The Life of Riley  
“Haunted House”  
*Originally aired October 29, 1944*  

CAST of CHARACTERS  
ANNOUNCER:  
RILEY:  
JUNIOR:  
PEG:  
DIGGER:  
MRS. SHERWYN:  

-----------------------------------------------  
(MUSIC)  

ANNOUNCER: Here he is! In the movie, “Wake Island,” he was a Brooklyn marine. In, “The Broad with Two Yanks,” he’s Biff, the private. But tonight he’s just an overgrown kid anxiously awaiting for Halloween…  

RILEY: I’ll never forget. When I was just a boy, every Halloween my father used to stick me in the front window. We were too poor to buy a pumpkin. Ha, ha.  

ANNOUNCER: The American Meat Institute presents, William Bendix, in “the Life of Riley.”  

(MUSIC)  

ANNOUNCER: The Meat People of America, providing a *great* food, for a *great* nation. If you put all of America’s meat retailers together in one city, it would make another city as big as Indianapolis. There are more than 400,000 meat retailers in this country. Another important link in the chain that gives you good fresh meat—every day—America.  

(MUSIC)  

ANNOUNCER: And now, on behalf of all those engaged in supplying meat to the nation, The American Meat Institute presents, “The Life of Riley,” with William Bendix as Riley.  

(MUSIC)  

ANNOUNCER: By day, Riley is engaged in the serious business of War production as a riveter in a California aircraft plant. But tonight, we see his less serious side. It’s two nights before Halloween, and riley is full of the spirit of the thing. It’s quite dark out, and Riley’s son, Junior, is just returning from a meeting of the Young Wildcats, his club, in a very thoughtful mood.  

(FADE OUT)  

(FADE IN)
(SFX: Footsteps)

JUNIOR: (gasps) Is that you, Pop?

RILEY: Shh. Yeah, Junior.

JUNIOR: Well, what are you doin’, hidin’ on the back porch?

RILEY: Listen. Peek in the kitchen window and see what your mother’s doin’.

JUNIOR: She’s washing the supper dishes. Say, pop, what’re you doing with that false face on? You’re Mickey Mouse, huh?

RILEY: No, I’m not Mickey Mouse. I’m “The Rat Man.” From Mudbucket castle.

JUNIOR: Well, at the dime store they sell those false faces for Mickey Mouse.

RILEY: Never mind that. I’ll bet your mother’ll think I’m “The Rat Man.”

JUNIOR: Oh, you’re gonna play a trick on mom?

RILEY: Yeah. See, last night we saw a horror picture, about a nice gruesome character, “The Rat Man.” He was a vampire. Has lunch on people’s necks.

JUNIOR: Oh, he ain’t a rat. He’s a bat.

RILEY: Oh. Well, he’s very depressing. Anyway, afterwards, your mom was so scared something would pop out of a doorway at her, she walked all the way home in the middle of the street. Ha, ha.

JUNIOR: Mom said you made her walk out there.

RILEY: Naw, I… I just invited her out in the street because it ain’t polite to leave a lady walking on the sidewalk all alone. You watch now, when I scratch at the door, she opens up and sees me in this thing.

JUNIOR: OK, pop. Go ahead.

RILEY: (barely containing his excitement) OK, all I hope is she don’t faint. Watch now. (starts growling softly)

JUNIOR: Pop. Bats don’t growl. They squeak.

RILEY: Oh, yeah. That’s right. (attempts a high pitched squeak/howl)

PEG: Who’s there?

RILEY: We got her guessing. (containing his laughing and continuing to squeak/howl)

(SFX: door opens)


JUNIOR: (mocking) Ha, ha. You sure fooled her, pop.
RILEY: (bummed) Yeah. (trying to cover it up) Well… they don’t make these masks as good as they used to. Or else maybe I got a very strong personality and it leaks through.

PEG: Well, isn’t it a little early for Halloween tricks, Riley?

RILEY: Oh, it’s don’t hurt to get a head start. Halloween’s my favorite holiday. Look, Junior. Here’s something else I bought at the five and dime. See this book? Ghost stories.

JUNIOR: Oh. Thanks, pop. But, I don’t want to read any ghost stories tonight.

RILEY: What’s the matter? You don’t believe in ghosts, do you?

JUNIOR: Naw. I don’t believe in ghosts. But I don’t want to read anything that might change my mind. Too many people think there’s ghosts now.

RILEY: Hey, dumpling. What’s the matter with him?

PEG: Well, I don’t know. Ever since he came home from school today, he’s been asking me if I believe in haunted houses.

RILEY: Heh. What a question. With the housing shortage as short as it is, who’s gonna leave a house empty just for spooks?

PEG: Well, there’s one empty house up on Chestnut Hill, Riley. You know, the old Sherwyn place.

RILEY: Oh.

PEG: Some people say that’s haunted.

RILEY: Huh?

PEG: Mrs. Cornwell claims she saw a pale white face at the window, too.

RILEY: Yeah?

PEG: Mm-hmm. Oh, but Mrs. Cornwell’s a great one for ghosts. She’s always holding séances and things like that.

RILEY: Yeah, yeah. That Cornwell kid’s in Junior’s club, too. I bet he’s got our boy believing in ghosts. Well, I’m gonna have a head to head talk with Junior.

(MUSIC)

RILEY: So you see, Junior, if I tell you there’s no ghosts, you can take my word for it. After all, I’ve been your father for thirteen years, ain’t I?

JUNIOR: Oh, sure, pop. But…

RILEY: Uh, huh.

JUNIOR: …if there aren’t any ghosts, what haunts haunted houses?

JUNIOR: Oh, yes they do, pop. Johnny Cornwell’s mother proved a house was haunted.

RILEY: How did she?

JUNIOR: She said she saw a ghost’s face. In the window.

RILEY: Bah.

JUNIOR: In the old Sherwyn house. It was a horrible face, too.

RILEY: Go on. Mrs. Cornwell must have seen her own reflection. There’s a dame should walk into a room backwards and break her face to you slowly.

JUNIOR: Then, pop... Then she came home and held a séance. She asked is what she saw was the ghost of Alice Sherwyn. And she got three raps on the table. That means “yes” in ghost language.

RILEY: Fine language. All they can do is knock. They ought to be newspaper columnists. (laughs at his own joke.)

JUNIOR: You better not make fun of ghosts, pop.

RILEY: Look, Junior. Would you sooner believe a ghost than your old man?

JUNIOR: No, pop.

RILEY: Well.

JUNIOR: But if the ghost said it was a ghost, it ought to know.

RILEY: OK. I can see you’re a septic. Now, we’ll have see-ance right here to prove what Mrs. Cornwell saw wasn’t that Sherwyn girl’s ghost. Come on, put your hands up on this table. Go on.

JUNIOR: Gosh, pop. Are you going to ask a ghost to rap?


JUNIOR: Naw, pop. You have to ask for rap. Two means “no”, three raps means “yes”.

RILEY: Oh. Well, OK. (calling) Two raps for “no”, three for “yes”. (to Junior) I’ll ask them again. (calling) Did Mrs. Cornwell see a ghost up at Sherwyn’s old haunted house?

(SFX: two thumps)

JUNIOR: Gosh, pop. It said, “No.”

RILEY: See, that proves it. Mrs. Cornwell’s a phony.

JUNIOR: Well, ask ‘em again if there are any ghosts.

RILEY: OK. (calling) Are there any ghosts? Rap two for “no.”

(SFX: two thumps)
RILEY: See that? The ghosts themselves say there aren’t any ghosts. That proves it.

JUNIOR: (thinking a minute) Wait a minute, pop.

RILEY: Huh?

JUNIOR: How could a ghost rap two for “no” if there aren’t any ghosts?

RILEY: Well, that’s very simple, uh… uh… (chuckles) I was just kidding, sonny. I did that rappin myself. Honest.

JUNIOR: Your hands were on the table.

RILEY: Yeah. But my feet weren’t. Lookit. I just kicked up under the table with my foot like this.

(SFX: two thumps)

JUNIOR: Aw, pop. I bet you wouldn’t kid around like that in a genuine haunted house, like the Sherwyn place.

RILEY: Sure I would. Only I can’t because I ain’t goin there.

JUNIOR: Would you be scared to go if you were going?

RILEY: Me? No.

JUNIOR: That’s good, pop. Now I ain’t scared to go neither.

RILEY: How do you mean?

JUNIOR: Well, down at my club tonight, we got to talking what we’d do Halloween. So we made it up we’d go find out if Sherwyn’s old house was haunted or if it wasn’t.

RILEY: Yeah? I pity any ghosts when them young Wildcats get in that house.

JUNIOR: Oh, we ain’t all going inside, pop. Just one of us got elected to go inside. The poor guy who got the short straw.

RILEY: Ha. Who got it?

JUNIOR: I picked you, pop.

RILEY: I see. Well, Junior, you show ‘em you know there aren’t any ghosts around there. I’m proud of you, Junior, walkin’ in there all alone. I think that’s a…

JUNIOR: Well, I won’t be all alone. I made up a rule, the fellow that had to go in could… take in another fella. His best friend.

RILEY: Well, that’s OK, too. If the guy you picked is a real friend, he’ll go like a shot. Who’d you pick?

JUNIOR: I picked you, pop.
RILEY: Well, I bet that guy…. Eah…. Eah… ME! Uh, look, Junior. I’m probably gonna be very busy and…

JUNIOR: Pop! You ain’t scared to go, are ya?

RILEY: Well, no. But, uh…

JUNIOR: And you are my best friend, aren’t ya?

RILEY: Huh? Well, yeah. Guess I am. Actually, the saying is, “Your \textit{mother} is your best friend.”

JUNIOR: Well, I couldn’t ask mom to go. I’m sure glad you’re coming with me.

RILEY: Yeah. Me too, Junior.

(MUSIC)

RILEY: (reading aloud. Tension building) “Chapter thirteen. As Lord Twitchers stood there in the dark hall of the great lonely house, he could feel something evil in the very air. A cold wind brushed his cheek. An icy hand seemed to touch his spine. Suddenly, he saw, the Thing. And then he heard the sound. A low wailing sound.”

(SFX: door opens.)

RILEY: (jumps) Who’s that?

PEG: It’s only me, dear. Did I startle you?

RILEY: Oh. No. Naw, I was… just reading this book, here.

PEG: Oh. The ghost stories you bought Junior.

RILEY: Yeah. (laughs uncomfortably) That’s nonsense.

PEG: Well, my, it’s a quiet Halloween, isn’t it? I wonder what those boys in Junior’s club are doing tonight.

RILEY: I know what they’re doin’. They’re all sittin’ over across from our house right now on the fence. Like a row of buzzards, waitin’ for us to come out.

PEG: Oh. Are they going to the house with you?

RILEY: Naw, they’re goin’ as far as the gate of the place to make sure we go in.

PEG: But you’re not nervous about going, are you dear? You don’t believe in ghosts?

RILEY: Well, no. You don’t believe in them either. Do you, Peg?

PEG: No. But, uh… there is something queer about that house.

RILEY: Huh?

PEG: I wonder what did become of the poor Alice Sherwyn.
RILEY: Well if nobody knows, I don’t want to find out. What did they say happened to her?

PEG: Oh, awfully sad story. She was a bride, you know—beautiful girl. Well, they were on their Honeymoon in Manilla. He was a captain in the Navy. She and her husband were going to come home and live in that old house. Then, well, he was lost in an air raid. Some say they were both killed together. Others say that she… followed him because she didn’t want to live without him. Well, anyhow, the house stands there empty. Waiting for the bride and bridegroom that never came to live in it.

RILEY: People ought to leave the place alone. And I’m one of the people.

PEG: Well, after you go there tonight, maybe people will stop talking and gossiping about the house. Because you’ll prove there’s nothing there.

RILEY: Yeah. Maybe. What was all that talk about seeing lights and faces around the place.

PEG: Oh, just talk I suppose.

RILEY: Yeah.

PEG: But they do say they saw a woman’s figure at the window. The attic.

RILEY: (jumps) Junior. What’s the idea sneaking in like that?

JUNIOR: It’s… time to go, pop.


PEG: Goodbye, boys.

(SFX: door opens)

(SFX: Footsteps exit)

(SFX: door close)

JUNIOR: Sure dark out. Isn’t it, pop?

RILEY: Yeah.

JUNIOR: Pop?

RILEY: Yeah?

JUNIOR: That Sherwyn house we’re goin’ to, it can’t be really haunted, couldn’t it?

RILEY: No.

JUNIOR: But… it’s funny people have seen a ghost in there.

RILEY: Yeah, well… look, Junior. When we get in that house, you do just like I do. And you won’t see no ghosts.
JUNIOR: Oh. What are you going to do, pop?

RILEY: I’m gonna keep my eyes shut.

(MUSIC)

ANNOUNCER: Well not even nervous Riley has any idea of what’s in store for him, as he and Junior head for the mysterious old Shewyn place. We’ll rejoin them in just a moment. Right now, this is Ken Niles, speaking for meat. The other day in a meat market, Mrs. Niles overheard a woman say, “Joe? I hear all this talk about braising meat. But just what meats to you braise?” Well, Joe, the meat man, told her, of course. And out if that comes this excellent thought. Maybe some of you would like a little review of the braising cuts of beef. Well in the first place, braising is an ideal way of preparing the lean point free beef coming on the market these days, in order to bring out all its fine flavor and tenderness. And here are the favorite braising cuts. Popular pot roast, juicy Swiss steak, tasty flank chops, easily cooked short ribs, country fried steak… oh, but why go on? My mouth is watering so much, I can hardly talk now. But remember, braising is long cooking over low heat. And that’s the way to good gravy, too. After all, whether you braise, roast or broil meat, you are getting essential highest quality proteins, for which meat is nutritionally noted. Meat is a yardstick of proteins food, because meat measure up to every protein need.

(MUSIC)

ANNOUNCER: And now back to “The Life of Riley,” with William Bendix as Riley.

(MUSIC)

ANNOUNCER: It’s just midnight.

(SFX: bell tolls in the distance)

ANNOUNCER: A very dark midnight. Even the moon is hiding on this Halloween. Riley and his son Junior are just approaching the rusty iron gates that guards the old Sherwyn house, which is said to be haunted. Listen.

JUNIOR: Here’s the gate, pop. Let’s go in.

RILEY: Uh. Maybe the gate’s locked so we can’t get in. Gee, wouldn’t that be too bad? Huh?

JUNIOR: We’ve got to get in, pop. The gang’s followed us all the way from town and they’re still watching.

RILEY: Ah, yeah. They trail us like sharks after a sinkin’ ship.

JUNIOR: Well, let’s go in, pop.

RILEY: OK.
(SFX: rusty gate squeaking)

RILEY: What’s that?
JUNIOR: The gate. The hinges are all rusty.
RILEY: Maybe we ought to go back to town and get some oil, huh?
JUNIOR: Come on in the garden, pop. Gosh, it’s dark.
RILEY: Yeah. Well… follow me, Junior.
JUNIOR: Where are you?
RILEY: Right behind you. Here. Give me your hand.
JUNIOR: I see the house, pop. The moon’s coming out of a cloud.
RILEY: Yeah. (pause) Junior?
JUNIOR: Huh?
RILEY: What’s that over there?
JUNIOR: Hm? I… I think that’s your shadow, pop.
RILEY: If… that’s my shadow, why is it moving while I’m standing still?
JUNIOR: Pop. It’s coming this way!
RILEY: And since when does a shadow make footsteps?
DIGGER: Good evening, Riley.
RILEY: (jumps) (off mike) Come on, Junior!
JUNIOR: Wait, pop! It’s your friend, Mr. O’Dell, the undertaker.
RILEY: I… doop! Oh. (laughs, a little relieved) Oh, yeah. Oh, how are you, Digger? I never thought I’d be glad to see an undertaker.
DIGGER: You’re looking fine, Riley. Very natural. Tell me, what are you doing here around the old Sherwyn house.
RILEY: Oh, uh. Well… nothing, Digger. We’re… just having some fun on… Halloween.
DIGGER: Ah, Halloween. I adore Halloween. It’s… so gay.
RILEY: Digger, do you hang around this old house, much?
DIGGER: Oh yes, indeed. It’s one of my favorite haunts.
RILEY: Haunts. Listen. You don’t think there’s anything in there, do you?
DIGGER: Who knows? Sometimes as I stroll through this old garden, I feel unseen eyes follow me.
RILEY: You do?
DIGGER: Riley. You’re not going inside the house?
RILEY: Well, we… thought we… might drop in a minute. I… could be talked out of it.

DIGGER: Take my advice, Riley. Remain outside. Enjoy the beautiful flowers. They’re my favorite flowers. Lilies.

RILEY: Digger, when you talk about lilies, please don’t stare at my chest.

DIGGER: Strange how some people have no interest in horticulture. In my profession, we have a saying. “You may not like flowers at first, but eventually they grow on you.” By the way, Riley. How tall are you?

RILEY: Well, I’m about five feet…um… uh, why?

DIGGER: I’d like to borrow your overcoat, Saturday. To wear at the football game.

RILEY: (relieved) Oh. Sure, sure.

DIGGER: I’ll pick it up at one O’clock.

RILEY: Uh-huh.

DIGGER: I want to get to the game before they kick off. Farewell, Riley. (singing) “Oh, bury me not, on the lone prairie.” (fade out)

(MUSIC)

JUNIOR: Here’s the door to the house, pop. It’s open.

RILEY: Well, leave it open. Wide.

(SFX: door open. Slight creaking sound.)

RILEY: Well, one thing, Junior, nobody’ll ever be able to say your old man was a coward. Let’s go in.

(SFX: Walking on creaking boards)

RILEY: Now let’s go out.

JUNIOR: Wait, pop. We’ve only been in one room. We’re supposed to go through the whole house.

RILEY: As far as I’m concerned, this is a one room house. Come on.

JUNIOR: Oh, wait, pop.

RILEY: What for? I…

JUNIOR: I told the kids you didn’t believe in ghosts. And I said we’d have another séance. Like we did at home.

RILEY: Junior, a blood relationship can only be stretched so far.

JUNIOR: Oh, pop, you said you’d do it in a haunted house, and… if we didn’t hear anything, it would prove there wasn’t any… you know, around here.
RILEY: I already *proved* there wasn’t any… you know, around here.

JUNIOR: Well, you didn’t do it right.

RILEY: Well, I…

JUNIOR: I found out, for a séance, the medium has to be tied in a chair, so it can’t pull no tricks.

RILEY: Well, OK, Junior. I’d be glad to let you tie me up. Only there ain’t no rope. (relieved) Ha, ha, ha. Too bad.

JUNIOR: I brought some rope, pop.

RILEY: That was swell of you, Junior. I’ll remember this. Go ahead, tie me.

(MUSIC)

JUNIOR: There. Can you move your hands or feet?

RILEY: Oh, you tied me so tight, gangrene is settin’ in. Now, stand over by the window where I can see you.

JUNIOR: Here I am, pop.

RILEY: Ah, you’ll see, Junior, there won’t be any raps this time.

JUNIOR: I hope you’re right, pop.

RILEY: Course I’m right. How can there be any raps when I’m tied up too tight to rap. And I also got my eye on you.

JUNIOR: Go ahead, then. Ask if there’s any ghosts here.

RILEY: OK, now. (calling) If there’s any ghosts here, rap two times. If there ain’t, don’t bother.

(silence)

RILEY: Huh. Hm. No raps.

JUNIOR: Now say, “If there are any ghosts, to rap three times.”

RILEY: OK. But there won’t be any. (calling) If there are any ghosts, rap three times.

(SFX: three thumps)

RILEY: (scared sounds.) Junior, did you do that?

JUNIOR: (scared) I… I didn’t. Didn’t you?

RILEY: Frankly, no. Junior. Where you goin’?

JUNIOR: Out the window! Come on!

RILEY: Don’t! Come back! Untie me, Junior! I can’t get this chair through that window! Junior!
JUNIOR: (returning) Pop.

RILEY: What!

JUNIOR: Pop, I can’t get the knots untied!

RILEY: Well, try…

JUNIOR: I better go get a knife.

RILEY: Junior, DON’T GO!!! (silence) Don’t forget to come back. I had to open my big mouth for raps and I got raps. Fine thing, all alone in a house with a…

(SFX: footsteps)

RILEY: Huh? What’s that? Who… who’s that?

MRS. SHERWYN: (soft and sad) What are you doing in my house?

RILEY: It… I must be going crazy.

MRS. SHERWYN: Why did you come here?

RILEY: I… I wouldn’t stay, lady, only I… got tied up.

MRS. SHERWYN: I will… loosen the knots.

RILEY: I… uh, uh… thanks. Who… who are you?

MRS. SHERWYN: I am… Alice Sherwyn.

RILEY: (slightly stunned) Now I know I’m crazy. I’m … talking to a ghost.

JUNIOR: (from off) Hey, pop! I’m comin’!

RILEY: Junio…

MRS. SHERWYN: Please. Don’t tell anyone I’m here. I… I only want to be left alone. Here in my house. (fades away)

(SFX: Junior coming through door)

JUNIOR: I got a knife and… Pop! You’re untied!

RILEY: Yeah. And it was a ghost that done it. Wait a minute. Her hands. They weren’t no ghost’s hands. Junior… you go outside and wait for me.

JUNIOR: What are you gonna do, pop?

RILEY: I’m… gonna have another talk with that… that lady ghost.

(MUSIC)

MRS. SHERWYN: Why did you want to see me, Mr. Riley?

RILEY: (respectful and tender) Well, when I… I figured out you wasn’t a ghost, I… got to thinkin’ how lonesome you must be in this house all alone. So I thought you’d like to take a stroll over to my house and… meet my family?
MRS. SHERWYN: Oh. Thank you, but… I…

RILEY: Oh, if you’d rather not talk, I’ll go away.

MRS. SHERWYN: No. Don’t go yet. I mustn’t be rude to my first… guest… in so long.

RILEY: Well, thanks. Must be kind of a shock when the first man you see in so long looks like I do.

MRS. SHERWYN: Tell me about your family, Mr. Riley.

RILEY: Well, my family’s named Riley, after me. Very nice people, too. That was my son, Junior, who was with me tonight.

MRS. SHERWYN: It must be wonderful to have a son.

RILEY: Oh, it’s good. I got a daughter, too. A girl. She’s… she’s sixteen, now. The boy’s thirteen, but… getting older all the time. Then there’s… there’s Peg. That’s my wife. She’s older than the kids, but younger than me. Say, in that picture of you, over the fireplace, I… guess that fellow with you, that’s… your husband.

MRS. SHERWYN: Yes. That’s… Robert.

RILEY: He’s a good lookin’ fella. Maybe you’d rather not talk about him, though.

MRS. SHERWYN: Silence won’t bring him back.

RILEY: My wife told me about what… what happened. Course she didn’t know the part about your being here.

MRS. SHERWYN: I don’t want anyone to know. I want to stay here. Alone. With his memory. It’s the least I can do… in loyalty to him.

RILEY: Oh. You mean, you think that’s what he’d want you to do?

MRS. SHERWYN: Of course. Does that surprise you?

RILEY: Well… yes, ma’am, it does. I didn’t know him, but… from his picture there, I know he was a swell guy. I wouldn’t think he’d want you locked up here, throwing the rest of your life away.

MRS. SHERWYN: Do you think any man wants the wife he loved to forget him in… in a year? Or ever?

RILEY: Well, no, but… there’s… there’s different ways of remembering.

MRS. SHERWYN: I don’t understand.

RILEY: You… you, you can make his dyin’ count for something. By helpin’ to beat the people who started this war and teachin’ the world that… it won’t pay to ever start another.

MRS. SHERWYN: You think that… I… could… help… end this war?
RILEY: Sure. Everybody can do something. The only thing a person can’t do is… is… do nuthin’.

MRS. SHERWYN: Oh. I guess you think I’ve been… very selfish, Mr. Riley.

RILEY: Oh, no. No, you’ve been shut up in this empty house. You just didn’t know what was going on. The people I can’t understand are the ones who do know. And still don’t care. Most people live in something worse than an empty house. They live in an empty brain.

MRS. SHERWYN: Well, I’m not one of them, Mr. Riley. You… you… you’ve given me something to think about. And I’m very grateful.

RILEY: Ah, well… gee, that’s fine. Well, I… guess I’ll be going. I… I’m sure glad you ain’t no ghost. Course, I… ain’t actually scared of ghosts, because I know there ain’t no ghosts. Are there?

MRS. SHERWYN: Of course not.

RILEY: But… you know, Mrs. Sherwyn. It… it is kind of dark out in that garden, isn’t it. Would you… mind walking me to the gate?

(MUSIC)

ANNOUNCER: The Riley’s will be back in a moment. Well, I think we can all agree with Riley that none of us here at home can sit this war out. The war isn’t over in Europe. The war isn’t over in the South Pacific. And the war isn’t over in America’s kitchens. You women, who have signed up for the duration to keep health giving meals on America’s tables, just can’t pick out the meats you want and be sure of getting it every time, these days. The needs of war are bound to make the varieties and qualities your meat man has vary from day to day. So let’s all make good meals of whatever meats are on hand. And remember this. All meats, regardless of cut or kind, have the same complete, highest quality, good-eating proteins that make meat a yardstick of protein foods. This statement, and all statements regarding the nutritional value of meat made on this program, are accepted by the Council on Foods and Nutrition of the American and Medical Association.

(MUSIC)

RILEY: Hiya, dumplin’. Hey, I got some big news about Halloween.

PEG: Yes?

RILEY: Well, you know… I think I’m gonna open up a one man recruiting outfit. I’m gonna recruit WAVES, WACS, SPARS and SPOOKS.1 Heh, heh.

(MUSIC)

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1 WAVES- Women Accepted for Volunteer Emergency Service, WACS- Women’s Army Corp, Coast Guard SPARS - for the motto Semper Paratus, or “Always Ready”
ANNOUNCER: Tune in to the “Life of Riley,” starring William Bendix, next week at this time. This is Ken Niles, saying “See you next week.” This is the Blue Network.

730, KECA, Los Angeles.