)  
David Silverman, managing editor, Minneapolis Star (*lower left*)  
William Steven, executive editor, Minneapolis Sunday Tribune (*lower right*)



SLAVE-DRIVER . . . .



PANTS-PRODGER . . . .

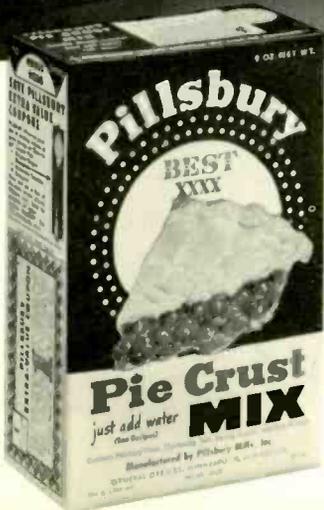
*Hats Off to Famous Pillsbury  
Pie Crust Salesman*

# Cedric Adams!

*Cedric says:* "Take the word of an old pie hand. This Pillsbury Pie Crust Mix makes the flakiest crust you ever laid a fork to.

"That's because it's Chill-Blended by an exclusive Pillsbury process that gives you flakier crust every time.

"Get several packages of Pillsbury Pie Crust Mix from your grocer's shelf and put them on your shelf so you can turn out the kind of pie everyone loves any time you want."



Enjoy an  
"Easy Five" with **CEDRIC ADAMS**  
**3:40 P.M., E.S.T., CBS Radio Network**  
*Every weekday afternoon*

Results are talked about a lot in radio. I had no idea how much one hundred million dollars might be. Roy Larsen, president of Twin City Federal Savings and Loan, offered his congratulations when his firm passed that mark in resources. Our WCCO 10 p. m. newscast, which Twin City Federal sponsors three times a week, had helped in obtaining that figure.



A paneled office and a secretary is a goal we strugglers like to achieve. The Minneapolis Star was generous, gave me mine ten years ago. The day usually begins here. Mail averages 300 pieces a day; phone calls, 150; callers from 12 to 20. The young lady on the right is Meredith Woods, six years on her job.

25 hours a day...



WCCO's assistant news director Chuck Sarjeant and News Writer Harry Reasoner start preparation of news broadcasts. Five news teletypes bring world news to WCCO's six member news staff for rewrite. From a world crisis item to a city brief, these boys give their expert handling.





The Peters Meat Company, makers of Porkettes and 56 other kinds of meat products, for a year sponsored "I'll Never Forget", one of the most fun shows I've ever done. Bob and Bill Peters, two executives of the company, and I lunched at Charlie's about once a month. The Peters boys always brought their own Porkettes.



It's always a pleasant duty to sign a new contract, especially when it covers 52 weeks. Carl Ward, sales manager of WCCO at that time and Art Lund, vice president and radio director of Campbell-Mithun, Inc., advertising agency, watch as Milton Griggs, President of Griggs Cooper and Company signed for Home Brand foods.

Have you ever wished there were more hours in the day? Frequently I can't find time to do all the things I'd like to do. Belying up to a microphone or a typewriter four or five times a day isn't all there is involved in this strange vocation of mine. There are such things as special events, fan mail, meetings with sponsors, arranging for guest stars, a half dozen conferences a day, out of town bookings, and all kinds of extra-curricular activities. That's why on some days I wish I had an extra hour or two to devote to the many interesting sidelights of my workaday. Pictures on these two pages portray some of these activities.



Ten years with a single sponsor is a pleasant record. Joe Tombers, vice president of the Purity Baking Company, together with other Purity staff members, helped celebrate our tenth year on the air for Taystee. It's well beyond that now.



Ted Hagg, owner of Sirona (Wisconsin) Steak House, gazes smilingly at a parade of beauty queens at the Balsam Lake annual festival. Mrs. Murray Dawson, Balsam Lake summer resident, also served as judge.



Our talent shows are in their sixth year. Sabina Ann Godfredson, 17 year old violinist, won the first "Phillips 66" \$1,000 scholarship award. Upper Midwest Phillips 66 dealers provide two such scholarships annually.



Meeting people is a pleasant task and the more so when you sit opposite one of Minnesota's charmers. Arlene Dahl, a Minneapolis lovely who has gone great guns in Hollywood, stopped in at WCCO for a visit.



One of the first projects "This Corner" ever attempted was entertainment of some 3,000 orphaned and underprivileged youngsters at Excelsior Amusement Park. Entire facilities at the park were donated. The Minneapolis and St. Louis Railroad provided three special trains to carry the youngsters from Minneapolis to Excelsior. Many of the kids had their first train ride then. Twin Cities business firms gave

free wieners, pop, ice cream and souvenirs for every child. The war caused interruption of the event and unsettled conditions since have prevented resumption of the outing. The tug of war above was one of dozens of events of the day.

## PROJECTS . . .

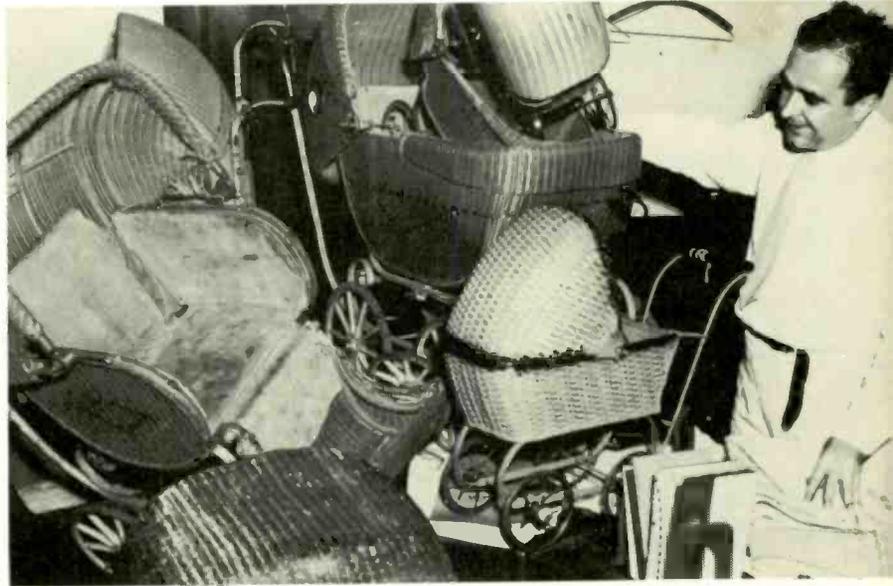
When a great newspaper and a great radio station provide their facilities to an individual, and that individual develops a loyal and responsive audience, there's a tremendous force available "to do good". Inside almost every man and woman is an urge to help. Harnessing that urge has been one of the most stimulating experiences I've had during the last 25 years.

Playing the role of middleman has developed a series of what we call "projects". On the one hand, we have these mediums which reach a great number of people, on the other hand there are these undertakings which need support. It has been a joy, indeed, to use the facilities of the newspaper and the radio station in carrying projects to a happy conclusion.

This is the hand of Harold Beldo, 27, whose ring finger was ripped off by a firecracker. Harold's injured hand was one of the exhibits before the Minnesota State Legislature in a successful campaign to abolish the sale and use of fire-



crackers in the state. More than 50,000 backers of the anti-firecracker campaign was started in 1941, the law passed shortly thereafter and Fourth of July's have been safer and saner since. Harold's hand helped, so did thousands of you.



One of the first indications I ever had of the responsiveness in readers came from a one line appeal in The Star. An unfortunate youngster had somebody steal her baby buggy. The mention brought baby buggies from as far away as Montana. The surplus was given to orphanages. It was the baby buggy appeal that set off the series of projects. I knew that I had a warm, generous group of persons who were willing to help any time they could.

Do clothes make the man? Back in '45 the Minneapolis Men's Fashion Council conducted a stunt to prove the slogan: "Dress Well, Do Well". We took a resident from one of the flop houses in the Gateway district, a 43 year old veteran of World War II, a bachelor. The picture on the left shows him as he was dressed the morning he left the flop house. The right photo shows the same individual after the Minneapolis Men's Fashion Council dolled him up. Three days later, strictly on his own, with his noticeably improved appearance, he had landed a job at the highest figure for which he had ever worked, and six months later, was still progressing with the firm. We haven't been in contact with him since, but there was every indication that he was going to do well following his initial rehabilitation.



Marie Anderson and three of her children leave their converted oil station home to embark on a new life. Thanks to the generosity of thousands and thousands of contributors to the Penny Parade. The Anderson family has had four years in the Heart Home. Not only did contributors build, furnish, and pay for the home, but their donations also provided a trust fund which still supplies the living for the entire Anderson family.

## HEART HOME



There's a monument to the generosity of folks in our upper midwest and it isn't a towering mass of granite nor a man on a horse nor an obelisk sitting in a park. Instead, it's a home with a mother and children and atmosphere and love and an abiding faith.

A sightless mother and her four children had been abandoned. One of the children was a victim of polio. They were almost without funds. The story of their need was a simple one to tell and the telling of it was all that was needed to open up the hearts of thousands and thousands of willing givers. The "monument" is located at 4050 Forty-second Avenue South. The house went up in record time, the furnishings were moved in, and a family of five suddenly found new horizons. A devout woman's prayers had been answered.





First dinner in the Heart Home was a glorious occasion. Curly's Theater Cafe not only sent the chef, waitresses and a complete Easter meal, but also entertainers who performed during the dinner to the delight of the entire Anderson family.



Marie Anderson studied piano while a student at the School For The Blind. One of her big delights in the new home was a brand new piano, one of the many special furnishings supplied by donors to the Penny Parade and the Heart Home.



Marie has been sightless most of her life. In spite of her handicap, she does all of her own housework, her own cooking, baking, and sewing. Here she is at her electric range, quite a jump from a tiny wood stove in the original converted oil station.



A yard all their own has been a boon to the Anderson youngsters. This recent picture was taken of the oldest at play in the yard as it looks today.

One of the most memorable occasions in 25 years of newspapering was the first morning's mail of the Penny Parade. Pennies came in by the thousands, so did ones, fives, and twenties. Unions offered their help, architects and contractors agreed to put up the house; plumbing and electrical concerns donated fixtures and wiring. Department stores and suppliers gave furnishings and it wasn't long until the Heart Home and the trust fund were complete—thanks again to the generous spirit and cooperation of readers and listeners.





Hale Byers, Minneapolis advertising executive and former member of Paul Whiteman's original band, brought "Pops" Whiteman to Abbott where the three of us compared stubble.

## *The Story of a Broken Leg*

One of the funniest cracks I ever had made against me occurred as the result of the only broken bone I ever had. John Cowles, President of the Minneapolis Star and Tribune, had invited me to play tennis at his summer home at Lake Minnetonka. I went over by boat from Wayzata to John's house, docked down in front, and then walked up to the tennis courts. I played the first set in slacks and decided they were too warm so I hiked back to the boat to put on a pair of shorts. (Yes, I know, there should be a law against men of my proportions in shorts). After I had made the change, I jumped from the back of the boat down onto John's dock.

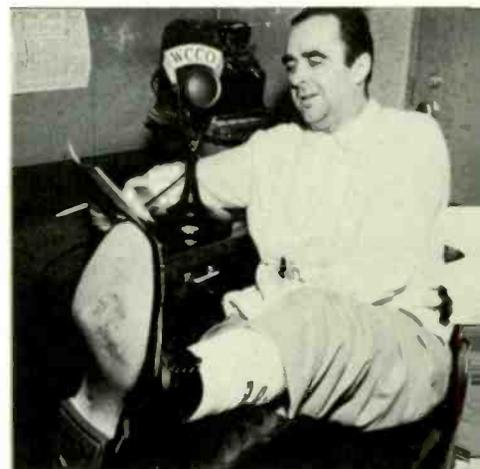
As I landed, I heard something crack, thought at first it was John's dock, discovered in a matter of seconds that it was my left ankle. I shouted for help and my host called for an ambulance. During the interval, I lay on the dock with my injured hoof in the cool, caressing waters of Lake Minnetonka. The ambulance arrived minutes later and a crowd gathered on the highway above. Two ambulance attendants came down and loaded me on a stretcher and here comes the punch line. I heard about this weeks later. A woman in the crowd gazed down at me as I lay on the stretcher, turned to her husband and said, "Oh, look, there's been another drowning. And see how bloated he is!"

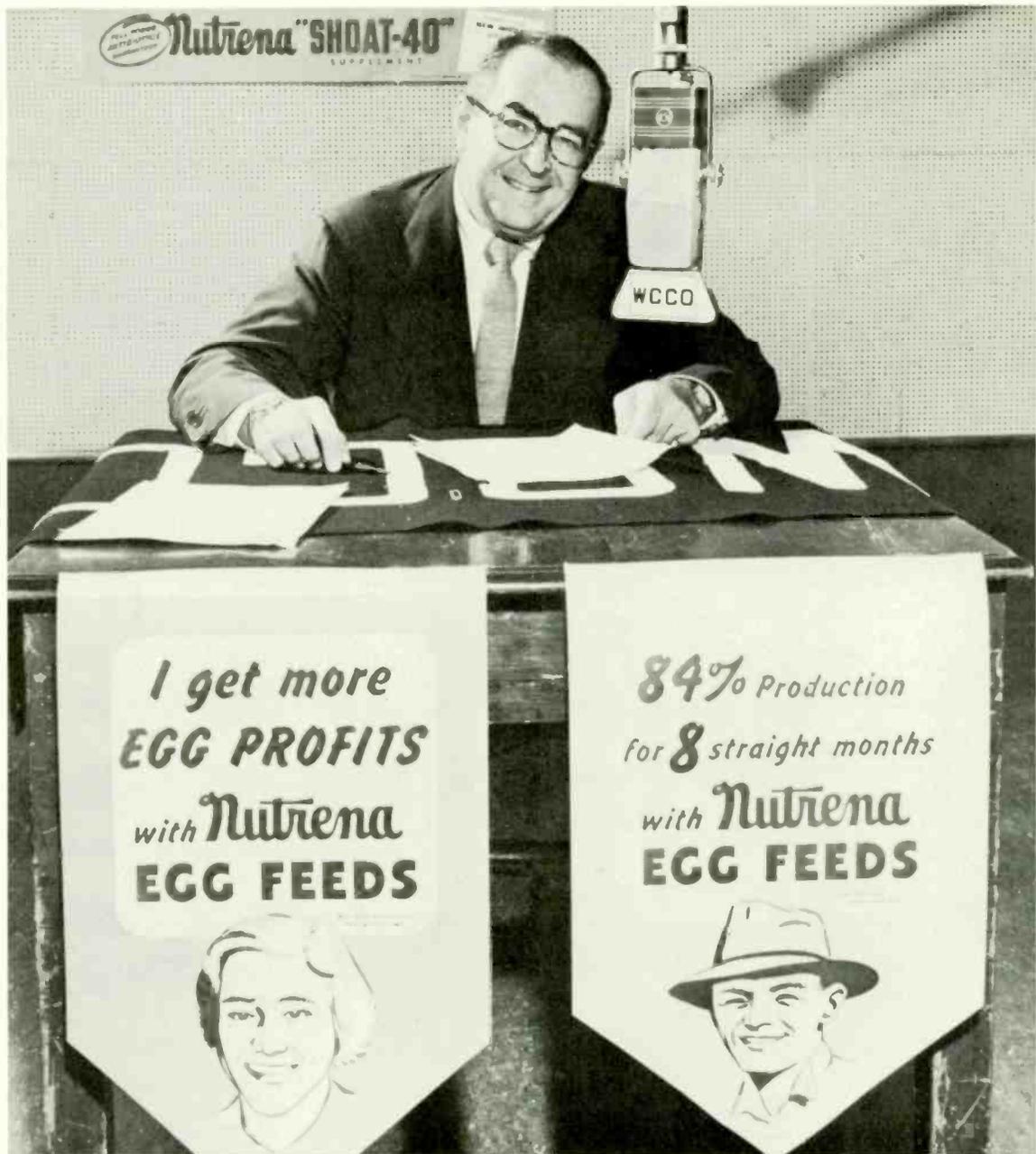
Nineteen days in Abbott Hospital where, flat on my back, I never missed a column or a broadcast, brought visitors and well-wishers by the score, snarled hospital routine and finally produced complete recovery.



Three times a day nurses arranged the tilting bed and pillows to make it possible for broadcasting and column writing.

You don't realize how important a foot is until you lose the use of it. After my hospital release, this was my broadcast position for more than a month. The darned ankle still bothers me occasionally.





## A special word of thanks to our farm friends

I want you to know how deeply I appreciate your constant loyalty and support of my Sunday Noon News program at 12:30. Since I've been telling you folks about those wonderful Nutrena Feeds on this show, more and more of you have switched to Nutrena. You've

discovered for yourselves why Nutrena Feeds have been "Voted Best" in a 14 state area from Canada to Mexico. A thousand thanks — from the good folks at Nutrena and myself.



Godfrey didn't realize it at the time, but he was bussed on his first arrival in Minneapolis by a lass who later was to become the most photogenic girl in television, Dolores Rosedale, now Cover Girl Roxanne. She was Arthur's first official greeter.

# Aquatennial Time . . .

The Redhead's initial Aquatennial appearance brought one of the largest crowds ever to assemble at Wold Chamberlain airport for the reception of any public figure. The crowd jammed the airport terminal, filled the ramps, spilled onto the field itself with thousands clamoring for just a fleeting glimpse of the man who then was Mr. Radio. Big, bubbling Bob DeHaven did one of his most masterful emcee performances in welcoming Godfrey at the airport and presenting him to avid admirers.





One of Godfrey's first chores was learning the lyrics of "Minneapolis At Aquatennial Time", official festival song by Mason Mallory.

Arthur Godfrey's initial guest appearance at the WCCO Aquatennial Show started a long string of guest celebrities. Following in the footsteps of the Redhead from Virginia were such notables as Vice President Alben Barkley, Bob Hope, Arlene Dahl, Eddy Cantor, Gary Moore, Jeanette Davis, Coleen Gray, the Chordettes, Ken Murray, Dennis Morgan, Laurie Anders, and Monica Lewis. Godfrey launched then what since has become a tradition.



Acclaim that rang the entire route of the parade burst from the throats of spectators along the line of march as Godfrey wisecracked his way over the 4-mile parade route.



Harold Stassen was among the Godfrey fans attending the airport celebration. Bob DeHaven picks up a question from Stassen which was later answered by Godfrey.



Three stars gathered at WCCO's party immediately following the Godfrey-Hope appearance the second year. Bob Hope mugs while singing star Monica Lewis and Godfrey react.



One of the most typical of Godfrey's expressions was caught in the above pose. I don't remember what the crack was that produced it, but I'm sure the expression will live much longer than the quip. Merle Jones, left, was manager of WCCO during Godfrey's first visit. Merle is now Vice President of CBS-TV in New York. Seated next to Godfrey is Gene Wilkey, now manager of WCCO.



It isn't what Bob Hope finds in a script, it's what he puts in between the lines as he goes along. You can tell by the cut of his jibe in the picture above that he was interpolating at his very best. Obviously, I was trying to find a spot on the script where he might come back to it.



Veterans Hope and Godfrey were amazed at the sharp ad libbing of Vice President Alben Barkley. The Veep not only memorized his entire script in less than 30 minutes before the show, but he also managed to match wits very successfully with both Hope and Godfrey. Hope grits his teeth as the Veep tops him.



Hope sparkles his brightest when there's femininity around. The curvaceous Monica Lewis, loaned from the Radisson's famed Flame Room for the show, provided a perfect foil for Robert's repartee. Unless I mention it, I know you won't note Hope's perfect tailoring in the picture above.



The two masters are sparring. Godfrey has just tossed a sharp one at Hope, he arches his eyebrows for the Hope comeback. You can almost see the Hope wheels spinning as Robert digs for a doozey.



The top brass holds no fear for Hope. Frank Stanton, CBS President, has probably said something complimentary about his own network. Hope leers in amazement—you can almost tell what's going on in Hope's mind.



One of the greatest laugh nights I ever spent was at Charlie's Cafe Exceptionale when, for more than five hours, we listened to the anecdotes, jokes, personal experiences of two of the nation's top humorists.



The picture above was taken just before we shoved off for Godfrey's first cruise on Lake Minnetonka. Reading from left to right in the back row are Gene Wilkey (with back to camera), Merle Jones, Mrs. Frank Stanton, her husband, and Howard Meighan, now president of the CBS Radio Network. Seated at right is Mrs. Merle Jones.

**Boat Party** One of the traditions set up following WCCO's Aquatennial Show has been a gathering of the talent at our boat on Lake Minnetonka. Godfrey went back to New York and talked for 10 minutes about the "Orange Juice" with egg in it he was served before breakfast. Godfrey is pictured above after he took his first sip. You may wonder about the Redhead's bare feet. Chuck Saunders had landed his Seabee on Lake Minnetonka and we sent Arthur out by speed boat to the plane. He had to take off his shoes and socks to board. For almost an hour that morning, Godfrey flew over Lake Minnetonka, did take-offs and landings and whipped the plane around a half dozen bays on the lake. Saunders, a veteran pilot himself, was amazed at the flying skill, even in a totally strange plane, that Godfrey exhibited.



Hope does magic stunt on back deck.



Hostess Adams juggles melon balls.



Craft gets under way.



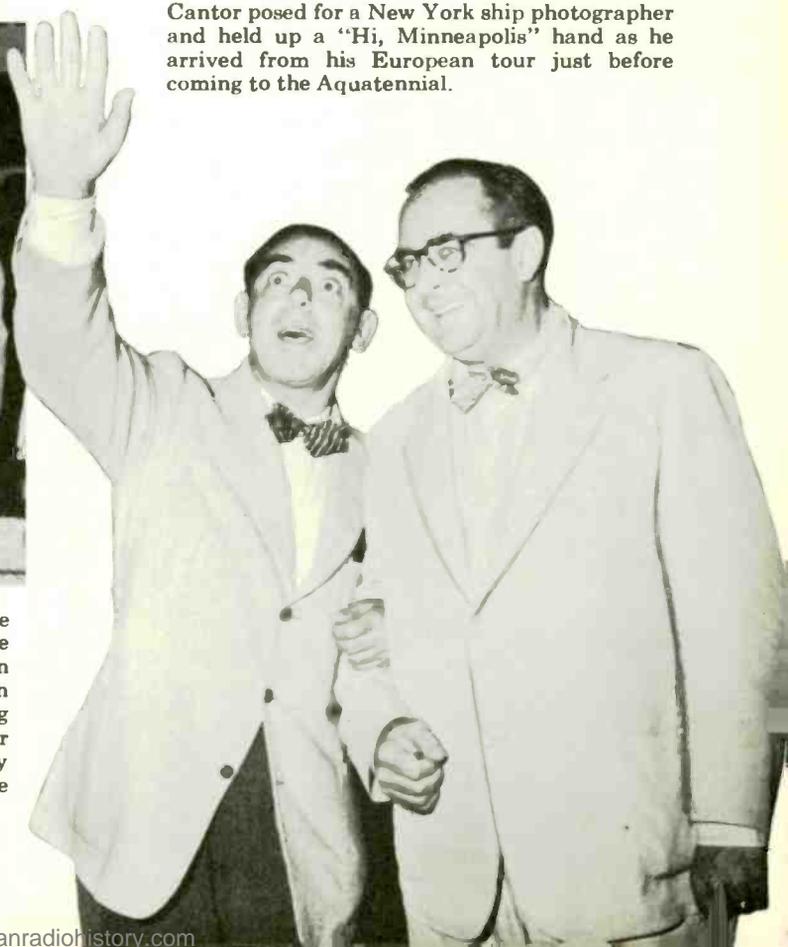
Eddy Cantor's banjo eyes and his revival of the musical comedy hits which made Cantor famous two or three decades ago, sent a crowd of 11,000 persons into ecstasy when Cantor, Gary Moore, and Jeanette Davis starred in the third WCCO Aquatennial Show. Cantor closed the show in black-face makeup, did encores until he was almost exhausted. Show patrons were amazed at Cantor's agility.



Gary Moore handed me, cold, a script which I had to sight read as follows: "You say your new job in the slightly shabby and shamefully slovenly shingled chalet on the shores of Sheboygan, Michigan, is working as a rookie sugar cookie cooker for a hasty and pasty-faced pastry taster, etc." No wonder Moore is in stitches.



When Godfrey couldn't make the third year show, he did the next best thing and sent us his lovely singing star, Jeanette Davis. Some of you may remember how it rained the afternoon of the parade that year. The plucky Davis gal sat in an open convertible, drenched to the U-know-what, hair stringing down over her face, mascara flowing, all of which endeared her even more to the parade spectators. The rain apparently brought a new lilt to her voice—she wowed them at the Auditorium that night.



Cantor posed for a New York ship photographer and held up a "Hi, Minneapolis" hand as he arrived from his European tour just before coming to the Aquatennial.



The girls from Sheboygan flank Comic Murray in a special vocal arrangement with Murray doing the off-beat lyrics. In case the bass-voiced Chordette has intrigued you, she's the one at the extreme left.



The show was a reunion for two natives of Milwaukee. Hollywood's Morgan and WCCO's DeHaven built a routine around their Wisconsin beginnings. Trimmed down a little, DeHaven might equal Morgan's record as a screen star.

From New York and Hollywood came the stars for the fifth WCCO Aquatennial Show. Ken Murray and his "Wide Open Spaces" girl, Laurie Anders, Dennis Morgan, Arthur Godfrey's Chordettes, Coleen Gray played to a packed Minneapolis Auditorium.



Coleen Gray, native of Hutchinson, Minnesota, who went to Hollywood and landed in two Crosby pictures, returned to sing and display her native charm. This candid shot of Coleen was taken at Lake Minnetonka.



The Dead Pan girl who produces so many laughs on the Murray TV show with her repetition of, "Ah like the waaahd-open spices," shows her ability to read script as she feeds Murray dialogue which he has to top.



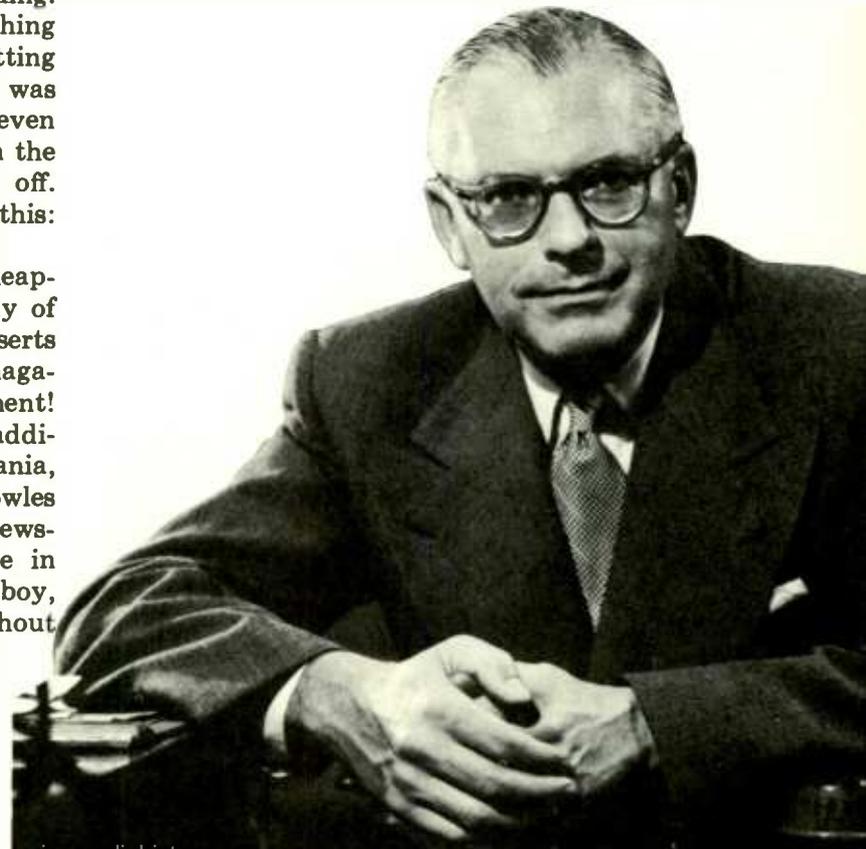
**M**ASSACHUSETTS had its John Quincy Adams, Salt Lake City its Maude, Chicago its Franklin P., and Pittsburgh its Babe, but compared to Minnesota's Cedric, all other Adamses rolled in one fade into a vague and shapeless glob. The name of Cedric Adams began to filter through the corridors of my Minneapolis-bound train as it pulled out of the Chicago station; by the time we neared our destination the very wheels were clacking "A-dams, A-dams" over the ties; and Orpah Anderson, who manages the book department at the Dayton Company was asking gravely, "Don't you think the Ethel Merman show would run longer if they named it 'Call Me Adams'?"

As I understand it, Cedric Adams' schedule calls for radio programs daily, including Sunday, from 12:01 A.M. to 11:50 P.M., leaving him a full ten minutes for column and book writing, sleep, eating sandwiches named after him, and general overhauling. Fred Allen once observed that the only thing in his house he could turn on without getting Morey Amsterdam or Arthur Godfrey was the hot-water faucet. Adams has even plugged up that leak. When he goes on the air in Minnesota, the hot water goes off. And the most amazing part of it all is this: He does it with hearers!

John Cowles, President of the Minneapolis Star and Tribune, thinks so highly of Cedric Adams' pulling power that he inserts one of his columns in the New Yorker magazine every week as a paid advertisement! Adams is now trying to promote an additional outlet in Newcastle, Pennsylvania, the object being, of course, to carry Cowles to Newcastle. I noted at both Adams' newspaper office and his modernistic aerie in Station WCCO that no reporter, copy boy, or even sponsor passed Ced's office without

peering intently within, but whether this is to get a look at Ced himself or the bevy of ravishing assistants with whom he surrounds himself I wouldn't care to hazard an opinion. I understand that around Charlie's Cafe those assistants are known as Adams' Apples. The first time I saw them I thought I had barged by mistake into the finals of a "Miss Minnesota" beauty contest. Ced was gazing fondly at a script he just had read in his rich, mellifluent tones over the airways. I was gazing fondly at his secretary as she slithered out of the office. Without looking up from the script, Ced asked, "Well, what did you think of it?" I answered dreamily, "A few points certainly stood out." Then, cherishing our respective memories, we went happily off to lunch.

*Rennetberg*





Radio history was made at the Minnesota State fair in 1951. William S. Paley, principal stockholder and chairman of the Board of Directors of the Columbia Broadcasting System, visited the Twin Cities enroute from a family vacation in Wyoming. During the visit, Mr. and Mrs. Paley visited our Cargill 4-H Talent Show in the 4-H Building at the fair. The Board Chairman is shown

above as he read the Taystee Bread commercial during our ten o'clock newscast. Paley has had other radio appearances, but his State fair broadcast was epochal in that he turned commercial announcer for the first time. Mrs. Paley called him "Hot Wrapped Paley" during the rest of his Minneapolis stay.

Four more big wheels of the Columbia Broadcasting System are shown in this picture taken on the Starlight roof of the Waldorf-Astoria hotel in New York. At the extreme left is Galen Drake, CBS radio star. Standing in the center are Godfrey and Art Linkletter. Seated

at the extreme right is Dr. Frank Stanton, president of the Columbia Broadcasting System. The picture was taken at the Pillsbury Bakeoff Grand National, annual affair where Pillsbury awards \$50,000 in prizes to contest winners.



# HIGHLIGHTS

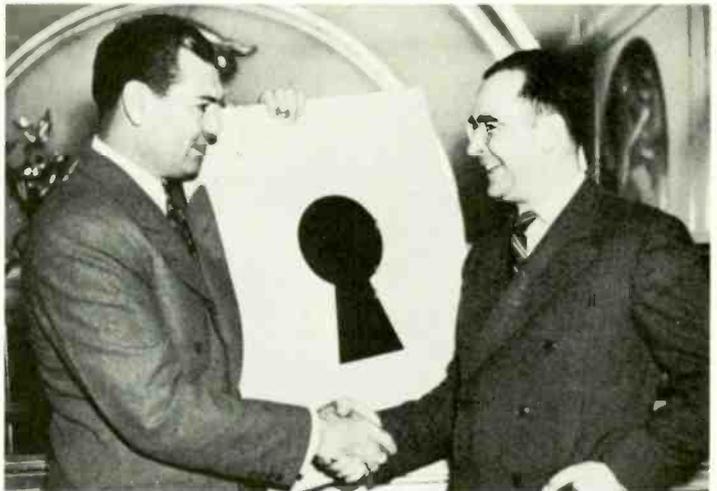
"You must have a lot of fun, you meet so many interesting people." I have that tossed at me four or five times a week and it's true.

Those of us in the radio and newspaper business are exposed to all kinds of very interesting people. They don't have to be national celebrities, however, to be interesting. I've had just as much fun and excitement in talking to a harness maker at Tracy, two 80 year old twins at Spring Valley, a lathe man in Owatonna, an innkeeper at Deer River, a cook at Wabasha, as I have in meeting the personalities of Broadway or Hollywood.

Jimmy Durante and Gary Moore played Minneapolis during the time they were teamed on a radio show. The picture at the right shows the Schnozz at his rip-roaring best tearing the heart out of a song and pounding the keyboard off a piano. Two life-long cronies of Jimmy's complete the group.



Somebody's always picking the "Ten Best Dressed", the "Ten Most Successful", the "Ten Most Something Or Other" women in the country. If I were to select the "Ten Most Charming" women I have met, I think Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt would top the list. She was kind enough, during one of my New York visits, to take time out of her schedule for a visit on my noon broadcast which was piped from New York back to Minneapolis.



The bigger they are, the easier they are to contact in this funny old business of ours. Jack Dempsey got up at 8 a. m., which is an early hour for a New Yorker, to pose for this picture to be air mailed back to Minneapolis in time for an early edition. This was back in the mid-30's and marked my first visit to New York. Dempsey pulled a twist: Instead of the key to the city, he gave the keyhole.





One of the world's most famous mothers is the woman above holding the bouquet of roses. During World War II Robert Butler turned shipbuilder in Duluth. Five of his cargo ships were christened at one time and the

Dionne Quintuplets were brought down from Canada for the occasion. Each quint christened a ship. Left to right are Katherine Butler, Mrs. Robert Butler, Mrs. Dionne and her oldest daughter, Therese.

Fourteen years have wrought some changes. One of the first Hollywood personalities I met on my initial visit to the film capital, was Spencer Tracy who was co-starred with Joan Crawford in a picture called "Mannequin". Tracy stopped between scenes to show me a portion of the script.

If ever this Rotund Reporter heaved a sigh of relief, it was just before this shot was taken. I had just finished my substitution on the Arthur Godfrey Talent Scout show over CBS, Radio and TV. The show was over and Howard Meighan, president of the Columbia Radio Network, came up out of the audience to shake hands. He was probably glad it was over, too.





There's a guy on another network who has been very generous. He's Tommy Bartlett, who guides the destinies of "Welcome Traveler" over NBC Mondays through Fridays. Bartlett is one of hardest working personalities in radio and TV today. He maintains a staff of more than 30 persons, barnstorms all over the country, owns a water-show, flies his own planes, and manages to snare a good share of the audience opposite one of the Godfrey segments in the morning. Tommy is a sort of Minnesotan by adoption. He flies up from Chicago for at least a dozen week-ends during each summer to fish.

Broadcasting and column writing call for some strange shenanigans now and then. And it takes a lot of nerve to fall for some of them. The last thing in the world a guy with my shape should go in for is ballet dancing. I did it. The Ballet Theater played the Lyceum theater and somehow or other I summoned up nerve enough to climb into a ballet costume and take a lesson. There are better pictures on the following pages so hurry up and get to them.





A very common question in connection with our "Dinner At The Adams" show is, "Do you really broadcast from your dining room?" This picture was taken just prior to one of our Dinner Shows. The scene is our dining room, you'll note in the center of the table the two microphones which pick up the broadcast. The Dinner guests include Dr. and Mrs. Paul N. Larson, Mr. and Mrs. Neil Messick, of Hotel Nicollet, and Mr. and Mrs. Louis Reagan.



One of the very pleasant sidelines that comes with the job is emceeing the selections for the "Miss Minnesota" contest. Joan Tabor was "Miss White House" and an easy task it was to pin the winning ribbon on her. The sad, also-ran at the right is Miss Joyce Blewett.



# NETWORK



Last minute checks are being made above just before that terrifying moment when the red light goes on to indicate the show is on the air. Producer Jack Carney is going over final details of the talent scout show. Standing in front of

the desk with his back to the camera is George Bryan, announcer on the show, and pinch-hitter for Tony Marvin on the Godfrey morning show.

Ambition of every local or regional radio personality is "to go network". Perhaps the most memorable experience in my radio career was the night I substituted for Arthur Godfrey on his Lipton Talent Scout Show over the entire Columbia Network. I had about three weeks notice that I was going to appear for Godfrey, and I'm sure that every waking minute of those three weeks was spent worrying about the ordeal ahead. The expansion of your audience is a scary thought. Working with complete strangers in New York is trying, to say the least, and sitting in for the great Mr. G. is a tough spot even for the seasoned.

It was this one-shot on the network which finally led to the five-minute stanza I have now for Pillsbury Piecrust Mix immediately following Art Linkletter's House Party, Mondays through Fridays.

Paul Gerot, executive vice-president of Pillsbury Flour Mills, celebrates the first birthday of the five-minute Pillsbury Show on CBS. In the stack was a pancake for each week we had been on the air. I didn't get quite to the bottom of the stack.



# Manhattan Madness



Television isn't exactly new to our Upper Midwest. The Philco people brought television cameras into our WCCO auditorium back in 1937. Above is the image photographed as it came onto the screen of an experimental TV receiving set.

Commuting to New York every Monday and returning on Tuesday morning was a summer chore for 11 weeks to provide an introduction to network television. "Prize Performance" was the title of the summer replacement show with New York juveniles, such as the one below, providing the talent and the witty Peter Donald and the lovely Arlene Francis sitting in as a panel of judges.



The audience applause meter is a very important part of Godfrey's Monday night TV show and the Redhead reads his own. A TV camera, however, picks up the reading to post the audience on Arthur's findings. Here he points out the intricacies of the device.

Arlene congratulates our first "Prize Performance" winner, a young lad with a year on Broadway behind him, who sang a special song from a hit Broadway play called "Big Black Mole". CBS couldn't have picked two more helpful individuals than Arlene and Peter to assist a beginner from the Hinterland.





One of the most gratifying phases of a network program is the increased volume of mail. This picture shows one day's incoming mail from a request made on the Pillsbury CBS five-minute stanza. Mail averages 2,000 letters a week and has run as high as 5,000 letters a week.

This is a scene where the First Lady of Television and I had our visit about Minneapolis when Minneapolis was the host on Faye Emerson's "Wonderful Town" series. Notice how close the cameras operate and how vital the Emerson face is in front of a camera.



You might guess where I needed makeup. He's working on Chin No. 1 with two more to go. A TV camera is a relentless demon when it comes to unmasking facial flaws. A little pancake makeup, fortunately, blots out that extra chin. It's also hard on the laundry. Soap and water take it off, though. But, darn it, the chins come right back.

This shows the final scene of the Minneapolis show with Faye extolling the virtues of her sponsor's product while Sen. Hubert Humphrey, Actor-Writer Richard Carlson, Comic Gil Lamb and Songstress Sylvia Texter, all ex-Minneapolisians marvel at the charm and poise of the Fabulous Faye.





Hollywood goes to great lengths in creating copy for visiting newspapermen. Some of you may remember Eleanor Whitney, the dancing star during the late 30's. Eleanor took time off from her production to whiz Fat Stuff through a dance routine. Too bad I didn't keep that up. It might have curtailed my interest in diets.

## *Tong and Dance Man*



The artistry of makeup has reached its peak in Hollywood and here's an example of what can be done with grease paint and a tiny brush. Joe Dawn, Paramount's No. 1 makeup man, took the Adams noggin and transformed it into the makeup used by Paul Muni in "Good Earth". A thin rubber skull cap covered the hair. Tiny eye patches provided the oriental slant. A wig and a coolie coat completed the transformation. Imagine having to go through this process every day for weeks and weeks while the picture was in production.



# GAGS

The life of a columnist-broadcaster goes considerably deeper than turning out 1500 words of copy each day and reading a couple of newscasts at 12:30 and 10:00. One has to bury completely his innate shyness and become a complete extrovert.

Through these 25 years, I've gone all out to provide laughs because I think laughter is an essential part of life. Fundamentally, I'm not a comedian. I don't have a thousand wisecracks upon which to draw, rarely am I ready with a snapper that makes for bright and scintillating conversation. As a result, I've had to turn to props and tricks and my bulky shape.

The buffoonery has been worth it, though. There's no thrill any greater than to look out over a vast audience in a high school auditorium or a community hall and see a thousand faces bursting with laughter. That's the reward for all of the outlandish situations into which I've plunged myself through these years.

Threefold were my problems here. In the first place, I don't like to dance. In the second place, I don't know how to polka. My third problem—Virginia Safford. Saf must have been having some trouble, too. Note the death-clutch she has on the back of my shirt.

Life isn't all the tragedy of comedy, however. There are lighter moments such as these which occur annually in presenting the Miss Minnesota candidates. Gene Garrett's candid photographer caught me in a couple of off moments. At the left I surveyed the future Miss Minnesota. Benign I was in presenting Miss Donna Lee Glass, comely model who competed.



Tomfoolery certainly reached a new high when WCCO decked me out in a bunny suit. This was an Easter gag. I'm sure you'd never recognize the resemblance, so let me tell you that I was supposed to be the Easter Bunny.



One of the most difficult gags in which I ever participated, was a turkey race down the Main Street of Grand Forks, North Dakota. There were twelve birds entered, my number was 12, and that's exactly where I finished. The turkey didn't enjoy it any more than I did. I'm sure.





Charley Bell, General Mills vice president, shows alarm.

This is a study in coyness, and I'll let you pick the coy one. When Faye Emerson saluted Minneapolis, she had as her TV guests, Senator Hubert Humphrey, Richard Carlson, Gil Lamb, and me. After her show, she gave each of us a peck on the cheek.

At a General Mills luncheon in Minneapolis Miss Emerson was a guest on my Dreft and Crisco Noontime News. I wanted to employ her gesture to thank her for the appearance. These photographs show the proposition, the wait for the verdict, and the kill.



Miss Emerson arches an eyebrow as she contemplates.

Janette Kelly, home-economist, reflects the Adams joy.





Pauline Thorson was graduated from St. Olaf, works on fan mail, script material, the Northern States Power show and the Dinner show. Pauline, as in the case of each of our staff members, has a small town background. She's a native of Illinois but fell in love with Minnesota as a result of her College days at Northfield.



Mary Frances Smith and Marjorie Peterson handle the road shows, bookings, talent, and prizes. Mary had seven years with the Mayo Clinic, has things done before you tell her to do them. Marjorie spent seven years in Washington, but is an excellent worker in spite of it.

**Staff** The various enterprises which make up the Adams weekly schedule would collapse were it not for the support given every day by this competent group of co-workers. WCCO has provided us with a four-room suite of offices just back of the auditorium playhouse and out of this mill, we grind 23 broadcasts a week, book talent for 50 road shows a year, prepare manuscripts, answer an average of 2500 fan letters a week and take care of at least 20 office callers every day. They're a great bunch, believe me, industrious, efficient, loyal, and pretty, too, don't you think?

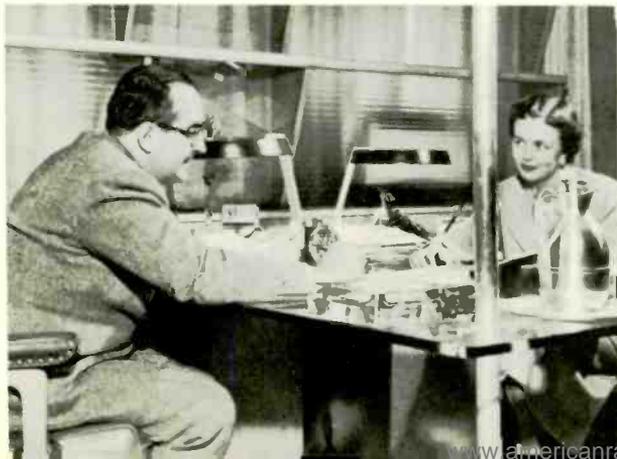


Ramona Gerhard isn't exactly a staff member but her artistry on piano and organ has supported so many of our shows that we consider her one of the office family. She has her hair short here, you'll note. We're all trying to get her to go back to this style.



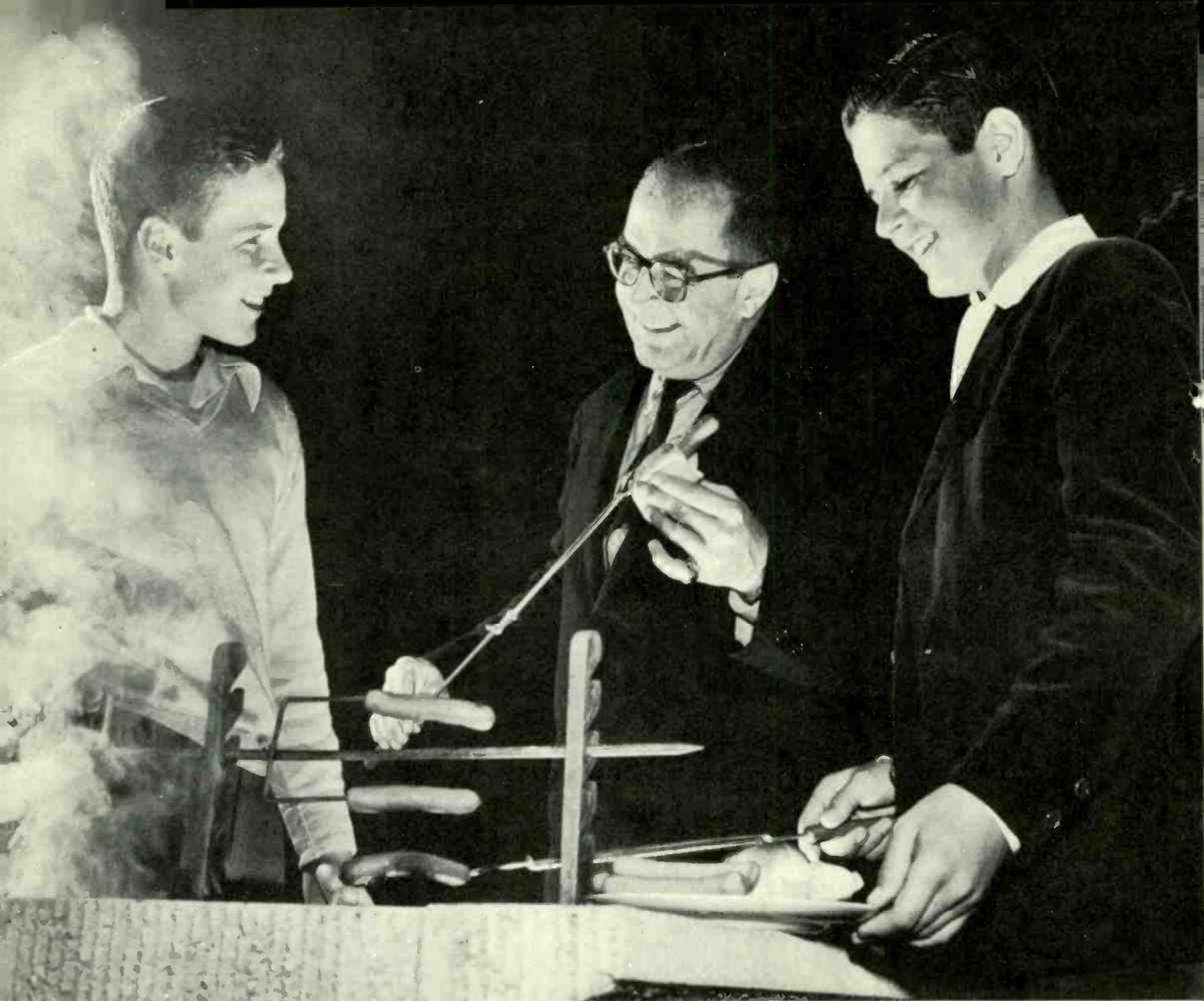
Our receptionist is Ardys Dahl. A good looking girl in the outer office saves a lot of time for the Old Man. Callers get one look at Ardie and forget completely what they came in for.

Veteran of the outfit is Doreen Myhre, from Spring Grove, Minnesota. Doreen handles the network operations, translates all the letters that come in in Norwegian, is the fashion plate of the office, does style show modeling as a sideline.



It takes the services of an accounting firm to keep our enterprises in the red and Ray Kuusisto, Certified Public Accountant, tells us each month how deep our shade of scarlet is. He's the only living CPA who is also a jazz addict, comes in each month singing our financial blues.





SONS, RIC (left), STEVE (right)

**CEDRIC says:**

“We never knew what a really delicious hot dog was until we tried Peters’ wieners. They’re spiced just right and so juicy the juice just oozes out. Ric can’t spin them done fast enough. Steve roasts his own. And look...one on his plate already. Next time you have a wiener roast try Peters’ wieners. My boys and I are confident you’ll agree they’re the finest you ever tasted.”

*Peters*  
DELICIOUS

**MEAT  
PRODUCTS**



# A Surprise Dinner

Ever choke up with emotion? I got back from a vacation in 1950 to be invited to a dinner at Hotel Nicollet. Friends were there by the hundreds and the entire Adams family were lined up at the head table. To this day, I don't know what prompted such generosity, but each member of the family was presented with a gift of great elegance and the crowning gesture of the evening occurred when Ray Ewald presented me with the keys to a brand new Cadillac convertible. Needless to say, it was the fanciest gift I've ever received in my life. I admitted then, and have repeated the confession numerous times since, that I felt pretty sheepish about accepting this kind of generosity. The expression of giving hit me deeply, but frankly I felt a little bit unworthy of such kindness. I hope I evened the score by a contribution to three selected charities. It was a great moment and my appreciation will last well beyond the year when Wilensky gets the Cadillac.



Magnolia Remembered With a Wreath.



It Was Better Than Christmas For the Boys.



Youngdahl And Hoyer Gave Their Best Speeches—I Thought.

# CONGRATULATIONS

# CEDRIC ADAMS

CEDRIC ADAMS, WCCO, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

HEARTIEST CONGRATULATIONS ON YOUR

25TH ANNIVERSARY FROM DREFT AND CRISCO.

BEST OF LUCK FOR THE FUTURE. NO NEED

FOR US TO TELL YOU ABOUT DREFT AND

CRISCO. YOU'VE BEEN DOING A GRAND

JOB TELLING THE FOLKS ABOUT THEM

FOR MANY YEARS. WE LOOK FORWARD

TO A LONG AND PLEASANT ASSOCIATION

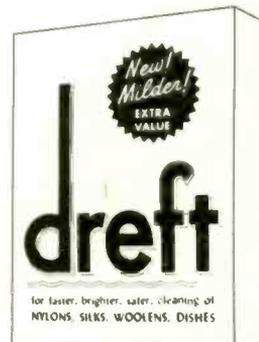
WITH YOU AND WCCO IN THE YEARS AHEAD.



PROCTER & GAMBLE



For cakes and pies and tasty fries—use Crisco, it's digestible. Even doctors—9 out of 10 of them—agree that foods fried light and tender in Crisco are easy to digest. One important reason why more women cook with Crisco than any other brand of shortening.



It's no wash, no wipe with self-washing Dreft in the dishpan. Simply let your dishes soak in warm Dreft suds for 2 minutes—give a swish of the cloth as you rinse—and dishes shine without wiping.

And new Dreft is so mild—almost like a bubble bath on your hands. Get Dreft today.



I've always felt that a guy is entitled to one extravagance. I've never gambled, I quit drinking, I've had very little time for hunting or fishing or golf. As a substitute for these hobbies, I took up boating some 15 years ago. I started with a 26-foot cruiser, moved up slowly through the 29, 34, and 46-foot classes and finally into the Buccaneer, a 47-foot cruiser pictured above.



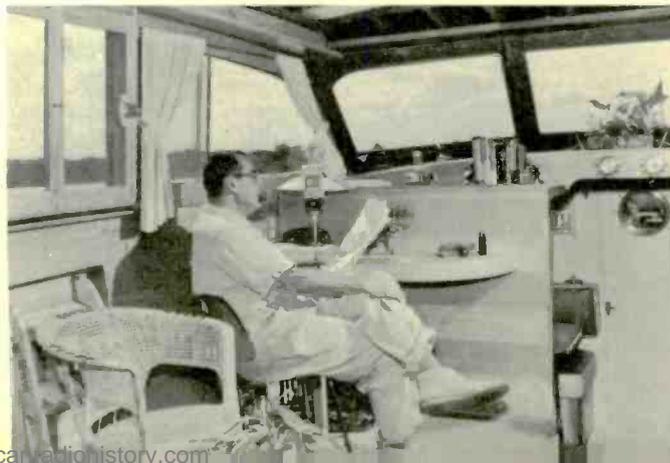
This view shows the flying bridge, the helm, the hatch which leads below to the deck house. That's Ma on the left.

## The New Boat

The boat provides a place to work and a great deal of rest and relaxation for the Old Man during the 6-month season when boating is available on Lake Minnetonka. The boat sleeps 8, (two comfortably), has a cruising speed of 24 miles an hour, is powered by two 160-horsepower gasoline engines.

At times, it's been a little expensive, but the sacrifice, I guess, has been worth it.

Here is the scene of all of my weekend broadcasting during the summer. A teletype in the Minnetonka Boat Works brings the news out from WCCO and a special telephone line to the boat or an operation through WCCO's Mobile Unit makes it possible to broadcast direct from the deckhouse. Believe me, it's the happiest broadcasting I do during the entire year.



# AT HOME . . . *The Adams abode, two-level rambler, complete with mortgage.*



Corner of Living Room



Section of Kitchen



Dining Room



Activities Room



Section of the Master Bedroom



The youngest offspring has switched to photography as a hobby . . . quite a relief from goats, pigs and hamsters. His parents are quite willing to pose if it will prevent a return to the animal kingdom.



Doug Hokum, a chum, is the prankster of the neighborhood. He juggles, does magic, and keeps our boys up on the latest jokes. He has just brought in one of his latest gags.

Every man's aim is home ownership, wouldn't you say? Thanks to the mortgage department at Twin City Federal Savings and Loan, I began my home ownership in '49 and should complete the last payment by '69. We're using the house in the meantime which I think is one of the advantages of home financing.

From left to right across the front of the house

are the library, the front foyer, and two boys' bedrooms. The ground level drops at the back to provide two stories. On the other side are the living room, master bedroom, and a third boy's bedroom.

On the ground level at the rear are the activities room, the dining room, kitchen, and utility rooms.

My day is somewhat in reverse. I spend most of

*(Continued on next page)*



Father and Son Soliloquies became newspaper columns from the day my first-born entered kindergarten until he left for college. Here David is actually up on his father's knee for the very first one.

Mowing the lawn has never been a joy to me, so, when we planned our present home, the back yard was to be small. The photo below shows all of the mowable area.



## Home . . . (continued)

my mornings at home. The library is equipped with broadcasting facilities and a teletype on which I write my column and send it direct to the Star and Tribune offices.

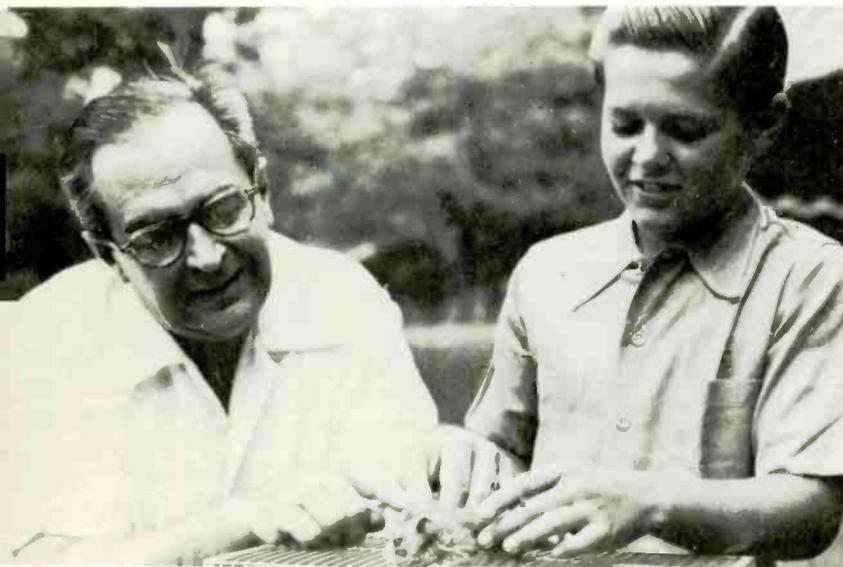
WCCO has been very considerate. Six months out of the year I broadcast weekends at home. The other six months I broadcast at least three days of the week from the boat. For almost a quarter of a century I have worked seven days a week. Both the teletyping and broadcasting facilities at home provide time with the family which I wouldn't have otherwise.

"Skewbald" is the pride and joy of the middle son. A rodeo played St. Paul a couple of years ago and left the horse at our house. He's nibbled at the neighbors' roses, made mistakes on their lawns, brought the police twice, but still ranks as the No. 1 heart-throb for Ric.



The hamster era was probably the most distressing period we ever experienced. We started with a pair and before morning, had increased the visible supply of hamsters by eight. It wasn't long until what little back yard we have was teeming with hamsters. Steve was the hamster addict. To this day, I don't know what they're used for.

Kids grow up. One of the first realizations of that fact came when Dave completed his boot training at the Naval Air Station at Wold Chamberlain. Captain F. N. Howe, Commander of the Air Base, presented the diploma.





Just as my mother and father gathered the family together in our Magnolia sitting room for a family portrait 47 years ago, we grouped our clan in the bay window and posed for the tin type above. In all probabilities, the Adams grandchildren 47 years from now will gaze at this picture and comment on the funny clothes, the odd looking furniture, the living room draperies. Life is like that.

Twenty-five years of newspapering and broadcasting have meant a lot of hard work, some tedious tasks, long hours now and then, but looking back over the last quarter of a century, there are three very good reasons why the 25 have been worthwhile. The three reasons are shown in our front door.



# What Cedric Adams

means to me... By Bob Hope

**N**OTHING! No, I can't answer the question that simply, particularly when I'm getting paid by the word.

Then it would not be true, as the Sage of the Soo Line, the Harun Al Rashid of Hennepin Avenue, the Mark Twain of the Twin Cities, means much more than that to me. As any performer knows, a kind word from the Maester-singer of the Minneapolis Star and Tribune can make or break you from Duluth to Forest Lake and out as far as Crystal Village.

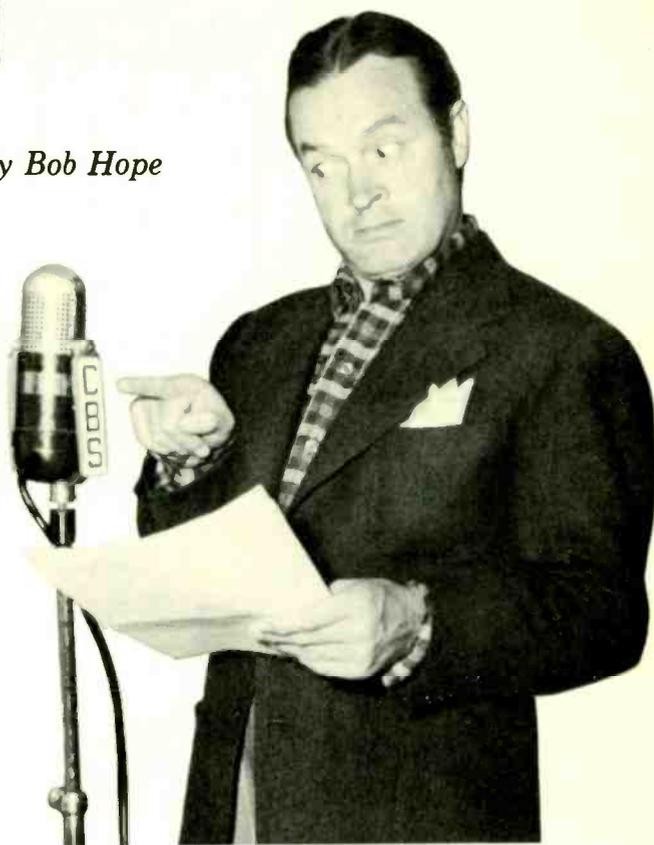
Once, in a rash moment, I perpetrated what Cedric thought was a personal affront on him. He didn't know, of course, that I *always* charge for my autographs. And my next personal appearance in Minneapolis was attended by three people, two relatives and an aged Norwegian who was under the impression I was giving away free Copenhagen.

It is amazing that one man can wield the power that Cedric holds on the Twin Cities and suburbia. The mere mention in his column that the nights are getting chilly and his office is flooded with a thousand bed-warmers. I would like to point out that a bed-warmer is a hot rock put at the foot of the bed. I have adopted the habit of explaining all words with a potential double entendre.

Cedric is a master of the nostalgic type of reporting. He's always talking about the ole swimming hole, the early days when a crust of bread was a feast at the Adams' home, and how he would change it all to have those days back again. What he'd do with that yacht in an ole swimming hole, I don't know, but it makes everyone feel good to read about it.

In perusing WHO'S WHO, a tome that I steal from occasionally (when I have a Congressman for a Guest Star), I learned that Cedric is not a member of THE ADAMS family. This makes him a celebrity almost offhand. He is neither kin of John Adams nor kith of John Quincy Adams. This delights me, as I've always hated them. I could never remember whether John was the second president or John Quincy was the second president. It used to ruin my record in school. I'd start off fine, putting down Abraham Lincoln as our first president, only to come a cropper on the Adams family.

But this Boswell of both cities doesn't need the tie with ancestry. He has built up the great tradition of his own. There are a Cedric Adams rose, Cedric Adams Sewing Circles, a Cedric Adams



Sandwich, Cedric Adams Book Societies, a Cedric Adams Stallion and Cedric Adams, Incorporated. This latter is the name he banks under. Although money means nothing to him, it means everything to him.

Cedric has been baited with many fine offers to leave Minneapolis, but he realizes the pitfalls. It can be a mistake. History has one excellent example in the fact that Crosby did his best work while he was still in Spokane.

I, for one, hope he never strays. Tear down San Francisco's Ferry Building, haul away the Statue of Liberty, close up New Orleans Antoine's, but never move Adams.

Besides, every city must have a first citizen. In Cedric's case, it's two cities. But in Cedric's case it's quite simple: there's enough of him to go around.

He's an all-right guy. It's a pleasure to do business with him, especially when he spells my name with one "p". I hope by now you've got your money's worth out of this Album. For the hard-to-please element, may I suggest that these pages, if torn off at the center of the book, will make excellent drawer liners—for your cupboards, that is.

Sincerely,



Dear Cedric --

Now that we have you away from your typewriter for a minute, we Minneapolis Star and Tribune carrier salesmen would like to confer a very special honor on you.

We understand you are celebrating 25 years in the newspaper and radio business, so we thought this would be a good time to make you an honorary Star and Tribune carrier salesman. We already have the largest newspaper carrier organization in the world, with 9,143 carriers in 1,239 Upper Midwest towns. So we want to have the largest carrier, too!

Of course, this business of being a carrier has changed a lot since you first delivered papers. But you passed your qualifying test recently when you carried a Star and Tribune route in honor of National Newspaper-boy day and wrote a column about your experiences. (Incidentally, we'll bet that was one of the BEST of the more than 5,000 columns you've written for the Star and Tribune since 1935!

Seriously, we're proud to be with you on the Star and Tribune team. I guess we don't have to tell you that there's something pretty exciting about being a part of anything as important to people's daily lives as our newspapers. We carriers have a mighty responsible job, too, bringing the news of the day (and a lot of other things people want to read, like your column) right to people's doorsteps throughout Minnesota, North and South Dakota and western Wisconsin every day in the year.

Welcome to our group as an honorary carrier, Cedric! And happy columning for another 25 years!

The 9,143 Carrier Salesmen of the  
**Minneapolis Star and Tribune**



# Pause and Refresh with Cedric Adams

"You can take my word for it, an ice-cold bottle of Coca-Cola makes an occasion out of a moment. Whether in the office or at home, I often take time out from a busy schedule to pause and refresh with a Coke. To me it's like getting off to a new start—I return to my work relaxed and ready to go once again.

"Incidentally, Coca-Cola by the carton or the case is still unequalled in quality and price."

*Cedric Adams*

