

# RADIO MIRROR

March  
25¢

ANNE  
FRANCIS



Full Color Pictures of  
*Stella Dallas*  
—\*—  
MY BOSS, TOM BRENNEMAN





Everywhere you go

**No other shampoo  
leaves your hair more lustrous,  
yet so easy to manage!**

It's mid-winter magic wherever you go...  
your lovely, lustrous, Drene-clean hair  
shimmering bright and alive with *all* its natural sparkle!  
Here famous Magazine Cover Girl and Drene Girl,  
Mickey McGovern, models two easy-to-do hair styles  
for your winter vacation. "The first rule of hair beauty,"  
advises Mickey, "is to make sure your hair  
is shining clean." Always use Drene Shampoo  
with Hair Conditioning action. No other shampoo  
leaves your hair more lustrous, yet so easy to manage.

**N**ORTHERN SUN... and the gleaming  
smoothness of Drene-lovely hair  
to ski-dazzle masculine company.  
*Drene is not a soap shampoo...*  
leaves no dulling film on hair as all  
soaps do. And Drene removes unsightly  
dandruff flakes the first time you use it!

**S**ILKEN-SOFT CURLS always win  
admiring glances... in the South and  
everywhere. Besides revealing up to  
33 per cent more lustre than any  
soap or soap shampoo, today's Drene with  
Hair Conditioning action leaves  
your hair smoother, silkier, easier to  
manage right after your shampoo.



RECOMMENDED BY  
Guaranteed by  
Good Housekeeping  
IF DEFECTIVE OR  
NOT AS ADVERTISED RETURN

Drene

**Shampoo with  
Hair Conditioning Action**







"The man said  
**Smile, Sis!**"

**GIRL:** Sorry, but I've sworn off smiling. Why, if I smiled—

**CUPID:** . . . you might get a *man* into the picture with you some time. Just fancy! Or don't you care for that kind of mush?

**GIRL:** Look, snip, what I do is my business. Why don't you go attend to your *own*?

**CUPID:** It so happens, scrap-happy, that smiles *are* my business. Men go for smiles. If you think that sour puss of yours will ever make a man look twice . . .

**GIRL:** Well, my smile is worse than my sulk. It would frighten away even the photographer. No high-lights . . . no glitter. I brush my teeth regularly but—



**CUPID:** But your tooth brush often shows a tinge of "pink"?

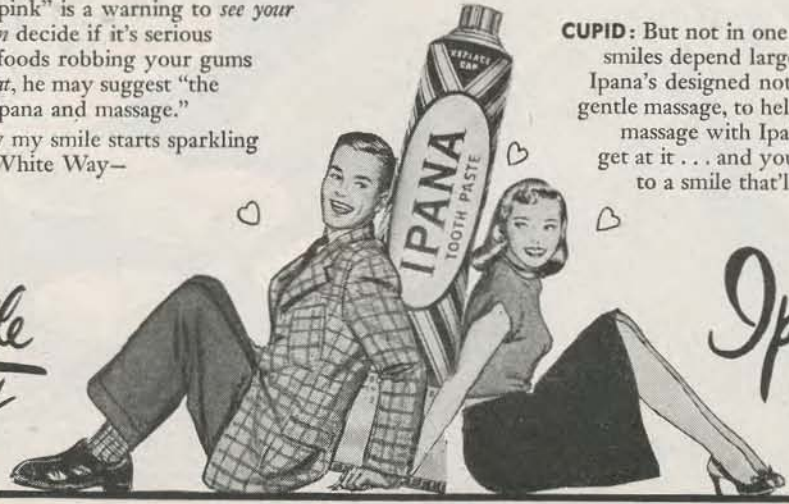
**GIRL:** Pink, green, blue . . . we were discussing the rainbow, perchance?

**CUPID:** Listen, sister, "pink" is a warning to *see your dentist AT ONCE*. Let *him* decide if it's serious . . . or just a case of soft foods robbing your gums of exercise. And if it's *that*, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

**GIRL:** And then suddenly my smile starts sparkling out loud like the Great White Way—

**CUPID:** But not in one day, dopey. For sparkling smiles depend largely on firm, healthy gums. Ipana's designed not only to clean teeth but, with gentle massage, to help gums. If your dentist suggests massage with Ipana when you brush your teeth, get at it . . . and you'll be on the Great Right Way to a smile that'll break men's hearts!

For the Smile  
of Beauty



Ipana and  
Massage



# RADIO MIRROR

Coming  
Next  
Month



The pretty woman above is Young Widder Brown, whom you'll find in brilliant color in next month's Living Portraits, surrounded by the friends that years of hearing on the air have made your friends, too.

\* \* \*

Special decoration for April's Come and Visit story are the delightful blonde bangs on Alice Faye's pair of very blonde daughters. For that matter, lovely Alice (Mrs. Phil Harris) herself is no less bonde and no less decorative, as you'll see from the beautiful color portrait of her and her husband.

\* \* \*

Also a significant event in the life of The Second Mrs. Burton; a Blondie story-in-pictures; Red Skelton, also in pictures; all the best ideas we could find for Better Living. We never do have space enough to tell you all about the issue coming up!

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out of  this world



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Candy Coated  
**GUM**  
PEPPERMINT

Candy Coated  
means More Flavor!

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FRANK H. FLEER CORP., PHILA., PA.





Introducing  
**ALFRED PASCHALL**

**J**UST as Ralph Edwards' Truth and Consequences (NBC, Saturdays, 8:30 PM EST) started the trend in audience participation shows, so his production manager, Al Paschall, pioneered the hitherto non-existent job of stage managing a radio program.

Becoming a radio program's production manager never entered Al's head—until it actually happened. Born in 1917 in Dallas, Texas, he got the acting bug when he was eight years old and played the lead in the "Pied Piper." All through high school, the dramatic club was almost more important than any other activity for Al and this devotion ended not only with his school's winning a state drama contest, but with Al, himself, being awarded a scholarship at the Southwestern School of the Theater.

Finally, in January of 1937, he made his New York debut! He carried a spear in the Maurice Evans production of "Richard II". Having gained that foothold, it began to be a little easier. He got small roles with Evans in "Henry IV" and in "Hamlet," and stayed with the company for some time in New York and on the road. He became more and more interested in the production end of the theater. He knew little about production in radio, but he had vision enough to see that there was a future in it, so he embarked on a brand new field—stage managing a radio show.

As production manager for the show, Al's duties are many and varied. All the physical aspects of the program comes under his direct supervision.

And prize-procuring, tour details, prop-designs, reunions—Al does those, too.



**Don't turn it out, Honey—  
you'll be back by ten!**

**S**URELY A BUNDLE of charm like you couldn't miss out tonight. Yet just when the fun's getting started, the dance will be over for you.

It's so easy for even the prettiest girl to miss, when she fails to *keep* her charm safe from underarm odor.

She should remember—a bath washes away *past* perspiration, but to guard against risk of future underarm odor—Mum's the popular word.

→ **better because it's Safe**

- 1. Safe for skin.** No irritating crystals. Snow-white Mum is gentle, harmless to skin.
- 2. Safe for clothes.** No harsh ingredients in Mum to rot or discolor fine fabrics.
- 3. Safe for charm.** Mum gives sure protection against underarm odor all day or evening.

Mum is economical, too. Doesn't dry out in the jar—stays smooth and creamy. Quick, easy to use—even after you're dressed.

**For Sanitary Napkins—Mum is gentle, safe, dependable . . . ideal for this use, too.**

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**Mum**



Product of Bristol-Myers



# Introducing KEN ROBERTS



Wall Street or radio? Ken made the lucky choice

**K**EN ROBERTS enjoys his job as quizmaster on Quick as a Flash, heard Sundays at 5:30 PM, EST over the Mutual network. But the part of the program that really delights him more than anything else is the spot where he stops mc-ing long enough to say, "And now, announcer Cy Harris has a few words to say . . ." For to Ken, that moment is a complete switch on what has almost always been the Roberts routine. As the announcer on Take It or Leave It, Correction Please, Battle of the Sexes and some other shows, someone else was always saying, "And now Ken Roberts with a few words—"

Ken Roberts was born on Washington's Birthday, 1910, in New York City. He attended DeWitt Clinton High School where, incidentally, one of his closest schoolmates was Ned Calmer, now one of CBS's top newscasters.

Early 1929 saw Ken in dire straits and badly in need of a job. He had heard there were many opportunities for enterprising young men on Wall Street, so he got himself a job as runner—but he left in June!

Ken got the acting itch again and put on plays for the underprivileged kids at Eddie Cantor's camp at Surprise Lake, N. Y. That summer over, Ken hooked up with the Christopher Morley stock company in Hoboken, which was making a big thing out of reviving old time melodramas. Ken wound up playing leads there after nine months.

1930 saw Roberts—and a lot of depression hit actors stalking Broadway in search of a job. Discussing the sorry state of affairs and discussing that was practically all most of them could do to fill in their days—one "at liberty" thespian happened to mention radio as a possibility. Ken decided to take a crack at radio announcing and began making the rounds of small stations, realizing that he'd need some experience. He auditioned and landed a job with WLTH in Brooklyn, stayed there six months, until the work and the long subway ride got too tiring. He auditioned for CBS, competing with 35 other would-be announcers, and got a job. He played straight dramatic roles for five years.



# Introducing JOAN ALEXANDER

Equal to any role—versatile is the word for Joan

**J**OAN ALEXANDER, lovely, brown-haired with deep, brown eyes, is all things to all plays. She's the versatile actress who plays Lynn Alexander, the proprietor of a music school in Lewiston on the Lone Journey, and has portrayed Lois Lane, the girl friend of Superman, for years.

To meet her, Joan is poised, alert, interested in the world and what goes on in it.

That she has this cosmopolitan air is not surprising. In her young life she has been to a lot of far flung places in the world. When Joan was eight years old, her father, who owned a linen factory in Madeira, took her on her first trip to Europe.

By the time Joan was through with a part of her schooling, she had made up her mind to become an actress. She studied with the fabulous European actor, director and coach, Benno Schneider. And, as part of her training, she toured the leading cities of Europe, North Africa and Latin America.

In 1938, Joan was in Vienna when Hitler's troops marched into that city. That was when she decided

to return to America. She had already had a good view of Yugoslavia, England, France and, as she puts it, "I even got to Casablanca before President Roosevelt and Humphrey Bogart put it on the map."

It wasn't long before she began to get some attention—and what's better—jobs here at home. She played in several stock companies and appeared on Broadway in "Jeremiah" for the Theatre Guild and in "Merrily We Roll Along" and "Mr. Hamlet."

She spent a brief time in Hollywood, and then returned to New York and began her radio career. Since then, she's been busy all the time, working on shows like Right to Happiness, Bright Horizon.

Besides being an accomplished actress and an accomplished citizen, Joan is an expert horsewoman. Her other favorite sports are tennis and swimming. Of course, she's had to forego all of these diversions for awhile, because, by the time this appears in print she will have become a mother. She was married around the time we met her and she keeps her private and her professional life strictly separate.



Every

Charm

but One . . .

HERE IS MARY LOU dressed for another gay party. The nicest and best looking man in town is to be her escort. She expects to be the "femme fatale" as usual, with all sorts of men cutting in. Most of them find her irresistible.

But tonight they won't find her irresistible. Tonight they won't be cutting in so frequently. For Mary Lou has overlooked something.

Men will be quick to spot it, and jealous women will see to it that the bad news gets quickly whispered around. By next week there will be quite a bit of tarnish on Mary Lou's reputation as a charmer. But Mary Lou won't know about it.

*How About You?*

You, yourself, may not realize when you have halitosis (unpleasant breath). You may be free of it one night and guilty of it the next. And, when you are, your name is likely to go down on the social black-list.

Isn't it foolish to take such a risk when Listerine Antiseptic offers such an easy, wholly delightful precaution?

Simply rinse the mouth with Listerine Antiseptic and almost at once your breath becomes fresher, sweeter, less likely to offend. It's a "must" before any date where you want to be at your best. Never, never omit it.

While some cases of halitosis are of systemic origin, most cases, say some authorities, are due to the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles clinging to mouth surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors fermentation causes.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, St. Louis, Missouri



*Before any date . . .*

**LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC**

*for Oral Hygiene*





Whether they're French or English or American, that French "something" can be heard in the songs Jean Sablon sings, Sundays at 5:30 EST, on CBS.

Donald O'Connor and his wife (right) and the Fred Finkelhoffes (Ella Logan) celebrate—Donald is the new comedian on the Ginny Simms Program on CBS.



### THE FRENCH TOUCH

IF the United Nations, in their global effort to foster one peaceful world, should ever decide on a singing ambassador, Jean Sablon should be their man. Without diplomatic portfolio, the romantic French baritone has been doing the job quite effectively. Last year found him singing to the movie mob in Hollywood's Ciro's, the international set in Brussels, Amsterdam and his own Paris, Canadians in Montreal, and south-of-the-border night clubbers in Rio de Janeiro and Mexico City. Doing most of his traveling by air, Jean finally made a three-point landing in New York, where he has comfortably settled down for a while.

"It is fun singing to so many different people," he says in halting English, "and comforting to know all of them understand what I am trying to do."

# Facing the



Enoch Light plays for fellow-leaders George Olson



# Music

By KEN ALDEN



and Shep Fields, learning the latest from Arthur Murray girls.



James Melton is singing M.C. of NBC's Harvest of Stars, Sundays at 2:30.



Margaret Whiting sings with Eddie Cantor, Thursdays at 10:30 on NBC.



Record sales for Tony Martin's non-crooning records. He's on tour.



that I am on the radio I get nice letters from young people, what you call bobby sockers, old ladies, and poor people who are sick. And you know, I like that so much better."

Sablon came to the U. S. first in 1937, was signed for a lavish Broadway revue. He was snowed under. The other members of the cast dominated him—Abbott and Costello, Bobby Clark, and Carmen Miranda—with their explosive talents.

He returned to Paris, disappointed but philosophical. "I was not ready for all of America," he recounted, "and my English was poor."

Sablon was born in Paris of a theatrical family. His father wrote musical comedies, his sister Germaine was, before the war, a top-flight night club entertainer. During the war she served as a leader in the underground

movement, was wounded twice, received the Croix de Guerre.

"My sister is a fine woman. When she recently returned to the stage in Paris, her fans were startled at how much more serious and mature she was as a performer. You know what she told them? She said, 'Of course I have changed. No one but a doll could remain unchanged through the past six years. France too has changed. She is a woman now, not a girl!'"

Jean got his first show-business break when an influential Parisienne chatted with him on a train, helped get him a job as a chorus boy. Then Mistinguette, who at the age of 70 is still a ranking French star, made him her leading man. He also sang with Charles Boyer and Jean Gabin.



# STUBBORN FILM ROBS YOUR SKIN OF *half its Beauty!*

You can't see or feel  
this stubborn film . . .  
and ordinary cleansing  
fails to remove it.

**BUT**

Once you try this treat-  
ment you will instantly  
see and feel the *difference!*



JUST ONE TREATMENT with unique Lady Esther Cream shows how much clearer, fresher, *younger* your skin can look!

Every woman's skin has this insidious enemy . . . a stubborn film, which is a combination of your natural skin oils and cosmetics and dirt. Ordinary cleansing methods don't remove this stubborn film. Massage or rubbing only forces it deeper into the mouths of the pores.

This stubborn film dulls the natural freshness and beauty of your skin . . . makes even young skin look older.

Here's the safe and sure way to get rid of this insidious film that dulls the true freshness of your skin.

**See for yourself—tonight**

Tonight, smooth on Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream . . . then wipe it off. Look at your cleansing tissue. See how surface dirt and cosmetics have been removed. But your skin itself is not yet free of that dulling film.

Now comes the important part! Apply my unique Lady Esther cream again . . . and wipe it off. This second cleansing really rids your skin of that stubborn film

which improper methods fail to remove!

My cream does not need to be rubbed in, massaged in . . . because its unique texture is so soft, so effective. Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream *itself* does the work—not your fingers! And it needs no help from any other cream or lotion!

#### A Complete Beauty Treatment

Each time you use my unique cream, it does four of the things your skin needs most for beauty. 1) thoroughly cleans your skin; 2) softens your skin; 3) helps Nature refine your pores; 4) leaves a perfect base for face powder.

#### Difference is amazing!

Immediately after your first Lady Esther treatment, you *see* the big difference in your skin. Your skin looks so much fresher, clearer . . . actually looks *younger!* And instantly, you *feel* the new softness and smoothness!

Get Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream today! Let this unique cream work its beauty wonders on *your* skin!



Cocktailing with her husband Walter Surovy is glamorous Rise Stevens, new star of the CBS Family Hour.

Like Mistinguette, Jean looks ageless. Admitting to 38, his jet black curly hair, warm smile and gleaming teeth belie his age. He is broad shouldered, has a good sized mustache and gives the appearance of being taller than he really is.

Sablon's singing style is definitely in the Parisian manner. He caresses the microphone like an American swooner, which led his press agent to tag him "the French Sinatra . . . he appeals to the nylon-soxers."

Although he sings in French, audiences everywhere understand Sablon. The meaning is in his voice and saucy eyes.

But his English is improving. He can also sing and converse in Spanish and Portuguese.

When CBS script writer George Frazier suggested some appropriate closing for the CBS shows, Sablon had an idea. "I will hum."

"But don't you think we should do something with a French flavor," Frazier countered.

"Bon," said Jean, "First I hum in French. Then I hum in English so everybody understand."

Sablon's hotel suite is filled with pictures of his family, particularly those of his 70-year old mother. During the occupation she was almost imprisoned for aiding Allied troops. She got out and her singing son bought her a huge ranch in Brazil.

"I have not spent much time with momma. Ever since I was a child I have been wandering. Someday soon I stop singing and go home to her," he says.

\* \* \*

The girl who sang to more soldiers and sailors than Dinah Shore, Jo Stafford and Ginny Simms combined, is unemployed! Pretty Martha Wilkerson who, as GI Jill, was the singing voice on countless Armed Forces Radio Services programs beamed around the world to our fighting men, found that when war ended, her fame ended simultaneously.

\* \* \*

The explosive news that Woody Herman has junked his band should come as no surprise to Facing The Music readers. (Continued on page 10)



# Lady Esther

4-PURPOSE FACE CREAM

Needs No Help From Any Other Cream



*Now! Keep your hands  
as kissable as your lips*



*How wonderful!*

## Woodbury Beauty-Blended Lotion is actually 2-lotions-in-1

**PROTECTS AS IT SOFTENS • RICH IN LUXURY LANOLIN**

Reach for it joyously, expectantly. For Woodbury Lotion is new, new, new! Perfected by Woodbury skin specialists, this luscious lotion is a beauty blend of softening and protective ingredients—*actually 2-lotions-in-1*:

- 1** A softening lotion that helps bring hands endearing *natural* softness. (Its luxury lanolin is the softening, smoothing "first-cousin" of your skin's own natural moisture.)
- 2** A protective lotion that helps "glove" your hands against roughness, redness, drying, chapping from winter cold, daily dishwashings and soap and water cleansing.

You'll love the exquisite fragrance, the rich, creamy consistency of Woodbury Lotion. Never sticky or greasy. Use it for soft, smooth elbows, shoulders, legs, too. Get it at your drug or cosmetic counter. 25c and 50c. Or try Woodbury Lotion for a week at our expense—that's how sure we are you'll fall in love with it.

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF WOODBURY FACIAL SOAP AND OTHER BEAUTY AIDS



*Free!*

**MAIL COUPON FOR PURSE-SIZE GIFT BOTTLE.**  
Let the lovely things Woodbury Lotion does for your hands convince you there has never before been a lotion like it.

Box 45, Cincinnati 14, Ohio, Dept. 516. Woodbury Beauty-Blended Lotion sounds exciting. I'd love to try it. Please send me a FREE purse-size gift bottle.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

(Print name, address plainly... Sorry, offer good in U. S. A. only.)  
Paste on penny postcard if you wish.

R  
M  
9



# Head of the Class



For you (even though your Math's a little weak) if you keep your hair smooth and neat and sweet to see ... You'll rate A-plus with that dreamboat sitting next to you in class ... and what more can a girl ask?

Just keep your hair clean and shiny and leave the rest to DeLong Bob Pins, those indispensable allies. They keep stray locks in place because they have a

## Stronger Grip - Won't Slip Out

No fear of DeLong Bob Pins losing this vise-like grip. Why? They're made of high-carbon steel.



Quality Manufacturers for Over 50 Years  
BOB PINS HAIR PINS SAFETY PINS  
SNAPS PINS  
HOOKS & EYES HOOK & EYE TAPES  
SANITARY BELTS

(Continued from page 8) We reported a dance band slump months ago.

Business has been terrible in hotels, ballrooms and one night stands, and although sponsored radio performances and theater engagements helped some, the overhead could not be reduced.

At the same time music analysts have just about come to the conclusion that strictly swing bands have suffered in public favor. The crowds are apathetic about jump tunes, flock to the floor in increasing numbers only when the music is sweet and romantic; a changing taste evidently brought on by the great number of post-war marriages and romances.

I doubt if the Sinatra critics can level any further charges against Frankie after the startling and exciting performances he gave in December at New York's Waldorf Astoria. On that highly-polished floor, before the toughest "show-me" audiences in the land, the ex-Hoboken fighter came of age. He sang each night for 75 consecutive minutes and could have stayed on forever. Between the numbers Frankie ad libbed like a master showman, thoroughly at ease, sure-footed and sure-voiced, climaxing each performance with the difficult and exciting rendition of Richard Rodgers' "Soliloquy" from "Carousel."

Sinatra didn't make money at the Waldorf. He received \$2,000, poured it back into extra musical accompaniment. For the same work he could have gotten \$10,000 in any theater. But he gained immeasurable stature and proved to himself his right to wear a star.

Hildegard is sicker than is generally known. She has a congestion in her larynx and chest making it extremely difficult for the chanteuse to perform naturally or comfortably. If the situation does not improve, the ex-Milwaukee child prodigy may take a brief leave from the air.

Tony Martin has asked for and obtained his release from MGM so he could devote more time to his personal appearance tours, record-making, and chances for a new sponsored radio show.



Singer Perry Como and Maestro Lloyd Shaffer straighten out a tangle for their NBC Supper Club broadcast.

**STOP!**  
don't take chances  
**CUTTING CUTICLE**  
**TRIMAL keeps cuticle trim without cutting**  
Safely removes dead cuticle.  
No hangnails—No infection.  
New fingernail beauty.

Use  
**TRIMAL**  
**CUTICLE REMOVER**  
10c AND 25c AT ALL COSMETIC COUNTERS

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping  
ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTE  
USED BY MILLIONS OF SMART WOMEN

**Sell GREETING CARDS**  
FAST SALES BIG PROFITS. Show exquisite Everyday, Birthday, Easter, Humorous Boxes, Gift Wraps, Stationery, Correspondence Notes, Special Offers. Bonus. Request \$1.00 Everyday Box on approval.  
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Only VETO Contains DURATEX, exclusive new safety ingredient! Veto is different from any other deodorant...Does not rot clothes. Safe for any normal skin. Stays moist in jar—never gritty, rubs in easily. Use doubly safe Veto regularly to guard your daintiness and to check perspiration, stop odor safely.

**DOUBLY PREFERRED!** Registered Nurses who have tried Veto prefer it almost 2 to 1 over any other deodorant, according to a nation-wide survey.  
APPROVED SAFE FOR FABRICS—Better Fabrics Bureau



By KEN ALDEN

**BENNY GOODMAN:**

The Goodman musical bag of tricks explodes in a whopping 12-inch version of "Oh, Baby!" (Columbia)

**HARRY JAMES:**

Wrap-up of all-time James favorites, including "Ciribiribin," "One O'Clock Jump" and "Music Makers." (Columbia)

**VAUGHN MONROE:**

A pleasant discing of the new hit "And So To Bed" paired with "You Can't See The Sun When You're Cryin'." (Victor). For a piano grooving of the former tune, try Skitch Henderson's. (Capitol)

**SAMMY KAYE:**

The cleaned-up novelty "I Used To Work In Chicago" mated with "It's A Lie," both played in typical swing and sway fashion. (Victor)

**PEGGY LEE:**

Another swell disc by this stylist, featuring her own tune, "Everything's Movin' Too Fast" and "Lovin' Time." (Capitol)

**JOHNNY MERCER:**

The amusing juke box click, "Huggin' And A Chalkin'" teamed with "Take Me Back To Little Rock" for a stand-out rhythmic special. (Capitol)

**KING COLE TRIO:**

This fine group seldom misses and "That's The Beginning Of The End" and "But She's My Buddy's Chick" keep up the standard. (Capitol)

**MARTHA TILTON:**

Sings the new hit, "How Are Things In Glocca Morra" from the musical, "Finian's Rainbow," plus the novelty, "Connecticut." (Capitol)

**WILL BRADLEY:**

Excellent dance tempos in "Sooner Or Later" and "Turn The Knob On The Left To The Right." (Signature)

**BOBBY DOYLE:**

New swoon contender shows his stuff on "Serenade To An Old-Fashioned Girl" and "I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now." (Signature)

**SKINNAY ENNIS:**

Good to have the staccato-voiced Skinnay back on wax. Hear him sing "So Would I" and "Oh, But I Do." (Signature)

**FRANK SINATRA:**

A beautiful disc package blending "September Song" and the nostalgic "Among My Souvenirs." (Columbia)

**GORDON MacRAE:**

Another fine baritone goes places with "Oh, But I Do" and "Flattery Will Get You Nowhere." (Musical)

**MILDRED BAILEY:**

The much-neglected Rockin' Chair Lady comes through again with a fine recording of "I'll Close My Eyes" and "Me And The Blues." (Majestic)

## BARBARA HALE

starring in  
RKO RADIO PICTURES, INC.  
LADY LUCK



*Loveliest Lustre . . . Quick, Clean  
...with Blended Vegetable Oils*

Capture the beauty of the stars in your hair with GLO-VER Beauty Shampoo—so easy to use, so quick, so delightfully cleansing!

No other shampoo can adorn your hair with lovelier lustre, more natural-looking sparkle and brilliance, daintier springtime softness, than GLO-VER. Contains cleansing agents made from blended vegetable oils. Rinses out easily, completely . . . not a trace of unsightly film! Removes loose dandruff—leaves scalp refreshingly clean, hair radiantly manageable! Ask for GLO-VER at any Drug Store or Drug Counter today—or mail the Coupon.

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Send Free Trial Application package in plain wrapper by return mail, containing 3-Way Treatment in three hermetically-sealed bottles, with FREE booklet. I enclose 10¢ to cover cost of packaging and postage.

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Dave Willock, Arthur Treacher and Jack Carson gave Baby Doll a little help with his lines when the talking dog appeared on the Carson show.



At sixteen, lovely Paulena Carter is a pianist of concert stature. She's featured on CBS's Sparkle Time with Meredith Willson, Fridays.

# What's New



Colonel "Pappy" Boyington and National Commander Lloyd F. Oleson present a citation to comedian Alan Young for broadcasts on behalf of disabled veterans.

NOT LONG AGO, Preston Sturges, the well known Hollywood director-scripser, was in New York and let loose a barrage against radio. He claimed that it was a shame that such a magnificent invention, instead of being used for education, is used for vaudeville. By and large, we have a tendency to agree with Mr. Sturges. But let's give as much credit as is really due to radio execs. They do try. Whether we can agree that they try enough, or hard enough, or make enough effort to build their educational shows, is another matter. But they do try. At least once a day, each of the major networks presents some form of educational broadcast. Things that leap into mind are the various symphonic programs, the various Schools of the Air, Exploring the Unknown, The Doctors Talk It Over. We're inclined to agree with Preston Sturges, however, that considering the time and money that's spent on radio, not enough is done via this medium to spread real understanding, information and to encourage healthy, independent thinking.

Here, we'd like to tip our hat to CBS for the splendid series they did on alcoholism—Alcohol and You. It's a good thing that the spotlight of honest discussion and factual exposure has been turned on this subject. CBS deserves credit for going at the thing from all angles,

# from COAST to COAST

By DALE BANKS



Experienced in the ways of radio-crime is young Jerry Boyar, of the CBS network's Crime Photographer, Thursdays.



Anita Ellis, who sang at actress Shirley Mitchell's wedding, wished Dr. and Mrs. Julian Frieden the very best of luck just before they left for New York, where they'll be living and working.

scientifically, instead of being satisfied with a few sensational stories about a disease which is so widespread in this country.

One of the experts who appeared on the series, Dr. E. M. Jellinek of Yale University, said that although alcohol is the source of much human misery, fundamentally, human misery is the source of alcoholism. Alcoholism and fighting the inroads it makes on society—approximately fifty million Americans drink, and of these about 750,000 are chronic alcoholics, more than two million drink too much—has become a problem for the whole of society, not just for reformers, prohibitionists, preachers and teachers.

Again, hats off to CBS for presenting the question as it did, fully, honestly and seriously.

We like the way Harry Elders has turned one of his hobbies into an educational program for his two sons. In his many years in radio, Harry has portrayed scores of prominent men and, whenever he did, he always tried to get his famous original's autograph on the scripts, or on the person's own work—book, or whatever. From this start he got the idea of compiling a running history of his times for his kids. Now, Harry keeps scrapbooks of newspaper headlines and editorials, fashion and home

pictures, magazine ads and war mementos, adding to them daily. When the Elders boys reach the age of eighteen, the collections will be turned over to them for quick and handy reference in any future generation debates on the "good old days."

Every time we're inclined to start moaning about the amount of work we have to do, we stop at the first groan, thinking about Margaret E. Sangster's routine. Miss Sangster does the scripting for the My True Story program. Each week, she does five twenty-five minute periods for that program, writes one magazine story, five articles and two serials for a group of religious magazines. It all adds up to a lot of words—about 70,000 of them, in fact. And—in addition, she manages to write one novel a year.

Comes information which surprises us a little, mainly because it's such a far cry from his blood and thunder activities as Nick Carter on the Mutual series. Lon Clark, who plays the rough and ready Nick, has just published the first of several albums of original stories for children, including one which has been a prime favorite with his own two youngsters, "Buster Bags the Bandit."



# RURAL Friend



Roy Battles checks over the farm accounts.



Inspecting stock or running farm machinery—all in the day's work to Roy, WLW Farm Director and manager of "Everybody's Farm."

**F**ROM THE GROUND UP, title of his rural comment program, best describes the career of WLW's Farm Director, Roy Battles.

Long, lanky, and bristling with energy, Roy Battles was born on a farm near Chesterland, Ohio. His working days started early in life. His father was afflicted with asthma, and Roy, as a boy, took over the duties of running the family's dairy farm. On the side, he even ran a trap line on the ten-mile hike between his home and the one-room country school house. During his junior years, he served as progressive leader in the 4-H Club for ten years, and today is still vitally interested as an adult in fostering 4-H activities and leadership.

Graduating from Ohio State University in 1934, with a major in horticulture, Roy's first job was that of county agricultural agent for Pike County, Ohio, and later he transferred to Clermont County in the same position until he joined the WLW Farm Department in 1943.

Roy is a friend of thousands of farm and rural families who listen to his three daily broadcasts. *Chore Time* is aired at 6:45 A.M.; a graphic prediction of weather conditions and market estimates follows at 7:40. Roy tours to Everybody's Farm at Mason, Ohio, at 12:40 P.M. six days a week. Everybody's Farm is a typical midwest farm, run by a tenant farmer and under the management of Battles. The farm is really his hobby.

Roy's Farm Front program brings farmers and rural leaders to the microphone for a discussion of current rural problems at 9 A.M., EST, each Sunday.

Battles is still setting headlines with his talks before rural and civic groups throughout the entire midwest area relating what he saw in Europe on a seven-week tour under UNRRA and government sanction. Battles, who headed WLW's overseas "Famine Mission," now speaks to at least two groups a week and is booked months ahead, describing the famine-torn continent in an effort to convince American farmers of the need of maintaining peace and progressive farming methods in the United States.



After a hard day, stock reports on the radio.



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## THIS SIDE OF INNOCENCE

by Taylor Caldwell



AMALIE, the whispered-about daughter of a drunken ne'er-do-well, sold herself into a marriage with wealth and position. Only one man could threaten the security of this ravishing mink—the wastrel half-brother of her husband. And when these two, the wanton and the wasterl, found themselves whirled into a lawless passion that defied every rule of honor, their world threatened to crumble about them. "A masterful piece of story-telling . . . pulsing with life."—*Phila. Inquirer*. This is the famous best seller that is soon to be made into a \$2,000,000 screen epic by Story Productions, Inc.

## BEFORE THE SUN GOES DOWN

by Elizabeth Metzger Howard



HE knew the whole town's secrets—yet hid a burning secret of his own! Doctor Dan Field knew everything that went on in Willow Spring—the scandals and the love affairs. He served the town's royalty as well as the people across the tracks—and he knew that their offspring had a way of getting together. But no one knew that in Dan's lonely house—in the bedroom where no woman had ever slept—he kept a huge white bride's bed, reserved for the wife of another man! A \$145,000 prize-winning novel.

## THE STRANGE WOMAN

by Ben Ames Williams



THE astounding story of a 'Maine Cleopatra'—as she was known to her husbands, her sons, her lovers. This is a novel that will hold you breathless through more than 500 gripping pages. You will find swift adventure, excitement, terror in the dramatic career of Jenny Hager—an amazing woman who seemed a saint to the world at large but combined the mystery and fascination of Scarlett O'Hara and Lucrezia Borgia in her ruthless destruction of the men who gave her devotion. Soon to be seen in a \$2,000,000 motion picture starring Hedy La Marr.

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# DOWN on the FARM



WGN Farm Director Hal Totten (1947) gets news straight from the source.

FROM the fields of sport to the meadows of farm may seem farther than a whoop and a holler to some folks, but to WGN's Farm Director Hal Totten, who made the change, the transition seems less paradoxical than beating swords into plowshares. Nor did the change seem strange to Station Manager Frank Schreiber, who felt that WGN's clear channel frequency facilities, which reach a vast general audience throughout the heart of the nation, could better be served by a man with Totten's general newspaper and radio background than by an agricultural expert with specialized interests.

Hal admits that interviewing a farmer beside his tractor is a far cry from chatting with Babe Ruth at a World Series. But there's more than the flutter of a shutter between the two pictures, he insists. Between the two is a twenty-two-year panorama of scenes in newspaper offices, sports arenas, flood-devastated countrysides, stratospheric flights, and fire-swept areas. Covering such stories develops more than a sportscaster, Hal says, and to prove it he now travels more than 1,500 miles a month through farmlands broadcasting news that is vital to more than one-third of the nation.

In his first eighteen months at this assignment Hal recorded more than 500 interviews on almost as many farm subjects, attesting to the fact that he gets around just as much and probably meets a lot more folks in his new work. He doesn't think he'll ever go back to sports, except as a spectator.

Hal never lost touch with his newspaper origin. From 1924 until 1930 he continued as re-write man, feature writer and columnist in addition to his sportscasting. He wrote on general subjects through the '30's, rejoined a Chicago paper editorial staff in 1942 and by 1945, after a spell as free-lance news commentator, he considered himself sufficiently "un-typed" as a sportscaster to launch into the field of radio farm service.

Joining WGN, Totten revamped one of the oldest farm broadcasting services in the middlewest into a modern farm service with four daily and two weekly programs totaling nine and one-half hours weekly. Hal's forays into the hinterlands take him to universities, agricultural expositions, county fairs and anywhere that farmers can be found. He keeps a crew of technicians busy recording interviews which sometimes number as high as 25 in a day.



Sportscaster Hal (1924) in Babe Ruth days.



Very  
personally  
yours



YOU enter smiling . . . as the overture brings back all the old enchantment. That night; and how close to the stars the topmost row of the balcony had seemed. That hush, when the lights lowered, and the curtain rose . . . wafting you into a make-believe heaven. Where the heroine's loves . . . tears . . . triumphs . . . were very personally yours!

Play-going is still one of your many ways of keeping life fascinating; *fun*. And strolling among those who come to see and be seen, you're poised . . . self-possessed, even at certain times. For naturally Kotex is your choice of napkins, knowing those flat tapered ends of Kotex prevent revealing outlines.

You're sure, too, of extra protection, with Kotex' special safety center. Of heavenly softness that *lasts*, because Kotex is made to stay soft while you wear it . . . just as every Kotex napkin is made with a deodorant locked inside to keep you dainty, charming. And only Kotex has 3 sizes for different women, different days: Regular, Junior, Super Kotex.

And so, whatever the scene, you enter smiling . . . always confident; always *young* in that eager love of life . . . so very personally yours.



More women choose Kotex\*  
than all other sanitary napkins

\*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



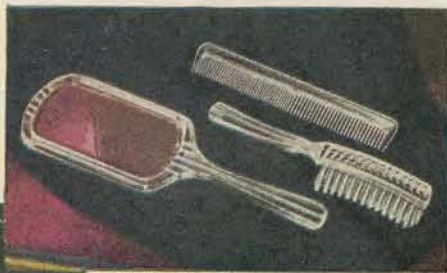


*For hair that commands adoration*  
**Jewelite**

All the lovely things you are to him are expressed in the shining glory of your hair. Keep it soft and lustrous by frequent use of a Jewelite Brush. Supreme creation of the brushmaker's art, Jewelite Brushes by Pro-phy-lac-tic have bristles of long, resilient Prolon that reach right down to your scalp to provide healthful stimulation, while burnishing each strand of hair to alluring, natural loveliness. Brushes, Combs and complete Dresser Sets in Jewelite are available at good brush departments. Look for the name Jewelite on the box. Jewelite, aristocrat of plastics, is made by the makers of the famous Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush.

PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH COMPANY, Florence, Mass.

Jewelite Roll-Wave Brush, Comb and Mirror Set, available in delicate shades of ruby or sapphire, or in diamond-clear crystal.



Pro-phy-lac-tic Combs for men and women are beautifully styled in Jewelite and other lovely plastics. Remember the name . . . Pro-phy-lac-tic!



*Introducing*  
**DOROTHY DAY**

**A**S FAMOUS for her fashion comments as for the top-drawer "names" she interviews, lovely Dorothy Day, the WINS-WLW glamor-gal commentator, is easily one of the top personalities in her field.

In between writing and conducting two programs a day, five days a week, over WINS (one of her programs is also piped directly to Cincinnati's WLW), dynamic Dorothy does fashion commentaries for the country's leading designers. Recognition of her top-flight position in the field was further evidenced by her selection for the somewhat demanding task of conducting a fashion show before 22,000 people at last year's Israel Orphan Asylum benefit at Madison Square Garden.

Dorothy attends all business luncheons and women's expositions gathering material for her radio programs, all of which she herself writes. Her daily program over WINS from 10:00 to 10:30 A.M., *A Woman's View of What's New*, is a well-balanced combination of fashion, budget menus, home-decorating and music, plus stimulating interviews with interesting celebrities geared to reach and interest the woman of today.

Every day is Dorothy's guesting day. The passing parade of celebrities who have appeared on her programs include such notables as Mrs. Vincent Astor, the well-known New Yorker; Mrs. Bernard Gimbel, wife of the philanthropist; Jerry Colonna, William Eythe, Catherine McLeod, Sonnia Darrin, of the movies; Ray Lev, one of the foremost women pianists in America; leading designers of women's clothes, including Tsang Tsing-Ying, Chinese designer; Jean Sablon, the Parisian singer; the Met's Helen Jepson, and a host of others.

What especially distinguishes Dorothy Day from other interviewers is her extraordinary talent for making her guests feel at home, so that listeners get the full flavor of their guest's personality, instead of the somewhat stiff mutterings we all hear from time to time. Her many listeners regard Dorothy as their good friend, and welcome her guests as they would her, sincerely, with friendly interest.

**JEWELITE BY PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC**



Introducing  
**JOHN TILLMAN**



**A**T FRANK DAILEY'S Meadowbrook last summer, a young ex-GI named John Tillman earned himself the moniker of "Dream Scream," delightfully bestowed on him by the bobby-soxers who found his looks and his emceeing irresistible. In a way, Tillman found this very satisfying, certainly a change from having "Sergeant!" screamed at him for three years. Matinee at Meadowbrook is still on the air, beamed by GI's still overseas. We ordinary citizens hear John as m.c. of Danny O'Neil's Singing in the Morning (daily 9:15 A.M., EST, CBS) and as the smooth-voiced announcer of The Stradivari Orchestra (Sundays, CBS, 2:30 P.M., EST).

John was born in Clio, Alabama, during the first World War. He became a professional performer while he was still attending Barbour County High School. At the age of sixteen, he became a staff announcer and singer on Station WAFG in Dothan, Alabama. His mother accompanied him on the organ for his singing program.

After he was graduated from high school, John took a job on Station WSB and for four years combined radio and college. Then, one day the station director of WHAS in Louisville, Kentucky, got in touch with him and offered John a job as master of ceremonies and news commentator. John had to make a choice. It was just before his coveted BA degree became his, but John chose the job and put off his degree.

His next step was the big one. While with WHAS, John made a few audition records and mailed them to CBS in New York. He didn't really expect any answer—but he got one a month later. Two weeks after that, John was working for CBS in New York—where he stayed for the next four years until he got his "Greetings" from Uncle Sam.

Back from the Army less than a year, John now is announcer of the daily "Winner Take All" (CBS, 3:30 P.M., EST) and "Time to Remember" (CBS, 10:45 A.M., EST) programs, as well many another.

Now, John is working at having his cake and eating it, too. He's back in double harness. He goes to NYU at night to get that BA degree.



**Summer Sunshine**  
for your  
**Winter Breakfast**



It took months of warm summer sunshine to bring this dish of prunes to your breakfast table. Months of summer sunshine that packed them full of wholesome goodness . . . made them rich in sweet prune flavor.

**For these are SUNSWEET Prunes!**

They were *not* picked like other fruit, but were allowed to hang in the sunshine until so plump and heavy with juicy goodness they dropped from the trees of their own weight.

Prunes like these make a great start for a grand day . . . a *regular* day . . . for prunes really DO something for you.

SUNSWETS are "Tenderized" for quick-cooking and better eating, sealed in foil for perfect protection, packed and guaranteed by the *growers* themselves. For free illustrated Recipe Book, address SUNSWEET, Box U, San Jose 5, California.



**SUNSWEEP TENDERIZED PRUNES**

Also "Tenderized" PEACHES and APRICOTS  
and SUNSWEET (the original) PRUNE JUICE

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*A Glamorous NOW... a lovelier TOMORROW*



*"Pan-Cake" creates a lovely new complexion; it gives the skin a softer, smoother, younger look*



*"Pan-Cake" helps hide tiny complexion faults; the exclusive formula guards against drying*



*A "Pan-Cake" make-up takes just a few seconds; and it stays on for hours without retouching*

**BRING** new glamour into your life today. Add a delightful new loveliness to your natural beauty with "Pan-Cake" ... in just a few seconds. "Pan-Cake" will bring you many lovelier tomorrows, too. It safeguards your skin against sun and wind that bring drying, aging signs to mar your beauty. "Pan-Cake" was originated by *Max Factor Hollywood* for the stars of the screen. Now it is the favored fashion of millions. Try "Pan-Cake" for a glamorous today — for a lovelier tomorrow.

## *Pan-Cake\* Make-Up*

An Exclusive Formula Protected by U. S. Patent Nos. 2034697-2101843



\*Pan-Cake... Trade Mark  
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

**JUDY GARLAND**

*in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's  
Technicolor Musical*

**"TILL THE CLOUDS ROLL BY"**

CARPENTER

**ORIGINATED BY**

*Max Factor \* Hollywood*



## RADIO MIRROR COMMENDS~

# SUPERMAN

**I**N the dimmest recesses of our childhood lie the habits we formed then—habits which, whether we realize it or not, have decided for us whom we like or do not like, as adults.

As unreasoning as our taste for fresh peaches or our aversion to broccoli is our judgment of the fellow men with whom we share the world. Intolerance is a big word, vaguely understood at best. "He is a Catholic," we say, or "He is a Jew," and they are statements we make easily, without a struggle for the actual meaning of them.

If we adults cannot successfully strike our prejudices, long ingrained, from our lives, we can at least help our children to grow up with a natural love of those different from themselves. In this world with its ever-broadening horizons, there are a number of things that we may use as implements to aid us in teaching our children; not the least of these is radio. And foremost among radio programs which can thus serve us is Superman.

This sort of thing is going on in homes all over the country, every day—in your house, too: Johnny tugs his chair closer to the radio. Superman is about to transport him on a magic adventure. He listens with rapt attention, oblivious to your dinner preparations. And as he clings to the swirling cloak of his champion he hears and feels a children's story that is teaching him, as no book or classroom can, a lesson in tolerance, in understanding that another boy's color or way of speech or ancestry has nothing to do with whether he is a friend, a good person, someone little Johnny wants to play with.

For Superman has been dedicated to the teaching of the brotherhood of man. A radio program, designed only for thrilling young listeners, has become an important pulpit.

Some months ago the sponsors of this broadcast announced their intention of making Superman a champion who would fight against the evils of our ignorance and prejudice. In these months we have seen that a children's program can teach by entertaining. And for that real contribution to a better youth in our homes, to a finer adult future for our Johnnies and our Janies, Radio Mirror extends a heartfelt commendation to Superman and to the people behind him.

*The Editors*



# Aunt Jenny

proves that

Wanda's baby turned out to be a girl, and whom do you think she and Nick named that baby after?



To a just-married girl and boy, a home is something more than walls and a roof

I'VE always said that no matter how bad I needed the money, I wouldn't take in roomers. There's something about having a stranger living in your house, somebody that's no kin, that spoils the house for me—or anyway, that's what I always thought until the day Nick and Wanda Farrell stopped while I was weeding the front canna-bed and asked for a drink of water.

The water was for Wanda, and after one look at her I took her by the arm and led her up to the front porch. It was a blistering hot day, and she was just about beat out. She was only a little thing, with great big black eyes swimming in a white face and soft baby-fine hair clustering in damp curls over her forehead. She'd have been pretty if she hadn't been so thin and tired. And of course I saw right away that she was going to have a baby before very much longer.

"Drink it slow, now," I told her when I'd brought the water, and then I poured another glass and handed it to her husband. He was a good-looking boy—neither of them could have been more than twenty-three or so—dressed in a brown gabardine suit that had cost a fair amount of money. The girl's clothes were good, too, so I figured they weren't poor. But something was wrong,

because you never did see two more discouraged-looking young people.

"New in Littleton?" I asked the boy.

He nodded, his eyes anxiously on the girl, who was lying back in the porch swing with her eyes closed. "We don't really live here," he said. "Anyway, not yet." His lips twisted into a wry smile. "Looks like not ever. I've got a job in Metropole, and we're looking for a house or an apartment or—or anything at all. Right now we've got a room in the Metropole Hotel, but we'll have to give it up day after tomorrow. After that—" He broke off, and shrugged hopelessly.

"There's a house for sale over on Carlton Road," I said, and he nodded.

"And what they want for it! I just don't make that kind of money," he said wearily.

I knew what he was up against. I'd seen them in Littleton for the past year and a half—young folks looking desperately for a spot they could call home. There were some barracks over on the edge of town, but they were full. If you didn't have the money for a down-payment on a house that cost twice what it had in normal times, you were bound (Continued on page 71)

Listen to Aunt Jenny's Real Life Stories every Monday through Friday at 12:15 P.M. EST, on CBS.



Marian and Jim Jordan in private life, but Fibber McGee and Molly on NBC Tuesdays, 9:30 P. M., EST.



Top-soil, plus rain, equals mud. And it did rain!



This housekeeping requires skill—Marian has it.



They wait, in a trailer, while their new home is being built. Sometimes 'taint funny, McGee, but more often it is!



Evening paper on the front stoop—no room inside.

## *Come and Visit*

# FIBBER McGEE and MOLLY

**T**HIS story about Jim and Marian Jordan—Fibber McGee and Molly, as if you didn't know—will be surprising only to those people who don't know them very well, and that would exclude, of course, the forty-odd million Americans who visit them in Wistful Vista every Tuesday night.

But it is worth telling, surprising or not, because it is loaded with hope and good cheer for everyone who is struggling with the housing crisis. And who isn't? H. C., for Housing Crisis, is becoming as meaningful to most of

us these days as H. C. L., for High Cost of Living, became for the average American after the first World War, what with half a million veterans and their families living in "temporary housing," (Quonset huts, to you) and with chintz curtains burgeoning at the windows of every abandoned bus and railroad car in the country.

H. C. caught up with the Jordans last July—since then they have been living in a trailer.

It's a super-duper, modern, deluxe trailer, chrome and steel on the outside, its pine-paneled interior divided into

three rooms—living room, bedroom, and kitchen, and equipped with all the newest gadgets. But it's still a trailer, and it lacks a few of the conveniences which most of us have grown to consider essential—little items like hot water and indoor plumbing.

"It's no palace," as Jim puts it, carefully scraping the mud off his shoes before crossing the threshold into the immaculate 6½ by 20 foot interior, "but we call it home."

The remarkable part of the story is that Marian's six-month tussle with a bottle-gas range and electric grill has



# Come and Visit FIBBER McGEE and MOLLY

only increased her reputation as the best cook west of the Rockies, and that Jim's disposition has emerged unimpaired after months of shaving with pre-heated water before a mirror which comes to about the level of his ribs, and sleeping in a bed with beveled edges (daytimes it's a sofa) which lands him in the middle of every other happy dream smack on the "living room" floor.

To forestall any cracks on the part of the cynics, it would be best at the outset to answer one or two obvious questions. The Jordans *did*, of course, have a house—a big, comfortable, homey house in the swankiest section of Encino, which is in the swankiest section of the San Fernando valley. But they sold it. Maybe a little too soon. The Jordans *could*, of course, have afforded to sit out any housing crisis in a good hotel when the going really got tough. They *could* have, but they didn't.

The truth is that nobody—neither unfriendly landlord nor unsympathetic banker—forced the Jordans to set-up housekeeping in an auto trailer. The project started out in the vacation spirit, rather as an adventure—when Jim and Marian decided to buy, and

remodel, a five-room bungalow on a beautiful hilltop acreage in the wooded highlands back of Encino, and to "camp out" on the property during the alterations, which their architect and builder estimated would take a couple of months at the most. (Two pleasant months at the peak of the rainless California summer.)

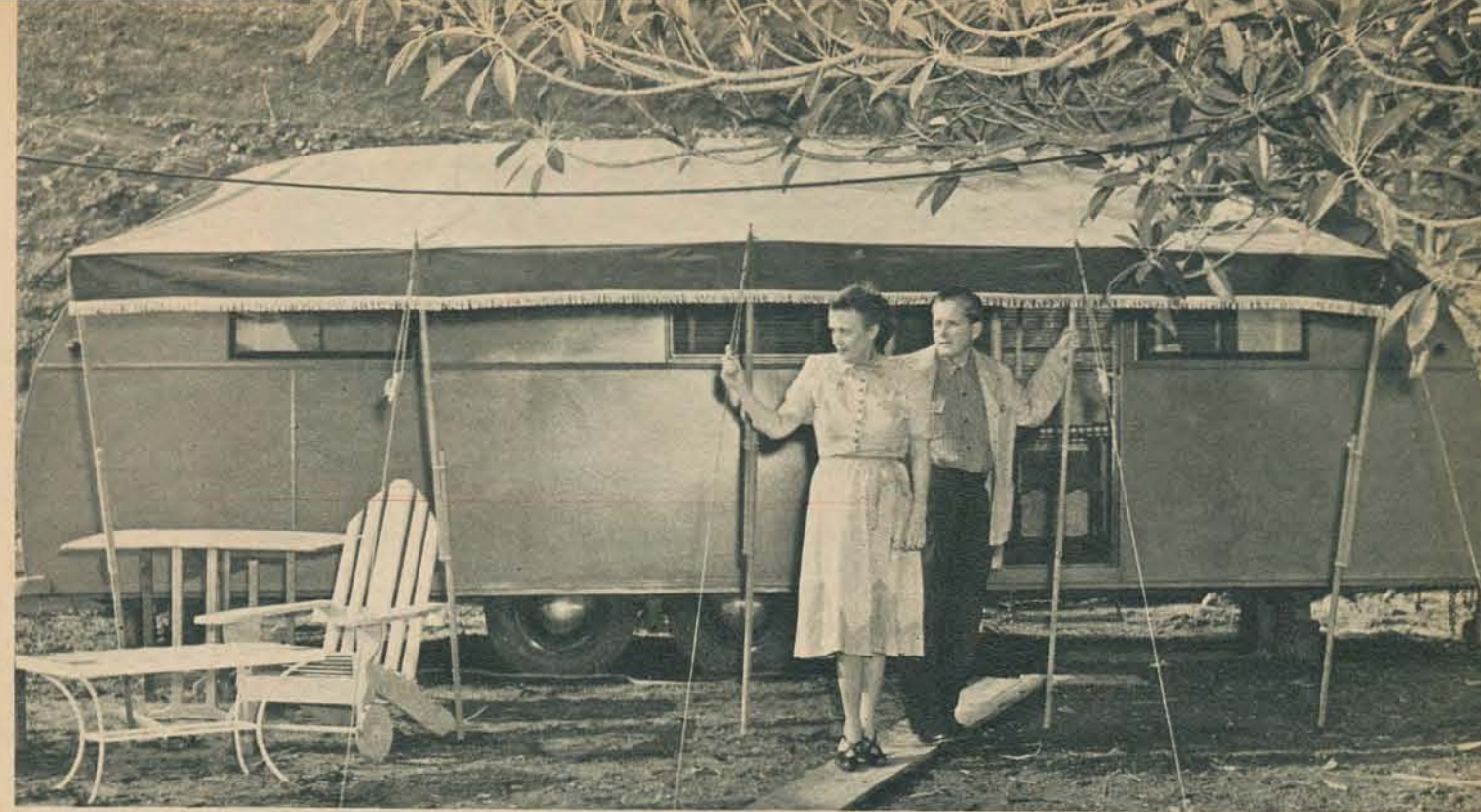
July and August were not bad. The Jordans are campers at heart, and are accustomed to spending their summers in fairly primitive surroundings at their cattle ranch in Woody, California, where Jim hauls wood for the iron range, and Marian does all the cooking. Two months in a trailer can be fun.

But by September, Marian recalls, the primitive life was beginning to pall. She had run out of menus which can be put together without a broiler or oven-control, and was improvising like crazy.

Came October and November, and the California rains . . .

"Rains, my eye," Jim tells it, "they were cloudbursts." "Then, believe you me, it was rugged."

They ran out on their project only once. That was when two inches of rainfall (California had its rainiest November in twenty years) (Continued on page 80)



They've acquired the living-outdoors habit. "We may move over the blue and yellow canopy from the trailer," Jim says, "so as to feel at home."



"We call it home," Jim says, and they have made it one just by living there, though it is four walls on wheels.



It's a bending, twisting, leaning life, and it's making the Jordans supple.



A man can dream, can't he? And Jim does, by the hour, of all the comforts and modern conveniences that the new house is going to have.



# My Boss,

A secretary's-eye view



# TOM BRENEMAN

of the man who comes to Breakfast in Hollywood each day By DOROTHY HEGLE



Ladies with Hats wait half-fearfully, half-hopefully, for Tom's unsparing criticisms.



Rare scene, for Tom usually works a night shift, Dorothy in the daytime.



Home is where favorite sport-casts can be heard in peace.

FOR six years the host of Breakfast in Hollywood has been sending orchids to good, good neighbors all over the country. Day in and day out, some citizen in Kalamazoo, Kokomo, or Brooklyn answers the front door bell and receives a fragile lavender bloom epitomizing her recognition as a doer of good deeds.

Now the bloom is on the other foot. And I am most grateful to RADIO MIRROR for this opportunity of writing my own nomination for the same for an office "neighbor" of mine.

Many orchids to my boss, Tom Breneman. A genial gentleman with a booming laugh who inspires longevity in the nation's womanhood. Who spotlights the average American housewife before the microphones. And who spreads the news about all the good neighbors . . . the happiness they





Hobbies? Poking up fires, for one—Tom loves them. Definitely not hats; he owns only one. But Dorothy, when she has to wear a hat, does her best to get one that's worthy of a Breneman associate.

make for others . . . the lifts they give their fellow-man.

Because of my boss, many elderly people throughout the country are feeling their years a lot less and laughing a lot more. He has glamorized age, kids it instead of pitying it, and makes it a living thing. Life begins at seventy since *Breakfast in Hollywood*.

We've had several guests on the show who were 100 years old, and one or two who were 105. The boss interviews all of the elderly ladies, laughs with them, gives them a swift kiss along with a "God Bless You, Honey," and pins their orchid on. They leave the restaurant stepping faster, looking perky and proud.

**I**T took my boss to break feminine precedent by inspiring women to tell how old they are. Some of them even bring birth certificates to the broadcasts to prove it.

He breaks another one by bringing out so many loyal ladies at that hour. And if you ask me, he earns an orchid of his own for service far beyond the call of any normal radio duties . . . in braving that bonnet barrage peeking in and out of the palm trees of Breneman's restaurant at him so early in the morning.

The breakfast tickets, at \$1.25 each, the price of the morning meal, are sold out at least two weeks before every show. And by seven o'clock every morning there are long lines of cheerful people extending from the restaurant on down Vine Street to Sunset Boulevard. Most of them have been up since five o'clock that

*My Boss—*

TOM BRENEMAN



Tom Breneman's *Breakfast in Hollywood* is heard Monday through Friday at 11:00 A.M. EST, on ABC.

morning. They hail from Oklahoma, Nebraska, Minnesota . . . all over. And many will tell you readily that they've come to Hollywood mostly "just to see Tom."

Some are couples there to celebrate their twenty-fifth or fiftieth wedding anniversaries. There are many young people. And it may surprise you to know there are a great many men, whom my boss always greets sympathetically with a "Hello, Suckers!" when he sees them in the audience surrounded by all the extreme chapeaux.

Speaking as a mere secretary . . . little did I ever dream the day would come when I would be entirely oblivious to orchids. But I can take them or leave





In the white-gabled house in Encino live Gloria, who sings, "Brennie", the Gene Krupa of the future, and Mr. and Mrs. B.

them now. I've gotten a little hat-happy too. There are many nights when I count hats instead of sheep . . . hats with ribbons, feathers, vegetables, and fields of orchids blooming out of them. Hats . . . hats . . . hats . . . enough to make you lose your head. And wish sometimes that all the other women in the world would lose theirs also.

But I still wouldn't trade my job for any other, and I take all of the hats off to my boss.

**T**HERE'S never a dull moment in the suite of offices Breakfast in Hollywood occupies high above Hollywood Boulevard. Aided by a staff of ten persons, including his manager, John Masterson, my boss not only concerns himself with doing five thirty-minute radio shows weekly, but he's also in the restaurant business, puts out record albums of the shows, produces movies, and is now going into the millinery business too. Officially, that is. There are now "Tom Breneman" hats sold in hundreds of leading stores throughout the country, with twelve new models a month fashioned by leading Hollywood designers.

In addition to all of which the boss sponsors mock Breakfast in Hollywood parties put on by lodges and various groups throughout the country, with the local minister or some civic official impersonating Tom. He sends out forty or fifty "Tom Breneman Party Kits" daily, with all the props for the parties. An orchid, a joke book, song sheets, a mammoth cigar, a three-foot-

long comb, etc. Proceeds go to some local charity in the towns. The boss has never solicited such parties, but he's glad the spirit of Breakfast in Hollywood has caught on, and that good can be accomplished through them.

He's helped to focus the hat-tention of the world on Hollywood. And many of the thousand fan letters he receives each day often just have a sketch of a hat and "Hollywood, Calif." on them.

Most of his mail consists of informal letters from people who feel they're writing to an old friend. Some are from shut-ins who say how much his laugh and cheerful personality means to them. Some are the "Dear Mr. Anthony" kind. From an elderly woman who wants him to put her in touch with two gentlemen he's mentioned on the air; a little boy who wants the boss to help him get a husband for his mother . . . "one who has a Cadillac and can get me into the movies"; or a young man who wants him to write his girl and help patch up a quarrel between them.

They send hundreds of gifts to him too. Hams, bacons, even pounds of butter, crochet work of all kinds, and thousands of hats. During a national hat contest he held we got 75,000 hats, made out of pine needles, newspapers, sea shells, or any left-overs in the ice box. One morning he made an appeal for towels for servicemen at the Hollywood Guild Canteen . . . and the office soon began to look like a Turkish bath. When the fuzz (*Continued on page 64*)





# This

# IS TED MALONE"

-- who knows that you can have the things  
you want, if you want them hard enough to try

THE program had just gone off the air. As the studio audience filed out, a woman detached herself from the crowd and went to stand outside the stage door. She was a plain little woman, middle-aged, with nothing remarkable about her except an air of brightness and purpose. Then the door opened, and the roundish, blue-eyed man who had been guest star on the program came out. She approached him breathlessly.

"Are you Ted Malone?" she asked. The man nodded.

"Mr. Malone—" she spoke hurriedly, as if she were afraid that he might somehow disappear before she had had her say, "—I just wanted to thank you for what you've done for my family and me. The war had so cut my husband's income and raised living costs so that it was a problem, just keeping the children decently clothed and in school. There was never any money for new clothes for ourselves, or for entertainment, and the house was so shabby that it just wasn't a pleasant place to live in. And then one day when I was especially despondent, you read a poem—and it changed my whole outlook. I got right up and tore down the curtains that I'd mended and hated for years, and ordered new ones. I bought new drapes, new slip covers for the living room furniture, new clothes for my husband and myself. And, Mr. Malone, you'd be surprised what a dif-

ference it makes. We went into debt to do it—but we're enjoying our home again. We're enjoying ourselves."

Recalling the incident, Ted grins and admits, "I didn't ask her what the poem was. I was afraid I wouldn't remember it."

He had reason. In fifteen years of conducting the *Between the Bookends* program on the air, and in running the page of the same name in *RADIO MIRROR*, Ted has read a small mountain of poetry. And this was not the first time that he had been told that he had, unknowingly, touched a deciding finger to someone else's fate. His mail is full of just such confidences. More than anything else, Ted appreciates meeting these people he has talked to from behind a microphone, and hearing the story firsthand.

There was the more spectacular case of the girl who sat alone in a furnished room one afternoon, thinking very seriously of suicide. Everything had gone wrong for her lately. She was alone in the world; no one wanted her or needed her; life seemed not worth the effort it would take to put things right. Then a voice broke into the silence—a voice almost irritatingly cheery to her despondent ears, and challenging. "Well!" it exclaimed, "what's the matter with you?"

She started. She had not known that the radio was on. She rose, was about to turn it off, when the voice

went on persuasively, "Come now—nothing can be *that* bad. Just stop and think a moment—"

"I stopped and thought," said the girl, meeting Ted years later in London. "I had to. It was like hearing the voice of fate itself—or of my own conscience. And when I thought it over, I realized that there was nothing really wrong, except that I'd let the blues get the best of me. I promised myself that it would be the last time."

Ted didn't have to ask her if she'd kept her word. She was a WAC officer, serving her country with brilliance and distinction. In civilian life she had become a successful writer-photographer for one of the country's leading magazines.

He doesn't look prepossessing, this man with the magic voice. He is of medium height, rather stocky, with a retreating hairline and a Puckish expression about the eyes and mouth. For all that, he is a graceful man; he moves as he thinks, with resilience and vigor. It is impossible to be with him without catching some of his own effervescence of spirit. But it is his voice first of all that holds you and to which you respond; it has the subtle shading, and the effectiveness, of a fine instrument.

He has been making use of his voice professionally for nearly twenty years, ever since his high school days in Independence, Missouri. "Independence," Ted explains, "is ten miles east of Kansas City. At least,

that's how we used to describe it. Now we identify it by assuming that it's President Truman's home town. I had a bad habit of talking too much even then, and when a student was wanted to announce the school basketball games over KMBC, the local station, I was elected. My career as a bona fide radio artist actually began in the boys' shower at school, after a gym period. Neville Cool, another student, and I were harmonizing a tune popular at that time, 'Side By Side.' When we'd run through a couple of choruses, we looked at each other and said, 'Say! that's not bad! We ought to go on the air.' And we did."

Radio was an informal business in those days. The small stations, especially, operated on a catch-as-catch-can basis, and performers worked for the love of it, and, often, for very little else. If you wanted to go on the air there were no tiresome preliminaries such as filling out forms, personnel interviews, and waiting to be called for an audition; you simply asked for the chance and got it. If you were good, you stayed. Neville was already singing at KMBC; when he went to make his next broadcast, he took Ted with him. They were good, and they stayed.

Shortly after graduation Neville was killed in a motorcycle accident, and Ted temporarily lost his taste for singing. Then Gomer Cool, Neville's younger brother, came to him and said (Continued on page 99)



# Between the Bookends



By **TED MALONE**  
 Be sure to listen to Ted Malone's morning program, Monday, Wednesday, Friday at 11:45 EST, over ABC.

## Tornado

Radio Mirror's Poem of the Month

The tall wind vaulted from steeple to roof,  
 And galloped with lightning and thunder of hoof;  
 It juggled a log with a river-boat,  
 And poured a garage down its funnel-shaped throat.  
 Little House, crouch low when a high wind prowls!  
 Little House, sit small when a tall wind howls!  
 The tall wind shrieked when it kicked forest fires,  
 And played a wild fiddle on telephone wires;  
 It wantonly screamed when a pine lay down,  
 And screeched like a fiend when it saw a plane  
 drown.  
 Little House, hide well when a high wind soars!  
 Little House, pray hard when a tall wind roars!

—Lenore Eversole Fisher



Rioting appropriately  
 through this month's best  
 poem, the winds of March  
 are tempered in these  
 other verses that Ted  
 Malone has selected

## LOVE'S PHILOSOPHY

The fountains mingle with the river  
 And the rivers with the Ocean,  
 The winds of Heaven mix for ever  
 With a sweet emotion;  
 Nothing in the world is single  
 All things by a law divine  
 In one spirit meet and mingle.  
 Why not I with thine?—

See the mountains kiss high Heaven  
 And the waves clasp one another;  
 No sister-flower would be forgiven  
 If it disdained its brother;  
 And the sunlight clasps the earth  
 And the moonbeams kiss the sea:  
 What is all this sweet work worth  
 If thou kiss not me?  
 Percy Bysshe Shelley

## Delight in Disorder

A sweet disorder in the dress  
 Kindles in clothes a wantonness:  
 A lawn about the shoulders thrown  
 Into a fine distraction;  
 An erring lace, which here and there  
 Entrhals a crimson stomacher;  
 A cuff neglectful, and thereby  
 Ribands to flow confusedly;  
 A winning wave, deserving note,  
 In the tempestuous petticoat;  
 A careless shoe-string, in whose tie  
 I see a wild civility;  
 Do more bewitch me, than when art  
 Is too precise in every part.

—Robert Herrick

## THE SENSIBLE

With many a backward glance we say farewell  
 To love that frigid prudence has forbidden.  
 Hereafter we will meet with wary eyes,  
 That any flames behind them may be hidden.  
 Stern sentries stationed by our rebel hearts,  
 We'll speak banalities with meek precision,  
 That we, the sensible, do not betray  
 How costly was our sensible decision.  
 And this, I think, is all that we can do . . .  
 To forfeit love. And if we can't forget it,  
 How comforting to know that we were wise  
 Through all the arid years we must regret it!

—Georgie Starbuck Galbraith

## SAD STORY

"Oh, he doesn't understand me!"  
 Is what most women cry  
 When annoyed with their husbands.  
 I just keep still and sigh

For I've no such complaint to make,  
 No such grievance to tell,  
 Alas! that I should be the one  
 Who's understood too well!

Elizabeth-Allen Long

## THE CONSTANT LOVER

Why so pale and wan, fond lover?  
 Prithce, why so pale?  
 Will, when looking well can't move her,  
 Looking ill prevail?  
 Prithce, why so pale?

Why so dull and mute, young sinner?  
 Prithce, why so mute?  
 Will, when speaking well can't win her,  
 Saying nothing do't?  
 Prithce, why so mute?

Quit, quit, for shame! this will not move,  
 This cannot take her;  
 If of herself she will not love,  
 Nothing can make her:  
 The Devil take her!

—Sir John Suckling

## HYACINTHS TO FEED THY SOUL

If of thy mortal goods thou art bereft,  
 And from thy slender store two loaves alone to thee  
 are left,  
 Sell one, and with the dole  
 Buy hyacinths to feed thy soul.

—The Gulistan of Moslih Eddin Saadi

## IN A CORNER OF MY DREAM

There's a little mountain cabin by a wildwood stream  
 Tucked away in the corner of my favorite dream.

A log-rustic cabin with a tall harp-pine  
 To catch the wind's music and make it mine.

Down from its porch, where gray squirrels play,  
 Long purple canyons fall away.

From its windows the dawn's first opals glow  
 And garnets of sunset are last to go.

Near the moon-edged clouds of night's blue dome,  
 It signals the little lights of home.

Oh, I can see it in winter weather,  
 Smoke from its chimney like a feather,

With an eider-down coverlet up to its chin  
 And a door that zippers to warmth within;

Then three dear things of the heart's desire;  
 You, a dream, and a good wood fire.

With nobody knowing where we are  
 But a guardian pine and a wishing star.

—Esther Baldwin York

## DUTY

So nigh is grandeur to our dust,  
 So near is God to man,  
 When Duty whispers low, "Thou must,"  
 The youth replies, "I can."  
 —Ralph Waldo Emerson

## MONDAY

There is nothing on Monday that gets me so low  
 When I push back my disheveled locks—  
 As to find, when I finally lean on the fence  
 I have washed an odd number of socks!

—Helena K. Beacham

## Hurricane

The sea wall is a thin and flaccid line  
 To hold damnation back. The frantic sea  
 May snatch us here tonight; she'll not define  
 The simple needs of our humanity.  
 But take in one great gulp our house, our shed,  
 Our seeded lawn, ourselves, and still pursue  
 Those further inland like some underfed  
 Grey starveling who does not take time to-chew.  
 And we stand here in darkness; curse the spray;  
 Joke as the shingles scatter; and deride  
 Old Maime, our cook, who trembles. We are gay.  
 Let's have Martinis on the leeward side!  
 Or else, like Maime, sink down upon our knees,  
 And cry to Jesus who can calm a breeze.

—Katherine A. May

## Epitaph

She was never late; I wonder  
 If she's as punctual in heaven—  
 Does she regulate the thunder  
 And wake God up at half-past seven?  
 Mae Winkler Goodman

**RADIO MIRROR will pay  
 FIFTY DOLLARS each month**

for the original poem, sent in by a reader, selected by Ted Malone as the best of that month's poems. Five dollars will be paid for each other original poem submitted and printed on the Between the Bookends page in Radio Mirror. Address your poetry to Ted Malone, Radio Mirror, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. This contest, but an offer to print.



# Someone Like You



Patti and Ace share everything—long hours of work, pride in each other.

Waitin' For Clayton is heard Saturdays at 7 P.M.; Bouquet For You (roses, if your request is sung) is at 5:30 Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays—both programs on the CBS network.

By PATTI CLAYTON



*Patti's love story bears*

*this dedication—Thanks to Ace*

"Ace," Patti says, "is the calm to my storm."



I WAS frightened. I was scared a shocking pink. I was on my way to CBS to rehearse with Arthur Godfrey for the singing spot on his morning show. I knew this was—well, I knew that this was it. The Big Chance for the Big Time. Opportunity with a capital "O" knocking at my door.

When I was in high school in Detroit, where I was born, two other girls and I formed a singing trio. We called ourselves The Three Graces and made our "professional" debut in Chicago. I'd done some vocalizing on one or two popular air shows, too, and in the Balinese Room of Chicago's Blackstone Hotel. And millions of housewives heard me admonishing them, daily, against putting their bananas in the re-freeg-er-a-tor (as Chiquita Banana). But this did not help me to establish my identity as a radio personality since I was, actually, nothing but a "ghost" for Chiquita. I'd had one or two other spots, too, none of them spotlighted. . . .

Now, Arthur Godfrey . . . a network . . . coast to coast . . . not as one of The Three Graces, not as Senorita Banana . . . as me, myself, Patti Clayton! You wonder I had the screaming meemies, the

shakes, the elevator swooping around inside me?

When I arrived at CBS my heart was beating a tattoo you could positively hear but my speaking voice was a whisper you *couldn't*.

I didn't expect I'd get much help, and was sure I'd get no sympathy at all from the boys who were staging the rehearsal. Lots of fellows in radio business are kind of frightening, kind of sharp, hep . . . I thought, *Let one of them needle me and my voice will freeze in my throat like one of those bananas you put, against Chiquita's advice, in the re-freeg-er-at-or. . . .*

Then as I stood there, hesitating, at the door, I saw him.

The first thing I noticed about him was his eyes. I thought, *His eyes look awfully serene, or something.*

The second thing I noticed about him was that he was thin, so awfully thin, and such a pretty shade of green.

Then he came over to me. The first words he spoke to me were, "Don't be scared, this is not an audition, you know—you are already hired."

I'd known, of course, that Arthur Godfrey had auditioned dozens of singers, none of them in person, but by listening to their recordings. I'd known, of course, that my recording was the one Arthur Godfrey had chosen and that I was, as the dark young stranger who, somehow, wasn't a stranger to me, had said, "hired." Still, Mr. Godfrey *could* change his mind. He could easily change his mind, especially if he heard a voice like from a Zombie.

"—already hired," the young man with the calm voice that matched his calm eyes, was saying. "Did you know," he added, "that Mr. Godfrey picked your recording out of three or four dozen others; that immediately he heard you sing he said, 'That's it. That's the first really fresh and natural voice I've heard in weeks of hearing voices.'"

I remember thinking, *How can he know the exactly right things to say to me?*

But he can, and he did, and he still does. Where I make a mountain out of something smaller than a mole-hill or have a problem that is all ravels and loose ends, he reduces the mountain to size and has such a clean-cut way (Continued on page 82)





To succeed in society, a girl must know something about good music. Judy knows every note of the Coonskin Caper.

# The Bride



And if she can perform herself, she's in! Mel Blanc helps Judy work up an artistic little production. Well . . . a production.



The girl from Cactus Junction says her piece to cast members Hal Gerard and Joe Kearns.

The Judy Canova Show goes on the air each Saturday night at 10:00 P.M. EST on NBC network stations.

# of UNADILLA

Judy Canova, fresh from the hills, leads the rest of her cast a mad, merry chase, Saturdays on NBC



**J**UDY CANOVA, fresh from Cactus Junction and Skunk Holler and the hillbilly country, is trying to break into society. It's tough, uphill goin'—even for a mountain gal like Judy, and even with the help and advice of her respectable Aunt Aggie. As Aunt Aggie reminds Judy, when they are scanning the field of eligible, socialite bachelors for Judy to marry: "After all, you *do* have a face that men could go for." Judy agrees. That's what men call her—gopher-face.

So it goes, every Saturday over the National Broadcasting Company wires when Judy entertains the nation, aided and abetted—and sometimes double-crossed—by Geranium, the maid (played by Ruby Dandridge); Pedro, the chauffeur, and Roscoe Wortle (both played by Mel Blanc), Benchley Botsford, the Count, and the elderly mailman (all played by Joe Kearns); Brenda (played by Sharon Douglas); Aunt Aggie (played by Ruth Perrott).



# When a girl



What "fatigues" are to a soldier, and a white coat to a dentist, are Anne's dungarees and shirts to her—her working uniform.

SEVERAL months ago, sixteen-year-old Anne Francis vanished from New York, from the airways—and particularly from the NBC radio show *When a Girl Marries*. She'd gone to Hollywood to act in pictures, full-time. And her Hollywood life turned out to be exactly what every sixteen-year-old American girl dreams.

Take her second day in movieland—after a first day in which she and her mother ate a celebration breakfast at the famous Brown Derby restaurant and got settled in hotel rooms. Her second day, she was invited out to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios to lunch with Mildred Kelly in the publicity department. Dressed in her favorite blue dress, and wearing her good luck pin, Anne arrived breathless at Miss Kelly's desk. But Miss Kelly wasn't sitting behind it. Anne stared at the person who *was* behind it, and gasped out his name.

"Van Johnson!" she said, astounded and overwhelmed. He had, of course, been her dream of perfection for years. The Dream looked up, grinned at her, and said, "Hello." The desk was piled high with letters and packages. Van

# GROWS UP

Covering Cover Girl Anne Francis, who has a lot of exciting memories—and more to come



Among the things that mean home to Anne, East or West, are her mother's chocolate cakes and her cocker Stubbs.



A joint letter-writing project got the Francis something that everyone says can't be had—a Hollywood apartment!

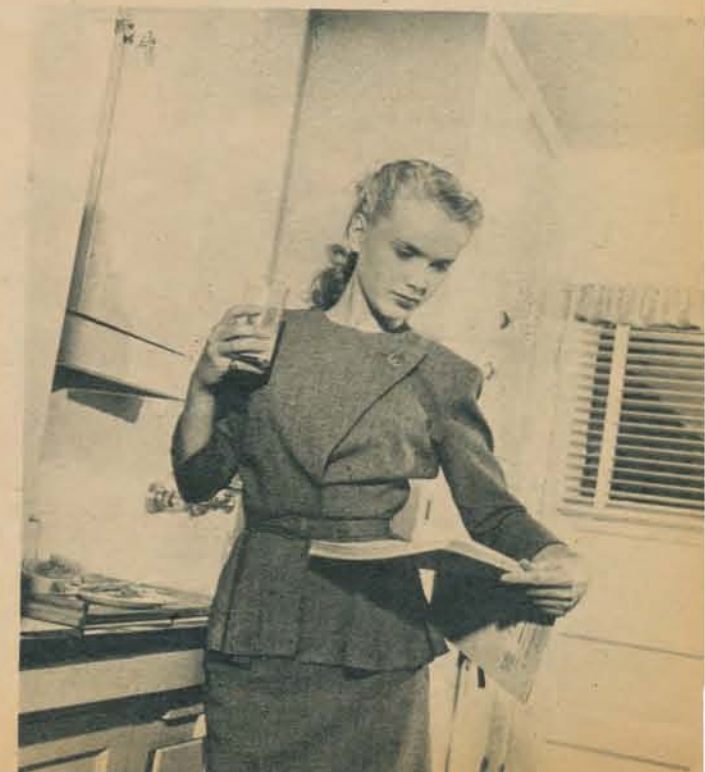
Not much time in a busy young actress's life for reading just for fun. Anne gets it in by doubling it up with other activities—like milk-drinking.

always reads his fan mail himself, however huge it is.

Anne was too weak to remain standing. She sat hastily in the nearest chair, told him her name—and from then on for the next forty-five minutes they talked. Mostly about radio. Van told her how hard he'd tried to crash radio without success in his early days. Miss Kelly came in and asked Anne if she'd like Van's autographed picture. She said she certainly would, and she got it, too—you can gaze at it over her bureau any time you're nearby. It says, "To Anne Francis. Good luck always from your friend Van."

"What's more," Anne says now, "he's just as wonderful as I knew he'd be, and he's never forgotten to say hello when we meet on the lot. The next time I saw him you might say it was a typically Hollywood meeting . . . he came off a set wearing a bathrobe, and he was with June Allyson, in a nightgown. But he said, 'Hello, Anne,' and I said, 'Hello, Van,' and I decided I was really in Hollywood, for sure!"

So far Anne has been in two movies—one such a flash part that she thinks it's hardly worth mentioning: a brief scene with Jimmy Durante in (Continued on page 68)







"Women," said Gabby, "got to be smart in the heart, not the head."

*A tale*

If Roy had believed the old saying about opposites, he could

By ROY ROGERS

**A** LOT of the old sayings are just something to say, and nothing more, it seems to me. But opposites *do* attract—that's one of the old sayings that's as true as I'm standing here talking to you. It would take a whole lot more philosophical fellow than me to explain why it is, but it's true, for certain. You've noticed it yourself, dozens of times—and, though I never did believe it before, I do now! Like when the fellow that all the girls chase after because he's so downright handsome picks out a girl who's quiet and plain. Fat girls get the thin fellows, and the tubby men get the girls who haven't any more weight than they need. Small, delicate girls always seem to bring home the tallest, biggest-shouldered men, and vice versa; dynamic, lively men marry serene, placid ladies, vivacious ladies marry silent, strong types. There's no doubt about it, and there seems to be not much reason

in it, but I've watched, and it happens. That's the way it goes—and it isn't always just physical differences that attract people to each other, either. You'd think, for instance, that a fellow like Slim Grayson would've run a mile from that lady dude who came to the Double-R Bar for her health last fall. And by the same token, you'd think she wouldn't have been able to see him for dust. But—well, let me tell you about it from the start, and see what you think. The start was our fault, come to think of it—Dale Evans' and Gabby's and mine. The Eastern girl—Celia Dunn was her name—was a buyer at a big department store, and she'd had a nervous breakdown. I guess she must have been pretty important to the store, because they paid all the bills when she was sent to my ranch for a vacation and to get her health back.

"I get the heemie- (Continued on page 104)

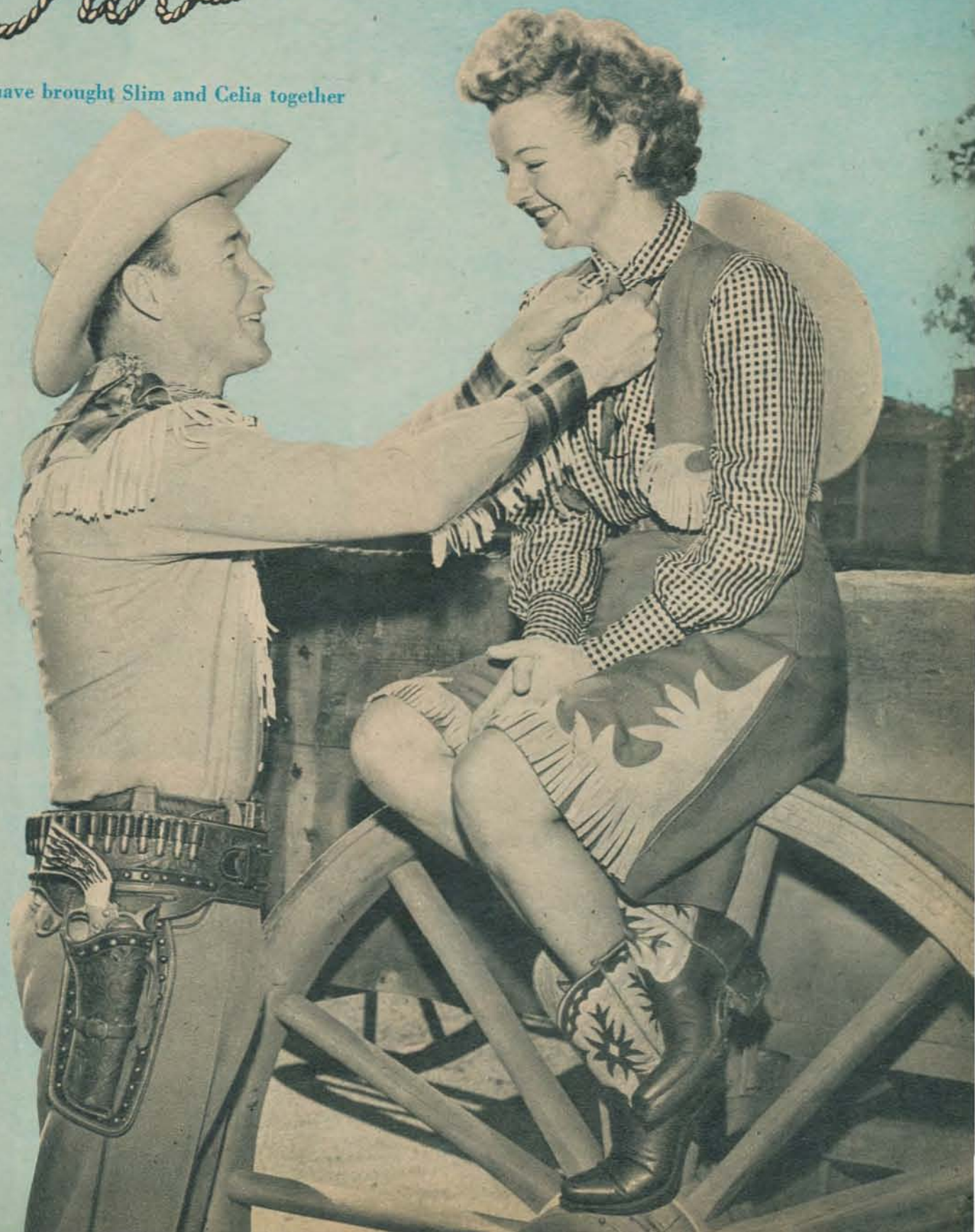
As the days went by, Celia did grow calmer. Pat Buttram, Dale and I put that down to Slim's influence.



*Celia*

never have brought Slim and Celia together

"Love's been working out for centuries!" I reminded Dale. (Roy Rogers, with Dale Evans, Gabby Hayes, Pat Buttram, is on NBC Saturdays at 9 P.M. EST.)





# the Church

# we all built

By Reverend  
J. SAMUEL STEPHENSON



To Warren's question about plans, Reverend Stephenson said, "We want a plain, country church, the doors always open so people can just step right in."

(Vox Pop, with Parks Johnson and Warren Hull, is heard Tuesday nights at 9 P.M., EST, over CBS.)



It wasn't just those of the parish—Vox

VOX POP is helping us build our new church, St. Peter's on the Canal at Buzzards Bay, Massachusetts. You probably heard the November 26 Vox Pop broadcast from here. As the Protestant Episcopal rector of St. Peter's for the last two years, the thing I've wanted most has been to build a new church and to move out of the building we now rent. When I heard Warren Hull say at the beginning of that broadcast, "All the gifts are for the new church Reverend Stephenson hopes to build," I saw my dreams come true. In my mind's eye I saw that church as though it were already standing: the doors were open wide and the bell was ringing for the morning service. It hit me, as my friend Johnny Bananas whom you heard on that broadcast, would say, "in a vitamin spot." After the broadcast I said to my wife, "Vox Pop did the nicest thing they could have done for me or for the community."



Pop invited people of all creeds to be on the program, for St. Peter's belongs to the whole town

Our present church was once a barn. Before it became our church it was known as Red Men's Hall. The Red Men's Society, a fraternal organization, had bought the barn and converted it into a meeting hall for their own use. When the mission was started twelve years ago, it was the only building available so they rented it and we still rent it.

I wish you could see the interior. (Maybe some of you who read this have seen it.) Our altar rail is made of unpainted two-by-four planks. The lectern is attached to and sticks up from the altar rail at the left of the altar. It's a two-by-four plank with a piece of plywood slanted on the top. The altar itself is made of unpainted plywood. We have no organ. There is a piano in the corner at the right of the altar. The walls of the building are so thin that they sway in a strong wind.

No matter how we decorate it or how we clean it, it's



I've always loved kids, wanted to help them. After all, my wife and I have three of our own—Nancy, the eldest; then comes Helen, and the little guy is named Johnny.

still Red Men's Hall. And clean it we do! Last winter the oil burner broke three times and threw great blasts of oily smoke all over the place. It was bitterly cold in there but the good ladies of the Mission wrapped their heads in dust cloths, put on old clothes and went to work. Pretty soon it was spic and span again. And it wasn't only the ladies of our parish—ladies from all over town came to help so that we could have our Sunday services.

I got so discouraged that I even tried to get the War Surplus Administration to declare one of the chapels at Camp Edwards surplus so we could get that. The camp is empty now and there are fifteen chapels. I wrote a lot of letters and got no response. One day, after writing the fifteenth letter, I sat down and wrote to the President. In four days I had four letters. Nothing has happened yet, but one of those lovely white chapels might just be the answer to our prayers. (Continued on page 93)



# LIFE

# CAN BE BEAUTIFUL

This month's best letter tells  
of a little old lady who kindled  
a light that will never be dimmed

**T**HIS story of Joe, a simple sort of fellow with simple ambitions which became all-consuming once it seemed impossible to fulfill them, is one of the most human documents Life Can Be Beautiful has ever received. To the writer goes this month's Radio Mirror check for one hundred dollars.

## "I Want to Die, Mom"

Dear Papa David:

During the war, I was a nurse at a large Navy Hospital on the coast. We had many cases of boys who were made blind and crippled by the war. I want to tell you a story of one of these boys.

His name was Joe and he had been wounded on the S.C. 539 in 1942. He was a negro boy from the South and he had told all the fellows before he went into service that some day he was going to be a better fighter than Joe Louis. He used to have us tune in all the fights on Saturday nights and he would sit for hours listening to them.

But Joe would never be a fighter because some Jap gunner had wounded him so that he would never see again and had shot his arms up so badly that we

had to amputate both of them.

We tried to interest him in different things but he always seemed to close a door within himself. He never complained but sometimes on night duty I could hear muffled sobs coming from his end of the ward.

Families of these boys are not usually brought in until the boys can manage their new arms well enough so that they won't be embarrassed but we thought in Joe's case that if some of his people were there they could help him, so we contacted his local Red Cross Unit and arranged to have his mother come.

She arrived one cold November day, a small, wrinkled old lady, and walked down the long ward full of sailors. She touched her son's forehead and said softly, "I'm here, son."

He cried out in a hoarse, anguished voice, "I want to die, Mom. I can't see you. I haven't even any arms to hold you with."

He slumped down in bed and clumsily raised his hands to his head. Not being able to use his new arms well, one swung around and hit his mother. The room was silent, everyone tense, waiting. . . . His mother picked up one of the metal hands and said, "Son, listen to me. You've got

arms here that Joe Louis himself couldn't break. You know, you never could have given your old Ma a pop with the other ones, but she'll have to duck now. I'm proud of them, son. I hope you will be, too."

The boy's face slowly began to smile and the entire room was filled with a silent enchantment.

The little old lady walked slowly over to me, looked up and said, "Don't you worry, nurse, it's all okay now." She had kindled a light in a bleak hospital ward that for me would never grow dim.

Miss J. L.

## The Shared Spirit

Dear Papa David:

I was an army pilot stationed in China during the last war. The first and only impression I ever had of the Chinese was of a poor down-trodden people who were quiet, cheerful, yet resolute as they faced the hardships of life and the tragic privations of war. The American Army observed them in different ways. Some of the boys seemed to hate them, others teased and tormented them all they could and some like myself felt sympathetic and wished

to help them, however we could.

Christmas always means a lot to an American, but over there we didn't have much chance to observe it like we do here at home. There was very little exchanging of gifts among the men, and outside of the chapel service, and maybe a dance, there was very little to distinguish it from any other day of the year. The Japs knew we loved Christmas and tried to bomb us worse than ever then if they could. Even a frequent air raid alert was annoying.

My first Christmas over there we gave what few gifts we had to spare, also some money, to the American Missionaries stationed nearby. But even that didn't satisfy me. I wanted to share my Christmas spirit with the Chinese some way if I could. One evening when the subject of Christmas was mentioned I suggested to some of the boys in my barracks that we plan something unique. "Let's make some of the Chinese kids happy, Christmas Day," I suggested.

"Not these little cigarette begging devils around here, I hope," my friend Thomas insisted.

"No, I'd like to collect a bundle of all the things we can rake up and spare, (Continued on page 85)

## RADIO MIRROR OFFERS ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS EACH MONTH FOR YOUR LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL LETTERS

For the Life Can Be Beautiful letter Papa David considers best each month, Radio Mirror will pay one hundred dollars. For each of the other letters received which we have space to print, Radio Mirror will pay fifteen dollars. Address your letters to Papa David, care of Radio Mirror, 205 East 42 St., New York 17. No letters can be returned.



# Backstage Wife



4. Things become worse, as Mercy displays dissatisfaction with Maude Marlowe's cooking. "We do it differently in Parkridge," she says, and Mary almost asks why she doesn't go back there.



5. Uncle Cosmo adds his bit by falling asleep with his cigar alight, setting a bed on fire. Unperturbed, Mercy says he's done this twenty times in the last thirty years, but privately she decides that if he's not careful the truth will out . . .



6. And the truth is bad. The Kimballs are in reality crooked old actors. Wanted back home for swindling, they have found out about Mary's real relatives and are hiding out at the Nobles'. They decide the time has come to get what they can from Larry, and go.



7. Meeting away from the house, Mary, Tom Bryson (Larry's manager) and Maude agree that the Kimballs can no longer be borne. So when Cosmo approaches Larry with a promising-sounding Florida land deal, they all welcome the idea, sure that the Kimballs will leave as soon as they get the money.





8. Backstage in Larry's dressing-room that night, the Kimballs tell him that if he will add \$25,000 to their \$75,000, they will all make millions. Unsuspicious, anxious to be rid of them, Larry says, "I haven't that much myself, but I'll borrow from my play's backer, George Ansell." He does. . . .



9. And three weeks later Ansell and Tom Bryson are frantically trying to trace the Kimballs, who have indeed gone—with all the money, and without a word!



10. "I'll pay back every penny," Larry vows, knowing that it will leave him bankrupt and ruined by bad publicity. If only the swindlers can be found! Trying hard, the Nobles recall small bits of conversation . . . something about a log cabin in Jersey.



11. And the vague clue leads to the Kimball cabin, from which the culprits are brought to the Judge's chambers to confess! Dangerous publicity has been avoided, and the money returned, so the Judge grants Larry's plea that the old pair be leniently treated. And the Nobles will have guests by invitation only!



IN LIVING PORTRAITS

# Stella Dallas

The story of the courageous, self-sacrificing love of a mother



STELLA DALLAS (Anne Elstner), refusing to burden her daughter Laurel, supports herself by running a Sewing Shop.





LAUREL (Vivian Smolen), Stella's daughter, is wealthy Dick Grosvenor's wife, and mother of little Stella Louise.





DICK GROSVENOR, Laurel's husband, and his socially prominent mother, represent a kind of life very different from that in which Laurel was raised by Stella. But Dick, loving Laurel, is understanding. It is his mother who dominates and makes demands on Laurel and Stella Louise, and finally forces a situation that leads to Laurel's leaving the Grosvenor home, and going to Stella. (Dick Grosvenor played by Spencer Bentley, Mrs. Grosvenor by Jane Houston)



DR. ALAN SIMMS, anxious to help extricate Stella and Laurel from a dangerous situation, is hampered by his promise to keep Laurel's secret—that she is going to have another child. (John Brewster)

These episodes in the life of Stella Dallas are based on the famous novel of that name by Olive Higgins Prouty, and are written by Anne Hummert. Stella Dallas is heard Monday through Friday from 4:15-4:30 P.M., EST, on NBC.



MINNIE GRADY, sharp of wit and tongue, is intensely loyal to her friend Stella, and much more bitter against the people she calls "them Grosvenors" than Stella allows herself to be.  
(Grace Valentine)



BOB JAMES, who owes his law degree to Stella's help, has become a dangerous force in her life. Because of his impulsive boldness, Stella and Laurel must live through hours of anguish.  
(played by Warren Bryan)



PHILIP BAXTER, whose generosity has made Stella's shop possible, keeps hoping that one day she will come to care for him as more than her dear friend.  
(played by William Smith)







Fish, in any of its forms, makes a more-than-acceptable mainstay for Lenten menu planners. Halibut, broiled and accompanied by stuffed potatoes and tomatoes that have done their turn under the broiler, graces any table.





# Fresh from the DEEP

**I** NEVER get over being surprised by the fact that every month when I have finished writing the cooking section I find myself with an idea for the one that is to follow. Perhaps that is because I have come to feel that writing it is just like writing a letter to a friend—and you know how that sometimes works out. You save up some gossip or an interesting story to share with a friend and as soon as you get the letter written you think of something else you might have included. In much the same way I file away bits of information for you and as soon as I get them on paper I think of something else I want to tell you. For instance, last month I realized that many of the recipes could be used for a meatless Lenten menu, which made me decide almost immediately, to follow it with some suggestions for cooking fish, which you can use not only during Lent but the year round. For that is one of the wonderful things about fish—whatever the season you can be sure of finding a delicious assortment in the markets, particularly now that so many types of frozen fish are available.

No matter what type of fish you buy or how you plan to cook it, be sure that it is absolutely fresh, which is indicated, in a whole fish, by firm elastic flesh and bright eyes. To maintain freshness after you get it home, keep it in the refrigerator until you are ready to prepare it, then let it reach room temperature before cooking.

#### Broiled Halibut Steak

1 lb. halibut steak  
2 tbs. melted shortening  
Salt and pepper to taste  
Have steak cut into two half-inch portions. Preheat broiler to 550 degrees F, place steaks

on broiler rack and brush with melted shortening. Broil, 2 inches below flame, for 3 minutes. Season with salt and pepper, turn, brush again with melted shortening and return to broiler for 5 minutes more and season second side with salt and pepper. Butter, margarine or oil may be used in place of shortening if desired. Good accompaniments for halibut steak are baked stuffed potatoes and broiled tomato halves.

#### Sautéed Scallops

2 lbs. scallops  
1 cup milk  
Soft bread crumbs  
2 tbs. shortening

Wash scallops in salted water, then drain thoroughly. Dip into milk, then roll in crumbs. Melt shortening in skillet and when it is hot (but not smoking) add scallops. Cook for 3 minutes, turning frequently, until golden brown. Season after cooking with salt and pepper to taste and serve with tartar sauce.

For fish filets (Continued on page 92)

By  
**KATE SMITH**  
RADIO MIRROR  
FOOD COUNSELOR



Listen Monday through Friday, at noon when Kate Smith Speaks, and Sunday nights at 6:30 EST, when Kate Smith Sings—on CBS network.



# ALICE FROST

## in Wonderland

A lover of "Alice" develops her favorite book into a unique decorating theme



Artist Luis Van Rooten started it all with his gift of the Wonderland woodcut map (right) for the study. Then came a pig-baby to be "beaten when he sneezed."

Radio actress Madelaine Pierce, another friend, carried on the theme with more "Alice" props: a pair of miniature (rabbit-size) white gloves, two tiny fans.

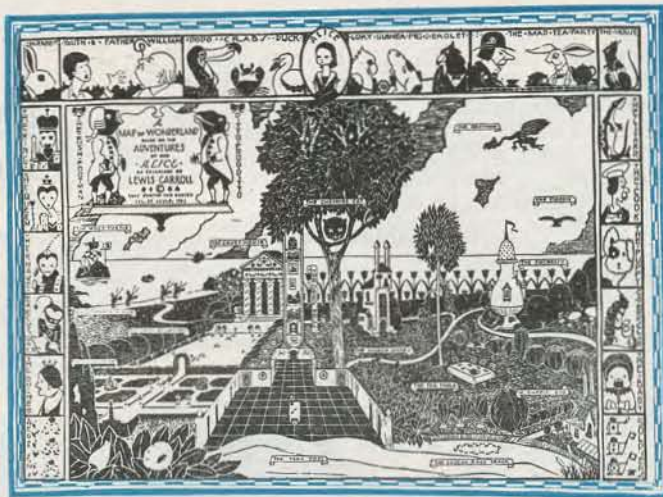


WHEN anyone in New York gets a new apartment these days it is a matter for rejoicing and when Alice Frost, the fascinating Pam of Mr. and Mrs. North, and her advertising executive husband Willson Tuttle succeeded in renting a larger apartment recently, they felt, and rightly, that they were among the luckiest people in the world. It was just what they wanted—there was even an extra room which could be made into the study they needed so badly because Alice's fan club activities and the work her husband brings home from the office had long since outgrown their living room desk.

Of course, greater space necessitated a complete decorating job and the purchase of additional furniture, and since the Tuttle look forward to the day when they can have a home in the country every new suggestion was considered both from the standpoint of its suitability for the East River apartment and for its eventual use in the country. Most people would have said that the two ideas could not be combined, but Alice, with the fine logic which characterizes her Pam North performance said, first, "Why not?" and then "Of course they can." Whereupon she proceeded to work out her two-way plan, and in doing so created one of the most attractive and livable homes you could find in many a day's search.

The living room, which is entered through a small foyer, is a large one with floor-to-ceiling windows and a fireplace. Walls and woodwork, both in the living room and the foyer, are the dark green of leaves on a cloudy day, the ceiling, mantel and the louvred window shutters chalk white. Color makes the narrow hall an integral part of the living room.

It was in the study, however, that Alice put her most original ideas into effect. Combination cupboards and bookcases of natural birch line the walls. A large comfortable armchair and a wide daybed melt into the cinnamon rose walls, all of them uniting to form the perfect setting for Alice's cherished *Alice in Wonderland* collection.





# MAKE

# Your Bed...

as Florence Williams does, a joy to look at, luxury to sleep in

It isn't always a bigger and better contract that brings radio stars their greatest satisfaction. Frequently it is something entirely different—and something that might bring pleasure to any one of us. For instance, when Florence Williams (Sally Farrell on NBC's Front Page Farrell) wandered in looking as pleased as the cat that has gotten away with both the cream and the canary, it was a little startling to discover not that she had been signed by six new sponsors but that she had bought some sheets.

Since Florence understands quality, whether it is in a radio script or an old fan (she collects fans and has some beauties) it seemed a good idea to ask her for suggestions. We couldn't have asked a better-informed person. When Florence was a little girl living in St. Louis, long before the acting bug bit her, she used to go to visit her grandmother in Louisiana every winter. Her grandmother had been brought up on one plantation and had spent her married life on another one. "Grandmother was really a remarkable person," Florence said. "One of those capable people who are adviser, friend, doctor and teacher for everyone around. When she was young, people couldn't shop as easily as they can now, but had to keep supplies of all kinds on hand, so of course she always had a supply closet. It seemed to have everything in the world in it. I remember very clearly the stacks of sheets and pillow cases in the supply closet, and how she always insisted on buying only the best quality."

The factor that determined quality in her grandmother's day, Florence explained, still determines it today, and that is the thread count, which is the total number of lengthwise or warp threads and crosswise threads in a square inch.

Size is almost as important as quality in insuring satisfactory service, for a sheet that is too small or too large will wear out more quickly than one of the proper size, which proper size you can easily determine by taking the measurements of your beds and comparing the measurements with those in the chart below. The dimensions used here are in inches and refer to the torn size (the best sheets are torn, rather than cut, to make certain that the edges will stay straight after laundering).

As to the quantity you require, you will probably find that you cannot get along with less than 4 sheets for each bed and 2 cases for each pillow, and that you will not need more than 8 sheets per bed or 4 cases per pillow.

Almost as essential as buying your linens is taking care of them after you get them. Soaking in cool water will help loosen dirt, but confine the soaking to a quarter or half an hour. Wash in very hot water, use enough mild soap to make a rich, lasting suds, rinse in equally hot water, then give a final bluing rinse in cool water. And remember that nothing is quite so good for your bedlinens—or makes them smell and feel so good—as drying them outdoors in the sunshine.



To miter: lift side edge, tuck hang under.



Bring side edge down, tuck under tightly.



Finished corner must be taut, triangular.



Miter blankets too, for a well-made bed.

## PILLOW SIZE

20x28  
22x28  
24x28  
26x28

## CASE SIZE

42x36, 42x38½ or 42x40½  
45x36, 45x38½ or 45x40½  
50x36, 50x38½ or 50x40½  
54x36, 54x38½ or 54x40½

## SHEET CHART

Crib	
Cot or daybed	45x75 or 50x75
Single	54x99 or 54x108
Twin	63x99 or 63x108
Three-quarter	72x99 or 72x108
Double	72x99 or 72x108 81x108 or 90x108

Note: When there is a choice of two sizes, it is wise to consider the longer sheet which will take care of any worries you have about shrinking and tuck-in allowance.



# INSIDE RADIO

All Times Below Are EASTERN STANDARD TIMES  
For Correct CENTRAL STANDARD TIME, Subtract One Hour

## SUNDAY

A.M.	NBC 680k	MBS 710k	ABC 770k	CBS 880k
8:30 8:45			Earl Wild	Caroline Calling
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:40	Story to Order Words and Music	People's Church Tone Tapestries	White Rabbit Line	Renfro Valley Folks Johnson Family
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Bible Highlights Circle Arrow Show	Radio Bible Class Voice of Prophecy	Message of Israel Southernaires	Church of the Air Church of the Air
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Design For Listening News Highlights Solitaire Time	Bible Institute Reviewing Stand	Fine Arts Quartet Hour of Faith	Wings Over Jordan Salt Lake Tabernacle

## AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00	World Front News	Pilgrim Hour	F. H. LaGuardia	Invitation to Learning
12:15 12:30 12:45	Eternal Light	Lutheran Hour	String Orchestra	
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	America United Chicago Round Table	Crime Cases Radio Warblers Juvenile Jury	Johnny Thompson Sammy Kaye	People's Platform Time For Reason
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Robert Merrill, Frank Black James Melton	Married For Life Bill Cunningham Veterans' Information	Warriors of Peace National Vespers	
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Carmen Cavallaro One Man's Family	Open House Crimes of Carelessness	Dr. Danfield From Hollywood Samuel Pettingill	N. Y. Philharmonic
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	The Quiz Kids Grand Marquee	House of Mystery True Detective	Are These Our Children Green Hornet	Hour of Charm
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	NBC Symphony	The Shadow Quick As A Flash	Darts for Dough David Harding	The Family Hour Hoagy Carmichael

## EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	The Catholic Hour Bob Burns	Those Websters Nick Carter	Sunday Evening Party Willie Piper	Ozzie and Harriet Kate Smith Sings
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Jack Benny Fitch Bandwagon	Mysterious Traveler California Melodies	Drew Pearson Don Gardiner Stump the Authors	Gene Autry Blondie
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Edgar Bergen Fred Allen	A. L. Alexander Special Investigator George C. Putnam	Detroit Symphony Orch.	Sam Spade Crime Doctor
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Manhattan Merry- Go-Round American Album	Exploring the Unknown Double or Nothing	Walter Winchell Louella Parsons Jimmie Fidler Policewoman	Hildegard Eddie Bracken
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45 11:00	Don Ameche Meet Me at Parky's News	Gabriel Heatter Latin American Serenade	Theatre Guild	Take It Or Leave It We the People



*Lucy Ann Pille*

—began singing eighteen years ago—the year she learned to talk—and made her radio debut at the age of four.

*Richard Kollmar*



—portrayer of the devious and charming Boston Blackie, each Tuesday night at 7:30 over ABC. His wife is Dorothy Kilgallen, columnist, and Breakfast with Dorothy and Dick is a morning treat for those within the range of Mutual's WOR. The day when Blackie has breakfast with the Kollmar family and Dorothy uses one of her multitudinous contacts to get Blackie out of trouble should be an epic one for Dick.

## MONDAY

A.M.	NBC 680k	MBS 710k	ABC 770k	CBS 880k
8:30 8:45				
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Honeymoon in New York	Editor's Diary Shady Valley Folks	Breakfast Club	CBS Morning News Oklahoma Roundup
10:00 10:15 10:30	Lee Sullivan Lora Lawton Road of Life	Once Over Lightly Faith In Our Time Say It With Music	My True Story Hymns of All Churches Club Time	Give and Take Evelyn Winters David Harum
10:45	Joyce Jordan			
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Fred Waring Jack Berch David Harum	Cecil Brown Tell Your Neighbor Bill Harrington Victor H. Lindlahr	Tom Breneman Hollywood Story Ted Malone	Arthur Godfrey Grand Slam Rosemary

## AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45		Checkerboard Time Morton Downey U. N. Serenade	Kenny Baker Show At Your Request	Kate Smith Speaks Aunt Jenny Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45		Jackie Hill John J. Anthony	Baukhage Powers Charm School	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone Road of Life
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Today's Children Women in White Masquerade Light of the World	Cedric Foster Smile Time Queen For A Day	Ethel and Albert Bride and Groom	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason Rose of Dreams
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Ma Perkins Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Heart's Desire Hospitality Club	Ladies Be Seated Jean Colbert	Winner Take All
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Erskine Johnson Johnson Family Sea Hound Buck Rogers	Tommy Riggs Show Cliff Edwards Dick Tracy	Hollywood Jackpot
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Hop Harrigan Superman Captain Midnight Tom Mix	Terry and Pirates Sky King Jack Armstrong Tennessee Jed	American School of the Air Bouquet For You

## EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Serenade to America		Kiernan's Corner	In My Opinion Red Barber Sports Bob Trout
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Chesterfield Club	Fulton Lewis Vincent Lopez Henry J. Taylor Inside of Sports	Headline Edition Elmer Davis The Lone Ranger	Mystery of the Week Jack Smith Bob Hawk Show
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Cavalcade of America Voice of Firestones	McGarry and Mouse Casebook of Gregory Hood	Lum and Abner This is John Paris Fat Man Detective Stories	Inner Sanctum Joan Davis
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Telephone Hour Victor Borge	Gabriel Heatter Real Stories Guy Lombardo	Dark Venture Johnny Olsen's Rumpus Room	Lux Radio Theater
10:00 10:15 10:30	Contented Program Dr. I. Q.	Fishing & Hunting Club Broadway Turns Back	Doctors Talk It Over	Screen Guild Players Sweeney and March



*Hedda Hopper*

—wearing the creation by Hattie Carnegie which was inspired by the March of Dimes. But it really all began when a little Quaker girl (Hedda) saw a great Barrymore (Ethel) play in Captain Jinks. For Hedda decided then and there to become an actress. She ran away from home, went from acting to reporting for CBS. The Quaker bonnet evolved into a series of the gayest, maddest hats in all Hollywood.

## TUESDAY

A.M.	NBC 680k	MBS 710k	ABC 770k	CBS 880k
8:30 8:45				Step Weigand Trio
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Honeymoon in N. Y. Daytime Classics	Editor's Diary Shady Valley Folks	Breakfast Club	CBS Morning News Oklahoma Roundup
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Lee Sullivan Lora Lawton Road of Life Joyce Jordan	Once Over Lightly Faith In Our Time Say It With Music	My True Story Hymns of All Churches Listening Post	Give and Take Evelyn Winters David Harum
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Fred Waring Jack Berch David Harum	Cecil Brown Tell Your Neighbor Bill Harrington Victor H. Lindlahr	Tom Breneman Hollywood Story William Lang	Arthur Godfrey Grand Slam Rosemary

## AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	Local Programs	Checkerboard Time Morton Downey Naval Academy Band	Kenny Baker Show At Your Request	Kate Smith Speaks Aunt Jenny Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	U. S. Navy Band	Jackie Hill John J. Anthony	Baukhage Powers Charm School	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone Road of Life
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Today's Children Women in White Masquerade Light of the World	Cedric Foster Smile Time Queen For A Day	Ethel and Albert Bride and Groom	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason Rose of My Dreams
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Ma Perkins Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Heart's Desire Hospitality Club	Ladies Be Seated Jean Colbert	Winner Take All
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Erskine Johnson Johnson Family Sea Hound Buck Rogers	Tommy Riggs Show Cliff Edwards Dick Tracy	That's Life
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Hop Harrigan Superman Captain Midnight Tom Mix	Terry and Pirates Sky King Jack Armstrong Tennessee Jed	American School of the Air Bouquet For You The Chicagoans

## EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Serenade To America	Local Programs	Kiernan's Corner	Red Barber
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Chesterfield Club Bob Houston	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dance Orchestra Arthur Hale Inside of Sports	Headline Edition Elmer Davis	Mystery of the Week Jack Smith American Melody Hour
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Rudy Vallee A Date With Judy	Michael Shayne Adventures of The Falcon	Lum and Abner This is John Paris Boston Symphony	Big Town Mel Blanc Show
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Amos and Andy Fibber McGee and Molly	Gabriel Heatter Real Stories American Forum		Vox Pop Arthur Godfrey and Talent Scouts
10:00 10:15 10:30	Bob Hope Red Skelton	Upton Close Dance Orchestra	Local Programs	Open Hearing

## WEDNESDAY

A.M.	NBC 680k	MBS 710k	ABC 770k	CBS 880k
8:30 8:45				
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Honeymoon in N. Y. Daytime Classics	Editor's Diary Shady Valley Folks	Breakfast Club	CBS Morning News Oklahoma Roundup
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Lee Sullivan Lora Lawton Road of Life Joyce Jordan	Once Over Lightly Faith In Our Time Say It With Music	My True Story Hymns of All Churches Listening Post	Give and Take Evelyn Winters David Harum
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Fred Waring Jack Berch David Harum	Cecil Brown Tell Your Neighbor Bill Harrington Victor H. Lindlahr	Tom Breneman Hollywood Story Ted Malone	Arthur Godfrey Grand Slam Rosemary

## AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	Local Programs	Checkerboard Time Morton Downey U. S. Marine Band	Kenny Baker Show At Your Request	Kate Smith Speaks Aunt Jenny Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Local Programs	Jackie Hill John J. Anthony	Baukhage Powers Charm School	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone Road of Life
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Today's Children Women in White Masquerade Light of the World	Cedric Foster Smile Time Queen For A Day	Ethel and Albert Bride and Groom	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason Rose of My Dreams
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Ma Perkins Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Heart's Desire Hospitality Club	Ladies Be Seated Jean Colbert	Winner Take All
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Erskine Johnson The Johnson Family Sea Hound Buck Rogers	Cliff Edwards Dick Tracy	Hollywood Jackpot
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Hop Harrigan Superman Captain Midnight Tom Mix	Terry and Pirates Sky King Jack Armstrong Tennessee Jed	American School of the Air Theatre of Romance

## EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Serenade to America	Local Programs	Kiernan's Corner	Word From the Country Red Barber
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Chesterfield Club Carolyn Gilbert	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Korn Kobbiers Cecil Brown Inside of Sports	Headline Edition Raymond Swing Lone Ranger	Mystery of the Week Jack Smith Ellery Queen
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Dennis Day Great Gildersleeve		Lum and Abner This is John Paris	Jack Carson
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Duffy's Tavern Mr. District Attorney	Gabriel Heatter Real Stories What's the Name of That Song	Ann Scotland Pot of Gold	Frank Sinatra Dinah Shore
10:00 10:15 10:30	Frank Morgan Kay Kyser	Author Meets Critics Dance Orchestra	Bing Crosby Henry Morgan	Hollywood Players Information Please



*Kay Campbell*

—has played on almost every network program originating from Chicago. Currently she's Martha Logan on ABC's Breakfast Club, Edie Fitz on the CBS Ma Perkins broadcast and Kay Benning of Breakfast with the Bennings, a feature on Chicago's local station, WMAQ. It all adds up to a day which begins at 7:30 a.m. and ends at 11:30 p.m. and leaves her poised, blonde and beautiful. She finds time to be local secretary of the American Federation of Radio Artists, too.



# THURSDAY

A.M.	NBC 660k	MBS 710k	ABC 770k	CBS 880k
8:30 8:45				
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Honeymoon in N. Y. Daytime Classics	Editor's Diary Shady Valley Folks	Breakfast Club	CBS Morning News Oklahoma Roundup
10:00 10:15 10:30	Lee Sullivan Lora Lawton Road of Life	Once Over Lightly Faith in Our Time Say It With Music	My True Story Hymns of All Churches The Listening Post	Give and Take Evelyn Winters David Harum
10:45	Joyce Jordan			
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Fred Waring Jack Berch David Harum	Cecil Brown Tell Your Neighbor Bill Harrington Victor H. Lindlahr	Tom Breneman Hollywood Story William Lang	Arthur Godfrey Grand Slam Rosemary

## AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

A.M.	NBC 660k	MBS 710k	ABC 770k	CBS 880k
12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	Local Programs	Checkerboard Time Morton Downey U. S. Navy Band	Kenny Baker Show At Your Request	Kate Smith Speaks Aunt Jenny Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Local Programs	Jackie Hill John J. Anthony	Baukhage Powers Charm Show	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone Road of Life
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Today's Children Woman in White Masquerade Light of the World	Cedric Foster Smile Time Queen For A Day	Ethel and Albert Bride and Groom	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason Rose of My Dreams
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Ma Perkins Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Heart's Desire Hospitality Club	Ladies Be Seated Jean Colbert	Winner Take All
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Erskine Johnson Johnson Family Sea Hound Buck Rogers	Tommy Riggs Show Cliff Edwards Dick Tracy	That's Life
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Hop Harrigan Superman Captain Midnight Tom Mix	Terry and Pirates Sky King Jack Armstrong Tennessee Jed	American School of the Air Bouquet For You

## EVENING PROGRAMS

A.M.	NBC 660k	MBS 710k	ABC 770k	CBS 880k
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Serenade to America Clem McCarthy Lowell Thomas	Local Programs	Kiernan's Corner	In My Opinion Red Barber
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Chesterfield Club Grand Marquee	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Vincent Lopez Arthur Hale Inside of Sports	Headline Edition Raymond Swing Professor Quiz	Jack Smith Mr. Keen
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Aldrich Family Burns and Allen	Mark Warnow Count of Monte Cristo	Lum and Abner Erwin D. Canham America's Town Meeting	Suspense F. B. I. Peace and War
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Eddie Duchin, Eddie Foy, Jr. Jack Haley with Eve Arden	Gabriel Heatter Real Stories Hour of Song	Sammy Kaye	Dick Haymes Crime Photographer
10:00 10:15 10:30	Abbott and Costello Eddie Cantor	I Was A Convict	World Security Ralph Norman	That's Finnegan



*Humley Stafford*

—the man who suffers more than any father should be asked to suffer is, of course, the man who is radio father to Baby Snooks, the plaintively maddening brat played by Fannie Brice. He is a mine of

irrelevant information with a colossal will and power of endurance, every Sunday night at 6:30 on CBS, after which, probably, he goes out and beats children.

# SATURDAY

A.M.	NBC 660k	MBS 710k	ABC 770k	CBS 880k
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Percolator Party Camp Meetin' Choir A Miss and a Male	Rainbow House	Wake Up and Smile	CBS Morning News The Garden Gate Renfro Valley Folk
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Frank Merriwell Archie Andrews	Smilin' Ed McConnell Jackie Hill	Betty Moore Song Spinners Junior Junction	Barney and Follies Mary Lee Taylor
11:00	Teentimers Club	This Week in Wash- ington Vacation Symphony Quaker City Sera.	Elizabeth Woodward Johnny Thompson Piano Playhouse	Let's Pretend Adventurers Club
11:15 11:30 11:45	Smilin' Ed McConnell			

## AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

A.M.	NBC 660k	MBS 710k	ABC 770k	CBS 880k
12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	Consumer Time Home Is What You Make It	Judy, Jill, Johnny Bands for Bonds	Texas Jim Robertson Tell Me Doctor American Farmer	Theatre of Today Stars Over Hollywood
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Nat'l Farm Home Veteran's Aid		To Live In Peace Fascinating Rhythm	Grand Central Sta. County Fair
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Your Host is Buffalo The Baxters Bob Houston	Pro-Arte Quartet Art Jarrett	Metropolitan Opera	Give and Take Adventures in Science Country Journal
3:00 3:15 3:30	Nations' Orchestras	Art Mooney Ray Benson	Local Programs	Treasury Band Stand Cross Section U.S.A.
3:45				
4:00 4:15 4:30	Doctors Then and Now Hollywood Previews	Local Programs	Local Programs	Adventures in Science Of Men and Books
4:45				
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	Nelson Olmstead Songs by Snooky Edward Tomlinson King Cole Trio	For Your Approval Sports Parade	Tea and Crumpets	Philadelphia Orch.

## EVENING PROGRAMS

A.M.	NBC 660k	MBS 710k	ABC 770k	CBS 880k
6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Rhapsody of the Rockies Boston Tune Party Religion in the News	Cleveland Symphony Lorenzo Fuller Eddie Howard	Jimmie Blair Chittison Trio Harry Wiamer Labor U. S. A.	Columbia Workshop Larry Lesuer
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Our Foreign Policy Curtain Time	Hawaii Calls Arthur Hale Sports Session	Voice of Business Elmer Davis Curt Massey	Waitin' For Clayton Vaughn Monroe
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Life of Riley Truth or Conse- quences	Twenty Questions Scramby Amby	Famous Jury Trials I Deal In Crime	Hollywood Star Time Mayor of the Town
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Roy Rogers Can You Top This?	Ministrels Leave It to the Girls	Gang Busters Sherlock Holmes	Your Hit Parade Saturday Night Serenade
10:00 10:15 10:30	Judy Canova Grand Ole Opry	Theater of the Air	American Melodies Hayloft Hoedown	This Is Hollywood



*Hoagy Carmichael*

—whose recent moving picture and radio work has revealed an unexpectedly delightful personality to the large public which has for years been singing his songs (like Stardust). Hoagy's musical pro-

gram is heard Sunday afternoons from 5:45 to 6:00 P.M. EST. on Columbia network stations, featuring his own and other songs and his dry, staccato piano.

# BRITISH



—brilliant young symphonic conductor who returned from a recent tour of England to CBS's Invitation To Music, heard Wednesday nights at 11:30 EST. Part of composer-conductor Herrmann's time in England was spent in the Brontë country, where he made notes for his forthcoming opera based on Emily Brontë's masterpiece, "Wuthering Heights".

# FRIDAY

A.M.	NBC 660k	MBS 710k	ABC 770k	CBS 880k
8:30 8:45				
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Honeymoon in N. Y. Daytime Classics	Editor's Diary Shady Valley Folks	Breakfast Club	CBS Morning News Oklahoma Roundup
10:00 10:15 10:30	Lee Sullivan Lora Lawton Road of Life	Once Over Lightly Faith in Our Time Say It With Music	My True Story Hymns of All Churches Listening Post	Give and Take Evelyn Winters David Harum
10:45	Joyce Jordan			
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Fred Waring Jack Berch David Harum	Cecil Brown Tell Your Neighbor Bill Harrington Victor H. Lindlahr	Tom Breneman Hollywood Story Ted Malone	Arthur Godfrey Grand Slam Rosemary

## AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

A.M.	NBC 660k	MBS 710k	ABC 770k	CBS 880k
12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	Local Programs	Checkerboard Time Morton Downey Campus Salute	Kenny Baker Show At Your Request	Kate Smith Speaks Aunt Jenny Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Local Programs	Jackie Hill John J. Anthony	Charm School Our Singing Land Stringing Along	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone Road of Life
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Today's Children Woman in White Masquerade Light of the World	Cedric Foster Smile Time Queen For A Day	Ethel and Albert Bride and Groom	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason Rose of My Dreams
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Ma Perkins Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Heart's Desire Hospitality Club	Ladies Be Seated Jean Colbert	Winner Take All
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Erskine Johnson Johnson Family Sea Hound Buck Rogers	Tommy Riggs Cliff Edwards Dick Tracy	Hollywood Jackpot
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Hop Harrigan Superman Captain Midnight Tom Mix	Terry and Pirates Sky King Jack Armstrong Tennessee Jed	American School of the Air Bouquet For You

## EVENING PROGRAMS

A.M.	NBC 660k	MBS 710k	ABC 770k	CBS 880k
6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	News Serenade to America Lowell Thomas	Local Programs	Kiernan's Corner	Quincy Howe Red Barber, Sports
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Chesterfield Club	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dance Orchestra Henry J. Taylor Inside of Sports	Headline Edition Raymond Swing Lone Ranger	Mystery of the Week Jack Smith Sparkle Time
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Highways in Melody Alan Young	Burl Ives Monica Makes Music Love Story Theater	Court of Missing Heirs This Is Your FBI	Baby Snooks Thin Man
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	People Are Funny Waltz Time	Gabriel Heatter Real Stories Bulldog Drummond	Break the Bank The Sheriff	Ginny Simms Durante and Moore
10:00 10:15 10:30	Mystery Theatre	Spotlight on America Meet the Press	Boxing Bouts	It Pay to be Ignorant Maise

# Recommended Listening

Some of the most highly recommendable-for-listening comedy programs on the air are those based on the sometimes trying but always funny relationships of harassed parents to their unpredictable children. And of course, one of the oldest, funniest and best known of these is the Baby Snooks Show, which you hear Friday evenings at 8:00 P.M., EST, on the Columbia Broadcasting System stations. The typically-radio thing about this show and others in the same category, is that children are seldom, if ever, played by children—that is, the grown-ups play the youngsters' parts, and do such a howlingly successful job of it that we doubt that any casting director, looking around for someone to play the part of a child on a comedy program, would consider anyone but a seasoned actor or actress. On the Baby Snooks Show, for instance, Fanny Brice, of course, tops the list as the irrepressible Snooks. But the other children on the program are adults, too—Snooks's baby brother, who labors under the name of Robespierre, is played by Leone Ledoux; Georgia Ellis takes the part of Roger, the boy next door (not only does she play a child, but a boy child!) and Sara Berner is Phoebe, the Terrible Tot's dearest friend.

What's-the-world-coming-to-department: Rumor has it that there is soon to be a new daytime serial on the air. That's usually good news, but, until the show is decided on, not good enough news to report. But despite the fact that the type of show has not yet, in this case, been set, this time it's still news—according to the rumor, the leading lady will be Mae West. Now we really will await breathlessly further developments!

Latest addition to the growing list of distinguished disc jockeys, and also an addition to the likewise growing list of distinguished husband-and-wife teams on the radio are Andre Baruch and Bea Wain. Bea is, of course, the singer you've heard on many network programs, and her husband is the equally well-known network announcer—you'll remember him especially from the days before he went into Service. Known to their listeners as Mr. and Mrs. Music, Bea and Andre are heard at present on New York's WMCA.

What was your favorite program a year ago? Do you remember what was "required listening" for you then? If you were the average American radio listener at this time in 1946, your daytime favorites were, in this order: When A Girl Marries, Portia Faces Life, Ma Perkins, Breakfast in Hollywood, The Romance of Helen Trent, Pepper Young's Family, Young Widder Brown, Our Gal Sunday, Stella Dallas, and Big Sister. Which just goes to show that if a program is good, its listeners are faithful, for all of these programs are still on the air. Your ten favorites in the daytime category this year, at the time we went to press, were these, in this order: Young Widder Brown, Breakfast Club, Our Gal Sunday, When A Girl Marries, Breakfast in Hollywood, Portia Faces Life, the Romance of Helen Trent, and Big Sister. That doesn't add up to ten, but that's because Breakfast Club, divided into several different listening periods during the time it's on the air, comes twice on the list.

How about the night time, and Sunday shows? Here they are, in order, as of a year ago: Bob Hope, Fibber McGee and Molly, Charlie McCarthy, Radio Theatre, Jack Benny, Red Skelton, Mr. District Attorney, Fred Allen, Walter Winchell, Take It Or Leave It, Abbott and Costello, Screen Guild Players, Music Hall, Great Gildersleeve, Eddie Cantor. At the time RADIO MIRROR went to press, these were leading the list of favorites for 1947: Jack Benny, Fibber McGee and Molly, Bob Hope, Charlie McCarthy, Fred Allen, Radio Theatre, Amos and Andy, Walter Winchell, Red Skelton, Screen Guild Players, Bandwagon, Mr. District Attorney, Take It Or Leave It, Great Gildersleeve, Fanny Brice. So you see, the order may change a little, but your allegiance to your favorite program seldom wavers—isn't that right?



# My Boss, Tom Breneman

(Continued from page 31)

cleared away . . . we counted 52,000 towels fans had sent in. Certainly no other celebrity has more sincere fans than my boss has. On several occasions enthusiastic fans have jumped the guns on 1948 at broadcasts by calling out loudly, "Tom Breneman for President!" Which has prompted my boss, who has absolutely no political aspirations beyond his present post of Honorary Mayor of Encino, to shake his head and say, "Good gosh . . . this thing can get out of hand."

He lives life backwards . . . by the Hollywood rules. He goes to bed at seven o'clock in the evening, just when the night is beginning for most movie-land citizens, and rises at 5:00 A.M. when a few of them, no doubt, are just getting in from doing the town.

He himself doesn't breakfast in Hollywood, but makes his own . . . a hearty one . . . in the Breneman kitchen around 5:30 or 6:00 A.M.

**A**ROUND 7:30 he arrives at his office, which looks down on the world's most glamorous intersection, Hollywood and Vine—a block away. But it looks far from glittery that early in the morning. His office does its homey best to make up in color and charm what it lacks, at that hour, in companionship. It has an unusual heart-shaped bleached walnut desk, wine-colored furniture and carpeting, restful pale blue walls, and handsome maroon and blue striped drapes of heavy satin damask.

There in solitary silence, he goes over the commercials and looks over the memos Mr. Masterson or I have left him. Then he goes to the restaurant, three blocks away. He stays after the broadcast until around 10:30 giving autographs, talking with people, and checking up on things at the restaurant. He comes by the office for a little while, and is usually gone before noon, in bed come seven that night to rise again by five.

For the most part, I'm secretary by correspondence. Since he works graveyard and I take the day shift, most of our business is carried on through memos to each other.

The boss lives in the San Fernando Valley, thirteen miles from town, in a comfortable one-acre place, shaded by walnut trees.

I'm proud of my boss and his family. They're just normal home-loving

American folks. There's his attractive blonde wife, talented eighteen-year-old daughter Gloria, who wants to be a radio singer, and thirteen-year-old Tom, Jr., better known as "Brennie", who's bent on being a drummer some day. There's also an 11-year-old dog named "Rusty" and a part-Persian cat called "Toughie", who are important subsidiary members of the household. He says his chief recreation around home is puttering and poking. He likes to keep a good roaring fire going in the living room fireplace, and is always poking away at one to keep it ablaze.

Whenever he speaks of his "handiness" around the house, however, he takes a lot of kidding from those of us who know about it, about his "\$1000 front door." One day the boss decided the door needed freshening up a little, got out his paint brush and painted it, and then had to have the rest of the whole house repainted to match.

Around the restaurant and the office, the boss is a fastidious dresser, always perfectly groomed, and goes in for conservative suits. He throws himself so completely into the show that he's usually disheveled with wilted tie and collar when it's over, and he keeps full wardrobe facilities at the office in order to change clothes after the show.

When he goes to a rodeo, or appears at some function on behalf of his official duties as "Hizzoner," the Mayor of Encino, he wears full Western clothes, including the red and white cowboy shirt Rodeo Ben sent him from Philadelphia, and some handsome tan leather cowboy boots given him by Bob O'Donnell, of the Interstate Theater Chain.

He never wears a hat, with the exception of an old beat-up rain hat that shrinks and curls up around the edges when it rains. Or a Stetson to a rodeo. Other than that, he's positively allergic to millinery of any kind. Mrs. Breneman laughingly says that she seldom gets away with wearing a hat. That he eyes any new one she gets and suggests that she never wear it again.

For that matter, none of us around the office ever wear a hat either if we can help it. Unless it's a social necessity, when we have a big luncheon or dinner date. Or when accompanying him on out-of-town personal appearances, on which occasions I do my best to measure up to what's expected by

the public of a Breneman employe.

I spent many hours shopping for a hat for a special show he put on in San Diego. It was loaded with violets and pansies and fluffed up with yards of veiling. Going down on the plane everybody complimented me on it except the boss. When somebody finally asked him point blank what he thought about it, I was sorry. "It's very pretty," he said, without enthusiasm, and added, "in a repulsive sort of way."

Regardless of that crack, I won't embarrass him by relating all the good neighborly deeds he does. But just to get the orchid rolling, I might mention a few:

Such as the thousands of letters I read that mention the warmth, cheer, and encouragement his cheerful philosophy inspires. The \$100,000 he raised for the Braille Institute of the Blind, by auctioning off hats at a big party attended by celebrities at Earl Carroll's restaurant. Or the March of Dimes drives he conducts when about a million dimes are sent in to him.

Recently Norman Nesbit got the idea of getting a hand-controlled airplane for the boys at a local Veterans' hospital who'd lost their legs during the war. The boss was most enthusiastic about it. The Breakfast in Hollywood partnership contributed half of the cost of one, and he passed the hat around the restaurant and raised the rest.

**F**REQUENTLY the boss will be so touched by the sincerity of some lady on the show that he adds a gift out of his own pocket. As one morning recently when a ninety-year-old woman drew the lucky number for the wishing ring, and "wished" that she could visit her relatives in Minneapolis. "I'd like to fly too," she said. "I never have."

"Well, go home and start packing, Mother. We'll fly you there and back," the boss said.

With only his own good neighbor policy for a platform, my boss was elected Honorary Mayor of Encino last year over a field of candidates that included Paul Muni, Mischa Auer, and "Wild" Bill Elliott. And this year all the other candidates withdrew in the boss's favor, so the Chamber of Commerce made him Mayor again.

Nothing has ever touched "Hizzoner" like the visit back to his old hometown, Waynesboro, Pa.

It was his first visit back to this little town in the Cumberland Valley since he left there an unknown some twenty years before. He decided to just take a run over for a quiet visit with a few old friends.

To his surprise, all of Waynesboro was waiting to meet him when he got there. The local band escorted him down Main Street to the steps of the City Hall, where all the leading citizens made speeches welcoming him. That night there was a big civic dinner in his honor; everybody in town turned out.

This was Waynesboro's "orchid" to him. And the boss was so touched by their sincerity, the warmth and feeling of the welcome shown him, that he broke down and cried when he got back to his room in the hotel.

I'm no good at making speeches. And I don't know anybody with a band. All I can do is write what I believe, and offer him a few left-over orchids from around the office . . . for being the best, best neighbor of them all.

## TUNE IN

### PHOTOPLAY STUDIO TOUR



Hear what people just like you say about their tour through the big Hollywood movie studios. It's an entirely different radio show . . . one you'll fully enjoy.

Daily—Monday through Friday

3:45 p.m. EST

2:45 p.m. CST

12:45 p.m. PST

1:45 p.m. MST

Over All ABC Stations



# New! Blush-cleanse your face—for that *Engaged-lovely* look

See it give your skin:  
 —an instant clean, refreshed look  
 —an instant softer, silkier feel  
 —a lovely blush of color

You'll see results tonight—  
 with the new blush-cleansing  
 with Pond's Cold Cream.  
**You blush-cleanse**—Rouse face  
 with warm water. Dip deep into  
 Pond's Cold Cream. Swirl it on  
 your receptively moist, warm

skin in little creamy "engage-  
 ment ring" circles up over your  
 face and throat. Tissue off.  
**You blush-rinse**—Swirl about  
 25 more creamy Pond's circlets  
 over your face. Tissue well. Tingle  
 with cold water. Blot dry.

**Extra clean, soft, glowing**—  
 your face will feel! Pond's *demul-*  
*cent* action softens, loosens dirt  
 and make-up—helps *free* your  
 skin! *Every night*, this full blush-  
 cleansing. *Every morning*, a once-  
 over blush-cleansing with Pond's.



PRISCILLA THOMPSON—her cream-smooth complexion is blush-cleansed by Pond's



PRISCILLA'S RING—  
 a star-brilliant  
 solitaire, diamond-  
 studded at sides.

*She's Engaged!*  
**She's Lovely!**  
**She uses Pond's!**

PRISCILLA THOMPSON beautifully expresses to-  
 day's new look of young elegance—with accent  
 on her smooth-gold hair, her smooth-ivory  
 complexion.

One of Chicago's fashionable young set,  
 she is the daughter of Mrs. Thomas Bruce  
 Thompson and the late Mr. Thompson—and  
 is engaged to William Paul Henricks of  
 Chicago, Ex-Navy Lieutenant Commander.

Priscilla is an enthusiast about blush-  
 cleansing with Pond's. "I've never known  
 anything to give my face such a lovely waked-  
 up, soft feeling," she says.

Have the Pond's blush-cleansed look. Get  
 Pond's Cold Cream *today!* You'll find the 6-oz.  
 jar is especially nice to use.

*Among the beautiful women of Society  
 who use Pond's*

LADY CHARLES CAVENDISH

MRS. ANTHONY DREXEL DUKE      MRS. FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT, JR.

THE MARCHIONESS OF CARISBROOKE

MRS. ALISTER McCORMICK      THE LADY ROSEMARY GRESHAM

MRS. WILLIAM RHINELANDER STEWART



Engagement-ring diamonds for some of America's loveliest girls

R  
M



# Information

Step right up and ask your questions—if we don't know

**I**NFORMATION BOOTH is the part of Radio Mirror for which you readers are responsible. The Editors of Radio Mirror are delighted with the stream of letters which come in from you concerning radio and radio personalities. (Sometimes a question comes in from all parts of the country at once—very interesting—but don't mind if we only answer it once.)

Each month we'll select the questions we think you would be most interested in knowing the answers to and publish them, together with the answers. If you have a question about your favorite program or radio star, just write to Information Booth, Radio Mirror, 205 E. 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.



Ben Alexander

## HEART'S DESIRE

Dear Editor:

Would you kindly give me information about the program which requests that people write a letter to the program asking for some specific thing but leaving a blank space instead of indicating what you wish. A contestant has an opportunity to fill the blank and name the item desired. If that letter is read over the air that party receives the item requested in the letter.

What is the name and address of the program and when does it go on the air? I heard a part of the program once but was not able to catch the name and haven't been able to locate it since.

Mrs. F. P.

Vallejo, Calif.

*The radio program you have in mind is the very popular show Heart's Desire. It is broadcast over the Mutual Network from the famed Billingsley's Restaurant in Hollywood, Mondays through Fridays. Ben Alexander is the master of ceremonies, air time is from 3 to 3:30 P.M., EST.*

## WHO, INDEED?

Dear Editor:

Who is Mrs. Calabash, whom Jimmy Durante says good-night to on his Friday broadcast over CBS?

Sgt. F. D. V., Jr.

Bolling Field

*We wish we knew, Sergeant, how we wish we knew—and when we find out you shall be the first to hear. We have a dark suspicion that he's "got a million of 'em."*

## TROUBADOUR

Dear Editor:

I read in a newspaper that Burl Ives has a weekly program but I cannot find out on what day or what time he is on the air. I would appreciate it very much if you could give me this information.

Mrs. O. P. McM.

Yoakum, Texas

*Each week on Friday evening Burl Ives broadcasts over the Mutual Broadcasting System's network at eight o'clock, EST.*



Burl Ives



Frances Langford

## BEAUTIFUL LADIES

Dear Editor:

For quite a while now you have not printed any pictures of one of the best little troopers who ever sang into a mike and all of us who watched her doing her GI shows would like to have another look at Frances Langford. How about it? And how about Jo Stafford, too?

J. B. D.

Cliffside, N. J.

*How very right you are. Herewith the pictures and a promise of more and larger pictures soon. Frances, you may know, is on NBC's Don Ameche show on Sunday nights and Jo on the Supper Club, Tuesdays and Thursdays, over the same network.*

## GOOD BEGINNING

Dear Editor:

I have been reading your magazine for many years and seldom see any pictures of the nice announcers that come into our homes every day.

Mrs. B. J. R.

Lowell, Mass.

*Please let us point with pride to the Dwight Weist feature in January, and the George A. Putnam one in February. And we are going to keep it up, too, because we believe you are right.*

???

Dear Editor:

I think one of the most amazing people on the radio is the Answer Man. I have often wondered who he is and how he can find the answers to all those questions. Also I would like to know if he has ever been stumped.

Mrs. S. L.

Chicago, Ill.

*The Answer Man programs were originated eleven years ago by Albert Mitchell, an orchestra leader, and Bruce Chapman, an alert radio producer. They were so successful that the Answer Man show has developed into an organization of more than fifty people, the largest general research staff in radio. Besides this they have a consulting list of experts in every imaginable field. Of the thousand questions received every day, forty of general interest are broadcast on each program and the others are answered by mail. However, no questions are answered over the phone and no legal or medical advice is given. In eleven years, The Answer Man has been stumped only once. It was by a question sent by a Boston patriot who asked: "Did Paul Revere's friend wave his lantern up and down—or sideways?" That question is written on parchment and framed in The Answer Man's office.*



Albert Mitchell



Jo Stafford

# Booth

the answers we do know where to find them for you

## IT COULD BE

Dear Editor:

Would you mind telling me what's the matter with everybody? Every time you read a magazine you see pictures of these ugly singers, half of which don't even have nice voices. When there is a wonderful singer who is handsome nobody ever mentions him. Why? Naturally I mean Tommy Ryan (not the Chuck Foster one). People must be crazy! Or could it be me?

Miss G. W.

Oceanside, L. I.

*Perhaps our tired old editorial eyes have been deceiving us these many years, or maybe tastes differ. But we can think, right off-hand, of a fat list of popular singers who leave little to be desired in the way of pleasing looks. Of course the important thing is that if a person has a fine voice and people find pleasure in hearing him sing, then it shouldn't matter whether he was lucky enough to be born handsome or not. Some people like sopranos, others like booming basses, and what's nice-to-look-at in one person's eyes may not fill the bill for another. You like to look at and listen to Tommy Ryan—and so do a number of girls—and the number may be growing. There may be a lot of odd people wandering around but we don't think you can test their intelligence by checking up on their favorite singers—do you, now, really?*

## GEORGIA GIBBS

Dear Editor:

Lately I have been looking all over the air for Georgia Gibbs. Where is she nowadays?

S. J.

Ballston Spa, N. Y.

*As we write this, Georgia is "guesting."*



Georgia Gibbs

## GONE AND FORGOTTEN

Dear Editor:

I have often seen radio serial stories reviewed and illustrated in your fine magazine. Perhaps you could give me some information about the story entitled Against The Storm. This serial is no longer on the air and I would like to know whether or not the story can be had in book form, and if so, from which publishing company it can be obtained. I always loved the story and would like to have it in my book collection.

L. E. C.

Brookville, Pa.

*We wish that we could help you with some information on the serial, Against The Storm, but we can't. It went off the air some time ago. It was written by Sandra and Peter Michael, who also write the currently-heard Lone Journey (Monday through Friday, CBS, 2:30 EST).*

*Serial scripts are almost always written on a day-to-day basis and are not published, so it's not possible to get Against The Storm in book form. In fact, they don't always make as good reading as they do listening, because they're designed for air production and depend so much on actors' voices and interpretation, on sound effects, on direction.*



Karl Swenson, when not Lord Henry, borrows Black Swan Hall for his own family.

## BLACK SWAN HALL

Dear Editor:

Kindly mail me Lord Henry Brinthrope's address.

Mrs. N. E. D.

Lynn, Mass.

*Sorry, but that is something we can never do. Fan mail for radio performers should be addressed to them in care of the station over which the broadcast has been heard. Home addresses are private property, carefully guarded so that professional folk have a chance to live as other people do when they are not working, and if you give this some thought you will see that it is no more than fair.*

## STAGE DOOR

Dear Editor:

My seventeen-year-old daughter is very much interested in becoming an actress but doesn't know where to write or how to go about it. Would you please be kind enough to give me the information?

Mrs. F. H.

Darien Center, N. Y.

*We're sorry we can't give you some specific information but we can only answer questions about radio and people on the air. However, your daughter might inquire at the local public library for a list of good dramatic schools and also about "summer stock" or "little theater" companies if there are such groups near your home.*

## AT THE CONSOLE

Dear Editor:

I would greatly appreciate it if you could tell me what the following organists are doing now: Fred Feibel and Ann Leaf. I always enjoyed their playing very much and would like to hear them again. Should you be unable to furnish me with this information please advise me how I may obtain it.

Mrs. B. C. K.

Newark, N. J.

*Both Ann Leaf and Fred Feibel are kept busy these days at the NBC studios. Ann Leaf plays the theme music and interludes for Lorenzo Jones and Front Page Farrell and Fred Feibel does the same for the Lora Lawton show. In addition, they both play for "stand-by" and station breaks.*

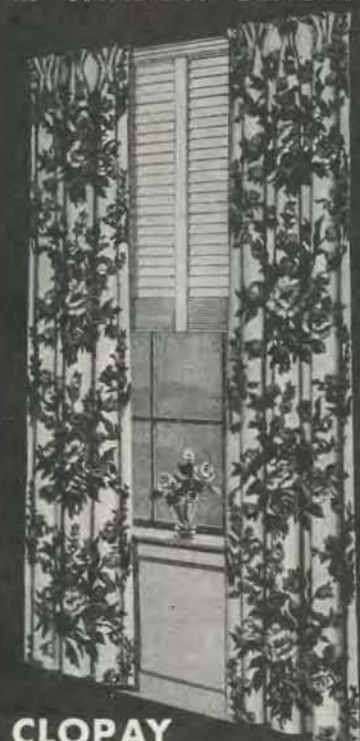


Ann Leaf



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in WINDOW BEAUTY!



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**DRAPES 98c**  
pair

Expensive-looking charm and elegance for less than a dollar a window! CLOPAY Lintoned Drapes of plasticized cellulose are a full 2 3/4 yards long—matching tie-backs—automatic pleater. In glamorous florals, stripes and plaids.



**CLOPAY**  
**COTTAGE**  
**SETS**  
**59c**  
set

So bright, so gay, so dazzling fresh! Made of plasticized cellulose in gingham, polka dot and strawberry patterns. Red—blue—green. 7 pieces 59c. (5-piece Hollywood style, without sash panels, only 39c)

\* FREE BOOKLET: "Beautiful Windows At Low Cost." Write to Clopay Corp., 1234 Clopay Square, Cincinnati 14, Ohio.

# CLOPAY

At 5c and 10c Stores, Variety Stores, Department and Other Stores

## When A Girl Grows Up

(Continued from page 41)

"This Time For Keeps." In the other picture she has a longer role. She's in "Summer Holiday" (which is the picture version of Eugene O'Neill's play "Ah, Wilderness!"), with Mickey Rooney, Marilyn Maxwell, Gloria de Haven and Butch Jenkins.

But even though she's only had two parts, she's been on the M.G.M. lot all day long every day. Mornings she goes to the M.G.M. school with Jane Powell, Elizabeth Taylor, Mary Jane Smith and others—studying geometry, history, French, English, and art. Afternoons she takes singing and drama lessons. And in between she has lunch at the M.G.M. commissary, drinking in Hollywood with her milk.

ONE lunch a few weeks ago was typical. Anne sat with "the gang" deciding on what to order—Elizabeth Taylor and Jane Powell being two of the table full of girls. There were only two men at the next table—Frank Sinatra and a stranger. "The gang," after examining the menu, glanced idly over at Frank's table and were fascinated by whatever his friend was eating. Was it steak or liver?

They argued amongst themselves for several minutes while the men got more and more flustered with the attention they were receiving. Then the girls told Anne, "You're sitting nearest their table. Ask him what it is."

Anne was indeed nearest their table—she was back to back with Sinatra. Leaning across in front of Frank she asked his friend "What are you eating? We can't decide!"

Frank swung around—looking a bit bewildered—this was hardly what he had expected.

But his friend announced that he was eating steak. The girls at the next table chorused thanks. Then they began their argument again. It didn't look like steak, they said; it positively didn't . . .

Finally Sinatra's friend good-naturedly rose and came over to them. "It's steak, darn it," he said fiercely. "Would you each like a bit to prove?"

That settled the argument. The girls hurriedly said no, ordered cheese sandwiches and milk, and fell into uneasy silence until Sinatra (with his head still spinning) and his friend had departed.

Away from the studio, everything has happened to Anne that could happen in California. She has a boy friend exactly her age—not a heavy romance, just a good friend. But he's not the usual boy next door. He's actor Skippy Homeier.

Skippy and his mother often drop in at the Francis apartment to talk over the good old days back in New York. Anne and Skippy met when they were nine, both working in Coast to Coast on a Bus. Now, they go to movies together, and on long horseback rides. Anne also has a girl friend she manages to see almost every evening—Mary Jane Smith, whose mother usually deposits her at the Francis door after dinner.

The fact that there is a Francis door in the housing shortage astounds everyone but the two Francises. They now live in a charming four-room apartment, with maid service, a telephone, and a view of the Pacific Ocean. "I took it because it's near the streetcar line," says Mrs. Francis complacently. When people shriek that they would

gladly take an apartment 1,000 miles from a streetcar line—just to get an apartment—Mrs. Francis and Anne look surprised. Then they tell how they got it . . . They spent their first few days in Hollywood at a hotel, eating at restaurants while Anne moaned aloud about how she missed her mother's magnificent cooking. Then they decided to get an apartment so that Mrs. Francis could start making her famed chocolate cake-and-steak dinners.

"First we will go around and look at the apartment houses we would like to live in," they decided. "Then, when we find several that suit us in every way, we'll write letters to the owners asking for an apartment."

That's just what they did. They wrote six letters stating their case history: recently from New York City, they were anxious to find a home. And what happened? They got six answers—and took their pick of six apartments!

"I know there's an apartment shortage. But it seemed so simple when we wanted one," Anne says now, looking confused.

But they do know about the transportation shortage. They found out when one of Anne's boy friends from the East came out to pay them a week's visit. At the end of the visit he said farewell, got into a taxi and disappeared in the direction of the airport. "I haven't got a reservation, but I'm not worried," he said in parting. At midnight that night, though, he was very worried. He rang them up, sheepishly announced that he was still sitting in the airport—and would it be all right if he came back to spend the night? "Early in the morning I'll go out to the airport again and I know I'll get out all right," said he.

SO ANNE moved from her own bedroom back into her mother's. The departed guest arrived again and spent the night . . . and then the next night, and the next. He spent five nights in all before he really got a flight back East. "So we are aware of some of the shortages—even if we don't know about the housing one," Anne says now.

Being in Hollywood hasn't changed Anne's idea on most things. Her closet still holds the same kind of clothes it did back East—sports dresses in blue mostly, and after that in white and black. And one favorite date dress: black with a tiny black cape studded with blue stones. And she never goes out of the house without wearing what she calls her good luck pin—a silver locket dangling from a silver bow, engraved "Kathy—Love and Luck." It was given her by Elaine Carrington, the authoress of *When A Girl Marries*, when Anne headed West.

She does have a new Hollywood dream, though. She wants to be a fine dramatic actress in films—and she wants a long black convertible car. "And I also want a rambling stone house overlooking the ocean, with a swimming pool, a huge living room, and six acres of beautiful dark green grass," says she eagerly. "And some day I want a happy marriage. Just one!" And she still wants to do radio work—lots of it—which might bring the Francises back to New York.

But whether it's worn in the West or the East, what we'd like to borrow is that good luck pin of Anne's for a while—just long enough!





Read what you get in  
**2 GLASSES OF  
 OVALTINE**

- more VITAMIN C than 4 ounces of Tomato Juice
- more PROTEIN than 3 Eggs
- more IRON than 3 servings of Spinach
- more NIACIN than 6 slices of Enriched Bread
- more VITAMIN D than 10 ounces of Butter
- more VITAMIN B<sub>1</sub> than 3 servings of Oatmeal
- more VITAMIN G than 1 pound of Sirloin Steak
- more VITAMIN A than 2 servings of Peas
- more FOOD-ENERGY than 2 dishes of Ice Cream
- more CALCIUM and PHOSPHORUS than 2½ servings of American Cheese

# GET ALL YOUR **Vitamins** IN FOOD

*Here's the Newer Way...for better results!*

As you know, authorities agree that most people should get extra vitamins as a safeguard to good health. And authorities also agree, beyond question, that the best way to get vitamins would be in your everyday food. But that's hard to do:—

Because everyday foods vary considerably from day to day in vitamin and mineral values. And, besides, they lose a lot of their vitamins in shipping, storing and cooking.

That's why so many people are supplementing their meals with Ovaltine. *Ovaltine is standardized.* Its content is scientifically controlled. It never varies. Each spoonful supplies the same generous amounts of vitamins and minerals.

You know exactly what you're getting. It's a supplementary food that makes up deficiencies in ordinary foods.

So you don't have to worry about variations or losses. You *know* that a serving of Ovaltine in a glass of average milk *always* gives you the same substantial quantities of Vitamins A, B<sub>1</sub>, C, D, G and Niacin—and Calcium, Phosphorus and Iron. And you can be *sure* that 2 glasses of Ovaltine daily and just normal meals will give you *all* the vitamins and minerals any normal person can use. And when you drink Ovaltine you get these vitamins and minerals the preferred way—in food.

You'll find, too, that Ovaltine has a very agreeable taste—a taste that grows

on you. So for better results, why don't you start drinking Ovaltine at meals, just as you would tea or coffee? Or, if you prefer, between meals or at bedtime. Then, if you're a normal person, you'll know, as far as *you* are concerned, you've solved the vitamin problem.

**FAR MORE THAN VITAMINS...** Ovaltine also contains virtually every other precious food element needed for buoyant health and vitality, including the elements that vitamins must have to function properly. That's why Ovaltine is so widely recognized as the ideal supplementary food-drink.



"You're right

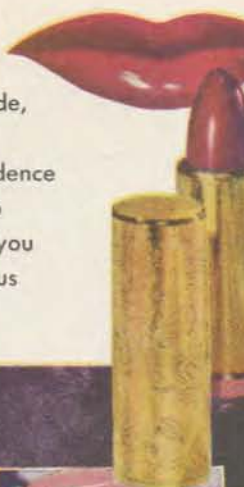
# Red Majesty

is the New Queen of the Reds!"

—says MRS. CORNEL WILDE...

radiant wife of the screen star.

"BECAUSE," enthuses lovely Mrs. Wilde, "there is something really wonderful about Red Majesty! It gives you confidence that your lips are looking their best. So I think you were perfectly right when you named it the queen of your glamorous family of Tangee lipstick shades."



CONSTANCE LUFT HUHN  
Head of the House of  
Tangee and creator of  
Tangee Red Majesty Lip-  
stick and Petal-Finish  
Cake Make-Up.

Five Famous Glamorous Shades  
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GAY-RED



RED-RED



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THEATRICAL RED



NATURAL

Red Majesty NEW HIT SHADE BY Tangee



# Aunt Jenny Proves That Home Is Where The Heart Is

(Continued from page 23)

to get pretty discouraged. Anyone would!

And looking at the girl, lying there so pale and worn out, and so near her time, too, I did what I'd sworn I'd never do. I heard myself saying, "Well—Calvin and I live here all alone, and I've got a nice big guest bedroom. You're welcome to it, and to use of the kitchen, if you want."

Did they want to stay? The girl's eyes flew open, and the boy kind of swallowed hard and said, "Oh—" and wasn't able to say anything else for about a minute.

**B**UT mixed in with their gratitude was something else. It was a day or so before I began to notice it. Not that they didn't appreciate the room, because they did. They were just a pair of decent, honest kids, and when they said I'd saved their lives I believed they meant it. Still—this wasn't what they wanted. I could feel that they knew it was just temporary, and were straining to make it as temporary as it could possibly be. For instance, I didn't miss the excitement in Nick's tone the evening he came home and announced, as soon as he was inside the door, that a new housing development was being started.

"There is?" Wanda said, leaning forward in her chair, and you'd have thought she'd just been told there was a chance of her inheriting a fortune. "When will it be ready?"

"Well—" Nick said, and looked down at the floor. "Not for another six months, anyway."

"Oh—" Wanda sank back, all the animation fading out of her face. "That long."

The next day Wanda told me what the trouble was. Nick thought she ought to, she explained, and she agreed with him. But she didn't find it easy to put into words.

"We've been married three years, Nick and I," said she, "and we've never had a place of our own, Aunt Jenny." Like everyone in Littleton, she and Nick were calling me that the day after they'd moved in. "I don't want you to think we aren't happy here with you—we are, and so very grateful, but—First I lived in a furnished room near the training camp where Nick was—then he went overseas and I stayed with his parents. I haven't any of my own. After he came back, we went on living there while Nick finished school. I thought when he got a job we'd have our own house or apartment."

"And you will, Wanda," I assured her. "If you'll be patient—"

She struck her knee, sharply, with her clenched fist. "That's just it, Aunt Jenny," she said. "I can't be patient—there isn't time! Oh, I know it's foolish, at least I keep telling myself it's foolish, but I simply have a feeling that when I bring my baby home from the hospital, if I don't bring him into a place that is *ours*—if I can't do that, something terrible will happen! I try to remember that it shouldn't make any difference, the baby will be too little to know what kind of a home he's brought to—but you can't argue with a feeling like that. It's—it's in *here*." She put her hand on her breast, over her heart. Tears glistened in her eyes.

As she said, you can't argue with a feeling like that. The longing for a

home is something that's planted deep in every woman—and if that longing is denied for too long, as it had been denied in Wanda's case, it's going to get all twisted and changed around and warped, until it's a danger to her and to everybody that loves her.

Wanda just looked at me hopelessly. I really couldn't blame her—I knew, better than she did even, how little chance there was of such a house or apartment turning up.

But then I thought of Armina and Hester Marsh, and Wanda, watching my face, said in sudden hope, "What is it, Aunt Jenny? You look as if you'd had an idea."

"Maybe I have," I said slowly. Armina and Hester were sisters, daughters of old Judge Marsh who died in 1927. Mrs. Marsh had died long before that. For years Armina and Hester went on living in the old brick house on Forrest Avenue. Neither of them ever had a beau, and the general impression around town was that neither wanted one. Folks said the Marsh sisters were "so devoted" to each other, and as far as anybody could tell, they were.

Then, in 1940 I think it was or maybe 1941, Hester—she was the younger one—suddenly moved out of the house on Forrest Avenue. She took her share of the Judge's estate and bought a smaller house for herself on the opposite side of town, in Prince's Addition. Neither she nor Armina ever told anyone what had happened, or why they'd quarrelled—but it was plain enough that they *had* quarrelled. If they met on the street they looked straight through each other, and Hester gave up her church membership and joined another church so she wouldn't run into Armina.

**O**NCE, soon after they'd separated, I remembered saying something to Armina about having seen Hester the day before, and Armina stiffened up and glared and snapped, "Jenny Wheeler, please be kind enough never to mention my sister's name to me again." And her tone was enough to make me wish I hadn't mentioned it then.

In six or seven years, though, people change. They get older—and the things that seemed important once don't seem so vital any longer. If I could persuade those two to make up their old quarrel, I thought, and move back into the same house again, so they could be some comfort and company to one another—why, then there would be an empty house on the market, and I'd be the first one to know about it!

Calvin and I talked it over, and decided that Armina was the one to talk to first. Being the older, she was more set in her ways than Hester, more stubborn. So I went to Armina first, the next day.

We sat there in the dark, walnut paneled living room where Judge Marsh used to entertain politicians and their wives, and we talked for awhile about church affairs and the latest news around town. Armina's hair, touched with grey, was piled up on top of her head in a pompadour, and she had a watch on a chain around her neck. As she talked, her long thin fingers twisted the chain. Looking at her, I almost (Continued on page 74)



## Keep Fresh!



## Feel Smooth!



## Stay Dainty!

... with this truly  
**luxurious talcum powder**

**KEEP FRESH:** Bathe! Then shake Cashmere Bouquet Talc over yourself. All over. It leaves every inch of you excitingly fresh.

**FEEL SMOOTH:** For *ultra* comfort—treat the little trouble spots to *extra* Cashmere Bouquet Talc. It protects chafable places with a silken-smooth sheath.

**STAY DAINTY:** Keep your daintiness on high by showering your person; often, with Cashmere Bouquet Talc. It leaves on your skin—the fragrance men love.



Pamper your person  
with Cashmere Bouquet  
Dusting Powder.  
Smartly packaged  
with a big  
velour puff.

# Cashmere Bouquet Talc

with the fragrance men love





*June Allyson*

Star of  
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's  
"HIGH BARBAREE"

LUX  
TOILET SOAP

A product of Lever Brothers Company


**"BE LOVELIER TONIGHT!"**

"My Beauty Facials bring quick new Loveliness," says this famous star

Here's the gentle Active-lather care June Allyson uses: Smooth Lux Toilet Soap's rich fragrant lather well into your skin. Rinse with warm water, then splash on cold. With a soft towel pat gently to dry. Now skin is softer, smoother, takes on fresh new loveliness!

Don't let neglect cheat you of Romance. You can be lovelier tonight!

In recent tests of Lux Toilet Soap facials by skin specialists, 3 out of 4 complexions improved in a short time.



*You* want skin that's lovely to look at—thrilling to touch. Hollywood's beauty facials will help you to have it! Try this gentle care.

**9 out of 10 Screen Stars**

**use Lux Toilet Soap— *Lux Girls are Lovelier!***



# Necklines

Support your head in proper style:

on a young, well-cared-for throat



*Lanie Harper* displays the fruits of the exercises she recommends: smooth curves.



*Dinah Shore*, whose slim singer's throat needs constant special care, and gets it.



*Marilyn Martin's* throat is the slender "column" that haunts poets and everyone else.



*Hollace Shaw* shows, again, a singer's lovely throat: needs no adornment to look its best.

**N**O MATTER how beautiful your face, it becomes a pretty lost cause if its pedestal—your throat—doesn't match.

Scrubbing your neck—all the way around, and up behind your ears—is what you learned to do in childhood. It's a habit you should keep until you're too old to care—and whoever is too old?

Assume good head posture. Lift your chest so that automatically your shoulders are pulled back and your spinal column is straightened. Hold your chin parallel with the floor, and your head high. Now learn to hold this posture. For, when you let your chin drop forward, the back-of-the-neck muscles are stretched; the front muscles shortened, and thus you develop double chin. The same thing happens, in reverse, when you let your head fall back.

To help keep the chin muscles firm, here's a sample exercise. Let the head drop far back, open your mouth wide, then close it. A good pull should be felt. Do it twenty times daily.

Lanie Harper, green-eyed brunette on County Fair, does this exercise. Two others which she likes are the slow turning of her head to the left as far as it will go, then to the right. Repeat ten times. Smiling, she smilingly claims, is a pleasant way to help tauten chin muscles.

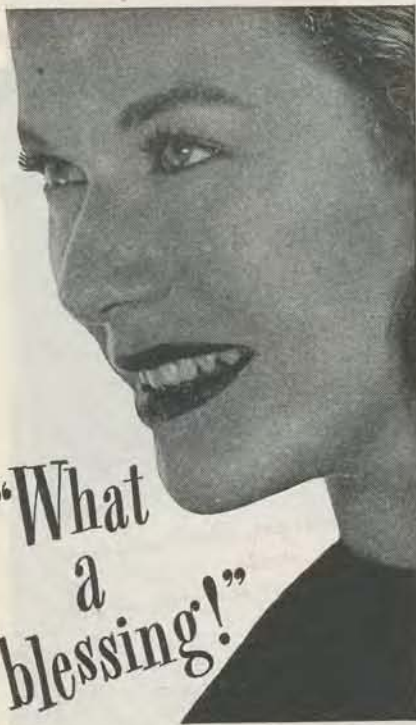
Dinah Shore says when the muscles and cords of her neck become very tired, as they often do, she gently kneads a rich, lubricating cream or oil into her neck. She works from the base of her neck to her chin, up the sides to her ears, then around to the back.

Hollace Shaw and Marilyn Martin both agree that throat adornment should depend not only on your dress neckline, but also on the length and appearance of your neck. Women with short necks should avoid wearing choker necklaces, no matter how lovely, or whose gift it is, because they make the neck look as if it were squatting on the shoulders. A choker necklace belongs on a long neck.

As a final tip to neck beauty, these two talented and pretty radio artists say that when you're wearing low-cut dresses, your make-up line should not stop with your chin, but be extended way down to "here". If you wear a pancake make-up, blend it carefully.

BY MARY JANE  
FULTON





**"What  
a  
blessing!"**

Can you blame a girl for feeling elated on the day she discovers Tampax? On the day she really proves to herself how easy and neat this kind of monthly protection can be—worn internally, invisible in use and not even felt when in place . . . "What a blessing!" You can say this and say it again, every time that you remember the discarded belts, pins and other external rigging!



Perfectly by a doctor, Tampax is modern and streamlined in every respect. Its absorbency is provided by pure surgical cotton contained in smooth, slim applicators. Your hands need not even touch the Tampax, for daintiness is the motto. No odor; no chafing; easy disposal. No embarrassing bulges or ridges under the clothing.

Tampax is comfortable at all times. Just think of the difference as compared with older, more familiar methods. A whole month's quota will slide into your purse. . . . At drug stores and notion counters in 3 absorbencies (Regular, Super, Junior) to suit personal needs on different days. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



Accepted for Advertising  
by the Journal of the American Medical Association

(Continued from page 71) gave up and went home without mentioning what I'd come to say. I couldn't believe it would do any good.

I wouldn't be such a coward, though, so finally I said, "Armina, I really came over here to talk to you about something very serious."

Her eyes opened wide, and she said, "Serious? Well, what is it?" in a tone that seemed to say she hoped I wasn't going to interfere in what wasn't my business.

"It's been five or six years since Hester left this house," I said bluntly. "Don't you think it's about time she came back?"

Her chin jerked up an inch higher, and the hand that was playing with the gold chain dropped to the arm of her chair. "I told you once never to mention her name to me," she said.

"I know you did, and if you still feel that way I'm sorry," I answered. "I just hoped you might have changed your mind. Because it's a sin and a shame for two sisters, alone in the world except for each other, to live apart with bitterness in their hearts."

I'd always felt sorry for Armina and Hester Marsh. Now I pitied Armina, at least, more than ever, because I realized that deep in her heart she regretted the quarrel.

"Try to make up with Hester," I urged. "I'll bet right now she's wishing, same as you are, that it hadn't ever happened, and that she could be back here living with you."

"No," Armina said, "she's not. You're wasting your time, Jenny. The quarrel wasn't mine, to begin with. It was Hester's fault entirely, and she's stubborn as a mule—always was. I'm not saying I wouldn't like to have her back here, because I would. But I know she'd never come."

"We'll see," I said. I was so set up over my success with Armina I felt as if I could accomplish almost anything. And what's more, I didn't believe Hester was as stubborn as Armina said she was. I've noticed that it's the stubborn people who are always accusing other folks of that failing. "I'm going over to talk to Hester tonight right after supper," I declared.

I stopped being so optimistic after I'd been inside Hester's little white-shingled bungalow for five minutes. For one thing, I almost had the notion Hester knew why I'd come. I hadn't ever seen her so nervous, moving jerkily around in her chair while we talked and hardly seeming to know what I was saying, half the time. Two

little spots of pink glowed high up on her cheeks, and if I hadn't known she never used it I'd have thought the color came from rouge.

When I brought up Armina's name she almost jumped out of her chair. "Armina?" she gasped. "She—she asked you to talk to me?"

"She did not," I said. "You may call me a meddling old woman, Hester, but I'm a good friend to both of you, and I hate to see you going along like this. I will say that I talked to Armina, this afternoon, and she for one would like to make up. She told me so."

"She did?" The look Hester gave me was wistful and yet, somehow, scared. "Oh, Jenny, I'd like to be friends with her too—I never wanted to quarrel, and it was all her fault that we did—"

The pink on Hester's cheeks deepened. "It was foolish, I guess—just over a dress I'd bought. Armina said it was too bright for me and—and I guess she was probably right, but it was the way she said it— Armina can be a very domineering person, you know, and ever since we were girls she always told me what to wear and how to act. And finally I— She set her small, pointed chin. "I just rebelled."

"Maybe Armina's changed," I urged. "Maybe now that you've shown how you can get along without her, she'll treat you more like a grown-up."

"I don't know." Hester got up from her chair, pressing her hands together in agitation. No doubt about it, she was awfully jumpy this evening. "I can't believe she—"

"Give her a chance," I said. "I'll tell you—tomorrow afternoon, you come to my house, and I'll invite Armina too. I'll make some of my raspberry scones, and we'll have tea. Maybe you'll both find you can be friends."

Eagerly, Hester said, "Oh, I hope so! I'd like to, I really would, if—if Armina's willing."

Well, that was a pretty good day's work, I thought as I left Hester's house and walked along the street. So far, it had been a lot easier than I'd hoped or expected—both Marsh girls were a little ashamed of themselves, ready to be friends again, but not sure how to go about it. Tomorrow—

I was so wrapped up in my own thoughts I didn't even see Mel Harkin coming along the street until he spoke to me. We stopped and chatted a minute, and I thought to myself he was looking better these days than he had for quite a few months after his wife died. Mel (Continued on page 76)

Tune in "PHILCO RADIO TIME"

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 19th

Gala Reunion Program

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**BING CROSBY**

WINNER OF THE 1946

PHOTOPLAY GOLD MEDAL AWARD

As America's most popular actor

Don't miss it! Hear Bing Crosby and the great stars of screen and radio who have appeared with him in a Gala Reunion Program. Wednesday, February 19th, 10 p.m. in the East, 9 p.m. everywhere else; ABC Network and many additional stations.





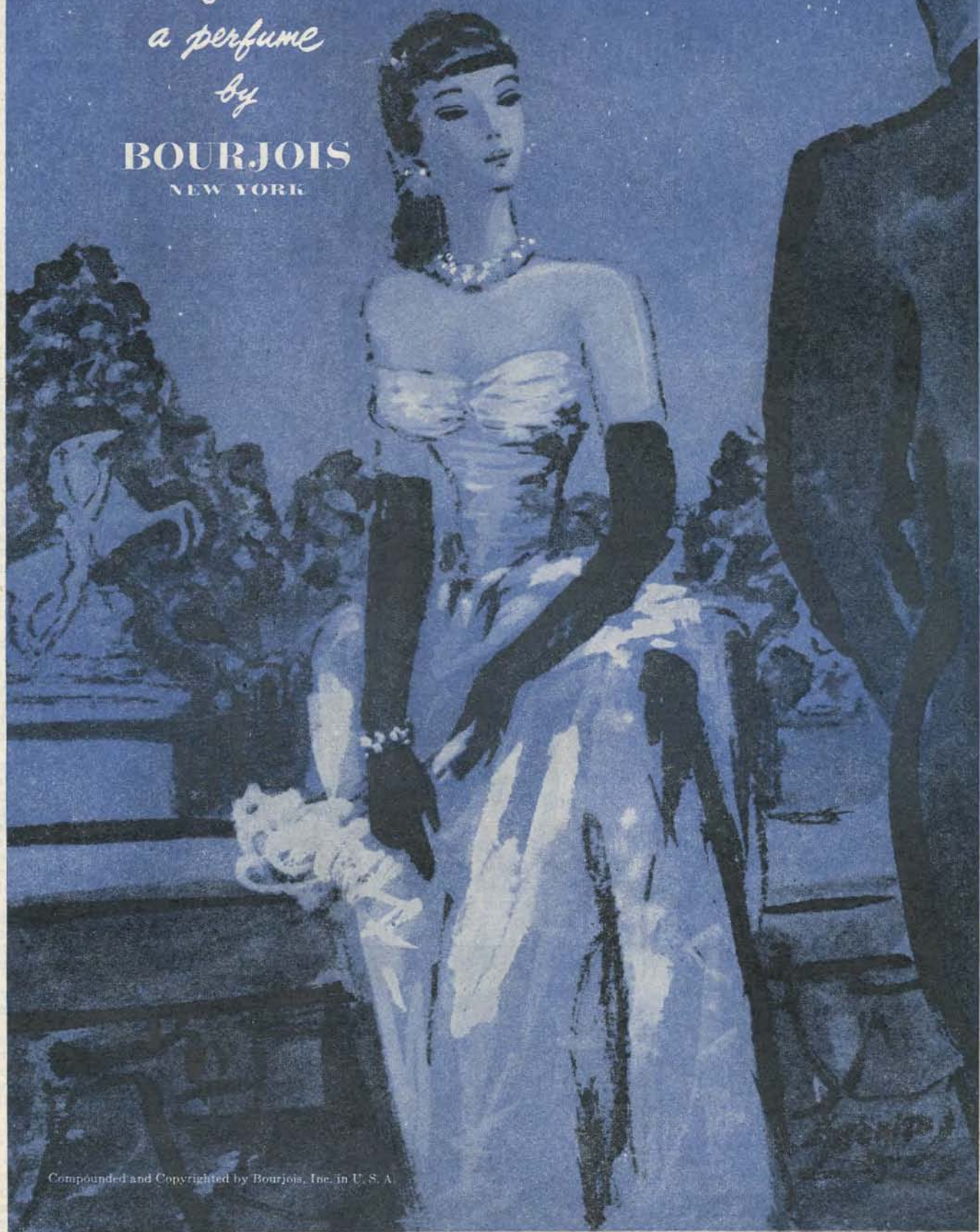
# *Evening in Paris*

*a perfume*

*by*

**BOURJOIS**

NEW YORK



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“There was about her a dainty grace,  
from her *Milk-white Hands*  
to her elfin face.”



Yes, hands can scour a coal-black stove  
and still be milk white

If you think that housework *must* leave your hands all roughened up, red, and scratchy dry... you're wrong! Use greaseless Pacquins... this snowy, fragrant cream helps keep hands looking whiter, romantically softer and smoother.



Pacquins was first made for Doctors  
and Nurses

Pacquins was first made for doctors and nurses, who scrub their hands 30 to 40 times a day. They had to have something that would help keep hands softer, smoother. And Pacquins proved effective... as it will for you too!



AT ANY DRUG, DEPARTMENT, OR TEN-CENT STORE

(Continued from page 74) is the manager of the power company's office in Littleton, and one of the finest men I've ever known.

The next day, after I'd telephoned Armina and gotten her promise to come, I told Wanda she'd have to cooperate by staying in her room while the Marsh girls were in the house—I didn't want any strangers around to make Armina and Hester uncomfortable. Wanda said she'd do anything I said, and she helped me cut flowers and bake scones and set the tea table in the living room. We made everything as nice as we could, all gay and festive so it would look like a real party. Of course Wanda didn't know why having the Marshes was important—she just knew that it was.

Truth to tell, I was in a flutter anyway, but I didn't want anyone to know it. When the doorbell rang I almost fell over the hall runner hurrying to answer.

It was Armina, looking very stately and severe. I began to see how she could have dominated Hester, though it was something I'd never even thought of before. Her eyes went past me, searching the living room, and she said, "She—she isn't here yet? Perhaps she won't come, after all."

"She will," I said. "She promised."

ARMINA sat down. "I've been thinking, ever since I talked to you yesterday," she said. "I—I told you the quarrel was all Hester's fault, but that wasn't—quite true. I guess I always was too bossy with her." She swallowed. "I wouldn't—blame her if she thought it over and decided not to come."

The poor thing. She was starchy enough on the outside—but inwardly she was as jumpy and hopeful as I was.

The doorbell rang again, and Armina froze in her chair. I went and pulled it open, and Hester came in.

For maybe a minute, there was silence while they looked at each other. Then Armina moistened her lips.

"Hester," she said. "My dear sister." And held out her hands.

Hester gave a little cry and ran to her, and then they were kissing and hugging each other, and both of them weeping a little. I tiptoed out into the kitchen, feeling happier than a meadowlark.

It was a nice party we had, starting about a quarter of an hour later, after they'd had time to dry their eyes and compose themselves. They sat side by side on the couch, and ate every one of my scones and drank several cups of tea apiece, and the three of us talked and laughed like there'd never been any trouble between the Marshes at all.

"And to think," Armina said after a time, "that both of us wanted to make up—but never did it. What silly people! Why, if it hadn't been for Jenny I don't suppose we'd ever have spoken to one another again."

"We owe you a great deal, Jenny," Hester said. "I wish there were some way we could repay you."

I couldn't have asked for a better opening than that. "There's just one thing you can do for me," I told Hester. "Let two young people I know have first chance at renting your little house."

"Oh, but—" Hester said, and stopped, and went on in a different tone. "I won't be giving up the house, Jenny."

"You won't?" I said, and saw Armina lean over and put her teacup back on the table. I felt as if somebody had just jerked my chair out from under me. "Why— (Continued on page 78)

R  
M



# High school girls could tell mothers a thing or two!



**TEST NEW NAPKIN—  
88 OUT OF 108 REPORT NO CHAFING  
WITH NEW FREE-STRIDE MODESS**

The teen-age crowd in high schools across the country recently made a discovery that will be smooth news to girls everywhere.

It all started when interviewers asked school girls who had been bothered by chafing with their regular napkin to try out a new, improved napkin—*Free-Stride Modess*.

The girls weren't told the name or brand . . . just that it was a new napkin . . . would they see if it gave them freedom from chafe?

The answer? 88 out of 108 reports said: *No chafing with Free-Stride Modess!*

The secret of the chafe-free comfort so many students found in *Free-Stride Modess* lies in the clever fashioning of the napkin edges!

Modess has extra cotton on its edges—extra softness—right where the cause of chafe begins.

The extra cotton also acts to direct and retain moisture inside the napkin, keeping edges dry, smooth longer. And dry, smooth edges don't chafe!

So safe, too! *Free-Stride Modess* has a triple safety shield to help keep you confident—to chase away accident fears. Modess' fine, sealed-in deodorant guards your daintiness, too! And no telltale outlines—Modess is silhouette-proof!

*Free-Stride Modess*—so luxury-comfortable, so luxury-safe—is on sale everywhere now! Get a package today. Product of Personal Products Corporation.



*Walk with comfort!*

*Move with freedom!*

*Try the new Free-Stride Modess!*



# A Hair "Make-Up"

Created for  
Your \*Color Type!



## Created for BLONDES

Three of Marchand's twelve Rinse shades are created for you! The Blonde shade highlights your natural hair color. Light Golden Blonde adds a touch of copper, while Titian Blonde gives a deeper tone.

**Highlights for Every Color Type...** brown-ette, brunette and redhead, as well as blonde! Choose the Marchand rinse shade you want... dissolve it in warm water, after your shampoo... then, brush or pour it through your hair. In a jiffy, dulling soap film vanishes! Your hair is softer and easier to manage, lovelier than ever.

**More Color...** a little or a lot. Marchand's color chart tells you which rinse to use for the effect you desire for your hair. If gray strands are your problem, there's a shade to blend them in with your original hair color!

**Absolutely Harmless...** Marchand's Rinse is not a bleach, not a permanent dye. It's as safe to use as lemon or vinegar and washes out easily the next time you shampoo your hair.

# Marchand's

"Make-Up"  
HAIR RINSE

6 RINSES—25c • 2 RINSES—10c  
Plus Tax

By the Makers of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash

(Continued from page 76) aren't you going to move back into the old house with Armina?"

"No, I—" Hester threw a quick look at Armina and at the suddenly grim expression on Armina's face. "I don't think that would be a very good idea," she said hesitatingly. "I mean—since I have my own place—and all—"

"Nonsense," Armina said sharply. "Of course you'll move back into the old house, where you belong, Hester!"

"Armina, I don't want to. Really. We'll get along much better, don't you see, if we live in separate houses."

"I thought you'd gotten over all that foolishness when Jenny told me you'd agreed to come here today and meet me." Armina's voice rose. "Naturally, if we're to be friends again, I'll expect you to live with me. I was humiliated enough when you first left. I don't intend to let you humiliate me a second time by pretending to be reconciled with me but refusing to share my home."

"And I thought you'd changed, too—but I see you haven't!" Hester jumped to her feet. "You're just as bossy and dictatorial as you ever were, and I wouldn't live in the same house with you if—if you owned the only house in the world! So there!"

Armina stood up too. Her face was like something carved out of an iceberg. "You see, Jenny," she said. "It's no use. She isn't prepared to be friends with me. The minute I make a perfectly reasonable request she flies at me in a temper. I'll be leaving now. Thank you very much, Jenny—you meant well, but surely you can see now that nothing can be done."

I don't know when I've felt so discouraged. When Hester left, Wanda came running down the stairs all hopeful and excited, and I had to tell her my little plan hadn't worked after all. She tried to hide her disappointment, but she didn't succeed very well. Pretty gloomily, we went about the job of clearing away the tea things.

"I'll try to make things as nice for you here as I can, after the baby's come," I promised.

Wanda put her arms around my shoulders and hugged me tight. "You're a darling," she said. But I knew from the way she said it that no matter how hard she tried, she'd never feel as com-

fortable living in my house as she would in a place of her own.

After supper, which was a quiet meal, Nick and Wanda went out to the movies—Nick hoping it would cheer Wanda up, I supposed. I tried to settle down to some needlework, but I couldn't. I kept thinking...

And the more I thought, the less proud I got. It seemed to me that I owed Hester Marsh an apology—not Armina, so much, because she was a domineering old maid—but certainly Hester. I had to tell her I was sorry.

I went out into the summer dusk, and hurried along the street to Hester's bungalow. There was a light in the living room, but when I rang the bell nobody came. I rang again, and then I heard the sound of quick, light footsteps coming along the hall, and Hester opened the door.

I could hardly believe it was the same woman who had left my house, red-eyed from crying, a few hours before. Because she was smiling, and her eyes were bright, and for the first time in her life she looked actually pretty.

"Oh, it's Jenny!" she said, and held out her hand. "I'm so glad. Come in, come in!" She took my hand and led me inside. And there was a man there, standing in the middle of the living room floor, looking self-conscious and embarrassed and pleased, all at the same time. It was Mel Harkin.

"It's right you should be the first to know," Hester said. "Mel and I—are going to be married!"

"Married!" I gasped.

"And it's really your doing, Jenny," Hester said. "Mel and I, we've— we've been friends for several months, but he never realized he was in love with me until this evening, when he walked in and found me crying about what happened this afternoon."

"Well!" I said, and had to sit down.

So it all turned out fine. Hester and Mel were married, and Armina relented and came to the wedding. And when Hester went to live with Mel, she rented her bungalow to Wanda and Nick, with an option to buy. Wanda is very happy now, because her baby was born last week, and yesterday she brought it home, to her very own place. The baby turned out to be a girl, and I'll be blessed if those two children didn't name it after me!

FOR A ROLICKING BARREL OF FUN *tune in*

THE TRUE STORY OF

GEORGE

GRACIE

# burns & allen

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 20

ON ALL NBC STATIONS

8:30 E.S.T.

7:30 C.S.T.

6:30 M.S.T.

9:00 P.S.T.

READ THEIR TRUE STORY IN THE

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*Young America loves Hot Music...*

*Cokes...*

*and the New*

**CUTEX**

*Wears...*

*but forever*

*"such  
dream gleam"*

*"A BREEZE  
TO APPLY"*



**Brilliant New CUTEX really rates with Young America!**

College girls, career girls, high-schoolers wear it . . . love it . . . swear by its long-wearing qualities! A special ingredient, used only in the NEW CUTEX is what makes it so enduringly alluring. Test it yourself and see! Put NEW CUTEX on your one hand . . .

any brand on the other. See how NEW CUTEX laughs at peeling . . . defies chipping. See if you don't love its greater luster, too!

**P. S.** Ask for "Deep Velvet"—the NEW after-dark shade Young America is clamoring for!



## Come and Visit Fibber McGee and Molly

(Continued from page 27)

followed by one day the delivery—for the prospective Jordan lawn—of fourteen loads of topsoil. The Jordan property may in the near future be one of the show places of Southern California, but on that day it was a quagmire. Jim and Marian turned their backs on the depressing mess, and registered at the Ambassador. Two days later the sun came out again, and so did the Jordans.

Jim has a special incentive for sticking it out—beyond, of course, his desire to be on hand to supervise the construction work on the bungalow. The property, which in toto comprises eighteen acres of cultivated land, citrus and walnut groves and a view of the valley toward snow covered mountains which is breath-taking, is home for Jim—whether or not there is an inhabitable house on it—because it is located next door to (or only a quarter of a mile away from) his pet investment, hobby and, he thinks, his *real* calling—his plant nursery.

**J**IM went into the nursery business two years ago, strictly as an investor. He visited the place once or twice before he bought it, then forgot it for a period of months. One day Marian mentioned needing some plants for the garden, and Jim remembered that he owned some plants—lots of them. And why should he pay the retail prices when he owned a whole nursery? He drove out to look over his stock. He spent the whole day there, drinking in plant lore, was back the next day fooling with the potash and peat moss himself. After a few weeks he was a specialist—nobody else was allowed to touch the cynararias. Naturally, when, a few months later, the Jordan cynararias won first prizes in all of the Southern California flower shows, Jim's soul left the radio station where it had been dallying for years and moved over to the nursery business. Jim's body might be required to be on hand at NBC—Fridays through Tuesdays—but his heart? No more. Nowadays if his radio producer or writer Don Quinn wants to confer with Fibber, the telephone number at the nursery is the first on the run-down-Jim list.

As next door neighbor, Jim was first to know when the little bungalow on the hilltop went up for sale. It was a tiny little house, a shack compared to the luxurious quarters Jim and Marian were used to, but it was so close to the cynararias that Jim was tempted. He went home and talked it over with Marian, and was not too surprised when he met with a sympathetic response. Marian never *had* liked big houses, hadn't felt really at home in a house, she claimed, since they left Peoria.

Jim was encouraged to expand on the beauties of the place. Next day Marian went out with him to look it over. Jim fell for the little house because it was so handy to the nursery. What got Marian was the view. It was clear on the day she first saw it, and the snow on the tops of the Sierra Madres a hundred miles away seemed so close that it made her shiver. She began selling the place to Jim.

"After all," she said, "our children are grown up now and have homes of their own. We don't really need a big

## It's all done with... Pineapple

Dishes like these *aren't* "done with mirrors"—though there's something pretty magic about these quick-and-easy pineapple successes from the kitchen of Patricia Collier,

Dole Home Economist. For a morning send-off—or an any-time thirst-satisfier—Dole sends pineapple juice, too.

**Upside-Down Meat Loaf.** Same principle as your pet upside-down cake! Line the bottom of pan with Dole Pineapple Slices, and cover with whatever meat loaf mixture you prefer. (Pictured: a mixture using ground smoked ham). Bake, then turn upside down.

**Heavenly Hash.** Fit for the gods, or a festive gathering! Fold one part whipped cream and one part Dole Crushed into two parts boiled rice. Garnish with candied cherries and more Crushed Pineapple. Simple? Sure thing!

DOLE CRUSHED PINEAPPLE • DOLE SLICED PINEAPPLE • DOLE PINEAPPLE CHUNKS  
DOLE PINEAPPLE TIDBITS • DOLE PINEAPPLE JUICE





house—not just for the two of us.” They bought it. And as quickly sold their other place. “Maybe,” Marian concedes now, “just a little bit too soon.” That alterations would be necessary in the new house was quickly apparent. Jim missed his stall shower. Marian was accustomed to a bigger, lighter, more modern kitchen. They checked on materials, on the availability of construction labor. What they found out was certainly not promising, but their contractor thought a couple of months would see the job through. Jim and Marian moved into the trailer. It is doubtful that anyone else—as accustomed to luxurious living quarters as the Jordans—could have taken the physical beating the past months have administered. Fortunately, under the circumstances, Jim and Marian have little in common with the Hollywood glamor set. It was no hardship for them to give up entertaining for half a year . . . the only parties they really enjoy giving are family parties, anyway, and the family can come to the trailer.

**T**HEIR son, Jim, Junior, came home after an extended stay in New York during the camping-out period. Marian cooked him a homecoming dinner of pig hocks, sauerkraut and boiled potatoes which had the men folk in raptures. The Jordans' daughter, Katherine, comes out often with her husband and their eighteen-months-old daughter, Diane, who is in ecstasies over all the strange goings-on. Diane follows the carpenters and plumbers around and Marian and Jim, who are dotty about their first grandchild, follow Diane around. It makes quite a parade.

Diane was born on her mother's and father's first anniversary, May 18, 1945, and her daddy, Dr. Adrian Goodman—who was a Navy surgeon on duty in the South Pacific—flew home on emergency leave to be present for her arrival. Dr. Goodman has since been retired from active service, and is on the staff of Los Angeles County General Hospital. He can collect no fees in Encino, where his famous in-laws are thriving on the rugged outdoor life.

The alteration work on the bungalow is nearly finished now—no one is complaining about that—and the trailer soon will be sold to the highest bidder. The only hold-up now is that both Jim and Marian keep thinking of more conveniences they simply can't live without.

Every day that she has to keep house in a shoe box reminds Marian of another thing she has to have in her permanent quarters. The all-electric kitchen in the remodeled house now includes besides the most modern stove and refrigerator on the market, a dishwasher, garbage disposal unit, freeze box, charcoal grill, washing machine, clothes dryer, and ironer and the controls for an inter-communication system which will put her into instant touch with other parts of the house as well as—and this button had better be the hardest—with the plant nursery.

“A wife,” Jim philosophizes, “is an expensive object.” “Only one thing is more expensive,” Marian counters, “and that is a husband.”

Jim's extravagances, which Marian is only too glad to enumerate, are confined to the grounds, where he is a nursery-man gone hog wild. The hills in back of the house have been terraced, tied up with wire screening

I never should have said...

*“What kind of Kleenex do you want?”*



**NOW I've heard everything!** jeered the little woman. Maybe you think *all* tissues are Kleenex\*, but my *skin* says different! If you had a faceful of makeup you'd insist on a *soft* tissue—and you'd know there's no other kind of Kleenex!



**Clowning again** snorted Sue's mother. And with me sneezing cold germs all over. Young man, to hear you talk a body'd think Kleenex was just like any tissue. Well, my *nose* knows there's *only one* Kleenex. You'll learn!



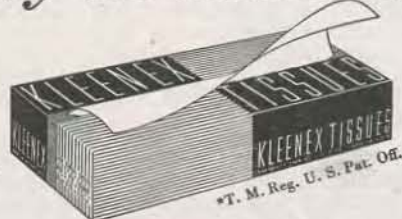
**It's a greenhorn you are** about tissues, sir! smiled our Nora. What other tissues comes poppin' up so handy-like—one at a time? *None but Kleenex!* 'Tis by that Kleenex box you'd be knowin' there's only *one* Kleenex. But whish-h-t! There's still another way . . .



**Your eyes tell you!** Hold a Kleenex Tissue up to a light. See any lumps, or weak spots? Devil a bit! You see Kleenex quality smilin' through—so you're sure Kleenex *must* be heavenly soft. And husky! Faith, your own eyes tell you there's no tissue just like Kleenex!

Now I know better...

*There is only one KLEENEX*



America's Favorite Tissue



and planted with ivy. Almost an acre of the flat area around the house has been grass-planted. Jim, Marian reports, rejected as unbeautiful all of the trees originally on the property except for one handsome rubber tree. The original trees, therefore, have been removed—"a mint of money," Marian says, and she has him there—and new trees brought in. "Another mint."

"Don't forget I get it wholesale," says Jim, once he's cornered.

It's going to be a mighty fine house. The wall areas of the original house which faced the view have been torn down and replaced with huge view windows. Besides the ultra-modern kitchen, the Jordans have added a bedroom, an extra bath, and a den—with a huge fireplace.

The Jordans got in the habit of having breakfast and luncheon out of doors on fair days during the camping-out period. Jim couldn't stretch his

legs out in the trailer. To pamper the al fresco habit the new house will have a flagstone dining terrace with easy access to the kitchen.

"We may move over the blue and yellow canopy from the trailer," Jim says, "so as to feel at home."

There are no provisions in the new house for servants' quarters. If there is one thing living in a trailer does for you, it is to train you to be a good housekeeper. There is one closet in the trailer, and it *couldn't* be the variety now libelously known as the Fibber McGee closet. There had to be, in the trailer, a place for everything and everything in its place. Marian finds she likes it that way. And she doesn't think anybody she hires to cook for her or clean for her will quite know how to do it.

"Besides," she says, "it's more fun with no strangers around."

"And besides," Jim adds, "I like

Marian's cooking"—an understatement.

Two small guest rooms—the bedrooms of the original bungalow—are to be constantly in readiness for Jim, Jr., who, now that he is a film producer, spends most of his time in town—and for the Goodmans. The latter room already has a crib for Diane.

"We could spend the rest of our lives here," Jim says, waving an outstretched arm to indicate that "here" includes the broad panorama of valley and distant mountains. "And not care if anybody—except the children, and of course, Diane—ever came to see us."

The Jordans won't have to prove the truth of that statement. As soon as the mud gives way to grass, and the two plate grill to Marian's fancy new stove, there is sure to be a constant trek in the direction of Encino highlands.

For the house the Jordans live in is a cinch to be the friendliest house in all of California.

## "Someone Like You"

(Continued from page 37)

of looking at problems that it solves them. With such a calming person I, not calm at all, naturally feel better and so, sing better, perform better . . . but this is getting ahead of myself . . .

"What would you like to sing?" the young man I, in the space of three minutes, thought of as my friend, was asking me.

I said, "Embraceable You . . ."

The young man laughed. "Why not?" he said, "Every girl, at every audition, rehearsal or on the air, sings Embraceable You. By the way," he said, then, "my name is Ace Ochs." He added, briefly, "I produce."

I thought, *This one isn't putting on the frills. With this one, I thought, I won't have to put on any frills which, since I don't know how, is just dandy. Thanks to him, I thought, as I felt my heart begin to slow to normal and my hands and feet to thaw, I believe I can do it . . .*

Well, that was in April of 1945. Since then there have been my shows with Arthur Godfrey, and my own five-a-week evening show, Waitin' For Clayton—thanks I say it again, to Ace . . . And now, Waitin' For Clayton's on Saturday nights only, and the new Bouquet For You comes three times a week . . .

But warm and confident and relaxed as he made me feel, that first day, and was to continue to make me feel and will continue to make me feel, I hope, for the rest of our lives, I can't honestly say I fell in love with him there and then, or for some—well for some weeks thereafter . . .

I was thinking too much about work, about making good, to be thinking about making love.

Besides, we didn't really need to have dates in order to see each other even if either, or both of us, had felt the urge. The Godfrey show rehearsed five mornings a week and at 8 o'clock in the morning. From 9:15 to 9:45 we were on the air. Either before rehearsal, at 7 or 7:30 or, sometimes, after the show, we'd go down to the cafeteria in the CBS building and have breakfast together.

I like the way our romance began. It wasn't all sugar-coated with dim lights and illusion and the sweet nothings. It was working together; it was seeing each other by the dawn's early light (and if you can like each other at that hour in the morning! And we

did!)—it, whatever it was, was real.

Ace certainly knew how I really look, with sleep in my eyes, without make-up. He certainly knew I wasn't all sweetness and light. "If you had been all sweetness and light at that hour in the morning," Ace was to tell me, later, "I wouldn't have believed it, anyway!"

We were friends before we fell in love, that's the best. We knew each other as we really are and not as you sometimes pretend you are (you know you do, especially if you are a girl) when you are in love. We were natural with each other, that's what I'm trying to say, not posey, not putty-on. We were comfortable with each other, not cute or coy.

When at long (months long) last Ace did say Those Three Little Words he didn't go on as lovers in books and poems and songs are wont to do, about my eyes and mouth and hair, not Ace. "I fell in love with you because," he said, "you're just a real, good, honest kid." (I thought, *I've never heard, in book or poem or song, words that sound as beautiful . . .*) "It's a cliché to say," he added, "that this is a phony business but it's the truth to say that almost everyone in this business is always on stage. For my dough, Patti, you're just natural . . ."

That's the way Ace proposed to me. Coming from him, it sounded so pretty.

But again I'm in front of myself . . . Meantime, when we did begin to have a few dates, which was a few weeks after we met, they were simple dates; they were funny dates . . . They were such things as a walk in Central Park. Or a bus ride up to Inwood Hill Park. Or a trip down to the Battery. Or a ride on the Staten Island ferry. Or up the East River Drive. Or a visit to the Zoo in Central Park where Ace introduced me to the fabulous tigon. Or perhaps we'd do an early movie. We only went night-clubbing a couple, no, three times. And didn't like it. It isn't our thing, night-clubbing . . .

It was at Christmas time, a year ago, that Ace proposed. When, a few weeks later, we decided to get married soon, practically at once, I said, "You decide on the date, Ace. You decide when and where . . . and don't tell me when or where until the last minute—I like to be surprised!"

And so, and this part of it all seems very story-book to me, the evening

before we were married Ace said, as casually as anything, "We are going to be married tomorrow, February 28th, at eleven o'clock in the morning, in Jersey City."

I said, "February 28th—why, Ace, that's my birthday!"

Ace said, "I know."

It was a pretty hectic day, our wedding day. In the morning (the 28th fell on a Friday that year) we did the show, then drove at once to Jersey City. I had a headache all the way, from my fancy hat. I was wearing a red suit, practically new, which Ace liked, and a white blouse, real gooeey, and this white hat with a big flower growing on it, which hurt my head, and my flowers held in my hands.

"What kind of flowers do you want me to get you?" Ace had asked me the evening before.

"I won't tell you," I said, "I want to be surprised." I added, "There are two kinds of flowers that are my favorites, but—you guess!"

When Ace brought me my flowers, when he gave them to me just before we stepped into the car to drive to Jersey City, my heart stood still. For he gave me one white camellia surrounded by violets. *White camellias and violets have been my favorite flowers ever since I was a little girl.* When I told this to Ace, sort of how-did-you-know breathless, he said, "Are you just being nice?" and I said, "You can ask my mother . . ."

In the heart of the antique bracelet, made of gold links connecting Scotch agates, which was my wedding present, I have the petals of one of my wedding violets . . .

In the car, Ace showed me our wedding rings, which he had thought of, and had made for the double ring ceremony it was our wish to have. Copies of old Russian puzzle rings, there are five rings intertwined in such a way that they can separate and fall apart if you do not know the trick of keeping them together. In order that they should not fall apart, and so hold up the ceremony, Ace had had the forethought to have them wired.

We were married by the Mayor of Jersey City and I never wanted to laugh so much in all my life as I did during that ceremony. Although I always want to laugh when I should cry and cry when I should laugh, why *shouldn't*



you laugh, I sometimes wonder, in that lovely hour?

On the way back from Jersey City to CBS where we were to do our afternoon Waitin' For Clayton show, we stopped at Howie's in New York for brunch, and one champagne cocktail, each, and the rest of that day seemed trance-like to me and must have been . . . for when we walked (or did we float?) into the studio at CBS, the Boss took one look at us and "Oh, no," he said, "Nothin' doin'. Never make it, looks of you. We'll put something else in there—get goin'!"

. . . and the next thing I remember clearly, we were on the train for Tybee Beach, in Georgia, which is very like Sea Island and which—again a Surprise! Ace had chosen for our honeymoon. Right on the ocean, lovely and quiet with, at that time of the year, almost no one there but ourselves (or were there others?). I had never been that far South before, ever, and the palm trees and the stars hung so low and the sound of the sea and everything . . . it seemed to me like something you dream about, and are afraid to wake . . .

. . . and we walked and swam and sketched (we both like to sketch) and read and slept and talked about the kind of house we hoped to have one day . . . We'd like to buy an old stone wall-house, we agreed, such as you sometimes see in Pennsylvania—they have such beautiful floors—and make it into a place to live. And then, too soon, we came back to the apartment on 73d Street, which was my apartment before we were married, but is now ours, and back to work . . . and after we got back, it was almost like still being at Tybee Beach because we were still together and that, we decided, is what magicks things . . .

**B**ECAUSE we both work so hard, me with my heavy weekly schedule and Ace producing the same, and sometimes more, our daytime hours are crowded . . . We each have an alarm clock at home, one on my bed-table, one on Ace's, so that if one fails us the other will get us on the next-in-line show on time. We also have a radio plugged in which, robot-wise, tells us the time on time . . . Sometimes I get up and bring Ace his coffee; sometimes he gets up and brings me mine . . . depending on who looks tireder at that tired hour called Comes-the-dawn! Later, we breakfast together in the cafeteria at CBS as we did when first we met. We usually lunch together, too, we like to, and dinner together, of course dinner together . . . and almost always at home.

We are really kind of routine on the dinner routine . . . time and again, Ace will say, "Like to eat out tonight?" and "Yes," I'll say, "let's!" Then we'll get home and get our shoes off and they stay off and we stay in! Then I get into slacks (Ace likes me in slacks) and low shoes and my hair in braids and if I'm too tired, Ace cooks and if he's too tired, I cook. But as Ace is a better cook than I am (more imagination) and as I break my nails when I wash dishes and kick about it, audibly, I suspect that, in time, our respective roles will fall into place as Ace, the chef and Patti, the scullery maid!

The good thing is that whatever we do, at home or at work or at play, we do it hand in hand, a sort of close collaboration like between two people who work together on a book, or play, or song . . . and one complements the other and it's wonderful . . .

Vode Jayee-hoo!



What makes Mr. L. W. (Long Winter) Heavies slightly 'pixilated'? The American Housekeeper knows.

Fels-Naptha Soap is back on her grocer's shelves.

Here is real proof that 'days of doing without' are past and gone. Once more the words 'clean' and 'white' apply to *every washday*—not just the times when she was lucky enough to find Fels-Naptha.

Now she can use Fels-Naptha Soap wherever its gentle, thorough action is needed. Now she can get out all the dirt, quickly and safely.

Now she can have Fels-Naptha Soap whenever she wants it.

*And so can you!*



# Fels-Naptha Soap

BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"



# DOES A BEAUTIFUL GIRL *suffer more like this* THAN A HOMELY ONE?



Nature has endowed some women with remarkable beauty of face and form—with sweet, loving dispositions. Others—she may have slighted when it came to passing out gifts of charm and beauty.

But in any event—whether beautiful or unattractive—many women by their very physical nature are apt to suffer distressing symptoms on 'certain days' of the month.

### *This Is Something You Shouldn't Joke About*

In case female functional monthly disturbances cause *you*—like so many unfortunates—to suffer from pain, nervous distress and feel so tired and cranky you lose your sense of humor—this is nothing to joke about.

Start right away—try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to relieve such symptoms! It's famous for this purpose! Taken regularly thruout the month—this great medicine helps build up resistance against such female distress.

For over 70 years Pinkham's Compound has been helping thousands upon thousands of girls and women in this way. Time has *proved* it one of the most effective medicines for this purpose. Just see if you, too, don't remarkably benefit. Pinkham's Compound is also a splendid stomachic tonic. It is certainly *worth trying!* Any drugstore.



When I get upset, for instance, Ace, still the calm to my storm, starts to laugh. I hate to shop, just loathe it; Ace rather likes to shop, is good at it. I like to sew and knit—anything I can do with my hands, I like to do, it relaxes me—and while I'm sewing or knitting Ace likes to read aloud to me, which is *perfect*. When I need help such as help in finding the folk tunes of which I make a specialty (*I Love Little Willie, Billy Boy, Duna, By The Bend of The River* and others) Ace suggests a lot of tunes I never think of, or very old ones I've never heard of such as, quite recently, *Pretty Maid Milking Her Cow*, which is an old standard Irish ballad, and I love it . . . and he helps me, too, to put the old tunes in modern tempo, but lightly, so as not to offend those who like them the old, old way . . . and he often fixes up the lyrics the better to sing on the air, my dear, or adds new lyrics . . . on the other hand, when I want to rehearse new songs by myself, which I usually do, liking to play them over and over, see what the harmony is doing, Ace has scripts to write, or to revise, or work at the studio to do.

**WHEN**, not long ago, a movie deal was pending for me and it looked as though I might be on my way to Hollywood, Ace was working quietly, he admitted to me later, to be transferred to the West Coast. One of these days, soon, perhaps, when it is right for me, when a part in a picture is right for me, and good, I want to go to Hollywood and Ace wants me to . . .

We share pride in each other, I, in his work; he, in mine. I am proud as ever was of the shows he has directed, young as he is—the Mildred Bailey Show, the Arthur Godfrey Show, the Burl Ives and Jack Smith shows—and my show, which he writes as well as directs. I'm proud that he studied violin for fifteen years and knows music, and loves music, deeply and well. I'm just Ace-proud, period.

He is proud of me, too. I know he is. He tells me. He tells me he's proud of me because I'm still shy, still scared when I go on the air with Alec Templeton or James Melton. He's proud because Irving Berlin liked the way I introduced his songs from "Johnny Get Your Gun" with Jimmy Melton, last summer. He's proud that when I cut a demonstration record last Fall of the song Helen Hayes sings in "Happy Birthday," I cut it at the request of Dick Rodgers and proud that Mr. Rodgers played piano for me while I sang (Mr. Rodgers, fancy!) and that he autographed a sheet of the music, "To Patti, who sang it first—and best."

We share pride, and we share pride in the same things, which makes it perfect, *plus . . .*

. . . and I kid Ace about the name of Ace, which was given him by the kids in his home town of Gloversville, New York, when he was a little boy and he kids me because I was born in a taxi-cab in which, on the morning of February 28, 1920, my mother was speeding toward a maternity hospital in Detroit—a strange circumstance which I thought to keep a deep dark secret until Arthur Godfrey panicked me by ad libbing it on the air one morning, adding, with a twinkle in his eye that no one else but poor me could see, "How much on the meter, Patti?"

I like the way our romance began, I said. I've loved every day of it since the day it began and I want it to go on, just as it is, forever *and* a day . . .



## Life Can Be Beautiful

(Continued from page 47)

maybe some Chinese money, and take it to some little village away off from here, where the people never saw a GI except in a plane overhead. There's a little village about 75 miles out on my route that appears to fit the bill. It's pretty remote and well isolated."

"But how'll we get there and back?" some one asked. There are not many roads in China, especially in the remote areas.

"Well, let's all get busy and round up a bundle of stuff. I've got a plan for distributing it. Did you guys ever hear of the new Helicopter the Army just got in over here?" Their eyes lighted up. They knew what I had in mind.

Christmas was a week hence. I got busy and had an English speaking Chinese lieutenant I knew prepare some handbills in Chinese telling what the day meant to us Americans, and that we liked to give gifts that day. From an American Missionary our chaplain procured two copies of the New Testament printed in Chinese. The chaplain announced the plan at one of his services and the gifts piled up, odds and ends of things bought at the P.X., in town, or sent from home, candy, cigarettes, gum, and I must confess a few pieces of GI stuff, which we always claimed as salvage when we wished to dispose of it.

I WAS unfamiliar with Helicopters and couldn't fly one, but we had very little trouble getting a Captain Bennet from the rescue squadron who could. I knew the chaplain wanted to go, but there wasn't room for all three and the bundle, so he declined and insisted I go, since it was I who got the program on foot. I took my camera to get pictures which I expected to distribute among the fellows.

Christmas morning was a pretty sunshiny day. The high altitude in southwest China made the air clear and crisp. We sought the village and hovered near the outskirts. When we picked out a clean, level spot and sat down the whole village piled around. It kept Captain Bennet busy keeping them off the plane while I opened the bundle and handed out gifts, trying to scatter them as best I could among the crowd. He took my camera and snapped pictures of the proceedings.

We handed the handbills and Testaments to the most conspicuous man present, dressed in a Mandarin robe, with a goatee. We supposed he was the village Mandarin, or about what we would call Mayor here in America. About the only Chinese words we knew were Ding Hao for very good and She She Ne for thank you, and this we heard a thousand times from the crowd, old and young alike. Their joy was unmistakable in any language. The big guy or Mandarin read the handbills then climbed upon a coolie cart and addressed the crowd. They yelled, waved and bowed tremendously and were still at it when Captain Bennet and I cranked up and roared away.

One dark, stormy night nearly six months later, two of our C-47 pilots crashed in rough terrain a few miles from this village. Their exact position was not known when they went down, and we believed it would be many hours, maybe days, before the wreckage could be located and an attempted rescue would take even longer. But shortly after sun-up the next morning

# So I'll Live in California ...With You



● At Pasadena Playhouse, we'd seen "make-believe" love. But—"This is it! This is real," you said, "the way your soft hands make me feel." ... Her hands were deliciously soft. Like Hollywood Stars, she uses Jergens Lotion.



Orange grove in bloom. "Bride's flowers," you said. "Darling, do I keep these soft hands for life?" "Deed you do, dear. And I'll trust Jergens to keep my hands soft."

The most darling women trust Jergens Lotion hand care. Hollywood Stars use Jergens, 7 to 1.

How about you? Your hands feel even sweeter, smoother, softer now, using Jergens Lotion; it's even finer now, due to wartime research. Pro-

TECTS longer, too, against unlucky roughness.

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# BORDERLINE ANEMIA\*

is a threat to your pep and popularity!



Thousands who are tired and pale may find renewed energy—  
restore healthy good looks—with Ironized Yeast Tablets

**D**o you tire too easily? Is your color fading—your face unbecomingly pale? Do your enthusiasm and stamina and charm seem to be waning?

Very often these effects stem from a blood condition, and you may be the victim of a Borderline Anemia—due to a ferro-nutritional blood deficiency.

Your red blood cells may be faded and shrunken, weakened to a point where they cannot transmit full energy to your body. Results of medical surveys show that up to 68% of the women examined—many men and children—have this Borderline Anemia.

**How Ironized Yeast Tablets  
Build Up Your Blood and Vigor**

So, if your color is fading—your energy failing—due to this blood deficiency, take Ironized Yeast Tablets. They are formulated to help build up faded red blood cells—thus to help restore vigor and good looks. Continuing tiredness and pallor may come from other condi-

tions—so consult your doctor regularly. But in a Borderline Anemia, take Ironized Yeast Tablets to help build up your blood. Take them to start your energy shifting back into “high”—to help restore the natural color to your cheeks! Take them so you can enjoy life again!

\*Resulting from ferro-nutritional blood deficiency

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**Energy-Building Blood.** This is a microscopic view of blood rich in energy elements. Here are big plentiful red cells that release energy to every muscle, limb, tissue.



**Borderline Anemia.** Many have blood like this; never know it. Cells are puny, faded. Blood like this can't release the energy you need to feel and look your best.

*Improved, Concentrated Formula*  
**Ironized Yeast**  
**TABLETS**



there hove into view at our base a little horse-drawn coolie cart bringing our wounded men. The people near the village had heard the crash, hurried to the scene and rushed the men in as fast as the little cart could carry them. One look at the hard-driven pony convinced us it would never make another trip.

But our men lived, thanks to a competent medical staff, and a small group of Chinese people who had been shown the spirit of Christmas.

C. E. J.

### A Good New Life

Dear Papa David:

My Dad had to retire from professional life at 63 because of a serious operation. He had no money, after educating seven children, and no health—but he did have a determined spirit. Bought a small place on credit, took the plants from his flower garden, and started a new career.

Each day he went out a few hours, working on his place, not expecting to live more than a year. He had a small shack built where he could stay at night. But the years went by. His peonies became known far and wide, and he had a steady income.

When he finally built a cabin, Mother moved out to live and they started a real home all over again. More cars passed and stopped. There was much hard work and much disappointment in this undertaking. But the customers came back because Dad never sold inferior flowers and usually threw in some extra ones for good measure.

But the gods do not always smile on us, no matter how honest we are. One cold winter day, my Dad saw his house, with practically everything in it, burned to the ground. It was paid for, but not insured. A weaker man would have given up, but Dad only said, “I am so happy your Mother was away.”

Family and friends came to the rescue. Soon he moved into a recently vacated house across the way, where he still lives. He celebrated his 84th birthday last May. His gardens are known throughout the surrounding community and to many flower growers all over the nation.

Mrs. B. E. B.

### Thousand-fold Repayment

Dear Papa David:

I went to my first rural high school out in Nebraska's sandhills as a teacher, very much in love with my bride. It wasn't until I came home one evening and found her in tears that I realized something might be wrong with our way of life. Even the prospect of rising in the teaching profes-

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sion . . . moving to a city school system . . . settling down in college work . . . was not enough. She just could not turn out the week's washing by heating water on a two-burner kerosene stove; we were not making enough money to pay our grocery bills; and Old Man Stork was on the way, money or no money.

We moved to a second sandhill village the next year, then into the city. It is difficult to analyze the exact causes which made me remain in the teaching profession, but each of the following instances contributed.

There is the blind boy who insisted on learning to ride a bicycle when he was six years old. I see him now—mounting that bike, getting friends to point him in the right direction, then veering this way and that, only to smash into a tree! He came out of it smiling. I watched him fight through grade school, high school, college. I was present when he was awarded his doctorate in philosophy.

**T**HERE is the high-school girl who attempted to kill herself by leaping off a railroad viaduct. Mixed up with the wrong crowd, her pregnancy left but one way out—by her standards. I visited her in the hospital, talked with her after she was discharged, gave her friendship and encouragement. It took some coaxing, but our Dean of Girls induced her to undergo treatment for venereal disease. Hopeless? Not at all. This girl is happily married today, and a strong worker in our P.T.A.

I haven't counted the many crippled children, the spastics and others who struggle to win a high school diploma. Tossed this way and that, like bits of cork in life's mighty maelstrom, they do come through. One boy made it in a wheelchair. He, too, is now teaching school in a nearby village. I glow within as I think of him—teaching my subject in his schoolroom.

You see? Industry offers nothing beyond the daily challenge to create more profits—more money for someone to spend on trinkets. More coupons to be clipped. Industry does not provide the opportunity to give one's self to the cause of humanity. School teaching does.

We have found money three times to pay Mr. Stork for his visits. The grocer readily cashes our checks from freelance writing. The school check is helping to pay for our home. Life is very beautiful—and I intend to let my friends in the classroom at school keep it that way . . . for me.

D. M.

#### There Must Be A Reason

Dear Papa David:

While doing private duty nursing in a large Eastern city I was called on a strange case. Mary and her husband had met with an accident on their way home following a month's honeymoon. Joe had met instant death; Mary, only slight injuries. She was hospitalized for what was thought to be shock, but developed into the will not to live.

Mary was a beautiful girl, spoiled to the core by wealthy, well-meaning parents. Two weeks went by and Mary was growing weaker and thinner. Lavish gifts, coaxing and pleading, even scolding could not bring a smile or any signs of mental improvement. Finally I asked the doctor if she might be moved to the Special Service. If she could see cases of paralysis, broken limbs, and those worse off, maybe she would snap out of it.



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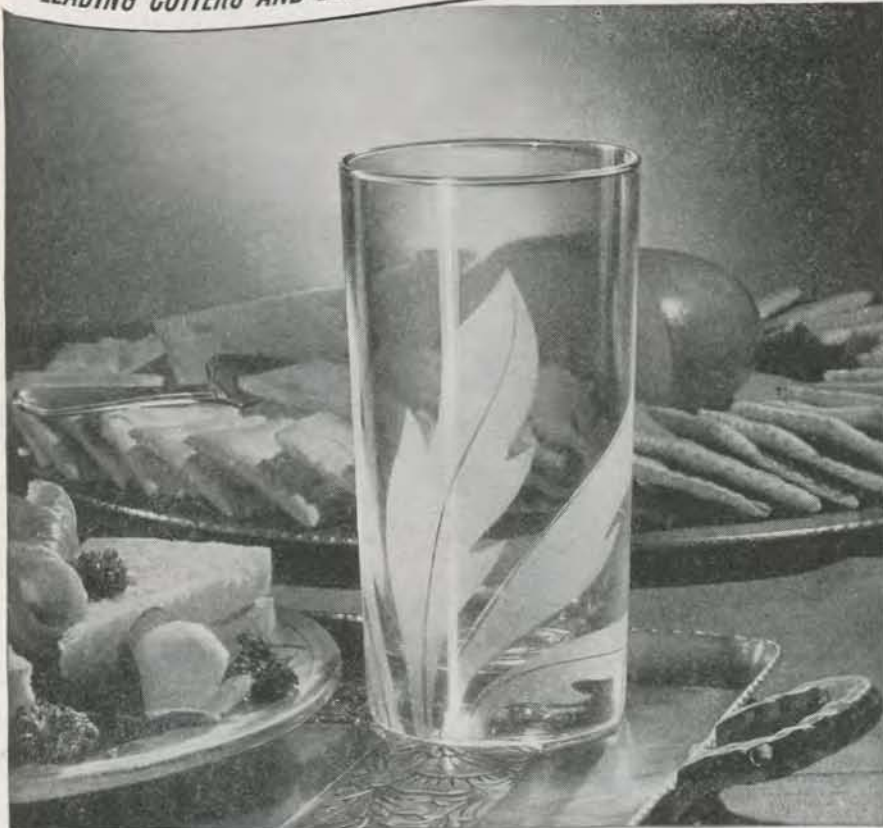
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ADDS DISTINCTION TO YOUR DAILY SERVICE

Fate had certainly taken a hand, because Judith was there. Judith's parents had been missionaries in South Africa and while in the States on furlough had been killed in a train accident. Judith, ten, had a spine injury but was slowly learning to walk in her "box" which rolled on rubber-tired wheels. At last Mary became curious enough to ask who she was. I told her Judith's story. Mary became very quiet and in a few moments asked me to take some roses to the child's room. Maybe we were getting somewhere!

The next day Judith came to thank Mary, and said, "Lady, you are so beautiful—why are you sad?" No answer. So I explained that Mary's heart was broken and why it was. Judith thought a moment, then said, "I don't feel sad because Mother and Daddy were taken away. God only lent them to me, and I am so thankful that I had them for nine and a half years!"

A short while later Mary left the hospital, but stayed in the city to be with little Judith, and one day they left together. Judith had a new friend and Mary a new lease on life.

MRS. A. C. H.

### Died Without Issue

Dear Papa David:

From the first year of our marriage my husband, Paul, wanted children. I cared for nothing but pleasures and utterly refused to shoulder the serious responsibility of motherhood. His tender attitude towards me never changed, but he devoted more and more of his time to accumulating wealth. I went around in a gay whirl, taking for granted not only his love but also his checks which were always good for any amount I needed. That was the extent of my contribution to our marriage partnership.

When we had been married ten years, Paul suddenly died and it was then that I seemed to awaken at the words of Paul's lawyer. He had been telling me that my husband had left me well provided for, but only three words he said stuck in my mind. These were, "died without issue." After he left I could hear those words ringing through my empty home, echoing from every open door, upstairs, downstairs, out across the grounds. I began to repeat them, to realize fully their true import—died without issue—died without issue.

I realized that I did not want the money Paul had labored for, I wanted somebody to love me and someone I could love and do things for. I began to long for children to look after.

I surprised my friends by starting proceedings towards adopting a whole readymade family. First I took a boy and girl just coming to school age, then a four-year-old boy, to keep me company at home. At first it proved almost too much for me to cope with, but the maddening refrain, died without issue, somehow began to grow dimmer every day. Time passed faster and contentment grew in my life.

With the coming of every Christmas I adopted a new child till there were eight in our family, three girls, four boys, and me. My name, "Mom" rang through the halls now, and as they grew to manhood and womanhood my life grew with them. I changed from the most selfish creature under heaven to a person whose formerly shallow heart had grown deep with the real love these motherless children had aroused in me. As I watched them, my happiness developed and grew with them.

Mrs. A. R.



**Tell The Folks Back Home**

Dear Papa David:

My first morning as a litter bearer, we evacuated about 200 patients. Our hospital wards were in a four-story building in which had been built steep, narrow stairways. The front of a litter had to be raised to shoulder height, while the rear had to be lowered to the knees and below.

**A**T CHOW that evening, I overheard a one non-com say to another: "There's a couple hundred patients coming in about eight bells this evening."

When the call for litter bearers came down I was still resting on my cot. Why I hadn't jumped the fence I don't know. I was at the admittance office when the first ambulance with recently wounded GIs arrived. I grasped a handle of a litter upon which lay a truly huge fellow. He was badly shot-up. His tag read: 301, which meant he was to be taken to the third floor. We struggled up the first flight of stairs, expended what seemed to be our last bit of energy making the turn on the narrow landing and all but stumbled up the second flight of stairs. We had to set the big fellow down and take a rest. It was I who said, bitterly, "What a job!" The big fellow on the cot looked up at me with tired, blood-shot eyes and said, "I wish I could give you my ten bucks combat pay. You're the guys who deserve it."

I was suddenly ashamed of myself. I knew I had received a compliment I didn't deserve. My heart hadn't been in my job. But my job suddenly became as important as the job of being President of America. I suddenly realized that the thanks for my job were silent in the hearts of our wounded boys. I grasped the litter beside me with a hand that had found a new strength and mounted the last flight of stairs proud



**ONE MOTHER TO ANOTHER**

My, how we Mothers wait for baby's first smile - cherish each succeeding one. There's such a world of reassurance in watching the corners of that tiny mouth curve upward, as if to say, "Everything's fine with me."

*Mrs Dan Gerber*



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INSTEAD OF PUPPETS**



—That's what one of the listeners to "MY TRUE STORY" writes of the characters in each day's complete radio drama. "These people, and their problems ring true!" Like thousands of other women, you'll be fascinated by these real-life stories on the air taken from the files of TRUE STORY magazine.

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## IVORYNE

*The Gum that Brightens  
Your Smile*



and determined. That GI gave me something more valuable than all the combat pay the army ever paid, and I have thanked him for it many times in my heart. I found a new joy and a greater purpose in my work.

D. S. O.

### Conspiracy

Dear Papa David:

In the beginning, my amputee-veteran husband had little confidence in his ability to walk again. After he received his artificial limb, he feared that for the rest of his life he would have to use two canes. I never agreed or sympathized with him at any time, but left him alone for a month or so.

On our first anniversary, after six months of separation, some friends were having a dinner party in our honor. We were both dressed and ready to go, but one of my husband's canes was missing. After what seemed like endless hours of searching, he gave up, and acted as though he was utterly defeated. That was the time when I put my foot down, and announced that I would go without him unless he cared to accompany me. Much to my surprise he got up, leaned on his one cane, and proceeded out of the door.

One day some friends and I were playing golf. My husband came along as my caddy and to watch. After we had all teed off, one of the other men persuaded him to try. He did, and sent the ball well on the way to the hole. He reached for his cane so that he could start for the first hole, but alas, it was gone. Someone had accidentally picked it up with our bags, and was well on his way. Therefore, there was but one alternative—to walk by himself with occasional support from me. By the end of the day, he was walking quite well by himself.

Today, Papa David, he not only walks without support, but plays a mean game of golf, drives an automobile, and rides a bicycle.

We are now three and seeing him teaching our little girl to walk makes me think of how I helped him to walk and of his efforts to accomplish other uses of his limb. At the same time he is giving her the confidence that he worked so hard to achieve.

To this day he has never suspected that it was I who hid his first cane, and arranged for someone to walk away with the second cane.

MRS. L. N.

### A Wonderful Place to Live

Dear Papa David:

During the last depression my husband and I lost practically everything as did so many others. After weeks of searching for another job without success, we decided to go to a small town in Michigan to try making a home on forty acres of farm land left us by my parents.

We loaded our few belongings in our old car, which we did manage to hold onto, and started out, more cheerful than we had been in weeks—but when we saw it we were sick with disappointment. "Our" land lay back of a fifty-five acre tract with no road leading to it and was nothing but sand and stumps, hundreds of them where the trees had been cut years before. As we had only a very few dollars left we decided to spend the night in the car and save the money for food. In the morning we went to an employment agent, hoping to find a farm job, which seemed the only thing left. Then we met an elderly



couple who were looking for a man and wife to live in their tenant house and help on the farm. The family in their employ at the time had expressed a desire to leave. We accepted gladly and went home with them only to learn that we were not needed after all. When faced with replacement the people decided to stay on.

After hearing our story the kind old people invited us to spend a few days with them, saying he needed a man to help him and I could help in the house. We grew to be good friends in the three days we spent with them but knowing it was an imposition we went back to town to try for another place.

My husband found a small job in a very small shop, and on our way back we saw a for rent sign. We stopped in front of the house, knowing we could not rent the place however low the price, but we could not help looking and before I realized what I was doing, I found myself walking to the door. My husband followed without a word and together we waited for an answer to my ring. We were shown a three room furnished apartment which to us looked like a mansion. I told the friendly woman who owned the house that we were unable to take it because we had only enough money for food for a short time. She urged us to move in, saying she would take a chance, we could pay when we could. So out of a clear sky we had a home and a job. We went back to the farm to tell our friends the good news. They were almost as happy as we, and loaded our car with potatoes, beets, carrots, cabbage, apples, together with their blessings and good wishes, which proved to us beyond the shadow of a doubt that God in His goodness and the kindness He has placed in the hearts

of His people makes this old world a wonderful place to live.

Mrs. M. S.

### Good Neighbors

Dear Papa David:

The Clem Hardys are missionaries who live in Manaus, Brazil, 1,000 miles up the Amazon Valley. The Mission Board which sends them out into the field makes no provision for an orphanage, but the Hardys have so many children brought to them from broken homes (I don't mean broken via divorce courts, for there is no such thing as divorce in Brazil, but I mean one parent or both may have died with a jungle fever or yellow fever and the children are left without anyone to provide for them)—that the Hardys have just had to conduct an orphanage whether provisions are made or not!

During the war years I was with the U. S. Government's Rubber Development Corporation and stationed in the remote jungle town of Manaus. I decided it might be loads of fun living with the Hardys in their home and when Mrs. Hardy agreed to take me, I continued to pay at the high rate I had been paying the Staff House and it was wonderful how she could stretch the money to help provide for that little brood.

Suddenly Reverend Hardy's health demanded that he return to the U. S. for treatment. While he was gone a serious epidemic swept over the nearby Tapajos River Valley and the "converts" sent an appeal for the medical missionaries to come. Courageous little Mrs. Hardy, blonde and surprisingly beautiful,

packed her things and left for the Tapajos. I found myself in the peculiar position of "head of the orphanage" during her absence.

Mrs. Hardy was detained up the Tapajos until after Christmas. At first the orphans were broken-hearted. They were afraid no one cared enough to make Christmas merry for them.

I was the only connecting link between them and the band of Americans working in Manaus. I made a list of every girl and boy on the place. I showed the list to the American employes, starting with the boss himself. The response was terrific! Dress material, sweat shirts, overalls, dolls, doll furniture, jacks, jumping ropes, jack-in-boxes, whistles, toy autos, bubble blowers, dominos and just everything poured in to my desk.

The Corporation even furnished a truck for me to take them all home, after dark when the kiddies were asleep in their little hammocks.

Some of the American girls came out to help wrap and label the gifts. Christmas morning we had a pretty green tree from the near-by jungles brought in and decorated it with pop corn (pipocas) which we had popped and strung and dyed various colors with berry dyes.

It was a steaming hot day there near the equator in the strange, remote town of Manaus, but I wonder if anywhere in all of the world a bunch of children had such a good time as those orphans had that Christmas when the Americans played "Papae Noel" (Santa Claus) in an impromptu "good neighbor gesture" that in all probability will never be forgotten by anyone who had a hand in it.

F. M. I.

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## Fresh from the Deep

(Continued from page 57)

broiled to perfection, but with that extra special touch, try spreading them with puffy paste.

### Puffy Paste

¼ cup mayonnaise  
1 tbl. chopped parsley  
2 tbs. chopped pickle  
1 egg white; Dash of cayenne

Combine mayonnaise, parsley, pickle and cayenne. Beat egg whites stiff and fold in. Check the broiling time for the fillets, and when they need only 3 or 4 minutes more, remove from the broiler, spread with the mayonnaise mixture then return them to the broiler and continue cooking until sauce is puffy and golden brown.

For the days when baked fish is your choice, one of the best stuffings for bringing out the delicate fish flavor.

### Stuffing for Baked Fish

¼ cup minced onion  
2 tbs. butter or margarine  
¼ tsp. dried savory  
½ tsp. dried marjoram  
½ tsp. dried thyme or sage  
1 tsp. minced celery leaves  
1 tsp. minced parsley  
2 cups soft bread crumbs, tightly packed  
1 tsp. grated lemon rind  
1 tsp. salt

Sauté onion lightly in butter. Remove from fire and blend in dried herbs, which have been crumbled to powder consistency. Add celery leaves and parsley, then mix in remaining ingredients. This will make sufficient stuffing for a 4-pound fish.

### Fish Cutlets

2 cups cooked, flaked fish  
1 egg, beaten lightly  
½ cup milk  
½ tsp. salt  
2 tbs. pickle relish  
1 cup fine bread crumbs  
¼ cup shortening

Combine fish, beaten egg, milk, salt and relish with ¾ cup bread crumbs. Mix well and form into patties or cutlets. Roll in remaining crumbs and sauté in hot shortening.

The best "boiled" fish properly is not boiled at all, but steamed. Clean and weigh fish, wrap it in cheesecloth. Pour 2 inches of water into sauce pan and place rack in pan so that the top of the rack is above the water. Bring water to boil, place fish on rack and cover tightly. If fish is 2 inches or more in thickness, allow 10 minutes steaming time for bluefish, haddock, hake, halibut, mackerel, king mackerel and sea bass; 11 minutes per pound for cod, salmon and whitefish; 12 minutes per pound for carp, red snapper and weakfish. For fish cut into slices less than 2 inches thick, 1 minute per ounce will be sufficient steaming time.

### Hard Cooked Egg Sauce

1 cups hot white sauce  
2 hard-cooked eggs  
¼ tsp. curry powder (optional)

Make white sauce, using stock in which the fish was steamed for half the quantity of milk. Mince hard-cooked eggs and add, together with curry powder if desired, to hot sauce. Serve immediately.

### Quick Hollandaise Sauce

1 cup hot white sauce 1 tbl. vinegar  
2 egg yolks 1 tbl. butter

Make white sauce, using fish stock in place of half the milk called for. Remove sauce from fire and cool for 1 minute. Beat egg yolks and add gradually to sauce, beating briskly. Add vinegar, drop by drop and blend well. Beat in butter. Serve at once.

**Zonite**  
FOR NEWER  
*feminine hygiene*



# Vox Pop Visits the Church We All Built

(Continued from page 45)

This Mission is the youngest in the Diocese of Massachusetts. Before I came, it had been supported by an annual grant from the Diocese. When we first came up here I made up my mind to change our status from Mission to Parish. To be a parish it is necessary to be self-supporting. Well, I talked it over with the congregation and they liked the idea. We refused the grant and started off on our own. Now, our petition for change of status comes up before the Diocesan convention this year.

What a struggle these two years have been! What satisfying ones they have been for me! Before coming up here we'd spent nearly ten years in a church in Philadelphia. The whole family used to come up here for the summers. We'd loved the people and we'd loved the place. When the chance came to take over the Mission here, we jumped at it. It is a decision which not one of us has ever regretted.

**THE THING** that made these difficult years so satisfying was the way the whole congregation pitched in and went to work. The whole town gave us a hand. When we had a food sale, a rummage sale, or a party, everyone helped us out. When we put on Canal Capers, a minstrel show we do every year, for which I write the music and lyrics and do the directing, the whole town joined us. People of every denomination—Catholics, Methodists and Congregationalists—worked with us. They worked in the show; they made and painted the scenery; they made the costumes. It was a community enterprise. That's what all churches should be.

During these two years there have been times when we were bankrupt, times when we could barely see our way ahead. But, we've come through. We've come through just because of the hard work of the congregation and the loyal whole-hearted support of the community.

Now we have a piece of land on the main street on which to build the new St. Peter's on the Canal. That was a gift of the Diocese. We have over \$6,000 in our building fund. That was a gift built up by the hard work of our church members and the members of other congregations who helped us out. We have a front door for the church, a ton of cement for the basement, money towards an organ, a window, and a bell. All these were the gifts from Vox Pop.

You are probably wondering how Vox Pop heard of us all the way up here on Cape Cod. Vox Pop heard of us because my wife is what she calls an old "Vox Popper;" she's followed the show since Parks Johnson used to interview people on the streets. She is really responsible for a Vox Pop show called Teen Town, which they did up here in Buzzards Bay on December 10, 1945. That show, Teen Town, led to this show and Teen Town itself came about because I've always loved kids and wanted to help them. I've always felt that I understood their problems. After all, we've three of our own: Nancy is the oldest, then comes Helen, and the little guy is named Johnny. Teen Town started in this way. One

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day shortly after we came up here a group of seventeen boys and girls came to me to ask if I would help them start a youth center. At the time nearby Camp Edwards was bursting its seams with troops, there was no place for the teen age kids of the town to go that was not overrun with soldiers. We talked it over and I said to them, "You see what you can work out. I'll think it over and we'll get together next Monday night and see what we can do about it." After they'd left my wife said, "I'll bet they just want you to play the piano for them."

Well, we met and what we worked out is a self-governing organization based on the New England Town Plan. We have three Selectmen, a Town Clerk, a Town Treasurer, a Chief of Police and nine Policemen. The program we worked out was largely social—we've been criticised for that—but that was what was needed here at the time.

The kids make their own laws and enforce them. The only penalty we have is to remove a kid's membership card. Thank goodness, we've never had to do that. Dues are ten cents a week if you have it and if you haven't, it doesn't make any difference.

**T**HE Buzzards Bay Chief of Police once said to me, "Since Teen Town started juvenile delinquency has dropped to zero. In my opinion Teen Town is largely responsible. And you can quote me as saying it."

The reason Teen Town has been successful is that it is organized on the kids' level. A favorite saying of mine, which I used on that Vox Pop show, is "Kids are people" and they must be treated that way. Whatever they want for Teen Town, they earn for Teen Town. When they have it they appreciate it and take care of it.

They came to me once to see if they could get a record player and amplifier. I said, "Sure you can. You'll have to get it yourselves. Now all of you go on out and see how much money you can earn toward it." On the Q-T, I went to the organizations of the town to see if they would help. They would, but I told the kids about it only after they had gotten over half the money. Now, you ought to see someone try to meddle with that machine; they straighten him out in a minute. One night as I was leaving Teen Town, an ex-GI came up to me and said with great emotion, "You gotta keep this thing goin'. When I was a kid in this town they never did anything like this for me."

Teen Town grew very rapidly. (At present we have 378 members in Teen Town and 87 members in Teenie Weenie Town, which Warren Hull calls the "Prep-school for Teen Town." Teenie Weenie Town we started only six months ago.) As Teen Town grew, it attracted a great deal of interest locally. I was asked to speak over WOCB, the local Cape Cod station, on the work we were doing. I wrote out what I wanted to say, which is very unusual for me, because they'd limited me to fifteen minutes. My wife listened to the broadcast at home and when I came home she told me that she'd enjoyed it and said, "May I have the manuscript?" I took it out of my pocket where I'd stuffed it and gave it to her. "A female whim," I thought to myself.

A few weeks later the phone rang and it was Buzz Willis from Vox Pop. He said they wanted to come up and do



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**Buy it from your druggist today**

**DR. HAND'S  
TEETHING LOTION**

**Just rub it on the gums**



kids. A female whim, indeed! My wife had put that speech in an envelope and mailed it to Vox Pop. As we talked it over my wife said, "What a wonderful present this will be for the kids in Teen Town." What a wonderful present it was for me, too.

Well, Warren Hull and Parks Johnson came up here a few days before the broadcast and started working with the kids. They went all through Teen Town picking the kids to be used on the show. How they did enjoy it! I did too, and I sat through the whole show with a big lump in my throat. When I saw the radiant faces on those kids as they got their gifts—gifts that most of the kids in this town could never hope to have—I was more grateful than ever for my work with Teen Town. I told Warren and Parks after the show, "You've made the kids realize what good work they're doing; you've made my work with them a lot easier and you've given them the finest Christmas yet."

Parks, Warren, the rest of the people on Vox Pop and my family and I had become very good friends during the days they were in town. We hated to see them leave. When they left they said, "We'll be back again." We thought that they would come back to see us as friends. Our house is always open to any of them. But it certainly never dawned on us that they would do another show up here. And it certainly never dawned on me that I would be the subject of that show.

TOWARD the end of October of this year the phone rang and it was Parks Johnson calling from New York. He said, "We want to come to New England for Thanksgiving." I was delighted at the prospect of seeing them again. Just as he rang off he said, "We want to do a show around you." I was bowled over! And I was worried too.

I've done a lot of things in my life which I consider interesting. I had played and sung the songs which I'd written for Canal Capers for Warren and Parks. They had liked some of them. I've written songs all my life. I can remember the day I started. One day my music teacher who had been giving me lessons for five years, came to my Dad and said, "It's a waste of your money and my time to try to teach John. I suggest that we stop the lessons." Dad agreed and on that day I started teaching myself to play popular music and to compose. It's a good thing that I did, too. When I felt I had to leave the iron and steel business and enter the seminary to study for the ministry, I kept wondering how I would support a family of three with another one on the way. My wife was game, though, she agreed that I should enter the seminary. She just said, "Oh, we'll manage." We managed because I supported them that first year by playing the piano in a night club.

Whenever I talked about this coming Vox Pop show with my wife, my constant question was, "What kind of a show can they do around me?" Wisely she always answered, "Wait and see. I know Vox Pop. It'll be all right."

It never occurred to me that Vox Pop was going to do the nicest thing they could for me—help me build a new church.

After that first call in mid-October we heard nothing till early in November. I came in late one afternoon and was greeted with, "Vox Pop called and they want you to bring all your music to New York." The idea of using some

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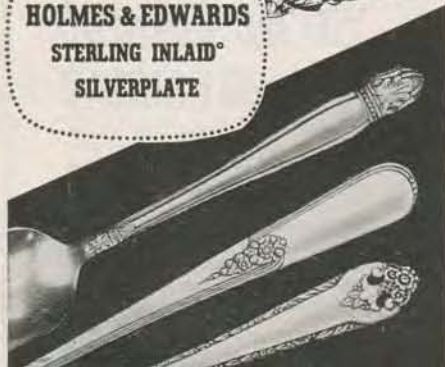
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of my music batted me right out of my seat. One of my dreams has always been to have some song of mine played over the air.

I got the music together and took the first train I could to New York. There, they looked it over and picked out one piece called, "Sand in My Shoes." When they asked me if I had a piano arrangement of it, I said I could get one and hurried to Philadelphia to my good friend, Dave Stephens of WCAU. He did an arrangement for me and I left it with Vox Pop on my way back home.

Shortly after that, a letter came asking me to release "Sand In My Shoes" to CBS for broadcasting purposes. I couldn't have been happier to do anything. No mention, however, was made of what was going to be done. The last word we had from them before they arrived was a letter asking for the names of thirty or forty people from here who might be interesting to the general public.

**I** WAS really in hot water. My poor wife suffered from that constant and only question, "What do you suppose they're going to do?"

Warren Hull arrived on Thursday before the broadcast and started to work. Parks Johnson, Roger Brackett and all the others came up on Saturday. It was a good week together but I didn't find out anything I hadn't known before. And that was nothing! I said, "Well, either the song died a natural death in New York or else I'm going to have to sing it myself. I don't know which I prefer." I sing, as I once told Parks, with a voice that sounds like, "Hello Folks," very early in the morning.

My wife and I had dinner with Parks and Warren and their wives the night before the broadcast. Try as I might—and I assure you I did try—I couldn't find out a thing. If I started "Now about that song..." it was as far as I got; the subject was changed.

When we got home that night, I couldn't sleep; I was a total nervous wreck. When I told my wife she said, "What have you to be nervous about?" I said, "When someone is doing something so nice for you, you want it to be good. I'm not sure I will be."

I suppose I ate dinner the night before the broadcast; I don't know, but my wife tells me I did. I know I got to the Memorial Hall, where the broadcast was to be held, at seven o'clock. The warm-up for the show was to start at eight-thirty. There was a crowd around already. They were mostly Teen Towners and Teenie Weenie Towners. For a week the phone had rung from seven-thirty in the morning till twelve-thirty at night. Our usual response was, "I'm sorry there are no more tickets to the broadcast. Everyone wanted to come and I got the impression from what they said that would have done almost anything to get there. There certainly was a crowd and I had to spend from seven to eight-thirty, when the warm-up began, yelling at those kids, trying to keep some semblance of order.

I didn't enjoy the warm-up. Buzz Willis leaned over my shoulder three times and offered me three different kinds of gum. I think I said, "No thank you," each time, but he says I took all three.

Suddenly we were under way. We were under way with Warren's statement about the gifts going to the church. That was the first time I'd known anything about it. I looked



around the hall and saw all my good friends working together to make our new church a reality.

After the broadcast, I told my wife, "That was the most touching and beautiful thing that has happened in my life. How good everyone is!" I mean that. Most of the people you heard that night were not from my church and yet they were big enough to say, "This guy is from my town. What he wants is for the benefit of the whole town, so let's pitch in."

I looked around and there was Johnny Bananas up at the microphone with Warren Hull. Johnny was grinning from ear to ear. I thought of the times we'd gone scalloping together and all the times we'd hunted and fished together. Johnny keeps what he calls "Guts" (what I call goats) and he sure is proud of them. He won a first, a second and third prize last year with his "guts." Johnny and I have been friends ever since I came up here. We've had what Johnny calls a "polorious" time together. Johnny thinks I bring him luck when we go out hunting or fishing together: he says it's true in the old country so why shouldn't it be true here. Vox Pop gave Johnny a door for the church.

**J**OHNNY sat down and Parks Johnson had Scotty Rosse and Tiny Jim Tamagini. The present Vox Pop gave those two was certainly fitting—a ton of cement for the basement of the church. The two of them must weigh over a quarter ton together. Certainly Tiny's suits would make four suits for anyone else. I'll never forget them in the last Canal Capers.

Warren Hull next talked to Miss Swift who is the town treasurer and our church pianist. Miss Swift was playing the piano in the church when I came here two years ago. We have our weekly chats about the music for the Sunday service and we both enjoy them. It gives me a sense of assurance each Sunday when I see her seated at her piano by the side of the altar. There's nothing she's wanted more than an organ and that was her gift.

After Miss Swift, Warren interviewed Bill Hurley and Freddy Benson. Bill Hurley is the village cop and an old friend of mine. We call him "Two Gun Hurley" because of a song I wrote about him for last year's Canal Capers. "Two Gun" said on the broadcast, "We got acquainted and we became pals and we're going to stick pals." I seconded that! Two Gun Hurley got a window for the church. "Nothing better—from me to him," he said. Thank you, Bill Hurley.

Little Freddy Benson, one of our Teenie Weenie Towners, gave us a baptismal font. What could be nicer from Freddy—or more appropriate? Freddy comes from a big family; he has three

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**GOLDEN GLINT**

sisters and two brothers. He says he likes a big family all right but it's too expensive. Freddy works in the village theater. He sees all the shows and he's a good critic but he likes the Westerns best of all.

Parks Johnson was at the microphone next with Archer Cross whom I've known since I was in knee britches. He was an old friend of my family and a very substantial Philadelphia lawyer. He drove all the way up here for the broadcast. It was mighty nice of him. I guess Vox Pop wanted the lowdown on my youth. All Archer said was, "The first time I remember him, he was climbing under the pews of the church. I had to chase him." He did at that, I remember. Archer started me out in the Boy Scouts and he later made me a patrol leader.

Then it was my turn. My turn, I found out, to sing and play, "Sand In My Shoes." It seemed to be going along fine when Warren stopped me. You know that easy way he has of interrupting. I thought that he had had enough—and I guess he had—when he cut in and announced Paul Barron's orchestra and a quartet from New York, playing and singing my song. That was a dream come true. I looked down and saw my wife and our youngsters sitting there. I saw Helen, that's the middle one, wiping her eyes. I had to focus mine on a hole in the floor and keep them there till the music had finished. They gave me that orchestration at the end of the broadcast and I'll always treasure it.

WHEN the music was over they asked me about the plans for our church. I said, "I want a little white church, a country church. I want something plain. You know how you go into some houses which are cold and formal. I want a church that's warm and attractive. The doors are always open; it's the kind of a place people want to stop in."

The final gift from Vox Pop was the bell for our church which Parks gave to me.

The good that the broadcast did for us didn't end with the broadcast. It really just began it. Right after the show was over, the American Legion Post gave us \$25. A man from Ipswich, a town nearby, called and offered to do the lighting for the church as his contribution. Letters have been coming in every day from all over the country, most generous letters containing good wishes and contributions. Everyone who has heard about us, it seems, has thought of a way to help.

Just the other day a man and his wife drove twenty-eight miles to give us ten dollars. A man from another denomination has offered the cornerstone. One person who came bringing his contribution said, as he gave it, "Brother, that broadcast certainly sold some apples; you've really got the people to thinking." It struck me then as a wonderful piece of symbolism that a church could be built, as this one is being, by the gifts of people of all colors, races and creeds. It typifies the American point of view.

When the church is built and the cornerstone is laid, I'm going to put inside the cornerstone a recording of this November 26, 1946 Vox Pop show and all the letters and, all the names of all the people who helped build the church. When the church is finished, I'm going to put up a big sign as my contribution.

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# "This Is Ted Malone"

(Continued from page 33)

that he felt that Neville would have wanted the act to go on, and that he, Gomer, would take Neville's place. Gomer played fiddle and Ted played the ukulele; together they went from program to program under as ingenious a collection of pseudonyms as ever smote the ear of a listener, changing identity at the drop of a sponsor. They were Buddy and Rudy, the Sleepytime Pals; they were Ben and Zo, the Benzo (for gasoline) Boys; in the interests of an influenza remedy they were Flu and Nip, the Flu-Nip Twins; they were Danny and Doug and Their Lightning Bug. The lightning bug, an egg beater, was a magic form of transportation which took Danny and Doug all over the country. "And now," Ted—or Danny—would say, "the lightning bug carries us to Iowa City—" (a vigorous spin of the beater) "—where we have a request from Mrs. Gladys Nelson . . ."

The famous Bookends began as a filler. Came a day when there was an unexpected blank in the broadcast schedule, and Ted was told to read poetry to cover the gap. "Poetry!" Ted repeated, and blanched. He was willing to try anything once, but poetry . . . wasn't poetry somewhat on the lacy side? "I'll do it," he said, "but I can't use my own name." Until that time, save for the team names like Danny and Doug and Buddy and Rudy, Ted had been broadcasting under the latter two-thirds of the name he'd been born with—Frank Alden Russell. The announcer, introducing him, picked a name out of thin air. "The next program will be brought to you by—ah—Ted Malone." Audience response to the little impromptu poetry program was immediate and enthusiastic. Ted Malone had created Between the Bookends, and Bookends had created Ted Malone.

TO THIS day there is occasionally some confusion as to whether he is Mr. Malone or Mr. Russell. To everyone he has met in recent years he is Ted Malone, but there is a strong coterie of Missourians who still think of him as Alden Russell, and of his wife, Verlia, as Mrs. Alden Russell. "The really embarrassing times," Ted says mournfully, "are when, in the midst of introductions at a party, we discover that Mr. Malone is out with Mrs. Russell . . . or that Mrs. Malone is out with Mr. Russell."

Verlia and Ted went to high school together in Independence, with Verlia a grade or two behind him. He was Verlia's first date. It began at a Halloween party in the school gymnasium, when Ted asked to take the hazel-eyed, dark-haired undergraduate home. Verlia was willing—but Ted would have to get permission from her teacher, Miss Henrietta Hudspeth. Even then Ted had a philosophy: if you knew what you wanted, and bent every effort toward getting it, you couldn't help but get it. He went to Miss Hudspeth. Miss Hudspeth was willing—but Ted would have to get permission from Verlia's brother. This one was easy; the brother was in Ted's class. Back went the play from brother to teacher to Verlia, and Ted took Verlia home from the party.

"I fell for her," he says, "first because she was so pretty, and then because, never having been out with another fellow, she thought I was wonderful. She knew better by the time we were mar-

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Rush my Healtholizer to me. I will pay postman on arrival. My money will be refunded if I am not satisfied.

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Made specially for blondes, this new shampoo helps keep light hair from darkening—brightens faded hair. Called Blondex, it quickly makes a rich cleansing lather. Instantly removes the dingy, dust-laden film that makes blonde hair dark, old-looking. Takes only 11 minutes to do at home. Gives hair attractive luster and highlights—keeps that just-shampooed look for a whole week. Safe for children's hair. Blondex is sold at 10c, drug and department stores.

ried. She was a senior in college, and she'd had a lot of other dates. But she married me anyway."

Miss Henrietta Hudspeth, who is now Mrs. Sisson, has not been forgotten. The Christmas after that first date Ted sent her a box of candy in appreciation of her sponsorship, and every year at Christmas Mrs. Sisson still receives a box of candy from the Malones.

By 1927, Ted was thoroughly enamored of radio. He applied for a full-time job at KMBC. He was told cordially that he was welcome—except that there was a little matter of space-selling necessary to clinch it. If he could just convince the radio dealers in the locality to buy a half-hour on the air, five days a week, the job was his. Ted didn't know that it couldn't be done. In those days people didn't buy receiving sets as casually as they do now; in the opinion of many radio was a novelty, a passing fad. Ted didn't know that the dealers were tired of having ambitious young men from the stations trying to sell them air time to advertise a product that was hardly worth handling. In his ignorance, he went to the dealers, showed them that they could get more advertising for their money by being mentioned five times a week over the air than by one notice in the newspapers—and sold them his program. He returned jubilant to KMBC, dreaming of future conquests and of high finance. He was in. His success was assured.

HERE followed several years in which he moved steadily up the ladder, received several promotions... at no increase in salary. His employers had a more delicate way of showing their appreciation. Each time he was given a new program or a new title—he was successively space salesman, continuity editor, and program director—he was recompensed with new furnishings for his office. Draperies were his reward for one advancement; a carpet for another, bookcases for a third. By 1934 he had one of the best decorated offices in the Mississippi Valley, and a sadly underdecorated paycheck for a man with a wife and a daughter. It was time, he felt, to make a change.

He and Arthur Church, manager of KMBC, traveled to New York to sell a program called Phenomenon, a story built around an imaginary time telescope. The power and light companies were interested; they finally agreed to sponsor it. And the next day headlines appeared in the newspapers; "Utilities Fight Back." The historic war between the power companies and the government was on, and Phenomenon was out. But the Malone luck held. In the meantime a hand cream sponsor bought Between the Bookends. Ted was in.

Ted brought Verlia and their daughter, Bubbles, to New York. They took a house in Bronxville, where they still live as peacefully as possible, considering the presence of their second daughter, Happy. They call Happy their Tornado. She is seven now, but when she was three and a half she put in a day which Ted considers representative, if not absolutely typical. On that day she fell into the lake and was nearly drowned; climbed out of bed into which she had been bundled against the possibility of pneumonia, and set her shoes on the kitchen stove to dry out. Smoke and the smell of burning leather drew the family to the kitchen; when they looked around for Happy, they found her in the bathroom, playing with a box of shiny new razor blades. She topped the afternoon

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**A HEADACHE**  
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 Your friends will be thrilled by these lovely greetings for Birthdays, Anniversaries, etc. 14 gorgeous folders sell for \$1. You make big cash profit. Stationery, other assets, retail 60¢ up. Write for 14-card Samples on approval.  
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Without Painful Backache

Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, a stimulant diuretic, used successfully by millions for over 50 years. Doan's give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.



off by swallowing a box of chocolate-flavored laxatives. In the hospital, subdued by the stomach pump, Happy meekly promised never to eat any more chocolate "candy."

Happy is her only name. The Malones had expected a boy, and at the time of her birth were caught short of feminine appellations, their store of favorites having been exhausted on Bubbles, who is formally Verlia Elaine. But they were happy to have the little girl, and happy described her. "Happy" stuck. Mrs. Malone insists that it is not her real name and periodically tries to think of something more conventional—Elizabeth, for instance. Ted, who is perfectly satisfied with "Happy," has worked out a formula for combating these attempts. He does not argue. "Elizabeth," he will say thoughtfully. "Yes, Elizabeth is a lovely name. I once knew a girl in Dodge City called Elizabeth, a beautiful girl—"

It works every time. Verlia, in Ted's estimation, is proof of the fact that beauty and brains do not cancel each other in a woman. He has data to prove it, should proof be necessary to those who have not met her. They were married before she was through school, at the close of her junior year. Afterward, Verlia returned to William Jewell College in Liberty, Missouri, for her senior year, finished it as valedictorian and campus beauty queen. It would have been a tidy accomplishment for a Miss; for a married woman—in fact a mother—it was a triumph.

The Malones have a happy life, which is to say, from Ted's viewpoint, a busy life. In addition to being, at one time, poetry editor of *Pictorial Review*, and, later, of *Good Housekeeping* and now

of *RADIO MIRROR*, he has published six anthologies of poetry—"The American Album of Poetry," "Ted Malone's Scrapbook," "Pack Up Your Troubles," "Between the Bookends—Volume V," "Yankee Doodles," and "The Pocket-book of Popular Verse," all of which are best sellers. Now there is a new one, "Adventures In Poetry." For two years America listened in every Sunday afternoon to hear his Pilgrimage broadcasts for NBC, in which he traveled from New England to California to take his audience into the homes of famous American poets and prose writers to tell the inside story of their lives. In 1941 he published "Should Old Acquaintance," a collection of informal biographical sketches of American authors based on his Pilgrimage broadcasts. The list of his radio programs in recent years includes such shows as Swing Shift Frolics, The Four Freedoms, Yankee Doodle Quiz, and Star Dust. Although he often found himself simultaneously starred in as many as three network shows, he kept *Between the Bookends* foremost on his radio schedule for fifteen years. Inevitably, *Bookends* became more than a poetry program. His feeling for people, his warmth, his keen story sense, make Ted a natural story-teller, and he varied his broadcast formula with philosophy, humor, human interest and tall tales. He interviewed distinguished guests, reviewed books, invited audience participation in games and stunts long before audience-participation shows became standard radio fare.

After Pearl Harbor, *Bookends* became an important factor in radio's contribution to wartime morale work. Once a week Ted planned special programs for service men, which were

shortwaved to GI Joes overseas, and he devoted much of his radio time to poetry and stories requested by service men and their families. Still, he wasn't satisfied. He felt that he wasn't doing enough; he felt that he wasn't close enough to the center of action. Being Ted Malone, he decided to do something about it.

One morning he went to Phil Carlin, head of the ABC Network. "I want to go to Europe," he said, "as a correspondent."

Mr. Carlin smiled tolerantly. "But, Ted," he said, "you haven't the background. You're a poetry reader."

Ted produced a book, one of the really famous books about the war. It had been written by Ernie Pyle. "He didn't have the background, either," he pointed out. "But they sent him."

Carlin shook his head. Ted insisted. Carlin called in the head of the Blue's correspondents bureau, Johnny Johnstone. "Ted wants to go overseas as a correspondent," he explained.

Johnstone smiled tolerantly. "But Ted reads poetry," he said, and added, "besides, the budget can't stand it. We've just enough to finance our regular staff, without adding an inexperienced man."

"It's a question of money, then?" Ted asked.

There was some argument back and forth—but, yes, it was a question of money. At nine-thirty that morning Ted walked out of Carlin's office, repeating to himself his own serviceable formula: if you knew what you wanted to accomplish, if you bent all your thoughts and energies to accomplishing it—you could do it. Right now he wanted money, money to finance a year, two years, in Europe. He stepped into

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a drugstore telephone booth, called the publishing firm of Whittlesey House. "This is Ted Malone," he said. "I did a book for you some time ago. I'm on my way to Europe. How would you like a book on the invasion?"

Whittlesey House said fine; they would advance a thousand dollars for a book about the invasion. Ted dropped another nickel in the slot, got the long-distance operator, called Bookmark Press in Camden, New Jersey. "I did a book for you some time ago," he said. "I'm on my way to Europe. How would you like a book about the war in Germany?"

Bookmark Press agreed to buy a book, with a substantial advance. Ted called Herbert Mays at Good House-keeping, asked him how he would like some human interest stories about the war. Mays said that he was sorry, that the proposed stories would not fit into their schedule . . . but if Ted needed backing for a trip overseas, would a thousand dollars help?

At ten minutes past eleven on that same morning, Ted was back in Carlin's office. "I've got thirty-five hundred dollars promised for a trip overseas," he said. "Now will you send me?"

This time there was no argument whatever. Carlin had already talked the matter over with the correspondents' bureau; they had agreed to alter the budget so that Ted could go overseas.

It would be impossible to evaluate the work he did in the battlefront countries. Some things cannot be measured by material standards—what his broadcasts meant to the GIs themselves, and to those at home who were hungry for every scrap of news about them. It is enough to say the response from his audience brought him a five-year contract from a big sponsor, and later, after V-J Day, the "poetry reader" was one of three major network correspondents to fly around the world on one of the first flights of the Army Air Transport Command's "Globester" service. On that trip his listeners heard stories of Casablanca, Cairo, Shanghai and other "Globester" stops, including direct broadcasts from Tokyo and Shanghai.

Bookends as a radio feature was sacrificed to the war and has not been revived. The current program over the facilities of the American Broadcasting Company is called simply Ted Malone and features informal stories about people, places and ideas, and interviews with notable persons of such variety as Eddie Rickenbacker and Carole Landis.

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Occasionally, Ted still devotes a broadcast to poetry. Far from thinking it sissy stuff as he once did, he has sold himself on poetry. His enjoyment of it is perhaps less that of the aesthete, reveling in the music and the rhythm of words, than that of the practical man, who appreciates the hard kernel of truth that is the heart of all great poetry. The poet, he thinks, says what the scholar, the social thinker, the religious teacher, says in prose—and says it in fewer, more memorable words.

If you were to ask Ted what message he himself would like to contribute, he would tell you that he would like to see the "ifs" taken out of people's thinking. Too many persons, he believes, let events decide matters for them instead of making up their own minds. Too many persons say, "If such-and-such happens, I can do so-and-so," instead of putting forth the effort to make things happen. He is convinced—and he has never in his own experience found reason to doubt it—that you can do anything you want to do, provided that you first know what you want to do and then turn all of your thoughts and energies toward doing it. He adds one corollary: the thing you want to do must be right.

TED is today in great demand as a writer and public speaker, but, as befits a man who has grown up with radio, the airwaves are his favorite means of communication. Radio, he says, is the most intimate means of communication. It does what nothing else can do in that it reaches people in the privacy of their homes, in—as was the case with the girl who was about to commit suicide—the very privacy of their thoughts.

He is a past master at establishing an intimacy between his listeners and himself—so much so that he has been accused more than once of having psychic powers. The idea amuses him, although he admits that he does have a mystical turn of mind.

"It's just using common sense," he explains. "If I go on the air around noon and open a broadcast by saying, 'Mmm! What's that I smell cooking? Smells awfully good!'—well, it's only reasonable that there's cooking in a lot of homes around that hour. Or if I say something like, 'Watch out that cake doesn't burn,' it's safe to assume that here and there there's a cake that needs watching."

But there's one little girl who will remain forever convinced. Her mother was an avid Malone fan; several times the child had asked if "that man"—meaning Ted—could not see into their home while he was broadcasting. Each time she had been told that he could not, that he was miles and miles away. Then one day, when the mother was trying on a new dress before a mirror, Ted began his program by exclaiming, "Well, well! You look awfully nice today! Isn't that a new dress you're wearing?"

The girl looked at the radio, and at her mother.

"... a new dress," Ted's voice went on. "Got ruffles on it, hasn't it?"

The little girl's eyes fastened upon the ruffles at her mother's throat, then lifted accusingly to her mother's face. "See!" she cried, jumping up and down in excitement and triumph, "he sees you! He really does!"

And perhaps... if understanding his listeners, and knowing what they like, and caring about them, means that Ted Malone sees them... perhaps the little girl was right.

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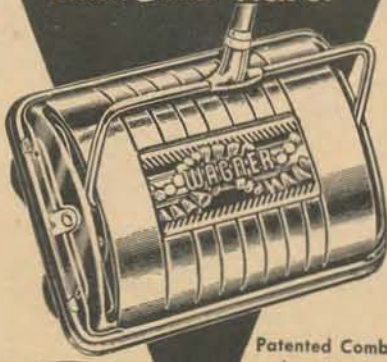
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## It Takes Two

(Continued from page 43)

jeemies watchin' her," Gabby told me a few days after she arrived.

"She's a mighty pretty girl," I started to say, but Gabby interrupted with a snort. "Purty! A skinny critter like that? I never seen such a nervous female, never settin' still for one second, allus twitchin' around and smokin' them dad-blamed cigarettes."

Dale, who had ridden up from her neighboring ranch, came out into the patio just then. "But Gabby," she put in, "that's just why Celia Dunn's here—to get over being so nervous and fidgety. The doctor says she needs quiet and a complete change of environment."

I nodded agreement. "But Dale," I added, "it doesn't seem to be doing her much good. Usually when city folks come here, they're restless for maybe a day or two, but after that the desert and the mountains—well, it gets them. They relax. But not her."

Gabby grinned as if he had a sudden thought. "Maybe we oughta sic Slim Grayson on her trail—let her follow him around a few days. He's that slow-movin' I don't think anybody could get him to twitchin'. She'd run herself down tryin'."

I GRINNED across at Gabby. "Slim I turn up again?" And Gabby nodded. Slim was a top hand, but he had a way of disappearing for long spells. We were always glad to have him back, whenever he decided to come down for a spell from that shack of his in the hills.

"Gabby, you may not have meant it," Dale was saying, "but I think you've hit on something. Don't you, Roy—honestly? Slim's so patient and gentle and slow in his ways, he just might be able to calm Celia down."

"Okay," I said. "It's worth a try, anyway. There's a ride planned for this afternoon out to Crazy Woman Mountain. I'll tell Slim to stick to the girl and sort of take her in hand for a while."

It was late—nearly evening—and the hills in back of the ranchhouse were turning purple when the party came back that afternoon. Dale and I saw them riding down the old chuckwagon trail toward the corrals, and we both got up, as if by agreement, and walked out to see if our scheme had begun to work.

Slim was singing *Git along little dogie, git along* so slow and easy that it wouldn't ever make any dogie git anywhere, and sure enough, there was Celia Dunn walking her pony alongside him, trailing behind Bob Nolan and the Sons of The Pioneers. I saw Slim bend a little in the saddle as he talked to the black-haired girl riding beside him, and Dale nudged me, to point out how his hand strayed to stroke the neck of Celia's horse.

"You know," Dale whispered, "it looks as if it's working. I'll bet he can gentle her down just the way he gentles that pony of hers to a slow walk!"

And, according to Gabby, who'd probably spent the whole afternoon watching those two like a hawk, it was beginning to work. He started to make a report to Dale in a stage whisper, and while she was shushing him I strolled over to meet Celia and Slim, who came wandering down from the corral toward us.

"Enjoy your ride?" I asked the girl.

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She stopped and looked at me. You could almost see surprise in her face. "Why, yes," she answered, slowly. "Why, yes, I did enjoy it—today. In fact, Roy, I think this trail is better than any one we've taken so far."

I felt I needn't bother to remind her it was the same trail she'd taken the first day she came. I just looked at Dale, and we felt mightily pleased with ourselves—and with Slim Grayson.

Slim was something of a mystery in Paradise Valley, and he caused a lot of talk, although folks didn't have much to go on. To some he was just a no-count drifter. Others, around a campfire at night, would allow that he was a prospector, with a secret mine near that mystery shack of his in the hills. I guess I knew as much about Slim as anyone did, but I only smiled and shook my head when the talk veered around to him. If Slim wanted to keep his secret, why should I meddle? I was always glad when he turned up at the Double-R Bar—he was a good hand, and that was enough for me.

I smiled to myself as I watched him beside Celia Dunn. Women liked Slim—slow he might be, but the slowness was gentleness, too, and there was plenty of fun and a lot of lively intelligence in his eyes. Right now, there was a smile in them as he looked down at the girl beside him.

"Those hands of yours, Miss Celia—they're never still, are they? Should think they'd get mighty tired, come nightfall." Gently he took the riding crop, with which she'd been flicking her boottops, out of her hands, and showed her the ends her nervous, pulling fingers had frayed.

I COULD hear her sigh, a tired little sound. "I can't help it, Slim. I'm so used to being busy! You can't ever slow down, in the work I do. It means being at it day and night, grabbing a sandwich at noon while you're telephoning with the other hand, and going to parties at night when you'd give the moon with a fence around it to be home in bed. It means—"

He interrupted then, his slow drawl acting like a brake on her excited flow of words. "And your hands, right now, are itchin' for a telephone, or a pencil—or maybe somebody's scalp. That right? Can't ever be still and let you enjoy life like other folks."

She laughed, then—and it was the first real, deep laugh I'd heard from her since she came. I felt Dale squeeze my arm as we stood there listening for her answer. What she said was, "How about your hands, Slim? They're always busy. You've forever got a stick and a knife in them, whittling. Isn't that the same thing?"

He chuckled. "Not a bit, Miss Celia. Whittlin' is the most relaxing thing a man can do, seems to me. When I'm shavin' on a piece of nice, soft wood, my thoughts just go straying off. It's a lazy man's habit, but it's mighty restful!"

They walked on out of hearing then, and Dale tucked her arm through mine as we went back to the ranch house. I had had some doubts about the plan working, but they were gone now, and I guess Dale felt the same way. If we needed any further proof, it came that night when everybody gathered in the patio for the regular "sing" and storytelling. For the first time, Celia joined in the chorus on the songs. For the first time, she laughed at Gabby's jokes, and Pat Buttram's nonsense. And, more important than anything, for the

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first time she leaned back in her chair—Slim beside her, occupied with his eternal whittling—completely peaceful and at rest.

For nearly three weeks after that, Dale and I were as smug as could be about the way things were working out. Gabby, with orders from me, arranged things so that Slim's ranch duties would be light and his time free to devote to Celia. As Dale reported—I guess women are always more noticing about things like that—Celia was trying to reform Slim a little. Prodding him now and then about being a bit more ambitious, and things like that. But, Dale pointed out, that wouldn't hurt Slim any, and he was doing wonders with Celia. They rode together every day. He showed her how to rope, and darned if she wasn't pretty good at it, for a dude, with those slim, quick hands of hers. And more and more, those hands grew quiet. For long stretches of time, they'd sit quietly on the flat rocks, she and Slim, he whittling away as always, and teaching her the names of the valleys and the mountains spread out like a map in front of them, and telling her the legends that had grown up around them.

**B**UT then, just when I thought everything was fine, and I was practically breaking my wrist giving myself pats on the back, Dale came rushing in one day while I was going over accounts. She looked real pretty, her eyes wide and her hair flying.

"Light down somewhere," I told her. "What's got into you, anyway?"

She flounced down into a chair and then flounced right out of it again and came over to stand by the desk. "Roy! Roy! I'm so upset, I don't know what to do!"

I grinned at her. "Then don't do anything, until you've made up your mind."

"Roy—it's not funny! I've been running all the way from Pioneer Creek, to tell you." She tried to stop and take a breath, but the words kept on tumbling out. "It's Celia and Slim! I was walking along, coming over to the ranch, and I saw them standing beside that old wagon wheel. Roy—I started to speak to them, but all of a sudden he just pulled her into his arms and kissed her. They hadn't seen me, I guess, so I slid back out of sight again."

I didn't like that. We had some pretty strict rules, around the Double-R Bar, about how the hands should behave with the dudes. "What's got into Slim?" I said, and got out of my chair.

But Dale's hand on my arm stopped me. "Roy—he's not just fooling around with Celia. I saw them, I tell you. I saw their eyes. This isn't any silly little vacation romance. They're in love. Really in love—I know it. I could tell."

So I sat right back down in my chair again, to think that one over, letting out my breath in a soundless whistle. This was something we hadn't counted on—hadn't even remotely pictured, when we schemed to keep Slim and Celia together.

Dale sat down abruptly, and her eyes were more troubled than ever. "Roy, whatever are we going to do?"

I stretched my legs out and looked up at her. "Do? Well now, Dale, what can we do—except let nature take its course! I never did hold with interfering with nature." And no more I didn't. When a couple of people fall in love, the best thing for an outsider to

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do is either give them his blessing or get away from there fast, unless he figures to get into a peck of trouble.

But Dale was worried. She'd begun to think Celia was her personal problem, I guess. "I don't know about this development, Roy! They're miles apart, those two Not only in the places they live, but in how they think and feel about everything in the world. After all—can you see Celia in a one-room shack out in the mountains for the rest of her life, tied to a man who only works a few months out of the year? Or Slim, cooped up in a big city apartment, married to a career woman, and having people say how *quaint* he is? I don't think it would work out."

Well, I admit that it wasn't a very comforting picture, but I still didn't see that it was our business. Maybe we'd started it, Dale and I, but now that it was under way, Slim and Celia would have to finish it the best way they could. So I said to Dale, with more conviction than I felt, "It's been working out for centuries, Dale, so don't sit there and say it won't. I'm just a cowboy myself—I don't pretend to understand these things. Maybe the psychiatrists have worked out a nice, neat explanation for it, I don't know. But I do know this—nature goes right along attractin' opposites like Celia and Slim. And it all comes out all right, somehow."

DALE got up and went out after that, her face still full of worry-clouds, and I tried to go back to work. But somehow, the figures just jumbled up in front of my eyes, and I turned them instead out the window and looked at the land I love so much. The land Slim loves so, too. And more and more misgivings began to come to me. Where would Celia fit into this? Where could she possibly fit into this—that girl with the quick hands and the quick brain and the life so full of things happening that they had finally boiled over? Could she ever be content to stay here, not for a few weeks but for a lifetime? The solitude . . . the hard, physical work, so different from the hard work she'd always done . . .

"Roy! Roy, are you in there?" It was Celia's voice, and the lately-acquired softness had gone out of it. It was—business-like, somehow. And I didn't like it much.

"In here," I called. "Come along in."

She fairly flew in, Celia did, and threw herself into the chair by the desk, just as Dale had done a little while before. And then, just like Dale, too, she got right up again, too excited to sit still. Women are pretty much alike, I thought to myself, but she wasn't giving me any time for thinking.

"Roy—look at this!" She held out her hand, and I saw a tiny carved figure in it. "Why didn't someone tell me? And I made fun of his whittling! I kept telling him not to be so lazy . . ."

"Those little doodads Slim's always carving?" I took the figure from her hand and looked at it. "Sure—that's one of them. I guess we're all so used to seeing them no one ever thought to talk about 'em. Why?"

She sat down, and I found myself smiling as I looked at the small wooden figure. "Kinda cute, isn't it? Looks just like Miss Bigelow, the little school-ma'am."

Celia snatched it out of my hand again and examined it more closely. "Why, Roy—you're not even excited.



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I hauled in my legs and sat up straighter. "Whoa, there, Celia—what's this? Slim doesn't make these things to sell. He just does 'em for fun. They're gifts he makes for people he likes—the hands and the duds. Everyone gets a kick out of them—and nobody seems to mind the joke on themselves, seeing it's Slim doing it."

"Caricatures," Celia nodded. I thought for a minute she was going to say something more, but she didn't. She just sat there studying the figure of Miss Bigelow in her hand, and when she looked up, I didn't like what I saw in her eyes, at all. It was a sharp, knowing look, somehow. And then, in a minute, she jumped up and went out of the office, without saying another word.

AFTER a couple of minutes I got up, too, and wandered off down toward the corral. In the early twilight, I like it best of all—the restless horses, the old, bleached corral rails, the drip of water in the big horse trough. It's restful, kind of, and best of all, there's Trigger to talk to. I'd rather talk to Trigger when my mind's upset than to any female in the world. Trigger's got more real sense, it seems to me.

He nuzzled his nose into my neck, and I could feel the worry-knots begin to straighten out right away. "Thing is, Trigger," I told him, "it looks like we're in for a mite of trouble. And I can't figure out which way the trouble's going to jump from. It's like Gabby says about Celia. He says she's smart all right—smart in the head. But she's not so smart the way a woman ought to be—smart in the heart."

Trigger whinnied softly, and knocked my hand with his nose to tell me that some ear-scratching was in order. So I put my hand up to rub his ears, and went on telling him my troubles, same as I always do. Best listener in the world, Trigger is—he never interrupts and spoils your line of thought.

"I don't like the way Celia looked just now," I told him. "Kind of calculating. I don't think she understands at all what's in Slim's mind when he carves out those little figures of his. Or why it is that no one ever takes offense when Slim makes a carvin' of them, even though it does poke fun at 'em a little. It's because they know Slim really likes them, and they sort of share a private joke with him. But Celia doesn't see that, I'm afraid . . ."

The bell for chow rang then, and I gave Trigger a goodnight pat on the nose and went in, still troubled in my mind. But the next few days, it looked as if I'd been foolish. Nothing happened. Celia didn't say another blessed word about those little figures of Slim's, and those two seemed to be going around in a world of happiness invented especially for them.

As Dale pointed out to me afterwards, "For those few days, Roy, it just seemed as if we were all holding our breath, wanting that happiness to last, sort of knowing that something was going to happen and hoping it never would."

But it did. I guess maybe I felt kind of foolish over what I'd said to Dale about Nature taking its course, because, after all, two people in love

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are really the same two people they were before they fell in love, even if falling in love does sort of obscure them in a pink cloud, so they don't really look the same.

And then, on Saturday night, it happened. The whole ranch was collected in the patio, same as usual. Only Celia was late—she'd taken the station wagon and gone down after the mail. And I noticed the way Slim wasn't paying anyone any mind—just watching the road for the first signs of her coming back.

When the station wagon pulled in, he jumped up and ran out.

"Come on, Celia—I've saved a chair for you," Dale called, as Slim opened the station wagon door for her, taking the heavy bundle of mail. But Celia didn't pay any attention. She just ran across to us, and I saw that she had a long envelope clutched in her hand. And she looked triumphant.

"It's my turn to tell a story tonight," she said, her voice proud and breathless. "I've got something wonderful to tell." She turned for a moment to Slim, at her side, and her voice faltered. "I—please don't be mad at me, Slim. Wait till you hear the whole story, before you object. I know you'll be happy when you realize what it means to you—to us."

I COULD see him stand up straighter, and I felt the muscles in the back of my neck tighten up. Something was coming. Something Slim wouldn't like. This was what I'd been afraid of. This was what we'd been holding our breath for.

Celia began again, her voice very rapid, as if she had to get the whole story out, make us hear the end of it before anyone interrupted and spoiled it. "I sent some of Slim's carvings to Chicago—to the store where I work." She looked defiantly around the circle of faces. "The little carvings Roy calls doodads. Well, the store doesn't think they're doodads. I sent fifteen samples, and they—"

"You sent—?" Slim's voice, full of bewilderment, cut across hers.

"Oh, I know I should have asked you, Slim—but you'd have just patted my shoulder and told me not to bother. And so I decided to surprise you. Look!" She pulled a printed sheet from the envelope in her hand. "Dale—you read it."

Dale took the paper from her outstretched fingers and ran her eyes over it. And I heard her breath catch in her throat. "Celia!" Dale turned to me. "Oh, Roy—this is an advertisement cut from a paper. An ad for Slim's little figures. It says that they're proud to present a new talent, a clever satirist in wood..." there was pain in her voice, and scorn—"It says that you'll laugh with delight at the witty lampooning of the Western characters. Oh, Roy! She—she even sent one of Gabby!"

"But—" Triumph faded from Celia's face, to be replaced by bewilderment, as Gabby got to his feet and stomped off. "Why should he mind! Why should any of you mind? Gabby thought the figure was funny, when Slim made it..."

No one answered her. I felt sick—I guess we all did. And sort of ashamed. And good and mad, too, all at once. The silence was thick enough to cut. After a minute, other people got up and drifted away, faces set and hurt. I guess maybe it was tears in little Miss Bigelow's eyes that made her stumble as she went by me.

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"What's the matter? What's the matter with everyone?" Panic had crept into Celia's voice.

I started to talk almost without knowing it, and I could hear a formal sort of stiffness in the words I was saying and the tone I said them in. I felt as if I were scolding a naughty child, and I didn't care—she deserved it.

"It's like this, Celia. There are two ways of looking at Slim's little carvings, it seems to me. One way—your way—hurts people. Makes them ridiculous. Makes people laugh at them. But Slim's way—well, that's different. The people he carves laugh right along with Slim because they all know he wouldn't use them for subjects for his carvings if he didn't really like them. It's—its personal. Those figures are between Slim and the people he knows and likes. They're not meant for a lot of strangers to jeer at. They aren't meant to be sold. They're meant to be given away—a gift from Slim."

"DON'T you see," Dale interrupted, "Miss Bigelow knew Slim was only teasing, not making fun, when he carved out that little smile of hers. Mr. Abernathy knew that Slim was laughing with him, not at him, when he emphasized that strut of his. And Gabby—why, Gabby's a real person! He's not a joke—you made him a joke!" Celia's eyes went around the circle of those of us that were left. And finally met Slim's eyes.

"But—Slim, I only did it to help you." Her voice was pleading. "I wanted to give you something—"

"There's nothing you can give me—now, or ever." His voice was as final as the trump, and his eyes hard. "You haven't given me a thing—you've taken something away. Something I'll never get back—the faith these people had in me. And—and my own faith in you." And he turned around and walked away. You could tell from the straightness of his back that following him, talking to him, wouldn't do a bit of good. Even Celia could see that. And the rest of us went, too, leaving her standing there beside the dying fire.

Next morning, Slim was really gone. His horse was out of the corral, I discovered, when I walked down to talk to Trigger. Slim had cut out, back to the mountains. It would be a long time before we'd see him. Maybe this time, we'd never see him again. Celia knew it, too. She was down at the corral, leaning on the fence, when I got there. And she knew his horse was gone.

She came straight across to me, her chin up. "Roy—I'd like to talk to you. I'd like to make you understand."

"I guess I do understand," I told her. "I think maybe it's you who don't."

But she shook her head. "Roy, what I did, I did for Slim. Because I love him. Because I want him to make something of himself, and not just be a drifter. I know you all think that I sent those figures away the same as I'd send anything back to the store that I found when I was on a buying trip—because I felt I'd discovered something that would sell. But it was more than that. It wasn't for myself, Roy—or if it was, it was because I knew we couldn't marry, Slim and I, the way things were. We were too far apart. I wanted to do something that would bring us on a common footing—something we could share in. I kept thinking that we'd both have to change a little, Slim and I."

"Say that again, Celia," I told her. She frowned. "I said that we'd both

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have to change a little, Slim and I," she repeated slowly, and I saw something new come into her eyes. Something—well, sort of gentle, like the way Slim looks at people. "We both have to change," she said again. "Roy, was that what was the matter? I—I'd just been looking for the change in Slim, and not bothering about a change in me?"

Trigger put his head over the fence and nudged her shoulder. She put a hand up absently to pat his nose, so I went away. It seemed to me she was thinking some pretty good thoughts, just then, and there wasn't anything I could say that would add to them. Better to let her talk it over with Trigger—he wouldn't interrupt her line of thinking.

Dale told me, later in the day, that Celia had said she was leaving in a couple of days.

"I'm almost sorry for her," Dale said. "She's so—so humble, sort of. As if she'd really learned a lesson. And she's taking it like a thoroughbred—not crying around. She told me that it was too late to do anything, and she'd just have to make the best of it. She said, 'Slim's really gone, and I can't go to him. Even if any of you knew the way to his cabin, I still couldn't. He doesn't want me.' Roy, do you think...?"

"I'm not thinking," I told her. "Seems to me we all did a lot of thinking lately that came to nothing. I'm swearing off thinking for the time being."

THAT was all very well to say, but a sight easier to say than to do. The next couple of days, it seemed everywhere I looked there was Celia, her shoulders up strong and straight, but her eyes as full of misery as a sick animal that can't tell you what's wrong or where it hurts, because he doesn't know himself. It worried me—and it set me thinking all over again.

Finally, I just couldn't stand it any longer. First I went down to the corral and told Trigger all about it, just to get it straight in my mind. And saying it out loud that way, my idea still seemed all right to me, so I went up to the house to find Dale.

"Get Celia," I told her. "And you come, too. We're going to ride a new trail one of the boys was talking about. After all, she's our guest, Celia is, and she's going home tomorrow. I'd like to give her a little something to remember us by."

Dale gave me a queer look, but she saw I meant it so she went off, and shortly we three were riding out a steep trail. Dale kept trying to catch my eye—I guess she couldn't see anything so wonderful in the jagged rocks and tiny arid mesas for Celia to remember us by—but I just whistled and pretended I didn't see her. And I pretended not to see Celia either—Celia, who obviously had come along out of politeness. So we picked our way along in a silence that grew and grew until it seemed as big as all outdoors. And then, as we rounded a curve in the trail and came to the mouth of a little box canyon, Trigger went lame all of a sudden. We all pulled up, and I swung down to examine the foot Trigger held out as polite as if I'd offered to shake hands with him.

"It's his shoe," I told the girls. "Should have let Pat take a look at it before we started, come to think of it." I smoothed the honey-colored leg I held. "Celia, do me a favor, will you? There's a cabin a little ways inside this canyon. I know the fellow who lives there. Just ride up and tell him Roy

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Celia looked down at me, startled. She began to say something, then shrugged and put her heels to her horse, turning obediently into the underbrush, following the dim outlines of the little-used trail.  
When she was out of hearing, Dale exploded. "Roy—what's come over you, anyway? Are you crazy, sending her off like that? And Trigger with a loose shoe, and you not mad about it! And what do you think this fellow's going to do, anyway? Come riding back here with a portable smithy and shoe Trigger on the spot? Honestly—"  
"Whoa, there," I interrupted. And I guess I used that tone that makes a horse so happy and a woman so mad, because her eyes were really sending out sparks at me. "Listen, Dale." I took Trigger's lines and her horse's, and tied the two of them. "You know, ordinarily I don't hold with spying and eavesdropping. But you just come along with me and maybe you'll see something." I took her hand and led her quietly down the canyon.

WHEN we came quietly up to the cabin, I led Dale straight to a chink in the logs. "Look inside," I whispered. In there, Celia stood in the center of the room. It was as if she were caught in some kind of a spell and her eyes went around the cabin in a bewildered fashion. Then, at last she moved—over to a bench to pick up something that was lying there.

It was a hat. "Oh-h!" I heard Dale let out her breath in an almost soundless whisper. "Slim's hat . . . Slim's cabin!" We watched Celia touch the hat. We watched her move about the room in a kind of unbelieving wonderment, stopping to look at a shelf of the carved figurines like those Slim had made at the ranch. And then she stood stock-still, before the mantel, all her attention riveted on a wooden statue.

"Roy!" Dale's whisper came again. "Look! It's a cowboy—but it's not like the others. It's not funny—it's beautiful! Why—why, Slim is a real artist." And you could see that Celia thought so, too. Her hand went out to touch the carving almost reverently.

She didn't hear Slim come in—and I was surprised, too, and a little worried for a minute. I hadn't known how this would end—hadn't thought it through, beyond bringing Celia up here.

But the expression on Celia's face as she turned to him was like a blind person suddenly given the gift of sight. And Slim—he looked as if he had been born again, in that minute while they looked across the room. And then they were in each other's arms.

Dale's hand on my shoulder pulled me away, and we slipped down the trail to the horses. And so we don't know what they said to each other—but we did know, as we went away, that whatever they said it would be good, and warm, and understanding. The way I felt.

"Celia won't need us to lead her down the trail," I said, as I mounted Trigger.

"She won't need us at all, any more," Dale said. "She—she has her heart to guide her, Roy, and somehow I think it's going to guide her right from now on."

I nodded agreement, and urged Trigger to a trot. From behind me came Dale's voice in sudden surprise. "Roy—Trigger's not lame any more. Roy Rogers, that was a trick! You can make that horse do anything!"

Trigger turned around and winked at me. I winked right back.



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- NEON RED 
- SCARLET SEQUIN 
- TWILIGHT FUCHSIA 
- NORTHERN LIGHTS 
- BLUE FLAME 

FLORESS, DEPT. 74-B, 205 N. MICHIGAN, CHICAGO 1, ILLINOIS  
\*In Canada: Floress, Dept. 74-B, 22 College St., Toronto

Send me two trial sizes (a full month's supply) of fabulous FLORESS, the fluorescent lipstick, in shades checked at left. I enclose 25c in coin to cover all charges including tax. Check here ( ) if you wish all 5 shades for 50c.

Send 1 trial size of Floress Fluorescent Nail Lacquer to match each lipstick shade checked. Enclose an additional 25c for 2 or 50c for 5.

Check here for REGULAR SIZES:

- I enclose \$...  Send C.O.D. tax included  \$... plus postage
- \$1.00 Lipstick in beautiful all brass swivel case Plus Fed. Tax
- 60c Nail Lacquer—Slightly fluorescent. Plus Fed. Tax

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
(Print Plainly)

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

\*In Canada, Large Lipstick \$1.35—Lacquer 90c

Jewelry—E. Gubelin  
House—Persian Shop  
Photo—Alan Fontaine



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why Chesterfield is by far  
the favorite of Hollywood Stars

*Virginia Mayo* - ONE OF THE STARS IN  
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DRESSED IN THE NEW CHESTERFIELD PRINT

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